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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME LIV.

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FORESTRY.

Nor many years ago the people in this country who were interested in forestry were few in number and were more or less discouraged. Looking further ahead into the future than their fellows and foreseeing the grave dangers and difficulties which threatened North America from the destruction of the forests, they were yet unable to impart their enthusiasm to others, or even to make them see the dangers that were ahead.

Nowadays things are very different. The number of people interested in forestry is large, the number of trained foresters in the country is considerable. Work is being done on every hand to demonstrate to the public that forestry is something practical; a means of investing property so that an adequate return shall be had for the investment. It is but a few years since it was first definitely explained to the American people that the chief purpose of protecting and cultivating the forests is that the crops which they produce may be harvested and sold, but when this statement came to be believed, and when what it meant came to be understood by the public, it was seen that land owners, lumbermen and foresters were all working for a common end, and it became evident that they ought all to work together. The business of the forester is to manage the forest so that the land owner and the lumberman can get out of it as much as possible.

Before that, the lumbermen had been bitterly opposed to the forester because they supposed that he wanted to keep the lumbermen out of the forest, that he wished to prevent the cutting down of the trees, that he desired to keep them—perhaps to look at. In other words, that the forester had some incomprehensible sentiment about the woods which led him to go about constantly singing "Woodman, spare that tree."

We all know a little better than that now, and are rather disposed to laugh at the ideas which perhaps we ourselves cherished not long ago. And at the same time, the notions of many people who are really interested in forestry are still sufficiently vague as to what forestry means, and they know little more than that it means in general the protection of the forests, which many of them have seen ruthlessly destroyed by the lumbermen or by fire.

In a Primer of Forestry recently published by the Department of Agriculture as one of its Bulletins, Mr. Gifford Pinchot tells us something about forestry which, we take it, will be news to 90 per cent. of the people into whose hands the book comes.

This Primer is in two parts. The one which has been published is entitled *The Forest*. A second part, to be issued, will deal with the practice of forestry, with work in the woods, with the relations of the forests to the weather and the streams, and with forestry as practiced in this country and abroad, and will be entitled *Practical Forestry*.

The present volume of less than one hundred pages deals with (1) The Life of a Tree, (2) Trees in the Forest, (3) The Life of a Forest, and (4) Enemies of the Forest. Thus it takes up the individuals which make up the forest, and then the forest as a whole made up of many individuals.

We are told first what a tree is; its parts, its food, what wood is composed of, how the tree breathes, how it grows and of the structure of wood, including the annual rings and the heart wood and sap wood. The second chapter teaches what are the various requirements of trees as to heat, moisture and light; it shows that some are tolerant and others intolerant of shade, while some tolerate shade at one period of life which yet cannot bear it at another. Rate of growth, reproductive power and succession of forest trees are treated, as well as pure and mixed forests and reproduction by sprouts.

Then comes the treatment of the forest as a community. The life of a forest crop, the seven ages of the trees, the struggle among the trees for existence, the growth of those which survive, the culmination of the tree in size, the end of the struggle and finally the death of the tree from old age. In this connection lumbering destructive or conservative is briefly considered.

So long as the forest was left to nature it did very well, but man interferes with nature and trouble follows to all natural things. Among the enemies of the forest Mr. Pinchot enumerates grazing in the forest, trampling, browsing, insects, wind, snow and fire, with something about the means of protection against fires.

Since Mr. Pinchot returned to this country and took up the practice of forestry as a profession, he has done a great deal of good in many ways and in many places. It may perhaps be doubted, however, whether he ever did any one thing so useful in spreading a comprehension of what forestry really means, as the writing of this little book. What he has to say is told so simply that it can be comprehended by an intelligent child. The arrangement and order of his material is entirely logical, natural and the best that could have been devised. In no case has he yielded to the very natural temptation to expand his material and to go into detail. He contents himself with giving us facts, simply, briefly, convincingly. Besides that his work is illustrated by forty-seven full page plates and eighty-three figures in the text which exemplify and illustrate the statements that he makes.

The book is a model and should not only be read by every one, but ought to be made a text book in all schools. Teachers who have prepared material for Arbor Day should provide themselves with a copy of this Primer.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL OF PATAGONIA.

For many years a tradition has been current among the Indians of the interior of Patagonia that a great animal existed there which was extremely to be feared because of its ferocity and its destruction of men and of their horses. This tradition—firmly believed in and often narrated—came at length to the ears of scientific men, and in time gave rise to a belief among some of these that there might be something in the story, and that possibly there still existed in this part of South America one of the vast sloth-like animals of pre-historic time; the *mylodon* or one of its close relatives.

Dr. Ameghino, who became very much interested in this subject, has devoted much time to its investigation. He obtained certain fragments of such an animal and learned of a piece of dried skin belonging to it which was found on the west coast of southern Patagonia, in a cavern in Last Hope Inlet. From this skin and the other material he described a new species of great sloth under the name *Neomylodon Listai*, and believed that this was the animal which still causes terror to the Indians of that country.

During the past season another scientific man visited the cave where the first piece of skin was obtained, and secured other pieces of skin, together with bones and parts of skulls. Here, too, he found the bones of other animals, among them those of man, of a great cat-like animal, of the dog, horse, lama, skunk and the South American ostrich, together with implements of stone and bone, the remains of fires, and fragments of bones that had been burned.

A recent paper published in the Proceedings of the La Plata Museum gives a description and classification of the remains found in this cave, and from this study the various interesting conclusions are drawn. One of these is that this sloth does not belong to a new genus, but to one which has been already described from the Pampean beds further north.

The very large cat whose remains were found in this cave is a new species, and the tales told by the Indians about the depredations of the terrible animal which is said to attack and carry off their horses are thought to refer to these cats. It would be difficult to imagine an animal less likely to commit such ravages than these great slow moving sloths, which subsist wholly on vegetable food.

If the suppositions with regard to this great cat are true, it is extremely interesting to find an extinct animal existing in tradition and described with so much detail that not only its size is given and the fact that it has a prehensile tail, but also the animal's color and the number and character of the toes on each foot and other points.

It is thought that man, and all the other animals whose remains were found associated in this cave, existed here during an interglacial period, and that the men who occupied this cave possessed certain domesticated animals among which was this great sloth. It seems probable that further exploration in this region will bring to light other remains, and perhaps additional evidence concerning the characteristics of the mysterious mammal of Patagonia.

ELLIOTT COUES.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, on Dec. 26 from the effects of an operation performed on Dec. 6. The news of his death, which was altogether unexpected, came as a shock to a multitude of friends throughout the country.

Dr. Coues was born in Porthmouth, N. H., in 1842. In 1853 the family removed to Washington, where his education was received at the Jesuit Seminary and the Columbian University, from the Medical Department of which he graduated in 1863. In 1862 he had entered the United States Army as a medical cadet, and was connected with the service from that time until 1881. From his father, Samuel Elliott Coues, who was in his day a well known writer on scientific themes, Dr. Coues inherited a taste for scientific study and research, and early devoted himself to the special branches in which he afterward became distinguished. A term of three years in the field in Arizona was devoted to a careful study of the ornithology and natural history of the Southwest, and his field work was continued subsequently during his service in South Carolina, Vermont and Dakota. In 1873 he was appointed surgeon and naturalist of the United States Northern Boundary Commission for the Survey of the forty-ninth parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. His report of the field work of the expedition gave him an established place among naturalists. To many thousands of readers and students of ornithology Dr. Coues was best known by his great work, the "Key to North American Birds," which was first published in 1872, to be followed in 1874 by his "Field Ornithology." His next important work was as Secretary and Naturalist of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, commonly known as the Hayden Survey. He edited the publications of the Survey from 1876 to 1880, and published "Birds of the Northwest," "Fur Bearing Animals" and "Birds of the Colorado Valley." He was an industrious and prolific writer on ornithology and other branches of natural history, and a constant contributor to periodicals. The early numbers of the Rod and Gun and of the FOREST AND STREAM contained many charming bird sketches from his pen. As a writer he was vivacious and brilliant; of him it may truly be said that he touched nothing that he did not adorn. To his admirable writings countless students of birds and bird life owe the initial impulse and the continued devotion to the study.

Dr. Coues was one of the founders of the American Ornithological Union, and for a term was its President. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences and numerous other societies. His later years were devoted to the editing of the "Journals of Lewis and Clark," the "Travels of Alexander Henry and David Thompson" and other works relating to early explorations in the West and Northwest.

SNAP SHOTS.

Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of the New Jersey Legislature in its various successive enactments of unfortunate game laws, there is yet abundant promise for these interests in the fact that the subject has had and will continue to have intelligent consideration by the Fish and Game Commission. These gentlemen are especially charged with the duty of studying the game conditions and recommending such changes in the present statutes as may be for the good of the game supply. We devote considerable space to the very well put considerations advanced by the Commission in its report just issued, respecting game seasons and the other restrictions essential to maintaining the game supply. It is worthy of note that New Jersey is following those States which have found necessary a restriction of the export of game, and it is probable that this feature of our protective systems will be incorporated in the New Jersey law.

Just as we go to press there comes to us the third annual report of the New York Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests. Like its predecessors, this is a sumptuous and beautifully illustrated volume, with portraits of game and fish and papers of permanent worth contributed by various hands. We shall recur to the volume for a further notice in a subsequent issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Horn of the Hunter.

On the Banks of the Yazoo.

"You fellows from the country,
Just keep away from town
If you don't want to unsettle
Things and get us upside down;
For you always leave a memory
Of your meaders and your streams,
An' I straightway get to
Wishin' and a-fishin' in my dreams."

WHEN the General Manager's letter found me at my desk in New York, I scented game in the postmark, Yazoo City, Miss. It told of plenty of deer, bear, turkeys, geese and ducks waiting for us, and the pressing invitation to join him and the Major, accompanied by transportation, was a temptation not to be resisted, and Nov. 6 found me speeding toward St. Louis, our rendezvous.

When the G. M. met me with the news that the Major could not join us until later, my face fell at once to that length that suggests the possibility of eating from the bottom of a churn, for the Major, besides being a good friend, a generous companion and a crack shot, always manages to furnish us some divertisement by his happy and unusual accidents, and a hunt without the Major is like apple pie without cheese. We kept on, however, reaching Yazoo in the evening of the second day, having been soaked full of original and fetching "b'ar" stories by Judge Niles and other Mississippians bent on tempering reality with fiction.

At Yazoo we met Sam Berry, the chief conspirator in the hunt, and incidentally president of the Commercial State Bank, who assured me that all that was his was mine, and that Monday would see us camped "where every prospect pleases and where only man is vile," and where game was to be found in abundance.

The game in abundance had a pleasant sound, but the thought of loafing at the Magnolia Inn for three days when so near "game in abundance" did not appeal to my pleasure, and with usual Northern restlessness I skirmished for means of getting into the woods, even if alone, and by dint of tiring even the placid Berry with my suggestions and plans, I arranged to go by boat with our colored cook, brought by the G. M. from Illinois. The G. M. being detained by business, I left on Thursday afternoon on the steamer Elk, for a trip of seventy-five miles up the Yazoo river. The long-continued drought made navigation almost impossible on a stream crooked enough to break a snake's back, and the acrobatic performance of the pilot, Robert Portwood, when he negotiated the curves and elbows, was a constant wonderment. Portwood, besides being a fine performer on the wheel, was filled with music, which he attempted to let go of through the medium of song and various more or less attuned instruments, which I immediately charged to profit and loss. Portwood is a good fellow, and we managed to pass the twenty-four hours necessary to the seventy-five-mile trip by singing, and I will endeavor to persuade Ernest Hogan, Pete Daly, Robyne, Shelley or some other well qualified composer to dedicate a song to Portwood to be entitled "The Pilot of the Yazoo" or "Life on the River Death."

The towns (?) along the river consist of a plantation store and perhaps a cotton gin, and the suggestive names of Hard Cash and Silver City indicate the smothered humor of the Mississippian, who is a democrat by environment. The lazy industry and tireless self-centered occupation of the negroes on the bank makes the sleeping turtles on the logs seem bursting with concealed activity by comparison.

So narrow was the stream that Captain Pat made few landings, as the negroes could deliver or receive the jug of whisky or slab of pork without any noticeable diminution in speed, and as the engineer was accustomed to hear the medley of the "Ahead slow," "Stop," "Back," "Back fast" bells all at once, the various duties of his post were performed mechanically, and it is quite possible to devise an automatic engineer on the lines of a profiler.

Belzoni was reached at 2 o'clock Friday, and after negotiations with a cotton picker to haul Tom and our stuff to the Stave camp, three miles beyond Jaketown, Mr. Hanna, the proprietor of Jaketown, met us and drove me out through the cotton fields to their old Stave camp on Sky Lake, ten miles from Belzoni. The hospitality of the camp offered me by Maxwell and his dog Phelicker, which is the Swedish for bear dog given it by Frank Nansen, Maxwell's assistant, was generous, so far as the conditions permitted, but unfortunately for a sharpened appetite, the supplies expected were delayed, and there was no food in camp until my cotton picker arrived with Tom mixed in with bedding, hay, some bacon, onions and a cook stove.

Tom and Henry, Maxwell's cook, soon turned emptiness into plenty, and after my first camp meal in Mississippi we sat by a generous fire, while Maxwell and Frank told me how easy it was to kill a bear, and when bear was the subject of conversation an occasional low growl from the dog Phelicker convinced me that after traveling over 2,000 miles and spending five days and some dollars I was at last about to find vent to the savagery which makes hunting a sport to civilized man.

The weather and situation were charming; the moonlight filtered through grand trees of oak, gum and cypress; the air was motionless.

"All formed a scene where musing solitude might love
To come and lift its soul above this sphere
Of earthiness
So calm, so bright, so still."

From Sky Lake came the frequent call of ducks and geese, mingled with the scratchy croak of the crane, and I lay down to dream of the morrow's hunt. To-morrow came, but no hunt; having no dogs to run the deer and still-hunting being out of question on account of the dryness of the leaves. I had to content myself with a study of the forest and lake.

Sky Lake had dwindled to a muck. A thin sheet of water

not reaching to cover was occupied by thousands of mallard. There was no boat at hand, and the question of how to get at the ducks is yet unsolved.

Upon my return to camp Saturday I was rejoiced to find the Major, the G. M., Sam Berry and his brother Mose, who was shortly dubbed Moses the Amorite on account of his acknowledged fondness for the lovely maidens of his hill country. Berry brought two hounds, Rattler and Frank; with Berry came also "Cousin Joe" Redding, a retired planter from Yazoo, who with his bicycle mule (so called because of the necessity of keeping him moving in order to prevent his lying down), his two dogs, Preacher and Lula, formed the groundwork of every successful camp hunt either on the Yazoo or Panther Creek, the latter his most favored ground. Cousin Joe was busy entertaining the Major with the performances of his dogs, and when I appeared and interrupted the tale, Major's interest in the chase had been spurred to the limit.

Hunting on Sunday being tabooed, it was decided to devote the day to making a new camp, exploring the country and drumming for more dogs and hunters. The G. M. and myself exhausted the forenoon and ourselves by walking around Sky Lake, some twelve miles. On our trip we met two well-known hunters at their homes on the banks of the lake, Simmons and Huff Stickler, who promised to be on hand with their hounds, Dash and the rest, for Monday morning breakfast. On our arrival at camp we found two native hunters, Colston and his son Fletcher. Colston had two hounds, Joe and Charlie. The boy Fletcher, a youth of thirteen, was mounted on an active mule and armed with an ancient, double-barreled, muzzle-loading, brass-hooped shotgun; auburn hair curled from under a slouch hat, and dark eyes shaded by curling lashes expressed a bright mind and enthusiastic interest in the sport, and as he dismounted and stacked the ancient and treasured gun among the hammerless Parkers, Winchesters and Colts, Cousin Joe good-naturedly remarked, "Them fellers what's got s'many guns and fixin's, don't get no game no how."

Our new camp, called "The Four Oaks," was by this time a busy scene: Berry's negro, Levi, and our Tom had called in other negroes to assist, the horses scattered through the nearby cane munching their corn, and the hounds tied in various parts of the camp mingled their voices with the camp liars as we sat grouped by the rousing fire built under the Major's supervision. Plans were made for the morning's hunt, former hunts detailed, and not the least of the advice was offered by Moses the Amorite, who had never shot a deer, but was quite competent to advise and plan the hunt because he was a crack shot in the hills. Poor, dear Mose! we fear your faculty of sleeping on the stand and keeping the camp awake against their will must unfit you for successful deer hunting, but we will always keep in grateful memory your artless tales of cat hunting on Panther Creek.

Early Monday morning found the camp astir, the "Elderberry" having dissipated the snoring by the constant and efficient grinding of his teeth to the delectation of those who did not want to sleep. I was accused of Wall Street talk in my sleep and forecasted the advance in B. & O. pref., Consolidated Gas and U. S. Leather, pref. The first light of day had not lifted the darkness when we heard the winding, swelling note of the hunter's horn, which caused the dogs to tune their voices and drew from Colston the information that "That must be Simmons and Huff Stickler comin' down by Sky acrost the bayou." Daylight found us mounted and ready for the hunt; instructions were issued by Cousin Joe that "each hunter upon killing a deer should at once sound four long blasts on his horn to announce meat, and upon hearing this call all han's mus' go to the meat."

Headed by Simmons we started on the trail to our several stands, while Cousin Joe, Colston and Huff Stickler remained in camp ready to loosen the dogs. Shortly after each hunter had been stationed at a point where it was likely that a deer might pass before the hounds, we heard Colston's big-mouthed Charlie bay as he struck a hot trail, followed shortly by the mellow voice of Preacher coursing on another trail. For an hour or more all was expectancy; the course would approach and recede, and it was certain that the deer had run west instead of north, as expected. The hope of meat was fast dying when a shot sounded to the west, and shortly after four faint notes sounded the welcome meat.

The G. M., Moses the Amorite and myself being near together, held a council, and the G. M. at once declared that "Elderberry" and deer slayer Fletcher had made a sneak on us and got the meat. We decided to return to camp, as the dogs were run down. For some time after getting to camp nothing was seen of the other hunters, and the first to appear was Fletcher, the auburn haired, and behind his saddle was the meat, our first game, a fat doe. The G. M., Major and I thought at once of the remark made the evening before about guns and fixin's, and when Fletcher told us that Huff Stickler had killed a fine buck we began to wonder if our genial Elderberry and his fellow conspirators had not been playing the snipe game on us Yanks. It seems, however, that Fletcher's deer was jumped; and Huff Stickler worked on to his while following the hounds, and that instead of running north, the quarry had taken a course straight west, leaving all the hunters to the right. A distant shot and the bloody appearance of two of the dogs confirmed us in the opinion that some outside hunter had our game.

The leaves being dry as tinder and not a drop of water for the hounds, we did not attempt to work in the afternoon, being content with the fat buck and doe hanging in our camp.

Tuesday was a blank—the game finding a passage through the cane to the west on Jackson's Bayou. As it seemed likely that I would not get a shot at a deer, I determined to scheme on getting at the ducks, the question being to find some means of walking on the bottomless mud, and if possible to build a blind out in the lake. I thought if I could rig up a device similar to the ski or snowshoe it might sustain me, so I got a darky to split two thin boards about 5 feet long, turning up one end and fastening in the middle a strong skew. With this equipment, Major and I rode up to a favorable point and made our way through a dense thicket to the shore, where the thin water came within about 30 feet of the brush. I tried my mount, but found the suction too great, as I had feared,

and this failure destroyed our last hope of getting duck.

Wednesday was the banner day for Major and me. We had left Major on his stand about sunrise, and the G. M. decided to hunt the pass taken by the game the day before. I decided to assist him in finding the pass, and we had gone but a few hundred yards beyond my stand when the G. M., who was leading, jumped a fine doe and fired without bringing it down. I returned to my position, as the hounds were loose, and I fancied their course would bring the chase near me or the Major, stationed about 300 yards east. A few moments after reaching my position I heard Preacher open and my nerves commenced to tingle in anticipation, and presently a crash in the cane to my left quickened my attention. All that I could see of the game was his flag, and rather than spoil a possible fair shot for the Major, I waited. After passing me he stopped, and in a moment, much to my surprise and joy, I saw him coming toward me and to the north. The spectre to me was splendid—the largest buck I had ever seen in the woods, with nose up and antlers well down on his shoulders, parting the cane and thicket. I fired, and he fell as if stricken to death. Realizing his great vitality, I at once made ready for a second shot, if necessary, and approached to within a few feet of the monarch of the wood. As I was not equipped with a horn, I substituted my voice, ringing four loud notes on the quiet air, and the Major quickly appeared to congratulate me. By this time Preacher appeared and tackled his fallen quarry, who with one last effort sprang to his feet and dashed toward the Major, missing him and striking a tree with such force as to break off a considerable part of his fine antlers. By this time the whole pack appeared, and in his frantic efforts to get away he dashed about, striking trees and making the situation threatening to the Major and me. The excitement was intense, and as he made a blind charge at me I fired again, striking him in the eye and silencing him forever.

Having been denied my morning smoke by the necessity of avoiding giving the game notice of my presence by so strong a scent, I filled my pipe and seated myself on a fallen tree to contemplate my splendid kill. Presently came Elderberry, Moses the Amorite, Colston, the G. M. and Simmons, and as they straggled in they would inquire who did it; I laconically replied, "Oh! that Sucker* from New York, 'with s'many guns and fixin's, who can't kill no game no way.'" Elderberry having a canteen of water, we poured it into my hat crown for the dogs, and then the G. M. and Simmons took them to the point where we jumped the deer in the morning, and again the pack was in full cry. Colston told Major to hurry back to his stand as the game would likely pass south near that point, stumbling through vines and cane thicket, and none too soon, for presently we heard a shot. We listened for the dogs to stop, but as they continued in full cry we concluded that the Major's shot had missed and paid no attention to his cry of "Hello, hello," until Colston suggested, "Maybe Major did hit him," and Simmons went to see, and reported blood. Major and the G. M. followed the dogs, while the rest got my kill on horse, which was no easy matter, the estimated weight being 250 pounds, the game being unusually fat from the abundant mast. Upon my triumphant return to camp, we found the Major seated in great pomp in front of our tent with one foot planted on a fine doe. We fell into each other's arms with pitying glances at the G. M., but our triumph was not to last. Cousin Joe and Mose the Amorite were too much broken by our success to remain longer, and at noon they left us, amid the blowing of horns and howling of dogs. We may meet them again on Panther Creek.

The next day witnessed the triumph of the G. M. We took our usual stands, the G. M. being given a roving commission. I expected, of course, to kill another buck immediately. The dogs kept me guessing for an hour or more and finally worked off to the west, where a shot and four blasts announced meat. The morning was lovely, and I drew from my hunter's coat a volume of Balzac, "The Deputy from Arcis," passed an hour or so with good company, listening at times to the gentle voices of the woods, and as if in encore the echoing horns, arriving in camp at noon. My first picture was the G. M. seated on a stump, a great palmetto leaf behind his head, and held in front the splendid head of a buck, the largest antlers of the shoot, and my only consolation was in finding that mine was the biggest deer.

As we were satisfied with our kill of five deer, and being unable to get the pack of bear dogs, we decided to break camp, and it fell to the lot of the G. M. and me to drive to Yazoo, fifty-four miles, with Cousin Joe's bicycle mule. A glance at the outfit satisfied us that Cousin Joe held a strong antipathy to harness, and a predilection for string; our hopes of getting to Yazoo were centered more upon the extra rope and straps we put into the road wagon than upon any confidence in the fantastic gear which was supposed to attach our mule to the wagon.

When within four miles of Yazoo at midnight our beast suddenly decided to lie down—we looked at each other, the mule included, and I murmured softly, "When shall we three meet again?" I walked the rest of the way, while the G. M., after persuading our companion to try again, gently belabored him to Yazoo.

After a bath and hearty breakfast, we decided that we had a good time, and when we bade good-by to Elderberry and Cousin Joe, we boarded the train for the North, and as we took a last look, fancied we could hear the horn of the hunter on the banks of the Yazoo.

C. H.

* The euphonious name given to natives of Illinois.

Mr. J. A. Wilson and daughter, and his sister-in-law, Miss Tucker, came in from Pesleesolokee last Saturday. Mr. Wilson brought in forty otter skins, and says this is the beginning of the otter skin shipments, which will be larger than ever this season. These skins are now commanding \$5 each. Mr. Wilson took out \$250 worth of provisions on his trip previous to this and sold out to the Indians in a day, and was compelled to come straight back for another load. He says white hunters are swarming over the Indian hunting grounds, and as the Indians will not hunt where the whites come, they are moving still further south toward Chokoloskee. Reserving large bodies of land for the Indians by the State and National governments, will not benefit the Indians in the least unless the white hunters are prohibited from running over the territory.—Fort Myers, Fla., Press, Dec. 21.

Sam's Boy.—VI.

SAMMY wandered about disconsolately until a sight of the Hill homestead gave him an inspiration. Gran'ther Hill had said that they would go hunting some day, and why was not this the appointed time? It was true, he had not grown much since then, but one could not wait forever, and pigeons would wait for no one. So, deeming it wiser to go first and ask permission afterward, he trudged away.

As he arrived, panting, in the presence of the veteran, whom he fortunately found in the mood of wanting something to break the monotony of idleness, with no circumlocution, he broke forth:

"Say, Gran'ther Hill, don't you want go huntin', 'cause the's a whole lot o' pigeons tu a shad tree up in the woods, an' you can shoot 'em."

The old man glowered down upon him so grimly, his toothless jaw agape with wonder, that Sammy almost repented his choice of a comrade.

"You come up here a-puppus an' git me tu go a-huntin' with ye? Wal, wal, you be the beater for a young un. Why, I guess I'll hafter, if I can find anything tu feed the ol' gun with. Le' me go an' see!"

He soon reappeared with the ancient weapon, and began loading, while Sammy curiously watched the mysterious process, the measure of black grains poured down the long barrel, the wadding of tow that followed, then the handful of pellets rattling after, blue as frost grapes with long keeping, then another wad of tow, and the final priming, and then the wonder of it all, that this dead inert filling of an iron tube was to bring about the killing of pigeons. But it must be that one so old as Gran'ther Hill knew that it was all right, and so in the fulness of faith Sammy grasped the patriarch's staff, two feet below the wrinkled hand, and set forth to guide him to the shad tree.

They held across the pasture and drew near the edge of the woods, until they saw the slender *Amelanchier*, its branches bent with the weight of the crowding pigeons, jostling each other and clapping their wings to maintain foothold. The old man left his little comrade crouching beside a stump, while he went forward, bending low in range of a great beech. Gaining this he straightened himself and peered cautiously out from behind it. Then Sammy saw the long barrel raised and leveled, heard the click of the flint, saw the flash and smoke, puff of priming, the belch of fire and smoke from the muzzle, an upward flash of resplendent wings, a downright fall of several feathered forms, amid the echoing roar of the gun and the simultaneous roar of a hundred pairs of wings clapping all at once in startled flight, with cripples dribbling out of the flock as it whirled away into the depths of the woods.

Sammy ran forward to the scene of slaughter, to which Gran'ther Hill hobbled with all speed and began picking up the birds, giving the cripples a merciful quietus with a punch of the thumb in the skull.

"Thirteen on 'em, the' be!" he declared, upon completing the count. "Wal, bub, that hain't so bad for two ol' fellers 'at run away tu go a-huntin'! An' what a lot o' service baries! The'll be pigeons here 'most any day for a spell; hens in the mornin', cocks in the arternoon."

Then he plucked out four of the long tail feathers, and tying two of the plume ends together he strung the birds through the soft middle of the nether bill in two bunches. The larger he slung upon the barrel of the gun, the smaller he consigned to Sammy's care, who slung it on a stick over his shoulder, and so the two trudged homeward, the one as proud as the other, while the elder told of the marvelous flights of pigeons in olden times, when the sky was darkened by the endless hordes.

"Why, where on this livin' airth did ye git them pigeons?" cried Uncle Lisha, adjusting his spectacles to verify his first sight of the proud little hunter's trophy.

"Me an' Gran'ther shot 'em with a gun," Sammy responded, and marched into the kitchen, where he was received with exclamations of wonder and admiration by his mother and Aunt Jerusha; and even Drive got up from his place to sniff the birds, though he evidently thought them hardly worth the fuss that was being made over them; and the baby was given a tail feather to play with.

"Naow, I'll put right on my apron an' pick 'em, an' then won't ye hev us a pigeon pie aouten the pigeons aour little hunter man got!" said Aunt Jerusha. She sang in a cracked voice as she stepped across the kitchen in her brisk, jerky, rheumatic way:

"When I can shoot my rifle clear
Tu pigeons in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to beef an' beer,
An' live on pigeon pies!"

She tied the apron and began searching for the pocket that held her snuff box, bending her head awry to look for the obscure slit in her skirt. Then, just as her hand was on the comforting box, her spectacles dropped off, and snatching at them, she lost hold of the box, which tumbled to the floor, the box running one way, and scattering a brown trail; the cover, another way; and the vanilla bean bounding away on a course of its own. Sammy viewed the catastrophe a moment in speechless consternation, while Drive with a charge of snuff in one eye, uttered an agonized howl as he clawed at the suffering orb with one hind foot, and the baby set up a symphonic yell.

"Oh, Uncle Lisher!" cried the boy, rushing in to his steadfast friend. "Aunt 'Rushy tried tu siag, an' she's comin' all tu pieces! Come an' stop her, quick!"

"You don't say!" said the shoemaker, receiving the alarming tidings with philosophical calmness, and listening a moment to the confusion of sounds. "Wal, I guess we'll hafter git the darker, 'cause like 's not we wouldn't git her together right. If we got a laig on where a' arm orter go, 't would spile her gait, an' if we got her nose on the back side of her head, she couldn't never take no snuff, an' wouldn't never be happy ag'in. I guess we won't undertake that job, but I'll tell ye what, I got them 'ere shoes done, an' if you'll go along wi' me, an' not tell nob'dy aouten this fam'ly, I'll show ye suthin' pooty!"

Uncle Lisha gave a helping finger to his little crony, as they set forth across the fields as happy in present freedom from care as the bobolinks that blithely sang above their brown mates' nesting in the tangled clover tufts.

"Hold on, Unc' Lisher!" Sammy cried, letting go and pouncing upon something in the grass. "There's a— Oh, pshaw! 'Tain't nothin' but a red leaf!" ending his triumphant shout in a tone of disappointment. "I thought it was a ripe strawberry."

"No, it's tew airly for 'em yet," said Uncle Lisha. "But in 'bout a fortnit there'll be gobs on 'em, an' then says I, we'll all come up here an' get sights. My, what a mess o' blows! The graound's jest white. Naow le's keep jes' as still as tew mice," he said, dropping his voice as they began the ascent of a knoll near the edge of the woods, stooping as they neared the summit until he was on all fours and peering cautiously over the top of the knoll.

Then after a moment of watching and wondering, Sammy, lying prone a little behind, was beckoned to a place beside him, and gaining it, saw five fluffy little yellow animals with pricked black ears and black stockings on their slender legs. They were playing no end of cunning pranks near the entrance of a burrow, where a mound of yellow earth was thrown out, hard trodden, and littered with bones and feathers.

"Oh, what cunnin' little doggies!" Sammy whispered in a state of excitement that threatened to become too loud in expression. "Whose be they, Unc' Lisher? Say, can't I have one?"

"S-s-s-h-h-h! Them's foxes. Ta' keer you don't skcer 'em," the old man cautioned, and the two spies lay quite still watching the cubs now tumbling over each other, now engaged in mimic battle, now all but one pretending to fall asleep, while he began burying the leg of a lamb in the loose earth, but desisted when he saw that the eyes of all his mates were upon him. Then unearthed the half-buried treasure and sought a new hiding place. Presently at some slight sound beyond them, all suddenly became alert in that direction, and the mother appeared, her mouth fringed with field mice, for which there was at once a scramble, and yet a fair distribution of them. The cares of housekeeping and maternity had not fallen more lightly on Madame Vixen than they do on many human mothers; her once sleek and bright tawny fur was faded to a pale yellow, and was rough and ragged, and there was the weariness of constant anxiety on her shrewd face as she stretched herself at length on the sward, and interestedly watched her children make way with the tidbits she had brought them.

Their lunch ended, the young rascals made exceedingly free with her, romping about and over her, and receiving no chastisement for their rudeness, but an occasional pretended bite or a light cuff of a forepaw. When the unseen and unsuspected audience had watched the performance until the old man's stiff joints and the child's restless body were tired of keeping still, Uncle Lisha pursed his lips and imitated the squeak of a mouse, whereat the mother pricked her ears and started up, and her children became as alert as she. The sound was repeated, and she began a slow advance, twisting her head comically as she listened and tried to locate the sound.

So she kept drawing nearer, until she was looking straight into Uncle Lisha's eyes, and a suspicion dawned upon her that here was something not quite right. The hair rose on her neck and back, her jaws opened to utter a gasping bark, she sprang backward, the cubs scampered into the nearest opening of the burrow, jostling each other for first place, and disappearing in a twinkling, when the mother turned tail and scudded away to a safe distance beyond, where she gave full vent to her displeasure in continuous, gasping barks.

Uncle Lisha led Sammy over to the burrow and showed him the odd assemblage of kitchen middens; the shanks of a lamb, the foot of a hare, the wings of chickens, ducks and a partridge, and most conspicuous of all the broad, barred pinion of a turkey.

"I s'pect them 'ere blonged tu Joel Bartlett's ol' gobbler, an' I hearn haow 'at Joel has faound aout this 'ere fox den, an' 'll be up here tu night a-diggin' on 'em aout. That'd spile a lot o' fun for yer daddy next fall, an' I'm jest a-goin' tu give this 'ere ol' lady a hint tu move."

With that he began filling his pipe, but taking no pains not to scatter tobacco, and lighting it with an unnecessary number of matches, the stumps of which were dropped about the several entrances, where he also spat profusely.

"There," he said, looking with satisfaction on the general untidiness. "I'll warrant ye she'll move her fam'ly up inter some laedge in the woods, an' the skunks can hev these 'ere lodgin's ater tu-day. I cal'late she does more good a-ketchin' mice 'an what hurt she does ketchin' turkeys, an' as fer lambs, if folks'll rub some sulphur ontu 'em, the foxes won't tetch 'em, an' 'twould be tew bad tu hev sech fun as they'll make right handy by for yer daddy. an' sech a good time as they're a-hevin' on, all spilte jest for nothin', as you might say. An' naow, I da' say, she won't so much as thank you an' me for a-doin' of her a good turn, but 'll keep a-scooldin' on us for stinkin' up her haouse wi' terbacker, along arter she's got set up in her new quarters, but we can stan' it, an' we had a good time watchin' on her. My! haow pleasant it looks in the woods, an' haow neat the grape blows smells! It 'most makes me wish 'at I was a ol' fox, a-livin' free in the woods an' fields, 'thaout nob'dy's boots an' shoes tu bother with, nor nob'dy tu take thought on. But then, bymebye, they'll hafter turn aout an' shift for themselves, a-huntin' mice by the squeakin' on 'em, an' stealin' chickens an' turkeys an' lambs, an' a-sneakin' raound the woods arter pa'tridges an' rabbits, an' lookin' aout fer traps 'at's sot, an' larnin' runways, an' gittin' chased by haoun' dogs, an' gittin' shot, an' their own mother not carin' no more'n if 'twas any other fox. So I guess on the hul, I'd rather be Uncle Lisher a-shoolin' raoun' the woods an' lots, wi' a leetle boy, a-lookin' at what the good Lord hes made for us, thankful tu be right amongst it all, an' tu hev som'b'dy tu hum a-waitin' for us, an' a-keerin' for us. Hity tity, ju' look at this!"

They were skirting the open edge of the woods, where in the mottled shade of new leafage a profusion of forest annuals were spreading their tender leaves above the mat of last-year's drab and russet, wild ginger, sarsaparilla, blood-root, moose flower, liverwort and fern, and the tender sprouts of seedling trees, when there was an outburst of clucking and a furious flutter of gray feathers at their very feet, and a spattering abroad of a number of uncountable yellow balls that vanished as soon as seen, when the bewitched rumple of gray feathers went tumbling

and fluttering along the ground with Sammy in hot pursuit. Uncle Lisha stood still a moment, then with his hat in both hands, pounced down upon a bunch of broad-leaved wild ginger, and groping beneath it, presently drew forth the prettiest of downy chicks.

Sammy was recalled from his fruitless chase to see and admire it in the cage of Uncle Lisha's hollowed hands. Then, in spite of entreaties and protests, it was carefully set down, and vanished as if the earth had absorbed it.

"Oh, Uncle Lisher! you don't let me hev nothin'!" Sammy cried, almost at the point of tears. "Whose leetle hen is it, an' why couldn't I hev jest one chicken, nor one leetle doggy?"

"Why, sonny, they'd only run away or die, an' not du nob'dy no good, jes' the same as if I gin you to the ol' fox or the ol' pa'tridge. An' naow I cal'late we've seen 'baout 'nough for one day, an' we'll go hum an' see if that 'ere pigeon pic hain't 'baout ready. Here we go, wi' nothin' tu show, but lots tu remember."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

With the Seminoles.

DEER hunting with the Seminoles! What a nameless charm invests the subject; the thrill of enthusiasm awakened by the contemplation of such a hunt is only increased in the presence of the reality—and the tale is here set down. With camp paraphernalia, the party start for the land of the Seminoles, traveling by boat and water the wilderness where a generation ago the red men successfully defied Uncle Sam, and secure in their fastnesses their descendants yet live happy, prosperous and contented. Passing over this land of romance, over paths untrod by any save the light-footed aborigines or an occasional trapper, the delights of nature, untrammelled and free, were enjoyed. Wood ducks were plentiful; the spinner as it trailed behind the boat kept up a constant swish, swish, as the hungry trout took the troll, squirrels clucked and chattered from behind the trunks of the trees, while an occasional alligator, disturbed in his slumber, blinked with his soft eyes from the sunny banks of the stream.

At last the Indian village was reached, and these untutored Seminoles, with that inborn courtesy that is ever with them in the presence of a friend, received the hunters with royal grace. In addition to the tent, the chiefs built a palmetto wigwam for the party, assisted in unpacking and in a quiet and unobtrusive manner presented the hungry white men with a fine saddle of venison. As this was the annual hunt, which always meant presents for the Indians, expectant faces from little toddling picaninies, as well as from the older members of the camp, reminded that it was time to distribute tobacco, pipes, red handkerchiefs, trinkets for the squaws, candy and nuts for the little ones. Happiness hovered all around that Everglade home. A tonic that always belongs to camp life was taking effect on the white men. Around the gloomy camp-fire they enjoyed their pipes with their red brothers, and discussed in broken Seminole the experiences of the past year—the chiefs eager for news of the outside world, of the war, and the big soldiers. The white men as intent on game hunting, etc., till the solemn shades of night overpowered and the tired hunters got between their blankets.

The young braves were bubbling over with excitement over this hunt, for it meant plenty of white man's provisions and jolly good fun; so with the coming of the dawn, according to arrangement made the night before, two of the energetic young Indians made their appearance at the tent door for the purpose of accompanying the enthusiastic tenderfoot of the party on a two days' hunt for deer, the older members of the party having decided to rest in camp and prepare for the "big hunt," which necessarily would be made many miles from the Indian village. The young braves claimed to know of the whereabouts of a small bunch of deer, which the older members took with a "grain of allowance." The tenderfoot had two days' provisions, cooking utensils and blanket ready, but when the two red hunters appeared, carrying nothing but their guns, and explained that for such a short hunt—only two days—a little salt would be all that was needed, the white hunter said to himself, "What a Seminole can do, I can do," and with the idea that playing Indian would revive boyhood days, he started off, amid the warning of friends, with as light an equipage as the Indians, trusting to the guns alone. After many miles of tramping across the sand hills, with a tropical sun beaming upon them, a stopping place was selected in a small thicket on the shore of a fresh-water lake. It was now considerably past the dinner hour, for which no provision had been made other than a slice of bread a wise old hunter had slipped into the pocket of the adventurous white man. He divided with the two Indians, but still felt the pangs of hunger, was tired and worn out, and on questioning his Spartan guides if they too were not hungry, they answered, "Muncha," no; "to-night echo hum-bux-chay," deer eat plenty. This was reassuring to the white man, but did not fill the present void.

The plans for the hunt were now given in Indian-like terms by Billy Bowlegs. With gestures he said, "Tommy Doctor hunt this way, Little Willsie* this side, me go across praura," thus covering the territory for the chase with the understanding that all meet in camp when "sun go down." An hour's tramp convinced the tenderfoot that the deer were not in his range, and he returned to the starting place—which was only a camp in name—to rest his weary limbs and soliloquize on hunting deer—a la Seminole. His rambling thoughts were now disturbed by large drops of rain, accompanied by a rumbling of thunder in the east. Soon the rain simply poured, completely drenching the tenderfoot and making the ground soggy and uncomfortable. Shortly after the storm Billy Bowlegs returned empty handed. Affairs now began to take on a somber look, with prospect of nothing but salt for supper—Billy reporting no sign of any game whatever. Night was now fast approaching, and Billy began to pull twigs and branches from the trees for a bed for the night. The charging of the dogs announced the approach of some one, and to the delight of the disheartened white man, Tommy Doctor stalked from the surrounding shadows into the rays of the camp-fire and dropped at

* White friend.

his feet a nice fat doe. It was but the work of a moment to take the liver from the deer, and soon it was roasting in the hot embers. The two Indians quickly skinned and cut up the doe, and securing two oak saplings, placed the ribs to roast, the savory odor quickening the hunger to a ravenous degree. As the three hunters dispensed venison and salt, Tommy related his experience, which showed how nearly they came to going supperless. After tramping many miles and the sun nearly setting, the Indian had discovered a bunch of deer on a broad savanna in the distance, but they were constantly on the alert. He had no chance to slip upon them, as the deer were windward, and they were out of rifle range. He watched the direction they were feeding, and by making a large circle, he reached the side toward which they were moving, and quickly hid in the edge of the timber till they came within gun shot.

Breakfast was a repetition of supper—liver, rib roast, salt, which to the tenderfoot was getting rather monotonous. Not so to the Indians, who were in their element.

It was now decided that all three should hunt together that day, Doctor Tommy arguing that as he was hidden from the deer, and had fired but one shot, they were not much frightened, and consequently would be feeding in the same neighborhood. After a brisk tramp of two miles through the wet grass, the trail was discovered where it left the savanna and led through the heavy timber. None but an Indian could have followed such a trail, but on they led, trailing with a readiness and a certainty only accomplished by long years of practice, aided by a native sense. Their eagle eyes following the trail as readily and unerringly as a dog would a fresh track. When questioned by the white hunter as to their certainty of the trail, no evidence of which was perceptible to him, the Indian would significantly point to a ripped twig, or stooping down to the ground carefully remove a dead leaf or two and show the faint impress of the deer's hoof in the soft earth. Thus they trailed for almost an hour. The trail was a circuitous one and finally led them to a large prairie. Quickly the keen eyes of the Indian discovered the quarry, and he exclaimed, "Echo chaw-kee bin," deer five, but observing the questioning look of the white man, who in vain had scanned the prairie, they pointed to a spot near the distant horizon, where gradually the faint outlines of moving objects were discovered. Looking out on the broad prairie which stretched for miles in the distance, the bunch of deer could now be seen quietly feeding along. The white man soon realized that the only way to secure a trophy would be to employ Indian tactics and take his first lesson in creeping upon the game. At this point Billy Bowlegs returned to camp with the dogs.

An open prairie had to be crossed where there was scarcely a bush or palmetto to afford a screen. At first they started at a brisk pace, which gradually, as they drew nearer, slackened to a slow walk in a crouching attitude; then, as the distance was lessened, they advanced on their hands and knees, and finally the last 200 or 300 yards was made by crawling flat on the ground and pushing the gun ahead of them, the Indian leading and the white man acting as his shadow. The intense strain and excitement caused the tenderfoot's heart to beat so violently that, as he expressed it afterward, "he felt as if his heart-throbs would startle the deer." The approach was rendered more difficult from the number of deer in the bunch, their habit of constantly watching for an enemy keeping one of them on the alert almost continuously. The deer's practice of shaking its tail before raising its head to look for danger, enabled the two hunters to make the advance only when their heads were down. Finally the supreme moment came. When within about 75 yards of the game the Indian quietly motioned to the white hunter to crawl in front, and at the same time telling him to select for his aim the large antlered deer at the left. At the crack of the gun the deer bounded off, the large buck aimed at taking the lead, the trembling tenderfoot continuing to fire until the magazine of his gun was empty. The Indian had not fired a shot, but burst out laughing, saying, "Fun plenty. White man Kismas [Christmas] all same." The humiliation of missing so pretty a shot after such an exhausting maneuver was very mortifying to the white hunter, and the Indian, after enjoying his discomfiture for a brief season, remarked, "Big echo. You kill him." When questioned he remarked that at the first shot "echo's tail go down and no come up," which was later learned as a sure sign of a fatal shot. Going to the spot where the deer were startled, the trail of blood was found, and following for about half a mile the large deer was found dead. The joy, the excitement the tenderfoot experienced as he beheld his first deer can only be appreciated by those who have had a similar good fortune. Skinning the deer's legs up from the hoof about a foot, the four feet were tied together, the Indian remarking, "Me carry echo. Willsie tired. Too much," at the same time placing his head in the loop made and walking off with the deer swung over his back as lithely as if he carried no burden. On, on the hunters walked, the tenderfoot insisting upon being allowed to carry the deer, the Indian humoring him as he would a child. The white man was borne down by the weight, and a few yards convinced him he had undertaken no child's play, when Tommy, with a knowing smile, offered to take the load. At last camp was in sight, the tenderfoot happy, over his prize, but completely used up.

On reaching camp a joyful surprise was waiting for them. Before the camp-fire was the cook of the hunting party busily at work preparing dinner, which to the hungry tenderfoot looked like a feast that kings might envy. The half-famished man could not be ceremonious, but taking the boiled grits to one side ate and ate like a starving man, the Indians standing by with comical smiles. When the deer hunters did not put in an appearance at the Indian village by bedtime on their first day out, as the old hunters fully thought they would, the friends of the white man grew anxious, and it was decided that the old chief and the cook should get an early start in the morning, take some provisions, and at the same time cut a bee tree that was near the point at which the hunters were to camp, and thus add to the sweets of the trip.

The chief, Tallahassee, cut the first chip from the large pine tree and turned the axe over to Billy Bowlegs. When the tree fell with a crash the old Indian stood ready with a bunch of moss to stop the hole, and then

with a smoke made of burning rags to discourage the angry bees all was in readiness to open up the hidden treasure of pure, rich wild honey and take it out. The reader may picture the scene that followed.

Seated on a log underneath the cool shadows of a large palm tree are the two white men, with heads thrown back looking like ancient cherubs as they suck the nectarine comb in sweet silence, while at their feet on the grassy sward are the picturesque Seminoles similarly occupied, and thus we leave them.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

"Mine Ease in Mine Inn."

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—Falstaff.

THERE is a charm about the South which is all its own. We may go North, East or West, but do not experience anything like it. And long days after we have returned home the memory of it abides with us. In what does this charm consist? Hard to say, as in the case of most charms. But of one thing I am very sure, and that is that it did not consist in one or two hotels I had the fortune to run up against during a recent trip down there.

I have already contributed to FOREST AND STREAM some notes on this trip, but confined myself to the sporting side of my experiences. If you will permit me, I shall now dilate a little on the domestic or hotel side. But I want to disclaim any intention of reflecting on Southern hotels generally. I only wish to relate what I know of one or two of them, in the hope of affording some entertainment to your readers and at the same time stirring the consciences or self-interest, at least, of the proprietors of the said establishments, if perchance my words should reach them.

In Richmond, where I made a brief stay, I confess I found things all right. Perhaps the service might have been a little more alert, but for what it lacked in this respect it made up in civility. Bidding farewell to the comfortable bed, the bath tub and the plenteous table of the Richmond hostelry, I set my face toward—well, let us call it Slocum Podger, Va. For three or four hours we jogged along by rail, stopping every fifteen or twenty minutes at some little wayside station. My traveling companions were for the most part of the ebon variety, and these amused themselves with playing upon a harmonica or mouth organ. Whenever one exhausted his repertoire he would hand the organ to another, and immediately proceed to fall asleep, his example being imitated all round. The spectre of care does not cut much figure here, thought I. At length a junction point was reached, and the conductor informed me that I should have to wait an hour and a half here. "Any hotel or place of refreshment?" I inquired. "Oh, yaas, sah—elegant, suh!" Taking up my grip and other belongings I left the train and found myself on a little platform among a crowd of negroes and fatigued-looking whites. One of the former edged up to me and sedulously inquired: "Want a nice hot dinnah t'-day, sah?"

"Well, no," I answered, "but I wouldn't mind having a sandwich and something to drink."

"Heah, boy," then cries my accoster, "take the gemman's bag and show him to de hotel."

Following the boy I mounted a hilly road leading from the station, but nowhere could I see anything looking like a hotel. "Have we far to go?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sah—right heah!" and with that he darted across the road and entered a building which I could have sworn was only a barn. I entered close behind him and found the "office" littered with papers and two or three cats and dogs lying around asleep. There were a few rickety chairs and a writing table in the corner, with half a broken bottle for an inkstand. The woodwork of the walls and doors was cracked with age, and evidently had never rejoiced in a coat of paint. As I stood gazing about and wondering within myself, a door opened and a great fat negress presented herself, bowing and smiling. "Nice hot dinnah t'-day, suh. All ready, suh!"

Glancing within the room behind her I saw a long deal table set with knives and forks and a few dishes containing great chunks of butter. In the remote distance was a smaller table, on which was an immense fat ham and a few etceteras. "Nice hot dinnah t'-day, suh!" repeated my hostess.

"No, thank you; I intend dining at Slocum Podger, but I would like a sandwich and a bottle of beer."

"We don't keep beah, sur, but you can git it at the sto', suh. Boy, show the gemman the sto'." No show of disappointment or displeasure—no incivility or rudeness! Whether to be more surprised at the shortcomings of the establishment or the extreme courtesy which prevailed therein I know not. At the "sto'" I got my bottle of beer, but nothing to eat. As I was drinking the beer I saw an aged darky standing diffidently some short distance away. As soon as I left the counter he went up to it and asked the proprietor if he had any "cohn whisky." The proprietor said that he had two kinds—"white and yellow." Then the darky asked which was "de best." "Oh, the white, I reckon." "Give me ten cents' worth of de white," came then, with the production of a ginger ale bottle. This was nearly filled, and when it was passed over to the customer he proceeded to empty half the contents into my unwashed beer glass and drank it off. Ambling out of the place he made his way to an ox cart which was standing near the station with the partner of his joys and sorrows (evidently) seated contentedly therein smoking a pipe. To her he passed the bottle, which she sampled with great seeming relish. A barrel of flour was then got aboard, the oxen were whipped up and the whole caravan mounted the hill at a snail's pace, while the slanting rays of the evening sun fell upon them, perfecting the picture, which might have been taken, so to speak, from the pages of Virgil.

Continuing my journey to Slocum Podger, I arrived there about 5, and was met at the station by the proprietor of the hotel with his surrey. A drive of ten minutes took us to the place where I had hopefully looked forward to ample consolation for my experiences at the junction. But, alas, I had reckoned without my host, literally and figuratively. After being requested to register with great formality, I was introduced to a room, which immediately struck a chill all through me. Carpetless, with white-washed walls, the furniture consisted of an old-fashioned

bedstead, wide enough to hold three people, at least; a washstand, a looking glass (whose reflections suggested those of an agitated pool), a cane-bottomed chair and a little old rusty stove. Left alone I cast my eyes around and a feeling of desolation stole over me. "Great Scott!" I cried, "this won't do. We must have a fire." "Here, boy," I cried through the window to a little nigger, "come in here and light my fire." "Yaas, suh," was the willing response, and in he came. The stove was full of logs, not coal, and as the boy began to operate on these it wasn't long before he had the room half-filled with smoke. Seizing my hat I fled into the air and consoled myself with a pipe in the quiet of the neighboring woods. When I got back I was greeted by my friends H. and B., who had just returned from shooting. This cheered me up a bit, and following B. to his room I then had the privilege of observing a scene long to be remembered, viz., the herculean B. bathing in a basin. "And they won't even half-fill my jug!" he remarked, laughing.

When we sat down to dinner—"Ah," I imagine I hear the sympathetic reader here exclaim, "surely now you received compensation—wild turkey, venison, or quail at the very least." Believe it not, fond dreamer! Wild turkey, venison and quail cost money, but pig's meat, or, in the vernacular, ham, with the concomitant eggs, we received and continued to receive morning, noon and night during my stay. It wasn't bad ham; on the contrary, it was good—"cohn' fed," as they say—but an unvaried diet of even the best ham, with the freshest eggs, becomes a trifle monotonous. I ventured to wax a little sarcastic with the landlord at the expense of his table (expressing my fear that the supply of pigs might run short down there), but he regarded me with such an expression of naïve astonishment as almost made me feel ashamed of myself. I was reminded of the story of the Irish waiter in the wilds of Connemara, who, on being asked by the English tourist what he had for dinner, answered, "Bacon and eggs." "Nothing else?" queried the tourist. "Nothin' else!" exclaimed Pat. "And fwhat else would yez be wantin'? Isn't that fwhat they all get?"

After dinner an adjournment was made to the "office," where the various wise men and sports of the town used to congregate of an evening to smoke, exchange opinions, or swap yarns. Here a stove was burning, and soon the atmosphere became so drowsy, and not alone from the stove, I am bound to say, that I wished H. and B. good-night and betook myself to my bedroom. Yes, I told myself, despite all its discomforts, I know I shall sleep well. So into bed I got, but seemed to roll on the springs instead of the mattress, so thin was the latter; then lay for awhile in trepidation, noting my sensations, but these being normal, with a sigh of thankfulness I turned on my pillow and was soon fast asleep. I might have slept all night, but sad to relate, shortly after midnight, as I judge, I had a dream of a horse tramping about in a stable, and presently awoke to hear my neighbor walking up and down in his shooting boots on the bare floor. For an hour or more he kept this up, during which, of course, I lay awake. But when I got to sleep again, I am glad to say, I remained undisturbed till morning. The gray light of dawn is never particularly cheerful, but, ugh! when you behold it through the medium of a bedroom such as mine, then it is positively uncanny.

Shall I go on or shall I stop here? I think I had better stop, for fear of being accused of hypercriticism or laying it on too thick. But I would like to give a word of parting advice to my friend Boniface. "Wake up! This is the end of the nineteenth century. You are anxious for guests, sportsmen and others, and you should know that the way to get them is to make them feel sure of being well treated—of home comforts, in fact. Sportsmen can rough it, and on occasion like to do so, but I have yet to meet that one who likes to rough it in his hotel. Take my advice and wake up! There's a good, honest man!"

I began by saying that the South has a charm of its own, and I will end by repeating it. You get up in the mornings and go out, and even if your hotel is such as mine you soon forget all about it. A hundred and one things, rare or unseen before, interest you. You feel as if you were in a new country, and chiefly because of this: Wherever you go, whomever you meet, you receive nothing but courtesy—kindness. The rude answer and the "marble heart" are practically unknown there. If you are a sportsman you go into the woods and find game in plenty, and if you are a tourist in search of the picturesque and historical, you are equally successful. The long dreamy day (I am speaking now of the fall) comes to an end at last, and at night as you stroll about smoking your cigar, the moon is floating serenely overhead, the crickets lisp somnolently and perchance a strain of dialect negro melody comes wafted from the mysterious woods. An atmosphere of peace and romance almost surrounds you, and if you are not utterly material I say you will quite forget that you have eaten of ham and eggs three times that day.

NEW YORK, December.

F. MOONAN.

Ruxton's "Life in the Far West."

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am keenly interested in Mr. Wm. N. Byers' article in your issue of Dec. 30 on Ruxton and Williams. It contains material that is new to me; but I wish to correct one error. Mr. Byers states that Ruxton left only the unfinished manuscript of "Life in the Far West," and that the book, as it subsequently appeared, was the work of another hand. The fact is that "Life in the Far West" first appeared as a serial in Blackwood's Magazine, running from June, 1848, to November of the same year. Ruxton died in St. Louis, Aug. 29, 1848, and was buried here in the old Episcopal cemetery.

The editor of Blackwood's Magazine says, in an obituary notice: "The narrative of 'Life in the Far West' was first offered for insertion in Blackwoods' Magazine in the spring of 1848, when the greater portion of the manuscript was sent, and the remainder shortly followed. The wildness of the adventures which he relates has, perhaps not unnaturally, excited suspicions in certain quarters as to their actual truth and fidelity. It may interest our readers to know that the scenes described by the author are faithful pictures of the results of his personal experience." Then follow extracts from his letters vouching for their fidelity; among others, this: "I think it would

be well to correct a misapprehension as to the truth or fiction of the paper. It is no fiction. There is no incident in it which has not actually occurred, nor one character who is not known in the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of two whose names are changed—the originals of these, however, being equally well known with the others."

I have personally identified nearly every character in the book. In the St. Louis Republican of Aug. 30, 1848, is an obituary of Ruxton, which speaks in appreciative terms of Ruxton's character and works, including "Life in the Far West." There can be no doubt that this book was entirely of his own composition. If it had not been essentially a true picture of trapper life in the forties, there would assuredly have been a storm of protests from readers in St. Louis, which, at that time, was the headquarters of the fur trade, and a rendezvous for the very characters named in the book.

HORACE KEPHART.

The Appalachian Park.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The efforts of the Appalachian National Park Association—the organization which was perfected in Asheville, North Carolina, in November of this year, by citizens of many States, for the purpose of bringing to the attention of Congress the desirability of establishing a great national park and forest preserve in the Southern Appalachian Mountain region—are succeeding far beyond the anticipation of the most urgent supporters of this great movement. Prominent and influential men in every part of the country have given their aid, numerous newspapers have advocated the project, and as yet no adverse or unfavorable criticism has been heard or written, and it seems practically certain that with a united movement the desired park can be secured.

This unanimous approval and indorsement of the effort to secure this great national park is but the spontaneous demand of those who are acquainted with the Southern Appalachian region. For where can you find such rare natural beauty as in western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee, or, more definitely speaking, in the Great Smoky Mountains, the Balsam Mountains and the Black and Craggy Mountains? Here are the most beautiful as well as the highest mountains east of the lofty Western ranges; forty-three mountains of over 6,000 feet in altitude, as well as a great number of inferior height, all clothed with virgin forests and intersected by deep valleys, abounding in brooks, rivers and waterfalls, combine to make this region one of unsurpassed attractiveness.

Standing upon the summit of one of these lofty mountain heights, the eye often seeks in vain for a bare mountain side, the evidence of the devastating axe—and before one stretches out a view magnificently beautiful. If, indeed, the national parks already established have been chosen for their unusual natural beauty, here is a national park conspicuously fine, awaiting official recognition as an addition to the number.

The superb forests of the Southern Appalachian system are superior to those of any other section of the United States, and its variety of hardwoods and conifers is wonderful. Professor Gray, the eminent botanist, says that he encountered a greater number of indigenous trees in a trip of thirty miles through western North Carolina than can be discovered in a trip from Turkey to England, and through Europe, or from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountain Plateau. Here is the home of the rhododendron, the meeting place of the flora of the North and South, and the only place where distinctive Southern mountain trees may be found side by side with those of the North. Here, too, are found trees of from 5 to 7 feet, and even more, in diameter, which tower to a height of 140 feet, and these patriarchal trees, though innumerable, are greatest in dense forests of many valuable and beautiful varieties. There is but one such forest region in America, and the neglect of the opportunity now put forth in saving it may work irretrievable loss. The increasing scarcity of timber is causing the large areas of forests to be rapidly cleared by those whose principal thoughts are immediate returns by a system which will result in a few years in the extinction of the forests. The National Park alone can prevent this destruction, and surely it should not delay longer.

It is also the duty of the National Government as the guardian of the national interests, not the least of which are the rivers which have their head waters in these mountains, to protect their sources and the water supply of the country.

As to the healthfulness of the region, it is a well recognized fact that the plateau lying between the Great Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge is one of the most popular health resorts in the world. Malaria is unknown. It rivals Arizona as a sanatorium; for those suffering from pulmonary troubles there is no better place. No better spot could be found for the establishment of a sanatorium for the sailors and soldiers of our country. The climate is fine the year around, and by reason of the high altitude the climate in summer is more agreeable than that of regions further North. For many years, to those wishing to escape the rigors of the Northern winters, this plateau has become a favorite resort. It has one of the best all-year climates in the world.

The existing national parks can only be visited in the summer. If a national park were established in this mountain region, it could be visited and enjoyed the year around.

The location is central. It is only twenty-four hours' ride from New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo and the Gulf States. It is therefore within easy reach of millions of people, and a park there could be in fact as well as in name a national park.

Apart from these natural reasons, the Eastern States are entitled to a national park. There is no national park of the character suggested east of the Yellowstone, which is considerably more than 2,000 miles from the Atlantic coast, nor is there even a forest preserve east of western Dakota, which is but a few hundred miles nearer. The Government can easily secure a large boundary of this most beautiful and attractive country. These reasons, and many others, have given this movement popular support. Other arguments could be advanced in its favor; but the Appalachian National Park needs no argument, for the mere mentioning of it alone is sufficient to cause

approval of the movement. It is therefore sincerely hoped that Congress will immediately take up the matter and establish the park.

The efforts of the Appalachian National Park Association are to be commended. Its promoters are moved only for the public good, and should this movement finally succeed, the thanks of the entire country will be due to them for their earnest efforts.

C. P. AMBLER, Sec'y.

"The Farmer's Boy."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 30, on the editorial page, there was a subject which I will not overlook. It was entitled "The Farmer's Boy." I have been waiting for some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM's columns to put in a word of appreciation of that article. I cannot let it pass without saying a few words in commendation.

It strikes me there are a great many readers who have been New England farmers' boys; though the article did not specify a New England farmer's boy in particular, I think the subject must have been taken from that part of the country, anyway. It fits me. It recalls old times. The writer must have been there himself to know how to put in all those little points which made it real.

It seems to strike my boyhood days just as they were. The old farm house stood on one side of the road, the barn opposite on the other side on a little rise of ground; then back of the barn was the lane boarded on either side with hemlock slabs from the nearby saw mill. Out through this lane where we drove the cows was a grove of hemlocks on the steep side hill, through which the rocky and winding cow path went until we reached the top of the hill, and there was the wide open green pasture dotted here and there with a huckleberry patch, a large oak tree and a few buttonball trees to make shade for the cattle. On beyond this pasture we came to what we used to call the "Little Mountain," called so to-day. We did not go over this, but there was a good road that went around it and led us down the other side—down, down, until we struck the trout brook. When we reached the trout brook we came to the mountain meadow of three or four acres, a lovely spot—I can see it now. Then beyond was the Bock pasture, which lay on the easterly side of grand old Mount Tom.

Reading the "Farmer's Boy" brought back to me the recollections of twenty-five and thirty years ago. I liked to run over my line of traps set for mink, muskrat and fox, and I did it early in the morning before I went to school, taking my dog with me as a companion. I often brought home a squirrel or partridge, shot on the way. But the boys have gone, the farm is deserted and no wonder they think of the good old days. My favorite fishing companion of thirty years ago was the Rev. Dwight Ives, of Suffield, Conn. About May of every year he would drive from Suffield to Conway, Mass., and always stopped at our place to spend a day or two. He generally reached our place about time to do the chores in the afternoon, and I can never forget the pride that we boys used to take in unhitching his pet horse Frank; and he would look on and say, "Boys, give him a good bed"; and so we did. But he would not go to supper until Frank was cared for. Then, if I was not in sight, he would say: "Where is my little fisherman?" Of course I was in hearing, and would in quick time sneak out from behind the cows or some other place of seclusion and carry more rye straw for Frank's bed. In the morning Uncle Dwight and I would start for the trout brook, he with his slick little pepper cane rod and I with my rough ash rod in three joints put together with zinc ferrules (home-made). But we were happy—old age and childhood. We would go out toward the barn and then through the lane and on to the trout brook. We always took a tramp up to near the source of the brook and would then fish down stream through the pastures and meadows. He always let me fish ahead of him, and now I can see how generous he was to teach me the arts of the trout fisherman. I shall never forget his telling me one day as we reached a favorite spot in an old meadow partly grown up to alders, where the brook took a quick turn and there was a deep hole: "Now be careful; crawl up and catch that big fellow that I did not get last year." I crept as stealthily as a cat, dropped the fresh bait in the ripple of the brook and let it go with the current into the hole. Swish! and the rod nearly went out of my hands. I gave a jerk and up came a trout that would weigh probably three-fourths of a pound, but it just cleared the water and my line was entangled in the brush in the rear, and I said "By gosh, Uncle Dwight, did you see him?" "Look here, my boy, do not swear." "I didn't swear," said I, "I only said 'by gosh.'" "Well, we will not talk about it now; but please hand me one of those apples, and while you are getting your line free from the brush I will sit on this stump and enjoy it." I gave him the apple, and to my regret I gave him the largest in my pocket, because the apple lasted longer than the snarl of my line in the bushes. While the apple was being eaten I was receiving a great lecture on using the word "by." It was some months after before I thought it proper to read in the papers any article "by telegraph"; but I understand it all now.

I want it distinctly understood that this is no infringement on Fred Mather's "By Gosh." I had not thought of it until I read it in "Men I Have Fished With," and then old farmer boy days made me think of it. Perhaps Fred Mather has seen me when I was a boy hanging around the place about five miles above Holyoke, Mass., where he used to bring up young shad in large cans and go out on the end of our old ferry boat and dump them into the Connecticut River. They were so many fish thrown away, and Mr. Mather knows the reason why.

The news of the assignment of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, last week, was received with much regret in business circles and by the many friends of that well-known concern. The firm was one of the oldest in the trade, having been founded in 1841 by John P. Lovell, who was first engaged solely in the manufacture of guns. It was one of the largest sporting goods houses in New England.

In Memory of Joseph Birkett.

WITH the rustle of the last falling leaves came to me the tidings of the fall of another old friend and comrade on the long trail. Stricken mercifully by a painless blow in one instant, his eyes beheld the fading glory of the autumnal earth and the untold glory of the world beyond.

In boyhood we became comrades in the bonds of the gun, the angle and the trap; bred our first hounds from the same litter; killed our first foxes together on old Shellhouse; pulled trigger on the swarming ducks of Little Otter, and caught its pickerel. He was a true and faithful lover of nature, but shy of expression of his love; a born naturalist, unlearned in the lore of printed books, but taking his lessons at first hand where nature records her secrets, and quick to read them. I rarely spent an hour with him that he did not tell me something new of the ways of the wood folk, and water folk; or some shrewd guess concerning them. He had also a quaint, spicy and most original humor, that made him a delightful companion.

In the old forest days or in the wilder region than ours he would have been a Natty Bumpo or a Nessmuk; as it was, he made the most of what was left to us, and was a type of a class that is fast passing away from us, that we miss the more that we shall not recover it.

Farewell, old friend and genial comrade. Peace be unto thee; and may all thy days be pleasant in the perpetual Indian summer of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

AWAHOOSE.

Natural History.

The Largest Bird that Flies.

IF the subject of inquiry were the largest bird that ever lived, there can be little doubt that the palm would have to be awarded to the extinct New Zealand moa (*Dinornis maximus*), of which the total height was about 10 feet, the tibia or thigh bone measuring a yard in length. But this bird, like all the members of its genus, and like the apteryx, emu, cassowary, rhea and ostrich, which survive at the present day, was incapable of flight, and, therefore, for the present purpose need not be compared with those presently to be noted. As, however, there is some conflict of opinion as to the probable height of the largest species of moa, and a variation in the statements as to length of tibia in *Dinornis maximus*, it may be of interest *en passant* to refer to it. According to Messrs. Nicholson and Lydekker (Manual of Palæontology, 3d ed., 1889), the height (as above stated) was 10 feet, and the length of tibia 3 feet. In Professor Newton's admirable "Dictionary of Birds" (art. "Moa") it is stated that *Dinornis maximus* is the largest of all the species, having a tibia measuring 39 inches, and probably reaching a height of 12 feet. The former statement having been published in 1886, and the latter in 1894, suggests a possible explanation that between those dates a longer tibia (3 inches longer) came to hand, from which the increase in height of 2 feet was inferred; but the proportions in inches would be—36: 39:: 120: 130, that is to say, the specimen with a tibia of 3 feet 3 inches would measure only 10 feet 10 inches in height, instead of 12 feet, as mentioned in the Dictionary quoted.

But this by the way. The problem I will now try to solve (and it is one of some little interest) is, "Which is the largest existing bird that flies?" The question is by no means easily answered offhand. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who are not naturalists would probably infer, from the marvelous stories they have read of lambs, kids and even children being carried off by it, that the lammergeier, or bearded vulture (*Gypætus barbatus*) must be unquestionably the largest living bird that flies. Those who have traveled in Peru and Chili would doubtless maintain that the South American condor (*Sarcorhamphus gryphus*) must surely exceed it in size; while passengers who have made a voyage to the Cape or to the Falkland Islands will feel convinced that no bird at the present day has a greater expanse of wing than the wandering albatross (*Diomedea exulans*). It is not possible to settle these rival claims without having recourse to actual measurement. "Estimated" expanse of wing is for our purpose useless; hearsay evidence must be discarded. What we want are facts, first hand, from those who have actually taken measurements and ascertained weights, or seen them taken by others in their presence.

If length of body from tip of beak to end of tail, expanse of wing measured between the extended tips, and weight of dead bird are to be taken as a test of size, it will probably surprise many persons to learn that the lammergeier is not the largest bird of prey in Europe, and that quite as large and somewhat heavier a rival has visited the British Islands within the memory of those now living. I refer to the great Griffon vulture (*Gyps fulvus*), a specimen of which, as related in Yarrell's "British Birds," was captured in 1843 near Cork Harbor.

This huge bird, when adult, measures from tip of beak to end of tail from 3 feet 10 inches to 4 feet 1 inch, according to sex (the females, as with most birds of prey, being larger than the males); the expanse of wing is from 8 feet 10 inches to 9 feet 2 inches, and the weight from 18 to 20 pounds.

Not much inferior in point of size, though somewhat less in weight, is the cinereous vulture (*Vultur monachus*), the male of which attains a length of 3 feet 6 inches, and the female 3 feet 9 inches, with an expanse of wing varying from 8 feet to 9 feet 10 inches, according to age and sex, and an average weight of about 14 pounds, the female bird being a pound or two heavier.

An inquisitive reader may here inquire how do these weights compare with those of the eagles which dwell in Scotland and the Isles, as well as in Ireland, and are met with from time to time in England, on migration, generally in autumn.

An immature golden eagle from Loch Gair, obtained in the month of August, weighed 9½ pounds, and measured between the extended wings 6 feet 7 inches. Another two-year-old bird, procured in Ross-shire in September, 1897, weighed 11 pounds; a third, killed at Kylemore Castle, Galway, in October, 1889, weighed 12½ pounds.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE WILL ENABLE A READY COMPARISON OF THE SPECIES NAMED.

Name of Species.	Length.	Expanse of Wing.	Weight.
Golden eagle.....	3ft. to 3ft. 4in.....	6ft. 6in. to 7ft. 6in.....	9lbs. to 12lbs.
Sea eagle.....	2ft. 6in. to 2ft. 10in.....	7ft. to 8ft.....	10lbs. to 16lbs.
Imperial eagle (India).....	2ft. 6in. to 2ft. 8in.....	6ft. 4in. to 7ft. 1in.....	6lbs. to 8lbs.
Imperial eagle (Spain).....	2ft. 6in. to 3ft.....	6ft. 3in. to 6ft. 10in.....	8½lbs. to 10½lbs.
Wedge-tailed eagle (Australia).....	3ft.....	6ft. 8in. (Gould).....	9lbs. (Gould).
Griffon vulture.....	3ft. 10in. to 4ft. 1in.....	8ft. 10in. to 9ft. 2in.....	18lbs. to 20lbs.
Cinereous vulture.....	3ft. 6in. to 3ft. 9in.....	8ft. to 9ft. 10in.....	14lbs. to 18lbs.
Lammergeier.....	3ft. 8in. to 4ft. 1in.....	8ft. 3in. to 9ft. 2in.....	10lbs. to 16lbs. (Chapman).
Lammergeier.....	3ft. 8in. to 4ft. 1in.....	8ft. 6in. to 9ft.....	Not stated.
Condor (Patagonia).....	3ft. 6in. (Sharpe).....	8ft. 6in. (Darwin).....	Not stated.
Condor (Ecuador).....	3ft. 6in.....	10ft. 6in. (Whymper).....	Not stated.
Condor (Chili).....	Not stated.....	12ft. "many" (Byam).....	Not stated.
Condor (Chili).....	Not stated.....	13ft. "one" (Byam).....	Not stated.
Condor (Chili).....	Not stated.....	15ft. "largest" (Byam).....	Not stated.
Bustard (Norfolk).....	3ft. 9in.....	6ft. 6in.....	24lbs. (Stevenson).
Bustard (Seville).....	3ft.....	7ft. 3in.....	26lbs. (Nicholson).
Bustard (Seville).....	3ft.....	7ft. 1in.....	28lbs. (Nicholson), 30lbs. (Chapman).
Crane (India).....	3ft. 8in. (Tickell).....	6ft. 6in. (Tickell).....	10lbs. 8oz. (Zool., 1876).
Crane (England).....	4ft. (Yarrell).....	6ft. 6in. (Tickell).....	10lbs. 13oz. (Stevenson).
Stork.....	3ft. 6in. to 3ft. 8in.....	8ft. to 9ft.....	Not stated.
Heron.....	3ft.....	5ft. to 6ft.....	5½lbs. (Muirhead).
Wild Swan.....	5ft. (Selby).....	7ft. to 8ft. (Selby).....	18lbs. to 25lbs.
Albatross.....	3ft. 10in.....	11ft. to 14ft. (Bennett).....	17lbs. (Gould).
Albatross.....	3ft. 10in.....	10ft. 10in. (Sanford).....	
Albatross.....	3ft. 10in.....	11ft. 4in. (Green) to 12ft. (Hutton).....	

An immature white-tailed or sea eagle, shot in Brighton, weighed 10 pounds; another, killed at Arundel, barely 10 pounds; while a fine old bird in fully adult plumage, from Stornoway, Lewis, weighed not less than 16½ pounds. This is the heaviest white-tailed eagle of which I have any note. It has been referred to by Robert Gray ("Birds of the West of Scotland," p. 17) as being in the collection of Sir James Matheson, Bart., of Stornoway, and the finest British example of the sea eagle he had ever seen. He adds, "compared with three or four other sea eagles in the same collection, its size, indeed, appears quite extraordinary, and had the specimen been darker in color it might have readily been mistaken for the northern sea eagle of Pallas."

It might be supposed that the imperial eagle would be larger and heavier than the golden eagle, but from actual comparison this does not appear to be so. Thus the golden eagle measures 3 feet to 3 feet 4 inches in length, 6 feet 6 inches to 7 feet 6 inches in expanse of wing, and weighs from 9 pounds to 12 pounds, while the imperial eagle measures only 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet in length, 6 feet 4 inches to 7 feet 1 inch in expanse of wing, and weighs on an average from 6 to 8¾ pounds.

As for the lammergeier, it will be found on comparison of measurements and weights, that while in expanse of wing it measures no more than an adult Griffon vulture (8 feet 3 inches to 9 feet 2 inches), its weight may be several pounds less.

Capt. Hutton, writing of the lammergeier as observed by him in the Himalayas, remarks:

"Marvelous indeed are the stories told both by natives and Europeans of the destructive habits of this bird, and both accounts I fully believe have scarcely a grain of truth in them. All I can positively say upon the point, however, is that I have known the bird well in its native haunts for thirty years and more, and never once in all that time have I seen it stoop to anything but a dead carcass. As to carrying off hens, dogs, lambs or children, I say the feat would be utterly impossible, for the creature does not possess the strongly curved sharp-pointed claws of the eagle, but the far straighter and perfectly blunt talons of the vulture."

Mr. R. Thompson, also, after close and constant observation of the habits of the lammergeier for twelve years, writes:

"I have never seen them attack or come down to a living animal. They have repeatedly sailed past close to my nets when I have had live fowls and pigeons picketed as lures for hawks and eagles. They have passed within a few feet of these without once showing a desire to pick up any of the birds; and this, too, on the tops of high mountains in a perfectly wild country, with no human inhabitants within miles. On the other hand, they will at once come down on a well-cleaned carcass, a heap of bones, or the skeletons of smaller mammalia.* There must, of course, be some foundation," he adds, "for the many statements that have been put forth as to the rapacious character of this bird. But this foundation I believe to consist in the natives constantly attributing the depredations committed by eagles to the lammergeier."

As to the weight which the larger eagles can carry in the shape of prey, the writer last quoted says the golden eagle will kill and carry off young deer (i. e., fawns) and kids, as I have myself seen. One, at Strathmore, in Caithness, while devouring the carcass of a mountain hare, was attacked by a fox; a fight ensued, and after a severe struggle, in which the fox got badly torn by the eagle's talons, and the bird got severely bitten in the breast, the eagle, to save itself, took flight, with the fox holding on, until, at a considerable height in the air, the latter dropped to the ground and was killed by the fall. Mr. Robert Gray took pains to verify this story.

Mr. A. Hume, writing of Pallas' sea eagle, says:

"A gray goose will weigh on the average 7 pounds (much heavier are recorded), but I have repeatedly seen good sized gray geese carried off in the claws of one of these eagles, the birds flying slowly and low over the surface of the water, but still quite steadily."

He once saw an eagle of this species on the River Jumna capture a fish so large that the bird only with difficulty succeeded in reaching a low sandbank in the river with its prey. As it made for this bank it flew so low and with such difficulty that the writhing fish in its claws struck the water every few yards, and twice seemed likely to pull its persecutor under water. On reaching the sandbank some 250 yards distant from the observer, a shot from his rifle caused it to quit the fish, which was then recovered and found to be a carp (*Cyprinus rohita*), weighing over 13 pounds—that is, considerably heavier than its captor. For the reason above given, such a feat would be impossible for the lammergeier.

Come we now to the condor of South America, a bird which is known to have a wide geographical range. It is found on the west coast from the Strait of Magellan along the Cordillera as far as eight degrees north of the equator. The steep cliff near the mouth of the Rio Negro is its northern limit on the Patagonia coast, and they have there wandered about 400 miles from the great central line of their habitation in the Andes. Further south, among the bold precipices at the head of Port Desire, the condor is not uncommon; yet only a few stragglers occasionally visit the sea coast. A line of cliff near the mouth of the Santa Cruz, Patagonia, is frequented by these birds, and about eighty miles up the river, where the sides of the valley are formed by steep basaltic precipices, the condor reappears. From these facts, says Darwin, from whom I quote ("Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," p. 182), it seems that the condors require perpendicular cliffs. In Chili they haunt during the greater part of the year the lower country near the shores of the Pacific, and at night several roost together in one tree; but in the early part of summer they retire to the most inaccessible parts of the inner Cordillera, there to breed in peace. As regards the expanse of wing in the condor, there appears to be some conflict of testimony, although it may well be that the discrepancy in the measurements which have been recorded is due to the fact that they were taken from birds of different ages and sexes. Thus, in the journal

above quoted, under date April 27, 1834, at Santa Cruz, Patagonia, Darwin writes: "This day I shot a condor. It measured from tip to tip of the wings 8½ feet, and from beak to tail 4 feet." From measurements supplied by others it would appear that this was quite a small one. In Ecuador, for example, the largest seen by Mr. Edward Whymper measured 10 feet 6 inches from tip to tip of extended wings, although he remarked that most of those seen at Antisana and elsewhere were not so much as 9 feet. ("Travels in the Andes.") The experience of Capt. George Byam, the author of "Wanderings in Some of the Western Republics of America," is instructive on the subject of condors. He saw many which measured 12ft. in expanse of wing, and one of 13 feet, while the largest out of several which he shot in Chili measured exactly 15 feet from tip to tip when pulled out fairly and not too hard. "It was," he says, "a very powerful heavy bird, with legs almost as thick as my wrist, and the middle claw or finger, which I kept, was 7 inches in length." Mr. N. E. Bieber, writing in the Field of Feb. 11, 1899, on "Deer Shooting in Bolivia," remarks incidentally that a good sized male condor will measure 15 feet across the wings, thus confirming the observation long previously made by Capt. Byam, a good sportsman and accurate writer.

Dr. Robert Cunningham, in his entertaining volume "The Natural History of the Strait of Magellan" (1871), describing an exploration of the Patagonia coast between Cape Possession and Dungeness Spit, recounts his falling in with seven or eight condors, one of which he tried in vain to stalk.

"It is," he says, "a truly magnificent bird when seen in a wild condition and on the wing; and one cannot be surprised that the most exaggerated accounts were given by the older travelers of the dimensions to which it attains, as much as 18 feet having been sometimes assigned to the expanse of wing."

This, of course, is mere guesswork, and not an ascertained measurement. Some idea of the size of bird may be gained from an inspection of its furcula, of which he gives a figure (p. 303) from a specimen picked up on the beach.

If weight alone were a criterion of size, the steamer duck of the Falkland Islands (*Micropterus cinereus*—*Anas brachyptera* of Latham) would challenge comparison with some of the birds above named. The largest obtained by Dr. Cunningham, who gives an excellent account of it (op. cit. p. 93), measured 3 feet 4 inches from bill to tail and weighed 13 pounds, while Capt. Cook mentions in his voyage that the weight of one was 29 pounds. Capt. Philip King, who observed this "gigantic oceanic duck" at the Falklands, described it as the largest he had ever seen (Voy. "Adventure," i. p. 36), and remarked upon the small size of the wings, which, "not having sufficient power to raise the body, serve only to propel it along rather than through the water, and are used like the paddles of a steam vessel. Aided by these and its strong, broad-webbed feet, it moves with astonishing rapidity. It would not be an exaggeration to state its speed at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. This bird, however, being incapable of flight, at all events when fully adult (see Newton's "Dictionary of Birds," p. 518), is not comparable with those large pinioned species above mentioned. As for the wild swan, which might seem to challenge comparison with them, it may be remarked *en passant* than an adult whooper (*Cygnus ferus*) will measure 4 feet 10 inches from tip of bill to end of tail (the long neck counting for much), 7 feet in expanse of wing, and will weigh from 18 pounds to 25 pounds. Here it will be seen that, notwithstanding the enormous weight, the extent of wing is no greater than in the golden eagle, much less than in the Griffon vulture, cinereous vulture and lammergeier, and only half that of the condor.

For our present purpose it remains only to ascertain what has been recorded on good authority of the measurements and weight of the largest species of albatross (*Diomedea exulans*). It is found throughout the Southern Ocean, and is seldom met with further north than lat. 30° S., although stragglers have from time to time been reported as occurring beyond that limit. The literature relating to this bird is very extensive, so much so, indeed, that it will be necessary to pass over many facts of interest concerning it, in order to confine attention to the only two points which have any bearing on the present inquiry, namely, dimensions and weight.

Here is a good observation of the kind needed by the late Dr. George Bennett, of Sydney. In his "Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia" (1860, p. 72), he writes:

"On June 8, in lat. 37° 15' S., long. 60° 27' E., we captured the unusual number of seven specimens of the great wandering albatross. They were elegant birds of large size, with fine and shining plumage, but were quite helpless and stupid when brought on board. The size of the largest was as follows: Length from the base of the bill to the extremity of the tail, 3 feet 10 inches; size of the expanded wings, 11 feet 8 inches. In others the extended pinions measured from 10 feet 4 inches to 11 feet; indeed, I consider 11 feet the general measurement. I have met with only one specimen in which the spread of

wings measured 14 feet. The difference of sexes did not, in any of these specimens, make any alteration in size; and although the plumage differed through age, it did not afford any sexual distinction."

Mr. W. A. Sanford, writing of albatrosses seen during a voyage to Australia, and particularly referring to those skinned and dissected by himself (Zoologist, 1889, p. 387), remarks:

"I have never measured an albatross which was more than 11 feet in expanse of wing—I think the exact measurement was 10 feet 10 inches—but I have been confidently assured by others that they have measured some as much as 14 feet."

This confirms the above mentioned statement by Dr. Bennett.

Herr Reischek, who visited and described a remarkable breeding haunt of the wandering albatross in the Auckland Islands (Trans. N. Z. Inst., 1889, p. 126, and Zoologist, 1889, p. 337), gives the following dimensions of some that he measured: Total length from tip of bill to end of tail, 3 feet 3 inches; bill, 7 inches; tail, 7½ inches; whole wing, from 4 feet 10 inches to 5 feet 10 inches; primaries, 1 foot 8 inches; whole leg, 1 foot 10 inches; tarsus, 4½ inches; middle toe, 7 inches. By the expression "whole wing" is evidently intended the length from the body (not from the carpal joint) to the end of the longest primary, just as the expression "whole leg" includes more than the tarsus.

Out of more than a hundred specimens of the large albatross (*D. exulans*) caught and measured by Mr. J. F. Green (see his "Ocean Birds," p. 5), the largest was 11 feet 4 inches from tip to tip. This, he says, was confirmed by the experience of a ship's captain, who in forty years had never found one over that length. As this bears out the observations of Dr. Bennett and Mr. W. A. Sanford, we may take it that 11 feet represents the normal expanse of wing in a fully adult bird.

In regard to weight, Capt. Hutton indorses the statement made by Gould that the average weight of the wandering albatross is 17 pounds.

The following table will enable a ready comparison of the species named:

From this table it will be seen that, while the heaviest bird capable of flight is the bustard, its expanse of wing, a trifle less than that of the wild swan, is 3 feet or 4 feet less than that of the famous albatross, and only half that of the largest condor on record. It is somewhat curious that the Australian bustard, though said to be larger than our bird, standing higher on its legs, and with longer neck, weighs considerably less. Gould, who "frequently encountered and killed it both on the plains of the Lower Namoi and also in South Australia," gives the weight of the male bird from 13 pounds to 16 pounds. The great bustard of South Africa, the "gompaauw" of the colonists, according to Mr. E. L. Layard, weighs from 30 pounds to 35 pounds.

There is not much difference in the dimensions of the larger eagles above mentioned, all of which are less than those of the largest vultures. The far-famed lammergeier does not exceed in size the Griffon vulture, nor does it weigh so much by several pounds; while in point of size the giant albatross of the Southern Ocean, with an average expanse of 11 feet 4 inches, has to yield to the condor of Chili, whose extended pinions have in many cases measured 12 feet, and in one instance, on good authority, the almost incredible width of 15 feet.—J. E. Harting in London Field.

Birds in the City.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: My little girl, who is seven years old, handed me yesterday the inclosed letter with a request to see if I could have it published, so that her little friends could read it.

As I have been trying to cultivate in her the habit of observation, and a love for all out-door life, including its fauna and its flora, it occurs to me that perhaps her example could be followed by other children, and that the publication of this letter might open a way to the record of unusual observation that can be made even in a large city. This is what she writes:

"My papa saw last spring two brown birds in our back yard in Eleventh street, New York City. He said they were brown thrashers. When the sparrows saw them they thought they were going to have a good time by chasing away the thrashers, but as soon as the thrashers saw them they made a few steps forward and the sparrows ran as fast as they could. This fall they came again, and the sparrows did the same as before. This time the thrashers had another one with them. My papa wonders that the cats did not get them, for the cats are very plentiful in our neighborhood.—HELEN HYDE.

"I forgot to say I wonder where the third bird came from, whether it was the young one or whether it was an old one that the others had told that this was a good place to stop.—H. H."

Of course it is needless to point out to you the inference that can be drawn, namely, that the sparrows cannot in

* This does not quite accord with remarks of Mr. Abel Chapman, who, in his delightful book "Wild Spain," p. 314, quotes Manuel de la Torre, the best field naturalist in Spain, to the effect that the lammergeier takes young lambs and kids, and that he shot one in the act of eating a rabbit which he had just seen it kill.

all cases drive away even some of our smaller birds; that the return of the two birds showed an accurate memory of place, and that the accompaniment this fall by a third bird which was as large as the other two, showed either a very rapid growth of the young in this case, or the passage of communication between adults which induced three birds to come to our yard in a species which I believe does not usually flock together.

I also saw some orioles in the yard last spring.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

Animal Plagues in Jamaica.

In a paper in the Journal of the Jamaica Institute on the late Mr. P. H. Gosse, by Mr. Duerden, appear some observations on recent changes in the life of that island which are interesting.

The mongoose, which, as is remembered, was introduced there in order to destroy the cane rat, and which after it had exterminated the rat destroyed almost every other small living thing, is still very common in the island, where it is said that over 1,400 of these animals were trapped on two estates in eight weeks.

He says also that ticks have become an absolute plague in certain sections of the island. Ticks have always been found in Jamaica, but it appears that originally there was but one species there. Many other sorts seem to have been introduced on imported cattle. The writer refers to a severe outbreak of disease among cattle a few years ago which was at first thought to be the Texas fever. Later it appeared that many of the symptoms of this disease were absent, but it is believed that the introduced ticks had something to do with the epidemic.

A Gigantic Egg.

Naturalists will be interested to learn that a magnificent specimen of the egg of the *Apyornis maximus* has arrived in London from Madagascar, where it was discovered by the natives buried in the sand. This zoological curiosity is the largest known to exist, and measures nearly a yard in circumference, and over a foot in length. Its cubical capacity is equal to nearly six ostrich or 150 hens' eggs. Specimens of this gigantic production have occasionally been met with in London, where they have fetched as much as £70 apiece.—London Telegraph.

Game Bag and Gun.

Some Notes on Iowa Game.

DURING the season just past the game in northern Iowa has been in some respects unusually abundant. The season has been favorable for the rearing of young prairie chickens, and as a consequence we have had a somewhat unusual number of them. Another condition which is proving favorable to the preservation of game in this part of Iowa is the fact that each season more and more "posted fields" are seen. This posting, however, by the farmers is not due altogether to their desire to preserve the game, but more often to preserve their stock from possible accident through the carelessness of irresponsible sportsmen! Thus it will be seen that careful and true sportsmen in the fullest sense, must suffer equally with the irresponsible ones—a fact which is to be regretted. It has not infrequently been the case that chickens have been seen in flocks of considerable numbers.

Quail have nowhere in this part of the State been very abundant, but they are most usually met with in farm groves and along roadway hedges.

Partridges are rare, and not often seen.

Water fowl, in the western and northwestern portions of the State, during the past fall, have been quite plentiful, and furnished some fine sport for local and other sportsmen. Jack rabbits are on the increase in various regions, and for sportsmen using hounds especially they have furnished some very enjoyable sport, as they keep to the open fields. This game also often furnishes splendid practice for long-range rifle shooting while the animal is "on the jump."

Cottontails are numerous, and will furnish much of the sport our "gunners" will have this winter. But little hunting in this line has so far been done, this owing to the fact that only up to within a few days ago has there been any snow on the ground.

The fiend with two to five ferrets and a couple of old coffee sacks is here as usual, proving a curse to the real sportsman.

Gray squirrels are a good "crop" this season. Red squirrels are in places considerably in evidence also.

At infrequent intervals a red fox, prairie wolf or a few coons are captured. The two former are started with hounds, and lead the dogs a chase extending over the country for miles and miles, and generally in a circle. It is a difficult matter to follow the hounds, owing to the fact that the country everywhere is so cut up by wire fences.

Minks, muskrats and skunks are quite abundant, owing mainly to the fact that for some years past but little trapping has been done in this part of the State. At one or two points on the Little Cedar River—once the trapper's paradise—are existing one or two families of otter.

The sportsmen, especially fishermen, of this State have during the past season become considerably "piled" over the discrimination of the Illinois State fish law, which compels non-resident fishermen to procure a license in order to "fish its waters," while Iowa has no such law. Doubtless the result of the test case in this matter brought by some sportsmen of this State is familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The decision in this case has so incensed many of the sportsmen in Iowa, as well as the State game warden, that doubtless a retaliatory measure will be introduced at the coming session of the State Legislature, and doubtless be enacted into law.

Another class of "sportsmen" who have successfully fished the waters of many of the streams of northern Iowa during the past season, are the "pearl fishers" and

those "fishing for clams" for the commercial value of their shells.

The fish car which the State fitted out for the use of the State Fish and Game Commissioner has been put to good use, and numerous carloads of young and partly grown fish have been distributed in the rivers and lakes throughout various parts of the State.

In spite, however, of the stringent and pretty well enforced law against seining, spearing and other forms of illegal fishing, considerable of it is reported. The worst violation of the fish law in this State, however, is by the neglect or refusal of dam owners to furnish adequate fish runways in their dams which cross the streams. The complete enforcement of this statutory provision will doubtless necessitate costly law suits and long-continued litigation.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.

With the Antelope.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—Little has been written on the very interesting subject of antelope hunting, compared with that of other big-game hunting. In my varied experiences with the big game of the West, nothing has afforded me more exciting pleasure, tired legs and stiff joints than has the pursuit of these wary creatures.

In the days when they were found in large numbers their curiosity often led them within easy range of the hunter who would hoist a flag to their view, but not so with the scattered remnants remaining in the early nineties.

Owing to the great distance at which they can be seen, and the traveling necessitated to reach them, most persons hunt them on horseback, but I could not get the real good of a hunt without long tramps and crawling up on my game unseen.

In the early spring of 1893, before the snow had gone off sufficiently for game to come into their summer range where we lived, Bert Reed, my near neighbor and hunting and trapping companion, and I thought we were hungry for fresh meat, not having seen any big game since the fall before, and that was all the kind of meat we could get. So the very early part of one morning found us with a two-horse wagon loaded with gunny sacks full of hay, tent, bed, cooking utensils and grub for several days; and after pulling through innumerable snow drifts and going over two mountain ranges, we landed on the Hunter Flats, near the Platte River, in southern Wyoming, where a few small bands of antelope continued to show their "white patches" to passers by.

At noon, ten miles from home, we pitched our tent, made coffee and ate our lunch, after which we each took our own way out over the rolling country, which was a valley between two mountains, about four miles wide, the antelope range extending many miles either way.

I went directly across the valley and ascended the foothills on the opposite side, when I sighted a fine bunch of antelope back in the valley. There were about twenty of them, and they were feeding and moving slowly at right angles with a line from me to them. They were a mile away, and my best chance was to get ahead of them on their course, and lie in wait.

I started for that purpose, now running at full speed while in low ground, out of their sight, now crawling on hands and knees going over a ridge, now walking bent double, as if I had cramps; then crawling from one to two hundred yards on hands and knees over a flat with nothing but the friendly sagebrush to hide me from view; now peering out from among the sagebrush to determine the distance of the game and the direction they were traveling; then retracing my steps a long and tedious distance to get advantage of some lower ground. Thus did I work with every sense at its highest tension for over two hours. Finally, peering out over the tops of the sagebrush I saw a very large buck in full pursuit of a smaller one, which it had chased quite a distance from the band, and was bringing it around in a circle directly toward me.

I felt good; better than I did later.

Getting in position I poked my gun out over the top of a sagebrush and waited. They came within forty yards of me, and the big one turned broadside and stopped. I took deliberate and careful aim and fired, and to the best of my knowledge and belief never touched a hair. I didn't say a word that any one knows of; I never even considered the matter of following the bunch, but shouldered my gun and went straight to camp. After taking care of the horses and getting supper well on the way, Bert came in and reported having killed one.

The next morning I went out early, feeling equal to doing anything whereby I might redeem myself. When only a few minutes' walk from camp I spied a buck antelope, which was wandering around alone, about a quarter of a mile away. Resuming my tactics of the day before, after some stalking and strategy, principally on my hands and knees, I crawled to the top of a knoll which was bare of everything except a badger hole, where the dirt had been thrown up, making breastworks sufficient to hide me while lying flat and pulling myself along with my elbows. First poking my gun over the top of the dirt pile, then raising my head, I beheld my buck about 175 yards away, and at the same time he beheld something over the top of the dirt pile. The wind was blowing a gale. Making allowance for the ball to drop about 6 inches and being carried about a foot by the wind, I fired, and watched him run 50 yards and tumble all in a heap, shot through the heart.

In about half an hour I sighted a bunch of five, lying down about half a mile away, but located so that I could not approach any nearer in a direct line without being seen. Taking a long circuitous route of over a mile, I crawled to the top of a rise of ground and viewed them about eighty rods away, and that was as far as I could go at that place without being seen. Taking another circle of over a mile, I came up from the opposite side, but found when within 300 yards of them that I could get no nearer without exposing myself, except by lying down flat and crawling through the scant sagebrush. I wormed my way along in a zigzag fashion, keeping in the thickest of the sagebrush, and poking my head up occasionally to see that they were all lying quiet. After making my way by this tedious method of locomotion for about a hundred yards, I looked up to find they were all on their feet, look-

ing intently at me. That decided my actions at once. Calculating for about the same fall and drift of ball as before, I fired at a fine buck, and was delighted to see him drop dead, and found on coming up that his neck was broken. That was all I wanted. I went to camp and had dinner ready by noon, when Bert came in with his antelope which he had killed the day before, having taken his horse along in the morning for that purpose.

Both of the ones I had killed were directly on our way home, and we broke camp after dinner, gathered up our meat as we went, and were at home before dark with all the meat we needed.

As a result of my crawling so much, I was nearly helpless during the next week from stiffness and soreness of muscles. I still have the horns of the two bucks, which will ever recall to mind the enjoyable days of antelope stalking in the West.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Massachusetts Game.

SPORTSMEN and others in this State are more than ever alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the ruffed grouse or partridge, our only game bird that abides with us summer and winter. The importance of shortening the open shooting season is apparent to all who are interested in game preservation. The open season now extends from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31 inclusive, giving three months and a half of continued slaughter and persecution, which is more than the smartest game bird that flies can stand without being exterminated. Conditions have changed within the last two decades. Men who are good shots, with improved guns and trained dogs, have wonderfully multiplied.

Of course, there are quail that survive some winters and are destroyed by the deep snows of others in central Massachusetts, making them an uncertain quantity in this section of the State.

The months of October and November would give all the time that should be allowed for the shooting of the fast disappearing partridge. Efforts were made at the Legislature of last year to have a law enacted to make the open season shorter, but for want of concerted action we failed to accomplish the desired purpose. We hope to have better success with the next Legislature. We must either have a shorter open season on these birds, or the farmers will be compelled to post their lands to protect the birds. After going through a constant fusillade in the months of October and November, the game should be let alone the first of December and be given a rest after so much persecution; and as the snow often covers the ground, the birds are forced to subsist on buds of trees and other forms of food that are not conducive to making the birds as wholesome for food as they are earlier in the season.

Chairman Bracket, of the State Commission of Fisheries and Game, has about three hundred Mongolian pheasants—old and young. Many have been released, and seem to thrive and stand the winters well; but it is to be doubted if they have increased enough since they were liberated some years ago to allow shooting them next year, as was expected. Mr. Bracket lives near the State reservation of about three thousand acres, has held his position of Commissioner about thirty years, and has filled the position in such a manner as to be reappointed by the different Governors every five years. He says wood duck and black duck breed near the ponds in the reservation where they are protected.

Spring duck shooting should be abolished in every State in the Union. It is a most barbarous and foolish practice unworthy of a civilized people. And yet the laws of this State permit their being shot from the first of September until the middle of April, March and April being the mating and breeding season, when their flesh is unfit for food, when the shooting of a pair of ducks means the possible destruction of a whole brood in the fall. There would be just as much sense in killing our food-producing domestic animals in the breeding season. I know there has much been written on this subject, but it is one that will bear a great deal of agitation, the more the better, and I hope the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will keep agitating it until every State shall make laws that will prevent spring duck shooting. The black, wood and teal ducks are those that most frequent our fresh-water ponds and streams. In the State reservations the wood and black duck breed as they would in other sections of the State were they not disturbed in the spring. A bill was introduced in the last Legislature for protecting these birds during the spring months; it was favored by the committee and passed by the House, but was unfortunately killed in the Senate—as is said, by the influence of some one who wished to shoot birds for the market. It seems we need a good deal of missionary work among our own so-called civilized brothers in Massachusetts, as well as in foreign lands.

The past season has been marked by scarcity of both woodcock and partridge, especially the woodcock. It is the first year for twenty-five years, from my own observation, that no flight could be noted. What few birds were seen were those that were bred in the locality. Having shot a few every year during that length of time, I have noted the date of their arrival from the North to be from the 10th to the 25th of October, their departure being governed by climatic conditions. Sometimes they stay several days, at others not over twenty-four hours. This fine game bird is having a hard time in holding its own, being shot in its winter home at the South, as well as in its breeding home at the North. All these birds must be protected by man or they will go the way of the wild pigeon and the buffalo.

GEO. L. BROWN.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.

DANVERS, Mass., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week will end the gunning season in this State, with the exception of rabbits, squirrels and sea fowl. The rabbits and squirrels should be protected with the game birds after Jan. 1, as by leaving the open season up to March there is more or less hunting in the woods, and many game birds are killed on the quiet. I always make it a point to notify the local papers of the opening and closing of the gunning season; thereby it gives the public readers a chance to observe the law.

We have had a fine fall for the birds to feed; we haven't had any snow nor cold weather. I hear of a few,

quail; they haven't been hunted much, and where there are any, it seems to be a pretty good covey. I have shot just thirteen quail this fall, and twelve out of the thirteen were males. I never saw such a percentage of male birds before, and I don't think their extinction will be out of place. I find where there are so many male birds, they fight like game cocks in mating seasons, and worry the hen birds and interfere with nesting. A taxidermist friend of mine says he had a male bird brought in for him to mount, shot by a farmer in June, and that the bird's head was all covered with bites, and the feathers were cut off by fighting.

Ruffed grouse has been fairly plentiful, except on snared land. There has been one conviction. Another old snarer claims he can clear \$6 a day at the business. The law is so arranged that the wardens have to camp and hide in the woods for the sake of catching a man removing a bird. This old snarer, when he finds a bird in his trap, will not take it out at once, but make a hunt first for a spy, and was once successful in finding a warden. The law is wrong; it leaves too many loopholes for the violator. The law should prohibit the "farmers" from snaring on his land; should make it a "snared bird in possession," and if a man is suspected, search his house, same as they would for liquor, and if they found any birds, to turn them over to an expert to report whether they had been choked to death or shot. Or a better way, to stop the sale of game altogether.

There are a few Mongolian pheasants around here, but it won't take long to kill them off after they commence; they will match an old hen in getting up and flying. They leave a good scent, but are swift runners.

Fur brings an unusually high price, and some of the old trappers are out. Mr. Geo. Curtis, of Topsfield, has caught twenty-five mink and two otters. One of the otters got away with "a piece of jewelry on his foot," as the old man says.

I saw several large flocks of geese going south on Dec. 24, and I suppose they were headed for Curruck Sound.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Boston, Dec. 25.—C. C. Mitchel, of Boston, has recently returned from Bald Mountain Camps, above Bingham, Me., with a handsome buck deer, of 175 pounds weight. Dr. Heber Bishop has also been up there moose hunting, but the moose tracked kept out of range. Two buck deer were secured by the party, however, which included W. S. Hinman, C. C. Williams and Dr. John Stetson.

Curiosities continue to be announced for the Boston Sportsmen's Show, the latest being a white crow, secured by Game Warden Nickols, who is to have charge of the Maine exhibit. He already announces in his collection for the show four moose, one caribou, two bears, six foxes, twelve coons, a cage of crows, in which the white one will be seen, a cage of owls, four mink, cages of woodchucks, muskrats and wildcats, all taken in the Maine forests. A tree with 100 live gray squirrels will be another feature of the show, and another tree with a number of live coons. The live animals are to be shown in an inclosure made to resemble an outdoor park as much as possible, and the great size of the Mechanics' Building will be available in this direction.

Special.

General Turner's Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have yours of the 27th worded as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hastings: You will observe that Consul-General Turner responds to your little dig, which he appears to have taken in capital good part. The incident should add to the gaiety of nations, even if your well meant efforts shall not reform the propensity of General Turner to stretch his moose and the truth."

Now I am pleased that Consul-General Turner received my dig good naturedly. It is characteristic of Charlie Turner. It is also characteristic of him to be light-hearted in perilous times. That he could spare the time to write during the pending prospective Fenian raid is marvelous. Such qualities do good generals have.

In your issue of Dec. 30 the Consul asks what I was doing in Waterbury while waiting three years on my way to New York. Well, like most people in the brass city, I was busy exploiting its wares. In fact, I owned a jewelry store, and Mr. Turner, true to tradition and home training, is in another branch of the brass business in trying to jam an 1800-pound moose down a sportsman's throat.

As to my final landing in Jersey and the mosquito paradise, I can say that I was helpless in the matter, inasmuch as one must earn a living, and one can pick up more scents in a 420-yard trolley ride in Jersey City than in Ottawa. But I do get out of New Jersey once in a while when the hunters are off the runways. There are some in New Jersey who will not leave until their terms expire, and Mr. Turner will no doubt do likewise by Ottawa.

Mr. Turner's insinuation that the only game in Jersey is mosquitoes and that the only shooting is craps is base and baseless. New Jersey is one of the best States in the Union for still-hunting, and only last summer a party of revenue officers made a large capture not a mile away from my home. It beats the Dutch what big things come to men once in the Government employ.

General Turner's reference to Jersey lightning is insulting. I have been here several years, and it has never struck twice in the same place. He jibes at Jersey City. Well, a great many people go through it, notably the politicians, and the citizens had rather they go through than stop. Here you can get your name in the paper quickly if you make a complaint or a complaint is made against you.

Tell Mr. Turner that the writer passed three years in Canada something over twenty-five years ago, and has tramped over a goodly portion of the district around Ottawa with a Sharp's carbine on his shoulder. Tell him to build an ice palace if he wishes to see it and his revenue melt away. Tell him to practice on snowshoes if he wishes to become expert in long paces. Ask him to not put much confidence in the red man. Others have done it and lost good jobs. I will not pit my knowledge of anatomy against Mr. Turner's; he has done much more cutting up in his short life than I ever hope to

accomplish. In my ignorance I presumed that the heart of so large a moose must be distant from the shoulders, but it now occurs to me that a big heart goes with big shoulders and the size brings them together. Any way a bullet cannot go through the shoulder and heart at the same time; it must touch one or the other first, and I think Charlie so touched the heart to begin with. That is the way—touch the heart, then touch the shoulder, and then the purse.

Tell Charlie Turner I will accept his invitation to visit Ottawa next fall and enjoy his well-known hospitality, and want him to guide me to the haunts of the Colossus. He need not give me a Waterbury watch. Say to him that our mutual friend genial George Hart, who divides his time between listening to the tick of a watch and the click of a reel, has already done so.

I hope Mr. Turner will keep his promise and send you a mounted photograph of the 1,800-pound moose. If so he will probably continue his habits of enlargement, so kindly suggest to him the used of bromide paper. After all, General Turner may have shot an 1800-pound moose a quarter of a mile away. Either the moose was shot or the hunters were half shot.

Whether he shot the moose or not, the good people of the brass city, priding themselves in the glory of an illustrious son—illustrious in the field and on the forum—should erect on the green some fitting monument in commemoration of his deeds. Let it be an arch. Let it be of high brass and royal copper and fashioned mooselike. Place it with stumpy tail menacing the people's bank and the brazen and uplifted head pointing toward the Brandy Hill Brass Mines, and in years to come the little children playing around the eruginous legs will look up to the jagged hole where the bullet came out and read on the metallic mortuary memorial:

"Erected to the Memory of Consul-General Turner.
"He Done His Level Best, and More Too."

To use the language of Mr. Turner's colleagues, I consider the "incident closed."

W. W. HASTINGS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Western Quail.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—As they say on the Board of Trade, the quail market closed very strong, with marked bullish tendencies. Last Wednesday ended the season in Illinois, and from nearly all quarters it seems that, while the birds naturally showed decrease from the numbers of the first days of the season, there remains to be carried over into the next year the strongest stock of quail perhaps ever known in this country. Beyond one little storm we have had faultless weather, and even the cold snap of last week, while it unsettled the birds for a few days, was hardly noticeable in the lower part of this State. At this writing the weather is mild as though it were late October. This state of affairs prevails over Illinois, Indiana and lower Michigan. It is to be hoped the weather prophets are right in their predictions of a mild winter, and if so we shall have fine shooting in this section next year. Indiana still has a few days to run on the quail season, which ends Jan. 1, eleven days later than the Illinois law.

In lower Illinois, more especially along the Okaw bottoms and at points adjacent to Pana, Ramsay, etc., the quail crop this year has been remarkably good. I heard of three guns which last Sunday bagged 117 quail, though I did not learn the names of the parties. My friends, Mr. W. A. Powell and Major George W. LaRue, have been shooting in Christian county with very good success. It has been a safe proposition to risk almost any of this country 150 miles south of Chicago.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, goes quail hunting at the close of every week, and he made his last trip to South Bend, Ind., in company with Mr. J. H. Loshbaugh, a very well known South Bend shooter, who goes under the name of Smoke. Mr. Loshbaugh said to him that he and a friend last week on one day killed forty-one quail, and previous to that in two days killed 109 quail. Mr. Loshbaugh and Mr. Von Lengerke hunted one day at North Liberty, and one at Lakeville, Ind., and in two days they killed sixty-three quail and one partridge, a very good bag indeed for this late day in the season.

Turkeys.

I was at St. Louis this week, and while there my friend Mr. Geo. Rawlings told me that it would be no trouble to get a wild turkey in Missouri. He says that the best place he knows of is Arlington. If you go to Arlington get Perry Andrus, who is chief guide on the Gasconade, and he will take you to turkeys without any trouble. Several parties who have been in there have recently come back with two or three turkeys apiece.

Contrary to the usual apprehension, there are still wild turkeys in Illinois, although not protected by a closed season of a term of years. I have heard of St. Louis parties who have been hunting in the Okaw country of Illinois, and who have killed wild turkeys this fall. They tell me that it is very much of a feat to get a turkey in that region, as they are extraordinarily wild.

How the Wisconsin Law Works.

It will be many days yet before the non-resident license law will become unanimously popular measures in the West, but that day will be hastened the more as these laws are extended in their workings to all hunters alike, the just as well as the unjust. I append as interesting reading and of very practical sort the following communication from that old-time sportsman, Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn. Mr. Jewell is in the position of a great many of us who like to be classed in the ranks of the game protectionists. I paid my little \$10 last September for two days' chicken shooting in Wisconsin, but I hunted in a country where I am confident there were two or three dozen non-resident guns who did not pay a cent for a license, unless it might be \$1 for a resident license. I presume it will be some time before the non-resident act will work perfectly in all parts of the country. Mr. Jewell says:

"The enforcement of the non-resident license law, of Wisconsin in that part of Buffalo county bordering on the Mississippi River has during the past fall proved to be almost a total failure as well as in some other locali-

ties, but I speak of this "neck of the woods" in particular, as it is my old stamping ground and I have had a good chance to see the working of a law that it is practically impossible to enforce. It would take fifty game wardens and they would not be able to sleep nights if they kept the Minnesota shooters out of some of the best duck passes on the northern Mississippi when the season is favorable, as it was last fall. As you are aware, I live on the Minnesota bank of the Mississippi opposite said duck country, and after hunting there every consecutive year for about thirty-five years did not feel like being kept out for the comparatively paltry sum of \$10, as it would hurt my feelings more than that much, and as I have always been in favor of the enforcement of laws pertaining to game and the protection thereof I promptly sent my money on to Madison and obtained my license. Well, I have got "value received," although under some difficulties, for I made about 27 trips over there this fall and got game nearly every time and hunted with a clear conscience, while others were sneaking around fearing arrest, which never came. During the whole fall I was not asked to show my license, and only one other license was obtained here, while I know nearly thirty hunters who hunted over there without a license and had the laugh on the fellows who, as they said, foolishly paid out money for hunting privileges. The Wisconsin authorities take your money if you are willing to pay it, and others who don't pay may hunt ad libitum, as a rule. Now I want to put myself on record as being in favor of this non-resident law or any other game law for the protection of game if the States making them will make a determined effort to enforce the same; but it is human nature to get "riled" when you see others having the same privileges for nothing that you have paid for, and this applies more particularly to the privilege of shooting game than anything that I know of."

The Planting of Prairie Chickens.

Mr. Clifford Morris writes me as below in regard to the proposition of putting out some live prairie chickens in Indiana, and I offer his letter in full in the hope that others may answer him perhaps to better effect than I am able to do at this writing:

"Easton, Ind., Dec. 17.—Can you give me the address of any one from whom I can procure live prairie chickens? On my return here I find the quail almost entirely killed off; they suppose by the blizzard of last February. I have been out three times, but have not seen a single bird, and that on ground where in old times I could count on at least ten coveys. I spoke to our two game wardens about trying the experiment of turning out chickens, and I have orders for several dozen birds. A number of the large land owners have become interested, and if I can procure the birds they will have a first rate chance.

"I don't see any advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, but I have written to one or two parties, but got very little satisfaction; they were men with whom I used to gun and not dealers.

"What would be the proper time to have them shipped, and would there be any difficulty in having them sent out of the State for my purpose?

"I don't see why they would not do extremely well here. The climate is mild, there is plenty of grain and grass and more or less wood land on each farm. Their worst enemy would probably be the negroes, but we don't allow them to shoot on our farms if we know it. I hardly think the birds would wander, as this county is cut up in every direction by broad water courses, so birds planted on a 'neck' would likely remain there.

"Now if you can give me the information I desire I shall be greatly obliged and I will let you know the result of the experiment.

"Of course I should like to get the birds from a point as far East as possible to save freight charges."

Old-Time Tracks in Well-Known Places.

I go on reading about the early history of the West, and to me it has a more thrilling interest than any fiction in the world. It is so curious to think of Marquette and Joliet, of La Salle and Tonti, and Hennepin, coming down across our well-known sporting regions such as Lake Winnebago, the Wisconsin River, the Illinois, the Kankakee, the St. Joe, and even our own Chicago River (which is now being deepened and widened so that the big canoes may go clear through from the Great Lakes to the mouth of that great and mysterious river which so long baffled the early adventurers). There are all sorts of things to be learned when you go into the history of those days. Thus I find that the modern name of the Kankakee River is a corruption of the old Indian word "The-an-ki-ki." We have a prominent kennel club out West called the Mascoutah Kennel Club. I take it that this is a corruption of the name of a tribe of Indians which met La Salle, the Mascoutens. Down at Alton they have a gun club called the "Piasa" Gun Club. This is no doubt taken from the legend of the Pi-a-sau Rock, a great cliff overhanging the Mississippi, on which the first explorers saw colossal pictures of the demon bird called by the Indians the Pi-a-sau. They said that this bird would devour the boats of the explorers if they went down the river. The name of "Hennepin" exists to-day right on the edge of one of our best remaining duck countries, and the Hennepin Duck Club is a far-off namesake of the old Catholic father. It is Marquette who describes the Illinois River, one of our most famous sporting streams, in the following words: "Nowhere did we see such grounds, meadows, woods, stags, buffaloes, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, paroquets and even beavers as on the Illinois River." (I do not understand "bustards." It is a term often used by these early writers, and I take it must mean either wild geese or wild cranes. The paroquets remained along the Illinois River until the present generation.) All over our Northern sporting grounds we see the footprints of these early and plucky explorers. Clear down to the mouth of the Mississippi River, La Salle finally went, this time by ship from Spain. He missed the mouth of the river, and got over into Texas. He built a fort on what is now Matagorda Bay, one of the best ducking grounds in Texas. Then he spent two seasons trying to find the Mississippi River, and finally was killed in a canebrake by one of his own men. Further up the Mississippi River we hear more and more of Hennepin, and of that other bold explorer, de-

Luth, after whom the city of Duluth was named. Father Hennepin, it seems, wandered up to the St. Anthony Falls, was there taken prisoner by the Sioux, and carried 200 miles to the northwest. Here he was met, in the most casual way in the world, by de Luth, who had come in by way of the head of Lake Superior. They shook hands in a matter of fact sort of fashion, separated, and later on met at Mackinac. This brings into prominence the fact that these early adventurers knew all the portages making from the Great Lakes into the Mississippi Valley, and they easily followed them out under the guidance of the Indians. De Luth had made the portage from the head of Lake Superior to the St. Louis River, and thence across. Pere Marquette made his first trip over the Fox River portage. La Salle made his journey down the St. Joe and Kankakee portage. The Chicago portage into the Desplaines River was known to all of them, and it is said that sometimes the canoes could go straight across without a carry "when the lands were drowned." Still further to the east were the Sandusky portage, the trails south of Lake Erie, by which the Ohio River was reached via the Maumee, the Miami, etc. Bloody trails indeed were these for many long years, and their history is very thrilling.

We don't care for these things so much now. Indeed, I have even heard that noble trout stream at whose mouth good old Pere Marquette kneeled for the last time in prayer disgraced by the corrupted name of "Peer Market," with the accent on the "Peer." So rapidly does history slip away from us, even history of so dear a sort as that of the first white men who set foot upon this Western soil, or canoe upon our Western waters.

A Handsome Christmas Gift.

While I was at St. Louis this week, I called at the store of the Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., which is headquarters for the local sportsmen. Mr. Rawlings was just putting up a beautiful light-weight Diamond Daly gun, which was to be sent as a gift to Maj. George H. McCann, of Springfield, Mo., to reach him in time to be placed in his stocking Christmas morning. On the silver stockplate of this gun are inscribed the names of the donors, and very notable names they were too, as follows: W. J. Bryan, M. C. Wetmore, Sam B. Cook, J. J. Hogan, F. H. Grubbs, H. S. Jewell, F. A. Wishart, H. W. Salmon. The political prominence of these gentlemen is more than national. Col. Bryan will again be candidate for President of the United States. Mr. Wetmore is president of the big new tobacco company of St. Louis. Mr. Cook, Mr. Salmon and others are prominent politicians of the South, and Mr. Wishart is likewise a well-known railroad man. All these gentlemen last fall made a trip to the Wetmore preserves of Taney county, Mo., and were so handsomely treated by Maj. McCann that they wanted to send him a little souvenir of the occasion. The gun is a beauty in every respect.

Mr. Rawlings reports trade as very good this fall, and attributes part of that fact to his use of the FOREST AND STREAM. He says, however, that the shooting season might have been better in Missouri and Arkansas. My friend, Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, made a camping trip down the river near Ste. Genevieve, but he did not have very good luck. Among other little happenings, an accident to his gun got the inward workings of the latter full of sand, which it took him two or three weeks to extract entirely. I need not say that the gun was a rifle, for Mr. Kephart is nothing if not a lover of the single ball arm.

Mr. C. A. Higgins, G. P. A. of the good old Santa Fe Railroad, is just back from a trip to Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Higgins says my grizzly is still stalked out, waiting for me to come and kill him, and really I must step over and do that some day. At one stage of my career I chased long-footed bear all over New Mexico, but I could never come up with them.

In Texas.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—Mr. Geo. A. Raisbeck, of New York City, is in Chicago to-day on his way east from a very pleasant trip in the best sporting country of the South, which is to say, southwestern Texas. Mr. Raisbeck visited his old friend, Mr. L. G. Collins, a large land holder and rancher, and the party included the above and Mr. Forest Clark, of Alice, Texas, another cowman, with a pack train and plenty of Mexicans. The party hunted on the Santa Rosita and King ranches below Alice, and Mr. Raisbeck acquired his first idea of the size of a Texas "pasture." Getting separated from his friends, he was lost in a "pasture" for six hours. A company of Texas rangers was ordered out to find him, which they finally did, following the usual custom of riding a line across the mesquite, scattered some hundred yards or so apart. The leader of the rangers was Armstrong; the cowpuncher was with Col. Roosevelt at the storming of San Juan Hill in Cuba. Mr. Raisbeck was very glad to be found, for he says he had no notion before that of the size and numbers of the great North American diamond-back rattlesnake. The party was out in the King's ranch country for a couple of weeks, and got three deer, six wild turkeys and one "leopard cat" (ocelot). The latter animal is growing rare in that country. A few javelinas are left, but the party saw none. They killed a great many quail. The New York man says he finds Texas a pretty big country, especially if you are lost. Mr. Raisbeck travels much in the West for sport, and his trips to Kabekona Camp in Minnesota, very successful ones, have been often reported in these columns.

Gone West.

Mr. E. Hofer (which is Billy Hofer) reached Chicago this week on his way back home after a short journey in the effete East. Billy lives at Gardiner, Mont., on the edge of the Yellowstone Park, as everybody knows, but he travels now and then a bit himself, besides entertaining travelers. Billy grows no older, nor doth his ardor abate for young bears, cats, deer, sheep, etc. As a taker of wild animals he has perhaps no equal in America, and the people of the country may witness in the National Zoo at Washington yearly increasing proof of his activity and success.

Quail Kill Themselves.

In confirmation of Mr. Laffin's story of recent publica-

tion in these columns of a flock of quail which flew into the side of a church and killed themselves, Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, of Cleveland, O., writes me as below:

"I just picked up FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 23 issue and noticed your letter mentioning Tom Laffin's story about quail killing themselves by flying against a house, and I write to confirm the story by relating an experience I had this month.

"While hunting at Spencer, O., with two friends, Messrs. Aldrich and Steffins, a covey of quail was flushed by Mr. Steffins, who wounded one bird that kept with the covey, but they settled. Going to where we had marked them down, the dogs pointed the wounded bird, which we picked up.

"Another bird flushed wild, and none of us shot at it, as it flushed too far away.

"It flew straight toward a house at least 300 yards away, and to our surprise went against it full force, making a noise like a baseball striking the house. Mr. Aldrich went over and picked it up and said it had bounded back 6 or 7 feet. The breast was split open with the force of the blow. It was a new one on me, and I accounted for it on the idea that Mr. Steffins had hit it as well as the one we found, but had hit this one on the head, so as to destroy the sight.

"I can at least believe Laffin's story after my own experience. Some of Tom's stories, however, need a lot of proof!"

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Jersey Game Interests.

From the Report of the Fish and Game Commission.

Legislation.

There is no State in the Union, and there are very few countries in the world, where fish and game are not accorded some kind of protection. Fish and game are ever moving about, and consequently it has always been deemed proper that there should be general laws protecting them and thus saving them from being exterminated. For if each landowner were to do as he likes on his own property it would be but a very short time before fish and game would entirely disappear. States recently admitted to the Union have laws more stringent as a rule than the older States, for experience has shown that it is never too early to begin protecting fish and game, and that the sooner a reasonable code of laws is enacted and enforced the better it is for the propagation of all species of useful wild animals. It would be difficult to find any State where beneficial effects are more likely to result from proper protection of wild fauna than New Jersey. We have fields and waters in abundance where the wild fauna will thrive, and the benefits to be derived from their proper protection are almost incalculable. Not only do the shad and sturgeon and the hundreds of fish which frequent our coasts afford a means of livelihood for hundreds of fishermen, but our fresh waters and our woods and fields are sought by hundreds of sportsmen who materially contribute to the wealth of the State, for the liberality of the average sportsman is well known.

For some years New Jersey has assumed a position in the first rank among States which accord proper protection to fish and game, and which enforce the laws thus called for, but with all the flattering comments which have been heard from every part of the country it must be admitted that some of our laws are still crude, and every person at all conversant with the subject will admit that there is room for material improvement in our fish and game laws. Our laws for the protection of freshwater fish have been on our statute books for a number of years and there has been little demand for their modification. These laws are simple and easily understood, and they are in the main reasonable; there should be no reason why the laws protecting game should not be likewise.

It is manifestly impossible to frame a game law which will be satisfactory to all, and the complaint will probably ever be heard that there was more game when there was less legislation. That is undoubtedly true, but the fact should be remembered that New Jersey's population has increased greatly of late years, and that not only are the guns more numerous and more deadly, but that with the spread of civilization the area where game will thrive has become annually more reduced. The increase of gunners has been in an inverse ratio to the decrease of game covers. This fact was well recognized some years ago, but of late it seems to have been practically lost sight of, for the history of legislation for the past few years shows that the gunners are afforded more liberties, and that the seasons for killing game have been increased when just the opposite should have resulted.

Our present game law is not only peculiar, to say the least, in its provisions, but it is difficult in its enforcement. The law provides for some kind of shooting from the first of July to the first of January, and the violator of the law and the pot-hunter are given abundant opportunities for killing game out of season. The true sportsman, who observes all laws, those pertaining to trespass, as well as those providing for open and close seasons, needs no game laws, for he knows that if game is shot during the breeding season, or when it is immature, there will soon be an end to his sport. The Indians of Canada, who are affected by no game law, are far more observant of proper seasons than are the white settlers. The Canadian laws nearly all provide that their provisions shall not apply to the aborigines, for the latter have been taught by experience when to kill and when to give game a chance to thrive. It is the violator of the law, the man who cares not whether any game is left for another year, as long as he has license to kill the present year, who cares not whether he destroys the farmer's property or whether harvests are ruined by his ruthless slaughter of birds, who makes game laws a necessity. This is the man who goes out in July under the pretense of hunting woodcock and kills the sitting partridge and the gravid squirrel, and this is the man whom it is necessary for the law to reach. Our law simply protects and assists him, for it opens to him for six months every year the season for killing all kinds of game. His capacious pockets, which the law prevents the warden from examining, are undoubtedly more frequently filled with game which should not be shot than with lawful prey.

When the first fish and game laws were enacted in this State the necessity for ample protection had so impressed itself on the minds of the legislators that the penalties prescribed were severe. It was presumed that every citizen would recognize the necessity of protection and that consequently every citizen would make it his duty to bring the offender to the bar of justice. That this presumption was erroneous, time has amply proven, for the average citizen shrank from being made the instrument of punishment for an offense which in itself did him little injury. Less than ten years ago a statute of this State imposed a penalty of six months in State prison on the hapless mortal who took a yellow perch at the wrong time of the year; at present perch may be taken at all times, as long as a net is not used in their capture, and the highest penalty that can be inflicted on the most unscrupulous and destructive violator of the law is not more than a fine of \$50, or imprisonment for ninety days in default of the payment of the fine. There has been a proper reduction in the severity of the penalties, but not as much as your Commission would consider proper. If the penalties of the laws of to-day were to be reduced 50 per cent., even with the present machinery for the enforcement of the laws, we believe that it would conduce to better preservation of fish and game, for severe penalties frequently act as a deterrent argument against the enforcement of the law.

The members of your Commission have devoted a good many years of application to the study of the problem of proper protection, and they have had the advantage of an extensive correspondence with men who have made the wild fauna a life study. Legislatures in the past have frequently ignored the recommendations of fish and game commissions, but unfortunately the general public has always held the Commission responsible for the existence of obnoxious or unreasonable laws. In order that this impression may not continue, your Commission desires to present for your consideration a code of fish and game laws such as your Commission feels confident would meet with the views of every person interested in the protection of fish and game. The changes suggested are neither numerous nor novel, nor are they the result of the observations and experiences of New Jersey Commissioners alone, but they are the best fruit of the study of naturalists the world over. Your Commission can, however, but suggest; the practical application of the best ideas lies wholly in your hands.

The first change which suggests itself in the game law, taking the latter seriatim by sections, is a better definition of the terms "wild deer" and "English pheasants." The law passed last winter providing a close season for three years for deer is an excellent measure, and no argument has been adduced for its being disturbed. It was evidently the intention of the Legislature in providing protection for deer to exclude from this provision deer kept in inclosures. In the few preserves in New Jersey the deer are private property, brought hither from other States or reared in confinement, and in every instance the owners pay taxes on these deer just as they do their cattle. The law pertaining to ring-necked pheasants has been the subject of some confusion, and the question has been frequently asked "What is an English pheasant?" If the place of origin of the species should be indicated in the name, then what is known as English pheasants, golden pheasants, ring-necked pheasants, and nearly all other kinds of pheasants should be called Asiatic pheasants. The appellation "English" is due to the fact that these birds have been raised for many centuries in England and that they were brought hither from that country, and consequently the term English pheasant would apply with equal propriety to nearly every one of the many different varieties of the bird. What is at the present day generally designated as the English pheasant is the *Phasianus colchis*, whose principal distinctive marking is the broad collar of purple extending from the head almost to the shoulders. Crossing this bird with the Chinese variety of pheasants has produced what is known as the *Phasianus torquatus*; the principal difference in appearance between this bird and the English bird is that the *Phasianus torquatus* has a broad white collar in the purple coloration of the neck, the white separating the rufous coloring of the body from the purple neckband. These two birds have been inbred, being fertile inter se, until there is a gradation of species between *Phasianus colchis* and *Phasianus torquatus*. The latter bird, although the pure Chinese bird is also frequently designated as torquatus, is the ring-necked pheasant of the New Jersey law. The English bird is tamer, not so hard a flyer, less given to moving from the place where it was reared than the ring-necked; the English bird very seldom reproduces its own species and requires great care in handling during the breeding season, whereas the ring-necked female will not only hatch out her eggs, but will also take care of her young. The latter bird was introduced in this State by your Commission; the English is reared only in preserves and is hardly more entitled to be called a game bird than is our domestic fowl. A plainer definition of these terms in our law would avoid a great deal of confusion.

The present law permits the killing of English snipe only during the months of March, April and September. On the principle that birds should be killed when they are in the best condition for the table this law should be changed so as to include October, or at the latter month might be substituted for September, for the birds are hardly full grown in the earlier month, whereas in October they are large and well fed.

The consensus of opinions of both persons who shoot reed and rail birds for their own table consumption and those who kill them for the table is that the birds are hardly fit for the table during the month of August, and there is little doubt that a majority of the persons most interested would prefer the law as it stood two years ago, opening the season for these birds on Sept. 1.

The objection to the law protecting insectivorous birds is that it is entirely too general and sweeping. After enumerating certain birds not to be killed, the words "or other insectivorous birds" are added. The question naturally arises as to what constitutes an insectivorous bird. Is a bird to be regarded as insectivorous which feeds on insects for two or three weeks every year? Under the provisions of the present law persons might be prosecuted for killing shore birds, for these feed to a great extent on aquatic insects, and a prose-

cution against a person for having killed reed birds during the open season would result in a conviction, for the reed birds destroy insects in large numbers, and the prohibition of the law against killing insectivorous birds is certainly sweeping. In order to remedy this difficulty your Commission would suggest the naming of the birds which are to be protected.

Complaints from all parts of the State have been numerous regarding the destruction of game, especially the immature, by dogs running at large. To provide that all dogs should be kept on chain would be unreasonable, but the protection of our game indicates the necessity of applying this rule to hounds. The latter are used for tracking game, and they generally destroy the game when they overtake it; this is not the case with setters, pointers and other kinds of dogs, and your Commission does not think that it would be inflicting a hardship on the owners of hounds if those dogs were kept on chain or in confinement excepting during the open season for rabbits. This also suggests a slight change in the section prohibiting hunting on Sunday. A great many persons are fond of taking their setters or pointers to the fields and woods on Sundays for the innocent amusement of watching the dogs trail game; this does no injury to game, and for this reason should not be prohibited.

The most vexatious parts of the fish and game laws are the sections which provide open and close seasons for partridge or pheasant, quail, hare, squirrel and other game of the woods and fields. Experiments at dividing the State into two sections, deemed feasible at one time on account of the difference in the climatic conditions between the northern and southern parts of the State, have proven failures, for while such a law might be satisfactory to the extreme upper and the extreme lower parts of the State it created dissatisfaction in the large territory lying between the two extremes. It is absolutely necessary that the seasons for the killing of game should be shortened, for at the present day the open seasons are longer than they were ten and twenty years ago, when there were far fewer gunners and more cover for game. It is on this account that your Commission suggests the adoption of a general open season for the whole State. The principal difficulty in the way of the accomplishment of this much-to-be-desired end is that if the season is not opened until Nov. 1 the gunners in the northern part of the State are deprived of their October woodcock shooting. It is admitted that woodcock generally take their flight southward during the last light moon in October, and that if gunning for woodcock were prohibited in the northern part of the State the gunners there would get no woodcock, whereas the gunners in the southern part would reap an almost undue advantage. For this reason it is probable that July woodcock shooting will have to be tolerated for the present at least. As a matter of fact, woodcock are becoming very scarce everywhere, and if the manifest advantages of a general open season are considered it must be admitted that far more is gained in general results than is lost by the deprivations of sport in a part of the State by closing the month of October to woodcock hunters. After a due consideration of all the arguments which have been advanced on the subject, your Commission is of the opinion that a general open season from Nov. 1 or 10 to Dec. 15, or at the latest Jan. 1, would be best for the interests of all concerned. Partridge or pheasant is generally considered the best game bird, and unfortunately this bird is rapidly decreasing in number, and it is impossible to secure more birds for stocking purposes, the extremely wild nature of the bird rendering transportation next to impossible. Most of the Western States have adopted drastic measures for the protection of this bird; Illinois has gone so far as to prohibit its killing excepting during the month of September, a month when, on account of the foliage and the density of the undergrowth, it is also impossible to successfully hunt the birds. New Jersey at present permits the killing of the birds from Jan. 1, the close of the quail and rabbit season. If, instead of closing the season for twenty days in December, that period were left open and the month of October taken away, the law-abiding gunners would have very nearly as much time for gunning for this bird as he has at present. Your Commission would also suggest the opening of the quail and rabbit season on Nov. 1 or 10, and the closing on Dec. 15 or Jan. 1. As far as rabbits are concerned, there appears no good reason why these should not be shot during the first days of November, and as for quail there are reasons peculiar to New Jersey why the season might better open a few days earlier than it does at present. The supply of quail in New Jersey would in most parts of the State have been exhausted years ago had it not been that hundreds of these birds are annually brought on from other States and released in New Jersey. Your Commission has invariably brought birds from the West, when the appropriation permitted such a course, for it is a well-known fact that birds from equally high latitudes in the West are not so apt to migrate as are birds brought on from the South. But there are hundreds of sportsmen and fish and game associations who purchase the Southern birds on account of the lower price. As far as quail are concerned, New Jersey is approaching conditions prevailing in England and other European countries where the supply of game is almost wholly dependent upon stocking, and for this reason our laws should be made to conform to those of similar countries, as far as the somewhat modified conditions here indicate. Birds do not migrate singly, nor in pairs; when they leave on account of cold weather, they do so in flocks. Now it is seldom that there is any extreme cold weather before the first of November, and if the birds were shot at a few times before cold weather sets in it would serve to scatter the flocks and thus effectually prevent them from migrating. That even the Southern quail can stand our severe winters has been shown on numerous occasions, and under these circumstances it would be the part of wisdom to follow the examples of European countries by preventing them from migrating by scattering the flocks. It has been suggested by some that perhaps a close season on quail for a term of years might be advantageous, but the experience of the older countries of Europe is directly to the contrary. In England, where estates were tied up and all gunning prohibited for a number of years, it was found that at the expiration of that period there were fewer birds of the

quail species than there were when the close season began. The difficulty with quail and other birds which gather in flocks is that the older birds insist on dominating the younger, and when they are not distributed or scattered the older cocks will frequently prevent the mating of the younger or, when mating has taken place, interfere with their domestic arrangements. It is another case of too much mother-in-law or too much father-in-law. A surplus cock in a flock will do more mischief than can be counteracted by the proper behavior of a dozen mated birds. For this reason it is to the advantage of the numerical strength of the birds if the flocks are scattered, for a flock of birds reduced by one-half and scattered will produce more young than would the flock if kept entire and together.

There is no reason apparent why the present open and close seasons for taking of fresh-water fish should be disturbed. But your Commission would urge the amendment of the law in such a manner as to prohibit the use of the spear altogether. Of late years violators of the law have resorted to this means for the unlawful capture of fish. In the first place, when spearing is done at night, as is almost invariably the case, it is difficult to tell the difference between the various kinds of fishes, and it is also difficult to resist the temptation while spearing for fish whose capture is permitted by law, in this manner, to take others which are protected by law against the spear. Another very advantageous change would be if fishing at night were prohibited, for this kind of fishing is almost exclusively followed by persons who have little or no regard for the law. As to the use of bait nets, your Commission would suggest a modification by increasing the size of the nets to be used in the larger lakes. At present the law prohibits the use of a bait net longer than 25 feet, an ample length for small streams and small ponds. But a net of that size is practically worthless for Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood Lake, and for this reason your Commission would suggest that it may be lawful to use a larger net in ponds having an area of over 100 acres.

Unless some proper protection is afforded to the different species of fish introduced into the waters of this State during the past few years all hopes of establishing these fish here and all further experiments in this direction might as well be abandoned. If laws were passed prohibiting altogether the taking of these fish angling for other kinds would be seriously interfered with, and for this reason your Commission would suggest protection to these fish such as is accorded to other and indigenous fish of similar natures.

A novel contrivance for the taking of fish has been recently patented and placed upon the market, and it has been followed by stringent enactments in several States against its use on account of its exceedingly destructive character. The contrivance is generally known as the "clothespin" bait, and its use should be prohibited. It bristles with hooks, and no fish, large or small, which once strikes it has the slightest chance for its life; the very essence of sport, giving the animal to be taken a chance for its life, is practically eliminated. A law prohibiting the use of any contrivances having more than three hooks would obviate the evil without in any way interfering with the legitimate sport of angling.

Your Commission would also suggest following in the footsteps of many States younger and less populous than New Jersey by tightening the lines about the export of game. Our game covers, in many places artificially stocked and everywhere protected at the expense of the State, cannot afford to supply the markets of New York and Philadelphia with partridges, quail and some of the other more valuable species of game. There is not the slightest desire on the part of your Commission to suggest any interference with reed birds and other animals which on account of their large numbers and migratory habits form a commercial product in the gathering of which many citizens of New Jersey are vitally interested, but the traffic in the more valuable and scarcer varieties should be stopped.

There is one more feature of the general fish and game act to which your Commission desires to call attention, and that is the section in regard to trespassing on private property. According to the law the officers of the State have nothing whatever to do with the protection of property reserved for gunning by private individuals and by associations, but the fish and game wardens are required to enforce the laws against fishing on private property. This, it will be admitted, is an anomalous state of affairs. The fish and game laws were never intended to afford protection to private land owners; that belongs to an altogether different branch of legislation. In order to obviate this difficulty your Commission would suggest the repeal of the section requiring wardens to enforce the laws relative to trespassing for fishing, and at the same time increase the powers of land owners in the protection of their private domains.

The complaints from along the sea shore relative to the existence there of large nets, which stretch hundreds of yards into the ocean, have been just as severe during the past few years as in preceding years, and your Commission cannot but reiterate what previous Commissions have said on this subject—that these nets are detrimental in many places, and that some law should be passed governing them. Not only do these nets interfere with the gaining of a livelihood by thousands of hardy fishermen, but when they are erected near the outlets of bays they prevent the fish from entering the inland tide waters for the purpose of spawning. Pound nets are regulated in all other States, and are made subject to taxation; in New Jersey the most destructive method of taking fish is absolutely unrestricted.

The law passed by the Legislature last winter limiting the size of clams which can be lawfully retained is an anomalous enactment. It prohibits the taking, possession and offer to purchase of hard clams less than an inch across the hinge or back, and soft clams less than 2 inches across the hinge or back. Although the State has an oyster commission, the enforcement of the clam laws was made part of the duties of the fish and game wardens. Aside from the fact that no appropriation whatever was made for defraying the expenses of such enforcement, the moneys placed at the disposal of your Commission being all appropriated for certain specific purposes, the law is a difficult one to enforce. The first problem which presented itself was as to what is

the back of the clam and where does the back begin and end. None of the United States reports and none of the reports of numerous shell fish and fish and game commissions use the word "back." The clam diggers along our coast were of different opinions as to the definition of the term, some asserting that it meant the thickness, others the length of the clam. Other States have passed laws requiring licenses to take clams, limiting the number a person might take for the purpose of selling them and imposing taxes on the clams taken, but New York and New Jersey are the only two States which ever attempted to limit the size of the clams to be taken. In 1895 New York passed a law limiting weight of dredges and prohibiting the taking of clams less than 1 inch in thickness, making it also unlawful to use dredges or tows with teeth less than an inch apart. This law was amended two years later by removing the prohibition against having small clams in possession, and in the following year the whole law was wiped out. The cause of the repeal was due to the fact that it was considered poor policy to remove the breeders from the water and leave behind those too young to procreate the species. According to the New Jersey law not only is the clammer himself amenable, but every person who buys or even offers to buy a plate of "Little Necks" may be prosecuted and convicted. According to the law which provided for the appointment in New Jersey of a Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, that body is to look after all fish and game; clams come in neither category, and for this reason your Commission would suggest the repeal of that part of the clam law which provides that it shall be enforced by the wardens.

The Vestiges of Human Depravity.

HAVANA, Dec. 29.—I in the past week revisited, for the first time since four years, five of the twenty-five cattle farms which constituted in years past the reserves of the Havana Field Sport Club, of which I was at some time the president. During six or seven years I took weekly outings over them with dog and gun, enjoying upon them many a fine day's sport, and frequent hospitality of the families living upon them in comfortable competence, and many of them in the best class of country houses.

Three years of the anarchical bushwhacking war, such as is only seen in Spanish-American countries, has excluded civil sportsmen from these fields during this length of time, a war in which both sides sought, not each the other in the shock of battle, but, on the contrary, both made inglorious and cruel warfare upon the properties of the country in order that the opposing enemy might not collect taxes from them with which to carry on the war.

Only the restraining hand of Uncle Samuel has preserved this island from utter desolation, and even now something near akin to it confronts us on every side as soon as we go three leagues outside of our city.

With pleasing anticipations, I took the train to revisit the old shooting grounds so dear to me, and at 7 o'clock A. M. I left the train at Calabazar, about twelve miles outside Havana.

The weather looked capricious, so I had my man Friday take an umbrella, as I had taken the precaution to bring my rubber coat.

We had scarcely got into the fields of the first farm when the rain commenced to drizzle, and compelled us to seek the protection of the umbrella, and to add to our discomfort I found the pastures, in the absence of cattle, now thickly grown up with guava and other bushes, many of them of vigorous growth. Instead of a passing shower, the sky became quite overcast, and the rain came on with force and obliged us to reinforce the protection of the umbrella with a thick clump of vine-tangled bushes during a half-hour, until an interval came in the rainfall, when I sought to make my way to the house of a farm—the Esperanza—(every farm has a name in this island). But I found that what I had before known as open fields are now, after four years without cattle, filled with a vicious growth of bushes, which were loaded with water that showered upon me as I brushed through them, until I became soaking wet before I reached the spot where the house used to be. And what a sad disillusion indeed when, instead of the old familiar comfortable domicile and hospitable hosts, I found only the crumbling masonry well-curb, whence I had taken many a crystal draught, and a mound of broken tiles that had covered the roof, the entire site now being occupied by a robust growth of shrubs, interspersed with trees of considerable height. Here I tarried in painful sadness but a few moments, until a chilly sensation from my wetted shooting garb notified me that I must take to active exercise in order to escape a corresponding catarrh, so I hurried on to an adjoining field of gravelly soil that the woods had not invaded, and where I was wont to find game.

Dash soon came to a stand, and I flushed a gallanula, that fell to my right barrel; but Dash manifested that other game was near to us, and after trailing a short distance, came to another stand. This was balm to my saddened imagination, and I stood for a moment in the pleasing anticipation that was reacting upon my state of mind. I then went forward, when a single pair of quail flushed; both of them turned up their toes to my right and left barrels, and were added to my string alongside of *Rallus elegans*. Dash was again cast off, and soon again made game, so that I now felt sure I had to do with a scattered bevy. I flushed this time a single bird that turned a pretty somersault in the air in response to my right barrel, when another got up and also paid homage to my left barrel. Lest I may be thought as jolly, I will here say that this was unusual luck for me. I had so far used that morning but five cartridges and had made five straight kills, all within about fifteen minutes; and this operated as an agreeable stimulant, animating me with hope for a good day's sport. Here let me note a fact, and wonder if fellow sportsmen have experienced it. It is that it has frequently happened to me that in early morning in my first shots I have made two or three straight kills, and afterward as many straight misses.

Several other birds got up wild, and a heavy shower was then rapidly approaching, and although my clothing was already nearly saturated, we made for the friendly shelter of a large mango tree of thick foliage, which we reached just as the first large drops began to fall.

Sea and River Fishing.

New Jersey Fish Interests.

From the Report of the Game and Fish Commission.

Stocking.

ALL the work of keeping up the supply of fish and game has been prosecuted during the past year on the lines laid down some four years ago, it not being deemed expedient to attempt to introduce new species when those indigenous to New Jersey or introduced in the past answered all the purposes. The only exception to this rule has been the introduction of the strawberry bass.

There can be no question that New Jersey affords an excellent habitat for all the different kinds of fish and game which may be looked for in as thickly populated a State as this. The Delaware River continues to afford a livelihood for thousands of the dwellers along its banks; the fish along the coast are sought for by throngs of people who crowd our seashore resorts annually; our fresh-water streams and our woods have afforded healthful exercise and amusement not only to our own citizens, but to many who come here from other States. Aside from the commercial enterprises along the Delaware and the sea coast, fish and game have afforded a considerable source of revenue to the citizens of New Jersey, to the proprietors of hotels and to the farmers.

The large numbers of applications received from all parts of the State indicate the general interest taken in this part of the work of your Commission, and it is pleasant to be able to record the hearty co-operation with which the efforts of your Commission were met in nearly all quarters. The applications which were not filled are very few in number, and their rejection was caused solely because the applicants were not sufficiently acquainted with the habits of fish and birds to enable them to judge as to what would constitute a suitable habitat for them. As far as possible your Commission endeavored to make an equal distribution, ignoring no part of the State. Still statements have been made that some counties received a larger proportionate share than did other counties; wherever there is any ground for such statements it was due to the fact that in some counties the people were more anxious for fish and game than in others, and your Commission deemed it only proper that those who made applications and who were willing to look after the welfare of the allotment as far as possible should be first attended to even if some sections of country, where none seemed sufficiently interested to make applications, were disregarded in the distribution. The policy pursued in dividing the fish and birds to be distributed was to treat all alike, making generous allowances, however, wherever the country to be covered was peculiarly adapted to the development of the particular species under consideration. This was a matter of comparative ease with trout and with quail, for these may be obtained at any time in the market. Whatever disappointments there were fell to the lot of those who expected fish from the Great Lakes, or who made applications for bass, pickerel and perch. Removing fish so great a distance as intervenes between New Jersey and Lake Erie is at best a precarious undertaking and losses cannot be wholly guarded against. When the fish arrive in New Jersey they are frequently not in a sufficiently strong condition to stand further removal, and for this reason they are frequently placed in the nearest suitable water, on the principle that it is better to have a plentiful supply in one place than to have none at all anywhere; unfortunately when these fish are released it is next to impossible to again take them by the use of a net, and for this reason some waters will have to wait until further shipments are made or until the fish brought to New Jersey have increased in numbers to such an extent as to make their netting and further distribution advisable. The latter stage has not as yet been reached; change of habitat frequently works injuriously to fish and it sometimes takes a few years before the fish become thoroughly accustomed to their new surroundings. There is no market where black bass, pickerel and perch can be secured, and when these are wanted New Jersey is restricted for a source of supply almost altogether to its own streams and rivers. It is but natural that residents along our waters should object to their depletion, no matter in how small a degree, by the use of a net, even if the fish to be removed are intended for waters where they are badly needed. In order to avoid any such objections, your Commission in securing these fish has had recourse to waters where no persons had any interest in the fish, or where their removal would be a positive advantage. Among the latter waters are the reservoirs of the East Jersey Water Company in the counties of Passaic and Sussex; in order to preserve the water in these reservoirs suitable for domestic purposes, the owners have interdicted fishing, the result being an increase in the number of fish until there were more than were desirable. Recourse has also been had to the canals of the State, waters into which the fish found their ways, frequently to be destroyed by the lowering of the water. Unfortunately this kind of work could not be pursued as diligently as might have been desired, the difficulty being lack of funds.

Opinions will undoubtedly differ as to the practical results attending the work of stocking. There can, however, be no question that the number of quail has materially increased, for results are easily observable when the fields are stocked with these birds. The quail distributed by your Commission all came from the West, and all reports agree that the birds not only multiplied, but that they showed no disposition whatever to migrate, differing from the Southern birds in that respect. There may be fewer native quail in some parts of the State, but the fact is indisputable that the total number of quail has been increased by the exact number of the Western birds and their progeny, for no instance has as yet been brought to the attention of your Commission where these birds did not do well.

As to the introduction of the ring-necked pheasants it is rather early to speak definitely, for these birds have now been protected only since last spring; before that time they were ruthlessly shot off by pot-hunters who kept within the letter of the law which permitted the killing of these birds. The experiment is one which has been hardly given a fair trial, for the birds were

released when the law afforded them no protection and it was a comparatively easy matter to kill off the semi-domesticated fowl; there is every reason to believe that if the birds had been left alone for a few years after their first introduction, their progeny would have taken the place partly at least of our ruffed grouse, a bird the diminution in the numbers of which is noted with pain by every lover of our wild fauna.

Nor has the time yet arrived when it may be said definitely that the introduction into our waters of the pike-perch, the white bass and the channel catfish has been either a success or a failure. It is true that these fish have been taken in the waters in which they were placed a year or two ago, but if the first lot planted had spawned the young would hardly be either large or numerous enough to have made much of a showing as yet. Pike-perch 2 and 3 inches long have been taken in Greenwood Lake, and although this is a promising sign, it cannot be taken for granted as yet that it has been demonstrated that the water of that lake is suitable for their propagation; the young may not attain maturity or they may be stunted in their growth. Channel catfish, weighing from 2 to 7 pounds, have been taken in Greenwood Lake and in the Delaware River, but it is evident that these are of the lot brought hither from Lake Erie. No evidences have been found so far that these fish have propagated. The least encouraging of all the experiments was the introduction of the white bass, for very little has been seen of this fish since it was brought here. Although to the pessimist the above may be regarded as indications of failure, persons at all cognizant with results of stocking will find a great deal of encouragement in them, and there is certainly good reason to believe that success will attend at least some of the experiments. But the fact is patent that the experiment in none of the various species has been carried far enough to give a guarantee of success, taking for granted that the fish found their new habitat in every respect suitable. Compared to the size of the bodies of waters the fish were exceedingly few in number; in order to warrant any belief in success the stocking should be kept up for several years in succession. Your Commission was exceedingly anxious to do this and attempted to save sufficient of the funds accruing to the Commission from sources other than State appropriation in order to continue the work. Unfortunately litigations in which the Commission was involved by appeals to higher courts, a reduction of the income from menhaden licenses and expenses which could not be avoided, reduced the surplus in the treasury to so small an amount that your Commission saw itself compelled to forego its cherished hopes. The last Legislature saw fit to cut off the usual appropriation for stocking, and so this source of revenue was gone; had the Legislature done as its predecessors for the past several decades did, the money accruing to the Commission during the winter months might have been used during the late fall in keeping up the supply of fish from the West, and perhaps definitely determining whether our fish supply can be augmented by the addition of the most desirable Western species.

Your Commission has paid considerable attention to the providing of food for the fish by the distribution of what is known as baitfish, for it cannot be gainsaid that the output of table fish from a water depends almost altogether on the food supply for the fish. The number of large fish in many lakes and streams could be materially increased by a generous supply of food. In addition to transplanting baitfish from prolific waters to others, your Commission attempted the introduction two years ago of the large and small smelts of the Maine waters. It is gratifying to notice that these fish have been taken in some of the waters in which they were placed, and that there is no doubt that they have spawned. The smelt is considered in Eastern waters as the best food fish, and if its propagation in the waters of New Jersey is not altogether ephemeral, gratifying results from their introduction may be looked for.

Reference has been made above to the introduction here of the strawberry bass. Your Commission had no intention in this early stage of fish introduction to make any attempt toward introducing the smaller and less valuable varieties of fish from the West, but the cutting off of the usual appropriation made some change in the programme desirable. The strawberry bass is the most attractive of the sunfish family; it is easily propagated, and the opportunity was accordingly embraced of bringing some of them on, there being every reason to believe that they would be a welcome addition to our fish supply. The strawberry bass is known throughout the West by a number of different names. It is frequently called the calico bass, and this name is more appropriate than any other, when the appearance of the fish is considered. It is also known in the West as grass bass, bitterhead, lampighter and bank lick bass; in Lake Michigan it is invariably called the barfish, and in the southern part of the West it is referred to as goggle-eye, or goggle-eyed perch. The strawberry bass is of a bright gold and black, with numerous varying shades, being one of the most beautiful of fish. It is fond of grassy bottoms and quiet and clear water, and objects to mud. Although specimens weighing 2 pounds have been found, it is seldom that the fish attains a weight of more than 1 pound. It is very gamy on the hook, and rises readily to the fly. It is frequently confounded with the crappie, a fish it very much resembles in general appearance and structure, the principal differences being that in the crappie the white predominates where the gold is found in the strawberry, and that the latter is not fond of muddy bottoms, as is the crappie. Professor Kirtland, in George Brown Goode's "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," speaks as follows concerning the strawberry bass:

The grass bass has not hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration by fishcultivists; yet, from a long and intimate acquaintance with its merits, I hesitate not to pronounce it the fish for the million. It is a native of our Western rivers and lakes, where it usually resorts to deep and sluggish waters; yet in several instances, where it has found its way into cold and rapid streams, and even small-sized brooks, it has adapted itself to the change, and in two or three years stocked to overflowing these new locations. As a pan fish, for the table, it is surpassed by few other fresh-water species. For endurance and rapidity of increase it is unequalled. The grass bass is perfectly adapted to stocking ponds. It will thrive without care in very small ponds of sufficient depth. It will in no way interfere with the cultivation of any number of species, large or small, in the same waters. It will live harmoniously with all others, and while its structure and disposition restrain it from attacking any other but very small fry, its formidable armature of spinous rays in the dorsal and abdominal fins will guard it against the attack of even the voracious pike.

After a half-hour spent under the combined shelter of the tree and the umbrella, the rain had an intermission, and the chill of inaction warned us to put our blood into more active circulation, and so we went forward to the next farm. Here, too, the ghastly crumbling ruins of masonry walls marked the spot where I had before known a happy domestic circle. The unsettled aspect of the heavens warned me to hurry forward, hoping to find in some one of these familiar farms a kindly shelter from what now appeared to promise an entire day of rain.

We now entered the farm Paso-Seco, where had been our old club house, in which we always met at meridian to breakfast together on shooting days, and on our very entrance Dash announced to us that a good covey of quail was there to receive us. It flushed at our bidding, and the first one of them fell to our right barrel, but our left made the first miss of the day.

I turned away with a sickening sensation from the blackened and crumbling walls that are all that remains of the once cheerful and comfortable club house of the Havana Field Sport Club, and pushed onward to the adjoining farm, Menocalita. No vestiges now mark the spot where stood either of the two domiciles, but a growth of bushes covers their sites.

There was no habitation within three miles of us, and a heavy shower was again fast approaching. We had just reached the farm Artilleria, when it burst upon us, and we took refuge again under a friendly tree. Again the sensation of chilliness warned us to keep in motion, so we broke out before the shower was quite finished, and moved rapidly about. Dash now made a stand, and a good bevy left us but one to engross our string; but the clouds broke up and the genial promoter of all life again smiled upon us, and helped the winds to dry our clothing. It was already nearing the meridian, and this reminded us of the sandwiches in the maw of our shooting coat, and of the well in the adjoining farm, Catalina, which we now invaded. While en route, Dash again announced game. The wind was rather high, and this proved to be another scattered bevy that was running. Dash located and I flushed five single birds, missing the first and then repeating my performance of the morning, making four straight kills.

In La Catalina the well is all that has not been destroyed by the belligerents. A part only of the blackened walls of the house remain to tell the sad tale everywhere visible. Both here and in Artilleria some cattle are now grazing, which with a few hogs and the framework of a rude cabin are evidences of returning confidence. A battered tin petroleum can and a piece of half-rotten rope furnished us the means of extracting water from the well, and its broken stone curb gave a seat during our midday lunch. After that the wild guinea fowls that were wont to perambulate the wooded part of this farm were looked for in vain, and our return to the railroad station showed us several beves of quail in wooded or bushy fields, also, that flushed wild, but which gave us several random shots, generally misses, but completed our dozen birds with which we reached home.

DR. ERASTUS WILSON.

The Rhode Island Season.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Sunday is a close day under the Rhode Island law, today marked the close of the shooting season in this State. It is doubtful if any of the present generation of sportsmen ever witnessed such a fall, as far as weather conditions were concerned. It has been a season marked with very few stormy days, and the lovers of sport afield had but one complaint to make, and that was that the weather was too dry. Often it has been so warm that hunting was not an agreeable pastime during the high hours of the day, and some days it has been so warm that the dogs actually suffered from the heat. It has been an ideal fall, and the sportsmen appreciated it after the shooting of a year ago, when the good shooting days were the exception. The bird hunters have found their work hard, for the birds have not been very numerous. Quail suffered from the severe storms of last winter, and where a few coveys were known to exist the shooter was careful about divulging the place of habitation. The partridges have been more plentiful than usual of late, and good bags have been made. The rabbit men have had little chance to hunt as yet, and with this weather holding on, they long for the days when the law allowed them to hunt until February. It is only a short distance to the Massachusetts border, and there they still are allowed to run the rabbits for a few weeks yet.

W. H. M.

Maine Game Shipments.

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad sends out a compilation of statistics of the game shipped from points on the line for the season of 1899 as compared with shipments of previous years:

	October.	November.	December.	Total.
	Deer.	Deer.	Deer.	Deer.
Total shipped 1894.	479	24	177	1001
" " 1895.	669	53	21	1551
" " 1896.	1023	79	19	2245
" " 1897.	1246	55	37	2940
" " 1898.	1318	71	77	3377
" " 1899.	1433	80	63	3756

The moose shown as shipped in December are those killed in the open season and shipped by special permit or left with a taxidermist to be mounted.

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

Tricks and Wrinkles.

THE Frenchman said: "I give to yo', naw tres belle, partridges. Yo' cook heem and r-r-return to me one little humming bird!"

It was dry as a chip, ruined.

Now if that bird or the quail or prairie chicken had been split open, rolled in flour and fried half-done in butter, and then had a pint of sweet cream added, a little salt, and more flour added to thicken to suit, as it went in cooking, the result would have been good enough, as the darkies said, "Ter mek er feller swaller his tongue."

PINE BOX.

In Florida.

MR. G. B. TRELOAR, of this city, sends us the following letter written by his brother, Mr. Paul Treloar, from Grove City, on Lemon Bay, Fla. It is interesting because of the report of fishing:

I found myself interested immediately upon my arrival, and have been busy ever since hunting, fishing, sailing, spearing and surf bathing, and being so tired in the evening that I was ready to sleep long before 8 o'clock, and I could hardly keep awake until I got in bed. There seems to be something in the salt air which produces it; at any rate, it is a welcome condition, as Mr. Wilson agrees with me that it is a sound and refreshing sleep, from which we awake thoroughly rested and ready for another day's sport.

I went fishing day before yesterday over to the new pass which a recent storm has made, and which, by the way, is called Treloar Pass, in honor of one "Col." G. B. Treloar, a man of considerable fame in this part of the country, who now resides in New York City. This pass is narrower than Stump Pass, further north, but the water is deeper, and when the tide is running in or out it is like a mill race. Standing on the bank you can see school after school of all kinds of fish passing through; but you don't need "bait" to catch them. I laughed at this when Mr. Pope told me, but following his instructions I put a small piece of white rag on a common hook and pulled the line rapidly across the channel, when snap! it was taken immediately. I could hardly believe salt-water fish were so easy. He certainly was easy so far as taking bait was concerned; but landing him was another thing. He gave me a good fight, and with small rod and reel it was lively for a while. I finally landed the fish, which proved to be a kingfish. You see, I am ignorant of the names of salt-water fish, and was undecided as to stringing him, but concluded any fish that would put up as game fight should be strung; and they were, to the extent of fifteen. I would cast across the pass and reel up quickly, and I don't remember missing a strike any time. I also brought in a 7-pound redfish, not so game in a fight, but rising after the rag with a snap that gave promise of better sport than it was landing him.

I will not give you all the details of the morning's fishing, as you have been here and know all about it, but Treloar Pass is new to you, and it is certainly an interesting place to go to. It is only about ten minutes' row straight out from the hotel, and if you are lazy, a little sail rigged in the boat puts you there in a few minutes. The tide will do it if you wait, and bring you back too. The water is clear as crystal; a pure white, hard sand bottom, and you can see fish of many varieties coming in and going out. Standing in the water about to my knees, my rubber boots on, casting over across the channel,



schools of mackerel, then mullet, churn the water to a foam. Then two, three, four large dark forms appear, and the other fish light out for the open. Then a rush, a puff and a splash, and a porpoise rises out of the water within 10 feet of me; and I begin to think about taking to the woods myself; only he just swallows about a 4-pound mullet, which he has tossed into the air, catching it as it comes down, and goes on his way rejoicing.

I went about 10 o'clock; we arrived about 9 in the morning, and I noticed the fish jumping in the pass when I came in on the boat. I was back about 12 o'clock, and we had some of the fish for dinner, together with new green peas, fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and lettuce. I found an oyster bed in the creek about a block above the hotel. I got my knife out and tried a few; they were fine. I brought home a boat load, and was surprised to learn that what I considered a remarkable discovery was nothing, and that I could have found them in front of the hotel. We ate them just the same. They were larger than Blue Points, but something of the same flavor, only finer. There is quite a difference in oysters eaten fresh out of the water and those opened up after two or three days on ice, as you probably know. Well, this difference accounts for sixty to my credit raw on the half. You said there were no Little Neck clams, but I have found any quantity of them, together with the large variety, quohogs.

Well, I must bring this to a close and reserve for my next letter a little news as to snipe (large ones too), quail, wild duck, and I hope, deer. This being rather long already, I will cut the hunting out and suffice it to say that we have lived on almost all the varieties of game, as you know, and your humble servant has usually been in at the killing. Pineapples are plentiful, and just ripening, as are also bananas and oranges. As to climate, well, I haven't the necessary power of description to do it justice, and my space is limited. I have been wet through twice; my clothes dried on me, and not a sign of a cold as the result. I went in surf bathing to-day, and never put on my clothes for two hours, but wandered around on the beach picking up shells, starfish, etc., and never even shivered;

although the sun did not burn me, it was warm. In fact everything you said as to climate checks up, only you did not say enough. So, with regards to yourself, Ida and the family, your brother,

PAUL.

On Moosehead.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, Sept. 24.—We love to cast the ethereal fly with a 5-ounce well-balanced resilient rod. We were electrified when a royal 2-pound *Salmo fontinalis* seizes the deceptive lure and dashes off to the merry music of the reel! But he who thinks that all of fishing is to fish loses much of the pleasure to be derived from a trip to the woods. How wonderfully beautiful the landscape as the sun goes down this glorious September evening! The placid surface of the lake reflects the autumn foliage and the iridescent tints of the glowing heavens. On the horizon, forming a bold dark background, lie the Spencer Mountains, and beyond old Katahdin rises far into the sky, standing like a grim sentinel overlooking all, its massive form silhouetted against the sky. Slowly the colors fade, the panorama ever changing, then with a parting beam the sun sinks and night speedily drops her dark mantle over all. Darkness for a while, and then the



silvery moon appears above the distant mountains. Majestically it rises, until presently its splendor is shimmering upon the rippling water and the landscape lies half-concealed, half-revealed under its mysterious light. How restful! How peaceful! How inspiring!

"The time was—and that at no very distant day—when he who for a moment deserted the treadmill of life for any purpose disconnected with money-getting braved the disapproval of his friends, but that day has passed. Wisdom is the child of experience." The busiest men of our time are the most enthusiastic lovers of angling—a pastime that is as innocent as it is health-giving. The bright sunshine, singing birds and green fields are better panaceas for the ills of the body and mind than all the iron and quinine that can be taken into the system, and money invested in fishing tackle and gun will pay big dividends.

"In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and insult against nature not to go out and see her riches and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth." We love the country at all seasons, but how charming September! Nature is in her pensive mood. A peaceful hush broods over the woods, broken only by the chatter of the squirrel, the cry of the loon and the gentle swish of the water on the shore of the lake. These are sounds that remain with us long after our vacation has ended and we are again turning the wheel in the treadmill of business with a stronger hand, brighter eye and healthier body.

It is nearly three weeks since we left our home at Worcester, but how swiftly and pleasantly the time is passing, fly-fishing on this grand old lake and the Kennebec River. Last Monday we boarded a train for



Jackman, which carried us within half a mile of the well-known Attean camps, situated in Jackman, on Birch Island, in Attean Pond, on the Moose River. A guide in waiting at the little flag station, which is situated on the shore of the lake, paddles us across to the camps, and we are assigned to a separate cabin comfortably fitted with spring beds, mattresses and sheets, comfortable chairs and an open grate. The smooth, round logs form the interior, and as we rest quietly looking out through the window across the lake, we feel that we could not be happier. Tea in the delightful cabin dining room, a

separate building, with everything as neat and clean as in one's own home, and a menu that would compare favorably with any hotel, further delights us and we retire happy in the anticipation of the morrow's canoe trip.

An early breakfast and we were off for a trip up the famous Moose River, which is the main inlet to Moosehead Lake, and which offers as fine trout fishing as any in Maine. The beauty of the lake becomes more and more apparent as we make our way for some two miles reclining easily in the bow of the canoe, which shoots forward under the strong strokes of the guide. A short distance up the river we stop at Attean Rips to fish, and I have the good fortune to hook a 2-pounder at the second cast. By that time the canoes have been carried across and we push on. It is a perfect day and the never-ending panorama which makes all river canoeing so fascinating delights and refreshes the soul. Time speeds quickly till noon, with fishing here and there, a stop now and then to watch deer feeding on the river banks, then we lounge about and watch the frying trout and boiling coffee pot with keenest anticipation. My! how good that dinner is, and after it the fragrant cigars we have brought from civilization! Then on again, with good fishing at sunset at Spencer Rips, and then the night in camp, with only a bough lean-to over us and the bright fire blazing at our feet. The second night is spent in the comfortable branch camp at Holeb Falls, and on the return we bivouac in a deserted lumber camp. Surely, these are days never to be forgotten, and we leave the territory with reluctance.

The accompany illustrations we took on the trip. One shows the writer landing the 2-pounder referred to at the famous Attean Rips. The pictures will give some idea of the rare beauty of this stream, which winds in and out like a snake on its devious eighty-mile journey to Moosehead Lake. The camera adds much to the pleasure of any such trip and serves as a delightful reminder during the long months that follow. As one looks over the prints the scenes are again lived in memory.

Returning to Moosehead, we are invited to join a steamboat party, made up for a trip about the lake. It is a beautiful day, and the journey from the outlet to the extreme end of the lake, nearly forty miles, is most delightful. Words, pen or brush cannot describe its magnificent grandeur. Mountain, island and cove are passed in rapid succession before our destination at the Northwest Carry, the Seboomie House, is reached. Here the little steamer Comet is made fast to the pier and we go ashore. While we are waiting for dinner a deer appears on the shore of the lake a short distance away, and waits long enough for us to take a good look, then raising the "white flag" makes off with mighty bounds, much to the delight of the ladies, who have never before seen this timid animal in its native state. Dinner over, we are aboard the boat again, and the staunch little craft is cutting the water on its way toward Kineo. An hour's sail



brings us under the shadow of this wonderful mountain, unequalled for its peculiar shape and formation. Like a mighty fortress, it looms 700 feet into the sky, stern and forbidding close by, calm and beautiful in the distance. We stopped to look over the famous Mt. Kineo House, where 3,000 guests have been entertained during the last six months, after a sail around to the Northeast Cove, where we go under the great mountain and look up as it towers threateningly over us, seemingly ready to fall at any moment. Now the steamer is headed back, and we are soon at the Outlet House again, satisfied with the day's trip, grateful to our entertainer and confident that Moosehead Lake is the grandest sheet of water in Maine.

We shall spend a few more days with the big trout which surge about in the swift water below the dam, and then we must reluctantly doff our corduroys and don business suits, stow away rods, reels and flies, board the train and hurry back to the business world which binds us to it for the greater portion of the year. But the noise of the streets cannot drown the sound of rippling waters, and the dust-laden air cannot efface the recollection of the odor of pine and spruce and hemlock. Memory and anticipation will give life a new meaning until another year.

GEO. H. BURTIS.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Probably a White Bass.

SING SING, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A fish was caught in a fyke net here the other day in brackish water, which looked like a cross between a perch and striped bass. It weighed about 1¼ pounds; its head was like a bass; it was striped, but the general contour was that of a perch, being deep from back to belly. We would like very much to know the name of it. C. B.

The description appears to belong to the white bass. The white bass is not native to the Hudson, but may have been introduced by the New York Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forest. The common white perch sometimes has streaks on the scales which give the appearance of longitudinal stripes.

A Creditable Report.

THE annual report of Fish and Game Warden Newell, of Utah county, shows that the fish and game industry of Utah county is much more lucrative than is generally supposed. It must be taken into consideration that the report contains only the returns from licensed fishermen and wholesale dealers. Deer are not mentioned, though in October I saw eight carcasses hanging at one time in a butcher shop. Nor is any account taken of the immense number of trout, ducks, geese and snipe that are taken by sportsmen and of which no returns are made. This year, for the first time, jacksnipe have figured with the marketmen, and about 175 dozen have been sold. The warden's report is as follows:

PROVO, Dec. 13.—In compliance with Section 1039 of the Revised Statutes of Utah of 1899, I herewith submit my annual report as Fish and Game Warden of Utah county, Utah, for the year ending Dec. 1, 1899, showing as near as possible the amount of fish caught, the price for which they sold, the number of arrests made for violation of the game laws, and the amount of the fines imposed, together with a general outline of the condition of the fish and game within this county:

Amount of fish caught and sold—	
Bass, 60,000 pounds, at 12½ cents per pound..	\$ 7,500.00
Trout, 18,000 pounds, at 20 cents per pound....	3,600.00
Carp, 105,000 pounds, at 2½ cents per pound..	2,625.00
Mullet and chubs, 115,000 pounds, at 2¼ cents per pound	2,477.50
Total	\$16,202.50
Amount of game caught and sold—	
Ducks, 200 dozen, at \$1.75	\$350.00
Grouse, 160 dozen, at \$2.50	400.00
	750.00

Grand total

\$16,952.50

Number of persons arrested for violation of fish and game law, 20.

Number of persons convicted, 18.

Number of persons acquitted, 2.

Number of persons serving out sentence, 5.

Warrants not returned, 1.

Amount of fines collected, \$145.

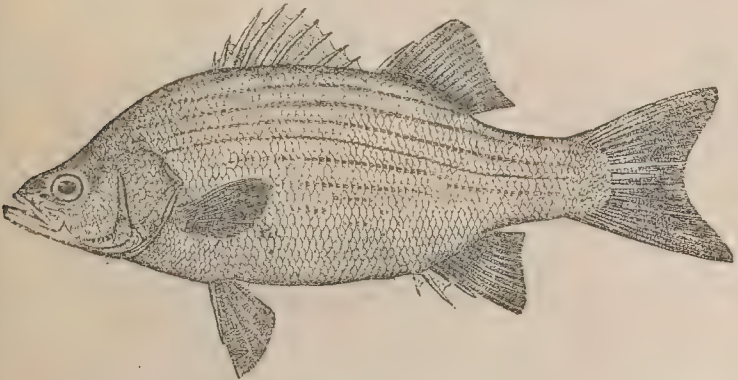
Number of live bass furnished to stock ponds throughout the State, large 50, small 150.

As shown by the amount of bass and trout taken, there appears to be an increase in the better kinds of fish of the county. Respectfully submitted,

MYRON C. NEWELL,

Fish and Game Warden of Utah County, State of Utah.

The close season on all kinds of game came in on Dec. 15. Since that time there has been considerable trouble, especially in Salt Lake, with the hotels and restaurants



THE WHITE BASS.

over trout and ducks that are said to have been kept in refrigerators, though, heaven knows, the weather has been cold enough without any such plea as that.

Heavy snows have driven the deer down to the settlements, and of course a little venison can be procured on the side. Nevertheless, the law is being observed better than ever before.

With the new year comes the starting up of the State fish hatchery, with a million eggs, most of which will be transplanted, as little fish, into protected streams early in the spring. The Government hatchery at Duluth, Minn., furnished 500,000 lake trout eggs. There are also 50,000 brook trout and 25,000 rainbow trout eggs from Iowa, and a quantity of landlocked salmon eggs from Maine. The balance of the million lot will be brook trout eggs, which will have to be purchased from local parties.

Warden Sharp is delighted with the hatchery site, in the foothills of the Wasatch, east of Murray, Salt Lake county. Here a 4-inch and a 2-inch flowing well have been purchased. It is claimed that the well water, after getting a liberal churning in the air to give it life, becomes even better than spring water for hatching purposes.

As the result of his election to a more remunerative office, Fish and Game Warden Newell has relinquished his position. He has been a competent and faithful officer during many years of service, and his only enemies are those whom he has caught in the net of the law. He was the first man in Utah to make his official business a profession, and to him is largely due the excellent condition of affairs that prevails to-day. For his old shoes there are thirty-two applicants being considered by the State Commissioner and County Court. Their qualifications vary. One is an impecunious descendant of Brigham Young, one a man who ought to know all about the business because he has been twice arrested for illegal seining, several have been unable to find any other congenial occupation, and in addition the strong political pull must not be overlooked. My only hope is that the new incumbent may prove half as well fitted for the position as his predecessor. He will have to foster the sentiment for protection that has only just been awakened.

SHOSHONE.

PROVO, Utah, Dec. 27.

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The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

A Week's Fox Hunt in the Vermont Hills.

FEW sportsmen in New England or the Eastern States have ever heard of the Champlain Valley as a game section, but the few that have been here all proclaim it grand, and for those who love the music of the fox hunt and the chase nothing surpasses it in this country. Everything that goes to make up an ideal resort for Reynard can be found—bold ledges of rocks, deep cool ravines, large meadows and pastures furnishing an abundance of mice.

The first party that ever came to our section for a fox hunt dropped in Oct. 6, and a royal good time we had. Our first day out we decided to try Mutlen Hill, one mile north of town. Four dogs were taken, and turned loose at the south end of the hill. We didn't have long to wait before the little beagle dog, Tommy, gave tongue, followed by the others in quick succession. What a change came over our party of four, with the music of the hounds. Men of sixty became boys again, and all were



A VERMONT HUNTING PARTY.

pushing up the hill for a favorable position. After two or three short circles in the second growth timber, and no fox coming out, the older heads said that it was a rabbit, which it proved to be.

With little delay the dogs were called off, and moved over to a ledge just east. In fifteen minutes Hustler opens up, quickly the others join in, and our first fox is started. Straight across to the south end of Mutlen Hill, north on the west side, around the north end, and back on top of the hill. The pace is hot, and Reynard starts straight west for the swamp. A short turn at the edge of the swamp and back he comes. The dogs by this time are strung out, Pup and Nigger well in the lead. As the leaders were well up it was a sure thing that his lordship was going to get in trouble if he did not find some place of refuge. On swinging around to the north end of the hill, he came in full view of three of our party. We watched him cross a pasture fifty or sixty rods in clear open sailing. Then he comes to the fence at the foot of the ledge. Now some one will get a shot. On comes the dogs, through the fence at the same opening, and all at once the dogs stop barking. We move up, and find the dogs working at a hole in the side hill. We try to dig the old chap out, but after plenty of hard work we have to give it up. Our team is on hand and back we go for dinner.

At 2:30, when we have finished dinner and have gathered for a talk, the suggestion is made that we go out just back of the church. After quite an argument (as some do not think we can start) we put on our hunting clothes and go. Men are posted on runways as we go along; and in thirty-five minutes from the time we started, and within 150 rods of the hotel, Pup jumps a fox, and for an hour we have a run such as seldom fails to the fox hunter, all the time in the open pastures and meadows. A cool breeze comes from the north, the scent is lying good, and the music is grand.

About 4:30 the fox started south for the road, crossing Ellis, Torf and Butler, about twenty rods apart, who were eagerly watching as Reynard broke around the front of the ledge, sixty rods away.

The chance came to Ellis, and he held his reputation good by making a clean kill. The fox proved to be an old dog with beautiful coat and fine brush. Pup came in far in the lead, Tommy next and the others out.

All the party were well pleased with the work Pup had done, and he proved to be the crackerjack of the lot. He is medium size, smooth, good feet, and as tough as a

knot. He very seldom makes a mistake; he is not yet three years old, and this is his first year in the field. Out of fifteen killed, and eight dogs ran, Pup has had ten killed before him.

This was a fair sample of every day of the week, beautiful weather, from one to three runs a day, and the cut tells the story.

T. H. MOORE.

"Speaking of Dogs."

The Fear of Thunder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading two charming dog stories this evening in this week's issue. The writer of one of them describes Ben's fear of thunder and wonders at it because he is not at all afraid of the sound of a gun. I once had a dog, like unto Ben in point of intelligence, who was also afraid of thunder, but not of the sound of a gun. Now, I was once so near the spot where a heavy charge of lightning descended that I was almost knocked off my feet by the concussion, and ever since then I have been afraid of lightning. I concluded that was what was the matter with my pointer, and doubtless Ben has had a similar experience at some time. I do not claim to be any smarter than a dog. Who of us does? My dog learned to know when a storm was impending, and at such times would come and "knock" on my study window, so that she might come in and be with me until her trouble was over. I sympathized with her, and always let her in, and sometimes got up in the night to do so, for she was but a dog and could not say to herself in the words of the beautiful Arab proverb, "There are two days when thou needst not fear death—the day

when God commands, Azreel to pass thee by and the day when He commands him to strike thee." She could only hover close to me and tremble. If she could have reasoned out the utter uselessness of fear in the presence of a thing that is too quick to dodge and too searching to hide from, she would doubtless have stayed in her kennel and never let the folks know she was afraid. 'Tis better thus (!).

GEORGE KENNEDY.

ST LOUIS, Dec. 26.

Points and Flushes.

Messrs. Spratts Patent announce that "The blame for delay in a number of cases of importation of live stock into America having been unfairly attached to us, we decided, after careful consideration, to abandon this kind of business, believing that it would in the end be more satisfactory if we recommended customers to intrust their property to one of the regular express or forwarding companies. We had found that intending exhibitors frequently allowed a very narrow limit of time between date of arrival of vessel carrying animals intended for exhibition and the show date, and that one failure to realize their anticipations, due to no fault of ours, prejudiced our business as manufacturers more than a hundred successes. We have, of course, in the past brought into America a very large number of famous prize winning dogs and birds, and have received many excellent testimonials therefor."

The calendar of Spratts Patent Limited, 245 East Fifty-sixth street, is up to the usual high standard of those published by this sterling company each year. It is most instructively and artistically illustrated, and contains information in a concise form, which is really a digest of volumes. It is in such expensive form that it is not intended for inconsiderate distribution, but those who are satisfied with one copy can obtain it on making their wishes known.

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Yachting.

ONE marked effect of the America Cup matches, with their intense excitement prolonged through a full month, and that after the usual ending of the season, has been a reaction in yachting that has left it dead for the time. In ordinary years, with the laying up of the fleet in September, begins a discussion of the summer's racing, and of the prospects for the coming year, but this year the final win of Columbia was the signal for an abrupt cessation of all yachting. The only topics of interest at the present time are the remarks of Sir Thomas Lipton on various occasions, all carefully cabled over, and a desultory discussion of the racing prospects of the other side between a very mixed fleet of the larger yachts, old and new—Shamrock, Valkyrie III., Meteor, Bona, Ailsa, Satanita, the new Distant Shore, and the new Watson yawl. What any or all of these will do together, with possibly Columbia thrown in, is discussed pro and con on no very substantial basis of facts, as it is still very uncertain whether Columbia will be sent across. Valkyrie III. has as yet no purchaser, and at the worst, the war in the Transvaal is likely to have a serious effect on the racing of 1900 in British waters.

Even if all conjectures and hopes were realized and the entire fleet as named above were brought together, the result would probably be of little technical value, owing to the very uneven conditions. The yachts mentioned are some cutters and some yawls, the latter having a special advantage in measurement; they are of all lengths from 80 to 90ft. l.w.l., some like Bona, Meteor and the two boats designed under the girth rule and others, Columbia, Shamrock, and Valkyrie III. under the Seawanhaka rule, while they would necessarily have to race under the girth rule with its time scale favoring the smaller boats. In construction they may be classed as of two or three grades, the very lightest, as in Columbia and Shamrock, the racing composite as in Valkyrie III., and a rather heavier grade of composite construction not intended for the Cup matches.

The continued racing of such a fleet through the season could not fail to be of extraordinary interest from a sporting point of view; but only an intimate knowledge of all the boats and a close study of the racing records would enable one to estimate the value of the design and construction.

If it is possible to keep alive the racing in the largest class on a basis of purely sporting, as compared with technical interest, then the present condition of affairs is all right; but recent experience all goes to prove that the one essential principle of continued racing is that all the yachts shall be built to the top of a fixed class, either one-design or under a general rule. The best sport to-day is not in the largest classes, where between Vigilant, Navahoe and Defender, or Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta, prizes go begging for lack of entries; but in classes such as the special 30-footers, the Boston knockabouts and the 15 and 20 footers, in which a large number of small yachts, all designed and built under fixed and definite conditions, are raced on even terms without allowance. If the 90ft. class or anything near to it is to have other than a desultory and haphazard existence, lying dormant for three or four years and then revived spasmodically, it is absolutely essential that some action shall be taken by both nations toward the establishment of an international class, with a fixed maximum limit and under one fixed rule of measurement. What the class limit and the rule shall be, 90ft. l.w.l. or 100ft. racing measurement, by the Seawanhaka or some other rule, and with or without scantling restrictions, is a secondary matter; the great point is that the present haphazard way of leaving all to chance or the whim of challenger or defender must give place to modern racing methods as developed, perfected and successfully tested in many smaller classes.

Even if it were possible to-day, as it was twenty years ago, to maintain the interest in the racing of a fleet of mixed rigs, sizes and build, we doubt whether the modern yachtsman would accept the result as entirely satisfactory. Even the average racing man with no pretensions to special skill as a designer or naval architect, is interested in the serious problems of designing; he is no longer satisfied to know that some one yacht wins from others of various measurements, but he wants to know just how the winner differs from other boats of the same measurement. This is shown very plainly in the deep interest displayed by yachtsmen generally in the points of design of Minerva, as compared with the American 40-footers, of Kathleen, Saracen and Harbinger at the same date, of Gloriana and the Burgess 46-footers in 1892, of Spruce and the American 15-footers in 1895, and later in the American and Canadian yachts of the 20ft. class. The many inquiries which come to us after every series of class races show the demand for knowledge of the technical points of the competitors.

THE mere fact that yachting is unusually dull, even for midwinter, does not prove that the season of 1900 will inevitably be marked by the same characteristic; but at the same time the immediate outlook is not promising. Thus far there is with one exception no news of building in other than the smaller classes. It seems certain that neither Defender nor Columbia will race in home waters next year, and in the two-stick class there is no new opponent in sight for Colonia. There will probably be about the usual amount of schooner racing, in which a dozen boats of various sizes will take part; nothing specially instructive or exciting except to the immediate participants. There will be one new single-stick class, the exception above noted, probably about half a dozen yachts, keel cutters of one design, of 65ft. l.w.l., designed and built at Bristol. The class is in its leading features a larger edition of the special 30ft. class, owned by the same yachtsmen, one-design yachts, built by the Herreshoffs, to be stationed at Newport and raced in Newport waters. Like the 30ft. class, it promises to be a success as far as it goes, affording unlimited sport for residents of Newport; but it is as yet uncertain whether its influence will be more than local. The yachts themselves, from all accounts, will be of a wholesome type, and the class may in the end lead to a permanent revival of an open class equivalent to the old 70-footers.

Thus far no challenge has been issued for the new Eastern Y. C. cup for the 51ft. class, but the prospect thus opened of permanent racing under limitations intended to secure a good type of yacht may induce some building in the class, such as is greatly needed.

The dates of challenge for all the international cups having expired, it is now practically certain that there will be no match in 1900 for the America Cup, and none for the Canada cup. The contest for the Seawanhaka cup will, for the first time, be a purely fresh-water event, the challenger hailing from a lake in Minnesota, while the holder has its station on the St. Lawrence River. The arrangements for this match have been completed and designing and building are now in order on both sides. The new conditions of the race not only bar the existing type of 20ft. racing machine, but open a possibility of useful experiment both in designing and in measurement legislation. The problem is in a general way to put the fastest hull of a given construction under a sail plan limited to 500 sq. ft., the waterline being left unrestricted.

Catboat and Knockabout.

THE great popularity of the knockabout bids fair to put the time-honored catboat in the shade of nautical wall flowers. The new type, like the old, is designed with a view of getting a big little boat. The new boat is much easier to handle, its short rig and long ends making it an easier matter to get at the sails in times when reefs are needed.

In the catboat it was necessary to climb out several feet aft of her taffrail to make everything snug, while on the new boat all sails can be reached from the deck. For afternoon sailing the small knockabout is unexcelled.

Any one who has steered a good healthy catboat with a tiller in a breeze will testify to the amount of muscle required to keep her on her course. Of course, a small jib helps matters some, but generally the helmsman returns home with a tired pair of arms. In the modern knockabout this difficulty is not met with. The boats are perfectly balanced and are sensitive to the least touch of the tiller.

In the matter of comfort as cruisers, in regard to the amount of room below decks, the new boat is not to be compared with her older sister. There is much more boat in the old type than in the new. No one would attempt to make the assertion that any of the modern raceabouts or knockabouts has the same amount of room and cruising comfort as either Arab III. or the Harriet, with the same waterline measurement.

Only a few years ago the amateur yachtsman's ideal of a handy cruising boat was the catboat. Now he is saving up his spare pennies to purchase a knockabout. But with all these changes in type, the cat will always hold the respect of the cruising yachtsman. Many there are now who would not exchange their catboat for a knockabout under almost any conditions.

The catboat, although not so popular now as the knockabout, will not become obsolete for a good many years to come. Boats like Quisset, Harbinger, Good Luck, Awilda, Ideal, Wa Wa, Wapiti and others may perhaps be seen in fair condition when their more modern sisters are consigned to kindling wood.

The above, from the Boston Globe, is of interest as marking a very important change in the passing of the catboat, once the national type of small yacht. The Globe's comparison of points is correct, as far as it goes, but it by no means covers the question to say that the catboat is more roomy than the knockabout of the same waterline length. It needs no mathematical demonstration to prove that with two boxes of the same length and depth, if one be 12ft. wide and the other but 7ft., the former will be much the larger in cubic contents; further, that if the former be joined to a third box, representing the cabin house of the catboat, the net sum of the two will be still larger than the 7ft. wide box.

Not many years ago eight out of ten yachtsmen would have considered it perfectly fair to compare the knockabout, with her 32ft. of over all length, on equal terms with a square-ended catboat of the same over all length; of course, to the detriment of the former. At a more recent date the comparison by waterline lengths, instead of over all lengths, would have been accepted as fair. At the present time it is generally recognized that no single dimension is a fair basis of comparison between vessels of different types; and that something approaching a cubic standard must be employed. It is pretty generally understood to-day that the knockabout, in spite of her overhangs, is really a much smaller boat in every way than the wide catboat surmounted by a high cabin house.

A close comparison of the 21ft. l.w.l. catboat with the knockabout would be difficult to make, and is unnecessary; the main points, as intimated by the Globe, are that the catboat gave a large amount of room in certain directions, associated with many serious defects as a vessel; the knockabout, almost a perfect vessel, gives a limited amount of room, but more equally divided between the three factors of length, breadth and depth. The catboat would carry a very large party for her length; the knockabout will not carry a third of the number, but still will give a very good arrangement for her small crew.

Taken on her individual merits, the knockabout is an admirable type, one of the best ever known to yachting; but the best point about her is that, entirely apart from her personal characteristics, she has taught a great lesson in designing and opened the way to a general improvement in larger yachts of both keel and centerboard types. Her perfect form, attractive to the eye in its symmetrical proportions; and the general excellence of her design in its lines and the balance of centers have brought home to yachtsmen some practical lessons in designing that are of incalculable value.

Mr. Chas. E. Archbald is looking for more fields to conquer. After winning the A. C. A. trophy for several years, he is thinking of going to England next summer to challenge for the Royal Canoe Club cup, and is now corresponding re conditions, etc. As Mab and her skipper make undoubtedly the fastest canoe outfit afloat in America, a race with the fastest English canoe would make a very interesting event for 1900.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.
Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.
Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

- January.
12. Brooklyn C. C. dinner, New York.
March.
10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.
May.
26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.
August.
3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

Forest and Stream and Canoeing.

Announcement.

To meet the wishes of its canoeing readers, as expressed through the officers of the American Canoe Association, the FOREST AND STREAM will with the new year inaugurate an important change in its Canoeing Department. Beginning with the issue of Jan. 6, 1900, the first number of each month will be a special canoeing number, extra space being devoted to the Canoeing Department. It is proposed to publish whatever may be available in the line of canoeing news; the official announcements and programmes of the American Canoe Association, the usual complete reports of the A. C. A. camps and business meetings, designs of canoes and camping appliances, canoe cruises and current discussion of canoeing matters.

It is hoped that the FOREST AND STREAM may become, as it was in the most prosperous days of the Association, the common bond between the Association and its members, as well as between the members individually. In order that the plan may result in the greatest possible benefit to all, it is essential that it shall receive the general support of canoeists, both as subscribers and contributors.

An experience of twenty years has demonstrated several important points in connection with the publication of canoeing news. In the first place, a live and reliable canoeing journal is essential to the success of the sport, as a means of communication between its followers, who are naturally widely scattered and have limited opportunities for personal intercourse.

We call the attention of all canoeists to the fact that the Canoeing Department of the FOREST AND STREAM is open to them for the free expression of their opinions and ideas, for the discussion of all A. C. A. business, for requests for information as to cruising waters, canoes and appliances, and all technical points of immediate interest to themselves. On the other hand, we ask that they will favor us with canoeing news from their various localities, and that they will give such information as they may have in answer to the inquiries of others.

IN the issue of the FOREST AND STREAM for Jan. 1, 1880, was published the call to canoeists which we reprint this week, then just sent out by Mr. Bishop. In looking back twenty years, the organizers of the American Canoe Association have good reason to be proud of the work then begun. Though the sport was then almost in its infancy in this country and its followers were comparatively few and widely scattered, a national organization of a permanent character was formed, uniform measurement and racing rules were framed and adopted by the Association and by all American canoe clubs, and canoeing was placed before the public as a recognized sport and not a mere passing fad of a few misanthropic lunatics, as some were then inclined to consider it. Like other sports, canoeing has had alternate periods of activity and depression, the competition of the bicycle, of tennis and later of golf at times hurting it. Like yachting it is at the present time suffering from the over-development of the racing machine, and as in yachting, no satisfactory remedy for this has yet been put into effect. On the whole, however, the sport has reached its twenty-first year with a strength and vitality which promises a permanent future for it.

It is interesting to note that in the issue of Jan. 1, 1880, with the call to canoeists was published an editorial article on the then proposed national association of yachtsmen, one of the many attempts made in the past,

Where the canoeists succeeded the yachtsmen then failed, and it is only within the past three years that a national union of yachtsmen has been formed.

ONE potent factor of the success of canoeing has been the distinctive nature of the canoe and its many attractive characteristics—in the little Rob Roy, the later sailing and paddling canoes, the racing canoes at a certain stage of their development, and the canoe yawls. Each of these types was specially fitted for some particular form of canoeing that was both novel and interesting. It so happens that at the present time, as for several years past, there has been no one type of canoe in the fashion for racing, one of the important branches of the sport. The open paddling canoe is a fixture, used everywhere on its merits for general canoeing, and likely to retain its popularity independent of the changes of fashion which rule in canoeing as well as in yachting. When it comes to the racing, however, there is nothing but the extreme hiking machine, which, after driving out all other types, has failed to justify its own continued existence.

We have discussed in another column the question of a new type of canoe which shall appeal to the wants of such a number of canoeists as to bring about a revival of building and racing. If canoeists themselves can solve the question of what such a canoe should be in a general way, there should be little difficulty in planning the lines and details of a satisfactory boat.

WE have frequently had occasion to comment on the excessive cost of the Division meets, very simple functions, lasting usually but a few days; the members who attend paying all their own expenses for transportation, meals, etc. According to the report of the Eastern Division, as published this week, the Division meet of 1899 must have touched high-water mark in the matter of cost, the expenses including prizes being \$500. This apparently means that the Division paid about \$250 in addition to the camp fees received of about the same amount. As the surplus is nearly \$100 less than in 1898, it is evident that a few more meets of this kind will bankrupt the Division. The Division meet is a good thing in many ways, but it is an easy matter to make one cost very much more than it is worth. There was a time when such impromptu meets, the two at Plum Point on the Hudson, for instance, in 1884-5, were run most successfully at a mere nominal cost outside the individual expenses of the members.

The Past and Future of American Canoeing—1880-1900.

The National Canoe Congress.

THE following is a call issued by leading American canoeists:

A general convention of canoeists will be held at Caldwell, Warren county, N. Y.—head of Lake George—Aug. 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1880, at which it is proposed to perfect the organization of a national canoe club, of which local clubs now existing will be branches, and to take such further action in the interests of the pastime as may be deemed expedient.

Sailing and paddling races will be arranged for each day, the conditions of which will be duly announced.

All canoeists are invited to attend, and as a preliminary measure are requested—whether owning canoes or not—to send their names to N. H. Bishop, Esq., Lake George, Warren county, N. Y., indicating their willingness to join the National Club; annual dues to be nominal.

Membership will carry with it the right to fly the National Club signals; will secure the temporary use of boat-houses belonging to enrolled clubs, and will entitle the member to one copy of club publications. There are several excellent hotels at Caldwell, and camping places will be secured for all who desire them.

Invitations will be extended to English and Canadian canoeists to attend, with their canoes, as guests, and assurances have been received that they will be well represented.

Your active co-operation is earnestly desired. You are particularly requested to send the addresses of all canoeists in your vicinity to Mr. Bishop, and to invite their co-operation.

Your suggestions as to the course to be pursued will be of service.

C. L. Norton, commodore of the N. Y. C. C., 849 Broadway, New York.

C. E. Chase, commodore of the Jersey City C. C., 287 Broadway, New York.

Nicholas Longworth, commodore of the Cincinnati C. C., Cincinnati, O.

W. L. Alden, Isaac F. West, William Whitlock, New York.

G. Livingston Morse, John Habberton, Richard L. Neville, New York.

Kingman N. Putnam, Robert J. Wilkin, New York.

Robert D. Wyncoop, E. A. Ransom, Karl F. Bergman, Jersey City, N. J.

Marcus L. Higginbotham, Jersey City, N. J.

W. Harry Potts, Trenton, N. J.

William J. Gardner, Newark, N. J.

W. P. Stephens, Rahway, N. J.

Charles A. Cressy, Landaff, N. H.

Lucien Wulsin, W. M. Greenwood, Cincinnati, O.

J. M. Barnes, Louisville, Ky.

A. H. Siegfried, St. Paul, Minn.

Lake George is thirty-four miles long, and from one to four miles wide, with wild, mountainous shores, which the painter, the novelist and the historian have so vividly portrayed. From the south the lake is reached from Albany by the Rensselaer & Saratoga R. R. to Glens Falls; and from that town by plank stage road nine miles to Caldwell. Lake Champlain is connected with the northern end of Lake George by a portage less than two miles long.

Nathaniel H. Bishop, Sec'y pro tem.

The above was written by Mr. N. H. Bishop, in the

study in the third story of his cottage up on the hillside near Caldwell, overlooking the lake, and was set up and printed by him on the small hand press that formed part of the furniture of that interesting sanctum, with its library of nautical books and its collection of souvenirs from the owner's many cruises. It was sent out early in the year 1880 to all canoeists whose addresses were known to Mr. Bishop. It represented the second stage of a task conceived and undertaken by him some two years before, of uniting all American canoeists. Mr. Bishop, who as a boy made a notable journey on foot across South America, a distance of 1,000 miles, was one of the first canoeists in the United States, making a cruise from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico in 1874 in a paper canoe of the Nautilus model, and another long cruise from Pittsburg down the Mississippi and through the Gulf to Cedar Keys, Fla., in a sneak box, in 1875-76. After this he settled down to spend his summers in a beautiful home on Lake George, at that time one of the favorite cruising grounds of canoeists. In all of his travels Mr. Bishop devoted much of his time to the study of the geography and natural history of the regions through which he passed, and, like the father of canoeing, Capt. John MacGregor, he was a firm believer in the canoe as a special instrument for the close and accurate study of a country. While a believer in the canoe as a mere means of recreation and healthy sport, he at the same time rated it much higher in the scale of practical utility.

During the summer of 1879 there were a number of canoes on Lake George. Some members of the New York C. C., established in 1870, were cruising through the lake; some were spending the summer on the lake at the different hotels, and had their canoes with them. The late Judge Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, then a regular visitor at the lake, was also a canoeist, as were several of his associates. As a consequence of this impromptu gathering of canoeists, there were cruises, and much talk of canoeing, and some races were held, prizes being contributed by some of the visitors at the hotels. Encouraged by the growing interest in canoeing, Mr. Bishop, who was at the time free from business calls, set to work during the fall to perfect the organization of his proposed national club. The work—and it involved a great deal of labor—was done entirely without aid, those whose names were appended to the circular approving and indorsing the plan, but doing little or no active work to further it. After a couple of years of correspondence with the leading canoeists in England, Scotland, Canada and the United States, the general details of the proposed organization were formulated and the aid of canoeists was invited in the circular.

The result of this work was in a measure disappointing, as but thirteen men were present on Aug. 3, when the first meeting was held and the American Canoe Association was formally organized. This number was increased to about twenty-five by canoeists who came in during the remaining days of the camp and took part in the races. Though small in numbers, the gathering was a representative and enthusiastic one, and when it broke up its members went in many directions, to spread the work of building up the A. C. A. For the first year Mr. Bishop continued as secretary-treasurer, he with Com. Longworth buying the Three Sisters, a group of islands five miles from Caldwell, clearing them of underbrush and building a log house, the "Wigwam" of the Association; the second meet being held on these islands. As the Association gained in strength and membership he stepped aside and left its direction to the new men.

Canoeing as a recognized sport dates back to 1865-66, when Capt. John MacGregor made his first cruises in the original Rob Roys, small paddling canoes of 14 feet length, 26 inches beam and about 8½ inches depth amidships. All the early canoeing was done in these miniature craft, in which the paddle was the main means of propulsion, the single sail being a mere handkerchief. The first important change from this model was made about 1870 by Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, after several long cruises in the Rob Roy models, his new No. 2 Nautilus being 28 inches wide, 13 inches depth amidships, with a high sheer to the ends, rigged with mainsail, mizzen and jib, and fitted with a rudder and foot steering gear. This model was not only fitted for rough water, in which the Rob Roy would be unsafe as well as uncomfortable, but she could be sailed to advantage, though capable of being paddled with ease except against a strong wind. In the United States this early Nautilus model was introduced almost as early as the older Rob Roy, and soon became much more popular; most of the canoes of the New York C. C. (the first American club) were built from a design kindly sent by Mr. Baden-Powell to the founders of the club.

The ability of the canoe as a sailing craft being once demonstrated, a rapid development began in England, with a keen rivalry between Mr. Baden-Powell and another noted canoeist, Mr. E. B. Tredwen, both of the Royal C. C. An improved Nautilus was soon followed by an equally improved Pearl, the two dividing the sailing prizes of the club in the then numerous races on the Thames, and later on Hendon Lake. Under the influence of keen racing and local conditions (a narrow and winding river, with puffy winds over the trees and banks), a peculiar type of canoe was produced about 1880, with metal centerboards, lead ballast and very large sails—a craft unfitted for any use but match sailing on the Thames.

The majority of American canoes in 1880 were variations of the Nautilus type, 14 by 30 in dimensions, with moderate sheer and mainly fitted with shallow keels. In model, build and fittings they were all-round cruising craft, and most of them had made cruising records before doing much racing. Every canoe that came to camp carried her owner's tent, bed and camp outfit, and raced with her cruising rig. In 1881 the first open Canadian canoes were seen at an A. C. A. meet, manned by Messrs. Edwards and Rogers. From 1880 to 1886 the improvement of the canoe and her fitting was carried on rapidly at the hands of such men as Vaux, Gibson, Oliver, Bailey, Richards and other old-time cruisers and racers. The main end of all was to produce a perfect all-round canoe, in which, if time permitted, one might cruise to a meet and yet win both sailing and paddling prizes.

In 1886 two important innovations were introduced;

Mr. E. H. Barney, of the Springfield C. C., an ardent racing man, brought out Pecowsic, a purely racing canoe, with a suit of five interchangeable standing sails; and Mr. Paul Butler, of the Vesper B. C., introduced the sliding seat. From this time on, the aim of canoeists was directed almost entirely to the construction of faster sailing canoes, regardless of general use and paddling; the long well, in which the canoeist once slept in comparative comfort, was first given up to a larger centerboard trunk, and then decked in completely until it became a mere "bucket." The small standing sails of Pecowsic were copied in others of great area, the deep drop rudder was introduced, with the thwartship tiller, and the sliding seat was lengthened until it became the most prominent feature of the canoe. With these changes came a cutting away of the model and a reduction of the planking, that further unfitted the canoe for other than match sailing.

The meet of 1890, the first salt-water meet, at Jessup's Neck, marked the end of another period in canoe design, in which, from 1886, the racing features preponderated in canoes that were still of fairly good model and strong construction. From that time to the present has been the era of the racing machine, the hull being whittled down to the smallest possible displacement and freeboard, the construction being cut to the last limit and the fittings including only a large centerboard, rudder and sliding seat and the sails. As matters are to-day, the sailing canoe is fit only for match racing, and such racing is dead. At the same time, the perfection of the sailing machine has driven out entirely the old all-round cruising and racing canoe. Those who follow any other branch of the sport but racing do so in the open Canadian canoe, of which thousands are in use.

Apart from the canoe proper, fitted for one man and capable of being sailed, paddled or handled on shore by him alone, canoeing has produced various larger craft of the same general type, classed as canoe-yawls and canoe-yachts. The former term is applied to such large canoes as, through their light draft and absence of fixed ballast and outside keel, can be hauled up or housed; the latter to those with fixed ballast and deep keels, so that they must always be kept afloat. All are single-handers in that they may be readily sailed by one man and at the same time they will accommodate two or more in cruising. Paddling or even rowing is out of the question except with the smaller canoe-yawls. These larger craft have found favor with many who began as canoeists, as well as with other new recruits, who prized the freedom and independence of canoeing and yet wished for something abler, drier and more comfortable than the 30-inch canoe. Where the waters permit and land transit is not an object, the advantages of the canoe-yawl are indisputable. Though the maximum limit of beam for a "canoe" in this country is still 30 inches, as it has always been, many good craft have been built and used with a breadth of from 3 to 4 feet, according to their other dimensions.

The day of the heavy displacement English canoes Pearl and Nautilus ended in 1886, when the two latest models of these renowned types visited the United States, Mr. Baden-Powell bringing his Nautilus and Mr. Walter Stewart a new Pearl—both sailed from below deck and heavily ballasted. After being decisively defeated by the light American canoes Vesper and Pecowsic at the meet at Grindstone Island, they were beaten by the New York C. C. boats on New York Bay, though their owners abandoned the below-deck position and sailed them from the deck. This experience led to the introduction of light displacement canoes with many American fittings in England, and also resulted in the production of a new type of sharpie canoe, with flat floor and straight sides, sailed without ballast. For some years following 1890 canoeing and canoe racing were in a very depressed state in England, but within a few years there has been a marked revival. At the present time the bulk of the racing, of which there has been a good deal on the Thames, is done in canoes of the cruising class, which are limited to 16 feet over all and 42 inches beam, with 6 inches minimum draft, 9 inches minimum freeboard, 8 inches minimum sheer at bow and 6 inches at stern, and a minimum length of well of 7 feet, of which 3 feet 6 inches is clear of the centerboard trunk. There must be two water-tight bulkheads, but an underbody rudder is allowed. While these limitations make a very good craft, she is much larger than the old canoe, and really a canoe-yawl. It is not apparent that the revival in racing in England, so far as it has progressed, is due to the admission of wider canoes any more than to general causes.

The condition of American canoeing at the present time, as for several years past, is a peculiar one, and at the same time one which must be altered, if the sport is to prosper. There are many canoeists throughout the country, a large number of canoe clubs, most of them settled in good houses and fairly prosperous in a financial way, and there are many canoes in use. At the same time there is practically no racing and no designing nor building of new craft. Much of the canoeing is done in the open canoe, usually the Canadian model, an excellent craft for afternoon paddling and similar work as well as for hunting and fishing. With the exception of a few extreme racing machines, the decked canoe, the craft which gave birth to canoeing and made it what it once was, has disappeared. As to the racing machines, they are not sufficiently numerous of themselves to make good racing, and yet they serve to bar all better types.

The question which we should like to bring to the attention of all canoeists in the Association is that of the type of canoe that is needed to-day to revive canoeing. Can anything be done to encourage the use of the racing machine under the present rules, to induce men to build and race new canoes of the type of Mab and her kind? Is it possible to produce a new type of 16 by 30 all-round canoe, of stanch construction and of such size and arrangement as to be generally useful, and yet to be capable of racing? Is it desirable in any class of canoe to limit the construction of hull and the length of sliding seat? Is it possible to follow the English plan and design a larger, wider and abler craft that will become generally popular as the old 30-inch canoe was in 1880?

There have been various evidences of late of a revival in canoeing. The outlook for the Association and for

the next camp is most promising in many ways, and there is a revival of interest in many of the clubs that have long been inactive. In our opinion, if anything is to be done to utilize these favorable conditions to the permanent revival of the sport, it must be through the introduction of some one type of decked sailing canoe which shall appeal as forcibly to the majority of canoeists as the old Rob Roy did in the sixties, the Nautilus in the seventies and the new American models in the eighties. The question is one which concerns all canoeists, and we shall be glad to hear from them by way of discussion and suggestion. There should still be sufficient technical skill among canoeists to produce the right craft if some unanimous decision can only be reached as to what its characteristics shall be.

Canoe Spars and Sails.

UP to one week ago canoe sailing was still going on, but the present state of weather is not exactly inviting for any form of sailing in boats, and is not sufficiently hard to give opportunity for ice boat sailing. On the other hand we hear from many quarters that the off time of sailing is being utilized by most of those who intend racing in 1900 in the careful overhauling of sails, spars and rigging.

For those who know how to rig and fit their own gear, such an overhaul of rigging and sails during spare evenings at home in the winter is a useful and most entertaining employment. If carefully and correctly done, such work is far more reliable and lasting than is the same work hurriedly executed by professionals when fitting-out orders are given in the spring; indeed, in many cases we could name, even quick work performed by some of the leading amateur canoe sailors is far more true and stylish than is the work of the professional rigger. The difference probably is to be found in the fact that the former is working for his own property, his own success, and at his own expense in case of failure, whereas the latter is doing so much piece or hour work for wages, and his only care is to make it passable at the least cost to his boat-building employer.

We have repeatedly heard and read criticisms of new craft condemning the rigging and fitting as "over done," "unnecessarily fine," "too complex in the way of knots and splices," and a lot more nonsense; but, in fact, it will generally be found that the man who takes the trouble to embellish his rigging work with Turkshead knots and other fancy work, which takes time, has also given ample time to the real solid work of the rigging, in the seizings, splices and grommets, and to the careful dressing or varnishing of all seizings, whippings and other parts which are liable to rot from wetting or to be chafed. On the other hand, it is pretty safe to say that an inspection of the critic's own craft will disclose a ragged, played-out and poor set of strings at every point in bad want of a re-fitout.

As to the spars, there is no more dangerous time in their lives than the damp winter rest, stowed away in a boat house roof. Bamboo spars are more liable to suffer than pine or spruce solid spars; but each and all are in danger of splitting or kinking, especially so in the case of built spars, if glued up instead of screw built.

With such convenient lengths as are found in canoe spars, there is no excuse for leaving them in damp boat houses; the spars can be stacked in a room corner on end, and the sails and rigging in drawers or boxes. In this way each item of rigging can be overhauled, mended, improved, and set in order for the coming year, just as convenient spare time offers.

Sails will undoubtedly receive more careful attention as to quality and "sit" as the fleet of racing canoes increases. For ordinary pleasure sailing or for traveling the sit of the sail is of comparatively little moment; it does its pulling work fairly well, and looks right enough if properly set up; but to coax a new sail out to its rating limit, and at the same time to maintain a proper sit, is a work of art only arrived at by long experience and much time. Such a work of art can be done in a house if there is a place with height and space enough, but it is far better done in the open, in sun and a light air, on the boat.

The most difficult sails to bring into racing sit, and to keep there, are the light thin woven stuffs which are favored on account of their saving of weight. Messrs. Jackson, of Northwich, when making a new suit of sails for the Nautilus last season, advised a very stout build of union silk. The result of a couple of months' trial was remarkable for the manner in which the sail took its proper place and stood with only one batten instead of the usual three, and often four, placed in the batten sail.

The new sail, in stuff, was nearly 2lbs. heavier than a similar sized sail of the usual light stuff; but the two cross battens, with their brass jaws, which are left out, would be nearly 6lbs. This sail has a solid spruce boom and head yard, and a spruce reef batten, with brass jaws to each; a complete hauling down reef gear, with six blocks; three mainsheet blocks, with steel wire drops on the boom; metal slings to the yard and steel wire spans; its total weight is 24lbs. This weight was tested against two similar sized batten mainsails of much lighter stuff, and which were fitted to bamboo spars; their weights were 20½ and 22lbs. So, after all, the saving gained in the weaker rig is but some 3lbs. on a total displacement weight of over 500lbs.

The test of a good sail versus a poor one is, however, mainly noticeable when a change of circumstances occurs during a race. You start with reefs down in a blow, and then, the wind falling light and reefs coming out, the difference of sit is seen between a well-built, stout sail with few battens and a light stuff sail smothered in battens. The stout sail may be somewhat round, or even baggy, but that has been proved to be not even harmful if it comes in the right place—that is, near the luff and head, but not on the leech or foot. Another time of test is where during a race a heavy shower wets the sail completely and then the sun comes out and dries it again. Weak substance and undressed roping will not stand this, and battens across the sail, if judiciously laced to stretch a dry sail, will have played havoc during the wet, and will leave a perch-fin look about the leech when the sail dries.

The Nautilus' mainsail in each of her rigs is fitted to a

wire jackstay, both on the boom and gaff, so that the sail can in a moment be slacked in if a wetting is expected; so also the reef batten tension can be eased off. The clew and peak lashings are for this purpose fitted for a quick change travel, and are not seized as is commonly done. The reef batten should never really stretch the sail; it is there merely for use in the one-part haul down reef gear, so it scarcely needs a leech lashing. A simple and very effective traveler for the clew at the boom end is made by having a ring-shaped shackle round the boom, which screw pins through the clew cringle. On the under side of the boom end insert about half a dozen small round-headed brass screws in a line about half an inch apart, and standing out about a quarter of an inch; these form a ratchet on which the clew shackle catches. The size of the shackle should only give just room to shift over a screw head when the shackle is held perpendicular, and, of course, the sail itself will never hold it so, and, therefore, cannot shift the position of the clew by shaking. The same fitting will do well for the peak of the sail on the yard end.—W. Baden-Powell, in the Field.

To A. C. A. Members.

GENTLEMEN: One of the first difficulties that confronted your officers for 1900 was the procuring of a paper or magazine to which members could subscribe with a certainty of securing a reasonable amount of canoe news regularly at a small outlay by each member. After considering the various offers which we received, and bearing in mind our experience since the eighties with the Canoeist, Sail and Paddle, Recreation, Land and Water and others, we decided that the wisest course to take was to conclude an arrangement with the Forest and Stream Publishing Company to issue the first number in each month as a special canoe number, which will be sent out to every member of the A. C. A. upon receipt of \$1 per year. In coming to this conclusion, we remembered that the FOREST AND STREAM has been an official organ of the A. C. A. since its inception twenty years ago, and during that time has been published regularly every week.

We felt that at \$4 per year very few members could take FOREST AND STREAM for the canoeing news it contained, and our hope is that at the low rate which we have secured, in consideration of the FOREST AND STREAM being the only official organ, a large proportion of our members will see their way clear to send in their dollar and so give this arrangement a good fair trial.

We have reached the conclusion that one of the very best ways of retaining in our membership old members who cannot attend the meets is to supply them regularly with news pertaining thereto, and we trust that we will secure your active support in our endeavors in this direction.

We would suggest that the secretaries of clubs and pursers of divisions, who are in closer touch with the members than others, would send any news items that may reach them to the FOREST AND STREAM and so through it furnish the membership at large with a general idea of what is going on in the canoeing world.

Wishing each of you a Happy New Year, and trusting that every member will do his little share toward helping along the A. C. A. so that we can celebrate our twentieth anniversary in Muskoka with our Association on a better and sounder footing than it has ever been before, I am, yours sincerely,

WILL G. MACKENDRICK, Com.

TORONTO, Dec. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there was any necessity for my writing to the members of the A. C. A., I should probably be so busy as to be unable to do so; but the opportunity offers, and I will trespass on your space just a little to make a few suggestions regarding the running of our division, and more particularly general camps.

In the first place, then, it seems to me we are endeavoring, possibly because we can't help it or because it is best, to do away as far as possible with any idea of camping out save that we are permitted to sleep in a tent and spend most of our time out in the good pure air. Under the present tendency it seems to me we are getting nearer and nearer to the Ocean Grove and Asbury Park idea, and while this is good in its way, at the same time there are some of us old fellows who like to feel that perhaps we could have a good time and get more real enjoyment out of the camp if we could get away a little more from the camp meeting idea and a little nearer to the camping out plan. The first thought in this line to me is the catering. I have no special objection to a big general mess, but I do want to register my "kick" against a compulsory general mess, which has been the practical way it has been worked. I am fully aware that I shall hear at once the argument that "you must guarantee so many before you can get any man to take the job of catering"; but fortunately I am in a position to know that in 1894, when the commodore sent out word that there would be no general mess and every one was expected to care for himself—and a large number did—that I did arrange for a mess where those who did come unprepared could get their meals. If a man is coming to camp and does not wish to mess himself, let him send word ahead and arrangements can be made for him; and if he will not take the trouble to send word and he is inconvenienced thereby, he has no ground for objection. I am not opposed to the general mess for all who want it, but I am opposed to the officers sending out word and practically telling us we must go to the camp hotel "so as to help the caterer." Let every man feel free to come and cook for himself if he wishes or go to the general mess. We have lost a number of good members because we discouraged the real camping idea. We got along all right in 1883 without a special general mess and had to make, I think, no guarantee in 1884, '85 or '86, and we never had more enjoyable camps than those, although I in no way intend to deprecate our other most delightful camps.

Again, cannot we get rid of the expensive and formal headquarters? Why cannot the commodore sleep in his own tent and have headquarters under his cap, as in many other years? The official headquarters should be a good-sized tent where the secretary-treasurer could have his desk, the postoffice and a table for writing on pro-

vided with pen, ink and paper. This tent should not be too large, and should not be used for a circus or anything of the kind, except as above stated. Let the vice-commodores have any headquarters they choose. The regatta committee will not, whether they have a special tent or not, use any official tent, but will do their work at their own tents, and this is natural, as they are more secluded and less likely for interruption. The prizes could be shown in the secretary's tent on the day or two before the completion of the races.

The camp site committee should have its headquarters at the dock or wherever the supplies come in, and the necessary lumber, etc., should be stored there, which usually is outside of the social center of the camp. A tent for this committee in "Officer Row," as we have had it, is useless and expensive, for some things were in the chairman's tent, some in headquarters tent, some at the lumber pile at the dock, some at the store and so on. I have been chairman of the camp site committee in 1889-1894, and on the committee in other years.

The camp surgeon should have no tent at headquarters, for the reason that with one exception none ever has used the tent, and it has been useless. Every surgeon seems to prefer to stay at his own camp except when actually needed, and then it frequently happens he must go to the patient's tent.

Only under exceptional conditions is it possible to use a signal code, and that is when we have a clear open camp. The signal pole at Grindstone was useless to those over the hill, and of no use to the great majority at Stave and Hay islands.

This is not to discourage headquarters idea, for we want a rallying point, and none is better than the post-office or the main camp-fire. I believe the latter should burn every night, but it need not of necessity be so large on nights when entertainments are going on at private camps.

Now let me make a plea for the small individual or club camp-fire. To many who visit camp each year there is the necessity for rest. This is the one time in the year that is taken for recuperation, and as so many of us now are nerve workers some quiet is beneficial. There are but two ways to enjoy the evening—around the camp-fire or drifting out on the water—unless we are permitted to have our small camp-fire. Around a moderate-sized fire we can carry on a conversation of the day's happenings or listen to a good story, or in some such manner pass the time, while if compelled to go to the general camp-fire no conversation is possible; and while the entertainment of songs, etc., is always delightful, still the numbers and surroundings to some of us are filled with excitement. Let us have both, and now that I have put in my little "kicks" let us hear from others, so that "in the multitude of counselors" we may find "wisdom."

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A., 47.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. Dec. 29.

Muskoka.

MUSKOKA for 1900. Such is the watchword that our enthusiastic commodore is spreading. Those who know Muskoka ask, Where? Which of the larger lakes—Muskoka, with its black waters reflecting the minutest detail of the overhanging trees and rocks; Rosseau, more varied and more picturesque, whose islands are well covered with dense foliage, or Josphe, the most distant and to many the most pleasing, with its clear blue waters and more gently sloping shores?

With hundreds of miles to choose from, surely there should be no difficulty in selecting a suitable spot, aided by the advice of many residents of these attractive waters, each of whom knows a spot that will fill the bill always within reach of his own domicile. But the attendants at the A. C. A. meets are experts in discovering the disadvantages of any location, and after Hay Island will be even more difficult to satisfy.

The commodore determined he was going to locate the camp before winter closed in and practically hid Muskoka with snow, so, accompanied by the secretary-treasurer, arrayed in hunting costumes, with shotguns and pounds of cartridges, they started on Nov. 17 to do the Muskoka waters with the staunch steamer Oriole, placed at their disposal for two days by the Muskoka Navigation Co. On the railroad they induced the writer to depart from the path of business and join them as senior counsel.

At Muskoka wharf we were delayed while thirty-eight red deer were unloaded and the inevitable photographer had "caught the scene." The secretary-treasurer has a well-earned reputation as a successful Nimrod, and the commodore is long on cats within 50yds. range. Doubtless we shall hear from them next August of the number of deer they saw in Muskoka.

The sun was warm, the sky cloudless and the brisk Muskoka air made the day a delightful one. The steamer made its devious course up the lake, poking its nose into this bay, taking a look around the head of that island, now heading east, now west, and always trending north. Shelter Bay, with its little sand beach, would give accommodation to a dozen tents. Thompson's Point would hardly afford room for McManus' goat. Hutton's, the next on the list, has room for an unlimited number of tents in a pasture field—its sole recommendation, but in Muskoka an important one. Two acres of arable land on the lake shores are seldom found together. Water—rock—rock and water in picturesque confusion everywhere. The foliage, varied from the silver birch to the somber hemlock, is so dense that even in November but a small portion of the adjacent shore is visible.

The captain pulls the bell; the Oriole bumps the dock. We are at Butler's Bay. Some time is spent ashore examining the location. Should it be chosen it would present a most striking picture to all passing craft, commanding, as it does, a view of the lake for miles, a sloping area of cleared land lying between almost unscalable granite cliffs, with an excellent sand beach in front.

Fading daylight and a vacant feeling below induced us to order the captain to head for the nearest village—Port Carling. We soon entered Indian River, and the lights at the lock were most cheering to the hungry trio. Stewed venison, with et ceteras, put us in good humor with the world. The evening was spent interviewing local guides, who were one and all willing to put their services at our disposal.

At 10 P. M. the brilliant moonlight and frosty air induced is to take a tramp to Silver Lake, truly a lake of silver surrounded by hills covered with a virgin Muskoka forest.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we started across the rocks to Lake Rosseau, the officials with their shooting irons leading the way under the guidance of the local butcher. A charming tramp through a woodland path that winds around the rocky bluffs brought us to a delightful spot, but too contracted for our needs.

With many regrets the writer had to leave the officials to continue their exploration, the results of which we will learn later.

Moral: Muskoka is even more charming on a bright, frosty November day than in August.

Regatta Committee of 1900.

FOR the information of members who may not know the incoming committee who will manage the races in Muskoka, the following items may be interesting:

Mr. R. Easton Burns, of Kingston, Ontario, is the chairman. He received a good business training as buyer for Macnee & Skinner's wholesale dry goods, of Kingston, for whom he still toils. He joined the A. C. A. in '92, and attended the Northern Division meet at Pigeon Lake. In 1893 he was secretary-treasurer of the A. C. A., and managed the business of the Association with such keen business ability that he showed a net gain at the end of the year of \$285, after having one of the best of meets. Mr. Burns is a believer in the open canoe and single blade, and took considerable interest in the agitation three years ago to so revise the rules as to shut out paddling and racing "machines." He has won a number of first prizes for paddling at Kingston; won a second in the single-blade at Sing Sing, and with Rothwell won second in the tandem at Grindstone in '97.

Mr. Dan B. Goodsell, of Yonkers, who acted as starter and judge at the races gotten up by the Sailors' Union last year, has had considerable experience as an all-round sailing man.

He joined the A. C. A. as a member of the Yonkers C. C. in 1890, when the establishment of the Atlantic Division and the holding of several local meets on Newark Bay brought in a number of canoeists from the vicinity of New York. Mr. Goodsell was one of a noted party, including Messrs. Axholm and Quick, who were then doing a great deal of active canoeing, both cruising and racing, on the lower Hudson. At that time he took part in all the A. C. A. races for decked canoes, but as the racing machine drove out the all-round canoe, he gave up racing. He has designed and had built for his own use a number of canoes and small yachts, and has cruised in them about the Sound and the Hudson, also attending most of the meets.

Mr. Harry Ford, of Toronto Club, has been an all-round canoeist for twelve years, and has not yet lost his enthusiasm, as is shown by his efforts to revive sailing in the Toronto Club. He joined the A. C. A. in 1890, and in '91 secured second place in the club sailing races for season. In '92 Mr. Ford took up paddling, and won several paddling events in local regattas, and was one of the crew who held the Fours Championship of Toronto Club for three years. He attended the Northern Division meet at Lake Conchiching A. C. A. meets at Brophy's Point, where he won the single-blade event, and got third in the A. C. A. trophy against D'Arcy Scott, who won it for the first time.

Mr. Ford has not only been an all-round racing man, but also utilized his favorite craft for cruising purposes, having cruised from Coboconk to Stoney Lake twice; has paddled up the north branch of the Muskoka, up the wilds of Algonquin Park waters, and also down the Moon River, Georgian Bay and Muskoka Lakes. He has held offices in the Toronto Canoe Club as follows: Regatta Committee, two years; House Committee, one year; Treasurer, three years, and was Rear-Commodore one year. Mr. Ford has given up active racing for several years past, and will be able to devote his whole time to the racing events in Muskoka.

New York C. C.

THE annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held on Dec. 14, the following officers being elected: Pres., D. D. Allerton; Sec'y, J. C. Mowbray; Purser, W. P. Houghton (all re-elected); Capt., J. E. Haviland; Mate, C. O. Schuyler; Board of Trustees, J. E. Haviland, J. J. Farnsworth, R. H. Tonner; Auditing Com., L. H. May, J. R. Brophy.

The report of the Captain showed a large increase in the number of entries in races, both for canoes and small yachts, and that his end of the club had had a very successful season.

The Purser, reporting on the financial condition, rendered a statement showing the past year to be the most prosperous in the club's history.

Owing to the membership limit of one hundred being reached, an amendment was passed increasing the limit to one hundred and twenty-five.

Messrs. W. P. Stephens, Chas. H. Farnham and Poultny Bigelow, were unanimously elected honorary members of the club.

There was considerable unofficial discussion among the members as to new boats for the coming season, in addition to the new 18-footers lately illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. Several other boats of a different character are contemplated.

Buffalo C. C.

At a recent meeting the Buffalo C. C. decided to make important changes in its house at Albino Point, to meet the wants of its members. The dining room will be greatly enlarged, twenty-five new sleeping rooms will be added and the servants' quarters remodeled. The money will be raised by a bond issue, the sum of \$1,500 being subscribed for during the meeting. At the annual meeting, on Jan. 13, a proposal to raise the annual dues from \$10 to \$15 will be voted on. The present year has been a most prosperous one for the club, putting its finances in much better shape than formerly and clearing off the debt. The club house has been well patronized by the members and there has been a lively interest in racing.

American Canoe Association—Eastern Division.

Purser's Report, 1899.

THE following report was not presented at the annual meeting in November. It is now published to make the record complete:

Balance from F. J. Burrage.....	\$173.87
Dues, 1897.....	\$1.00
Dues, 1898.....	2.00
Dues, 1899.....	281.00*
Dues, 1900.....	2.00
Initiation fees.....	29.00
Collected at Division meet.....	252.49
Collected at Dinner, midwinter.....	86.50
	\$827.86

Expenses Ex. Com., account meet.....	\$451.26
Stationery, printing, postage.....	61.44
Midwinter dinner.....	86.50
30 per cent. to C. P. Forbush.....	94.50
Prizes Division meet.....	51.20
F. S. Thorn, policing A. C. A. camp...	3.10
Balance.....	79.86
	\$827.86

Members 1898.....	330
New members 1899.....	29
Reinstated.....	2
	31
Resigned.....	14
Died.....	2
Dropped.....	5
	21
	10
	340

* Apparent discrepancy accounted for in that names of delinquents where requested by club officers were not dropped.

W. W. CROSBY, Purser Eastern Division.

The Atlantic Division.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 1.—To the Members of the Atlantic Div., A. C. A.: It may seem early in the year to address an open letter to the members of our division, but perhaps it is well to begin the year aright, and then with the exception of the past week we have been able to enjoy canoeing without discomfort down here on the Delaware River, so that Park Island will be ready at any moment for the proposed division meet from May 26 to 31. This meet will begin with a short cruise, leaving Easton, Pa., on Saturday morning, spending Saturday night at Frenchtown, reaching Park Island some time Sunday. Those who do not care to make the cruise—we hope there will not be many, as it is a most delightful little run—may go direct to Park Island, as the meet will probably begin at noon on Saturday. As to the island, its comforts and its pleasures, we will at this time say nothing, but ask any of the sixty-seven A. C. A. men who were with us last year. Yes, we have every reason to look for their return. We want 100 on our register in May, so put down on your memorandum a short vacation for that date.

On March 10 we want to get together for an afternoon at the Sportsmen's Show at the Madison Square Garden, New York city. A good informal dinner after. Details next month, but don't forget. Yours sincerely,

HARRY C. ALLEN,
Vice-Com. Atlantic Division.

Toronto C. C.

THE Toronto C. C. held its annual meeting on Dec. 16 at the club house, the following officers and committees being elected: Com., J. H. Walington; Vice-Com., Henry A. Sherrard; Rear-Com., Walter F. Hayes; Hon. Sec'y, Charles Lobb; Hon. Treas., A. F. Sprott; Committeemen: Ed Braton, Ed Burns and W. T. Wyndow; Regatta Committee: Geo. Dill, Samuel Sylvester, Ed Blackhall and E. Richards; House Committee: John G. Dodds, Norman Brown, Richard Bonsall, H. H. Mason; Auditors: A. J. Rattray and J. H. Waller.

The club has received 97 members during the year, with but 11 resignations, making the total membership 318. The treasurer's report shows the receipts to be \$4,024.90 and the expenditures but \$2,457.71, leaving a balance in bank of \$1,567.19. The club has a large house, admirably located on the city front of Toronto Bay, and no liabilities. The coming meet being comparatively close at hand to Toronto, the club is likely to grow very fast this year.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held month at the residence of Mr. Percy F. Hogan, Com. H. M. Dater presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., Henry M. Dater; Vice-Com., Samuel Jerome Bennett; Sec'y, Daniel Albert Nash; Purser, Percy F. Hogan; Meas., H. August Reitzenstein; Member of the Board of Trustees for three years, Percy F. Hogan; President Board of Trustees, Robert J. Wilkin.

The annual dinner will be held on Jan. 12 at Rolf's café, New York.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A correspondent asks for information relating to the Indian River, Fla., especially whether there are any publications describing the river.

The late J. H. Johnston, the yacht photographer, of New York, was one of the old-time disciples of MacGregor; taking up canoeing as a boy in England when the sport was still a novelty.

Capt. Chas. McNaught, of the Brockville war canoe, is making a big effort to have a war canoe crew go to Muskoka for Brockville next summer.

Ex-Com. Thorn has forwarded to each of the winners of Hay Island war canoe race a very handsome belt with a special A. C. A. buckle as a memento of the event.

Mr. Geo. Howell, of Toronto Club, introduced a motion

at last club meeting asking that the club purchase a racing war canoe, as their present craft is too heavy to give their paddlers a fair chance in A. C. A. races against more modern boats.

Owing to the large expense that will be necessary to secure a suitable camp site in Muskoka next year, Com. MacKendrick has decided to undertake the publication of the year book, and if possible make a good profit out of it. Members knowing of probable advertisers would confer a favor by dropping him a card, giving a list of same.

Secretary Begg is using a novel A. C. A. postal card, which contains some very pretty scenes of cruising, camping and bathing in Muskoka. It was designed by Mr. J. D. Kelly, an old member of the Toronto Club, who has cruised in Muskoka for years. Mr. Kelly has succeeded in depicting some choice corners in very harmonious colors. Members not having seen these cards should mail a two-cent stamp to the secretary for a sample. They will be sold to members for \$1 per hundred, plus postage. The wide-awake purser and vice-commodore of Atlantic Division have ordered 500, and the officers of the Northern Division will also use them.

Brother Jesse Armstrong, of the Rome C. C., accompanied by an expansive smile and a suit of store clothes, blew into the general meeting of the Toronto C. C. recently. Com. Stewart introduced him to the club as a prominent A. C. A. man, who when he had his white ducks on was the most efficient hoister of water on the Squaw Point derrick at Hay Island last year. Members will be interested to know that Com. MacKendrick has appointed Jesse as traveling plenipotentiary, with special instructions to see that Jack Wardwell, Stryker, Huntington, Winne and a number of the old members who have not been to camp for some years are present next year.

Mr. John Wright, the efficient chairman of last year's Camp Site Committee, was confined to his home for some days after the meet with a lame back, acquired in hustling luggage, etc., belonging to members who needed a helping hand. John loaned them the only pair he had, and they were willing ones.

Mr. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, who, as a member of '99 Regatta Committee, acquired a few gray hairs while worrying over racing details, has so far recovered that he is looking around for a fast sailing canoe. Nothing less than Mab will suit him. He will camp in Squaw Point at Muskoka, as Mrs. Huntington will accompany him.

Chief Big Foot Seavey left Hay Island when camp was breaking up, clad in a gorgeous suit of pink pajamas and a straw hat. He reached New York city safely, but our correspondent did not say whether he had any difficulty in securing clearance papers at Clayton from the customs authorities. When last heard from, Mr. Seavey was wearing the knuckles of his right hand clothed in court plaster. He thinks it a good thing that his fifteen-year-old Hiawatha does not need sandpapering and varnishing over once in five years. She is now ready for the Muskoka meet.

Mr. C. Bower Vaux, he of Dot fame, together with Mrs. Vaux, will occupy quarters in Squaw Point next year. The secretary will notify the farmers near camp to provide safe quarters for their ducks, and not to allow their young calves to wander too far from their own fireside after dusk.

Ex-Com. Col. Harry Rogers, ex-Com. E. Burrell Edwards and Col. Jim Rogers, of Peterboro, have promised to come to Muskoka, likewise Mr. J. G. Edwards, of Lindsay. F. H. Gisborne, of Ottawa, hopes to be there after ten years' absence.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

- Jan. 6.—Newark, N. J.—Shoot of the South Side Gun Club. C. W. Feigenspan.
- Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; \$1,200 in prizes. Open to the world.
- Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.
- Jan. 24.—Brooklyn, L. I.—First contest for Brooklyn Eagle trophy.
- Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; \$1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.
- April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
- April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.
- May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.
- June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
- June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
- June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
- June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.
- Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
- Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
- Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

From the Commercial Tribune of Dec. 4 we clip the following concerning the Mosby-Graydon-Sullivan medal contests: "Yesterday saw the last shoot of the season and probably the last shoot for the Mosby-Graydon-Sullivan diamond medal at the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds. At the opening of the season the above-named gentlemen presented the club with a handsome diamond medal to be shot for semi-monthly, stipulating that the person who won the medal the greatest number of times during the year was to become its possessor. At the shoot held Dec. 7 the gentleman who won the medal had already won it once, and three of the other contestants had won it twice, making four tie for the prize. Had either of these gentlemen won the medal yesterday he would have become the owner, but it was taken yesterday by one of the donors, J. B. Mosby, thus making it necessary to return the medal to the club to be shot for another season. The participants complained bitterly concerning their handicaps, and said that it was not at all probable that if the medal was returned to the club any of the members would shoot for it, because of the fact that several of them had now spent as much money in an attempt to win it as it would take to purchase one like it. The four club members who were tied for the possession of the medal were Wanda, Maynard, Trimble and Squiers."

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed to its columns.

MR. LACEY'S BIRD BILL.

MR. LACEY, of Iowa, has again introduced, and in an amended form, the bill proposed by him in the recent session of Congress to establish under Government supervision the work of introducing and distributing game birds. Mr. Lacey's original scheme was to give this work into the hands of the Fish Commission, and it is understood that strong opposition to it was developed in the Commission. As amended, the measure enlarges the scope of the Department of Agriculture to comprise a game bird distributing bureau; and the Secretary may purchase or cause to be captured such wild birds as may be thought desirable for stocking purposes. If we are to have a national bird distributing agency it would come within the province of the Agricultural Department more logically than within that of the Fish Commission.

While, as has been suggested before, the undertaking of stocking game covers belongs legitimately to the individual States, there is in the establishment of the Fish Commission good precedent for the work as a Government enterprise. If a national commission may supply fish fry for the waters of the several States, there is no logical reason why a national game bird bureau might not supply birds to stock the land. It is probable that the work would be done much more effectively by the Government than by State enterprise, and there would perhaps be more respect paid to the protection of the introduced species than if the birds were put out by the local authorities.

A most excellent provision incorporated in Mr. Lacey's bill is that relating to the transportation of game from a State or Territory in violation of the State law. While, as has been pointed out before, abundant authority is vested in each individual State to forbid the export of game killed within its borders, and while the United States Supreme Court has upheld the statutes to this effect and their execution, notably in the case of *Geer vs. State of Connecticut*, it is urged with much show of reason that if violations of such laws are classed as violations of a national law, and the prosecution of violators is placed in the hands of United States agents, the very fact that those who infringe the statute have to deal with the national Government instead of their local authorities would serve to deter infractions of the law. There is much reason in the suggestion.

Another influence of the enactment would tend to correct the "constitutional rights" delusion which most people honestly entertain respecting this question of game transportation, and the other delusion which has to do with the interstate commerce aspect of the case. Nine men out of ten honestly enough believe that once they have captured their game it is theirs absolutely to do what they will with it, any restrictive statutes to the contrary notwithstanding; and the usual appeal from the operation of the law is to the Constitution of the United States, an instrument which is believed in some occult way to guarantee the individual full license to do as he will with game killed. This serene trust in the Constitution would probably abide for all time as against State laws, but would not prevail when confronted by a law

of Congress. And as for the conventional plea that to restrict the export of game from one State to another is something which belongs to Congress, since the Constitution gives that body the control of interstate commerce—with this national statute we shall have an end of that too, for Congress will thereby have regulated the interstate commerce in game. The effect of Mr. Lacey's measure will in this respect be most salutary; and the sooner we have such a law the more secure shall we be in our game protective systems.

The trend of opinion and of legislation embodying that opinion is in the direction of restricting the transportation of game. The expedient is wise and effective. Game export should be forbidden, and the traffic should cease. For as a matter of fact, to forbid and to cause to stop are two entirely distinct propositions. We have local laws in a plethora; but in New York City, for instance, the sale of game birds is continuous in much of the close season. Illicit game is served freely and openly in hotels and restaurants. Game dealers handle birds shipped to them surreptitiously as poultry or other produce. And what is true of New York is true of most other cities. There is a widespread faith that if only Congress would legislate on the transportation of game all this would be changed. We do not fully share that trust; but in the particular directions here pointed out there is good reason to believe that Mr. Lacey's measure would exercise a most salutary influence.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

Is the average man afraid in the woods at night? By the average man is meant, of course, one who is unaccustomed to the woods and unwonted to being out in the woods of nights. Experience and observation show that the first night in camp is for the novice a season of perturbation and ill-defined, or undefinable, apprehensions. The night sounds are weird and mysterious, and magnified a thousand fold as they insistently bear themselves in upon his attention. They are all strange, and that which is unknown in the darkness is feared. Thousands of campers-out have found their first night one of misery by reason of these fears. The creaking of boughs, the fall of twigs, the grinding of one branch against another, the splash of a frog in a pool, the jumping of fish, the rustling of field mice, even the light impact of insects upon the tent—all these are to the alert and listening novice sufficient cause for nervous speculation and terror.

The fear of the dark is inborn in human nature; and many a person who finds himself alone in the dark in a strange place is given to panic, against which it is usually useless to summon the fortitude of reasoning and appeal to common sense. It is not in any degree a subject that common sense has to do with. Common sense holds sway in the sunlight; it may desert one in the darkness.

As for the average man, he is "scared of the dark" in the woods. However strenuous may be the denial of this by one who does deny it, if he would honestly confess, and moved by a desire to add his testimony to the actual, would give the facts, he would acknowledge the night fears of his initiation into woodcraft.

The experienced woodsman may laugh at the novice and affect to rally him upon his cowardice, but there is nothing to be ashamed of in the entertainment of fear in the dark. It is human nature, and he who is subject to its control need have no false pride to withhold acknowledgment of it.

Recent relations of experience in FOREST AND STREAM have told of this night fear, and of the satisfaction which was felt in the possession of firearms for defense against the things of darkness, although the writers appear not to have had any tangible notion of what the subjects of their fears actually were. The topic is one on which we would be glad to have the testimony of those who would care to give it.

In a recent lecture on the zebras of East Africa, Prof. Ewart described the zebra as an animal capable of domestication as a docile servant of man. But the one insuperable obstacle to their usefulness was an uncontrollable and apparently ineradicable tendency to make a prodigious bound if they imagined that something was about to leap on them, and they were forever indulging just such imaginations. Sometimes a man in the woods is much of a zebra. His imagination gets the better of him, and he has lights of it. In the dark his imagination tells

him that something is going to jump upon him. What it is he does not define, nor vaguely conjecture. It is a nothing which is to him a something. And the average man shies just as the zebra does.

"THE LARGEST BIRD THAT FLIES."

THE article printed last week on the largest bird that flies was of great interest, but an omission from it no doubt struck more than one reader. Mr. Harting, although considering the condor among his largest birds, devoted his remarks and citations principally to birds of the old world, and said nothing about the American turkey, which certainly deserves a place in the list. Though more of a walker, the turkey possesses great powers of flight, while its weight is unquestionably greater than that of any bird given in Mr. Harting's list. It is a common matter for the adult male wild turkey to weigh more than 20 pounds. We have weighed a gobbler which drew down the scale at 32 pounds; Audubon saw one of 36 pounds, while Bonaparte reported the existence of some weighing 40 pounds. These were wild birds and well able to fly. The barnyard fowl is said to attain a still greater weight.

Commenting on this subject, the Osprey refers editorially to the harpy eagle, which is thought to be one of the heaviest birds of prey, but about the actual weight of which nothing very definite is known.

We have ourselves killed a wild whistling swan in poor condition which weighed 25 pounds, and we do not doubt that at times they become considerably larger, perhaps exceeding 30 pounds in weight.

While the turkey is a good flier, its main dependence, of course, is on running. It is so swift as often for a time to run away from dogs, and in some parts of the Southwest it is coursed with greyhounds, being forced to frequent flight, and finally run down by the dogs. An illustration of this sport is found in Mr. Roosevelt's book "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." In old times, in the Indian Territory, it was not unusual in certain localities for the Indians to run down turkeys on their ponies, and in rainy or foggy weather when the bird's plumage was water-soaked and heavy, we have seen young Pawnee boys run down turkeys and capture them on foot. This, of course, could take place only in an open country. Among timber or underbrush the turkey can readily outstrip any pursuer.

SNAP SHOTS.

We print the text of Senator Hoar's bill for the protection of song birds. It is designed to put an end to the traffic in bird feathers and thus to the destruction of birds for their plumage. We call attention again to an apparent obscurity as to the application of the proposed law to game birds. The title of this bill designates it as a measure "for the protection of song birds," and the exception in the first section "except for food" may extend to the second section forbidding transportation. But no room possible for doubt should be left respecting the application of this measure to such birds only as are not game. Congress has already played mischief with the game bird interests of this country by forbidding the importation of partridge eggs from Europe. Senator Hoar's bill appears to be deficient in providing for the enforcement of the law.

One of the best and most effective kinds of fish transplanting is that accomplished by the United States Fish Commission in saving black bass and other useful fishes from the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, and turning them into the Potomac River. During the week ending Dec. 23, 1899, 4,236 black bass, 410 rock bass, 627 crappies, 693 white perch, 220 yellow perch, 3,470 catfish, 3,850 sunfish, 498 carp, 4,800 suckers and about 79,000 minnows were seined within a distance of ninety-two miles, and with the exception of the carp, placed in the river. Of the bass, 700 or 800 were adult fish, and their progeny should number many thousands. The minnows, as a matter of course, were sent along as food for the bass, and it is safe to say that the small catfish and suckers will share the same fate.

We quote from the New York Commission's report Mr. James Annin's instructive paper on the winged enemies of fish. Mr. Annin's long experience as a fishculturist gives special value to what he writes.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Windows.—I

THE Parsonage stands on the outskirts of a very small town in the erstwhile pampas of North America. Supposing the Parsonage to have been here, one might have looked out through its windows thirty years ago and have seen those far-stretching hills and valleys, white carpeted with buffalo grass, dotted all over with great rolling hulks of buffalo. Huge, dusky and ragged they roved at will, knowing no herdsman but the north wind, with its lashes pointed with frost, which drove them south in winter; and no corral but that framed by the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains.

Just over that low-lying range of hills to the south is where the original Texas cattle trail leading north crossed the old Santa Fé wagon trail leading west. There is little left to call to mind either of these once great thoroughfares. Here and there a deep gully washed in some bank with minor gullies slanting into it, marks the spot where cattle paths concentrated in crossing some streams. Here and there a dozen of these gullies winding over some hill mark the course of the old Santa Fé trail. Keeping in one track until wind and water had carried the loosened earth out of the wheel tracks, and until the axle began to drag on the ridge between, the freighters would move over and sometimes a dozen of these abandoned tracks would be seen abreast. But time and cultivation have obliterated both trails, until it is now a rare thing to find any of these marked characteristics.

Ah! the footsteps of time have indeed pressed heavily on the face of nature round about; but looked at by one whose first impressions of the outside world were formed on these white carpeted prairies, as the Parson's were, there are still little patches, enough to form stages, where memory can re-enact the scenes of yore.

Just outside the Parsonage window is one of these. It is a very small patch, laid out in city lots when the village was expected to rival Chicago. It is too small for a field, and too large for a garden; and has thus escaped the march of progress, and is still of the primeval sod. It is a mixture of bunch grass and of buffalo grass. The bunch grass predominates, giving it a reddish cast, but there are round, white patches of buffalo grass, all through it, so that one can have the stage carpeted to suit.

Away in the distance is another little spot of unpolluted nature, where the hills are too rocky for cultivation, making another little stage to which the scenes of old may be transferred. Of course, to get a good reproduction of one's adventures, one must sit at just the right angle and have the curtains adjusted to a nicety, else the corner of some tall hedge, wheat field, barn or farmhouse will thrust itself into the negative and shatter it as one might shatter the most delicate piece of china by a blow with a hammer.

The scenes to be played on this little stage were written by events in years past. The Parson's life, or the impressionable part of it, has been an adventurous one. Not thrilling adventures made up of desperate hand to hand encounters with grizzlies and Indians, such as the travelers in the West are sure to bump up against nowadays, but adventures of a mild sort, such as one met in real life on the plains thirty years ago.

To be sure, there were bears and Indians in it; but the bears ran away just as real bears do; and the Indians were friendly and feasted you or feasted with you, as the case might be, in the day, and stole your duffle or ponies at night. Sometimes they would stab a white man in the back, or shoot him from ambush in revenge for some insult, real or fancied, just as white people stab and stab at the reputation of their nearest and dearest neighbors when the neighbors are looking the other way. Now and then a war party would swoop on some emigrant train, unable to resist the temptation of much spoil, just as you see great Christian nations swooping down on weaker ones from the same cause. Yes, the noble red man was very like the rest of us, Cooper to the contrary notwithstanding; though more simple hearted, they remembered a kindness longer and seldom severed a friendship without good and sufficient cause. The Parson, however, has been worse frightened at unexpectedly meeting roving bands of white men in the wilds of the West than he ever was by Indians, and lost more duffle by them too.

But it is of pleasanter things we wish to speak, so let us adjust the curtains and see what comes first upon the stage. Ah! there they come! the Parson and another "kid" (the Parson was a "kid" then). They are following a trail not unlike the Santa Fé trail, yet it is not that. To the north is a river with clusters of great cottonwood trees here and there along its winding course. To the south is a range of sand hills. The level prairie between reaches in places to the abrupt embankment of the river and looks down into the mad whirl of muddy waters; at other points there are dense thickets between where the river has changed its course and left bars where cottonwood, willow and grape seed have taken root and grown up in a promiscuous tangle. Some of these sandy bars have withstood the lashes of time for fifty years, and cottonwood trees several feet in diameter cluster upon them; others are of last year's origin, and only low bushes cover them.

The stream is the Loup River: the trail is a Pawnee Indian trail leading south from their village only a few miles above, and just across the river, that sand ridge, along whose foot the trail follows, is Vinter's Ridge; so called at that time anyhow. The Parson and the other kid were on an expedition up into the Indian reservation after big game. It was an impromptu expedition, launched on the spur of the moment, and the outfit was not elaborate—such provisions as were deemed unnecessary for a five days' trip and two light guns, with not a blanket nor a change of clothes.

There was no sign of human habitation along the trail at this point, and we had begun to congratulate ourselves on getting beyond the pale of civilization at last, when we sighted a dry goods box lying upon the prairie some 200 yards ahead. What boy with a new rifle ever saw such a mark without responding with a bullet?

I had an elegant Frank Wesson .44-cal. single-shot rifle of which I was very proud. It was a fine shooter, and at 250 yards I could place my bullet in an 18-inch circle with

absolute certainty. There was a black spot on the box about the size of the crown of a hat, very likely the trademark of the company that had shipped goods in it. I very promptly bet my interest in the first deer brought down on the trip that I could place a bullet in the black spot from the top of the little knoll over which we first sighted the box.

I was soon stretched on the ground, and had a fine bead on the black spot with finger resting lightly on the trigger of the rifle, when my companion suggested that perhaps there might be something of value in the box. Pausing a moment to discuss the probability of this, we decided that it would be better to examine before shooting, though neither of us thought there was the slightest chance of there being anything of value within two miles of us, as the trail had gone out of use since the advent of the Union Pacific Railroad, and grass growing up about the box gave it the appearance of having lain there at least a year.

The mere hint of possible damage, however, was enough to defer the shooting until an examination should be made. The box was some 4 feet square, and the side opposite our position was open. Imagine our surprise then on going round it to find a young lady on the inside. Her father had recently made settlement in the hills just off the trail, and she was herding the cattle. The box had been brought out to shelter her from sun and shower, and her only companion was a coach dog. The cattle were just out of sight in a ravine, thus escaping our notice.

We stopped and chatted for half an hour, but it was a half-hour of nightmare for us. I noted with morbid curiosity that the central point between her shoulders, as she sat on a bag of hay inside the box, just lined with the center of the bullseye made by the trademark on the outside. I even made a mental calculation of just where the bullet would have come through the bosom of her dress and settled on the particular button that would have likely been shot away. We never told her of her danger; but if there had been any service we could have rendered her, at a cost less than our lives, we would have been only too happy in rendering it, and all because I did not finish pulling the trigger, already beginning to yield to the pressure of my finger when my friend interrupted me.

It was weeks before I could look through the sight of a rifle without that face rising between and blurring it. It was a good lesson to the Parson, and from that day to this he has never fired at anything (unless, indeed, it might have been with rhetoric) without having full knowledge of the nature of his target. If any person, boy or man, who owns a rifle shall read this, let him call it to mind when he is tempted to shoot without knowing just what he is shooting at.

We were just about opposite the Pawnee village when nightfall warned us to go into camp. We did not expect to make a point of concealing ourselves, but having read some of Cooper's tales, we thought it best not to make ourselves too prominent. In selecting a camp, we built our fire down in a pocket at the side of a draw, where it could not be seen from 10 yards away. We thought this plan equal to the strategy of the white man in the Indian country, who built a very small fire and sat astride it to conceal it. We were a little afraid of the Indians, despite our profession of faith; for we did not know but there might be bad Indians as well as bad white men, though there is no doubt we were much safer than we would have been camped on a vacant lot in New York City. We could hear the Indian youth at play across the river, here a quarter of a mile wide, but saw none on our side, and with our camp so well concealed we felt that there was no great danger of our being even discovered. So much for our caution.

We had no blankets; but by keeping a small fire going we could sleep very comfortably beside it on the ground. We kept alternate watches to keep the fire going, until after midnight, and then we both inadvertently closed our eyes at once. When we opened them a moment later there was only a bed of cold gray ashes, where an instant before had been glowing embers. Day was breaking, and our teeth chattered some as we rebuilt the fire and began to prepare for breakfast. Beshinking me to take a survey of our surroundings, I climbed the bank and was surprised to see three Indians camped within 50 yards of us; they had a knowing smile on their faces as I walked up to them. They had, no doubt, discovered and made a complete analysis of our camp during the night, and then being too polite to disturb us, had gone 50 yards away to make their camp.

We met a number of Indians after this, during our stay on the reservation; and from all of them we got pressing invitation to "come to Pawnee house," which meant for us to come and visit them at their homes. They all seemed to know who we were; and we were never questioned as to whether our footsteps were directed. We wondered at this, but later learned it was from our association with Major Frank North, for we had spent the summer at his farm, twenty miles down the river.

We followed up the south bank of the Loup till opposite the mouth of Cedar River. Here we crossed the Loup to the north side. We had had one experience in hiding our camp, and we now determined to select the most prominent point we could find; and an hour before sundown we were occupying the high bluff on the west of, and overhanging, the Cedar River, just where the two valleys meet.

To the south of us we had a fine view of the valley of the Loup with its long line of green cottonwood and willow. To the north we could trace the valley of the Cedar for many miles. The bluffs at this point are very high, and we had a fine view. Every hill and stream in that country was associated with Indian adventures, and we enjoyed the prospect greatly. The bluffs on the west side of the Cedar are very abrupt, rising sheer from the river; on the east side they slant back for more than a mile.

As we sat enjoying our surroundings, we noticed a white spot on this slope. Watching it, we saw that it moved, and was coming toward the river. At the time neither of us had ever seen a wild antelope, but we decided that this was one coming down to the river for water. I was soon scrambling down the side of the bluff, and across the low ground that bordered the stream. There was a thick tangle of underbrush and vines for me to work my way through. At one place I came to a thicket

of plums; great yellow fellows that hung in a golden wall all about me. I stopped and ate several before moving on, which should testify as to their flavor. As I came out to the edge of the prairie land there was an abrupt embankment 4 feet high, overlooking a little flat some hundred yards in extent. A tree growing on the lower ground drooped one of its branches over on this little table and concealed me from anything on it. As I looked out from behind this screen I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the very thing I was in search of, a real live buck antelope, standing there and looking about him.

The bank in front of me was just high enough for me to rest my arms on, so that I could hold my rifle solid as a rock, but the sights would blur. Twice the face of a girl in a setting of flaxen hair intruded and spoiled the bead, and then I got mad and thrust it away, and fixing the copper-colored muzzle sight against the antelope's ribs, just back of the shoulders, I held it firmly there and pressed the trigger. At the crack of the rifle the antelope gave one frantic bound and then stopped, as if to look about, then oblivion stole softly over him, his forelegs trembled and gave way under him, and he plunged forward to rise no more. For a minute or two I was very proud of my prize, and then I began to wonder what I was to do with it.

Dusk was already creeping on, and that tangle of underbrush was between me and camp. We had been killing grouse wherever we wanted to, and broiled grouse had been the greater part of our living. After locating camp my companion, who carried a shotgun, had shot four to supply our wants for supper and breakfast. Thinking this over, I decided to use what daylight there was yet left in making my way back to camp, and left the buck lying as he fell.

In the morning the antelope was beginning to spoil. This was lesson No. 2 for the Parson, and taught him never to shoot game on the spur of the moment without some idea of how he is to utilize it. The destruction of valuable game, killed and left to rot, is the worst crime a hunter can be guilty of. A glance at the map shows that we must have left that antelope lying on the site now occupied by the town of Fullerton, Neb.

We had expected to go into camp the third night on the Loup River, some eight miles above the Pawnee village, but at night there was a dark cloud rising in the west, and the distant rumble of thunder warned us that it was useless to expect to keep a camp-fire burning through the night, and without it we should suffer with the cold, so, after preparing and eating supper, we pushed on toward the village, our objective point being Indian trader Platt's barn, half a mile beyond.

It was far into the night when we reached the village, and the rain was pouring down. As we threaded our way among those dome-like mud huts in the inky darkness, we scarcely breathed, expecting each moment to hear the yell of a dozen Indian dogs at our heels, but we got through all right, and reached Platt's barn in safety where we crawled up into the loft and found a great heap of buffalo robes. Maybe there was not luxury in those smoky old robes, but we thought there was.

Next day we made our way back to the North farm, where we had been making experiments in fruit growing in the far West. On our way down river we shot a dozen fine green-wing teal. We were keeping back at the time, and after dressing them were preparing to cook them, but Mrs. North, the Major's mother, took pity on us and took the job off our hands, and we took supper at the Major's that night. But night is rolling down the curtain and the scene fades.

THE PARSON.

Sam's Boy.—VII.

Nor many days after this the old shoemaker and his little comrade were strolling along the brook in the idle observation of many curious and beautiful things. Now it was trout flashing from one hiding place to another; now the golden shimmer of a sand bank beneath sunlit ripples; now a sandpiper flitting before them on sickle-shaped wings, or alighting in the water's edge and balancing itself on its slender legs with odd, jerky teetering of its body; now the mossy nest of a phebe-bird, stuck like a pocket on the face of a rock, and one of its little builders and owners calling sharply from various perches, "Phebe, Phebe!"

"That's his wife's name, and he's forever a-calling of her so's 't I should think she'd git sick an' tired o' hearin' on 't," Uncle Lisha explained.

They were approaching a grove out of which the brook came, and with its changing babble was heard the clear resonant sound of measured strokes mingling with their own cool, shivering echoes, such as are heard only in leafy woodland interiors, and which alone repeat the bell and flute of the wood and hermit thrushes.

"Someb'dy or 'nother 's a-paoundin' basket stuff," said Uncle Lisha, after listening a moment; "but who on airth it is is more'n I can guess."

But the riddle was solved when, upon entering the woods, they discovered a dingy tent pitched beside the brook and near it two men and a woman, all with faces the color of new copper cents, and eyes and hair as black as a crow's wing.

One of the men was belaboring a peeled ash log from end to end with the head of an axe; the other was splitting long, slender spruce roots in twain; and the woman was weaving a pretty basket of red, blue and yellow splints.

"Why, good airth an' seas; if it hain't Injuns!" Uncle Lisha exclaimed; and at the name and the recollections of Gran'ther Hill's tales Sammy's heart sank and his hair arose.

"Injuns! Oh, le's run, Unc' Lisher!" he gasped, with a backward tug at the finger he clung to.

"Why, bless his heart, they won't hurt nob'dy, an' mebbey we'll git a pooty baskit or so'thin' tu kerry home wi' us," said Uncle Lisha reassuringly, and marched straight into the camp in the most reckless manner, hailing its occupants with a hearty "Haow d' du." The man who was hammering the log suspended his labor, grinned amiably and responded: "Quice."

The root splitter glanced up at the visitors and made a like response, and the woman smiled on the little boy in that quite dispelled his fears.

"Gittin' aot basket splints, be ye?" Uncle Lisha inquired. "Wal, your womern's a-makin' a neat one, sartin. An' what's t'other feller callin' tu du wi' them spruce rhuts, if I might ask?"

"Sew um canoe," the splint pounder answered laconically.

"Oh, you're a-goin' tu make a kernew, hey?" the old man asked, and presently descried a great roll of freshly peeled birch bark.

"Yas, make um canoe," the Indian answered. "No git um good bark dar," indicating the lake valley by a nod in that direction. "Tree too small. Me come here five-six year 'go. Make um canoe for Sam Lovet. You know um Sam Lovet?"

"Sam Lovet! Good Lord, yes! I live 'long wi' him, an' this 'ere's his boy."

"Hees boy? Wal, he nice boy," the Indian said, regarding Sammy with more interest, as did his companions after he had spoken to them in their own language, whose soft monotony fell in with the babble of the brook and the murmur of the wind in the trees as harmoniously as if it were but another voice of nature. "Lovet good man," he said, leaning his axe against the log and slouching over to a bunch of baskets hanging on a tent pole. He selected a small bright-colored one and put it in Sammy's timid hands. "Me give boy dat for peek um berry," and Sammy stared speechlessly until prompted by his mentor.

"An' wha' d' ye say for that, Bub?" And then in confusion he stammered:

"Thank ye, marm."

Uncle Lisha seated himself comfortably at a favorable point of observation, and having filled his pipe offered tobacco to the Indians, who filled and lighted their pipes, while the little boy sat in rapt admiration of his basket, as fascinating in its smoky, woodsy odor as in its bright colors and neat workmanship. When his eyes were taken off it their attention was divided between the nimble fingers of the woman and the man's, so skillfully splitting of the slender roots that the halves were always of like thickness, coaxed to equal division by slight turns of the wrists.

"Haow much be you a-goin' tu tax me for a bow-arrer the right size for a chap like this 'ere?" indicating Sammy by a twist of the thumb.

"Oh, guess twen'-five cen', bow an' one arrerh," the Indian answered, taking measure with his eye of the prospective archer. After duly considering the matter Uncle Lisha gave the order with the addition of another arrow, foreseeing that one would be lost and that there should be another to send in search of it.

The splint pounder picked up an unavailable bit of basket stuff and at once began fashioning an arrow with a peculiar crooked knife which he held with his palm upward and always drew toward him. In all their movements these people were so deliberate—as if to-day would wait on them indefinitely and the morrow was not to be considered—that Uncle Lisha could not help thinking how Joseph Hill would envy their infinite leisure. If it were to light a pipe or to save a bit of meat from burning, the one was gone about as deliberately as the other, and one could but think good and bad fortune would be accepted with equal equanimity.

Sammy's heart was won by the gift of the basket, and they had taken as kindly to him, so that during their stay he was a welcome and frequent visitor, with Uncle Lisha, his father or his mother, whom he brought to the camp and introduced. When it came to building the canoe he was never tired of watching the patient work, from the smoothing of the ground and driving the stakes, the weighting down of the frame with stones upon the great sheet of bark, the slitting of it and sewing, when the spruce roots came to play their part, the raising of the frame to its place, as gunwales and cross bars, the lining of the canoe with cedar strips, lengthwise and athwart, and the final pitching of seams with turpentine and grease; when the beautiful craft, staunch and light, was ready for voyaging over the shallows of shaded woodland streams or the turbulent depths of the lake.

Samy became expert enough with the bow to frighten the chipmunks he shot at, and one day came to the camp boasting that he had hit the ear of a hare that he found sitting in her form.

"An' what makes a rabbit have such long ears an' hind legs?" he asked Tocksoose, who was chief spokesman of the Indian trio in their intercourse with their white neighbors.

"Oh, dat come so, long time 'go," Tocksoose answered as he punched the bark with an awl and followed it with a thread of root. "Den rabbit have long tail an' short hin' leg an' ear jus' same anybody. Den one day fox be hungry an' chase rabbit, oh, very hard, so rabbit run in hole in rock—so big hole fox can run in too. Den rabbit go in far end, an' dar lee'l hole go out, jus' mos' big 'nough so rabbit can go t'rough an' fox ketch it by his leg an' pull, an' rabbit pull with fore leg an' cry so hard like baby, squaw hear an' come for help it; ketch hol' ear an' pull so fox le' go leg an' pull tail, so tail pull off short, an' squaw pull rabbit out. But he look so he ain't know he self—ear pull out long, hin' leg pull out long an' tail all pull off mos'; an' when fox see, he ain't know it was rabbit, an' he jump so far wid dat long hin' leg he can't ketch it. Den when winter come an' snow fall, rabbit set still an' let snow come all over him, so fox can't see him close by if he shut up hees eye; an' now he always have ear an' hin' leg long an' tail short, an' he white in winter."

"That's a real good story, Mr. Tocksoose," said Samy, only eager for more. "An' was it some such way the minks got black?"

"Yas, guess so. You see, Wonakake—dat's otter—got mad 'cause mink ketch um so many fish, so he chase mink for kill it, an' mink pooty scare. He all white then jus' same weasel in winter, so otter can see it great way off; an' mink can't hide. So he run in where fire burn tree an' rub hees'f on burnt tree so he all black. Den he turn roun' an' walk back, an' byme bye meet otter run hard. Otter ain't know dat black feller, an' ask it, 'You see mink go dis way?' Mink say no, he ain't see it. Otter tink funny he can smell mink but can't see it, an' run on fast, but never ketch um mink. Mink like um color so well he always keep it, an' ketch 'em more fish as ever, 'cause fish can't see um so easy, an' so he be black now."

"That's a good story, too," Samy gave cordial approval. "Won't you tell some more?"

"No, dat all me know for tell um to-day," Tocksoose answered, intent upon his sewing. Sammy thought it strange that a man of such experience in woodcraft should have but two stories to tell in one day, yet remained silent while he watched Mrs. Tocksoose preparing some trout for cooking.

She slipped six dressed trout crosswise into the cleft of a green wand, tied the cleft end together with a strip of bark, thrust the other end into the ground and slanted this primitive broiler at a proper angle over the coals, and then resumed her basket weaving after washing her hands in the brook—for she kept them scrupulously clean for this delicate work, though nothing else in the camp showed so much care. Sammy thought Uncle Lisha's mode of cooking fish preferable to hers, but forbore any disparaging comments.

"Didn't you never kill no bears?" he asked, turning his attention to the canoe maker with a view to more stories.

"Yas, me kill um good many bear," Tocksoose answered.

"Haow du you hunt 'em?"

"Oh, bes' time in fall when fust snow come. Den bear go look for place sleep all winter, an' me foller track in snow. Sometime find 'em in hole of rock; den no can git ub. Sometime he jus' curl up an' go sleep under root where tree blow over; den can git um easy. Jus' shoot an' kill um."

"Oh, hain't that fun?" cried Sammy, hugging his knees.

"Sometime; not all time," said Tocksoose. "One day me find um bear so under tree. Den look um in for see. Bear mad for be wake up, jus' same you s'pose you git sleep all good, den somebody come wake you. Bear come out, 'Woof!' Me ketch um foot on stick, fall on back; bear come right top, bite hard—see!" He showed some ugly scars on one hand. "Den open mou' for bite more. My brodder right close by; shoot um bear right in head; fall right on me; blood plenty all over me. Den skin um bear, git um lot grease, git um lot meat, git um bounty. Dat all right."

"That wa'n't all so much fun," said Sammy; and then began teasing for more; but nothing further was to be got from Tocksoose that day, so the boy reluctantly went his way homeward.

"Well, where's mammy's man been all this time?" his mother asked as he made his appearance in the kitchen.

"Oh, huntin' an' visitin' 'long wi' the Injuns," he answered, going over to the cradle to inspect the sleeping baby.

"Well, he ought to ask afore he goes off so. Mammy worries when she don't know where her little man is."

"Unc' Lisher don't ask when he goes," Sammy argued in excuse.

"Oh, but Uncle Lisher is a great big growed-up man; the' wouldn't nothin' hurt him. S'posin' a bear ketched Sammy?"

"I do' know, 'cause I hain't got no brother to shoot him, as Mr. Tocksoose had when a bear come right top on him. Baby couldn't, 'cause she hain't big 'nough. Say, I'm a-goin' tu ask Darkter to bring me one."

"Or s'posin' he got lost, same as Aunt Polly did oncte an' would ha' died 'way off in the woods if Daddy hedn't faound her?"

"Oh, I'd holler an' he'd find me," he answered, in the fullness of perfect faith.

"Well, he musn't go 'way so any more," said Huldah in final disposition of the question.

Having this rule impressed upon him, Sammy's next visit to the Indian camp was made with his mother's permission. As he drew near he heard no sound but the continual babbling of the brook and the occasional joining with it of a wood thrush's song, like a jangle of silver bells. When he came to the place he found it quite deserted—the dingy tent gone, the beds of evergreen twigs naked of blankets, the fire dead, the last used wooden spit and broiler slanted over the cold ashes beneath the blackened crotches and pole on which the kettle used to swing as it bubbled and seethed so cheerily. The ground was littered with shavings, refuse splints and scraps of birch bark warped into yellow rolls. It all looked so desolate and deserted that poor Sammy was heavy hearted enough over the departure of his friends—gone like summer birds, without warning or farewell.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

On the West Coast.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Home once more! After two months of very pleasant outing the Kingfisher is again at her moorings in the Spring.

What did we shoot? How many fish did we catch? To answer both questions at once: We did not go to shoot or fish, but to do any or neither, as the notion took us. The cruise was organized with the understanding that we were to be absolutely free to go as far, to stop as long, and to come back when we got ready. We wanted to get out doors, to stroll on the beach—gather shells, watch the fish and the birds, explore every little bay or creek that promised anything of interest. To be at home wherever we were, to start when we pleased and stop when we got ready.

The programme was faithfully carried out, and the cruise was one of the few things in life to be looked back to without regret or a wish to change.

But I did not set out to tell you about the cruise altogether. That will do for another time—that is, providing FOREST AND STREAM readers want it.

The outing was delightful, but I was glad to get home all the same. Glad to meet my friends, glad to see my home, to see my trees, my roses, pet my cats and my chickens, pick up my correspondence, but gladdest of all to read up the good old FOREST AND STREAM. It gets better every day. When I got hold of the first paper of "Sam's Boy" I was happy. What a debt we all owe Mr. Robinson! May his shadow never be less!

And I have a little jubilee of my own to tell you about too. Many of your readers know I have long been searching for an old book—"Tales of the Ocean." Well, it's here at last, after twenty years of searching. Eureka! It came while I was away, and Mrs. Tarpon quietly laid it away for a Christmas surprise—and it was a surprise, too. The old book that I had not seen for fifty years—it seemed like the renewal of an old friendship. After all

the time, it was as familiar as though I had laid it down but yesterday. It almost made me a boy again. I am more easily pleased than I used to be. Many things which I used to take quite serious seem petty to me now. I wonder if age brings the same change to all.

And Antler is gone. Only a short time ago (Oct. 12) he wrote me, "If I live through January I shall be eighty-eight years old. I cannot expect many more years or even months." He was a great admirer of Nessmuk, and never wrote me without speaking of him. As one said who knew Mr. Stratton well, "He was a kindly, lovable old man."

I was glad Sir Thomas did not get the Cup, and yet I rather hoped he would sometimes. He made a gentlemanly fight for it, and if any one ever deserved to win it was Sir Thomas Lipton. He won something better, however—the love and respect of all who met him. The Shamrock was a good boat, but the old Cup has become so wanted to America that it will take a very good boat to carry it off. The first yacht race I ever saw was when the America won the Cup in 1851, and it only seems a few days ago. I was but a lump of a boy, but I remember it well. I suppose everything in the boating line is very quiet now in New York waters; about the time our boating begins. We used to have races every Saturday, but now we have nothing but cruises, and we get lots of fun with them, too. But perhaps I am spinning too much of a yarn. I have forgotten just what I wanted to say, anyway, and so I think I'll stop. I suppose your waste basket is of good size. Hoping so, I'll say so 'long.

TARPON.

P. S.—It's raining like fun. I expect it's snowing in New York.

Natural History.

Some Animal Traits.

CHILLICOTHE, O., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several months ago we were told through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that many of the faults and crimes of men were not peculiar to the highest order of the animal kingdom alone, but were met with in the lower orders, and numerous instances of acts which we call crimes were cited as occurring among animals. It should not be forgotten that many traits and acts of highest esteem in man are habitually practiced among animals, several of which are pointed out in inclosed clipping from Public Opinion, which is an abstract of Dr. Woods Hutchinson's paper in the Contemporary Review.

Although many painful instances are on record of the ruthless destruction by animals of the young and females of other species, or even of their own, yet there is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of unwritten law through the animal kingdom, that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immunity which must be respected. Indeed, I think most exceptions to this rule would be found to depend on some curious connection in the animal mind between size and strength, for most of them are in the cases of small animals, between whom and their young victims there is not so much discrepancy in size. In fact, the balance may be in favor of the victim. Certain of the smallest animals, such as stoats, weasels, martens, etc., are the worst offenders in this respect, and dogs which can be easily urged to chase a lamb or a calf will turn aside from, and refuse to attack blind kittens or very young rabbits.

The attitude of animals toward the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of a most Hibernian delight in the "fog o' fightin'," and extremely jealous, to the degree of quarrelsomeness, of every rival that came about the place. He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognized as the master of most in the neighborhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him he would turn tail and flee in apparently abject terror. If he came into the house and found a puppy (of which there were usually one or two in stock in those days) sprawling upon the hearth-rug, he would turn and bolt as if he had seen a snake, and refuse to return until he thought the coast was clear. And several of my hounds appeared to possess this curious "puppy-dread" in less degree.

It might also be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance. The little dog seems to realize this thoroughly, so that it may almost be taken as a general rule that the smaller the dog the more quarrelsome and abusive he is. The attitude of dogs and other domestic animals toward the babies or children of the family to which they belong, and which they probably regard as adopted into their own family circle, is a familiar illustration of this same feeling. Nor is this simply a matter of affection for the particular individual; on the contrary, its purely impersonal and, if we might use the term, abstract character is sometimes most curiously shown.

This sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread throughout the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped from their pen, and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill little squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up, tusks gnashing, and fierce, barking war cry ringing. Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half wild condition, up on the ranges. To startle suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sagebrush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot.

Among our bird cousins the response to this cry is almost equally prompt. By far the most effective means of bringing birds about you for the purpose of cultivating their acquaintance, after you have settled yourself, field



THE GREAT ANT-EATER—DRAWN FOR FOREST AND STREAM BY EDWIN LUTZ.

glass in hand, with your back against a tree trunk, is to place your lips to the back of your hand in the kissing position and suck in the air vigorously while keeping them firmly pressed, this giving rise to a half squeaking, half whistling sound that closely resembles the cry of a young bird in distress. It is astonishing how quickly this will sometimes cause an apparently deserted thicket to become fairly alive with birds, all in a state of anxious excitement.

No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defense; though I am sorry to say that the lady herself, as a rule, has no scruple whatever about punishing, to the full extent of her power, any individual of the opposite sex that happens to be inferior to her in size or strength. So strong is this unwillingness to strike a female that few male hounds will attack a she wolf or even follow her trail. Something of the same deference to the gentler sex may be seen among horses. Although a horse will promptly attack any other horse which may interfere with him, either in the field or in harness, he will very seldom attack a mare. Farm horses which can not be worked alongside of any other horse on account of their savage tempers, may be safely yoked in double harness with a mare. Mares, on the other hand, will attack either their own or the opposite sex without the slightest hesitation whenever they "feel disposed," yet I have never seen serious or retaliatory resistance offered by the latter.

The Great or Giant Ant-Eater.

At the new zoological gardens in Bronx Park there is on exhibition from Venezuela a giant ant-eater, one of the most outlandish looking creatures in all the domain of nature. It is an animal about $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet high. The body and tail taken together measure about 7 feet in length. The tail is usually carried curved over the back, draping and shading the body. In appearance the bushy tail may be likened to a clump of ornamental grass. The head is very small, but it is prolonged into a snout a foot or more in length. The mouth is at the extremity of this snout.

The ant-eater belongs to that group of the animal kingdom known as the Edentates, a class usually toothless. If they have any teeth at all, they are few in number, of a rudimentary or simple form, in the back of the head. The ant-eaters are toothless. They resemble in this respect birds, and they furthermore bear a resemblance to the bird creation, in the possession of a muscular gizzard-like stomach. One feature of the Edentates is that they all have some peculiarity in the covering of the body. The armadillo, for instance, has a shell of armor; the pangolin, a series of shingle-like scales; the aardvark, native to the Transvaal, a pig-like skin, scantily covered with hair, and lastly the ant-eater with a bushy tail and the body plentifully covered with hair.

The ant-eater is in many ways unlike other animals. The most striking dissimilarity is in its mouth, which does not open and shut with an up-and-down movement of the lower jaw, as that of all other quadrupeds; but it is a mere aperture, opening only enough to admit of the passage of the foot long whip-like tongue.

In captivity the ant-eater is fed on bread and milk. In its native haunts, the forests of South America, it feeds exclusively on termites, or, as they are commonly called, white ants. These termites abound in the wilds of tropical America, and the ant-eater tears open with its sharp fore claws their conical mud nests, and with its slender tongue licks up the inmates out of every nook and crevice.

The ant-eater has a queer way of walking—it is the manner in which it uses its fore limbs. The claws of its fore limbs are so constructed that they are incapable of sustaining the weight of the body, but are turned backward, compelling the animal to stand and walk on the outer surface of the wrists. When it ambles around, awkwardly, as it appears, it seems to be using two amputated fore limbs.

The specimen at the zoological gardens is of a gentle and harmless disposition, allowing itself to be handled. The keeper can stroke its head with impunity. There is of course no danger of being bit by this toothless creature. It is now temporarily quartered in the greenhouse.

EDWIN LUTZ.

Would Have Done for the Cat.

MR. PROCTOR'S nightingale stories from Brooklyn were fine. It is astonishing how a man can take the commonplace liberating of a bird and make two pages of fascinating matter of it. I should have procured shot cartridges and plunked it into those cats.

C. G. B.

Senator Hoar's Bird Bill.

Mr. Hoar introduced the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

A Bill for the Protection of Song Birds.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the importation into the United States of birds, feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes, or for any purpose except for food, be, and the same is hereby, prohibited: Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be construed as prohibiting the importation of birds for museums, zoological gardens, or scientific collections, or the importation of living birds or of feathers taken from living birds without injury to the bird. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Sec. 2. That the transportation of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, to be used or sold, except such as are excepted in the first section of this act, from any State or Territory of the United States to or through any other State or Territory of the United States, is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction in the district where the offense shall have been committed, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50.

Sec. 3. That the sale, keeping or offering for sale, within any Territory of the United States, or within the District of Columbia, of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, for ornamental purposes, except such as are excepted in the first section of this act, be, and the same is hereby, prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50.

Some Connecticut Birds.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having received much pleasure and profit from reading the natural history columns in your paper, please permit me to add a couple of bird notes in the hope that they will interest some bird lover and perhaps further enlighten me, should some one care to answer them.

First—I want to make a bid for hearing the phoebe the first and last time in 1899. I heard one calling on the morning of Feb. 21, and the next day a storm was upon us and I heard him not for several days.

Dec. 23 I was in the woods and heard a phoebe, but his notes seemed more sad than usual; perhaps because the bare woods, bringing memories of the fast dying year, made me more than usually responsive to his plaintive voice.

Will some one kindly tell me what the phoebe, an insect eating bird, is doing in Connecticut at such times of the year? True, we had been enjoying mild weather, but I have not noticed any flies or mosquitoes about.

And again on Christmas day my brother and I drove into our woods, and as we did so saw a bluejay fly from some low perch in front of us.

We stopped the horse about 8 feet from a young oak to which many of the leaves were still hanging. We must have been there fully a minute, when there was a commotion among the oak leaves and another bluejay flew out from about 10 feet from the ground and flew rapidly away in a very frightened manner, it seemed to me; but as I have never been able to get near enough to study Mr. Jay, this fact is only an opinion.

My brother says he has come upon bluejays in like manner before, while hunting, and ventured an opinion that the bird was asleep, and certainly it appeared so to me. Can any one throw any light upon the subject?

WILBUR F. SMITH.

Wild Pigeons.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 5.—During Christmas week a beautiful male specimen of our wild pigeon was shipped to one of our merchants from Cabot, Ark., along with a bunch of quail, and for several days this bird was exposed to view with the inscription, "Wild pigeon—the last of his species." I can yet recall the time in the later seventies when the birds were brought in to the city by the hundreds and sold at the very low figure of 25 cents a dozen. At that period hundreds of flocks could be seen passing over the city every day during the fall. Gradually their number diminished until you would see only an occasional flock each fall, and later on these were reduced to three and four birds, and finally within the past three years I have failed to see any. Fortunately, I have a perfect male specimen nicely mounted. This bird was killed in November, 1892.

Some time ago there appeared an article purporting that these birds had been found in large numbers in Port Rico, but I am certain from a description furnished me by Lieut. J. W. L. Phillip, and who has kindly looked into the matter for me, that this is erroneous, as none of three kinds of pigeons to be found on the island resemble our bird to any extent, either in appearance or habit. At least, so the Lieutenant states, and as he is familiar with our bird he is certainly in a position to know.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Jan. 4.—A resident of this vicinity who ought to know wild pigeons when he sees them claims to have seen a flock of these birds yesterday about three miles from this city.

J. L. K.

Game Bag and Gun.

Getting a Rocky Mountain Goat.

I WAS satisfied that we were in a goat region. On the top of the first range that we had climbed I had seen the tall-tale bunches of white hair on the stunted pin bushes. But there was no fresh sign. The goats had evidently taken their departure long before. The question was where had they gone? It was encouraging, however, to know that we were where they had been. We next struck for a range some seven or eight miles from camp. The first night we camped well up and at the base of the highest peak. After supper two of the boys who could not resist the temptation to take a little tramp before turning in for the night skirted to the east and caught sight of a single old billy. They chanced a shot at him from about a half-mile, and the goat stood upon the order of his going.

The next morning we were up and off by daylight. The first mile was comparatively easy climbing, and we kept together. We then stopped for rest and final consultation. Before us loomed the mountain, one great mass of perpendicular rock. Could we reach the top? It certainly did look doubtful. We scanned the whole side of the mountain, but not a sign of life was visible. So bare were the rocks that it seemed impossible for an object as large and conspicuous as a goat to conceal itself. Again we started; this time every fellow for himself. When something like half-way up I heard a noise, an upon looking around found that one of the other fellows had struck my trail some 20 or 30 feet behind me. We both stopped, and had scarcely done so when he caught sight of a goat passing on a ledge not 15 feet below. I was on the trot. He yelled to me and I quickly dropped to where he had reported the goat. I found a well-defined trail, but the goat was gone, and we saw it no more. Where it went was to both of us a mystery. So close had it passed that we could almost have poked it off, and while we could apparently see every spot on that side of the mountain, that goat was gone.

The top of the peak we were climbing was crescent shaped, and possibly three-quarters of a mile long. We had scarcely reached the northern horn of the crescent when we spied a goat far below us crossing a snow bank and headed for the extreme southern crest. He was a big fellow, and as he did not seem to be traveling rapidly we started with the intention of heading him off. Before we were half-way he had reached the top. Pausing, he stood there for at least five minutes and watched us. I shall never forget the sight. He stood upon the very topmost rock, his white form standing out clear and distinct against the blue sky. I had seen pictures like it; I had never expected to see the reality. At last he disappeared upon the opposite side. When we reached the spot where he stood, which took us half an hour, no sign of our goat could we discover. The ridge was scarcely wide enough to stand upon, and it was almost frightful to look around. On the one side 2,000 or more feet of perpendicular rock and still far below the smoke of our camp-fire. On the other side 3,000 feet almost straight down into a mountain lake blue as a robin's egg. On the way back my companion slipped while crossing a snow bank, but in almost miraculous manner caught after falling some 15 feet. My blood runs cold to this day when I think of it. Steeper than any toboggan slide, the snow frozen underneath, and nothing but a hunting knife in his hand, 500 feet of snow and below this a rock slide 1,000 feet if an inch. Strong fellow that he was, when I reached out my hand and got him off solid rock the tears rolled down his cheeks, he trembled like a leaf and could not stand. I did not care to run such risks for a goat again.

So I thought at that time. We had not been back to

our home camp two days before we were planning another attempt. This time we decided upon a mountain to the north some six miles and a continuation of the ridge we had first climbed, the one upon which we had seen the goat hair. So far as known no one had ever scaled its precipitous walls. So there were two things in view: We wanted to reach the top of this mountain and we wanted a goat. There were four of us who decided to make the attempt, my wife and Teddy and Gager and myself. We thought we could make it by being out one night. We each took a blanket and the smallest possible amount of provisions. I was the only one who carried a rifle. The first three miles was up a valley through such timber as can be found only in the Northwest. At first we had a blazed trail to follow, but this played out at a little deer meadow, and from there on we had to pick our way. So thick was the timber that we could but seldom catch even a glimpse of the surrounding mountains. We at last reached the base of the mountain and commenced its ascent. There was nothing exciting about this. It was simply slavish work. So steep was it that we had a great part of the way to pull ourselves up by our hands. The lower slope was thickly covered with timber and the grass was so slippery that it was unsafe to trust your foot upon it. Our packs, though not heavy, seemed to weigh a ton. As evening came on, we commenced looking for water. We were by this time almost out of the timber. Indeed all that was left was a bunch now and then and scattering trees. We were not high enough for snow. We were pretty well tired out, and at last finding a sheltered spot for the night and plenty of wood at hand we dropped our packs and made camp. Gager and I went on to see if we could find water. We were on the edge of a plateau, and I felt sure water could be found at no great distance. Passing through a belt of timber, we came out upon a little park. Pausing a moment to reconnoiter, I saw some 200 yards away a buck looking at us. While trying to point him out to my companion, he trotted off. We also noticed fresh sign of bear. The ground was turned over almost as though hogs had been there. Water we found in abundance, and filling our cups we returned to the women. After supper we made up a huge fire, and shortly after our signal was returned by those at camp. We knew they were pitying us away up there on the side of the mountain, but not for one instant did we wish to change places with them. We slept, too, in spite of the cold, and our scanty breakfast tasted like more. We thought we could make the top and back at night. We had already given up getting back to camp and had decided to put in the whole day exploring the mountain.

So we left our blankets and took a lunch for dinner. Rid of our packs we climbed rapidly and with ease. Passing through the little park, two fine bucks gracefully loped off a short distance, and then, with heads thrown back, eyed us with wonder. Soon our real climb commenced. Up, up we went, until there was left 500 or 600 feet. Our women thought they could make it, and of course if they could we could. We were climbing along the back bone, which ended in the top. We had left all timber far below us, and were now in the region of snow. Repeatedly we saw goat beds made in the loose shale, some of them looking as though the occupant had fled upon our approach. But not a goat did we see. There were so many of us that I despaired of getting within shooting distance even if we saw them. Twelve o'clock found us not over 200 feet from the top, up to which was an unbroken snow field. Pausing, we discussed matters. We had no alpenstocks, we were worn out, and, to make a long story short, we decided that it was the better part of valor to give up reaching the top.

So we descended to a little plateau overlooking a much larger one, which after several sudden descents ended in the ledge where we had camped the night before. We were some thousand feet above this, however, and a mile away. We were on short rations, and our lunch was soon disposed of. I then suggested that I circle off and see if I could not find a goat, while the three remaining were to take a good rest and make a bee line for our camp. So shouldering my rifle, I was gone. The walking was easy. The entire mountain had once been crossed by a glacier, and its track was as plain as that of a snake across a dusty road. The grooves and channels in the solid rock were as plain as though just made. I could see for a mile or so. So interested did I become in the scenery spread out before me that I covered ground rapidly. I was sure that if there were goat or bear around I could easily see them. At one time a rock came bounding down from the heights a safe distance away. I watched it come, jumping sometimes 100 feet in the air. I looked from whence it came, but could see nothing. I came upon a dust bath several feet in diameter, which was plainly used by some large animal. I sat down and looked it over. Clearly it was fresh, for another, some yards away, was old and had not been used since a rain had turned the dust to mud. I could see tracks all around. Each track was made up of two kidney-shaped depressions, the two being about 3 inches across. What could they be? I at last gave it up and went on. I stopped thinking of goat as I got lower down, and crossing the little park where we had seen the deer reached a spring where we had put some dried apricots to soak on our way up. They were still there, and those whom I had left on the mountain had not returned. So I lay down and went to sleep. I was aroused after half an hour by their return. They had a great story to tell. As soon as I had left them they lay down to take a rest. Three of them had already dropped asleep, and my wife was almost gone, when she heard a slight noise and opened her eyes, and there, not 30 feet away, was a great big goat calmly looking at her. She quietly called the others, and they all had a good look. The goat did not budge. The watch showed that I had not been gone over ten minutes. After looking for five minutes my wife could stand it no longer and got up. Thereupon the goat calmly walked over the ledge and disappeared. They soon caught sight of me, but I was too far away to hear, and they could not attract my attention. Going to the ledge and looking over, what was their surprise to see, not only the goat already seen, but two others, feeding. They did not seem at all alarmed, and indeed one of them soon lay down. After watching these three rare animals until tired, they had gone off

and left them. They told me exactly where they had seen them, and back I started as fast as I could go. Reaching the spot they had indicated, and looking over, what was my disappointment to find the goats gone. I sat there a while, but not a sight of them did I catch. I finally circled off to the left, slowly scanning every foot. It surely seemed the irony of fate that I should miss them. While sauntering along I chanced to turn partially around. What was that yonder at the edge of that snow bank? Was it a rock or was it alive? I watched it closely. There was something about it which was strangely like a head and ears. At last I made up my mind that it was merely a rock. Just after starting, I turned again, and in time to see my rock walk over the ridge. I ran over the snow as fast as I could go. I made little noise, and soon stood where I had seen the goat, but where had he gone? He could not have gotten far. I could see all around perfectly. It was a second mysterious disappearance. I was disgusted.

It was getting late, and I said to myself, "I'll go back where they saw the goats and sit there until I have but time to get back before dark." So back I trudged in no very good humor. Arriving at the spot, I sat down. I must have been there fifteen minutes meditating on things in general and wondering why I should have worked so hard and had but caught a glimpse of a goat, while others had gone to sleep and had one almost walk over them. I had about made up my mind to give it up, when a slight noise attracted my attention. It was a slight sound, as of a sliding pebble. How I strained my eyes and ears! Soon the same sound again, and there, just to the left of the little valley, walked forth a goat feeding along undisturbed. Instantly I took in the situation. He was too far to risk a shot. I must make sure of this one. Running around a slight elevation, and in the direction the goat was feeding, I again peered over the ledge. My heart stood still, but there he was. I could not get nearer. It was now or never. I doubted if I could make the shot. He was 100 feet below me and 200 yards away. It was getting dark, and I was all unstrung from my hard day's work and hasty climb. But I must get him. Here was the chance I had been looking for and working for. I raised my rifle, calculated for the last time the distance, and bringing all my reserve nerve power into play, took aim and pulled the trigger. I was using smokeless powder, and at the crack of the rifle down went my goat. I could scarcely believe my eyes. How he did roll. I had shoved another shell in to take a running shot in case of necessity, but there was no call for it.

How I got down that wall is more than I can tell. The wonder is that I did not break every bone in my body. Reaching the body, I had to roll it on down the mountain before I could get it on a place level enough to skin it. I made short work of this. The hide on the rump was without exaggeration 2 inches thick. He was fat as a butter ball. There were two or three things which surprised me. In the first place the size. He seemed to be as large as a Shetland pony, and must have weighed between 400 and 500 pounds. His legs were short and very stocky. His hoofs were over 2 inches in diameter, and after looking at them it was plain that the prints I had seen at the dust bath were goat prints. His hair or wool was full of dust, showing that he had lately taken a bath. I suspect that I had disturbed him in the afternoon, and that he had circled and climbed to where the party was resting. What surprised me more than anything else was the general unwieldy build of the animal—not at all what I had expected of an animal inhabiting the almost inaccessible mountain heights. How they manage to get where they do is to me a mystery. By the time I got the skin off it was almost dark, and shouldering the load, which was all I could carry, I started for camp. When I got there tired but well satisfied, I could have easily eaten everything there was to eat in camp, but it must do for supper and breakfast for four. Next morning we were up early and simply ate everything that was left, and it did not take long either. The trip down was hard work. The women divided my pack between them, while I swung on to my rifle and precious skin. In the bottom we lost our trail, but came out all right, and finally reached camp between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, the hungriest set a cook ever tried to satisfy.

L. O. V.

Hunting Near a Great City.

Sport Within Fifty Miles of New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a country-bred and unwilling inhabitant of a great city, the FOREST AND STREAM is to me a connecting link that weekly brings to my memory hunting exploits that, though past, cannot be forgotten. Only one who is situated as I am can conceive the eagerness with which every Thursday night I receive FOREST AND STREAM. As an interested reader of the contributors' stories that promote the comradeship among American sportsmen from Maine to California, I believe it is the duty of all to keep the ball a-rolling. So I take up my humble pen, and though roughly and rudely expressed, will endeavor to show my fellow sportsmen of the Maine woods and Rocky Mountain slopes that there is a little sport left within fifty miles of Greater New York.

On the editorial page of a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM was an article which stated in as many words that deer hunting on Long Island was like hunting sheep, and that deer there are so tame that it is the custom to touch them with whip while driving through their range. Now I have seen a large number during the last five or six years, but none have stayed an instant in my vicinity after they became aware of my presence.

To get back to what I started to tell, I rode up on my wheel to C. I. 51, Tuesday night, Nov. 22, 1898, intending to stay over Wednesday and Thanksgiving. To cut the story short, I had a chance on Wednesday, but failed to score. Thanksgiving, as many of my fellow sportsmen will remember with sorrow, was that year a wild, dreary day, with sheets of cold rain from the east that changed to snow at night. When I arose Friday a light snow covered the ground, making fine rabbit tracking—too fine to leave. So I postponed my return until Sunday and started for cotton tails. I had no dog; but

I've lived there for twenty years, except for the greater part of the last two or three years, so I knew every rabbit the country round. I had a half-dozen rabbits at noon by snap-shooting at a gray streak (for they are well educated), besides those that I didn't get. Being tired and wanting company, I hunted up Joe S., my old gunning comrade, without whom gunning is incomplete. He is a sportsman, one who guns for the sake of gunning, be the score many or none. Well, we got a few more rabbits before darkness brought the fun to an end. On Saturday morning Joe brought his dog and we got several more before Joe left to make preparations for the storm he said was coming. I ran into a flock of quail (which are very few and far between in my section) just before dark, and speedily gave myself the idea that I couldn't hit a flock of barns, for I scored only one kill out of seven or eight shots, although I got a few feathers.

It snowed all day and night, increasing in violence until by Sunday morning it was a full-fledged blizzard, with a terrific gale, that piled the snow in great drifts, hiding fences, and by filling railroad cuts stopped all trains thereby, making it impossible for me to return to town, over which I failed to shed any tears. Monday I put in shoveling snow, but on Tuesday the fever was on top, so I took the gun and went out for a few hours. The snow had made the scrub and underbrush one level, the snow being 2 feet deep in the woods. I got three rabbits and quit. Near the house I saw eight quail in a bunch; they appeared too cold to fly, so I concluded they had troubles of their own, and passed them by. I met Joe in the evening and made arrangements for deer on the morrow.

I awoke about 3 o'clock next morning, and on putting my head out of the window found to my intense disgust that it was trying to repeat Sunday's blizzard. Sadly I returned to bed, taking a lookout about every hour. After breakfast the fever kept getting stronger, until by 10 o'clock I made up my mind to go if it snowed blizzards. Soon after starting it lightened up a bit. The snow appeared to be about 3 feet on the level. This brought the scrub oaks, oak sprouts and small pines to one level, so progress was very slow; but after plowing around for a couple of hours or more, I struck a fresh deer track and instantly decided I was going the same way. After following the tracks for a short distance, the deer took the alarm and of course went down wind, and although traveling was bad for the deer, it was still worse for me. After some distance of this work I took a long circle to break the wind business, and struck the trail some distance ahead, near a swamp thicket, along a small brook. I had gone but a few yards, when out from the thicket, about 50 yards ahead, jumped the deer. Down it went at the first shot, but was up again. There were two more reports, and it was down to stay. I got there in a few jumps and found I had a large doe of about 180 pounds.

After the first glow wore off, I began to remember that it was more than two miles from home, and that the snow was anywhere from above my knees up to my neck, and also that I had to go it alone. Well, I started to drag her (those yarns of throwing a freshly killed 200-pound deer on your shoulder I don't believe), and progress was exceedingly slow. But, although it was harder work than you could hire me to do for love or money, my heart was in it, and along that deer had to come over swamp holes—snow on top, water underneath—through a thick tangle of swamp bushes and oak sprouts, with a short rest every few yards. Meantime the weather had cleared, and I knew that Joe would be hunting me up. Well, I reached the road, and progress was a little easier, but I was about played out (the spirit willing, but the flesh weak). I managed to get about a mile, when Joe appeared in sight. A wild yell brought him as fast as he could come, and after the inevitable chaff was over, he wanted to know if any were left. So we buried the deer in the snow, and back we went. A fresh track was soon found, but it led us into a beautiful mess—snow up to the waist, with water underneath. The sun set, and it was growing dark; so we quit and made the best of our way back to where we had left the doe.

It was pitch dark by that time, and our troubles began. We had neither rope nor string, but ran a stick through her forelegs and took turns in pulling along. The road had drifts like a ten-acre lot, and we went to the bottom at every step. Joe had a pair of thigh-boots, at which I had cast envious and longing eyes the night before; but they soon played him out. Well, we at last reached the railroad, where the traveling (after what we had been through) was like sliding down hill. We reached home about 7:30, thoroughly done; but after a hot supper, agreed that it was the best fun we had ever gone through. After supper we cleaned the deer in the well house. The shots had raked clean through her, breaking her paunch and generally smashing things up. After wetting the deer down and recalling other hunts, I made for bed, and the deer season was over on Long Island.

As far as I could learn, Joe and I were the only ones out the last day. This was my second deer this season, both unfortunately does, while Joe secured a buck. I returned to town the next day, having enjoyed as good sport as can be had in this part of the country, and especially so near a large city.

Long Island, with proper protection and no hounding (make note of it, no hounding) will furnish deer hunting for many years to come.

LONG ISLAND.

Indian Territory Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quail this year are not so plentiful as heretofore, doubtless on account of the heavy rains during last spring. Prairie chickens are not so plentiful as in former years. I have seen several bunches of twenty-five or thirty each. Wild ducks are numerous, considering the small amount of feeding grounds; they consist mostly of green wing and cinnamon teal and mallards, with a few redheads and wood ducks. There have been several wild turkeys seen four or five miles north of here, and on Rush Creek, about thirty miles north of here, I have heard there are quite a number of deer. The game in general, though, is rapidly becoming scarce on account of lax game laws, which allow netting of quail, poisoning fish and dogging deer. In fact, though, the letter of the laws will do well enough, but they are not enforced.

W.

The Maine Season.

THE Maine Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game send us the following summary of the annual report, just filed with the Governor:

The report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, just filed with the Governor, is a very interesting document, and though much briefer than last year, when the report was published for general distribution, presents many interesting and suggestive facts.

Twenty hearings were held by the Commissioners upon request of citizens of the State for the erection of fishways in dams, and to regulate the times in which, and the circumstances under which, inland fish might be taken in certain streams, ponds and lakes.

Ten other petitions of like nature are on file yet to be acted upon.

The \$300 appropriated by the Legislature for that purpose has been used to procure mounted specimens of birds and wild animals of the State. From the large number of citizens who come to the State House specially to see these specimens there would seem to be no doubt that the people are in sympathy with this movement.

The Commissioners say they have operated to their fullest capacity the four fish hatcheries and feeding stations; that these have been more than ordinarily successful; that they have lost less landlocked salmon and trout during the period from the time of hatching to the time of planting than in any previous year; that the competition for the product of these hatcheries is very keen among the people; that they have endeavored to treat every section of the State fairly in the distribution of the fish. There was taken during the fall of 1899, 870,000 landlocked salmon eggs, 1,000,000 trout eggs and 30,000 brown trout eggs, which are now in the various hatcheries in the process of being hatched.

That more people have come to Maine during the past year to fish and hunt than ever before in any one year, have caught more fish, killed more game in open season, except moose and caribou, than ever before in a single year.

The supply of fish seems to keep pace fairly well with the constantly increasing demand; the need of a large and modern hatchery, thoroughly equipped with latest devices and appliances for successfully hatching and feeding trout and landlocked salmon, is keenly felt.

Game Supply.

Deer are still as plentiful as ever, apparently. Caribou seem to have left our borders. There are still conflicting opinions about the moose; cow and small moose seem to be fairly plentiful, but the large bulls so much sought after are believed to be less plentiful than for some time. Partridges are unmistakably scarce; it is hoped that the law prohibiting their sale will prevent their wanton destruction for the markets, and that this most valuable of all game birds may be preserved to the State.

Deer Shooting in September.

The Legislature of 1899 enacted a law that it should be lawful from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1 to take one deer for food purposes only, to be consumed in the locality where taken by the person taking the same, in Oxford, Franklin, Somerset, Piscataquis, Penobscot, Aroostook, Hancock and Washington counties, when on a fishing or hunting trip and camping out in these counties, on payment of \$6 by a non-resident and \$4 by a resident; but a non-resident, however, taking a deer as aforesaid must be in charge of a registered guide, or when entering upon the wild lands of the State with intent to camp and kindle fires thereon, during the months of June to November. Four hundred and eighty-eight licenses were sold to non-residents and 191 to residents of the State. Two hundred and four licenses were sold for the shipment of 10 pounds of fish by one person, at \$1 each; 87 licenses for the shipment of deer to the home of the person killing the same, without the owner accompanying it, at \$3 each, and two licenses for the shipment of moose, at \$5 each, under the same conditions.

The number of deer killed in September by virtue of these licenses was very small in comparison, and a good many purchased licenses who did not use them, and the appropriation for fish and game got the benefit of the sum paid.

The Commissioners say: "It is doubtful if an additional deer was killed in consequence of this law that would not have been killed illegally without it. September is an open month for fishing, the last half of it for hunting partridges, and thousands of people are following the rivers, lakes and ponds, and camping around them in all northern Maine during this month, almost always having one or more rifles in the party. It is impossible to police this vast territory with wardens, and the result has been that deer have been taken constantly for food purposes during September, and the State got no benefit from it. It is not believed that ten additional men were in the woods in September in consequence of this law, and that the danger from forest fires cannot possibly be greater in consequence. All non-residents camping in the forests must be in charge of a registered guide, and every possible safeguard used to prevent forest fires. It is believed when the wild land owners understand the situation that they will see that their property is better safeguarded by this provision than ever before."

The guides are in favor of this law, as is evidenced by their report; they pronounce in favor of it by a majority of more than two to one, while guides living in the eight counties where it is in force declare in favor of it by a majority of more than three to one.

Statistics.

Total number registered guides, 1,780, 21 of whom were non-residents, 316 more than last year.

Total number of days these guides have been employed in their business, 75,600, 12,099 more days than last year.

Number of residents employing guides, 6,012, 192 more than last year.

Number of non-residents employing guides, 9,300, 1,934 more than last year.

Number of moose killed, 216, 44 less than last year.

Number of deer killed, 7,579, an apparent falling off from last year of 1,421. It should be borne in mind that the hunting season is 16 days less this year than last.

The number killed last year was 9,000, which averaged about 100 per day during the open season, so that the number killed this year during the time for killing deer was 179 more than last year.

Total number of bears reported killed, 55.
Total number of pounds of fish reported taken, 141,412.
The law court has not yet announced its decision upon the constitutionality of the guide law.

Number of sporting camp licenses, 132.
Amount of capital invested, \$208,000.
Number of guests entertained at the camps, 12,012.
Number of licensed hunters and trappers, 52.
Number of licensed dealers in deer skins, 20.
Number of skins reported bought by these dealers, 1,340.

Average price paid per skin, 31 cents.
Number of licensed retail dealers in deer, 43.
Number of deer reported sold by these dealers, 121.
for dogging deer.

Twenty dogs have been killed which were kept or used. There have been the usual number of prosecutions for infractions of the game laws, and more for illegal moose killing than any year previously.

There are yet people in Maine, and so-called sportsmen who come to Maine, who slaughter cow and calf moose and bull moose in close season, notwithstanding the heavy penalties provided.

More general interest appears to exist than heretofore in inland fish and game matters, and public sentiment seems to be more and more in favor of a rigid enforcement of our inland fish and game laws.

Financial Statement.

The entire appropriation, including amount received for penalties and license fees, has been expended, and the bill of items, or itemized statement, of every bill allowed, and the name of each individual to whom allowed, with amount, numbering from 1 to 605 inclusive, with duplicate vouchers, and all audited by the Governor and Council, is filed with the report.

How One Antelope Died.

"BELIEVE it's going to storm, 'n' we better rustle some fresh meat, I reckon." That was Harry's remark as he came in from feeding the team and found me coaxing the coffee to boil.

As Harry generally knew when the supply was low, I thought maybe there was wisdom in his talk, and replied, "All right. Hook up as soon as we eat breakfast and I'll overhaul the arsenal and be ready to go."

"Which way will we go?" asked Harry, as he sat down and began to lay in a supply of grub to last him all day.

"Well, I hardly know."

"Look here, Comanch, ain't no use goin' up Powder River way, and that lake country up toward Coyote Butte is petered out, Timber Creek breaks are dry as a powder horn, and Ward has run everything off of the Donkey Creek flats. S'pose we make a break for Stonepile Valley and Donkey Lake?"

"Well, there has been a roundup over that way lately, but I guess we can try it anyhow. Hustle now, and hook up, while I get the guns ready and fill the water butt."

Half an hour later we were rolling along up the lake trail, facing a raw northwest wind and keeping our weather eye open for snow squalls.

Four miles out Don Hardy met us.

"Which way now?" he asked.

"After 'lope or anything else for fresh meat," I answered.

"See any sign as you came along?"

"No. Say, you fellers better hunt yer hole 'n' stay, that's my advice. Goin' to snow like jehu 'fore long."

"Well, I guess we'll try it a while, snow or no snow; got to have something else than bacon in this man's country."

"All right; luck to you. So 'long!"

"So 'long!"

We were in Stonepile Vally, when Harry said, "What's that?" and pointed to a black spot at the lowest point of a high pass, about a half-mile to the left. "Snubbin' post, I guess," he continued, as we drove on.

I knew a "snubbing post" had no business away up in a high pass. It would be in an open flat if it was a post. So I took the glass and had a squint at the "post," which proved to be a big antelope buck standing stock still and watching us. We drove behind the same butte that he was on, or rather a spur that ran out from it, and jumping out with the Winchester I told Harry to wait until he heard me shoot, then drive for the sound. A brisk trot of 500 or 600 yards brought me to the main butte, where I climbed up until I had a view of the pass. The buck had walked on through, coming toward us, and was just lying down as I peeped over the top to locate him. I looked the ground over carefully, and found that I had the most difficult kind of a stalk to make along a sidehill, with nothing for cover but a sparse growth of stunted sage brush, interspersed with a disagreeable amount of prickly pear.

"Here is where I've got to do a tall sneak," I thought, as I took off my hat, coat, glass and pistol, piled them under the shelter of a rock, stuck my knife in the top of my legging and dropped into the head of a "washout" that would give me cover until I could reach the sage brush. When I got among the sage I wriggled along flat as I could make myself, and wished I was only an inch or so thick.

The buck lay with his back toward me and his head showing above the brush and about 400 yards away, so I had no easy task to stalk him.

I had frequently killed antelope a long ways further than that, but I wanted to make a dead sure thing of this one, so I wanted to be as close as possible before firing the first shot. Then if I missed I had nine more for him before he could get out of sight. Slowly, silently, I worked along inch by inch, foot by foot, flat among the sage and cactus, sticking an occasional thorn through my buckskins and enjoying the iciness of the snow, which sifted gently down my neck and settled all over my back, to say nothing of that which I gathered in front as I crept along, leaving a broad trail behind, which I thought would surely attract the watchful eye of the buck.

Finally I lay still a moment, then raised slowly to my knees, brought the rifle to bear on the back just at the

point of the buck's shoulders. He paid no attention to me. I think he never saw me at all. I glanced along the barrel; it held steady. I touched the trigger. A sharp whip-like crack followed the flash, and the buck dropped his head, stiffened his legs and didn't even kick! Jumping up, I stepped off 129 paces from where I knelt to where the antelope laid with a broken backbone and heart shot wide open.

I cut his throat, and then went after my hat and coat, while Harry was driving up. We soon had him dressed and loaded in the wagon, and on the road home. On the way in I got five sage hens with the six-shooter and a sharp-tail grouse with the rifle, almost in the doorway, all of which were dressed and hung up for future reference, much to Harry's satisfaction, for fresh meat was a hobby with him, and I thought there was real pleasure in his gentle voice as he remarked, "Well, let 'er snow. We've got plenty fresh meat, anyhow."

EL COMANCHO.

A Memory.

"HELLO, Ashley! What are you doing with all that sheet lead?" asked Levi Roberts as we met New Year's morning, 1875, a short distance from my home in Maine on a narrow sled road which led across open ground over several feet of snow and was used for hauling cord wood, bark etc., to town.

"Oh, I am going to cut some shot. Want to have some fun with the rabbits down in Whitcomb's Swamp. I was down there yesterday, and their roads are all hard. Must be a barrel of them there."

"Do you use cut lead in that old gun of yours?"

"Oh, yes; she shoots anything I put in her. Why, dad nearly broke my neck for using up all his hobnail tacks the day I got lost down in back of Dixmont Mountain. I got ten partridges and all the grays I could carry that day. Lem Plummer heard me shooting and came in where I was. I didn't know I was all turned around till I heard Lem holler. He put me on the right track, so I got home all right. Lem told father I was lost, but I wouldn't admit it."

"Are you going down to the old swamp to-day?"

"Well, I was thinking of it, after I get the chores done and some shot cut up. I haven't turned the cattle out to water yet. Hired men went out early cutting wood over back of Boiling Spring, so I have all the work to do around the barns. Father and mother went up to Grandpa Webber's for dinner. I didn't want to go myself. Rather have a shoot."

"Say, Ash, I know where there are three fine skunk holes; got 'em all marked. Now if you'll take Jack, a pick and hoe and help me dig 'em out we will go snacks on 'em. We can get a dozen, sure, out of the three holes. They are all in knolls and will be easy digging."

"I don't dare take the dog," I replied, "for the folks went wild when he killed one under the barn last fall. Took two weeks to get the smell out of him."

"What do you care? We can have lots of fun, and besides we may get a black one. They're worth \$2 apiece now and the striped ones are worth 50 cents apiece down to Ed Nealley's. Why, you can get all the powder, shot and caps you want for the rest of the winter, and a dollar or so besides."

Levi's arguments were more than I could stand, so after watering and feeding the cattle and horses I fastened everything up, took a pickaxe and hoe out of the tool house for Levi to carry, borrowed a few charges of shot from him, which I deposited in an old buckskin shot pouch, and strung my powder horn under my right arm. The next thing was to fix the stoves in the house and get a few doughnuts for lunch, as well as a large piece of newspaper for wadding. Thus prepared, we started out. Jack, my faithful companion on many a long tramp, frisked along in the lead. He was no pedigreed setter nor pointer; simply common, everyday dog—all ears and tail; but he could tree a partridge with any dog in that part of the State, and lick anything twice his weight.

"Say, Levi, where are the holes?"

"There is one down back of Deacon Robertson's, near Goose Rocks, and one down between Sucker Brook and Round Pond. I guess we'd better go down there first, hadn't we?"

"I don't care; any suits me," said I. Now that I was in for it the sooner we reached them the better it would be.

We walked briskly up the road for half a mile or so, where we struck across country on the crust, which would hold except when over brush or under big trees. Above the crust we had 2 or 3 inches of light tracking snow, which had fallen the night before. The sun was shining brightly, melting the snow in places just enough to tread nicely. We made no noise except when we broke through the crust, which was quite often; but that was nothing to us so long as we did not break through into water and soak our moccasins. We struck several fox tracks; also those of a bob cat. I wanted to follow the cat, as the tracks seemed to lead down into a large swamp which was near Round Pond, where we were to dig out the skunks. "All right," said Levi. "You and Jack take a try at him, for he's an old buster and will give you a good fight. You will most likely find him over in Newcomb's bark piles. I'll go and start in on the skunks. You holler when you get to Sucker Brook."

Jack took up the track and we started in and out through thickets, down into the swamp, which was full of large hemlock trees. Here the Newcomb boys had cut down and peeled many trees; the bark lay in piles ready to haul to market during the winter. Soon I heard Jack yelp, which told me that he had found the old fellow. I was now greatly excited, as I had heard what a tough customer a bob cat was when cornered. Upon reaching the bark I found that he was under a pile where two tiers had been heaped together—in a bad place to get at. Jack located him, and as I could not see anything, and the bark piles were too large to take down with all the snow on them, I thought I would try to poke him out with a pole. So I cut a straight sapling and by pushing it between the layers of the bark was able to reach him.

With a rush he came out and made for a large hemlock tree a few yards distant, with Jack about one leap behind. The cat struck the tree and climbed, filling the air with fragments of bark on his way up. As quickly as I could get my old Springfield musket aimed I let go. An almost human yell filled the air, but the old cat was

Trespass in Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 5.—Farmers and country justices of the peace in this section of the State are reaping a harvest from unwary huntsmen. Many are the hard luck tales told in consequence. A loud wail is going up from this and other sections of the State which may make itself heard in Columbus and thus bring relief to sportsmen who have been bled without remorse by cold-blooded farmers, justices of the peace and constables. The relief may come in the shape of a bill which will define the rights of hunters when on other people's property and the rights of the property owners themselves. For the present, however, the huntsmen are a much hunted class of men, who find it necessary to carry with them check books to prevent being jailed in some village lock-up.

This applies only to townships east of Cleveland in Medina and Lake counties. Farmers in this locality, it is claimed, perfected a combination between constables, justices and themselves, early last summer. It was agreed that the funds collected in the shape of fines over and above the actual court expenses were to be divided among them and in this way not only rid themselves of troublesome huntsmen, but provide for a comfortable nest egg as well. The plan has been followed without any deviation. Sportsmen, during the bird season, were arrested without warning by constables and fined all the way from \$10 to \$50 for each offense. The arrests in nearly every case were on the charge of trespassing; but on one or two occasions for hunting rabbits with ferrets.

Ohio statutes provide a fine of \$5 for trespassing and \$20 for hunting with ferrets without the permission of the owner of the land. Fines executed in nearly every case, however, were much larger than this, but were paid by the victims, who felt it was cheaper to pay up than to spend a week or two in jail. Once out of the power of the justices, many made threats of recovery, but never carried the matter further. The justices excuse themselves by declaring that the reason fines were so large was that in some cases several offenses were bunched together; that when a huntsman passed over the lands of Bill Smith, Jim Jones and John Johnson it constituted a triple offense.

Sportsmen who became involved in the difficulties complained that instead of warning them off the lands, farmers on discovering them hastened for a constable and had them arrested without warning.

To obviate a repetition of the difficulty next season, local sportsmen are preparing a bill that will be introduced in the General Assembly. It will define the rights of huntsmen as well as the rights of property owners. Should this fail in its effect the sportsmen will organize and will provide a fund for the purpose of contesting every case that comes up in the future.

THOMAS A. KNIGHT.

New England.

BOSTON, Jan. 8.—At the annual meeting of the Maine Fish and Game Association, in Bangor, Jan. 3, the discussion turned mainly on two questions: that of an absolute close time on moose, and that of requiring non-resident sportsmen to take out licenses. Commissioner Carleton announced himself as opposed to an absolute close time on moose. Governor Powers favored a law requiring non-resident sportsmen to be licensed, but believed the September license law, permitting the shooting of one deer in that month, to have been the cause of several forest fires. Commissioner Oak favored the same law, and thought it had caused no increase in forest fires. Commissioner Carleton is in favor of the September license law, and showed that it had brought several thousand dollars in to the State treasury, while he did not believe that any more deer had been killed under the law than would have been taken any way. I. K. Stetson, A. M. Spear and E. C. Farrington, all prominent members of the Association, each announced himself as in favor of a law compelling non-resident sportsmen to be licensed.

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association the other evening the discussion was somewhat prolonged on the question of better protection for birds, especially partridges, in this State. It was agreed that the past year had been the very worst for many years, the early open winter giving the hunters a chance to follow up the last partridge till destroyed. Without snow partridges, woodcock and quail have been easy prey for hunters with trained dogs, and it was agreed that the birds had suffered worse this year than ever before. It was suggested that the Legislature be asked to shorten the open season. It was also earnestly urged that a law be asked for prohibiting the selling of these game birds in the markets. But it was not announced that the game dealers will rise en masse to oppose such a law—which is the fact. Indeed, I am certain that the game dealers are already on the alert, and any bill looking toward the stopping of the sale of game in any manner will be most bitterly opposed. Money will be freely subscribed to fight it. The game dealers—and there are many of them—say that they have many thousand dollars in extensive refrigerator plants; refrigerators where they can store thousands of quail and other game birds. If they cannot sell the game stored, the money in these refrigerators will be lost. "What we want," said one of the principal game dealers the other day, "is the right to sell game at any time. Let the States where the game is killed do the protecting. We put our money into it, and to prevent our selling it deprives us of a vested right."

Another game dealer says that he has been in the business for twenty years, and while granting that partridges are very scarce in the Boston markets, he believes that there are just as many in New Hampshire, in Vermont, in the West, in Maine, as there ever was. "The reason we don't get them is because of the non-transportation laws. These laws are a hindrance to commerce and unjust. My shippers write me that they take in lots of partridges and quail, but don't care to ship them for fear of seizure by the game wardens. Yes, I have had to go up to the State House to fight foolish and unjust game legislation a good many times, and I am ready to do so again. We can raise money, if necessary, too."

Ice pickerel fishing is the sport just now on many of the local ponds and rivers. I saw two good strings Saturday from Westboro ponds. The ponds in Wayland not under control are also being thoroughly fished. Some

of the residents near these ponds, who love to fish from boats, are against ice fishing. The local ponds near Lewiston and Auburn, Maine, are drawing many fishermen, especially since the milder weather for the past three or four days. Good catches are being brought in.

A novel and very easily constructed trap is in vogue on many of the Maine ponds this winter. Its simplicity and cheapness are among its merits. The fishermen need not even take the trouble to bring the traps or "tip-ups" home, especially if they have to go through any woods to the ponds. The trap consists of two sticks, cut in the bushes, as big as one's thumb, a wire nail and a bit of red cloth. The larger of the two sticks, about 4 feet long, is sharpened for setting upright in the snow or in a little hole in the ice made with the ice chisel. The other or smaller stick is fastened crosswise of the upright stick, about midway, by driving a wire nail through both at the point of crossing. To one end of the lateral stick the line is fastened and down into the hole to the baited hook. To the other end of the cross stick the piece of red cloth is attached. The pickerel siezes the bait and attempts to go away with it. Down goes the line end of the cross stick, and up goes the cloth end, the stick turning easily on the pivoted wire nail. The flag is up and the fish is on. All is done with a trap that does not cost one cent, and anybody that knows enough to fish at all and to keep out of the fishing holes himself, can make a dozen such traps while waiting for the fish to bite.

SPECIAL.

New York Fish and Game Interests.

From Governor Roosevelt's Message.

Under this Commission great progress has been made through the fish hatcheries in the propagation of valuable food and sporting fish. The laws for the protection of deer have resulted in their increase. Nevertheless, as railroads tend to encroach on the wilderness the temptation to illegal hunting becomes greater, and the danger for forest fires increases. There is need of great improvement both in our laws and in their administration. The game wardens have been too few in number. More should be provided. None save fit men must be appointed; and their retention in office must depend purely upon the zeal, ability and efficiency with which they perform their duties. The game wardens in the forests must be woodsmen; and they should have no outside business. In short, there should be a thorough reorganization of the work of the Commission. A careful study of the resources and condition of the forests on State land must be made. It is certainly not too much to expect that the State forests should be managed as efficiently as the forests on private lands in the same neighborhoods, and the measure of difference in efficiency of management must be the measure of condemnation or praise of the way the public forests have been managed.

The subject of forest preservation is of the utmost importance to the State. The Adirondacks and Catskills should be great parks kept in perpetuity for the benefit and enjoyment of our people. Much has been done of late years toward their preservation, but very much remains to be done. The provisions of law in reference to saw mills and wood-pulp mills are defective and should be changed so as to prohibit dumping dyestuff, sawdust or tan bark in any amount whatsoever into the streams. Reservoirs should be made; but not where they will tend to destroy large sections of the forest, and only after a careful and scientific study of the water resources of the region. The people of the forest regions are themselves growing more and more to realize the necessity of preserving both the trees and the game. A live deer in the woods will attract to the neighborhood ten times the money that could be obtained for the deer's dead carcass. Timber theft on the State lands is, of course, a grave offense against the whole public.

Hardy outdoor sports, like hunting, are in themselves of not small value to the national character and should be encouraged in every way. Men who go into the wilderness—indeed, men who take part in any field sports with horse or rifle—receive a benefit which can hardly be given by even the most vigorous athletic games.

There is a further and more immediate and practical end in view. A primeval forest is a great sponge which absorbs and distills the rainwater; and when it is destroyed the result is apt to be an alternation of flood and drought. Forest fires ultimately make the land a desert and are a detriment to all that portion of the State tributary to the streams through the woods where they occur. Every effort should be made to minimize their destructive influence. We need to have our system of forestry gradually developed and conducted along scientific principles. When this has been done it will be possible to allow marketable lumber to be cut everywhere without damage to the forests—indeed, with positive advantage to them; but until lumbering is thus conducted, on strictly scientific principles no less than upon principles of the strictest honesty toward the State, we cannot afford to suffer it at all in the State forests. Unrestrained greed means the ruin of the great woods and the drying up of the sources of the rivers.

Ultimately the administration of the State lands must be so centralized as to enable us definitely to place responsibility in respect to everything concerning them, and to demand the highest degree of trained intelligence in their use.

The State should not permit within its limits factories to make bird skins or bird feathers into articles of ornament or wearing apparel. Ordinary birds, and especially song birds, should be rigidly protected. Game birds should never be shot to a greater extent than will offset the natural rate of increase. All spring shooting should be prohibited and efforts made by correspondence with the neighboring States to secure its prohibition within their borders. Care should be taken not to encourage the use of cold storage or other market systems which are a benefit to no one but the wealthy epicure who can afford to pay a heavy price for luxuries. These systems tend to the destruction of the game; which would bear most severely upon the very men whose rapacity has been appealed to in order to secure its extermination.

The open season for the different species of game and fish should be made uniform throughout the entire State, save that it should be shorter on Long Island for certain species which are not plentiful, and which are pursued by a greater number of people than in other game portions of the State.

still there. I set to loading up with a handful of powder and a big wad of paper well rammed down, the old steel rod ringing as I sent it home; then a good 3 ounces of BBs and more newspaper on that. Then I was ready to shoot, all but the capping. My hand shook so that I had trouble getting an army waterproof cap from the box, dropping several in the snow. After placing it on the tube I raised the hammer, which I could only do by resting the muzzle on the ground and taking both hands to it. Then taking most deliberate aim I fired. What happened seems almost a confused dream. That old gun knocked me over in the snow. My head felt gone. I seemed to be doing my thinking from a distance. My nose was bleeding, and seeing the blood on the snow, I feared a serious injury before I could get on to my feet and pull myself together. I realized that there was trouble. The cat had been wounded so badly that it had fallen from the tree, and Jack had started in to finish him; but the old chap was game; and such a fight I never saw before. First it was dog and then cat on top. I grabbed my gun and ran in to help the dog; but before I could get a chance to hit the cat without hurting Jack the two were in between my legs, upsetting me; and in my anxiety to get away from them I received a scratch across the forehead, the scar from which I carry even to this day. After getting out of the mix-up I found an opening and hit the cat with the barrel of the gun, breaking his back. Then Jack finished the job. The old dog was so mad that he kept biting and shaking the carcass for some minutes after life was extinct.

Tying my handkerchief about my head I examined Jack. I found him pretty well done up—scratched and bitten in a dozen places. While petting and telling what a fine dog he was he lay down and began licking his wounds. I skinned the cat, which was the largest I had ever seen, and with the pelt slung over my shoulder we started out in search of Levi, finding him after about a mile tramp.

"Did you get him?" called Levi, as he looked up from the hole he was digging, at our approach.

"I should say so! Just look at that skin. Ain't that a sockdolager?"

Levi examined the skin while I was narrating our experience.

"Well," said he, "you got off lucky. It's a wonder you don't get killed, the way you load that old gun. Why, you used four times as much powder as you needed. Just wait. One of these days you'll lose the whole top of your head. Now you're here, just take a hand with that hoe. I'm sweating like a bull. See where I've traced 'em from—more'n 20 feet. I'm sure there must be a dozen here. There were lots of tracks that led into the hole."

He shoved a long stick down to see which way it ran. We located the skunks at once, for as he poked with the stick the perfume that filled the air was awful. After digging a short distance I could see one. Jack, who was watching the proceedings very carefully, saw him at the same moment, and brushing by me dove down into the hole and grabbed a big one, which he dragged out and killed. Levi and I keeping a safe distance. The stench, as you all know, is fearful when a skunk is shaken up. After a great deal of coaxing Jack went in and got another. Then he would roll in the snow and dirt to get the perfume out of his eyes. As soon as he could see he would go after more. In all he killed six. Two were jet black, the others black and white. After skinning the six we started for the next hole, Jack lagging behind, tail between his legs. He had had enough skunks for one day. When we reached the other hole and started to dig, Jack looked on for a few moments, then dropped his tail and started for home. No amount of coaxing would bring him back; so, as the dog had left us in the lurch, we decided to wait until we got another one.

When we reached my home it was nearly dark. The house was lighted up and I could see the flicker of a light up by the barns. I knew then that the folks had returned and that my father was doing the chores that I was supposed to have done in the morning.

"Good night, Ash," said Levi at the gate. "I'll see you in a day or two."

"Why don't you come in and get warm?"

"Oh, no; I've got some traps to look after," he called back, disappearing around the corner of the garden fence.

I hastened into the woodshed and hung my accouterments in their proper place, being careful to place the cat skin where nothing would reach it, and went up to the barns to finish my work. Father and one of the hired men were feeding the cattle and horses. They did not notice me when I entered.

"Hello," said I; "is my work all done?"

"You are a young hopeful, you are!" exclaimed my father as he swung the lantern around so as to get a good look at me. "What in the world have you been doing? What's the matter with your head?" And he went on, without giving me a chance to reply: "Your mother is mad all through, Jack ran into the kitchen and sitting room, and now the whole house smells worse than a dye pot."

I told him of the bargain I had made with Levi, and how we had got two fine black skunks and the fine cat skin that I was going to tan and make gloves out of. All he would say was: "That Levi Roberts ought to be ashamed of himself to take you off with him, since all he wanted of you was to get the dog to go in after the skunks. Why, you won't get any part of the money from Levi. I wouldn't believe that red-headed cuss under oath."

Father was right. I never got a cent. I had to keep poor old Jack in the barn for ten days and all my hunting clothes—my father's cast-off ones—had to be buried. For a while, indeed, it looked as though we would have to bury poor old Jack.

A. A. W.

Virginia Game Seasons.

CHASE CITY, Va., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A bill has just passed through the Virginia Legislature giving sportsmen an open season till March 1 in this county alone (Mecklenburg).

W. D. PAXTON.

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West Virginia Deer.

ROMNEY, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not since the days of the old-time hunters, with their old rifles and coonskin caps, has there been so much hunting and so much game killed in Hampshire county as there has been this fall. In years gone by it was no unusual scene to see a wagon on the streets of Romney containing two or three deer; but no one ever expected to see in this day of game laws wagons on the streets containing three or four deer; but such has been the case here his fall, and altogether there has been over sixty deer killed within a radius of eight miles of Romney. Romney is located on the South Branch of the Potomac 150 miles west of Baltimore and is reached by a branch of the B. & O. R. R. leaving the main line at Green Spring, 15 miles east of Cumberland, Md. It is principally noted for its hunting, black bass fishing and its peculiar residents, who, it is said, will arise in the dead hour of night to talk politics or tell a hunting or fishing yarn. Most of the men of the town are either hunters or fishermen, and being disciples of the great Izaak Walton spend the most of their days whittling store boxes; and when one so far forgets himself as to contract to do a small job of manual labor his fellow townsmen turn out in full force to advise and boss the job. Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, they are hospitable and accommodating to the many strangers who come here to fish and hunt. During Cleveland's first administration he came here and spent a few hours fishing and hunting.

Different reasons have been given for the abundance of deer in this section this fall. Among some of the reasons given is that owing to forest fires in Maryland and the western part of the State (and a large majority of the deer killed being large bucks), they were driven in here by these fires. Others claim the abundance of game is due to the past three years of a close season, as this is the first legal hunting season we have had for that time. During the past three years we have not done any hunting in parties, and as hound running is prohibited by law and by public opinion also in this county, the deer have been allowed to breed unmolested. Our game laws are good if enforced, but as we have no deputy warden the law is not enforced as it should be. The prohibitory license of \$25 for one season, good only in the county where issued, has kept lots of sportsmen away. We do not like this law, as it gives too much license to the local hunter, who very frequently hunts only because he can get a price for the game, and has no true love for the sport. During a period of fifteen years your correspondent has met and hunted with the majority of hunters who come to this county to hunt, and can say that they generally leave \$5 behind them for every dollar's worth of game they kill or carry away. A general law in all States prohibiting the sale of game would go a longer way to protecting it than all laws previously enacted. The question of protecting game has become a prominent one in most States and all sportsmen should take an interest in the matter so as to leave some game in existence for the next generation. There are quite a good many sportsmen in Baltimore and other cities who have fished in this stream who can testify that at one time it was one of the best black bass streams in the United States. But constant fishing, catching illegally by fish pots and tie rafts have done the work, and this grand sport has nearly become but a memory.

The Middle Ridge correspondent of our local paper reports the doings of the hunters there: "William Taylor killed one deer and five turkeys, Clark Smith managed to kill a tow head, John Crock killed eight deer and four turkeys, Charles Cox three deer. Tom Cox has killed since my other letter two bucks. Bob Earsom killed two deer and three turkeys—one gobbler that weighed 31 pounds, feathers, head and all. William Heath killed ten deer, two turkeys, four foxes, seven skunks and rabbits too many to mention. Adam J. Kaylor and his friend Mr. Henderson had a lively chase after the big buck which Adam says he has shot at nine times. They at last got it. Mr. Kaylor says he killed it and Mr. Henderson says he killed it. There was a fine big deer came down through Frankfort and stopped in front of Mr. Haines' store. I suppose it came in to bid the people farewell, as the season was so near out." JIM B.

Mr. Foster's Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Foster's breezy account of the manner in which he secured his most notable moose moves the writer to offer a few observations.

Has not Mr. Foster proved beyond all cavil the inadequacy of any rifle made in America to-day for the business of stopping moose? It will be generally conceded that no more powerful rifle, all things considered, is now manufactured in the United States than the .30-40. Yet Mr. Foster emptied the entire magazine and two additional shots into the carcass of his moose before the animal could be persuaded to pause. "Both shoulders were broken, both hips fractured, his heart was cut in two, there was a bullet through his brisket, another through his paunch, six of his ribs were cut in twain, other bullets went through him or were pulverized against the big bones," all this before the moose would condescend to subside. No wonder Mr. Foster's anxious soul sang the anthem which he describes and which so many have sung before: "Why don't I knock him down? Why don't I knock him down?" The obligato which echoed through the forest corridors that moist November day, but which Mr. Foster was too busy to hear, was: "Because your load is light. Because your load is light." Mr. Foster got his moose because he was a cool, nervy marksman, and literally raked his game from stem to stern. I have no axe to grind. All I say is that armed with an English Express rifle, with say a 450-grain bullet propelled by 160 or even 135 grains of powder, Mr. Foster would have mowed that moose down flat the first shot. It's the shock of the heavy bullet that does the business. Why will not our American manufacturers make us such a rifle?

Look at the lamentable experience of Mr. Foster's two friends, who knocked a bull moose down three times and then beheld his rear elevation vanish in the bush. Query: Isn't it about time the title passed to the bidder when the moose is knocked down three times?

Just a word about the weight of moose. An animal that will dress 700 or 750 pounds of actual meat (as many of them do) will weigh from 1,000 to 1,100 "in the hoof." I am satisfied that a moose of 1,200 pounds is occasionally to be found. Moose attain their greatest perfection of weight and antler measurement where they are least disturbed and where the food conditions are most favorable. This is why the Alaskan moose outclasses the Eastern moose and the New Brunswick moose outclasses that of Maine.

RIVERSIDE, Cal., Jan. 1.

FRANK H. R.

Arkansas and the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 5.—The duck shooting in this part of the South has been a sore disappointment to many, as there was practically no flight to speak of, and the few ducks that did visit Arkansas came in spasmodic flights, and these were of short duration, so that very few good bags were made. Early in the season the conditions promised much, as there was an abundance of mast, but later on the weather became very adverse; it was unusually warm and dry, just at the time when the best flight of ducks generally put in an appearance here. This may in some measure have been responsible for the poor shooting, but even later on when the conditions were most favorable, we got no ducks. This state of affairs prevailed generally all over the State, and to a great extent in the South, as I made a number of inquiries to locate the ducks, but reports from all points were that the shooting was poor.

Last Saturday this section was visited by a snow storm, and while this prevailed, I have since learned, quite a number of ducks were seen on many of our lakes and bayous. At Lake Village in Chicot county there was a great flight of ducks, among which were many canvasbacks, a bird rather uncommon for this section. The snow was followed by some extremely cold weather, which froze most of our lakes and streams, and while these were closed I heard of the ducks feeding in the corn-fields; but now that the weather has again turned warm, the ducks will once more scatter over our marshes, so that little shooting can be expected, as there is now an abundance of water.

There is little prospect of any shooting this season, as our spring flight is always very uncertain.

While we have been favored with few ducks, we have otherwise had a very good game season, as our crop of quail has been the best for a number of years past, and large game such as turkey and deer are also to be found in increased numbers everywhere. The quail shooting is at its best, and should continue good until the close of the season, March 1. The cover is down and the crops have all been gathered, so that one can go most anywhere and get a good day's shooting. Joe Irwin and Tom Reaves went to Plumberville on the Fort Smith Railroad Thanksgiving Day. They put up sixteen coveys and bagged some seventy-odd birds. Al Schinner spent Christmas at Hope, and on that and the following day he bagged seventy-six birds, with a very inferior dog at that. On the last day he got thirty-six by 3 o'clock, when he came to the conclusion he had enough. I was to have made this trip with him, but my dog was sick and I did not care to chance it without him. E. B. Jett and J. Jones went to Mayflower, which is only twenty miles from the city, and brought back forty-seven birds in a day's shooting. They left on the morning train and returned the same evening. Attorney-General Jeff. Davis and two friends shot a part of three days around Atkins. In this time they gathered 253 quail. Both the last named places are on the Fort Smith Railroad, and along this line there are numerous good points. Shortly after Mr. Hough came down here, some six years ago, this section was apparently shot out, but now the birds seem to have been restored in something like their former number.

One of the best localities for quail is along the Valley Railroad and along the Hamburg, Mississippi River & Western. Montrose, Parkdale, Wilnot and Cypress are the best points on the former, and Mist is the best one on the latter. At this place Joe Irwin and J. M. Parker, president of the road, shot three days last week, and bagged respectively 56, 40 and 65 birds. They had just got the birds properly located on the last day when the snow storm forced them to quit. Mist is just on the edge of Piny Prairie, and the shooting is quite easy, as the birds are now feeding on the sumac in the prairie, and rarely go to cover when disturbed. Even adjacent to the city fair shooting is to be had. John Pemberton, who lives just a few miles below, was telling me that yesterday he bagged thirty-eight in about a half-day's shooting. One day last week I put up eight bevies within five miles of the city. Anywhere along the Iroh Mountain line and its branches good quail shooting can be found. The new railroad, the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, which has been built in a northwesterly direction to a point in the Indian Territory, traverses some of the very best game country in the State; along this line both large and small game can be found in goodly proportion. The best quail shooting is around Shawnee and Oklahoma City. This is in a prairie country, and the shooting therefore is comparatively easy.

Some three weeks of our deer season yet remains, but it is a trifle late for this kind of hunting, except in the mountains and hills, as there is now too much water in the bottom lands, and these are really our best big-game localities. J. K. Thibault and a party were out during the snow, and the morning following Thibault succeeded in stalking a pair of bucks on a mountain side, and killed them both in three shots before they could escape. The Major is quite as handy with the rifle as the scattergun, and is capable of negotiating all kinds of game as readily as he does the saucers at the trap. Judging by the number of deer that appeared in the market, the snow made their killing comparatively easy. I learn that one party of the name of Stricklin, in the western part of the country, killed five during this time.

It is evident that there are yet some prairie chickens left, as a few are shipped to this market from time to time, but their number has been greatly diminished, so that but very few remain for seed, and as there will be another open season before our Legislature meets, there is but little chance of averting their utter extermination. Every effort was made by the State Sportsmen's Association to induce the Legislature to adopt some additional measure for the protection of these birds, but nothing

was done, and scarcely any of our lawmakers interested themselves in the measure, so that it was treated with indifference, and of course remained unenacted. This resulted in practically wiping out the benefit derived from the five years' close season, so that even though a similar law may be provided at the next session, it would take twice that length of time to restore the birds to their former localities. So great was the slaughter of these birds early in the fall that they could be purchased for the same price as the domestic bird in our market. The weather then was unusually hot, and not a few spoiled and were thrown away.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Sportsmen's Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Preparations for the Sixth Annual Sportsmen's Show, March 1 to 17, at Madison Square Garden, have been going ahead quietly, but to such good purpose that the foundations and framework of the enterprise are now practically complete, and within the next few weeks the finer details of the prettiest and most realistic picture ever presented to sportsmen within the limits of a great metropolitan center will be under way.

The judgment shown by the management last year in changing the character of the show from an exhibit of sportsmen's supplies and equipments, pure and simple, to a magnificent and realistic reproduction of the hunter's camp, surrounded by all of the essential environments of life in the woods and upon the stream, was so warmly indorsed by the public, that this year every effort will be made to build up and improve the exhibit along the same lines. Consequently the interior of the big Garden will this year be more attractive than ever before, to all who love the gun, the rod and the rifle; to those who love the scent of the balsam and the fir, and who would rather spend one brief week in the wilds of Maine or the Adirondacks than to take a trip to Europe. The coming show will contain all of the desirable features of past shows, and the management have readily adopted every new feature that has suggested itself to them or that has been suggested by others, in the least calculated to broaden the scope and add to the attractiveness of the sixth annual exhibit.

The show of 1899 was a revelation to many who had formed no conception of the magnificent spectacle that met the eye when the doors were thrown open to the public last March. Consequently some interests that would have added not a few strong features to the exhibit were not represented. These same interests, however, have been among the first to get into line for the show of 1900, and they are of such a character that material and valuable additions to the exhibit are assured.

The general effect of last year's show will be preserved; some details in point of arrangement, however, will be changed. The game park, while it will occupy the same location as in '99, will be more symmetrically and attractively laid out. The display of big game animals will embrace a greater number of really choice specimens than has ever before been brought together in the metropolis. Back of the game park and extending across the arena is the space set aside for power launches, boats, and sportsmen's craft of various styles and designs. This space is 75 by 10 feet in size, and will contain, collectively, as imposing and interesting an exhibit of small craft as it is possible to conceive. The leading builders of the country have taken space, and models will be shown well calculated to set every lover of boating to figuring on the state of his finances and the probable amount he can afford to lay out for this particular luxury this year.

The next feature, as one leaves the boats, is the canoe camp. On a gentle slope of ground at the western end of the artificial lake will be laid out an ideal canoeist's camp, just such an one as attracted hundreds of canoeists to the annual meet of the National Association in the Thousand Islands last year and the year before. This exhibit is in charge of a prominent and popular member of the National Canoeists' Association, and some rare relics of past meets, as well as some splendid specimens of the canoe builders' art, are promised.

The artificial lake will this year be surrounded by a rustic hedge 18 inches high, and as the board floor of the Garden will be entirely removed, leaving the surface one of leaf-covered earth, just as one would find it in the woods, the shores of the lake will appear precisely the same as those of a natural pool. In this lake will be conducted the aquatic competitions that proved so popular a feature last year. Mr. William B. Curtis, the father of amateur athletics in America, will have sole charge of these competitions, which will attract the most expert swimmers and cleverest water poloists in the country. The hunter's camp, as last year, will be located upon the hill at the eastern end of the lake, and will be an improvement even upon the beautiful production of last year. All who visited the show of '99 will recall the magnificent drop, showing the glaciers and mountain ranges of the far Northwest. The drop this year will represent a superb glimpse of the famous Yosemite Valley, and it is said will be the most magnificent and realistic painting of this famously beautiful spot yet seen in the country.

Upon one side of the artificial lake will be located the aquaria, and as the New York State Fish and Game Commission will make the exhibit, it is safe to say that there will be no lack of material, calculated to interest the fishermen. Upon the opposite side of the lake will be seen the exhibits of live game birds and carnivorous game animals. The bird exhibit is again in charge of Mr. Verner de Guise, and he promises the choicest collection of live game birds yet seen at any Sportsmen's Show. Elmer E. Shaner will handle the trapshooting events upon the roof, which insures some rare good shooting during the show, and Zettler Bros. will look after the rifle and revolver ranges in the basement.

As to the exhibitors of sportsmen's supplies and equipment, all of the leading exhibitors of last year are in their old spaces, not a few of them having doubled and trebled their spaces for this year. Many new features are now being negotiated and arranged for, which will make the show of 1900 far superior in attractiveness even to its brilliant predecessor of 1899. These will be announced as plans for their production are perfected.

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CHICAGO AND THE WEST

I DO not know just where Mr. Morris can find the prairie chickens which he wants. There is no doubt that they could be trapped readily in the winter time in many sections of Nebraska or Dakota, but this could not be done or the birds sent out of the State legally. I would advise Mr. Morris to write to State Game Warden George E. Bowers, Fargo, N. D., and perhaps the latter will give him a permit to ship birds. They could undoubtedly be caught in Lamoure county, N. D., or perhaps near Pembina. I would suggest that the matter be left to Mr. Bowers, as he will know where the birds can be taken and by whom if he cares to have it done. I should think late winter would be the best time to turn the birds down, as they could live in a country where there were good corn fields. I do not think that a broad water course would be an obstacle whatever to the wanderings of the birds unless their wings were clipped. Of course, how they would thrive is an open question. Birds which bred in the spring on the ground would remain with their young about the place until September, when they would band up and perhaps leave the country. They might return again the next spring or they might pass in and out of the same section all through the winter. It would all depend on how they fancied the country for their living purposes. They like a wheat and corn country, but there ought to be grass enough for breeding in the spring. In southern Illinois the prairie chickens nowadays have changed their habits and in the summer live almost altogether in the corn fields, rarely coming upon the stubble fields except very late in the evening. I shall be glad if Mr. Morris will keep me advised of the success of his experiment.

Southern Quail Country.

Mr. A. S. Horton, of Rockford, Ill., writes me as below in regard to country for a quail hunt in January. "I have been reading the FOREST AND STREAM for the past fifteen years (am a subscriber), and the first thing I turn to when I get my paper is the column headed 'Chicago and the West.' I have your book, 'The Story of the Cowboy,' and have read so much of your writings that I really feel as though I were acquainted with you, and I should have been long before this if I had had more time to myself, for a friend of mine, Mr. Chas. E. Whelan, of Madison, Wis., said he would give me a letter of introduction to you any time I wanted it. "I was in Chicago last night and got back to Rockford at 3 A. M. I rode all the way in with some fellows who, like myself, love to hunt, and you can probably imagine what we talked about—dogs, guns and shooting in general; and during the lulls in conversation I read about your last trip with the 'Saginaw Crowd.' I am glad somebody is having a good time shooting. I used to, but for several years have been 'chained to business.' "On our way in last night another gentleman and myself made up our minds that if possible we would get away for a week or so in January or February and go somewhere quail shooting if we could get track of a place that promised good sport; and I agreed that I would write to you and see if you could give us any information on the subject. We have been told the shooting is good in Mississippi, but are not very well posted on locality. We both have dogs and should take them with us, and have both shot a good many quail years ago, but haven't hunted them lately. I had my 'outfit' about ready to send to the train this fall for a quail hunt in the southern part of this State, but business stepped in and demanded that I say at home, and I stayed. "If you can give us any information regarding a good locality to go during the months mentioned we shall be greatly indebted to you. "Thank you now for the pleasure that your writings have given me in the days that are past, and I hope some day to meet you in person." It is obvious that Mr. Horton is a man of judgment and knows a good thing when he sees it. I should like to state, however, that nobody needs a letter of introduction to me, as I am a very plain and unfrilled sort of man, and always glad to see anybody who reads the FOREST AND STREAM or whoso maketh or loveth a gun. In regard to the quail country which Mr. Horton wants, it will of course be necessary for him to go south of the Mason and Dixon line. If he will go to Little Rock, Ark., and look up Joe Irwin, manager of the Capital Hotel, the latter will direct him to good quail country, I am sure, for Mr. Irwin is a very successful hunter and knows where to go. Two years ago some friends of mine went to Rector, Ark., and they had very fine sport indeed with quail. As to Mississippi, there are a great many quail at Batesville, but that country is posted a great deal. Lucy, Tenn., is a good quail point. I think Mr. Horton would do very well to write to my friend Mr. T. A. Divine, 39 South Court street, Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Divine lives close to a lot of good quail country and is the kindest hearted man in the world.

Between Seasons.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 6.—It is between seasons here at this date, and nothing much is doing among our local shooters. Every one who has leisure and money is going South. Those who are not so well situated either stay at home or go rabbit shooting. We have at least the faithful cotton-tail with us always, and two or three hours out of Chicago will bring one into good rabbit grounds. The Kankakee Valley is especially prolific of bunny, and really it is sport not to be despised to hunt rabbits in the scrub oak, where the cover is very close. A beagle or two raises the fun quite into a realm worth careful consideration.

Winter Pickerel.

Up at Fox Lake, in Wisconsin, the sport of ice fishing is going on with considerable success. From the columns of the Representative I observe that our old friend, Dick Hoover, is still busy with the fish, and one day caught four pickerel, whose weights were respectively 12, 13, 15 and 18 pounds. On another day Mrs. Dick Hoover landed one that weighed 13 pounds.

Moving.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, will pass through

Chicago this month with his wife and family, bound for a stay of some time in the climate of sunny California.

Mr. Jack Morley, of Saginaw, is another member of the Saginaw Crowd who seems to be infected by the California fever, and he will before many moons visit the Coast country.

Mr. W. A. Powel, of Powelville, Ill., with his friend Major Geo. W. LaRue, start soon for a hunting trip of some duration with their friend Mr. Spears, in Mississippi. They will hunt bear, deer and turkey. Mr. Powel, who is a breeder of fine horses, will take his own favorite hunting horse with him all the way from Illinois.

Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., will, within a few days, pass through Chicago on his way South with Mrs. Brown, for a trip of some extent. They go first to Havana, Cuba, and then up the east coast of Florida, hoping to find some quiet place "away from the sardine cans of civilization." Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may perhaps remember the story of the pleasant little chicken shoot with Mr. and Mrs. Brown last September in Wisconsin.

If you scratch a sportsman in these days you do not always find a Tartar, and indeed you may discover that you have found almost anything—a preacher, a doctor, a millionaire, a literary man or what you will. Now, when I was chicken shooting with Mr. Brown last fall I had no idea that he had ever written a book, or was ever going to write one. He did not look as though he had any such intentions whatever, but on the contrary walked, perspired and cussed when he missed his bird, even as you and I. Yet now I have on my desk still another treasure to add to the memories of many pleasant associations with sportsmen in the past—no less than a handsome and scholarly book entitled "Critical Confessions, by Neal Brown." When I state that the chapters of this thoughtful work are on such subjects as "Andrew Lang," "Honore de Balzac," "William Makepeace Thackeray," "Degeneration," "John Smith," "A Deferred Criticism," "American Notes" and "Americanism in Literature," we shall perhaps be able to see that Mr. Brown can do something besides shoot prairie chickens. He writes as well as he shoots, and that is saying a very great deal. The American sportsman of to-day is by no means of the baser sort, and it may quite well follow that he has more in his life than is compassed by an idle day now and then afield.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Company, will be in Chicago early this month on his way home from his trip in California, which latter, it hardly need be said, has been a highly successful one.

Would Guide.

Mr. Cecil J. Huntington, of Dayton, Wyo., a stranger to me, writes as follows regarding his acquaintance with the game regions of the Rocky Mountains: "I can take out hunting parties through the Big Horn Mountains to the National Park and Jackson's Hole. I have hunted in Wyoming for the past eighteen years, and am familiar with the game resorts of this country. If you are coming West next season I shall be pleased to show you some fine shooting. A good trip is to go with a pack outfit from Dayton, through the Big Horns into the Park, then down through Jackson's Hole, the great elk resort."

Not Too Thick.

Dr. C. R. Sumner, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the Saginaw Crowd with whom I had so pleasant a shoot this fall, writes: "I have enjoyed the tale of the trip very much. I think you put it on pretty thick, however. I had no idea I was such a good shot until I saw it in the paper. * * * After you left I had my best shooting, my high bag being four partridge and nine quail. Archie, who shot with me, killed twelve quail, but I would not have beaten him if he had not given me some of his shots." (I did not put it on too thick about Dr. Sumner. He is a rattling good field shot.)

Wouldn't Sniff if They Knew.

Mr. Horace Kephart, of the Mercantile Library, of St. Louis, writes in mild protest, "Many a reader of FOREST AND STREAM must have sniffed when he read that I was the only great, original archivist of the Wild West!" They wouldn't sniff if they knew.

Weather.

The sharp cold of last week has quite passed away from this section, and at this writing we are having mild, open weather, as good as could be asked for the game birds.

E. HOUGH.
480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Grouse and Dog.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 1.—While in conversation with Mr. Charles Nicholls, of this city, about his recent shooting trip to Michigan, he said: "I saw a curious thing. My dog pointed a partridge about 8 feet off on a log. The bird strutted like a turkey up and down the log for two or three minutes and I called Johnson over to see it before it flew."

Mr. Nicholls reported having fine sport, grouse and quail being plentiful; also "squaw-foot" rabbits (What are they?); but all they killed had bad swelling on throat, and a good many were seen that had died.

Mr. Nicholls also says that many pheasants have been put out in Michigan and are protected until 1905.

J. L. D.

Valparaiso, Chili, Nov. 27.—A fossil of a reptile like an alligator was found at Caldera, a sea port of Chili, in the province of Atacama, by Archibald Mackenzie, on Aug. 26 last, lying on a sunken rock near the north beach. He reported the discovery to the authorities, and by order of the Intendente it was lifted out of the water in sections and brought ashore, where it was photographed. It is now being boxed preparatory to removing it to Valparaiso. The fossil weighs about six tons and is 28 feet 11 inches long. The head is 9 feet long and the tail is 14 feet 11 inches long. Across the back it measures 9 feet 9 inches. The fossil is well petrified and has considerable stone or "loza" hanging to it.

The Lacey Game Bill.

H. R. 5055. IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Jan. 3, 1900.

Mr. Lacey introduced the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and ordered to be printed:

A Bill to Enlarge the Powers of the Department of Agriculture, Prohibit the Transportation by Interstate Commerce of Game Killed in Violation of Local Laws, and for Other Purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture are hereby enlarged so as to include the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man. For such purposes the Secretary of Agriculture may purchase, or cause to be captured, such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories in which they may conduct such operations.

The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to aid in the introduction of new and valuable varieties or species of American or foreign birds in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

The Secretary of Agriculture shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses and preservation of such birds.

And the Secretary of Agriculture shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor.

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any common carrier knowingly to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild game animals, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild game birds, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild song birds, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild birds useful to man where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which the same were killed: Provided, that nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead game birds or animals killed in the State, Territory or District in which the same are killed.

Sec. 3. That all packages containing such dead animals, birds, or parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, as provided in Section 1 of this act, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the nature of the contents may be readily ascertained on inspection of the outside of such packages.

Sec. 4. That it shall be unlawful for any common carrier to transport, and it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any such common carrier for transportation from any State or Territory to any other State or Territory, or from Alaska or the District of Columbia to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to Alaska or the District of Columbia, the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild deer, elk, antelope, caribou, buffalo or bison, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, bear, or other wild game animal of any description, or any dead body or bodies or parts thereof of any wild prairie chicken, quail, partridge, grouse, woodcock, duck, goose, brant, or other wild game bird of any description, or the dead body or bodies or parts thereof of any wild song bird or other wild bird useful to man which have been caught, trapped or killed in any State, Territory, or District in violation of the laws thereof. For each violation of this act the shipper shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding \$200; and the consignee knowingly receiving such article so shipped and transported in violation of this act shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding \$200; and the carrier knowingly carrying or transporting the same shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding \$200.

Wildfowl.

STOCKTON, Md.—It seems impossible for me to write a short letter or answer a question without bringing in geese, brant or ducks, so I expect I am known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM as Old Wildfowl.

There is nothing in the paper that so interests me as the letters from sportsmen. I am not alone in this, for all the gunners I meet seem to turn to those short notices and letters as items of interest, telling of game and its movements by those in touch with it on its own ground. I cannot say we have had a good season so far, although we have killed a good number. The weather has been very warm and moderate, the fowl remaining far out in open water, with little inclination to move or break up in small bunches. Even with wind enough to drive little could be done, the flights being too large to make good decoying. Now we are having a touch of winter the fowl are coming down from the North and out from the fresh water bays and coves. It will not be many days before Chincoteague Bay will be alive with the noisy multitude.

You read so much now about game protection and the many wise and good laws made; then you look to the localities they are made for and you find them a dead letter. Why? Because there are none there to enforce them. One of your correspondents spoke of a new warden on Chincoteague Island. Where was he last week, when every night from two to seven lights were moving over the shoals, and guns sounding from dark until morning? They say at Hog Island this night slaughter has all been broken up. Now part of Chincoteague Shoals is in Virginia also. Why don't they use some of that successful force up here, especially as all engaged in this law breaking work are Virginians? If it was not for night shooting Chincoteague Bay would be the finest wildfowl resort on the coast, and even now, with no protection whatever, the fowl cannot be driven away, only becoming more and more wild and shy of boats and blinds. Stop picking wardens from the gang, pay brave and honest men, and the work is done.

O. D. FOULKS.

Game Law Doctoring.

ON the train the other day just before reaching Westport I met Anthony-Ross, of Essex, and was introduced by him to Hon. A. W. Boynton and Richard Trumbull. The three gentlemen, who are lawyers, were on their way to Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex county, which is reached by a ten-mile drive from Westport.

"If you ever get into trouble breaking the game laws," said lawyer Ross, with a personal application which was altogether unnecessary, "just go to my friend Boynton here, and he'll get you off. He's the greatest game law lawyer in northern New York."

"Does it make any difference whether I am guilty or not?" I inquired.

"Not the slightest," replied Mr. Ross, cheerfully. "The game protector can prove any kind of a case against you, but if you can get Boynton on your side he'll find some way out of the difficulty."

"Here's a case in point: Three years ago there was a man tried at Au Sable Forks for violating the statute which says that no fishing shall be done through the ice in waters inhabited by trout. He was tried before Justice Trumbull, who, as it happens, sits on the honorable counsel's right at the present moment."

"The prosecution proved its case up to the handle. It had half a dozen witnesses on hand who swore to seeing the defendant fishing through the ice on Trout Pond, near Clintonville, and who, moreover, saw him haul a trout up through the ice, and who identified the fish beyond any measurable doubt. Counsel for the defense admitted all these facts as far as one particular trout was concerned, but moved the discharge of the prisoner on the ground that it had not been proved that the trout was caught from waters inhabited by trout, as the statute provided. The circumstance that the pond was called Trout Pond did not prove the fact, and the prosecution had no evidence to show that there were any trout left in the pond after the particular fish in question had been taken from it, and the prisoner was acquitted."

"I had another case," said Mr. Boynton, suavely, "of a man who was arrested for having in his possession a live deer out of season in which I secured an acquittal on somewhat similar grounds. We admitted everything the prosecution wanted to prove, and based our defense on the fact that the defendant had taken the deer from dogs and hunters who would otherwise have killed it, and so was carrying out the spirit of the law by saving the life of the deer. The jury acquitted the man; the case was taken to the county court, and he was acquitted there, and finally the general term affirmed the decision."

"The native Adirondacker," remarked Mr. Ross, "believes that game, even though it is out of season, tastes just as good. He has an idea that game laws are made for city people and against his interests, and the offender must be a mighty unpopular man if he hasn't got the sympathy of the jury with him."

"But, as I said before, if you want to be real sure of getting off, you should have our honorable friend on your side. All lawyers are not equally good at interpreting the law from the defendant's standpoint so that the jury can conscientiously see their way clear to acquit him."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Tomcods.

ONE day last week the New York newspapers had an item under the heading "5,000 Fish in One Night," which related to catching tomcods in the Hudson River near Tarrytown, and it states that the catch was made by four men using net and clam bait. "The water appeared to be filled with fish, and it was nothing to pull them out 100 at a time. One of the fishermen lost his hat overboard, and in throwing a net out to recover it he pulled in sixty-five fish."

"The fish were placed on exhibition to-day in a local store. Several years ago the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission dumped several million tomcods into the Hudson, and now fishermen are taking thousands of fish out of the river nightly."

The only hatchery in the State to hatch salt-water fish is located at Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island Sound, and there tomcods, lobsters and smelts are hatched in addition to trout of various species. At this station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission as high as 48,000,000 tomcods have been hatched in one season, and the young are planted when hatched in the waters of the Sound, in the waters about Greater New York and in the Hudson River. The tomcod, tommy or frost fish is a delicious little pan fish and furnishes food for a multitude of anglers in and around Greater New York. I read the newspaper item I have quoted from while I was at Cold Spring Harbor station, where millions of tomcods are now being hatched, for their season of spawning is confined to the month of December, and they come in to the shores and even ascend streams for the purpose of spawning as cold weather comes on. Hence the name "frost fish," which has caused some people to mix them up with another frost fish—the round white-fish of Adirondack lakes, a fresh-water fish, which also comes into the shallows to spawn about the time of the beginning of the frost period in the North Woods.

By the same token, the common name of tomcod is not confined alone to this member of the codfish family which bears the specific name of *Microgadus tomcod*, for there is a real tomcod on the Pacific Coast, and the name is applied there also to the young of quite a different fish; but what I had in mind particularly is that the kingfish of the Atlantic Coast is called tomcod on the coast of Connecticut, and thereby hangs a tale which should have been mentioned in this column years ago.

My friend the late Prof. George Brown Goode sent me a copy of his book, "American Fishes," at the time it was published (I find from his inscription on the fly leaf that it was sent July, 1888), but it was not until years later that I discovered that the book perpetuated an error and caused me to steal the thunder of some

other angler. One day I happened to open the volume at the chapter devoted to king and queen fishes, and to my surprise I read: "Its great gameness, its beauty of color and form, and its excellent flavor, Mr. Cheney assures us, caused the loyal citizens of New York in colonial days to call this species the kingfish." Later in same chapter I read: "Mr. A. N. Cheney gives the following instructions for kingfish angling."

As I never had assured any one that the fish was called kingfish by loyal citizens of New York, and never gave any instructions for angling for kingfish, I wrote to Prof. Goode at once disclaiming the authorship of what he had credited to me; but to this day I do not know whose instructions I was made to father through an unintentional slip, nor could Prof. Goode recall how he happened to credit me with something I did not write.

The Atlantic tomcod is a small fish, from 6 to 12 inches in length, and in form is a codfish in miniature, with barbel on its chin and fins of same number and placed as in the case of the codfish; but in coloring it is quite different. It is a prolific fish for one of its size, averaging about 25,000 eggs, although a single fish has been known to give 43,000 eggs. The eggs are small, 1-15 of an inch in diameter, and are heavy and non-adhesive—unlike the codfish eggs, which are buoyant and non-adhesive. The eggs are hatched in McDonald or Chase jars, the flow from the bottom upward holding them in suspension as it were. With water at about 40 degrees the eggs hatch in from twenty-seven to thirty-five days, and in four days more the umbilical sac is absorbed.

For five years past the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has planted an average of a million young tomcods a year in the Hudson in the vicinity of Tarrytown, where it is reported that such large numbers of the fish are now being taken by the fishermen, and if one-fortieth of the annual number of tomcods hatched by the Commission adds so greatly to the food supply in one locality, what must the other thirty-nine-fortieths add to the food supply in other localities where the fish are annually planted? New York is the southern limit of the range of the tomcod on the Atlantic coast, and Cape Sable on the north, and if it were not considered a common fish it would easily assume a place as a most delicious fish; in fact it has been sold under the name of London trout—and a name is often a potent factor in disposing of a fish or a race horse.

Forge Pond.

Of all the places where I fished as a boy and in early manhood, there is none that I retain in fonder memory than Forge Pond. Of my fishing companions who resorted regularly with me to this pond not one is left this side of the great divide. They were all my elders, and I was the kid of the enthusiastic Forge Pond coterie, to which I was admitted solely because I developed a love of fishing, probably about the time I graduated from dresses to knickerbockers or kilt skirts, for I was recently presented with an old ambrotype of myself in kilt skirt with a fish rod in my hand and (perhaps I ought not to confess it) a pipe in my mouth; but I am sure that the latter must have been at that time a property pipe.

Several times lately I have been told that the streams on which Forge Pond was located contained a number of dead trout, and that they were possibly killed by acids from a gold reduction establishment just below the site of the old Forge Pond dam. I had not been to the place in ten years or more; but I sent for a special State game and fish protector, and yesterday we investigated the reports, the result of which has nothing to do with this, as our investigation is not finished.

My visit to the spot awakened a flood of memories, and last evening over several pipes filled with tobacco I dreamed day dreams of Forge Pond in all its former attractiveness to me in the long ago. The pond was formed by building a dam on a trout stream, yet famous for its fish, and one that the State plants with fry or fingerlings from time to time, and it being half-way, as it crosses the old Military road of French and Indian war times, between old Fort Edward on the Hudson and Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George, it is called Half-Way Brook. The pond filled a depression between two sand hills where once stood mighty yellow pines, and the stumps of the pines protruded from the water from one end of the pond to the other. There was a fringe of pines left standing on the south shore, and a scrub growth on the north, both serving as wind breaks.

At first the fishing was done from a half-log of yellow pine poled from stump to stump, but in time that gave way to a scow not perhaps as safe to fish from as the half-log. The trout were particularly fine flavored, and even in that far away time extremely wary in the shallow but cold water.

I do not propose to recall much of the fishing in Forge Pond in these notes, but one night I was sitting up with a sick boy friend and toward daylight he said he thought if he could have a fried trout he could eat it. When I was relieved about daylight, I drove to the pond and caught three trout weighing 1½, 1 and ½ pound respectively, and was home before the ordinary breakfast hour. Many and larger brook trout have I taken since that day, but I doubt if any subsequent catch gave me more pleasure in the catching.

The last time I fished the pond I caught my trout, such as I caught, through the ice in March. At that time it was the regular thing to fish through the ice for trout after the law expired, either March 1 or March 15, and fine sport I considered it then.

Jimmy Sargeant was my companion, and Prince James, as some called him, because of his old-fashioned courtly ways, was a rare sportsman, and Jimmy to Nat Harris, Fred Ranger, Aiken Sheldon and old man Pardo, of those who were the chief worshipers at the shrine of old Forge, and who have passed into the beyond. For bait we used white grubs cut with an axe from dead second-growth pines, and there was a witchery or glamour about it that made it seem a most delectable sport when practiced at old Forge, when the ice was getting soft and the sky was getting blue, and the first venturesome robin might be heard of a morning. No one that I knew ever fished old Forge, to make a record or to take all the trout that would bite; a few of the superior fish from that stump-studded pond was a genteel sufficiency, and a man who loaded his basket, if he could, would have been sent to Coventry by the old guard who loved and

fished it, and talked about it when it could not be fished, for old Forge was a sort of sacred place and at that time had not been invested by those who fish for gross gain.

Yesterday Forge Pond was a waste. The stumps remain because they cannot be sold in the market at a profit, and the brook winds its way among the stumps down to what was the dam, where stood Dixon's mill. Where once was the bottom of the pond grass grows and furnishes pasture for cows. The mill is gone, the pines are gone, the scrub growth is gone, and all is a desert. A few rods below where Dixon's mill sawed a few logs after a thunder shower, there is on one side of the brook a plant for making barrel bung stoppers and horse-shoers' rasps. On the other side is a plant for removing gold from the sand hills, and the hills are furrowed with ditches and tall smoke stacks rise where the wind once soured through the pines, and steam whistles screech out where in other days there was naught but a Sabbath stillness except on the rare occasions the mill was started to saw a few boards to build a fence or mend a hen coop.

I was sorry that I saw the place in its present condition, but I suppose the steam whistles and the smoke stacks are types of the progress of the century; but it is a very-much-out-at-elbow sort of progress as I saw it, and if it proves true that poisons are allowed to run into the stream they will be taken out if State laws can accomplish it, if for no other reason than because old Forge was once the Mecca of some very honest fishermen of simple tastes, who loved the spot and whose shade would haunt me if I did not do all in my power to prevent the fouling of the stream which remains and which once fed the pond.

Books for the Pocket.

It may be assumed that by books for the pocket I mean an angling book that will fit an angler's pocket, and not a portemonnaie or wallet. Again and again have I taken some little book to read on the cars, and it almost always has been a book which related to fish or fishing and of a size to slip into my pocket without inconvenience to me. So often have I done this that it caused me to look over my modest angling library and find who produced these convenient little volumes—and nearly all of them came from abroad—and as a rule American publishers seem not inclined toward small and compact volumes on angling or sporting subjects. To me a book which takes me off to a trout stream or salmon river is of much greater interest than a novel, and when Mr. George A. B. Dewar sent me his dainty little book "In Pursuit of the Trout" I put it in my traveling bag to be read on the first journey I was called upon to make, and thereafter it made a number of journeys with me, being changed from bag to pocket and vice versa at the beginning and end of each journey.

"Days in Clover" and "On a Sunshine Holiday," by the Amateur Angler, who is the father of Mr. R. B. Marston, and who writes lovingly of many things out of doors besides angling, have been with me on journeys of many hundred miles. The pages of "In Pursuit of Trout" are 4½ by 6½ inches. Mr. Marston's little books are 4¼ by 7 inches and 4 by 6¼ inches respectively. A reproduction of the first edition of Walton is 3¼ by 5-8 inches, and a reproduction of the fifth edition, in limp leather, is 5½ by 3½ inches. Blacker's "Art of Fly-Making" is 3¾ by 6½ inches. "Salmonia," by Sir Humphrey Davy, is only 6½ by 4 inches, and Marston's "Walton and the Earlier Fishing Writers," in large paper, is but 4½ by 7 inches; but these and many others were published in Great Britain, chiefly in London.

On the other hand, the first book on angling, according to Mr. Dean Sage, of Albany, who has one of the finest angling libraries in the country, published in the United States, is but 3½ by 5½ inches. This is the first edition of John J. Brown's "American Angler's Guide," published in 1845 by Burgess, Stringer & Company, and for sale by John J. Brown & Company at the Anglers' Depot, 122 Fulton street.

Nessmuk's "Woodcraft," published by Forest and Stream Publishing Company, is 4¼ by 6¼ inches, and Charles Dudley Warner's "In the Wilderness" is 4 by 5¾ inches.

I need not extend this list, but I am possessed of the feeling that small volumes convenient for the pocket and devoted to angling subjects would tend to cultivate a love of angling in men who have not the time to peruse more bulky volumes at home or at the office.

The English exchanges of recent date note the publication of the "Compleat Angler" in a thumb edition. There are 608 pages, each 2½ by 1¼ inches bound in a volume ¾ of an inch thick. One paper says, "One of the classics of the world in the back of an ordinary watch claims admiration for the technical skill implied on the part of the printers; but one is always inclined to doubt the real use of such eccentricities."

The book is printed on Oxford India paper, "and the print is extremely clear, in spite of its minuteness." It is bound in parchment and sells for an English shilling, or in various leather binding at an increased price.

This, however, is not the kind of book I had in mind when I wrote books for the pocket, as probably the type is too small for reading in a vehicle that is in motion; but the books I have mentioned specifically and others like them are printed in type large enough not to tire the eyes if read in a moving railroad car. A good bishop of one of the Southern States who fished with me used to take several books out in the boat with him, and he was not particular as to the size of the volumes. A new book by Dr. Henry Van Dyke has an illustration showing a figure which I take to be Walton's, sitting on a bank under a tree reading a book, or it may be a "copy of verses," while he waits for his float in the stream before him to indicate that he has a bite. Reading while journeying is all right enough if it does not strain the eyes, but to read while fishing is as much out of place as wading trousers at a State ball. So while the illustration is charming to look upon in a book when the streams are frozen and the snow is falling, a fisherman is advised not to follow the example if he expects to catch fish.

Up-to-Date Fishculture.

On occasions I have said in conversation that European fish breeders were more progressive than we were in some particulars, and this generally raises a row, and

the eagle screams its loudest. If it is the truth, why not admit it? It is not all of fishculture to hatch fish eggs and turn the fry when hatched into the streams and ponds. One of the things I have had in mind when I have made my offensive statements is contained in an advertisement of an English trout farm in Surrey: "The rearing of the larvæ of May-flies has been carried out on a more extensive scale during the past summer, and we are able to offer a large quantity of these for sale. We can also undertake to supply fertilized May-fly eggs next June. Orders for these should be given early in June." Food for fishes, insect and crustacean, is as necessary for the welfare of fishes almost as water, and when any American fish breeder breeds insect food to feed the fishes he hatches I will withdraw all remarks I have made of the nature indicated above, unless our friends over the water make other advances.

A. N. CHENEY.

Winged Enemies of Fish.

From the Report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests.

SOME idea of the serious loss of fish and fish eggs caused by myriads of enemies in and about the waters is conveyed in a paragraph of Dr. Day's book upon the British and Irish Salmonidæ. He says: "So enormous is the loss which occurs among the eggs and young, that in such a river as the Severn the annual produce of salmon and grilse at the present time (1887) consists of about 20,000 fish. Were all the ova of one female salmon of about 20 pounds weight to be hatched and attain maturity they would suffice for keeping up the stock to its present condition." The Severn is 200 miles long and receives five principal tributaries.

Chief among the destroyers of fish are certain birds and winged insects. The common crow, the crow blackbird, awks, bluejay, some owls, grebes, gulls and terns have the reputation of poaching to some extent, but their depredations are much less in our State than the ravages of such birds for example as the herons, kingfisher, certain ducks, loons and fish-hawk. Chief among these is the

Night Heron.

In the report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for 1897, Dr. B. H. Warren publishes some interesting notes on the destructive work of the black crown night heron. In a small pool at Westchester, Pa., twenty-five goldfish were placed. Two night herons caught all but one of them before the following morning. A night heron killed near a branch of White Clay Creek, in Pennsylvania, had the tail of a common sucker of about 12 inches long projecting 4 inches beyond its bill. The head and shoulders, except the bony portion, were eaten away by the gastric juice of the stomach. Dr. Warren examined the stomachs of about twenty of these herons which were shot in June near their breeding ground, and found fish remains in all of them.

In July, 1883, Dr. Rudolph Hessel shot a night heron containing the heads of seventy-eight young carp. This bird is sometimes called blue heron, and is also quite generally called a crane, but this is erroneous. It is found in large numbers, and in the breeding season forms rookeries which are a serious menace to the fishing waters of the neighborhood. It is extremely shy and cautious, fishing chiefly at night or early in the morning. It stands perfectly motionless in the water until a fish comes within reach, when it strikes with its long, sharp, heavy bill, which deals death to any of the fish kind.

They have been caught in steel traps set in ponds within 20 feet of a hatchery building. The traps are set in shallow water, taking precaution to secure them so as to prevent the bird flying away with them. When a heron is captured in a trap he should be killed at once with a long club or a load of shot. Great care should be taken to keep out of the reach of his murderous bill. Once I had the misfortune to be struck by a wounded heron, and I am sure that if his bill had struck me squarely on the hand it would have gone entirely through. As it was, the blow was a glancing one, striking me on the knuckle, but it stripped off the flesh to the very bone. I have sometimes heard a great flopping and disturbance in the waters of our Caledonia trout brook at night, and upon going to the place in the morning found heron tracks in the mud and sometimes a trout from ½ pound to 2 pounds in weight, and occasionally larger, with a hole in its back or side into which you could put your finger. I always supposed the fish escaped on account of its being too strong and lively for the heron, although mortally wounded. I have seen as many as a dozen 6-inch trout in the throat and stomach of a heron killed in the early morning hours.

In Germany and elsewhere in Europe herons work great injury to the fish culturists. In the Government fisheries the regulations prescribe that they must be killed and their roosts destroyed, but in spite of these measures their numbers are seriously large in many places, and owners of ponds trap them with steel traps baited with fish.

The small green heron and the bittern are also in the list of fish destroyers, but they are less destructive than the night heron on account of their smaller size, but their presence about fish preserves is not at all beneficial and they should be killed.

Kingfisher.

The kingfisher is one of the most active, impudent and persistent of the enemies of fish wherever found, and it is only too abundant for the good of angling. According to Dr. Brehm, the common European kingfisher on the average destroys daily ten or twelve fish, each about as long as a man's finger. In fourteen years a German fish culturist caught upwards of 700 kingfishers near his trout ponds. The bird is equally abundant and quite as destructive in New York, and may be regarded as one of the pests afflicting the fish culturist.

I have known of upwards of 180 kingfishers being destroyed on one-half mile of Caledonia Spring Creek in one season; they were shot and trapped.

In 1884 I rented an old mill pond in Genesee county, N. Y., posted it with a view of making a trout preserve, as the pond was fed by cold spring brooks and contained

nothing but trout. I visited the pond on an average once in two weeks with a few friends for a day's sport. Noticing that the kingfishers were quite numerous, I suggested to the farmer's son residing near by, and who also watched the ponds for me, that if he would trap and shoot the kingfishers I would give him 10 cents each. This was followed up until I found it most too expensive, as the young man produced the heads or bodies of from ten to thirty kingfishers every time I visited the place.

The clattering notes of this bird are heard from early in the spring until cold weather, and even before the spring season is open, as if impatient for it to come. He is never satisfied, being on the lookout from daylight until dark, and is ever ready for a plunge into the water at sight of his prey. He can take as many fish as the average sportsman.

In the article of Dr. Warren above referred to are some accounts of the destruction wrought by the belted kingfishers. Mr. C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, Pa., found thirteen small brook trout in one of these birds which was shot on Baker Run. An acquaintance of Dr. Warren some years ago had a large number of goldfish in a pond. Two pairs of kingfishers built their nests in a sand bank near the pond. In one summer these birds destroyed nearly all the small sized fish in the place. Out of thirty-eight of these birds taken about streams and mill ponds, thirty-six contained nothing but fish remains.

Kingfishers can be successfully captured in traps fastened at the top of stakes driven in the bank about trout ponds or along trout streams. The stake or pole should be from 10 to 15 feet long. If the top of the stake is not sufficiently large to support the steel trap, nail a small block of wood on the end of the pole. The trap is set but not baited. When the trap is set the little plate that springs the trap when disturbed is the highest point of the trap. The trap must be securely fastened to the stake by a cord, small wire or chain. The birds on visiting the ponds or stream will invariably fly to one of these stakes, light on the highest point and be captured. I have found a small round steel trap (one without the shank or tail piece) to be best for this work. One of these traps captured twenty-five kingfishers in one summer at a trout preserve in Cattaraugus county. Of course the pole and trap should be set up near a fishing ground where the bird may think it is a splendid spot for observation.

Ducks.

Domestic ducks as well as geese are great destroyers of fish, and should never be allowed on trout waters. I have seen a tame duck capture and devour a trout 7 inches long. They also feed on the natural food of the fish. Wild ducks of some species are equally troublesome and especially the mergansers, saw bills, shell-drakes or fish ducks.

The merganser is very destructive at all times, but particularly in winter, when most of the streams and lakes are frozen over. They often congregate on small streams or ponds that do not freeze on account of their uniform temperature. These waters are invariably trout waters. During severe winters this fish duck sometimes remains on Caledonia Creek for a month at a time. At such times it is very shy, and it is almost impossible to get a shot at them, or keep them away from the stream. Trout spawning beds are also tempting spots for the fish duck to congregate and feed. I have sometimes found red flannel flags placed on poles stuck in the bank along the stream useful for scaring the ducks away.

Loons.

Dr. Warren examined the stomachs of sixteen loons, three of which were the red-throated species, and found remains of fish in thirteen. Fall fish, suckers, carp, catfish and also a brook trout 7 inches long were found in the stomachs of loons killed in Pennsylvania.

On the inland lakes of New York these birds subsist chiefly upon fish and destroy a great many. In the counties of Chester, Delaware, Clinton and Lehigh, Pa., the stomach contents of seven loons captured during the winter months consisted entirely of fish bones and scales.

Loons are sometimes caught alive in pound nets set by fishermen of the Great Lakes, or on the sea coast. They are very dangerous to handle on account of the strength and sharpness of their bill and their savage disposition.

Grebes.

The grebe, known also as hell divers and water witches, feed upon fish, frogs, aquatic insects, especially beetles and water plants. They nest in streams, lakes and ponds, usually building among reeds or rushes, and lay from six to eight eggs of uniform color. They are distributed all over the world, and are everywhere known as expert divers and swimmers, and generally destructive to fish.

The horned or crested grebe lives principally upon small fish. These birds are so exceedingly cautious and swift in their movements that it is quite difficult to shoot them, but by persistent watching it can be accomplished, as many duck shooters know. One of the best ways to reduce their number is by taking their eggs from the rudely constructed nests in the reeds and thickets close to the surface of the water. The eggs of the horned grebe are greenish.

Fish Hawk.

The depredations of the fish hawk are more frequent along the sea coast than on inland waters, but the birds are often found along our large rivers and over large lakes and ponds. They are usually solitary in spring and fall, but sometimes hunt in pairs and will remain about mill dams and fish ponds a few days at a time if not driven away.

I have known of their taking trout of ½ pound weight from my private trout ponds.

Dr. Warren examined the stomachs of twenty-three and found nothing in them but fish remains. Fish hawks are quite common throughout the Adirondack region. Goldfish ponds are particularly liable to attack from fish hawks, owing to the bright color of their occupants.

Bald Eagle.

The national bird usually plays the rôle of a fish thief, his victim being the fish hawk, but occasionally has been seen fishing in shallow parts of small creeks on his own account.

Audubon states that he saw a bald eagle capture a num-

ber of red fins in Perkiomen Creek, Pa., by wading briskly through the water and striking at them with his bill. On the Island of Kadiak, Alaska, according to Dr. Bean, this eagle is actively engaged in fishing, and is most abundant around the salmon lakes and shallow bays.

Many of the observing guides of the Adirondacks will tell you how they have seen a bald eagle attack a fish hawk in the air, and make him drop the fish he had just captured from the lake below, and before the fish could strike the water the eagle would swoop down and catch it in his claws, but the eagle is so very scarce in New York that it hardly seems right to recommend their destruction, even if the law would permit it, which it does not.

Barred Owl.

Although this bird is commonly credited with the destruction of fish food, such as snails, caddis larvæ and crayfish, it has sometimes been accused of catching fish. An instance of the capture of a large brook trout at the State hatchery at Allentown, Pa., of a barred owl was reported several years ago, and Dr. Warren was informed by residents of Florida, in 1855 that the bird frequently caught fish in that State, securing them by dextrous movement of the foot while sitting close to the water's edge.

The common hoot owl, or screech owl, quite often causes trouble. I have caught them in traps set for muskrats 4 inches under water. They were after the fish food of the stream, such as caddis larvæ, crayfish, shrimp, etc. I have seen two or three quarts of the caddis larvæ cases in a pile that had been collected from the water by a screech owl, the larvæ being pulled from the cases and devoured by the owl.

Injurious Insects.

The damage to fish eggs and young fish caused by insects and the larvæ which pass a portion of their existence in water is less noticeable than the injury done by birds, but it is much greater than one would suppose without investigation.

The larvæ of the dragon flies and the great water beetles and water bugs are well-known enemies of fish.

Several kinds of water beetles, particularly the rapacious dytiscus, devour fry in enormous numbers, and the great water bug, called *belostoma* by entomologists, is also injurious in trout waters. Both the beetles and their larvæ completely devour eggs and little fish measuring several inches in length, while they often eat holes into larger fish. This large water beetle often leaves the water, perhaps for a little exercise. Whether they fly during daylight I cannot say, but I have seen and secured them near an electric light located within a short distance of a stream.

We do not see, and therefore do not know, the full extent of the depredations continually going on around us, but when we stop to realize the fruits of our labor and patient expectation we are astonished by the scarcity of fish and often inclined to place the blame where it does not belong. Nature's checks upon over-production are sometimes more effective than man's most ingenious devices for the legitimate capture or legal destruction of fish; but at the present state of the fishing waters in New York it is safe to say that we could get along without nature's checks.

J. ANNIN, JR., Supt. of Hatcheries.

The Same Old Lie.

The Old Sport sat in the stern of the boat,
And the sweat ran down till the seat was afloat,
And he wiped his brow on the tail of his coat,
And says he, "This lake is a-working."

His face was red and his neck was a sight,
And he longed for the cooling shades of night,
And says he, "The reason the fish don't bite
Is because this lake is a-working."

Then he got a strike and his line ran out,
And he upset his bait as he galloped about,
And he split the air with a glad shout,
"Who says this lake is a-working?"

He played that fish for an hour or more,
And he tangled his line and he lost an oar,
Then his leader parted, and Lord! how he swore,
At the blamed old lake and its working.

Then back to his home went the fisherman bold,
And his hide was the color of rich red gold,
And he told the same lie that we all have told,
For says he, "The lake is a-working."

There may come a time in the bye-and-bye,
And I hope we will see it—you and I—
Where a man will invent an original lie,
And let up on the lake that is "working."

DR. F. J. TOMPKINS.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.

Trout Fishing on Spawning Beds.

SOUTH BRAINTREE, Mass., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is seldom that we find a man so foolish as to sign his own name to a confession of violation of the laws, and worse, to confess to taking trout off their spawning beds. A writer in *Popular Science* for January reports:

"Some weeks since, in company with four other gentlemen, I went on a hunting and fishing tour for a short time in the Yew Pine Mountains of West Virginia.

"We found the brook trout were laying their eggs in the high mountain brooklets and small streams; and often found them depositing their eggs at the foot of the small clear pools of crystal water. Many of the beautiful speckled trout were entirely pent up, as the shallows or riffles were entirely dry; but, on account of the leaves having mostly fallen, we scarcely could catch a trout. However, we managed to procure some fine ones, 12 inches in length."

If I can read *Game Laws in Brief* correctly, the season for trout closes in West Virginia on Sept. 1, and this man (?) acknowledges in print that he caught them while spawning. Are our West Virginia brethren lost to all sense of shame? This seems to be a case for the game warden.

F. A. BATES.

Catching a Trout on Broadway.

IN asserting, as I do, that among the incidents of the piscatorial portion of my career, there has been one which is almost correctly described by the title of this paper, I say almost because I, of course, did not catch said trout on the dry land of Broadway, but in the waters adjacent thereto, and it was not a toy trout, nor did I catch it with "a silver hook," but in the old-fashioned boy's style, with a minnow hook, worms for bait, pole, line, sinker and probably float. And it was a genuine *Salmo fontinalis*, the *Salvelinus* not having put in an appearance at the date.

There is another possible error in the title—the location may be shown by some one better posted than I, to be other than on Broadway.

If some one does undertake to show that I am wrong, I would request, Mr. Editor, that you will suppress his communication until this letter shall have become forgotten as a back number—say a fortnight—and thus enable me to continue as long as possible in the pleasant delusion that has been with me for at least half a century. Kriss Kringle, Robinson Crusoe and William Tell have gone to join Parley's Magazine and Robert Merry's Museum. Leave me one delusion of my childhood.

I was born and passed my early boyhood days in the village of Little Falls, N. Y. This village, then—now a city—is located on both banks of the Mohawk River, whose far-famed beautiful valley is at this point the most valley-like portion of all; for here the river which has from its source meandered placidly through meadows, has bent its way through granite obstructions, the foothills of the Adirondacks, at one time no doubt so formidable that there existed here a great lake, extending perhaps on the south to the region of Richfield Springs and Cooperstown, and on the north to the Adirondack Mountains. Two or three miles of rapids, with here and there a waterfall, rush, through a gradually contracting channel, then through an expanding one, cut in places to a mere cañon with precipitous sides; and the evidence of the rocks sculptured by the erosive action of the torrent, helped by the grinding of loose boulders, attests to an extraordinary cataclysm which took place away back probably during the glacial period.

Along the present banks are immense, curiously sculptured boulders. One, Profile Rock, is so named from its close resemblance to the human profile. Another, Spook Rock, on the very edge of the turnpike, has in it a cavern, dug out as a pot-hole in which for ages the local "spooks" have dwelt, making it nervous work for the boys returning late from an evening symposium down at Aunt Joe's. But it is safer now, for successive spring freshets have filled the pot-hole with soil, from which grow trees and bushes, and the spooks are gone. I have driven past it often of late years, and have rowed past it in my skiff, and cannot say that I have seen or heard a spook. Another such pot-hole, from which now grows a tree, is on the south side, near the river bridge; and another fully 60 feet higher up the bank, and near to the depot of the West Shore Railroad, from which also grows quite a large tree. These, together with shells, found along the faces of the banks, show that the water was once well above their levels. But of the water left, after the escape of the mass, there has been another great reduction; for the denudation of the forests has dwindled the feeders into mere rivulets, and the Mohawk would not now, if it did when he wrote them, deserve Moore's admiring lines,

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run.

The main street of Little Falls runs along the north bank of the river with a general trend to the southward and eastward. This street is a part of the old turnpike State road from Albany to Buffalo, and I have been told, and always believed, that it was a continuation of the State road from Albany to New York, where, as Broadway, it terminates at the Battery.

Flowing from the Adirondack foothills, and in some cases from the mountains themselves, there are many streams of more or less importance, which, between Utica and St. Johnsville, cross over or under this road and empty into the Mohawk. Of these Black River, East and West Canada Creeks are the most important. The time was, and within the memory of the oldest inhabitants in the days of which I write, when these streams, and many more of the less important ones, were trout streams to their mouths. I have heard tales of the capture of large trout in the Mohawk itself, near the mouths of the creeks. Even now in many of the larger, there is fair trouting in their headwaters. Lower down the evil effects of advancing civilization—saw mills and tanneries, cheese factories, felt factories, railroads, steamers and other nuisances—have prevailed, and the trout have joined the dodo and the great auk.

Fifty years ago the Mohawk, which even then was used as a sewer, had not become one to any very great extent. The villages on its banks were as yet small, and as it had an excellent supply of water it was able to perform its work, and keep itself clean. Now there has come a change. A few years ago I took my last—and to stay last—boating trip down the river. It was in summer, and the water was not high. Nearly every rock and little islet was adorned with stranded paunches, and the State dam at Lansing was festooned and beaded with paunches and barrels of intestines, the water not being high enough to carry them over, Little Falls having greatly developed in the way of slaughter houses and pork-packing establishments. Everywhere a most offensive, sickening odor filled the air, and the few black bass that I caught were returned to the water as probably uneatable.

That trip did for me that which many fishing and shooting trips in the marshes, jungles, bayous and swamps of Africa, India and South and Central America had failed to do—it laid me up with a sharp attack of malarial fever.

Fifty years ago the Mohawk was a grand stream for wall-eyed pike, of which the number and dimensions taken yearly by the fishermen of that date were marvelous. I shrink from risking my reputation for veracity by attempting from memory to give a transcript of the stories told by Bill Skinner, George Feeter, Jim Smith, Bill Ingham, Charley Girvan, Ike Small and others, to which as a boy I eagerly listened, longing for the time to come when I too could go piking.

I did not call the gentlemen mentioned by the familiar

names I have written, and by which I remember they called each other. They were our leading business men in those days, and among them were the fathers of some of my playmates.

Among the rapids there were certain favorite holes, only one of which I remember clearly, and that because it, with its vicinity, "Down to Milly's," was the favorite sport for the boys to "go in swimming," the little ones, or learners, in the "baby hole," and advancing as our strength and skill developed, to diving off the "high rock," and allowing ourselves to be sucked through the sluice by the strong current which ran from Sunday Hole and Mary Hole. When the pike fishermen wanted these holes, we had to keep out of them.

Pike fishing creates a demand for minnows, and to keep up the bait supply, we boys became important factors, and as such provided ourselves with Fourth of July and circus money.

Acting in their paternal capacity, the fishermen kept the boys so steadily at school that it was only on Saturday afternoons that we had much of a chance, but the fact that the next day was Sunday rather increased than diminished our chances of sales.

One of the largest of the creeks which come from the north is Furnace Creek, so called because of a stone stove factory and furnace which stood at the angle of street and stream, deriving its power from the stream. The valley of this creek, Furnace Hollow, is wide, precipitous, in places, and winding. Undoubtedly the creek was once a river of considerable size. At the junction of road and stream there was, and is, a quite deep pool scooped out of the solid rock, some 20 feet long and a dozen wide. This pool was generally well filled with red fins, shiners, horn-dace and "creek minnys" (a slim, shapely, almost scaleless dark-colored minnow), which found good shelter from sun under the bridge, the edges of which, and all other available spots, were on Saturday afternoons well lined by boys. I there sitting one summer afternoon rapidly stocking my minnow pail and having a beautiful time, caught a minnow of a variety I had never before encountered, nor had either of the boys who saw it. It counted one, and went into the pail with the others. Presently there strolled up one of the gentle anglers to whom I referred—Mr. Ingham—who, with the query "What luck?" inspected my catch with view of purchase. I saw him start suddenly and incline the pail to the westward, thus catching in it the setting sun. Then, with an excitement I could not comprehend, he shouted, "Goodness gracious, if the boy hasn't got a trout!" The shout attracted others, and very soon my pail and I were surrounded, and I was a hero. Never since have I realized so fully the proud sense of self-satisfaction which then swelled me to my utmost limits. Minnys had no more charm for me that day. I had outgrown them. Mr. Ingham at once offered me two shillings for my prize, bought all the others at usual rates, and himself lugging the pail, in which he took good care to freshen the water, started for home, I trotting after and enjoying every stop he made to show to some neighbor the prize. In his spring the little trout flourished and became a big one, one of 2 or 3 pounds, and I believe he was still there and growing when some six years after I went away to sea.

On the evening of that memorable day quite a number of the neighbors dropped in to see, if not the trout, the boy who had caught him; and at church the next day I felt very conscious that I was more of an object of interest than the sermon; and at Sunday school my teacher talked with me about it.

All of the succeeding week the fishermen I have mentioned were particularly gracious to me, and one, Mr. Skinner, offered to take me with him pike fishing, and the village paper made an item out of it, and for the first time I saw my name in print.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." That bending made a trout lover and angler of
PISECO.

Labrador Salmon Rivers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Hon. S. N. Parent, Commissioner, etc., etc., Quebec, Canada.—Dear Sir: In relation to the River Ste. Marguerite-en-bas, on the north shore, in the Labrador district, which with others was fished experimentally this spring by Mr. Gawtry and myself, I have intended writing you for some time.

You will remember that it was considered very uncertain whether there were salmon in the river in any quantity, and as to the exact condition of affairs which prevailed there.

We found on arrival and from careful inspection of the river (for some weeks we had our main camp at its mouth) that present conditions wholly exclude the possibility of its being considered a salmon river, although if certain steps were taken it would become in the course of five or six years a valuable asset of the Province and a source of revenue and supply of food.

The river is in the corner formed with the main shore by the great cape or projection of the land southerly which terminates in the Pointe des Monts, its mouth being approximately at the center of a crescent-shaped bay some twenty-odd miles in extent immediately west of Les Sept Iles and east of les Jambons. The general course of the river is from north to south, and it has an estimated length of over 300 miles. The entrance is somewhat tortuous, and at low tide not practicable except for quite small boats. At high tide boats drawing perhaps 6 to 8 feet of water can enter, and after entering there are one or two comparatively deep spots within where they can lie at anchor. Behind the sand spit (which forms the easterly side of the mouth) the river widens into a large bay, which is left bare to a great extent at low water. There are but two—both very inconsiderable—tributaries below the first falls. One (Paint Creek) has a remarkable deposit of ocher. They are both on the east side, a half-mile or so apart, about a mile from the mouth, and are merely little brooks. The first falls are about four miles from the mouth, and are passable for salmon on both sides. From there to the great falls, a distance of about two miles, there are at first a succession of falls and basins passable for salmon on the west side (the river being split into several channels), then follows a stillwater and finally a narrow rocky gorge, which ends in the so-called great falls (at present impassable for salmon).

I append hereto a photograph of the impassable falls,

and call your attention particularly to the character thereof. Bear in mind that being taken with a small camera and at some little distance, they look much lower than is the fact.

You will note that on the right (the easterly side) a projecting cliff or nose of rock pushes the whole body of the river over to the west, contracting it to about one-half its width and deepening its volume. The height of the first or upper step of the falls is about 12 to 14 feet, and the river falls on to a shelf of rock which is backed up (to the south) by high rocks or cliffs, which necessitates a deflection of the river sharply to the east, and it falls into the gorge by a second step of some 12 feet (dependent on the volume of water), according to the season of the year, at right angles to the true course. There is ample depth of water at the point where the river falls into the gorge, and ample space to allow a salmon to exert his leaping power to the full extent, and no substantial difficulty would be experienced by a fish in mounting the first step of the falls at any time of moderately low water in the river.

It may be added that those familiar with the river in the past say that salmon have been seen (when there still were fish in the river) leaping up the first step. But it is apparent that immediately upon gaining the first step the fish are met by the entire force and body of the river, falling sidewise to their course, and they find neither sufficient depth of water nor other opportunity for the second leap, which must be made at right angles to the first one. The result is that such fish as may surmount the first step are swept back into the gorge. This limits the possible productive capacity of the river to the two miles or so between the head of tide water and the great falls. As to this capacity it is to be noted that the only suitable spawning ground is situated in the stillwater, to which I have referred (which begins perhaps a quarter of a mile below the falls, and is perhaps a mile and a half in length). The location, extent and character of this spawning bed I have investigated with some care, and if you should desire the details respecting it I will supply them to you.

The present state of affairs, however, can be easily remedied by blasting down the jutting nose of rock referred to above.

This would be a matter of little or no difficulty. It has been, I understand, under consideration for some eight or ten years. Its feasibility has been reported on from time to time by various officials, and the Ottawa Government some years ago sent 50 pounds of dynamite cartridges there for this purpose. As no one was sent, however, to do the work the dynamite after remaining an object of some uneasiness to the family at the river mouth was removed to the woods, where it still remains. From inquiries which I made both at the river and at the Seven Islands, it appears that the entire operation can be performed at an expense of from \$250 to \$400. Two persons living in the neighborhood have offered to undertake the entire matter for the agreed price of \$350.

The result of blowing down this obtruding angle of rock would be to allow the river to extend its flow further to the east, and fall in a succession of broken steps down into the deep gorge, thus presenting little or no difficulty to ascending fish. The location is such that the cliff can be readily attacked from either side, especially in winter, and at times of low water in the rivers; and if the matter was undertaken by some one experienced in the use of blasting material, it could be done with substantially no risk.

The result would be to open some fifty miles of river (up to what is called the Grande Portage) to the breeding fish, as also the tributaries which enter the river between the high falls and the Grande Portage. These latter, however, are not very considerable.

I venture to respectfully recommend to your department that this work should be done this winter. No private person could undertake it without assuming grave responsibilities in relation to the transportation and use of dynamite or other blasting material.

In the meanwhile, as for the presence of salmon in the river at present, there are practically none. The holder of the local netting license from the Dominion Government has been accustomed for a long series of years to set nets, as well inside the mouth of the river as on the coast, and not unnaturally the catch has steadily diminished, and finally the river has been exhausted. Having so slender a source of supply (a single spawning bed), it is not to be wondered at that persistent netting on the coast and within the mouth should have eliminated the river from the category of salmon streams.

Persistent and diligent fishing at every spot, where either the past experience of the dweller at the mouth or local conditions indicated the slightest possibility of salmon, resulted in hooking two fish at the head of the second chute on the westerly side (between the main bank and the nearest rocky island). On a subsequent occasion a third fish was seen to jump at the same locality. With this exception the presence of any fish whatever in the river wholly failed of being established, and the nearest coastwise nets on either side took very few fish.

It should be added that from the inviting size of the river, the distance from the mouth to the head of tide water, the presence (in the basin below and at the first falls) of many large low rocks smoothed down by glacial action and from the secluded and deserted character of the spot a colony of seals have established themselves in the river, with further disastrous effects on the presence of salmon.

The locating of some one for a few weeks in the early spring at this point (the first falls) for two successive years to drive them away would doubtless break up the colony.

It would take perhaps five years from the time of blowing down the falls (provided also that netting anywhere within the estuary or near the mouth of the river was rigidly prohibited) to thoroughly re-establish the river as a salmon river, and from its size and character if this should be done it might be safely predicted that the number of fish would be very considerable.

In the meanwhile, as you are aware, owing to the controversy which has arisen between the Dominion Government and the Province on the subject of coast netting east of the Pointe des Monts, the license which was issued to me by your department to enable me to protect the mouth of the river became valueless for that or any other purpose.

The holding and thereby controlling the exclusive right to set any nets either in the estuary or within a mile and a half of the river's mouth on either side in connection with the lease of the river itself was regarded by me as an essential to the preservation of any fish in the river. On arriving I found that the local resident, Mr. Theriault, had received word from the Dominion Government that it would issue a license to him this year as usual, while I, as you know, held your department's license. By arrangement with him joint telegrams were sent both to the Government at Ottawa and to your department. In response thereto the Dominion Government telegraphed that Commander Wakeham would adjust the matter. He arrived two days later with the Revenue steamer Canadian and exhibited to me the license from the Dominion Government to Mr. Theriault. He was also courteous enough to show me his instructions from the Dominion Government, which were to seize any nets set to the eastward of the Pointe des Monts, under any other authority than theirs, and also directing him to use sufficient force to accomplish this result.

For the purpose of making a test case, I borrowed a net and set it from the shore outside of the river mouth a half mile to the east thereof. This net was immediately seized under Commander Wakeham's instructions by his men. A full account of the incident was reported by him, as he informed me, to the Government at Ottawa, and by myself to your department and to Ottawa by telegram. In order to avoid the setting of nets to the entire destruction of any chance of fishing during the season, I was therefore obliged to purchase immunity from Mr. Theriault at an agreed price of \$150 for the season.

Being thus deprived of the possibility of protecting the river, and understanding that for the present, or until some further decision may be rendered in the courts, your department does not intend to raise any active controversy with the Dominion Government on the subject, I desire to notify you that I do not care to continue with the river.

I desire also to suggest that I should be given credit on the lease of another river from your department to the extent of the \$50 paid by me to the department last spring for the ineffective license. I remain yours very respectfully,

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

The Pickerel Fishermen.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—Ice fishing for pickerel is in season, and the recent cold weather has frozen over every lake and pond in New England to a depth that renders them perfectly safe for the fishermen, even to drive on with teams. Up to New Year's, skating was good on many of the pickerel ponds, and this added to the sport for the boys. With three or four dozen lines in the holes, and a pair of good skates the ordinary pickerel fisherman was much in touch with real sport. But the snow of Monday has changed all this, and the fisherman has to answer to the call of the tip-up flags on foot. Boston fishermen are going out for a day as often as business and the weather will permit, and they are bringing in some strings from Plymouth, Westfield and Winchester. C. H. Tarbox and Senator Bailey have put in a part of a day on Little Crane Pond with a couple of dozen lines. They took a fine string of over twenty pickerel of good size, and were considerably pleased with catching perch of 1¾ pounds. Little Crane Pond is small enough to be under control of the gentleman who owns the land around it, and as he uses the pond for cutting ice, one has to have a permit from him to fish there. His condition with Tarbox and Bailey were that they should remove all the chunks of ice they cut from the holes, so that his ice scraping would not be hindered. The chunks near the shore they would give a good kick and send them spinning over the smooth ice toward the land. Tarbox kicked once too often, or once too hard. He went over backward, and was kept in the house for a couple of days.

In Maine there is some trouble, and some ill-feeling concerning pickerel fishing through the ice on many of the lakes and ponds, especially those that have become in any way noted as summer resorts. At the last Legislature in that State the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game were given the power to prevent any and all fishing on any of the waters in the State. Generally they have waited for petitions before closing any waters. This has given the summer hotel and camp people a chance, and they have petitioned for the closing of a number of lakes and ponds to all ice fishing for pickerel or anything else. They believe that even the pickerel are such an attraction to the summer boarder it is best not to allow the residents to take them through the ice in winter. The Commissioners have taken action and closed several lakes and ponds that have heretofore afforded the pickerel fishermen a good deal of sport each winter. According to the papers some ill-feeling has been engendered, while dire threats are made by the inhabitants who have been in the habit of fishing the ponds in winter.

SPECIAL.

The Devil Fish.

RUMMAGING through some old books in my library, I came across "John Howard Hinton's History and Topography of the United States," at one time a noted English work, in two volumes, reprinted in this country in 1834, "with additions by the American editor, Samuel I. Knapp. In it I found the greatest fish story ever told, an account of the capture of probably the largest fish ever taken. The story is originally told by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell in the annals of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York, Vol. I. The crew of a fishing boat were two weeks finding and capturing the monster and bringing him to shore. But let us have the story from the "History and Topography" itself:

"Dr. Mitchell gives the following account of a gigantic fish of the ray kind, which he calls the oceanic vampire. It had been taken in the Atlantic Ocean, near the entrance of Delaware Bay, by the crew of a smack. They heard that creatures of extraordinary form and size were frequent in the tract situated off Capes May and Henlopen, during the warm season; and accordingly equipped themselves for the purpose of catching one or more of them. After an absence of about three weeks the adven-

turers returned with an animal of singular figure and large magnitude, which they had killed after a long and hazardous encounter. The weight was so considerable after it had been towed to the shore, that three pairs of oxen, aided by a horse and twenty-two men, could not drag it to the dry land. By estimation it was supposed to be between four and five tons.

The length from the fore margin of the head to the root of the tail.....10ft. 9in.
Length of tail.....4ft. 0in.
Length of fins projecting forward from the corners of the mouth.....2ft. 6in.

17ft. 3in.

Making the whole length from the tip of the head fin to the tip of the tail 17 feet and 3 inches. The breadth from the extremity of one pectoral fin or wing up to the other, measuring along the line of the belly, was 16 feet; when measured over the convexity of the back, 18 feet. On each side of the mouth there was a vertical fin 2 feet six inches long, 12 inches deep and 2½ inches thick in the middle, whence it tapered toward the edges, which were fringed before with a radiated margin. The fin or organ so constituted could, from its flexibility, bend in all directions and be made in many respects to perform the function of a hand, so as, by twisting around, to seize an object and hold it fast. The wings, flaps or pectoral fins were of very curious organization. There was a scapula, humerus, ulna, carpus and an uncommon number of phalanges, of a cartilaginous structure; all these joints were articulated with each other, but the articulation, like those of the human sternum, had very little motion. It had more analogy to the wing of a bird than anything else; and yet was so different from it as to manifest a remarkable variety of mechanism, in organs intended for substantially the same use. Fish of the kind now under consideration may be aptly denominated submarine birds, for they really fly through the water as birds fly through the air. Fishes of this organization perform their flights by flapping their wings after the manner of crows, hawks and eagles in their progress."

MACR.

What the Fishwives Saw.

WE were usually early risers in Samoa. There was no particular reason for it. It was not the pursuit of health, wealth and wisdom guaranteed by one sage proverb to all such as begin the day before it has had a chance to be well aired. It was not even the pursuit of the early worm of the other proverb. If one asks "Why?" the only possible reply is to ask the other question, "Why not?" That is an impasse.

But to be suddenly summoned at 3 o'clock in the morning, that is too much even for those who have become accustomed to rising at dawn. It is the hour when Samoans say they die most commonly. It is the hour when the winds are still, when the sky is a thick violet vault and at its darkest before the coming dawn. It is the chill hour, for even in these islands of a summer sea that knows no change, there is this time when it is chilly. The last flight of the fluttering shades of vampires is glooming among the trees for yet another chance to rob the fruit before seeking their daylight slumber in the dark and dripping jungle. In the village paths no person would walk at this deep hour of the night, for now is the still time when the cocoanut drops its nuts and its leaves which a gale can scarcely tear from the tree by day, and a falling nut or a falling leaf might maim or kill. It is the hour when the little green and red parrots scream in their sleep and wake to chatter and scold multitudinously. It is the shiver hour of nature.

But it is not the hour even for early risers to be aroused by the word that the steamer is in ahead of time by many hours, "The mail," that means so much to those who must depend on its monthly visits for all news of the world. The mail is too serious a thing in Samoa to be joked about. And it is no joke to be called to the chill and the savage swarms of mosquitoes and to see nothing but the violet sky and the Southern Cross and the flash of the torches on the reef where the fishwives are at work with net and spear.

If Samalia had not been on the reef outside Vaiala engaged in torch fishing it would never have happened.

If the tide had not been out at 2 A. M. Samalia would not have been on the reef torch fishing, and it would never have happened.

If the moon had not quartered just when it did the tide would not have been out at 2 A. M., Samalia would not have been on the reef torch fishing, and it would never have happened. That's as far as there is any need of seeking to place the responsibility; when we've fixed the blame on the moon there's nothing further to say—the solar system never kicks back.

Yet there is another explanation possible—Samalia may have lied. To support that explanation, there are two most excellent arguments. The former, that she was a Samoan, and under all ordinary and most of the extraordinary circumstances that which a Samoan says is untrue, a custom of the country. The latter, that she was on a fishing trip and fishermen are notorious. Well, it might be better couched in the statement that a grain of salt is so necessary in connection with the things brought back from all fishing trips as to account for that peculiarity of codfish and mackerel as manifested in the corner grocery period of their careers. Despite the plausibility of this theory of the matter that Samalia lied because she was a Samoan, and by reason of her occupation on the reef, could not avoid telling a fish story, it is a false theory—the woman did tell the truth so far as she knew. That was brought to light in the subsequent proceedings.

Samalia was the next door neighbor across the village green of Vaiala, where all sorts of savage ceremonials were forever taking place with no concern that the United States had taken its official residence on a large slice of that place of public meeting. From my veranda I could look through and through the thatched house of this neighbor and witness the whole story of savage house-keeping. In some mysterious fashion, for I never could fathom the system of Samoan relationships in which the number of mothers of any given infant varies, according to circumstances, at any rate Samalia was apparently step-grandmother-in-law to the only bashful Samoan I ever

knew, a very rolypoly little girl named Apikali, who was far more amusing than the dolls of my younger years. Solely because of this relationship, I could be induced at odd times to relax the severity of the rule that my Vaiala neighbors were not to regard my tanks as a reservoir system for their comfort. But once in a while the frightened appeals of Apikali with a burden of empty cocoanut shells were permitted to outweigh the rule, and she was permitted to fill the shells from one of the tanks. For that reason Samalia was inclined to regard me as a good neighbor. Samalia was also the mother of Nukufetau, and both of them said so. But Nukufetau had another mother up at the other village green, and a bleary-eyed old father, who had once been Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of this ridiculous kingdom. Nukufetau did my washing. At least she did until I discovered that she had been systematically securing a double allowance of soap, bluing and starch in order that she might supply Samalia with these expensive articles. And Samalia was related to Nukufetau's husband, Samuela, who was the captain of the official boat until it became necessary to reduce him. Altogether, Samalia was quite generally connected with the rapacious group which had us in their keeping, and she was ready to look after our interests up to the limit that connected them with the interests of her relatives. That will supply a sufficiently exigent motive to send Samalia hurrying back from the reef in the dead of night to wake us up with the information that the mail steamer had rounded the point and had dropped anchor in Apia harbor. Not being in the habit of receiving many letters and papers from over seas, Samalia would have watched a fleet of mail steamers go by unconcerned, but Samuela could earn half a dollar by rowing us out to the steamer, and Samalia was not the woman to see all that good money lost out of the family.

So she woke Samuela. And Samuela got his crew together and woke us by the scraping and grating of moving the boat on its roller ways under the house, where it was stored between times of use. It shook the house like a young earthquake, and made a most terrifying racket with which to wake the sleepers. Then came Samuela in explanation that Samalia had been fishing on the reef and had seen the steamer pass, and had hurried back to notify him, and then had hurried back to the reef. In a general way he would mention that she had probably had to forego the very best of the fishing in order to render us a service, and that the least regard for our own high station should prompt us to reward the fishwife with one "pisupo," which is not literally pea soup, but the generic name for a tin of any kind of meat. If it should be our pleasure to so reward the service he would suggest that it might be just as well to do so now in order that Samalia might find the "pisupo" waiting for her when she came home from the fishing wet and hungry. If we cared to place the "pisupo" in his hands for delivery, he would see that it was delivered without delay or mistake, a statement which a pretty familiar acquaintance with certain moral deficiencies of Samuela entitled us to doubt.

Instead of yielding up the tin of beef, I assured Samuela that he was lying, and that the steamer had not come in; that it was easy to see through his little game—in fact, that he thought by getting the boat out at night and then later in the day when the steamer really did come he could charge double. Samuela denied the charge of untruth and scheming, though it was plain that he was grateful for the suggestion, and was storing it away for use at some future time. He vowed that the steamer had come in because Samalia had told him so in great devotion to our interests, and it must be true. Her story had been that while she was fishing she suddenly saw the lights of the steamer just abreast of her and no more than two miles away; that while she was watching the wave of the vessel's wake had washed over that part of the reef where she was fishing; that she watched it around the point and had then heard distinctly the rattle of the chain cable.

It seemed circumstantial enough as a story, and it would have taken us in if we were not well habituated to the specious nature of Samoan stories in general. In the upshot, Samuela was ordered to hasten down to Matautu Point, which was the nearest spot from which the harbor was to be seen, and to satisfy his own eyes that the mail steamer was already in.

Samuela hesitated, and was clearly disinclined, and the shiver which could be seen under his light cotton raiment was not entirely due to the chill of the morning. It was not the distance which made him object, for the tip of Matautu Point was less than half a mile away. The real trouble was that in the roadway near the point there was a very dangerous spot to travel; it was the abode of a most malicious "aitu," or devil, and this dead hour of the early morning was the worst hour of the day in which to be brought face to face with any of these demons. Not on this score did Samuela receive any consideration; he was told that he must go to the point and see if the steamer were really in the port, and that he might just as well do it in a hurry. There could be no doubt as to Samuela's hurrying; nothing could cause him to delay any longer in passing the haunted spot than the time consumed in throwing at it the customary small pebble which was supposed to be a proper offering to the resident demon.

On his return Samuela was sufficiently sheepish. He was forced to confess that a mistake had been made somewhere. He had looked the harbor all over, and the steamer was not there; the only lights to be seen marked the anchorage of the German corvette and the Danish slaver under charter to the German firm, and therefore entitled to lie at ease in close proximity to the war vessel. But there was no sign of the passenger steamer which was due later in the day to carry the mails to San Francisco. It almost began to seem that Samalia had lied. The other boys of the crew who had been put to the needless trouble of lugging out a 22-foot boat and of attiring themselves in their red, white and blue uniforms, were not chary of the expression of their own personal opinions. And Samalia had gone out to the reef again, and was merged in the crowd of unseen bearers of quite picturesquely visible torches a mile out at sea. Samuela reiterated his former story and tried to make it plain that all the responsibility rested on the woman who had gone a-fishing and not on himself.

It was inconvenient to be routed out so early, but that might be forgiven under the stress of good intentions. At the same time these savage islanders are much like

children, and if this were really an attempt at mischief it must be punished at once and sharply, or there is no telling to what extent our savage neighbors would run over us. If life in Vaiala were to be kept from becoming a series of annoying pranks it was immediately necessary to take action against Samalia.

Samoan justice is a rather paltry sort of an affair. Its methods are more than a little difficult to comprehend, its punishment system passes belief. Yet Samoan justice can be very prompt if only it be set in motion by one of sufficiently high rank to enjoy all the advantages of un-mixed justice.

Accordingly, the crestfallen Samuela was dispatched to wake up the Chief Justice of the Tuamasanga judicial district, and to bring him to the veranda. This could easily be done, for the Chief Justice was likewise chief of Vaiala and slept in a little hut at the back. Despite all these magnificent titles and high station, the Vaiala chief was but a shabby rascal after all. Still, it was necessary to go through all the forms of island etiquette when he was brought yawning from his hut in the dark before the dawn. He had to do the polite with many flowery compliments, and the hour between 3 and 4 in the morning is not really the hour for phrases of ceremony. Then he had to have his bowl of kava to drink; and that is a tedious operation where every detail is ruled by an iron-clad ceremonial. There was a good slice of dawn out over the eastern sea before this beggarly Chief Justice was prepared to consider law and equity.

At last the preliminaries were cleared away and it was open to me to file my complaint. Namely, it was that my neighbor Fafine o Samalia (Woman of Samaria it means, a choice instance of the new island fashion for Scriptural names), but commonly known for short as Samalia, did with malice aforethought cause petitioner great physical discomfort and mental distress, by uttering and circulating one false and untruthful statement, to wit, that the mail steamer had arrived in the harbor of Apia at an unseemly and unusual hour. The counts in the bill of complaint were laid on as thick as possible, and the enormity of the offense was steadily set out.

Chief Justice Tofaeono listened with much show of attention to all that was said. Then he pondered. After this communion with himself he announced that he was only too glad to do any little thing to oblige us. As to the Woman of Samaria, he would fine her one dollar when she could get it and impose a further sentence of hard labor in the yam plantations for one week. That did not seem to me just right. Samalia was still on the reef torching for fish, and had had no show; there had been no trial or anything beyond my complaint. Therefore I checked the Chief Justice as he was entering this in his book of judgments, and insisted that he should decree no sentence until he had held a trial.

This was a new idea to him, but when assured that such was the method of civilized people, he cheerfully assented. He then took the testimony of Samuela and the rest of the crew, to the effect that I was up at 3 o'clock, and then had them solemnly swear to that valuable piece of evidence. In consideration of this newly discovered evidence, the savage judge just doubled his former sentence, making it two dollars and two weeks. Again I protested on the ground that the culprit had not been informed of the proceedings, and had had no opportunity to state her case. I could see that the Samoan Chief Justice was regarding me as a most relentless complainant. But he knew of all sorts of reasons why he should keep me in good humor, and he was quite willing to oblige.

The sun was now up, and Samalia was returning home from her toil on the reef. With much shouting she was haled to the bar of justice, and a most bedraggled figure she presented with her bunch of fish spears and weight of dripping nets. She was not allowed to come within the compound, but was halted at the fence, where her creel was taken from her and brought forward for inspection. The best fish were promptly confiscated for my benefit, and we had them for breakfast. Then the charge was recited to her, and she was put on her defense. She made no denial of fact; she had wakened Samuela in order that he might waken us; she had seen the mail steamer come in, and if we would only take the trouble to walk to the point we could see for ourselves. When told that the steamer had not come in, she was greatly bewildered, and supposed that it was the work of some devil that had caused the steamer to vanish after it had anchored. The final judgment of the court was that she be fined three dollars and serve three weeks in the plantations. That made me sorry that I had not let things be when her sentence was at the lowest notch, and I wondered what would happen if there were any system by which an appeal could be taken.

Later in the day, when the mail steamer really did arrive, the explanation of the mystery was found. One of the small inter-island steamers had sailed the afternoon before for Pago-Pago, at which harbor some cargo was to be landed. It had been necessary to carry a customs officer down, and then, when the work was all done, to bring him back to Apia. Samalia had seen the steamer as it came in, but she had not seen it when it went out immediately after, for that was the time at which she had been calling Samuela. My first thought on learning this explanation was for the poor old Woman of Samaria whom I had succeeded in tangling up in the toils of Samoan justice. It became necessary to see the remarkable Chief Justice of the Tuamasanga once more and get the deed undone. I had indeed put him to a good deal of judicial bother that day, so that it may have been only natural that he should suggest that nothing more be done about it. He said that now that we had just got Samalia so nicely sentenced, it was a shame to take it off. But if I insisted he would remit the punishment.

And I did insist. Then I almost broke the record for foolish extravagance in the "pisupo" and tins of salmon which I gave to Samalia to salve her injured feelings. But months afterward I learned quite by accident that every sixpence Samalia had been able to gather was immediately employed in paying her fine on the instalment plan. From this I infer that for motives of his own, and possibly with a view of supporting himself in luxury, Chief Justice Tofaeono had let the fine stand while remitting the hard labor.

LEWELIA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Did Penny Reason About This?

MAPLE CORNER, Wellington, Conn.—One golden October day in 1899 a letter came from Maple Slope, Ill., to Maple Corner, Conn., with this item of family intelligence: "Father is reading his FOREST AND STREAM and says tell you to write for it another of your interesting stories." So this sunny New Year's morning, 1900, delays being dangerous, I note down the following that occurred only night before last, and I would like to know whether the important member of this family known as Penny, but whose name is really Pennsylvania Oakmont W. Wade, is a reasonable being?

The intelligent little bundle of nerves in question is a mixture of Skye, rat, etc., very companionable and amusing, and conveying more intelligence with his eyes, ears and stub tail than some humans were ever possessed of.

Saturday was cold and bleak, with ground so frozen that Penny had great trouble in burying a bone that had been given him. We watched him from a window for a long time to see his vain efforts in digging a hole in the earth, and at length laughed heartily at his reluctant makeshift of covering his treasure with dry grass. It took a good while, but industry and persistence conquered, and only a little brown elevation upon the turf of the lawn marked the scene of his labors when he came in at nightfall.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen a pail of stiff dough had been mixed to last the fowls over Sunday and placed just under the hot water tank of the range so that it would be ready for morning. In this pail of dough the little dog became immediately interested, investigating very critically with nose and paw. Very soon he slipped out, uncovered the precious bone, and bringing it in buried it in the hens' food and laid down upon his rug not far away and went to sleep, with one eye open, with the air of a dog who considered himself a good faithful caretaker of what had been consigned to his charge. If a child had done anything like that should we not have called it a reasonable act?

One torrid day last August Penny went with the family across country to a convention and enjoyed the distinction of being caretaker of the team, and visiting with other dogs having a family carriage in charge, until suddenly a shower rolled up from behind the barricade of western hills. Penny is very timid in a thunder shower, and as soon as the cloud burst sought the church and the protection of his mistress.

The sexton told me later that he stood upon the steps in the rain until thoroughly drenched, and when a door chanced to be opened for an instant he darted through. "Tried to ketch 'im," said the man; "couldn't no more hold 'im then es if he'd a-be'n the greased pig. He went up the aisle like a streak." I saw him as he gained the pulpit platform and standing upon his hind legs like a monkey scanned the congregation. As far as appearances went he wasn't a dog to be proud of, and out of consideration for the bonnets in front of me I hardly dared breathe and sat quite motionless. The intelligent little fellow had found me. I knew it by the satisfied wag of the little stub tail; but he showed his good breeding by returning to the entry, crossing over and going up the other aisle. When he reached the seat where we were his master made him welcome, but that did not do. One bound settled him in his mistress' lap, to the consternation of that part of the congregation who saw only a very wet little, woolly dog and did not appreciate the one quick little deprecating kiss that said as plainly as a dog could, "You will forgive me, I know." Please tell me why, some one who is able to discriminate, is reason in a child called instinct in a dog?

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Westminster Kennel Club Show.

THE list of judges for the W. K. C. show, to be held Feb. 20 to 23, and the premium lists, etc., can be obtained by applying to Mr. James Mortimer, Supt., 201 Townsend Building, New York.

The judges and breeds assigned to them are as follows: St. Bernards and Newfoundlands—Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.

Great Danes—James A. Lawrence, Columbus, O.

Russian Wolfhounds and Greyhounds—R. F. Little, Jr., New York.

Foxhounds, Pointers, Setters and Chesapeake Bay Dogs—Major J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J.

Irish Water Spaniels, Clumber, Field and Cocker Spaniels—James Luckwell, Woodstock, Ont.

Poodles—Chas. D. Bernheimer, New York.

Boston Terriers—Bulkeley Wells, Boston, Mass.

French Bulldogs—E. D. Faulkner, New York.

Beagles—A. J. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn.

Mastiffs, Bloodhounds, Deerhounds, Retrievers, Collies,

Old English Sheep Dogs, All Terriers, Except Boston

Terriers, Dalmatians, Dachshunds, Pugs, Pomeranians,

Toy Spaniels and Miscellaneous—L. P. C. Astley, South-

port, England.

The judges of bulldogs has not yet been appointed.

Brunswick Fur Club Hunt.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The Brunswick Fur Club will hold its eleventh annual winter meet at Barre, Mass., Jan. 15-20. The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be \$1.50 per day. The hotel is heated by steam, and will provide comfortable accommodations for all.

The annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of other business will be held at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16.

The week will be devoted to fox hunting and a royal good time. All who love the cry of the hounds in the frosty air of midwinter, and the spinning of yarns in the genial warmth of the chimney corner, will be heartily welcomed.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., has placed Alberta Joe (A., 28043) in the stud, thus affording an opportunity to breeders which no doubt they will fully appreciate. This famous pointer is a winner in several field trials, and is a dog of high excellence in every respect, as we know from personal observation.

Mr. Edward Armstrong, of Jamestown, N. C., has purchased the famous field trial setter Joe Cumming, from Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss., at a long price. Joe is one of the sterling good sort which win field trials or confer pleasure afield by good work to the gun.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.
Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.
Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

January.
12. Brooklyn C. C. dinner, New York.
March.
10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.
May.
26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.
August.
3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

The Capsizability of Canoes.

APROPOS of the cruising class canoes of the Royal C. C., alluded to last week, the Field of Dec. 23-30 has some interesting comments on the use of the bulb fin. The lifting bulb fin, though practically unknown in this country, is in common use in England in canoes and canoe yawls.

At the present moment we know of five new cruising class canoes which have been set going on the stocks, whatever may be the number going on in secret, on the Thames, and when we know that three of these canoes have been designed by Mr. Linton Hope for new members of the Royal Canoe Club, it should go without mere saying that the cruiser class will in the coming season be a really strong one. One of these canoes is building at Burgoine's at Kingston, two others are building at Bishop's at Teddington, and two more are just about starting at Turk's at Kingston. Then there are owners of last year's sailing canoes already on the move with alterations and refitment, and even there is one about to sell his 1899 craft, the Nautilus, in order to immediately start the building of a new craft in the same class, but of slightly different lines. On the whole, with probable augmentation at the opening of the season, the class should, on the Thames, amount to between seventeen and twenty boats.

It is, perhaps, too early to learn much in respect of any of the new craft unless, as sometimes is the case, an owner has the sense to invite expert criticism on the design at a time when it is not too late—that is, the construction has not gone so far ahead as to prevent a fault being built-in when it has been found to exist.

But one point of which we should like again to remind those who are building is the fact that canoes of this class can be so centerplated, with bulbs of lead on the plate, that the canoe is rendered uncapsizable. Thus ballasted they are more steady and comfortable to sail, and the extra weight of plate is a very slight consideration—perhaps a one man extra when housing her. Often it is, in fact, no more weight than is commonly put in ordinary thick centerplates; but the difference of the position of the center of gravity of the bulbed plate compared to the homogeneous ordinary plate of same total weights is, or may be, as much as 1 ft. lower for the bulb plate. Such a difference of itself means that, up to the margin of reasonably safe stability, the bulbed centerplate can be actually far lighter than the ordinary metal plate.

It has been recklessly stated of this class that every canoe in it, with one exception, has capsized. At the time that statement was printed there were only four canoes in the class which were fitted with bulbed centerplates. Of these, certainly Nautilus has never capsized, nor has her elder sister, Lyme, and we have not heard that either Bowstring or Mr. Cox's craft has capsized. Two cases of capsize we remember in which the centerplate at the time was hauled right up in the boat, and in such position any boat would be liable and likely to capsize.

The real bottom point is that some of the latest productions in the class have been constructed purely for racing, and, with that end in view and under the idea that the lightest weight wins, they have been supplied with very light plain plates, and therefore practically they carry no ballast and solely depend on the sitting out of the man to carry the sail. We have pointed this out as a folly long ago, not with any intention of warning experienced men from the line they are taking, but to warn recruits to the sport from being led into a trap, or, at least, what may prove a trap to them.

A few weeks ago Mr. Linton Hope altered his own cruiser's heavy plate, from a plain plate to a bulbed plate of much lighter total weight, but of far greater balancing power than the plain plate. The change in weight was 88lbs. instead of 124lbs., and the owner writes us: "Eff's bulb keel is quite a success, the most extraordinary thing being that she is much improved in running in a light wind with the bulb right down. The boat is much stiffer, and a saving of 22 per cent. and 29 per cent. respectively in area and weight of her late plain plate." We do not hesitate to say that the reduction in the weight by the change is not the way we should have worked. We should have preferred to take 124lbs. as a very fairly light ballasting for a 24in. beam canoe carrying 140ft. of sail, and we should have given her a far heavier bulb. The actual plate and bulb of Nautilus is 125lbs., of which the plate is about 70lbs. and its hangers, etc., 5lbs., so that the bulb is 50lbs. She has been carefully calculated for stability, apart from man sitting out, to or at several angles of inclination culminating in "on her beam ends," and the 50lb. bulb is only just on the safe side.

Any craft, deep keller, may be knocked down flat by a squall, but the requisite is that she shall infallibly have yet righting power—that is, certain ability to self-right, so that she can live out a squall, or, in other words, her owner having confidence in the scientific structural power of his boat, when he is caught in a tight place in a squall sits tight because he knows his own boat's power. The amount of sail he may carry is simply a question of nursing his spars and shrouds; provided his plate is down, he can keep all sheets fast and let her lie down.

There is in this consideration only one other point, but probably it is the most important of any. It is the question of the buoyancy of the bilge of the boat. If you are confidently to let her lie down to a squall, even in smooth water, but certainly in rough, you must know that the side body immersed has sufficient displacement to keep her hatch and well coamings out of water when she is actually lying flat over at an angle of 90 degrees. Calculate this position for, say, six existing canoes, with, of course, the weight of a man sitting in her, say 160lbs., and in probably four cases you will find that the lee well coaming comes under water. Such a craft is a gone ship; she is dangerous.

There may be many capsizes experienced in such a craft, when by the mainsail striking the water and the crew intuitively planting out to windward the angle of 90 degrees is never reached; indeed, 70 degrees will put the mainsail in the water. And so the extreme lesson is never learned until one day she gets a real flattener, and then—well, let us hope the shore or another boat is quite handy.

In writing last week on structural requirements for a safe canoe, the most important point was not quite finished, or not sufficiently worked out to caution owners. Of course those who have the drawings of their canoes can, by suitable sections and spacing, easily work out the line of immersion when the canoe is laid flat on her beam ends with crew on the upper bilge; but for those who have not drawings, or who do not know how to work out the displacement, there is nothing but experiment left to ascertain the true state of the canoe in this dangerous position.

The flat position is possible for any canoe, be she bulb keeled or merely plain centerplate of heavy weight, or even of light plate, but the question is whether, when laid flat, she will abstain from shipping water. A lean-sided, fine-ended canoe, with low freeboard, will undoubtedly ship water and fill—that is, with the 16in. minimum width of well allowed by the rule. No narrower well would be conveniently workable for cruising and camping; it therefore remains a governing question as to the canoe's ability as a safe cruiser that the sections which are immersed on the canoe being laid over flat are of sufficient area to float the coamings well clear of the water.

The Nautilus of 1899, which we pointed out last week as being only just on the safe side, has a very large amount of surplus buoyancy, or overhanging sides and ends, and, compared with others, considerable freeboard; her weight of keel, i. e., plate and bulb, is moderate and not so heavy as some others are, and yet she is near it. We have gone a step further and roughly estimated the effect of a wet man and wet sails, and, short of actual experiment, we conclude she would be just near coaming awash.

As the beam is limited to 42in. and built up to, the only ways to safeguard this swamping danger are full above water ends, or increased freeboard. Which way may be the most advantageous, both in effect and in good looks, is for the designer to say; certainly the fuller ends will give the stiffer boat for sail carrying, but she will be more of a puncher, wetter, and possibly also slower, in rough water, than the higher freeboarded, lean-sided model. To test the question on any existing canoe there is no necessity to get wet and then capsize her; the trial can and should be made in the off season—that is, at this time of year. Take the canoe with sail set, with centerplate down, and with a ballast weight representing the weight of owner in wet clothes, easily estimated by weighing a dry and a wet suit of flannels, placed and lashed on the upside of the centerboard case. Then, with a line to the masthead, pull the canoe down on to her beam ends. The result may be startling, but it will be vitally useful, and is so simple that the test should be invariably made before the season is given a chance of proving that the craft is dangerous.

Of course, the owner has a bit of margin of safety in that he will most likely not be wet through when the canoe is laid flat; but the extra bit of buoyancy for a wet man may mean just enough margin for safety for a dry man laid flat in rough water. Unless the rule made a certain amount—a large amount—of displacement requisite, there is no practical way of dictating what the area of immersible sections should be when the upright dis-

placement is in no way legislated; but owners have it clearly in their own hands by test that the canoe in which they intend to sail miles from land on the sea will not fill and sink from under them when laid flat by a squall.

A Canoe Race Across the English Channel.

THE following letter to the Field is from an old A. C. A. man, Dr. C. M. Douglas, formerly of Lakefield, Ont., well known to all who attended the Grindstone meets. The letter alludes to a proposed canoe race across the Channel:

Sir—The chief advantage of a cross-Channel match for small single-handers and canoes is that it would test the capabilities of these craft in open water, with varying conditions of currents, wind and sea in a way that might not be found on land-protected waters. Perhaps a cross-Channel cruise is more than can reasonably be set down in the vocation of a "canoe." A cruising race, say, from Bembridge to Red Bridge, at the head of Southampton water, might be a more legitimate test of the merits of these useful and handy craft, sail or paddle, singly or combined, being optional as modes of propulsion. I suppose the machine in which an uncertain stability is obtained by balancing man to windward against sail, might be entered if any one would care to do so. On June 19, 1894, I crossed the Channel in a bona fide "canoe" of the folding type, 12ft. long, 30in. beam, and 1ft. in depth, weight some 50lbs. The wind was light from the N.E. or N., with a hazy atmosphere, when I left Dover at 8:30 A. M. under a light leg of mutton sail and paddle. After I had made some ten miles or so the light breeze fell to a calm, the haze grew thicker, and I struck my sail and went on under paddle, steering by compass fastened to the flooring board of the canoe. If the weather had not changed I would have reached Calais in comparative comfort, but when off Cape Grisnez at half-past two in the afternoon, a fresh westerly wind sprang up. I had been carried rather out of my course by the ebb. The flood coming in and meeting the wind caused a beam sea, which made me paddle cautiously and circumspectly. I dared not set sail for fear of being blown over, so I had rather a rough time of it before I got into smooth water between the long piers of Calais Harbor. Eventually, when I got alongside the S.E.R. steamboat at half-past seven or seven in the evening, and was helped out of my canoe by some good Samaritans among the crew, I was rather in the shivering condition of a "wet hen," with my views on the suitability of a folding canvas canoe for cross-Channel cruising considerably modified, especially when the navigator is nearly three score years of age. A cross-Channel cruise in a single-hander of a decent size for open water, such as a canoe yawl, ought not to be such a serious undertaking. A match for such boats of the combination row and sail species would undoubtedly attract attention and interest, more especially if the craft could afterward make their way, by canal or river, to the exhibition at Paris.

I have attended many canoe meets in America—not in England—but I have never seen a proper cruising race, that is from point to point some twenty miles or so, under cruising conditions as to the use of sails and paddles (or oars) in the case of the larger sizes of these small yawls. It might be interesting. C. M. D.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Yonkers C. C. will hold its annual meeting and election on Feb. 1.

The bilge-board cruising canoe Chiquita has been sold by T. S. Oxholm to Louis Ohlmeyer, of the Knickerbocker C. C.

On Jan. 6 the Puritan C. C. opened its new club house on the Strandway, South Boston, with a formal housewarming, a number of visitors being present.

Yachting.

THE following is from the Field of Dec. 30:

A correspondent writes to us suggesting that we should publish the lines of the yachts which have just been racing for the America Cup, and stating that they have already appeared in an American paper. We should be very pleased to give the lines of two such famous boats, but, unfortunately for the world at large, the great designers very seldom allow their efforts in designing to be made public, and we feel quite certain that the genuine lines of neither boat have appeared in any paper as yet, whatever may happen in the future.

The "lines" alluded to are probably the fake designs published last winter in this country and which were subsequently proved, on the docking of Columbia and Shamrock, to be worse than caricatures. We are surprised that some reputable yachting journals have actually commented on these "lines" and the accompanying figures as though they were, either in their origin or on their faces, in any way worthy of belief.

Two important items of news were duly chronicled in large type in some of the New York daily papers of last week. On Friday it was positively announced by special cable from London that Sir Thomas Lipton had again challenged for the America Cup (whether for 1900 or 1901 not stated) and that Watson would design the new yacht. On Saturday it was stated with equal authority that no challenge had been sent, nor was likely to be for some months, and that nothing had been done toward selecting a designer. In this simple and ingenious matter a certain amount of yachting news was provided to break the prevailing dullness.

Mr. Will Fife, Jr., has been slowly recovering his health, but it is only within a short time that he has been able to discard the cane which replaced the crutches which he was obliged to depend on during his convalescence. He is now busy with plenty of work at his Fairlie Yard,

Legitimate Types of Yachts.

AFTER all that was said in 1898 against Dominion, the so-called catamaran, the question then raised is still an open one. The Seawanhaka race committee failed to prove that Dominion was catamaran or that there was either rule or precedent for barring her had she been a catamaran or any sort of double boat. As the essential points of her design are still found in all boats of the scow type now universally used in racing, the whole question of their legitimacy must come up sooner or later for a final decision. The load waterline length when the yacht is in an upright position being the main factor in all modern rules of measurement, the vital question is whether the clubs should recognize as fair and legitimate a form of hull which will only sail fast when turned on to one side, in which position the actual effective waterline is from 50 to 100 per cent. greater than in the upright position for measurement. Alongside of this main question, involving a distinct principle of design, the questions of a hollow in the transverse sections or of double rudders, etc., are but trivial. The following, from the Boston Globe, is of interest in this connection.

The latest report in regard to the Quincy challenge cup is that Messrs. Faxon and Keith are not going to build a new defender, but will make alterations in Hostess. Hostess was very fast last year, and with a little tuning should be made even faster. Just what changes Mr. Faxon intends to make on last year's successful defender were not stated.

W. B. Smith, who built Hostess, is enthusiastic in regard to the matter of bilge boards instead of the centerboard, which is used at present. He claims that these boards would be advantageous to all boats of the Hostess type, and his argument appears to be a reasonable one. He is also an advocate for double rudders, such as was used on Pompano, for boats of this type.

It will be remembered that Hostess had to be sailed "on her ear," as the racing men put it, to get the most speed out of her. When she laid out, she immersed little more than the turn of her bilge. The displacement, thus obtained, was of the minimum order and she had to go fast, provided she could keep on her feet.

The great danger, in such a craft, is that the rudder is likely to get out of water, and the skipper thus losing the means of controlling his boat, cannot prevent her capsizing. With the double rudder this danger would be eliminated and in the event of a puff laying the boat out the skipper could nurse her back again to her proper position.

On windward work Hostess was still fast enough to beat out her competitors if she could hold on, but when she got her narrow side into the water it weakened the holding power of her centerboard, and the consequence was that she fell off.

If bilge boards were used she would have had something to keep her from sliding. The result would be that, being able to point and go in the direction she was pointing in, her great speed, made greater by her minimum displacement, would bring her out to the windward mark faster than anything in her class.

The Higginson challenger is to have more beam than Hostess. It has been said by some people that the limit of extreme beam, as regards speed, has been reached in Hostess, and that more beam will make the new challenger slower rather than faster. Be that as it may, any new boat will find a tough proposition in last year's defender, and will have to go fast to a superlative degree to get away from her.

As raced last year, Hostess was in principle a double boat, sailing with her keel out of water and but one bilge immersed. The alterations described above will give her some of the more important auxiliary features of the catamaran and true double-boat, two rudders and two centerboards, a rudder and centerboard for the starboard half of the hull and one each for the port half. Is such a craft fairly eligible under the L.W.L. rule and methods of measurement of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts; and if so, what is the rule worth as an incentive to improvement in designing?

The Dublin Bay Water Wags.

THE once popular Water Wag class of Dublin Bay, we believe the first real one-design class, has of late years fallen off in popularity, and the racing has been very dull. We learn from the Field, as below, that a new and larger class will now be started.

The Water Wag Club has at length taken a decisive step with regard to its new type of boat. It was felt that if something was not done to infuse life into the class, small boat sailing would practically disappear in Dublin Bay, and of late years the Water Wags have been in a moribund condition. It was not a weakness in strength, for the fleet was large, but some way or other there was no life in the sailing. As it would be a pity to allow the Water Wag—which has been the parent of the one-class one-design principle—to disappear, the members of the club determined some time ago to adopt a new type of boat. Although a design was obtained from Mr. J. E. Doyle, the designer of the Colleens, and practically adopted, nothing was done for certain until Monday, Dec. 18. At a committee meeting Mr. Doyle's design was accepted with a slight modification, the 14ft. of length being increased to 14ft. 3in., the extra 3in. going to give a raked transom which improves the appearance of the boat. The new boat will be of a much more powerful and able type than the existing Wag. The square stern will make her much more roomy, she will be 1ft. 3in. more in length, the beam will be 5ft. 6in. and the sail area 110 sq. ft., divided into lug sail and jib, as against 75 sq. ft. of lug alone, as in the present class. The increase in sail will give the "crew" something more to do, for it used to be among others the Belfast Lough Insect class was exception of the spinnaker work, he was merely shifting ballast. There were many designs under consideration, and among others the Belfast Lough Insect class was examined. The specifications and measurements will be strict, but, while an extra cheap boat is not aimed at, the expensive boat will be prevented by a rule of the club to that effect. Excessive cost, indeed, was one of the factors

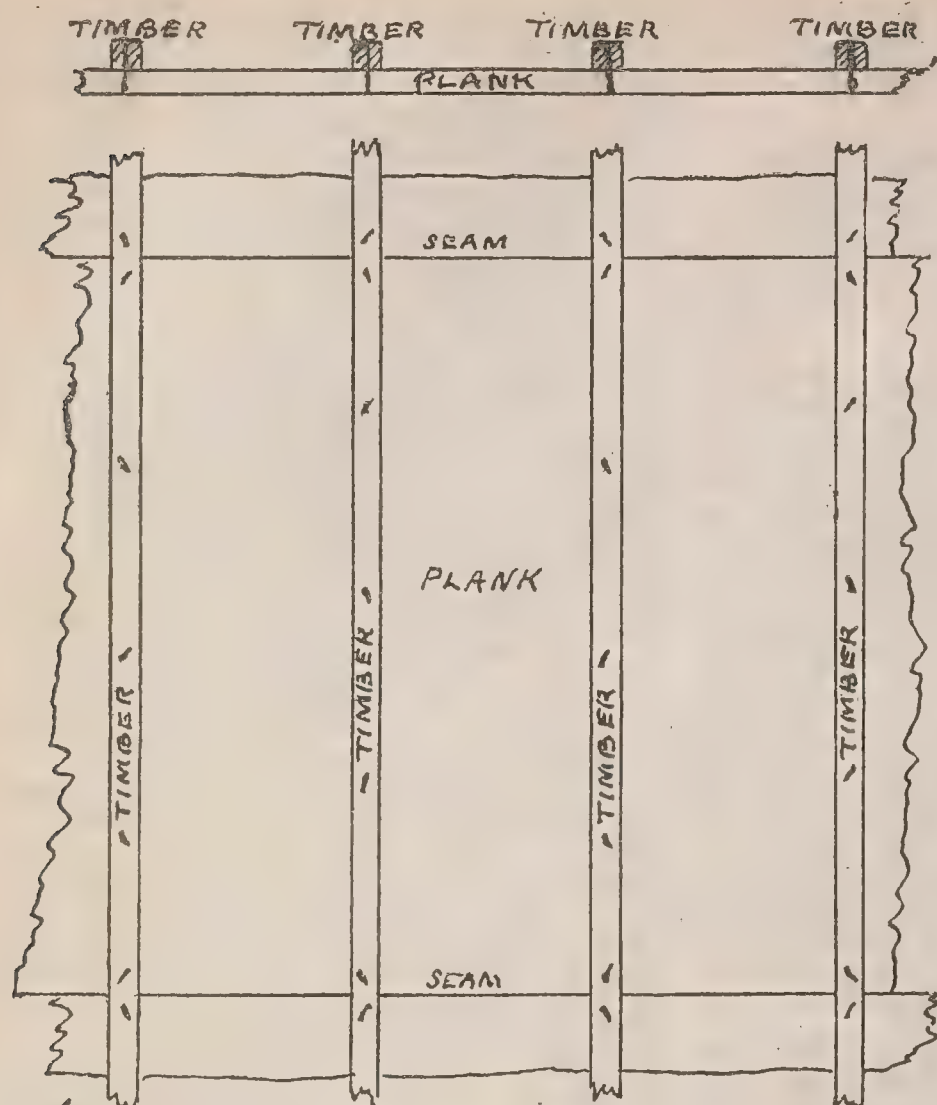


Fig. 1. CLOSE-TIMBER CARVEL

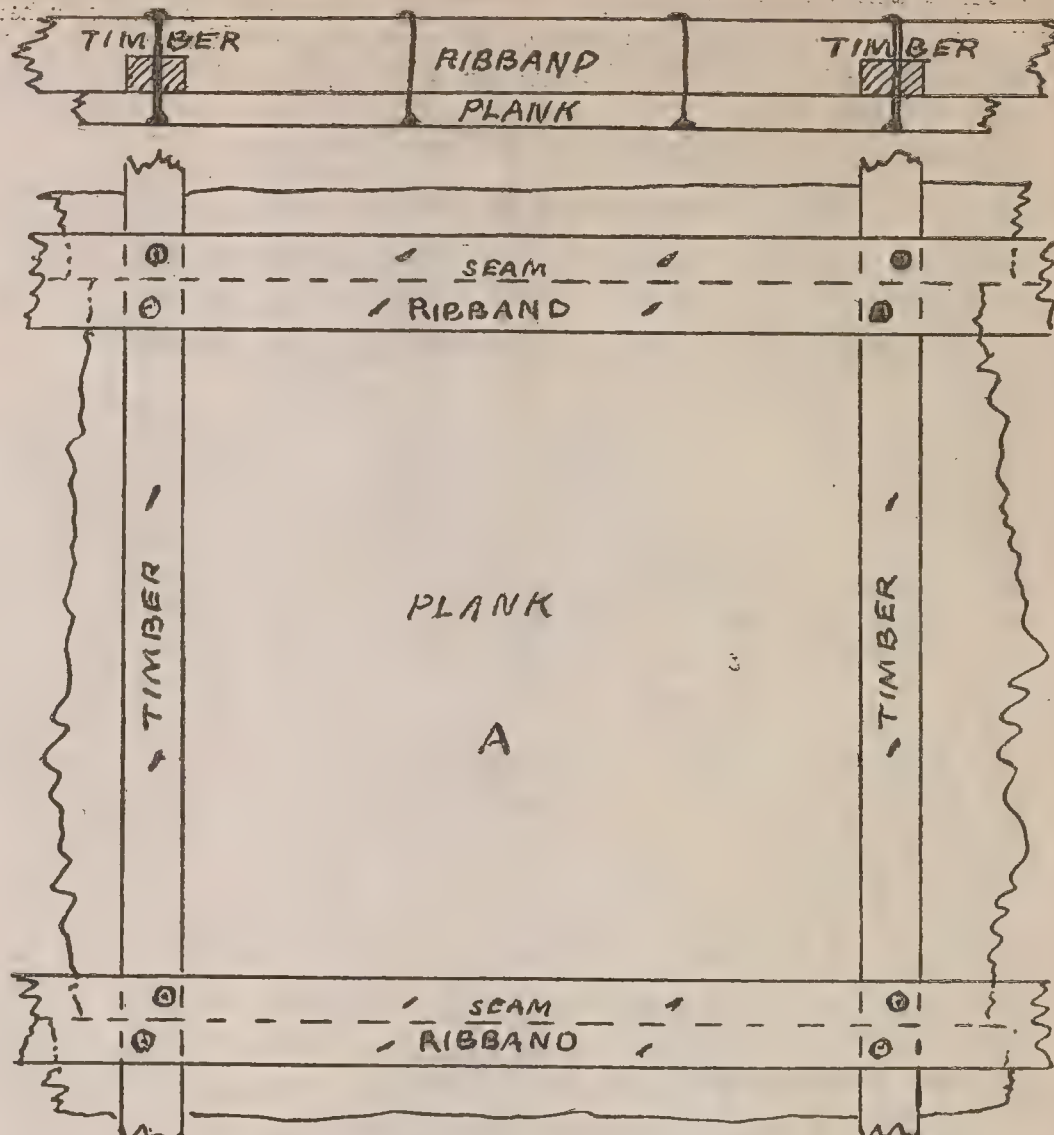


Fig. 2. RIBBAND CARVEL

which injured the existing type of Wag, some of the later boats averaging over £40, an excessive price for what was practically a 13ft. punt. A start will be made with four boats, and more builders are certain to follow. One boat is for Greystones, County Wicklow, where there are signs that a Wag class will be formed in the future. In the opinion of very many there is a danger in the multiplicity of small one-design classes in close proximity, inasmuch as they interfere with each other to a serious extent, and regatta committees are often put in a quandary to please all. A club which would affiliate itself with the Wag Club would have the advantages of its experience, rules, design, etc., and yet have as much sailing as it wished at home.

Linton Hope and His Small Yachts.

THE one person who more than any other is responsible for the modern unballasted skimming dish that has been so popular for the past half-dozen years is Mr. Linton Hope, the English designer. His first racing boat of any note, built after a varied experience as an amateur designer and builder, and a good deal of practical sailing, was the noted Sorceress, the best of the one-rater class on the Thames in 1894; literally of saucer shape, wide, shoal and without ballast, with the deep, narrow centerplate introduced by Mr. Hope as a distinguishing feature. The fastest boats of the class at that time were either fin-keels or heavily ballasted centerboards, and from them Sorceress won fourteen prizes in fifteen starts. In 1895 Mr. Hope brought out Lotus, a similar skimmer in the half-rating class, for whose lines, as here given, we are indebted to him. During the season Lotus, sailed by Mr. Hope himself, started thirty-two times and won twenty-four first and five other prizes. Her measurements, as designed and raced in the old half-rating class of the Y. R. A. were: L.W.L., 15ft. 3in.; draft, 6in.; displacement, 800lbs.; sail area, 197 sq. ft. The design shows a waterline of exactly 15ft., uniform with the American 15-footers, whose lines we have already published, all measurements, as below, being figured from this line:

Length—	Over all	22ft. 5 in.
	L.W.L.	15ft.
Overhang—	Bow	3ft. 7½in.
	Stern	3ft. 9¾in.
Beam—	Extreme	5ft. 7 in.
	L.W.L.	4ft. 5½in.
Draft—	Hull	5½in.
	With board	5ft. 5 in.
Freeboard—	Bow	1ft. 6 in.
	Least	8¾in.
	Stern	10¾in.
C.B. from stem at L.W.L.		9.28ft.
C.L.R. from stem at L.W.L.		9.80ft.
Mast from stem at L.W.L.		4ft. 7 in.

In 1894 Mr. Hope started to build yachts, as a business, as manager of the Thomas Yacht Building Company, making a specialty of the skimming dish type, and of extreme light construction, as after the success of Sorceress in that year, and of Lotus in 1895, he turned out the half-rater Kismet in 1896, and won forty first, four second and one third in forty-five starts. The following article by him on the subject of light construction was published in the Yachting Monthly Magazine:

One of Mr. Hope's successful boats, designed at the same time as Lotus, and of the same general model, is the 0.8-rater Tiger Cat. She won in her first season, 1895, 18 firsts, 6 seconds and 1 third; in 1896, 8 firsts, 2 seconds and 3 thirds; in 1897, 9 firsts, 8 seconds and 2 thirds; in 1898, 9 firsts, 5 seconds and 1 third; and last year 11 firsts, 8 seconds and 2 thirds. This makes the remarkable record of 93 prizes for 117 starts.

What is equally remarkable is that she is sound and

holds her lines after five years of racing, though of extreme light construction, with but 3-16in. planking.

Although the days of the egg-shell skimmer are past in this country, owing to the new minimum displacement rule adopted by the Yacht Racing Association this year, it may still interest some of those who enjoyed the wild excitement of sailing these boats to know how their extreme lightness was obtained.

Prior to 1896, none of the small raters had been built of less than ¾in. planking, except a few of ribband carvel construction, which may have been a trifle under that thickness.

With Kismet, I think I can fairly claim to have introduced a totally different method of building, which I will call a close-timbered carvel, combined with girder framing.

This construction not only enabled a boat to be built nearly 15 per cent. lighter than ribband carvel, but was also far stronger and much more elastic than the old methods.

A reference to Figs. 1 and 2 will show at a glance how this was done. In Fig. 1 the four timbers shown exactly equal in weight the two shown in Fig. 2 in the ribband carvel method, and by their closeness they distribute their strength far more evenly over the plank; of course they are not so rigid as the two larger ones, but the large weak space A is avoided. The weight of the ribbands is saved, but against this must be put the weight of the bilge stringer, and the three lines of girder work; these, however, do not amount to so much as the ribbands, and of course give far greater strength, thus allowing a lighter planking to be used.

One of the great defects of ribband carvel work was that owing to the weak space A between the timbers the planking was very apt to "blow" or buckle, and the boat often went completely out of shape, after only a few months' racing.

The sizes used in the lightest ribband carvel boats up to that time had never, so far as I know, been less than ¼in. planking, ¾in. by ½in. bent timbers, spaced 6in. apart, and ribbands 5⁄8in. by ¾in., with the usual floor timbers and other framing.

In building Kismet I tried as much as possible to equalize the strength all over the boat, so as to do away with the usual disparity between the weakest and the strongest places, which was quite unavoidable in the old methods.

This was effected by the use of a number of light mahogany lattice girders, and it will easily be seen that it was quite impossible for a boat to be built on this principle, to alter her shape in the least so long as her lattice work remained in its place.

In several of the Herreshoff boats, which had been imported from America, a certain amount of strutting and ties had been used, and also to a smaller extent in some of our English craft, but in Kismet I had a continuous line of lattice girder from stem to stern along the center line of the boat.

A glance at the sections of keel, gunwales (or inwales) and bilge stringers will show all useless weight had been cut away, and triangular sections used as much as possible. The gunwales, of 1½in. by 7⁄8in. American elm, were placed with their greatest width in a horizontal direction instead of vertically as usual, and the deck beams rested on a small rising underneath, and were also fastened through the gunwales. The keel was 8in. by 1in. amidships, tapered both in width and in depth, fore and aft, to about one-quarter its mid-sectional area. The fore end was bent up to form the stem and no rabbet was used; the planks meeting at the center line of the keel as far as the turn of the stem, when a small false stem was worked over them to cover the ends. Though most of them finished at the deck (so as to avoid curved edges to the planks as much as possible), both to save wood and to get the grain running straight along the plank, instead of the usual short grain at the ends, which is unavoidable when they are cut with a lot of "sny" (or curve) in them.

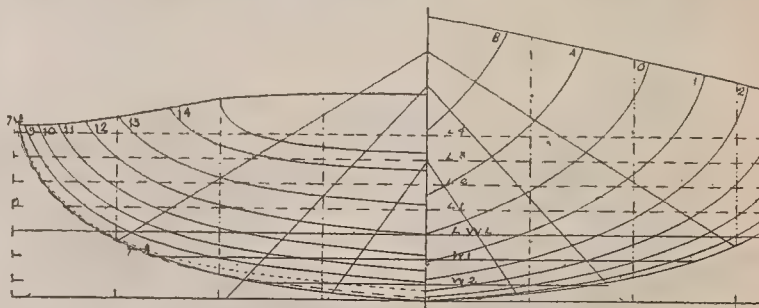
The planking was only 3-16in. cedar, and the timbers were ¼in. by 5.32in., spaced 2in. apart.

A bilge stringer of mahogany, 1¼in. by 1½in., was

worked over the ends of the floor timbers. These floors were oak, 2in. deep and ½in. thick at the bottom, tapered to ¾in. on the top. Besides the three lines of lattice work, there were diagonal mahogany straps 3-16in. by 1¼in. wide, from gunwale to gunwale, on the face of the bent timbers and under the bilge stringer; similar to those used in iron ships. The deck beams and floor bearers for the watertight cockpit were all ¾in. by 1½in. mahogany, and were supported by the fore and aft lines of strutting and lattice work. Both the deck and the floor of the cockpit were bare ¼in. spruce, clear of knots, with ¼in. by ¾in. ribbands under the seams. The deck was covered with varnished union silk, and the cockpit floor with very thin linoleum varnished.

Most of the lattice work was of ¼in. by ¾in. mahogany, but here and there a stouter strut was used where there was any special strain, but of course the ties and parts of the lattice work which were in tension would have been lighter of piano wire, but I was afraid of it snapping with some sudden jar, when the greater elasticity of the wood would merely "give" a little, without breaking.

The center case was ¾in. cedar, rabbeted ⅛in. into the top of the keel, and had two metal knees on floor timbers to take the center-plate bolt through holes in



them. It was connected at each end with the main line of lattice work, and the ends of the bearers of the cockpit floor were dovetailed ¼in. into the top of the case, tying the whole boat together amidships.

The rudder tube was very light solid drawn brass 1¼in. diameter and flanged over deck and keel; and there were ¾in. Bull's metal eye bolts each side of the mast, and another for the jib tack forward, all three having shoulders on the deck, and being clinched on countersunk plates under the keel. All fastenings were as light as possible, mostly 18-gauge round copper pins.

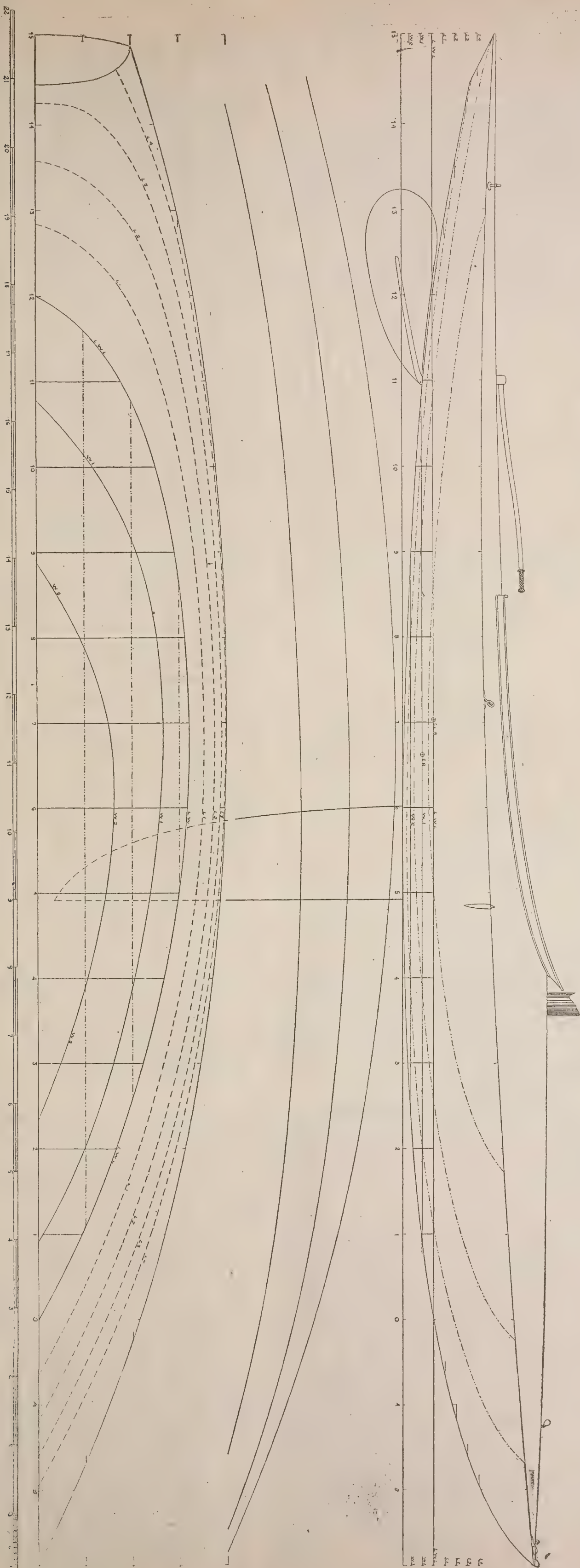
The weight of the hull when planked, and with all the lattice work and deck beams, etc., in place and ready for the deck, was 230lbs. When completely rigged and ready for sea, with a 150lb. metal plate and all gear on board, she weighed about 450lbs.

Her total displacement with crew was 800lbs. She was 25ft. over all, 15.3ft. waterline, 5.6ft. beam, and drew 6in. with plate hoisted.

The spars were of course bamboo, and as light as possible, with no gear, except what was absolutely required; she had one solid steel piano wire shroud a side, ⅝in. in diameter, shackled direct into the shroud plate without any rigging screw or lanyard, and no runners of any sort. Standing topping lifts with spans to catch the lug when lowered, and the roller jib shackled direct to the masthead.

In spite of the extreme lightness of gear and boat, she only had three accidents: One was a hole in her counter caused by a floating log; another was a blow on her keel while on rail which split it just at the seam of the garboards under the mast and caused her only leak, and the third was breaking the gooseneck in the main boom in a hard blow off Ryde, when only three out of ten starters were able to finish.

She sailed 45 races, many of them in very bad weather, and made about 400 miles of passages to and from races, some of 50 miles in open water; and at the end of the season, after repairing the slight accidents mentioned above, she was as good as the day she was launched, being quite unstrained and not in the least out of shape.



LOTUS, HALF-RATER, DESIGNED BY LINTON HOPE, ESQ., 1895.

Except when she split her keel, as stated, she was perfectly tight; and I often got no more than three or four spongefuls of water out of her in a week while she was at moorings.

Another light and strong form of construction consists of two or more skins, without any timbers, except the usual floors and one or two at the mast.

Sira, built for the French two-ton class, and owned by the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, was an example of this method; but, in her case, in addition to the usual inner diagonal skin, and outer fore and aft skin, she had a third transverse skin, from gunwale to gunwale inside the diagonal skin.

She was 32ft. 11in. over all, and 8ft. beam, with a steel fin and bulb of half a ton, drawing 5ft., and she had about 550sq. ft. of canvas.

The outer fore and aft skin was 5-32in., the middle diagonal skin 1-16in., and the inner transverse skin 5-32in. at the keel, tapered to 1-16in. at the deck. Both the diagonal and transverse skins were carried right across under the keel in one, from side to side, and all three were mahogany.

The total thickness, including two layers of painted cotton between the second and third and first and second skins, was just over 3/8in. at the keel and under 5-16in. at the deck.

Unfortunately the transverse skin was only carried from the fore side of the rudder tube to 3ft. forward of the mast, and as she was very powerful and heavily ballasted she bulged in the bow planking once or twice in heavy seas; and it had to be timbered in the ordinary way to strengthen it, as it was then impossible to continue the transverse skin after the other planking was on. If, however, the inner skin had been carried right forward up to the stem head in the first place, I feel sure she would have stood any amount of punching in a sea, as the part where the three skins were was not strained in any way. I much doubt if this form of construction was as light and strong as the one previously described, and the cost is far greater. Sira cost over £230 for labor and materials only.

The chief advantages in the three skins are greater security against leakage and holes, and also less liability to "blow" or lose her shape; but, as I said before, Kismet neither leaked nor went out of shape; so there is nothing much in it, unless the boat has to be hauled up or beached a good deal, when it is a very much better style of construction than that of Kismet. The latter should be kept afloat as much as possible to prevent the seams opening, and of course she would have been smashed up in a minute on a beach which would not damage the three-skinned boat at all.

I may mention that Sira had 15,000 fastenings in her skin alone, mostly 18-gauge copper pins. So the cost is not so surprising, when one considers the time these would take to put in, and also the labor in tapering each plank from 5-32in. to 1-16in. for the transverse skin.

I am afraid all these details are a bit dry to most sailing men, but they may interest the fast-increasing class of amateur boat builders.

Mr. Hope is responsible for the statement that after his wonderful record in Kismet he thought it prudent to withdraw from racing on the strength of it, and has since taken to "wholesome cruisers." The fact seems to be that while interested for a brief time in the fad of racing machines and the development of extreme speed through the reduction of displacement and weight of construction, he is too good a yachtsman to be permanently satisfied with this class of work. Within the last three years he has designed, built and cruised in the little schooner Induna, of but 18ft. l.w.l., practically a canoe-yacht; and he has also taken up again canoe racing in the Royal Canoe Club, being successful both in designing and sailing.

Lotus is notable from the excessive crown of the fore deck, a veritable turtle back, and from her broad shoal rudder, very different from the shape used in this country.

Chicago Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 6.—Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, holds its preliminary meeting to-night for election of officers. A nominating committee will be chosen to select candidates for the forthcoming annual election, which will follow within a few weeks. Eager interest attends the election this year, and the friends of rival candidates are busy.

They say that Mr. Burt H. Whiteley, of Chicago Y. C., has for some time been casting about for a bigger boat than Josephine, the trial race competitor which was built at Muncie, Ind., to enter the lists for the cup ultimately won by Genesee. In this venture was associated Mr. D. D. Griffiths, of this city, and it was Mr. Griffiths who was commissioned to keep a weather eye for a good boat on his trip East last fall. After looking about for some time, Mr. Griffiths is said to have decided that the old Gloriana of 1891 would nicely fill the bill for the purpose required, and it is not unlikely that this famous boat will find its home at Chicago at no late date. Kestral, the more modern Fife boat, is probably second choice. There is also said to be a general looking over of a number of Eastern boats by Western yachtsmen, and it is at least possible that a purchase or so may be made beside that above suggested. It appears that more than a dozen good Eastern boats are listed for examination by Chicago yachtsmen.

E. H.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Yachtsman's Winter Number for 1899 is specially rich in illustrations, the colored cover being supplemented by an excellent picture, also in colors, from a painting by Mr. John Fraser. There are also two full-page half-tones of the yachts Kommodore and Bona Fide, and a number of very good pictures of smaller size. The designs include a 37-ton cruising yawl, by Mr. H. Wheatley Ridsdale; a cruising yacht of 32ft. l.w.l. and 9ft. 8in. beam, and the winning design of the tenth designing competition, a promising looking design by Mr. John Morton James, of Glasgow, for the very ugly 23ft. l.w.l. and 30ft. over all Clyde class. There is a good deal of interesting reading matter, and the whole book is handsomely printed.

The annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at Sherry's on Jan. 6, Com. Rouse presiding. Among the guests were Capt. J. R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; Lt. Thos. C. Wood, U. S. N.; Com. J. P. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C.; Com. C. A. Postley, Larchmont Y. C. Dur-

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 6.—There was a good attendance of members at to-day's shoot. The main event was the prize shoot at 25 targets, a handicap event.

There is a lot of new interest in this club's shoots, as shown by the new shooters, who are attending them.

Dr. A. A. Webber has adopted the nom de fusil of Bob Casey, but whatever this change of name, his shooting is always good. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	15	15	15	25	18
II Dressel	25	11	11
J S Wright	24	..	8
D C Bennett	23	5	11	13	6
Wm Hopkins	23	10	13	12	..	12	..
W M Casey	22	..	14	8	15	20	..
J Gaughen	22	..	9	7	13	20	..
B Waters	21	..	13	12	7	12	19
G H Gilbert	21	12	13	..
W W Harding	20	6	6	8	3	9	..
E K Blaisdell	18	4	10	8	7	10	11
Meeker	..	7	11	..	6
Lane	..	8	8	..	12
Short	..	4
Thorn	..	12	7	10	16
Miller	..	10	..	11	18

No. 5 was at 5 pairs. No. 7 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

New York, Jan. 5.—A meeting of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at its city headquarters on the evening of Jan. 5. The treasurer reported \$850.67 on hand. The initiation fee was increased to \$10. The pigeons trapped during the past year numbered 5,000. On July 21, the club will hold a target shoot and clambake at Dexter Park.

Capt. William A. Sands, J. H. Lebohner, John H. Voss, John P. Dannefelser, William A. Noe, E. Marquardt, John H. Schlicht, C. Peterson, R. Miller, Eugene Doenick, John H. Wellbrock, Peter Garms, Philip Woelful, A. Kohla, Emil Steffens, J. Laing, George K. Breit, Frederick Trostle, L. T. Muench and Dr. O'Donoghue were contributors to prizes for contestants during the forthcoming season.

The list of officers is as follows: President, John H. Voss; Vice-President, Philip Woelful; Treasurer, Conrad Webber; Financial Secretary, John H. Schlicht; Recording Secretary, Eugene Doenick; Auditing Committee, James Arthur Belden and John H. Wellbrock; Shooting Committee, Eugene Doenick, Philip Woelful, James Arthur Belden, John H. Wellbrock and Peter Garms.

The contestants for the annual trophies have a yearly average as follows:

	Yards.	Points.	Shot at.	Killed.	Av.
James A. Belden	28	6½	110	96	87.27
H. Foster	30	7	100	83	83
John H. Voss	30	7	110	88	80
Eugene Doenick	30	7	110	88	80
William A. Sands	30	7	80	64	80
John H. Wellbrock	28	7	100	80	80
Peter Garms	28	6½	110	88	80
John Schlicht	28	6½	100	80	80
Gus Nowak	30	7	40	31	77.27
William A. Noe	28	5	110	84	76.39
Philip Woelful	28	7	100	76	76
Emil Steffens	28	6	110	83	75.45
Bernard Amend	28	6½	20	15	75
August Schmidt	28	6½	60	45	75
C. Rabenstein	28	6½	70	51	72.86
Richard Reagan	28	5½	100	72	72
C. Lang	28	7	110	78	70.91
Henry Haften	28	5½	70	47	69.14
C. Webber	30	7	110	76	69
L. T. Muench	28	5½	110	76	69
John P. Dannefelser	28	6	90	62	68.88
E. Karl	28	5½	50	34	68
J. Neuman	28	6	50	34	68
Frederick Trostle	30	7	110	74	67.27
E. Marquardt	28	4½	110	74	67.27
August Dietzle	28	5	60	39	65
E. Peterson	28	7	40	26	65
E. Metz	28	7	40	26	65
John Himmelsbach	28	7	100	64	64
D. Valenti	28	5½	40	25	62.50
G. K. Breit	28	5½	90	56	62.22
Dr. O'Donoghue	28	6	20	12	60
J. Linck	28	4½	10	6	60
C. Wigger	28	4½	70	40	57.14
H. Kohla	28	5	70	40	57.14
P. Brennan	28	4½	70	38	54.28
A. Knodel	28	4½	110	57	51.82
C. Schaeffer	28	5	60	31	51.66
E. Meckel	28	6	20	10	50
A. Jaeger	28	5	30	15	50
C. H. Schmidt	28	4½	70	32	45.71
F. Guy	28	4½	90	41	45.55
F. Wehler	28	6	110	50	45.45
D. J. Deady	28	4	80	33	41.25
H. Carroll	28	4	80	31	38.75
C. C. Schaffer, Jr.	28	4	40	15	37.50
C. Fuchs	28	4	50	18	36
P. Geipel	28	5	50	17	34
J. H. Selg	28	4½	60	20	33.33
G. Phillips	28	4	10	3	30

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 8.—There was a most pleasant shoot held by the Fulton Gun Club to-day. Two matches enlivened the meeting. One was between Messrs. J. Gaughen and A. A. Schoverling, at 30 targets. Scores: Gaughen 27, Schoverling 23. The other match was at 25 glass balls, between Dr. Webber and Mr. R. Snyder. Score: Dr. Webber 13, Mr. Snyder 21.

There will be a shoot on this club's grounds on or about the first day of each week.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	5p	15	10	10	10	25	10	10
Dr. A. A. Webber	7	12	7	..	5	7	8	18	5	..
Rob-Snyder	5	4	5	..	7	6	..	16	8	..
S. Goldstein	2	5	1	..	0	2	..	7
E. Montoux	6	9	3	..	5	8
R. Merten	2	7	..	9	7	9	6	5	12	6
J. Gaughen	10	12	3	..	6	4	..	3	11	7
A. A. Schoverling	9	5	..	14	8	5	8	9	17	6
A. Kessell	2	4
B. Jones	0	3	0	11
A. Parks	10	4	5	1
W. Brodbeck	5	..	3
J. Riechling	5	15

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 6.—The January Cup had its first claim established to-day, in favor of Mr. F. B. Stephenson. There was but one scratch man, Mr. Edward Banks. The scores: F. B. Stephenson, 4, 23; A. A. Hegeman, 5, 22; C. A. Sykes, 4, 22; H. C. Chapman, 15, 21; George Stephenson, 5, 20; Dr. O'Brien, 6, 20; T. W. Stake, 2, 19; Edward Banks, 0, 18; Henry Kryn, 2, 18; W. W. Marshall, 4, 18; A. R. Fish, 3, 17; H. L. Kenyon, 6, 14; H. B. Vanderveer, 7, 14; C. F. Britton, 15, 5.

Prize shoot, 25 birds: Henry Kryn 25, Grant Notman 25, F. B. Stephenson 25, George Stephenson 21, A. R. Fish 21, A. A. Hegeman 19, L. C. Hopkins 19, T. W. Stake 17, H. B. Vanderveer 14, C. F. Britton 9, H. C. Chapman 2.

Shoot-off, 25 birds: Notman 23, Stephenson 23, Kryn 21.

Shoot-off, 10 birds: Stephenson 10, Notman 9.

Prize shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs: F. B. Stephenson 25, Dr. O'Brien 23, Grant Notman 23, Henry Kryn 21, A. A. Hegeman 21, H. C. Chapman 19, A. E. Corlies 18, George Stephenson 17, A. M. Boucher 17, A. R. Fish 17, L. C. Hopkins 16, T. W. Stake 11, C. F. Britton 3.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 29.—An immense flock of wild pigeons, so large as to cast a shadow on the earth, passed over Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, this week. These were the first seen in that section since twenty years ago, in a year when thousands of the birds perished in a storm over the Great Lakes.—Baltimore Sun.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Clubs of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 6.—Garfield Gun Club, of this city, held an all-day shoot at live birds on New Year's Day, scores of which are late at hand. Over 500 birds were shot, and the day was passed most pleasantly, as is the custom at that old reliable club.

J. M. Gillis won the diamond medal in the contest for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy yesterday, thus bringing in a new winner for that interesting series. Mr. Gillis is a Garden City Gun Club member. His runner-up was Uncle Silas Palmer, who made Mr. Gillis kill 49 out of 50 before a finish could be declared. Mr. Palmer killed 48, running 34 straight. This is good warm shooting.

Garden City Gun Club holds its annual meeting to-night at the Sherman House, for election of officers and transaction of other business.

Eureka Gun Club holds its regular semi-monthly shoot at Watson's to-day.

Hickory Hill Gun Club, whose grounds are on Ackerman's farm, at Glen Ellyn, will, with Silas Palmer as host, entertain a number of Chicago shooters at a hot little live-bird rally Jan. 20. Among others who will be present are Messrs. Kuss, Shaw, Hicks and Meek, of Garfield Club; Amberg, Rice, Hollister and Von Lengerke, of Eureka Club; Leffingwell, White, etc. The birds at Si Palmer's little annual are reputed to be extra hard to stop, and the event has a certain local significance.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

WATSON'S PARK, Ill., Jan. 5.—Mr. J. M. Gillis, of the Garden City Gun Club, won both badges, killing 49 out of 50. Mr. S. Palmer was next with 48 out of 50. Roll and Leffingwell divided second. Barto won third. Lee won fourth. The scores of the eighth contest for the trophy:

Clempson, 31, 0	222222*22220222	—13
Hollister, 30, 2	1022111121122211	—15
G. Roll, 30, 0	1212121212120412	—14
H. Odell, 29, 3	2112221*11212212	—15
Dr. Shaw, 30, 1	11211212211211	—15
Eaton, 28, 3	1*10111*2022202201	—12
W. B. Leffingwell, 30, 2	1011212122021102	—14
S. Palmer, 30, 2	211*2221112202222	—15
J. M. Gillis, 30, 3	111222212212122	—15
J. B. Barto, 30, 2	2022222*11122020	—13
J. L. White, 30, 2	12111111122122	—15
J. H. Bergam, 30, 2	211202100w	—13
H. Lee, 30, 3	02100210102211202	—12
McCoy, 30, 2	2222212100011122	—14

Ties on 15:	11220
Hollister, 31, 0	2121*2 202112 0200
Odell, 29, 1	0
Shaw, 30, 0	0
Palmer, 30, 0	22111 22221 21121 12221
Gillis, 30, 1	21221 21111 12221 11222
White, 30, 0	2210

Second tie on 15:	22122 12221 02220
Palmer	21121 21121 10112
Gillis	21121 21121 10112

Ties on 14:	121 211 111 McCoy	111 021
Roll	122 122 122	

Ties on 13:	20 Barto	12
Clempson	220 101 Lee	120 211

Jan. 6.—The scores made at the Eureka Gun Club's shoot follow:	
C. E. Felton, 29	111110222—9
Dead Out, 29	222*02222*—7
A. W. Adams, 29	1122011122—9
J. L. Jones, 28	01*1012202—6
J. G. Lovell, 28	2022021221—8
W. Cornwall, 27	22*0220000—4
F. S. Houston, 30	222222222—10
P. Stannard, 30	222222222—9
L. C. Willard, 31	1111021202—8

Seven-bird sweep, entrance \$3, divided 60 and 40:	
Houston	2202222—6
L. C. Willard	1111122—7
F. E. Willard	1111122—7
Dr. Miller	112121—7

Seven-bird sweep, entrance \$3, divided 60 and 40:	
Houston	2222222—7
L. C. Willard	212111—7
F. E. Willard	211221—7

Jan. 4.—Practice:	
P. B. Hoyt	2222*2111121210102211222—22
J. B. Drake, Jr.	20010121*2110200201012221—16
N. L. Hoyt	11121111111002121121222—23
P. B. Hoyt	001120212111*2220220212—19
J. B. Drake, Jr.	222100010201111011020211—17
P. B. Hoyt	*12201222
J. B. Drake	0000222010

Jan. 5.—Practice:	
J. M. Sellers	111022222011012111*21112—21
J. M. Sellers	1002022222
Clempson	2211111*22221121*222
Roll	20121
Palmer	12212

RAVELRIGG.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The scores made to-day at the tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club are subjoined. There was a good attendance of shooters, and they shot well through the programme. The weather was cold and unfavorable for good scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
H Valentine	5	12	7	12	9	10	8	8	12	7	9	..
W H Porter	6	8	7	11	4	9	5	11	4	12	8	9
T Greer	7	8	2	8	8	9	9	6	11	7	10	..
E G Munson	7	8	7	11	6	8	8	8	13	7	6	..
V Walburg	7	9	7	14	7	12	7	14	8	12	7	9
Wolford	6	10	9	11	8	10
E Smith	5	8	7	12	6	6	4	10	5	13	7	8
Geo Stewart	11	7	8	8	7	9	8	4	9	4	8
H W Howell	12	6	11	8	10	9	8	5	8	7	..
W Yost	5	9	6	11	7	7	6	5	4	9	..
A A Green	9	8	14	9	13	8	11	8	14	9	14
D Smith	9	8	10	6	11	9	10	6	7	7	9
C Kilgour	10	5	14	8	11	6	11	7	9	8	15
L Moore	9	2	7	6
H F Empie	4	2
J B Fulton	6	..	8	..	8
J Y Fulton	5	..	10	..	9
E Murday	5	9	5	6
Arnold	9	10	9	13	9	13	6	8	5	11	..
J R Hull	4	8	9	9	6	12	7	9	7
J B De Land	7	7	2
P E Berg	8	9	12
M P Rice	7	8	9
E R Lovejoy	7	5	0
E W Rice	8	5	9
Hall	1
B B Hull	4	5	1
Christopher	11

IN NEW JERSEY.

Country Club of Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., Jan. 1.—The following contests were shot to-day:

Sweepstakes, 5 live birds, \$5 each:	
K P Thomas, 27.....	11110 100 1011 0011 001 11010
D M Harris, 29.....	01111 010 0111 0011 1011 010
N C Reynal, 29.....	10101 1111 0110 1 1111 11110
E S Reynal, 25.....	11101 1100 1111 1 0111 010

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
K P Thomas, 27.....	11101	01110	100	1011	1100	1110
D M Harris, 29.....	1101	01111	010	0111	1100	1011
N C Reynal, 30.....	11111	0101	1111	0110	11011	11111
E S Reynal, 25.....	1110	11101	11100	11111
	No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.	No. 17.	
N C Reynal, 28.....	1111110	111100	11111	00	01111	
D M Harris, 27.....	111111	011111	0111	1101	11111	
E S Reynal, 25.....	1010	11111	01010	1010	

Mr. E. S. Reynal retired on account of an injured arm.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

1 1 5 2 4 3 4 4 4 2 5 1 3 4 1 3 3 2 1 5 2 4 1 3 4 5	
↑ ↓	
N C Reynal.....	2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2

2 5 5 1 1 3 3 3 3 1 1 3 4 2 3 2 3 2 5 5 4 2 4 4 2	
↓ ↓	
D M Harris.....	1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 2

1 4 3 4 5 3 3 3 2 2 2	
↑ ↓	
E S Reynal.....	1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 0

5 1 3 4 5 2 3 3 1 3 5 3 2 3 1 3 5 2	
↑ ↓	
K P Thomas.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 1 0

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 1.—Following are the scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The weather was cold, and the wind high, making good scores impossible. There was only one straight score made all day; Charley Dudley was the fortunate shooter.

The regular shoots of this club will take place as usual during the entire year, but in addition to these regular there will be a series of all-day events. The first all-day shoot will occur on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, to which all target smashers are invited. Refreshments will be free, and targets 1½ cents.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	20	10	25	10	20	10	20	10	15	15	15	15
Schorty	9	16	10	8	15	8	9	14	15	5	10	8	12
Dudley	9	16	17	8	23	8	10	17	17	5	6	12	14
Schoverling	5	13	13	6	18	7	5	18	11	..	8	9	11
Banta	8	13	9	5	14	6	7	13	14	4	11	8	10
Schields	7	11	12	8	21	8	7	15	18	..	11	11	11
Scheubel	4	8	12	7	19	8	7	19	16	7	..	12	..
C V L	8	13	15	6	16	7	5	16	15
Altz	3	9	..	4	16	6	5
Billings	12	12	7	..	7	9	13	..	4
Nagle	6	..	9	..	15	4	..	3	11	7	..
O'Brien	11	..	5	20	..	6	12	5
Col Casse	6	9	4	5	3	5	..	1	..	5
Casse, Jr.	6	9	4	5	3	5	..	1	..	5
Goetz	6	5	4	..	3	..	6	3
E Heritage	8	..	1	6	4	9
Kall	11	3	12	4
Hughes	10	..	8	..	15	..	12
Brewer	11	14	..	5	..	6
Doran	2	12
O'Rourke	2	6	..	4	7	..	3
Jones	3	5	4
Van Dyne	7	15
Bock	11	6	6	6	10	6
Whitley	11	..	13	..	6
Craft	4	7	9	5	4
De Long	8	8	12	11	6
Kelley	14	6	10	6	10
Black	2	4	8	4	5

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trénton, N. J., Jan. 1.—Mr. Clarence Jaques was the most successful competitor at the shoot of the Walsrode Gun Club to-day, held on the club's grounds, near Hutchinson's mills.

The members' score for the Walsrode trophy cup will commence to count from the first monthly shoot on Jan. 10. At the end of the year each member's score will be compiled, and handicap allowances will be given to govern a final shoot at 20 targets, independent of the previous twelve events, with the handicaps arranged according to the percentage of breaks in each member's score made during the year. Every 5 points is equal to one-half in 10 or 1 in 20, to wit: 95 per cent., allowance 1 target in 20, to total 21; 90 per cent., allowance 2 targets in 20, to total 22; 85 per cent., allowance in 3 targets in 20, to total 23; 80 per cent., allowance 4 targets in 20, to total 24, and so on down the scale. Any one making no per cent. will have a total number of 40 to shoot at.

Sweeps for tickets:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.	No. 17.	No. 18.	No. 19.	No. 20.
No. 1: Harshbarger 6, Mickel 7, Johnson 3, Jackson 3, Applegate 3, Taylor 3.																				
No. 2: Harrison 8, Harshbarger 7, Jackson 7, Mickel 5, Harding 6, Titus 5.																				
No. 3: Applegate 5, Taylor 7, Harding 7, Harshbarger 8, Jackson 5.																				
No. 4: Groom 5, McClure 7, Borden 7, Hughes 8, Yetter 6, Mickel 7, Harrison 8, Taylor 7, Harding 3, Hughes 2.																				
No. 5: Applegate 7, Harding 7, Hearst 3, Grooms 8, Mickel 6.																				
No. 6: Harshbarger 7, Hann 7, Large 1, Black 7, Johnson 8.																				
No. 7: Van Dyke 9, Harshbarger 9, Hann 5, Yetter 6, Combs 4.																				
No. 8: Harshbarger 5, Mickel 8, Carr 8.																				
No. 9: Harshbarger 5, Mickel 8, Carr 8.																				
No. 10: Harshbarger 6, Jackson 8, Applegate 7, Stillwell 9, Hann 9, Borden 6, Cramer 3.																				
No. 11: Hance 3, Stillwell 2, Carr 3, Woolverton 5, Applegate 3.																				
No. 12: Barwis 8, Stillwell 2, Warner 1, Farlee 9, Ellis 7.																				
No. 13: Kirby 1, Jaques 7, Travis 8, Scoby 2, Stillwell 4.																				
No. 14: Harshbarger 5, Warner 0, Satterwaite 2, Ellis 4, Hall 4.																				
No. 15: Ellis 2, Stillwell 2, Warner 1, Satterwaite 2, Francis 5.																				
No. 16: Cole 4, Mickel 5, Harshbarger 4, Borden 1, McClure 1.																				
No. 17: Mickel 3, Maguire 2, Ellis 4, Hall 3, Harding 3.																				
No. 18: Kirby 0, Sprague 2, Scoby 1, Jackson 1.																				

Sweepstakes for gun and other prizes: Jaques 10, Thomas 7, Kirby 1, Davis 3, Cheesmen 5, Harshbarger 3, La Barre 6, Thomas 6, Jaques 9, Mickel 4, Harshbarger 3, Titus 4, Thomas 9, Harrison 7, Hance 8, Woolverton 5, Mickel 3, Jaques 6, Harshbarger 4, Jackson 5, Harrison 5, Thomas 8, Hance 6, Harding 4, Harrison 6, Thomas 6, Lutes 1, Titus 3, Miers 3, Smith 4, Hance 6, Harshbarger 3, Jaques 7, Grooms 3, Borden 2, Harrison 5, Titus 2, Smith 3, Thomas 8, McClure 2, Woolverton 7, Mickel 2, Harrison 6, Borden 7, Smith 7, Thomas 6, Harshbarger 3, Titus 3, Hance 5, Thomas 3, Taylor 1, Smith 7, Woolverton 6, Jackson 4, Hughes 4, Smith 3, Borden 7, Harshbarger 4, Woolverton 6, Jackson 6, Brown 7, Thomas 7, Mullen 6, Hughes 4, Smith 8, Harrison 4, Black 1, Bowers 4, Barwis 6, Grooms 4, Applegate 6, Harrison 5, Lutes 2, Black 2, Barwis 5, Smith 5, Bowers 6, Francis 3, Barwis 3, Woolverton 5, Farlee 8, Grooms 3, Satterwaite 4, Ellis 2, Smith 4, Hance 2, Farlee 4, Black 4, Harshbarger 6, Gould 1, Mars 3, Kirby 6, Stillwell 7, Francis 5, Emley 1, McHenry 2, Jaques 7, Bowers 5, Bowers 5, Farlee 4, Cliver 6, Wyckoff 9, Cole 5, Reading 2, Jenter 2, Stots 1, Jones 1, Lutes 2, Wilson 3, Cole 4, Magowan 2, Barwis 3, Milligan 3, Maddock 5, Farlee 3, Wilson 3, Hall 9, Stokerley 3, Jackson 2, Woolverton 4, Woodward 2, Warner 5, Stillwell 3, Satterwaite 3, Harshbarger 7, Sampson 4, Mickel 5, Thomas 6, Hall 5, Hildebrecht 2, Wyckoff 7, Cole 6, Messler 8, Dullard 4, La Barre 0, Hall 2, A. S. Hall 3, Thomas 7, Mickel 8, Warner 6, Williams 3, Thropp 2, Farlee 7, Smith 8, Woolverton 5, Thomas 6, Albione 4, Garside 3, Reading 1, Weldy 6, Cole 3, Messler 4, Pfeiffer 7, Appar 7, Page 6, Sinkhorn 4, Swetnam 7, Cain 8, Sargeant 7, Wyckoff 4, Ellins 4, Bastine 6, Page 7, Vandenberg 4, Fulkert 5, Wilson 6, Smith 5, Farlee 7, Cole 1, Stots 1, Woolverton 5, Cole 4, Grant 2, Farlee 2, La Barre 8, Hall 4, Farlee 4, Stots 2, Grant 1, Woolverton 4, Harper 1, Thropp 7, Cole 7, Grant 3, Stots 3, Freeze 2, Grant 3, Taylor 1, Mickel 4, Harshbarger 2, Jaques 4, Thomas 4, Hance 4, Lawton 5, Gilbert 7, Atkinson 6, Petty 5, Arnold 3, Berry 4, Fine 7, Thompson 2, Miller 6, Wright 3, Gray 1, Keeler 1, Batison 3, Hendrickson 4, Megill 3, Daneger 2, Wright 4, Keller 7, Gray 4.

Ties on 9: Jaques 5, Thomas 4, Wyckoff 4, Hall 0, Mickel 2, Cain 1, La Barre 1, Farlee 3, Smith 2.
Ties on 8: Hance 2, Miers 1, Smith 3, Thomas 3, Farlee 3, Messler 3.
Second tie: Smith 2, Farlee 3, Thomas 0, Messler 3, Farlee 4.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, was well attended. The weather was cold and windy. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Feigenspan	7	10	9	8	..	24	13
Harrington	7	7	3	6	7	6	14	7	8	7	21	13
McC Smith	8	7	6	5	6	6	12	8	3	22	9
Seymour	4	..	7	..	5	5	3	2	..	6
J Fleming	3	7	7	7	6	7	8	6	7	10	19	11
Cummings	6	7	3	3	..	4	11	6	8	..	6	7
Gardner	7	10	8	6
Jewell	4
Dawson	8	6	6	5	7	..	7	6
Stanton	7	..	3	..	2	6	4	5
Worth	3
Young	2	2
Sinnock	9	7	10	8	9	22	13
Ferguson	5	8	4	4	5	2	14	8
Whitehead	10	..	9	7	8	18	13
Terrill	7	6	8	..	11
Worth	8	13	9	3	..	3	3	9
Tighe	4	4
C Smith	8	5	..	9
Haves	8	14	..
Koenig	2	2	..	4	5
D Fleming	7	6	..	14	7
Wambold	8	7	19
Kugler	2	10	6
Wilson	22

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 1.—The raw winter weather and the biting wind did not deter the shooters from attending the New Year's shoot of the East Side Gun Club in goodly numbers, considering that there were numerous other shoots in progress all about this section. Both live birds and targets engaged the attention of the shooters. Smith Brothers' grounds were used. There were two moneys in the live-bird events, and the Rose system governed the division. All stood at 28yds.

No. 1.	No. 2.
Koegel	2112222012—9
Leuthauser	22121*2212—9
Fischer	1122110122—9
Steffens	1121110111—9
Peabody	2002111112—8
Geoffroy	0222222020—7

No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Koegel	1222220222—9	Leuthauser	1111220201—8
Geoffroy	2*2222222—9	Peabody	1*222221*1—8
Steffens	1111110111—9	Haves	0*20001201—4

No. 4 was at 4 birds; No. 5 was at 5 birds; No. 6 was a miss-and-out.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																					</
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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MOOSE CALLING.

ALL big-game hunters will be interested in the letter from Mr. Alden Sampson, which appears in another column, and the subject is one on which a free expression of opinion is desired from those who devote their time to following moose.

To all naturalists and hunters, but especially to those who hunt in Maine and Canada, the future of this greatest of the deer is a matter of deep interest. Formerly an inhabitant of much of the northern forest, the moose has become extinct in many localities, and in some districts after it has been almost exterminated, protection has again increased his numbers.

Mr. Sampson's letter presents strong points against the practice of moose calling, but it may well be that there is much to be said on the other side of the question, and a full discussion of the matter is earnestly to be desired from all those who have any knowledge on it. Of such there are a great many among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Of all the North American game existing to-day, the moose is the largest and most important, and it should be the wish of every one to grant the species that measure of protection which shall most effectually protect it and favor an increase in its numbers. The merits of moose calling, considered from the economic standpoint, have thus to do only with a proper maintenance of the game stock. If it can be shown that the practice of calling is unduly destructive and is causing a decrease of the supply beyond replenishment, the statute may well take cognizance of it. What is the actual effect of moose calling on the moose supply?

There is another phase of the subject, one which has been touched upon in these columns before now, and is discussed by Mr. Sampson—the sportsmanship of calling as a hunting method. And as with every question which has to do with the sports of the gun, this is one on which we would gladly have an expression of opinion.

THE GROWING PRESERVE SYSTEM.

THE matter of game protection is receiving practical attention on broader and broader lines, and in a direction least considered by the sportsmen at large; that is to say, the game preserve. It is very effective in its way, far more so than the methods commonly employed, the formation of game protective societies so prolific in words and so meager in acts, and in the enactment of laws which too often are but a dead letter.

The past season has been noticeably active in enlarging the area controlled by private parties, through lease for purposes of game protection.

While the results as a whole have not been all that the lessors desired, there being more or less poaching suspected, still there has been sufficient return to encourage them and to warrant the establishment of the game preserve as a permanent institution. In North Carolina in particular, the game preserve movement has taken a firm place in the esteem of many shooters who can afford the necessary expenditure. Messrs. Gould, Lorillard and Brokaw have large preserves near High Point, and at Catawba and Newton, also in that State, several thousand acres were leased last fall for the shooting privileges, the consideration in most instances being the taxes, which amount to from three to four cents an acre.

The rental of a large area for purposes of game protection and shooting, tends to promote game protection quite effectively in all the contiguous territory; for the owners, observing that the shooting privileges have a monetary value, prohibit all shooting on their land or restrict the privilege to a few favored friends. The monetary interest of the land owner is thus gradually making him a game warden, more vigilant and more active in the protection of game in a practical way than is

possible under any other conditions. This method conserves the game for sport, and the non-export laws and the prohibition of the sale of game at all seasons largely check or stop the market-shooting industry.

So general are the proprietary rights of land owners enforced in the South that it is almost impossible for a stranger to shoot in certain sections, unless he pays handsomely for the privilege. In time, there no doubt will be but little land left free to the shooter, as in the years gone by, when he roamed whithersoever he listed.

Nor must it be inferred that this adoption of the preserve expedient to insure satisfactory shooting opportunities is confined to the sportsman of generous means, for the plan is one which commends itself as well to him whose purse is light. Either individually or in association with others, it is practicable for the individual to secure favorable shooting concessions at a very moderate outlay. For this reason—that the game preserve is within the means of the average man who exercises good judgment in securing his privileges—the system is one which is certain to become of very general adoption. Most shooters who have once enjoyed the satisfaction of security that on the grounds to which they repair they will not be following as gleaners after a harvest reaped by others, will be apt to adhere to the new system and to recommend it to their fellows.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is with sincere sorrow that we announce the death of Dr. George Gladden, of Homestead, Pa., who died on Friday morning, Jan. 12. Dr. Gladden had been taken ill last summer; and though the malady was not considered serious at the time, he ceased his practice to a large extent, and devoted his time to an endeavor to recover his health. Dr. Gladden was widely known in the vicinity of his home, both in his profession and socially. He was a man whose friendship was sought by all, and when once gained was true and sincere. He was always ready to extend a helping hand to the worthy, and his presence never failed to give pleasure to those in his company. It was mainly through his efforts that the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association was formed. The first meeting was held in his office, when he was elected President of the organization, an office he had filled each year. His loss will be keenly felt by the sportsmen of western Pennsylvania, and by scores of others who have met him at the field trials. He was a thorough sportsman, a genial companion and generous to a fault, considering always the pleasure of others paramount to that of his own. He always attended the trials held by the Association, and with careful forethought managed its affairs to ultimate success, as can be attested by those who have attended these events. "No higher tribute can be paid," writes a friend, "than to say that to know him was to respect him, and to seek his company and friendship always."

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Director of Forestry and Fisheries for the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition, tells us that while the exhibits in all of his department are complete, there is still a lack of good game heads. There is therefore still opportunity for displays of this nature, and there must be many citizens who would gladly loan their specimens to the United States Commission, if they knew how much they would thereby be enhancing the beauty of the American collections. We sincerely trust that Dr. Bean's invitation may be accepted by those who can supply the desired heads—buffalo, elk, moose or deer. It is needless to explain that the specimens will be adequately safeguarded; and if received in New York in season for shipment by the last sailing of the Government cruiser *Prairie*, they will be transported to Paris and returned without any expense to the owners. Dr. Bean may be addressed in care of the Commission at Washington.

Sumner L. Crosby, of Bangor, Maine, died on Dec. 30 at the age of thirty-one years. Mr. Crosby was one of the best known taxidermists of the country. He gave especial attention to the mounting of the heads of moose, caribou and deer; and had achieved a very high reputation for the character of his work.

The FOREST AND STREAM calendar will be sent on request.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

WILLIAM JACKSON died at his ranch on Cut Bank Creek, in northern Montana, Dec. 31, 1899.

This announcement will carry pain to the hearts of a large number of people, for Jackson's acquaintance among sportsmen was large. For a number of years he has taken out parties on hunting expeditions and mountain climbing trips in the Rockies, and in 1896 he was present in New York at the Sportsmen's Show, and there and in Washington and Chicago made many acquaintances, all of whom cherish kindly memories of this tall, handsome and typical half-breed.

William Jackson's father was Thomas Jackson, an old-time mountaineer and trapper, long since dead, while his mother was a half-breed daughter of old Hugh Monroe, whose death after eighty years of life on the prairies and among the Indians was chronicled in FOREST AND STREAM a few years since. Billy Jackson, as he was commonly known, was thus only one-quarter Indian, although commonly spoken of as a half-breed. He was born at Fort Benton, Mont., in 1859, and most of his early youth was spent north of the boundary line with the Cree or with the Chippewa Indians. At the age of about twelve he returned to the United States, and soon after was sent to school on the Missouri River, where he received a partial education. At the age of fifteen he enlisted with a number of Indian boys from the Santee school to serve as scout under Gen. Custer on his expedition to the then unknown Black Hills of Dakota. In the year 1876 he was one of the scouts who accompanied the Custer expedition, serving under Charley Reynolds as chief of scouts, and when the command separated on the day of the fight, these scouts were all left with Reno. Three days earlier Jackson, Bloody Knife, the Ree, and Mitch Boyer had been the first to actually discover the Sioux camp on the Little Big Horn.

When the great body of Indians charged Reno's panic stricken command, Charley Reynolds called out to his men to stand where they were and try to stop the Indians, and all obeyed. But fifteen or twenty men could accomplish little against the 500 who were sweeping down on them. Charley Reynolds was killed and then Isaiah fell, and then others, until finally Bloody Knife shook hands with Jackson and said "This is the last day I shall ever fight," and rushing out among the enemy killed two and was himself slain. Jackson, with one surviving companion, retreated into the brush, and afterward, meeting Capt. DeRudio and an enlisted man, they hid themselves and after two nights of extreme suffering and anxiety—nights full of horrors and dangers—managed to escape and reached Reno's command.

When the rescuing column of Terry appeared, Jackson was the first to discover them, for Reno, as soon as the Indians drew off, had sent him out with dispatches to try to find Terry. With this in view he was slowly making his way over the prairie and had just passed over the bloody field where Custer and his troops lay, when Terry's command appeared in sight around the point of a bluff.

For some years after that Jackson remained in Government service. In the spring of 1877 he went down the Yellowstone to Fort Buford with dispatches and returned on the steamer *Far West*, on which Colonel—now General—N. A. Miles was a passenger. On the way up the Yellowstone the steamer was hailed by Indians bearing dispatches from Col. La Selles, who was then engaged in pursuing a large camp of Sioux. Col. Miles, anxious to communicate with Col. La Selles, persuaded Jackson, who was then only a boy, to endeavor to overtake him with dispatches, a duty which was one of very great peril.

The three Indian dispatch bearers proved to be Cheyennes, who a little while before had been hostile, but who after Little Wolf's surrender had asked permission to enlist as Government scouts to fight the Sioux. They proposed to accompany Jackson if a fresh supply of ammunition were furnished them, and he, though in some degree distrusting them, had no choice but to accept their company. This was the beginning of a scouting service with the Cheyennes which lasted until the wars of the Northern plains were ended by the defeat and surrender of every band of hostile Indians. William Jackson under his name Little Blackfoot is to-day almost as well known among the older men on the Northern Cheyenne reservation as among the people of his own blood, who to-day are mourning his death. Among his scouting company

ions at this time were White Bull, Two Moon, Shell, Beaver Claws, Brave Wolf and many others, then active warriors, but now beginning to feel the weight of years.

It was at the close of the wars on the Northern plains and when scouts were no longer needed, that Jackson, then only twenty years old and as thoughtless and reckless as other boys of this age, conceived the plan of carrying into the enemy's country the war in which he had so long been engaged. At Poplar River and Wolf Point there were gathered a large number of Sioux, many of whom had recently surrendered and were only now recovering from the fatigues of the wars carried on for the last few years. Jackson determined to raid these camps for horses, and with one companion did so. They descended the Missouri River in a boat which carried their saddles, landed and cached themselves at night, and after a day or two of reconnoitering picked out the best horses of the Indian herds and drove them away to the westward. This operation was once or twice repeated, but soon became too dangerous.

In the winter of 1879-1880 Jackson, with a number of others, built a trading post on Flat Willow in the neighborhood of the Snowy Mountains, and for some time traded with the Indians. It was here that the occurrences took place which are mentioned in an article from his pen entitled "The Women from Sitting Bull's," printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* in October, 1893. Some years later, the Government of the Northwest Territories, alarmed by the acts of the half-breeds and Indians in the so-called Riel rebellion, enlisted a company of scouts, who were stationed at different points in the Northwest Territories. Jackson enlisted in this company, as did a number of other well-known persons.

Not long after the close of the rebellion and the consequent disbandment of this company of scouts, Jackson made his appearance on the Piegan reservation, having come over from Canada, where he had been residing. It was on this reservation that he belonged, since his grandfather, his mother and uncles, aunts and cousins all lived here. After a time Billy took up a ranch on the Cut Bank, built himself a little cabin there and began to take out parties into the mountains to hunt. Together he and J. W. Schultz for several years ran a guiding outfit. At this time Jackson lived a frugal, careful life, saved up his money and began to get ahead. He seemed now to have settled down and to have put aside the careless life of a boy. He married, began to acquire property and to improve his ranch. At the time of his death he owned a good herd of cattle and an improved ranch which yielded him good hay crops. In 1896 he came to New York in charge of the Indian camp which *FOREST AND STREAM* exhibited at the Sportsman's Show. He made many acquaintances here, and was universally liked and admired.

For nearly three years Jackson had been suffering from lung trouble. His life for many years had been one of terrible exposure and his temperament was not one which allowed him to take care of himself or even to use ordi-

know not how to combat. His death, which occurred on Sunday, Dec. 31, was quiet and painless.

William Jackson was a good prairie man, a very able scout, entirely brave, wholly trustworthy and honest, and a firm friend. He was deeply interested in the progress toward civilization of the Indian tribe whose blood ran in his veins, and was never too tired nor too busy to give good advice to the full-blooded Indian, young or old, who came to consult him. Throughout a life that lasted



WILLIAM JACKSON.

only forty years he did his best; no more could be asked or expected of any one. All over the country, and from Cuba westward to the far Philippines, he left warm friends whose thoughts will turn regretfully to other days when they hear the sad news of Billy Jackson's death.

Back in the main range of the Rockies, in the country where he hunted and not many miles from the home where he passed his last days, stands the tallest peak of that portion of the range, named years ago for Jackson by a friend in whose company he had first set foot upon its steep and rocky slopes. Changeless it stands there, looking out over the wilderness of peaks below and the far stretching prairie beyond. To-day its head may be



THE CABIN ON THE CUT BANK.
Hugh Monroe, Morning Plume and William Jackson.

nary precautions. Besides that he had suffered from many accidents and injuries in the course of his rough life, one of which—caused a dozen years ago by a horse—seemed several times likely to end his life. In the summer of 1898, at the Festival of the Medicine Lodge, held on the Blackfeet reservation, Jackson seemed very feeble and his condition alarming. Later, however, he became slightly better, and in the winter of 1898 and 1899, having given up the use of tobacco, he imagined that he had found a cure for all his ills. As a matter of fact, however, Jackson was a victim of consumption, firmly held in the grip of that dread enemy to the Indian race, which as yet we

shrouded in wreaths of snow, to-morrow in clouds, but often it shows its superb crest against a serene western sky. Seen or unseen, it is there forever, and long after all who knew William Jackson shall have passed away the name of the mountain will remain—a memorial of the man.

Owing to certain changes of arrangement, the Boone and Crockett Club on the occasion of its annual dinner, to be held Jan. 20, will be addressed by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey of Washington, D. C., and not by Mr. E. A. McIlhenny.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.—VIII.

"WAL, Mr. Bow-arrer, where you be'n all this time?" Uncle Lisha asked, trying different views of his visitor over, through and under his glasses, and at last shoving them up on his forehead. "I sh'll hafter turn ye off an' look me up another boy if you hain't stiddier!"

"I hain't a-goin' tu any more," Sammy said, penitently, "'cause mammy says the bears'll eat me an' I'll get lost."

"Nat-rally," said Uncle Lisha; "an' naow whaat you be'n a-doin' on?"

"Oh, shootin' chipmunks an' hearin' stories," said the boy, swallowing ineffectually at a dry mouthful of doughnut. "Say, Unc' Lisher, Mis' Tocksoose can't cook nsh half so good as you can. She jes' lets 'em cook 'emselves, an' she's a woman, tew."

"Yes, sort o' one; but she's a squaw," said the old man, apologetically. "But haow many chipmonks did ye git?"

"Wal, not any, quite," Sammy admitted; "but I scairt every one I shot at, most."

"So you scairt the poor little creeturs, an' thought it was fun! Wal, I sh'd think you'd ruther sot an' watched 'em."

"Why, wa'n't it fun tu try tu kill 'em, jes' same as pigeons an' pa'tridge an' foxes?" Sammy asked, not quite understanding the distinction between one life and another.

"Wal, if you kill one o' them it'll du some good; but if you killed a chipmonk 't would be one happy leetle creetur the less in the world, an' nob'dy the better off. S'posin' the' was tu come along a great big chipmonk, big as a hoss—yes, forty times bigger'n you be—an' he see you a-eatin' yer nutcake, an' he up an' let drive a arrer at ye as big as a waggin tongue, an' it come a-slam-bagin' clus tu ye an' scairt ye half tu death, you wouldn't think it was much fun, an' you'd think he was a gre't mean ugly critter, wouldn't ye? If I was you I wouldn't torment 'em no more. It hain't a good way tu kill things jest for the sake o' killin'."

"I shot a frog wi' my bow-arrer," Sammy confessed, not without pride in the achievement. "Killed him jest as dead!"

"What! You be'n a-killin' frogs? Didn't ye know that 'ld make the caows give bloody milk?" Uncle Lisha demanded in a tone of unusual severity.

"Will it, true, Uncle Lisher?" Sammy asked, in no little fear of the consequences of his doughty deed.

"That's what they useter tell me when I was a boy, an' I believed 'em," said Uncle Lisha. "Anyways, if I was you I wouldn't kill no more, 'cause they don't do no hurt livin' nor no good dead."

"Nor humbly ol' tuds?" Sammy asked.

"No, indeed! Why, one on 'em'll ketch more caow-comber bugs 'n you can shake a stick at, an' if you kill 'em the'll come warts on your hands!" said the old man with great emphasis.

"Oh, dear!" Sammy sighed; "things I can shoot, I mustn't; things I can, I can't shoot. What's the use o' havin' a bow-arrer?"

"Oh, yes, the's lots o' things. There's the rats 'at lives in the suller, an' he can let flicker at the red squirrels every time he sees 'em, for they kill the leetle birds in the nest. He just watch that ol' tud 'at lives in under the doorstep when he comes auot this evenin' an' he won't wanter kill him, no more'n he will the chipmonks an' frogs when we've watched them a spell."

At milking time Sammy kept close oversight of the operation to see if the murder of the frogs was avenged, and was much relieved that no telltale stains discolored the white streams. At dusk he was on the watch when the venerable old toad came scuffling forth from his cool retreat and was delighted to see the solemn winks, the nervous twitch of the hinder toes, and then the lightning-like flashing out of the long tongue and the sudden disappearance of a doomed fly.

The next day Uncle Lisha took him out to the sunny bank of the brook, beloved of chipmunks, and together they watched the frolics of the pretty creatures about holes whose neat entrances showed no traces of the inner earth removed, and saw them fill their pouched cheeks with the small stores they gathered and brought home, and then the old shoemaker beguiled them into chasing the leafy end of a willow wand as he dragged it to and fro before them until the youthful observer was quite charmed with their pretty tricks and lost desire to take their lives. Then Uncle Lisha crept down to the brook where a green bullfrog sat on a tuft of wild grass and began gently tickling his sides with the tip of the wand. After the first shiver of surprise the frog blinked and his mouth seemed to widen with a smile of contentment; he edged around until he squarely faced his charmer and swelled out his sides until the last wrinkle was effaced.

The wand was now carefully laid aside and Uncle Lish's hand stealthily took its place without the change being noticed by the entranced frog. The thumb tickled one side, the forefinger the other, for a moment, and both were firmly but gently closed and the astonished victim was lifted sprawling and struggling from his seat, clawing at the imprisoning hand and at last bellowing outright, which he continued to do when he was set down at some distance from the brook bank, and he kept up the outcry while he leaped madly toward the sheltering depths and disappeared beneath the surface with a resounding splash.

Sammy rolled in the grass in such a paroxysm of laughter that he came near following the frog, and when he had recovered was quite ready to admit that this was far greater fun than shooting chipmunks and frogs.

As they went home he got a shot at a red squirrel at short range, and as much by good luck as by skill knocked the bloodthirsty little rascal off the limb along which he was stealing to a nestfull of unfledged vireos.

On the same day a rat was allured from the subterranean depths of the cellar by a sprinkle of meal and his life ended by a well-aimed arrow. Life began to assume a brighter aspect to Sammy's view.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

See where this ruffed grouse was lying in a bowl-shaped cavity of snow, the sides of which, -softened by the warmth of the bird's body, have now frozen to crystalline hardness. When the fox was still 20 feet away, as you see by its sudden leap, the sleeping grouse waked up and sprang from its couch. Observe where the first stroke of the strong wings beat down and scattered the snow. How

plainly you can see on one side the imprint of the wing-tips. The bird flushed directly out of its snow saucer. There was no time to get a running start. The fox may have been in the air at the same time with the grouse. Time and again I have seen in the snow the evidence of such a marvelous escape. The fox rarely captures a grouse, though he comes so tantalizingly near it that it must make him grate his teeth with exasperation.

Our prowler did not get as near to this bevy of quail as he did to the grouse. You see where he began his jumps. The quail were standing in a close-packed circle, tails in and heads out. That is the way the cunning little fellows always sleep, presenting a cordon of watchfulness to an intruder who might approach from any direction. Their united intuition of danger detected Reynard before he was barely in sight by moonlight, and with a whisk and a whirr they were off together like eddying dead leaves.

We fancy there is a dejected look to the fox's trail, as it leads us again through the woods with its dot-like foot-steps. Here we wind down the bank of a most picturesque ravine, with a half-frozen-brook tinkling at the bottom. Who but a fox would have guided us to such a charmingly wild, remote spot? Just beyond, the rocky walls approach each other, and almost shut the brook in between them. There is just room along the left bank for us to follow the fox trail up the gorge. We must remember this spot next summer—if we can ever find it again without the fox.

Higher and higher through the ascending valleys and over the spruce-clad ridges the fox trail leads us, till we are fairly on the broad shoulder of Saltash Mountain. Presently we come out on a bare ridge just below the summit, and get a grand, sweeping view of snow-covered landscape, bounded by the lordly Adirondacks on the west. Here we must let the fox trail cool, while we sit down and eat our lunch and drink in the magnificent prospect.

As we rise to continue our way over the ridge, down whose opposite slope the fox trail disappears, a moving speck appears against the snow-covered side of a stone wall, nearly two miles away in a field at the foot of the mountain. The smallest dark-colored object in that vast, dazzling expanse of snow is almost startlingly conspicuous. We bring a field glass to bear upon the speck—and behold! it develops into our wandering fox. He has just finished his long hunt, and is pawing the snow from a flat rock on top of the wall, where he expects to lie down and take his mid-day nap in the sun. We take turns watching him until he has made his bed, turned about five or six times like a dog preparing to lie down in a cold spot, and curled himself up with his great bushy tail wrapped around him like a blanket. There, at the end of his devious trail, we will let him lie, undisturbed, hoping that by this time his hungry stomach has been filled, and that he will enjoy pleasant dreams until darkness again sets him wandering over the white world.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

New York Zoological Society.

THE annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, in this city, on Tuesday, Jan. 9.

The most important business of the meeting was the reading of the report of the executive committee on the work of the year, which covered the preparation of the Park for occupancy and the receipt and installation of the collections so far as obtained. A section of this report treats of the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York city in cutting down the appropriation asked for the maintenance of the Zoological Park. On this subject the report reads as follows:

"The society's estimate for a maintenance fund of \$60,000 for the year 1899 was granted by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment at that rate for a half-year, namely, \$30,000 for six months. Inasmuch as animals began arriving early in the year, for which food and keepers had to be supplied, and a large amount of forestry work and gardening became imperatively necessary, this fund became exhausted about Nov. 1, and during the months of November and December the park has been maintained by the society at a cost of about \$8,500.

"In the summer of 1899 the society applied for \$70,000 for maintenance during the year 1900, of which sum \$10,000 was required for forestry and planting operations. The latter item was stricken out, and the maintenance fund as a whole was cut down to \$40,000, a sum quite inadequate to meet the constantly increasing demands for food for animals, salaries of curators, keepers and other employees, and the maintenance of the vast area of the Park in anything like proper condition. Five thousand dollars per month is the smallest amount on which the park can exist in an acceptable condition.

"At the time the park was established \$100,000 was named by the society as the annual sum required for the maintenance of the park when fully developed. Sixty thousand dollars was named as the minimum for the first year's maintenance, and this sum was named in the agreement between the city and the society.

"In cutting down the park to \$40,000 for a year's maintenance, the Board of Estimate has laid upon the society an impossible task. The Central Park menagerie receives \$32,500, and the Aquarium, with but a single building and but few employees, has \$40,000. From this comparison, it is obvious that a park of 261 acres of land to be cared for, with fifty permanent employees, six entrances and twenty-four buildings and other installations for animals, all tenanted, cannot possibly be maintained for twelve months with as small a sum as \$40,000. It must be clearly stated to the people of Greater New York, who suppose they are maintaining at their expense this free institution, that this city has not kept its agreement with the society, and that the development of the park, even upon an economical basis, is retarded for an entire year. It is folly for the society to increase the number of animals in the park so long as there is not sufficient money with which to feed and care for those already there.

"It has not yet been decided what action shall be taken in case no additional sum for maintenance is allotted from public funds. Through its president, secretary and director, this matter has been laid before the Mayor, but without any result thus far."

Cats, Wagons and a Dog.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking the inclosed item may be in your line, I send it:

A family living near one of the bridges in the village has three last spring's kittens of average intelligence and cat sense, yet those kittens not a year old know more in some ways than a man ever learns. Though they may all be sitting in the kitchen apparently asleep, they know when Lat Vernooy's meat wagon crosses the bridge, even though it is not possible for them to see it. Though hundreds of other wagons pass daily, the kittens pay no attention, but when Lat's wagon goes over the bridge they spring at once for the door, and a stranger would suppose they had fits. They are crazy to get out, and run at once for the wagon before it reaches the house. He calls regularly and you might say the kittens keep track and know the days he is expected, but that is not the case, for he sometimes goes past on a day when he does not stop and at a different hour from the usual time, but those kittens know before he has crossed the bridge and their mistress always knows who is passing by their frantic efforts to get out.

The facts as here given are absolutely true, as I know by seeing the performance of the kittens.

W. C. McNALLY.

The way in which the kittens distinguish the sound of the meat wagon from that of any other vehicle is similar to our recognition of the footsteps of human beings. We come to know the peculiar step of those with whom we are familiar, though if an attempt were made to analyze the characteristics which enable us to distinguish between the tread of different persons, we should probably be unable to give any satisfactory explanation.

An incident somewhat similar to the one narrated by Mr. McNally has come under our observation. On a farm not far from New York City is a dog, which has been greatly pestered by some boys who drive frequently past the premises, and have injured his feelings by bow-wowing and ki-yi-ing and otherwise insulting him. They have made themselves thus decidedly obnoxious to him, and he shows his resentment and animosity by rushing out at them to tell them as best he can just what he thinks of them. For the most part, other passers-by, wagon, wheel, or foot, go unmolested and unnoticed. But day or night, the dog is on the alert for this particular outfit. It has been observed that when the offending team approaches in the night time, and is as yet a long way off, so that the sound of the hoofs and creaking and rattling of the wagon can be heard only faintly, the dog in his kennel recognizes it, and begins his growling long before its immediate approach. Whatever may be the particular factor in the sound, whether the beat of the hoof, the creak or rattle of the wagon, or the combination of all these, the dog's recognition of it is unerring, and has frequently caused comment.

A Rabbit with "Horns."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have shot rabbits (occasionally) for more than thirty-five years and thought I knew about all there was to know about them, but yesterday I shot what to me was a great curiosity—a rabbit with horns, like an antelope. It was a common cottontail, and the horn (one of them had been shed) was 1½ inches long. It was a formation of hair exactly like the first growth of a young buck antelope's horns. All the gentlemen with whom I had been hunting said they had seen them before, and led me to believe it was quite common. Yet, with twice the experience of either, I had never seen nor heard of the like before.

I have been making inquiries, and have learned that the horns are a common occurrence in this country. They are claimed by some to be the result of disease, and are formed by some exudation from the place where there has been a sore. Though growing mostly on the head, they are as apt to be on the jaw as otherwheres.

This theory of disease is, I think, the correct one. The rabbit I shot had one horn just where a deer has theirs, and another had fallen off from the other side. When the gentleman who retrieved the rabbit brought it to me remarked that it was a buck, and showed the horn I thought it a hoax, and I afterward destroyed the growth in examining it. The fact that it was a hairy formation and its position puzzled me. It did not occur to me that, being attached to the skin only, it was thereby dissimilar to antelope or deer horns.

Rabbits are the only game in this country where they are so plenty that they are a nuisance. One can have fine sport hunting them with a .22cal. rifle (about the only arm used on them here). It takes snappy work to get a jackrabbit with a rifle, as he bobs over the prairie at 25 feet per bob. I got one in mid-air the other day just 12 feet from where he started and 12 from where he landed. He landed on his back, tail in front of his ears. The story of his misfortunes was printed on the snow by rabbit and bullet.

ELMO, Kan.

[We believe that such "horns" are not very uncommon on rabbits in the West, though we do not know that similar excrescences occur on rabbits in the South or East. From the description it would seem probable that they are dermal outgrowths, and are perhaps paralleled by the extra horns which antelope sometimes carry, and which possess no bony core, but are merely attached to the skin. Further observations and above all specimens of the horns attached to the completed skin are desired.]

New York Legislature.

THE Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game is made up of Messrs. Axtell, of Delaware; Hallock, of Suffolk; Davis, of New York; Doughty, of Queens and Nassau; Beede, of Essex; Johnson, of Clinton; Irwin, of Washington; Marson, of Oneida; Dunsberry, of Sullivan; Maher, of New York; O'Connell, of New York; Holstein, of Kings; Siems, of Kings.

Game Bag and Gun.

Moose Calling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in the public press, within a few days, a dispatch from Montreal stating that measures were to be taken by men interested in the preservation of big game in New Brunswick to further insure the enforcement of the laws. For this purpose a meeting has been called of a number of persons sympathizing with that object, to be held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on or about Feb. 12. I hunted in the Tobique region last autumn. One matter came then, as it has before, to my attention and if sportsmen are to meet in February to discuss the preservation of game, it should, in my opinion, be given careful consideration. I refer to the practice of moose calling, to which I think there are grave objections. In the first place—and this is a matter in which it seems to me that it would be of general interest to hear the views of others of your readers—men who have hunted big game in various parts of the country—it is not to my mind a sportsmanlike thing to do. Here opinions may differ, but I think the matter ought to be deliberately considered in its various aspects and acted upon accordingly. First of all let us hear in *FOREST AND STREAM* how other hunters regard the matter. The chief objections, it seems to me, against the practice, from the sportsman's point of view, are that it takes advantage of the sexual call to lure an otherwise keen and wary beast into a situation where, on the one hand, he is practically unguarded and helpless, and, on the other, into a situation where very trivial skill is required on the part of the sportsman, so called, to bring down his game. The hunter catches him at almost as great a disadvantage as that in which the deer is caught when hounded into a lake and shot from a canoe. We all know in how high esteem we hold the man who does that thing, and the man who shoots bears in a trap. This is practically trapping the moose. As well set a moose snare. For that also it may be pleaded that it requires skill, yet we shall hardly find one to defend the practice. Now, the moose is one of the keenest beasts that range east of the Rocky Mountains, and since we, at this end of the century, are so fortunate as to find the animal at our very doors, we should be using good judgment, it seems to me, to follow the chase honorably, to play the game fairly, so far as he is involved. If we can outwit him in legitimate stalking, by the contest of keenness against keenness, of hunter's craft against beast's instinct and wariness, all well and good—he is our legitimate quarry. Opportunities in abundance occur to kill moose without calling, in fair and square stalking and canoe hunting, without taking so grossly unfair an advantage of him as in a situation where all of the skill required is on the part of the guide, and where the merest beginner can secure his head if he can manage to kill or more or less cripple a beast the size of a cow, or larger, at a range of from 20 to 50 paces.

There is another consideration that should be kept in view: A good moose head is a justly coveted trophy and one that should stand for something. It is a souvenir of the hunt which should not be allowed to fall to a man unless he has earned it, if such a calamity can be averted by warning on the part of the sportsman and foresight on the part of those who frame the laws. As it is to-day, a man without any experience or hunting, with no exertion, or skill, or woodcraft, with slight mastery of the rifle, can hire an Indian to paddle him to a likely place, can hire him to call the moose to within thirty or forty paces, and then, in one out of two or three attempts, manage to get his moose down, no account being taken of those beasts which he wounds and which go off in the woods to die. They are shot in the night, which makes the percentage of those which are wounded and which escape necessarily large. Unless a sportsman can contribute some of the skill himself that is to bring him so noble a trophy as a moose head, it seems to me that it ought not to be made easy for him to secure it. It is cheapening the rewards of the chase; it is practically making moose antlers of no value apart from their commercial worth as hat racks and decorations for billiard saloons. So far as being a legitimate source of pride to the man who has secured them, he might as well have hired the guide to kill the moose for him also, or have stayed at home and bought the antlers outright. In other words, it may fairly be questioned whether it is sport at all for a full grown man to hire some one else to do it all for him—to exercise all the skill involved—his only contribution being to hit an object the size of a bull moose at 20 or 30 paces distance, once out of two or three times' or half a dozen times' trial. It is not a square deal to the moose. If by sneaking along the streams and ponds he can outwit the moose—he and his guide—or regularly stalk him in the woods or on the barrens, that is one thing; but to imitate the call of the female and so lure him to an ignominious death, so far as his relation to the moose is concerned, is not an honorable proceeding on the part of the sportsman. I do not wish to cast any reflection whatever upon men who have shot moose in this way. It is the practice of the region in which they hunt and has the sanction of the guides and of the community; but it is time that sportsmen took a more enlightened view. In the interests of clean sport no trophy should be allowed to fall to a man unless he is entitled to it. No man can be recognized as victor in any athletic contest—at football, rowing, sparring, yachting, cricket or baseball—unless he is an expert, and wins by the exercise of his own skill and endurance. It would safely be within the bounds of truth to say that the majority of men who kill moose in New Brunswick are not experts; in many cases they have not the determination or endurance which would enable them to become such. The guide does it all for them. They take their ease in a canoe or at the edge of the forest, until he bids them exercise their proud prerogative of woodsman and hunter, and then blaze away, hit or miss. These men are not entitled to have moose heads at all. Let them qualify first by hard work in the woods, and by the acquisition of reasonable familiarity with the hunter's art. Moose hunting is an art and should be considered such. So far as the rules of the chase can be adapted to insure failure to the incapacitated and incompetent, it is

the privilege and duty of sportsmen to further that end. In Maine they have solved the matter to a certain extent by deferring the open season for moose until Oct. 15, when the period of calling is half over. I would make the season close until it is entirely past. To the lover of the woods and of the wild life, caribou and deer hunting is attraction enough, added to first rate fishing and the satisfaction of the forest, to repay the sportsman during September and October. If his ambition leads him to desire the supreme trophy of the North Woods, let him be forced to take a little extra pains and face a bit of winterish weather, in November, and most of all, let him feel, when he has got his moose, that he has not altogether achieved it by the exercise of another's skill, but in part by his own. Either extend the close season until Nov. 1 or make moose calling illegal at all times.

Already the number of men who are going to New Brunswick in the autumn for game is very considerable and is steadily increasing; inevitably the region in which moose abound, by the increase of population and gradually encroaching agriculture, must become more restricted. If the moose are to survive well into the twentieth century, care must be taken now to insure that end. Every motive exists for protecting them—self interest, our interest in the game itself—and here we are in the presence of a finely endowed creature, powerful, fleet, keen of scent and hearing, silent, and skilled to avoid man and to preserve his own life. Give him a chance to survive, and do not, when he is trying, to the best of his capacity, to aid us and our descendants by perpetuating

Glimpses at Canvasbacks.

FROM far and near, all over the land, come reports this season of an unusual abundance of wildfowl. East, north, west and south, the ducks seem to be more numerous than usual, and of course the mild weather of the autumn and early winter caused them to pursue their migrations southward with unusual deliberation.

Why the ducks should be abundant this year by comparison with the last two or three, I do not know. It is true that in a few localities the pernicious practice of spring shooting has been put an end to by statute, but it hardly seems as if this were enough to bring about the apparent result. On the other hand, it may very well be that the increased number of the fowl in the autumn and early winter of 1899 is only apparent, and not real, and is due to the unprecedented drought of the past few months, which has had the effect of concentrating the birds where there is water, while a large extent of territory in which little ponds, swamps and sloughs commonly attract ducks, being without water this season has no birds at all.

I have recently had an opportunity of being brought into what I may call close association with the greatest of all the wildfowl, the superb canvasback duck, and within the last ten days have seen more of these birds and at closer quarters than during any season for many years. The locality was Currituck Sound, and the sights that I saw were witnessed by several others, old gun-

west, there was no moment at which clouds of flying fowl could not be seen in the field of sight, and yet, notwithstanding the numbers of birds seen on the wing, the air holes seemed to be packed with fowl, and great bunches of geese and swan stood and walked about on the ice.

Away to the north were three large air holes, two of which were white with canvasbacks, while in the third one, geese were the prominent fowl, although many canvasbacks were constantly leaving and coming to it. Off to the southeast, at the south mouth of the Little Narrows, was quite an extent of open water occupied by a horde of geese, two large bunches of blue-peters and some thousands of common ducks. In the Little Narrows, a deep but narrow channel flowing close by the house, were great numbers of ducks feeding, and indeed on that Sunday one might have sat on the boat house dock and killed from thirty to fifty birds as they traded up and down the Narrows.

In the afternoon three or four of us walked down to Sheep Island Point, not ten minutes' distance from the house, where there was an air hole. In this at the moment of our arrival swam fifty or sixty ducks—hooded mergansers, ruddies, mallards, whistlers, butterballs and perhaps a dozen canvasbacks. Three or four hundred yards to the north was another small air hole, perhaps four or five acres in extent, which was crowded with canvasbacks. We sat down in the fringe of sedge perhaps 60 or 70 yards from the nearest air hole, which had a length of perhaps 150 feet and a breadth of 100. The live birds in this air hole would make good decoys,



THE CANVASBACK.
From Audubon's "Birds of America."

his species, treat him like a criminal for his laudable purpose and murder him at the very moment of the most public-spirited and praiseworthy impulse of his life, but honorably declare an armistice until the mating season is past. A more treacherous and base act toward a splendid beast than to imitate the love song of the female (to our ears a little weird, it may be, but doubtless music to the moose) in order to lure and slaughter the male, it would be difficult to conceive. The only reason that sportsmen have ever tolerated the practice is because they have not deliberately looked the situation in the face. The matter has not been thought out by those responsible for the laws, and I think that others will agree with me that this little congress of sportsmen to be held in Montreal would put all sportsmen and forest lovers under deep obligation if they should take measures which would result in the change of the laws of New Brunswick so as to extend the close season for moose in that province until Nov. 1 or make moose calling illegal at all times and seasons.

ALDEN SAMPSON.

HAVERFORD, Pa., Jan. 5.

Hotels For Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

ners, who agree with me that so great a flight of canvasbacks has not been witnessed for many years.

The first few days of shooting had about it nothing very startling except that one-half the bag of ducks consisted of canvasbacks. The first day was cold, gray and lowering, with a keen breeze from the northwest, and occasional spatters of rain, changing later to snow, which in the afternoon fell heavily. It was an ideal gunning day, and the birds came to the decoys in beautiful style, so that the first seven or eight canvasbacks were killed without a single miss, and for a brief and happy hour I was deluded into the belief that at last I had learned how to shoot ducks. The rude awakening from this cheerful dream came soon afterward, and was thorough. I do not imagine that I shall ever again be deceived in this way.

The second day's shooting was not markedly different from that of the day before, except so far as the weather was less favorable, and so the number of canvasbacks secured was very much less. Saturday was a lay day, on which there is no shooting, and when we arose we found that the continued cold weather had at last had its effect and the Sound was frozen over. There were many large air holes, however, crowded with birds, but the cold continued. The next morning many of these air holes had frozen, others had grown smaller and the natural result was that the ducks, geese, swans and blue peters which occupied the open water seemed crowded together as thickly as possible. Much of the day was spent on top of the club house, studying the waters with the glass, watching the movements of the birds, marveling at their inconceivable numbers. All around the horizon, except on the landward side—that is to say, for 270 degrees of the circle—birds were seen in countless numbers. Turning the glasses slowly along the horizon from northwest to north, east, south and south-

and we hoped that if the birds began to fly some of them would alight near us. Two of the four men were provided with good field glasses.

We had not been waiting many minutes, when what we had hoped for took place. A bunch of 200 birds rose from the further air hole, and after swinging about a few times, dropped down in the one close to us. These were immediately followed by other bunches, and these by others; so that often two or three flocks would be swinging about in the air at one time, and all of them with our air hole as their objective point. They descended into it by companies of fifties, hundreds and two hundreds, and before long the open water was so crowded with the fowl that it seemed as if it could hold no more, and as if the birds that came next must necessarily alight on the backs of their comrades.

Soon after the birds alighted they began to dive for food, and probably one-half of them being under water at any one moment, room was made for other incoming birds to occupy. The splashing of the diving birds made the water bubble and boil, and the play of the birds as they sometimes chased each other made the scene one of the greatest possible animation. Presently something occurred to attract their attention, and all stretched their necks up into the air and looked. I think I have never seen anything in the way of feathered animal life more impressive than this forest of thick necks, crowned by long shapely heads of rich brown. After their curiosity was satisfied they began to feed and to play. It is impossible to convey to one who has not witnessed such a sight its interest and fascination. Here within gunshot—and when seen through the glasses appearing within arm's length—were twelve or fifteen hundred of the finest and most desirable duck that flies, entirely at home and living for the benefit of the observers their ordinary winter lives.

Looking with the glasses over the smooth ice away to the northward, we could see flying over the ice, or resting on it, fowl as far as the eye could reach. From the level of the ice where we sat the ducks resting on the water appeared only as indistinct lines. The geese were of course larger and darker, and made distinct black lines, while some very distant swans resting on the ice were magnified by the illusive effects of the mirage, so that they looked like detached white houses. While we sat watching the canvasbacks, two or three small flocks of geese swung around over the air hole, but finding no spot where they might moisten the soles of their feet, they alighted on the ice just beyond it.

We sat and watched the fowl until the increasing chill of the air and the sinking sun warned us to return to the house. As we arose without any precautions the canvasbacks at once became alert, and as we pushed our way among the reeds away from the shore the whole mass rose with a mighty roar of wings and a splashing of water that made one think more of the noise of Broadway when traffic is heaviest than anything else that I can recall.

That night it was again cold, and in the morning the Little Narrows was closed by ice, except for a few air holes, and the open water in the Sound was still less. The ice was not yet sufficiently strong to bear a man, and yet it was too heavy to be broken through by boat. Numbers of the shore gunners endeavored to get out to the air holes to shoot there, but none, I think, succeeded. Those of us at the house shot at various nearby points, with moderate success, one man making the great score of sixty-six canvasbacks, besides some other ducks.

That night after dinner one of the party stepped out on the porch of the house to look at the weather. The night was clear and cold, brilliant stars twinkled in the sky; through the branches of the trees over the boat house corner, and reflected in the placid waters of an air hole in the Narrows, shone the crescent of the young moon, embracing between its horns the dull globe which was yet to grow. The scene was odd and beautiful, like a stage effect of some mediæval scene. As he stood there, delighting in the beauty of the night, yet nipped a little by the keen frost, a curious sound—like that made by a river running over the pebbles of a shallow—came to his ear. It recalled to the veteran salmon angler the murmur of the Restigouche as through forest and open and deep pool and murmuring shoal it hurries on its way to the Bay of Chaleurs. He wondered what could cause this sound in this place, and above all on such a night, and walking down to the boat house passed through it and stood on the dock. Here the explanation of the sound was plain. The air holes which during the day had enlarged were crowded with feeding canvasbacks, and the murmur of the water was neither more nor less than the splashing made by the fowl as they dived for food.

The freeze lasted for some days longer. The birds were abundant; but the weather, clear, windless and toward the last warm, was much against the gunning, since the fowl did not fly. Nevertheless one or two men at different times had good shooting—some of them better than they had ever enjoyed before or expect ever to have again. This shooting was largely at canvasbacks, since very few common ducks were shot. The freeze having closed their feeding grounds, they sat about on the ice, unwary and inert, waiting till the waters should open again, and in the meantime starving. Under such circumstances no one cared to kill them. On the other hand, the canvasbacks taken were unusually heavy and fine birds.

Across the Sound, on the waters of a neighboring club, very great shooting was enjoyed, though they secured practically no canvasbacks. On the other hand, they made enormous bags of geese and swans, something which no one can regret, since the geese and the swans at Currituck Sound are so numerous that they eat up vast quantities of the food which might better be consumed by the ducks. There are men long familiar with these waters who declare that the geese and the swans are constantly becoming more and more abundant and that ultimately they will occupy these waters to the exclusion of more desirable fowl. This, however, is not likely to occur in our time, and the prophecy may be classed with another, made twenty years ago by one of the most eminent ornithologists of this country, who declared that fifteen years from that time the blue peter would be the game bird of Currituck Sound. The years have come and the years have gone, but there are still few canvasbacks left, and it is possible that when our children tie out in Currituck Sound in just the right weather they, too, may kill a few of these glorious birds.

Yo.

In the Wilderness.

AFTER twenty-four hours on the train we found ourselves at a small station on the Black River in southern Missouri. The morning was frosty, though smoky, as the forests were on fire. We had intended to cross the river to the east side, but there being no bridge and the nearest ferry forty miles, we procured a flatboat, loaded our freight and proceeded down stream. Here came something we were not at all familiar with. For, although we had a complete camp outfit and plenty to eat except meats, some of us were slightly embarrassed at the sight of the dark water, for there was not a man in the crew that had ever run a boat. But being determined we managed affairs very well, by all keeping busy guiding the boat and fishing while the rest were scanning the banks of their first-seen wild woods. Here we have all the conveniences, and can enjoy the pleasures of a hunt with all the attractions and excitement that was the privilege of the pioneers, while on the other hand we have many advantages of them. With our modern firearms such as repeating rifles and breechloading shotguns one need not long remain at the disadvantage of being found at a critical moment with an empty gun. In this part of the country five minutes' walk will bring you into as wild, rugged and untamed forests as exist. The area of these swamps are enormous, a very small portion being in cultivation, for a rise of the river of 2 feet would flood the country, and make travel almost impossible, except in boats. This naturally renders the country unfit

for agriculture or anything else, save lumbering, and the timber will be cut off only to grow up in thicker cover for the deer, bears, wolves, panthers, catamounts, turkeys and an abundance of smaller game.

The first day was pleasantly spent, and not wishing to make the unaccustomed work too laborious, we pitched camp early in the afternoon. On the morning of the second day we procured some light poles to use instead of the oars. The boat was of sufficient width to allow the baggage to be loaded in the center, having room for walking on either side. This made the work easy, as we could plant the pole while at the front, then trace the walk way for the rear. In this manner we could cover from sixty to seventy-five miles per day.

When we were gone some five miles the Dutchman wanted to spread himself. "Oh, see how she glides," and the Dutchman would put on more muscle. Presently we heard the clattering of boot heels over the rear of the boat, and a plunk in the water. To our amazement we saw a head pop up like a fish cork amid the waves of foam. Fortunately he was not far from the banks, and to stop the boat under full headway and in a strong current was out of the question. On landing we found him almost petered out, but no time was lost in starting a rousing fire. After a change of clothes, we bathed him with whisky inside and out, and thereupon he was all smiles again.

The next adventure was to be hung up on some drifts. For full an hour we worked and tugged, but all to no avail. Presently a gentleman came to our rescue with a skiff, taking two of the boys to shore, and with a long rope quickly dislodged the boat.

While resting for another attack we learned that our friend was cutting a "coon" tree, and to repay with a kind act, some of us set to work cutting the tree. While others were prowling through the cane no more than 50 yards away, they walked on to a fine doe that made the cane fairly crack as she darted for the river and entered a few yards from where this chopping was going on. There was no little excitement, for every man made a break for his weapon—"which was a quarter of a mile down the river"—while the deer raised her banner in defiance, as she tilted off through the timber. Yes, it's very easy after all is over to think what might have been. Yet they all took the rounds of "I told you to bring your gun!" "Oh, if you had only had an axe with you," "Why didn't you take the skiff and go after him?" etc. But this was not catching any coon, and all was silent but the hack of the axes. Every one seemed to be kicking himself for not having listened to the others; but we had to be content with smaller game. At last the tree fell and things took a new life. Away went three coons, the dogs and boys falling over each other in a mass. But the coons got to the river, closely followed by the dogs, and then came the swim for life. The dogs were too swift for them, but the coon can stand the water better. But the boys thought of the skiff this time, and greatly assisted in saving the whole, amid the cheers of those looking on. The boys came together for repairs after the coon excitement, and as their faces were scratched and bruised the arnica was freely administered.

We learned our friend was from our own county, and we gave him our names; after which he had no hesitation about telling us that two miles up the river were the best hunting grounds to be found in all the country; and he advised us to spend a few days in prospecting there at any rate.

Taking him at his word, we set our camp, and each played his part, preparing supper, beds, wood, etc., A hearty supper was eaten by all, for we had forgotten all about dinner, and our rations had run short for lunch.

Through the night the wolves kept up a continuous howl, as though there might be hundreds around the camp, and one could almost feel their teeth penetrate his flesh; but a few shots from the old buckshot gun put a quietus to their frolic, so in the latter part of the night one could sleep without any trouble.

By the first echo of the owls we were preparing breakfast; and daybreak found the old hunter and myself on our way to the St. Francis River, a distance of about twelve miles east, through the most rugged wilderness one ever finds. There is no settlement nor wagon road of any sort, not even an axe mark to guide the way. Sometimes I had thoughts of retreating, but finally overcome this, and kept still; though it was all one could bear, through briers, swamps, thickets and everything difficult to penetrate. At length the river was reached, and the hour being noon, we ate our lunch. Then we went on north for a mile, so as to return in a new route. During this day of prospecting, four deer were seen, also a fine flock of about twenty-five turkeys, but we were unable to bag any game, as we were forced to travel at a good step in order to cover the entire distance in one day. When night came on, it found us only one mile up the river from camp; we had borne to the right only that distance in a whole day's travel, on which we congratulated ourselves as being first-rate woodsmen.

During the night we would hear the rain drops falling on the tent, and this being the first rain for many weeks, was welcomed by all. Every one was in great glee to get out early the next morning, for it was the first morning that a person could move without being heard for at least a quarter of a mile by the rattle of the leaves through the still, dry air. Going in all directions, we were well scattered by the time it was light enough to shoot well. The little visitor and myself went eastward until about noon, then turned to the southwest, so as to have some advantage of the wind. We were about to give up all hopes of anything for this day when near a large top were three deer feeding among the blackberry and spice. It was our intent to single out the largest of the group; but not always having things as we like, we were content with a shot on a fawn at 75 yards. It fell dead in its tracks with a ball hole through its lower shoulders from a .40-65 Winchester. The other two ran south for some 200 yards and stopped broadside within 50 yards of the visitor. He fetched the buck to the ground, but no sooner did it fall than it was up to its feet again and out of sight in a few leaps. On examination we found no blood, only a strip of white hair lying across the way. He had evidently shot so low as to just crease the under part of the body.

Shortly after reaching camp with our fawn, which had

been nicely dressed and hung on a pole, one of the boys came in and announced that he had one that he could not manage by himself; so taking two others, they brought in as fine a blue-coat as one ever saw. It was a three-point buck of about 125 pounds, with a ball hole through the heart. When it had been dressed and hung on the pole they gave three cheers, danced a tango, and drank a toast in behalf of our good success.

The few days following were crowned with no success save for a number of squirrels and fish, until Thanksgiving morning found us a few miles further down the river, where there once had been an old farm; and from the looks of the timber and vines one would judge that it had been a century since its cultivation. The morning was very frosty, which, with the dawn, to our great satisfaction, was gradually changing to a heavy fog. Just the kind of a morning, so the old hunter says, and we must do some work to-day. Deciding to try a breast hunt, we started in a half-moon line with the end men in the lead. The space between one to another was about 40 rods, and by this we could cover over a mile in width. The party had gone in rank near a mile, when all were brought to a halt by firing from the man on the right wing, who had started a bunch of seven deer; and without losing a second, the next on the left took it up, then the next, and so on until the whole party had the pleasure of pulling trigger. Then on reaching the man on the left wing, they seemed to get excited at the two shots from a 10-gauge, and retraced their steps more than half-way down the line. All this time the cannonading was kept up without missing a note. Knowing we had some draying to do, we set to work toting them to camp. The first to swing on the pole was a three-point buck with three ball holes—two in the hind quarters and one in the head. The next was a doe, with one ball hole in the breast; the next a fawn, with two ball holes through back of shoulders. In all, we had five deer dressed and hung up; and when the smoke was started under the jerk, a nice piece of venison was put in the pot. Then every man had a bit of experience to give, some talked of the cunning deer, some of guns, others of marksmanship, and one took a pencil and mapped out the whole affair. Such an experience meeting we never expect to attend again.

The next landing to speak of was some eighty miles further down, where we procured two men with teams, one being an ox team of great strength, and the other a span of Texas ponies, to take our baggage across the country some eighty miles into the sunken land district. The second day brought us to an old cattle farm that had long since been abandoned. Some of the buildings were yet in fair condition, and there was a well of water which the natives had kept in good repair. We thought best to rest here for a day or two, and found quarters for the teams in the buildings.

On Sunday Billy took a basket and started for some of the luscious persimmons. About an hour had elapsed when he appeared at camp pale as a ghost, with great drops of cold sweat standing on his forehead. "Why, Billy, what's the trouble; are you sick?"

"Sick? No. Only half-scared to death. You know that big top down the road? Well, as I was coming back along there, all at once I heard the terriblest snort and cracking of brush you ever heard. I thought I was gone sure, but I couldn't see anything till they got to that top. There I saw five somethings—I reckon they were deer—jump clear over that top; but I don't believe they were deer, for they were running straight from me, and they looked white and as big as a cow."

This settled the question; it was a plain case of buck fever. The idea of deer as big as cows and jumping a tree top not less than 25 feet high! This being Sunday they were left over until the next day, as the laws of Arkansas restrict the carrying of a gun under any consideration on the Sabbath.

The next morning by 9 o'clock brought three deer to camp. Two of those were killed by one man; he made a double shot, both proving fatal; then climbing a tree, began to yell at the top of his voice. This attracted the attention of a large drove of razor-backed hogs that were on the range. No sooner did they find the deer and fresh blood than they made sure of a feast; and taking them to be real wild hogs, he was afraid to land from his lofty perch. Fortunately, one of the crowd hearing his cries answered the summons, and after giving the hogs a load of duck shot, succeeded in rescuing the badly mangled deer. During our brief stay at this place, seven deer were added to the list, with a few turkeys and some small game.

The trip through the sunken land was mostly spent in sight seeing. Passing over the natural levee, we found trees that actually measured 12 feet in diameter, the principal timber being cypress, oak and gum.

On reaching the bay (a big cypress slough) we were compelled to wade to our waists, as the teams had all they could handle, and to make matters worse, when about half-way through, the pony team mired down. After an hour of prying and wading, we succeeded in getting through, all safely, but with a good wetting. While in this wilderness the party sighted two panthers and one catamount; and one deer was added to the list—an extremely large buck with a fine pair of horns, which measured 29 inches from base to tip, and each bore five points.

For a few days we enjoyed ourselves in duck shooting and fishing on the St. Francis River. One particular day the party caught 175 pounds of fish, ranging from 4 to 17 pounds.

Tiring of this sport, we agreed to return by a new route to the boat, then go down the White River some 200 miles, where we might have some larger game shooting.

Our food supply had run short for the teams, and we were obliged to make it to the levee in one day, a distance of twenty-three miles, and for more than half the way the rain poured down in torrents. This forced march lasted till 10 o'clock at night; and a tired out, wet and hungry set of fellows we were, glad to take shelter in an old shanty with a splint and clay fireplace in which a fire was made as quickly as wet wood would burn. After emptying the water from our boots and guns, and a change of clothes, we were glad to lie down on the floor; for our bedding was thoroughly wet. All night the rain seemed to be increasing, and the next day was rainy, more or less, as was the remainder of our stay. The water by

this time had swelled the small creeks into rivers, and the sloughs into lakes, until the whole country west of the levee seemed to be one vast body of water. Holding a council, we agreed to break camp.

The people one meets here, although a little rough, are friendly and sociable, and it has always been our experience that if a man is friendly he will always have friends. It has always been our custom to furnish the neighbors with game, and no man goes hungry from our camp.

We also can truthfully say that though we have been on several trips both north and west, never were we better pleased with the results, either as to people or game, than in Missouri and Arkansas.

When we were at the station, and only a few minutes of train time, we all got sight of our first bear—a big black fellow crossing the railroad not more than 300 yards away.

In the New Brunswick Moose Country.

PERTH CENTRE, N. B., Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thought I would try and write a little that might interest some one who knows of me and my hunting country. I am a guide on the headwaters of the Tobique, Marimichi and Nepisiguit rivers. I have several camps situated on different branches of these rivers, and all of the hunters that have visited my camps returned home with something that carried horns, if nothing but a horned owl.

The first who visited my camp on the Wapske were Chas. E. Wait, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Dr. W. Edward Halsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y. They arrived at Camp Comfort Sept. 1, in due time to see the moose still feeding in the ponds and deadwaters. Dr. Halsey was first to bring down his moose with a .45-70 Winchester at 275 yards across a meadow. He had had the moose called in that night for him, but it was so dark he could not see him; so they concluded to try again. Next morning at 4 o'clock found them again at the meadow, with the birch bark horn echoing over the hills for miles around. It was not long before my brother Still said he heard him coming; and first to appear on the scene was a large cow moose, the bull staying back in the woods and sending her out in advance to see what was making such a dismal sound as they had heard but twenty minutes before in that direction. At this time Dr. Halsey and Still were lying low behind a small bunch of spruce bushes, straining their eyes to see if they could make out any horns on this cow, not over 100 yards away. All at once they could see the big bull coming out of the woods on the opposite side of the meadow. Now it was just before sunrise, and there was quite a fog rising, so that they could scarcely see him; and he came out of the woods and started down the meadow to where he would get out of range. But Mr. Halsey was not long getting his sights fixed on him just right and let go a 405-grain bullet that brought him to the ground as if struck by lightning. It was a fine shot; and it was easy to see that Mr. Halsey did not get the buck fever, as a man is likely to do. The antlers of this head spread 52½ inches, with 12-inch webs and 12 points on each web. This was shot on the morning of the 10th.

On the evening of the 11th Mr. Chas. E. Wait and I were at the upper end of the deadwater calling for one of the big fellows that we thought might be listening. At the end of the fourth call, Mr. Wait said he thought he heard something strike a tree a long way off in the distance, and sure enough he did. It was not long till we could hear trees cracking and his antlers rattling in the bushes, up on the side of a mountain half a mile off. Now everything was quiet, and we thought he had stopped or gone back another way. We could not hear a bit of noise. All at once I heard a step in the water below me, and looking down the bank I could see nothing but the outlines of a moose and his antlers, which looked white. He was standing with his fore feet in the water and his hind ones in the bushes. All we could see now was the antlers, and by the way he was smelling to get our wind. I thought he would not be there long; so I told Mr. Wait he had better try it, for we would be likely not to see him again if we tried to get any closer to him. So Mr. Wait let go and the moose turned and jumped back in the woods. As he did this I paddled down to where he had been, and as we got down there we heard two or three more jumps, and again everything was quiet. Mr. Wait said that he did not think he touched him, as there was not one chance out of a thousand of hitting him, for we found the next morning that we were 75 yards from the moose when he shot. I told Mr. Wait he had either hit him bad or never touched him, but that I thought he had hit him, as moose don't very often start the first time you shoot at them, if they are standing still and you don't hit them. That is my experience in moose hunting.

The next morning early we came down to where we had been calling that night, and when we got there we found a cow in the deadwater feeding. We lay still for a while, as I thought that bull might be right there handy. But no bull showed up. So I took up the horn and gave a call, and as soon as I had got done calling the cow tried it, and I think she had lots more music in her call than I had in mine, for it is hard to get the tone that the moose has. Anyway, I thought that between the two of us, if there was a bull within ten miles, we would bring him. But we listened and could hear nothing but the cow stepping around in the water. We stayed there until sunrise, but nothing showed itself, and the cow bade us good-morning and started off. We raised our hats to her and told her that we would be there again at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Now I told Mr. Wait that he must have hit that moose, or we would have heard from him this morning. So on paddling down to where the moose had showed himself the night before, we saw hair on some of the bushes, and on getting out of the canoe saw lots of blood, and on following it up found only 25 yards away in the woods our moose. But wasn't Mr. Wait surprised on finding him. Out with the tape and found that the antlers spread 53½ inches, with 18 points and 11-inch webs. That is the best shot I ever saw made.

The next to come to our camp was Oren Scotten, of De-

troit, Mich. He arrived at Camp Comfort Sept. 14, intending to stop until Oct. 1; but as he only shot a caribou up till the first, I got him to stay ten days longer. While we were camping at Beaver Lake Dr. C. B. Tiley, of New Haven, Conn., came in to Camp Comfort on Sept. 20, only intending to stop until Oct. 1. On the morning of Sept. 28 he succeeded in downing his bull moose with a .30-40 Winchester, one shot. This was another fine shot. The antlers of this moose spread 58 inches, and had 21 points and 13-inch webs.

Next to bring down his moose was Mr. Scotten, on the night of Oct. 3. He let go his .45-90, and after several shots downed his moose out in the deadwater, where, after half a day's hard work, they managed to get him to the shore, but could not get him out of the water until they had cut him in two parts. Then they had a hard job to get him on the bank, where they could skin him. The antlers spread 56 inches, with 18 points and 14-inch webs. This was a very old moose, as his horns were very rough and heavy, much different from those of younger moose.

Mr. Eversley Childs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was next to help keep the record up. He got the prettiest head taken from the Tobique this year, but it was not the largest. He shot his with a .45-70, still-hunting on Oct. 5. The antlers of the head spread 46 inches, with 15-inch webs, 12 points on each web. It was a perfect head. Among others who got heads at my camps were C. M. Camp, of Brooklyn, one moose; Harry L. Parkhurst, one moose, one deer; Chauncey P. Williams, Albany, N. Y., one moose; E. J. Morrison, Bar Harbor, Me., one moose and one caribou; Stillman Armstrong, one moose; Chas. Vose, Boston, Mass., one caribou, and I got a moose, a caribou and a deer myself.

I have seen more moose this fall than I ever saw before. They seem to be increasing fast. There are lots of big ones left yet that I know of. Most any of the sportsmen who have been to my camps say that they saw lots of moose and that there are some big ones among them. Since the season closed wardens have been sent up to look after the interests of the game.

A sad fate fell upon one of the oldest trappers and guides on the Tobique. While trapping on the Trosers Lake waters, as is supposed, he took sick in his camp and was not able to cut wood, and so froze to death. Alec Ogilvie, a guide in the same country, knew of him being up at the head of the lake, and thought he would go up and see how he was. When he got up to his camp he found that he was dead, and as near as he could tell, he had been dead about ten days. His name was Robert Merrithew, of Red Rapids, N. B. They had to haul him six miles on toboggan to where they could get a team to him.

GEO. E. ARMSTRONG.

A Cowboy's Luck.

IN 1887 I was living on the head of the South Fork of the Colorado River in western central Texas. I was employed by a company of New York men engaged in raising cattle and horses, and we had under fence nearly 80,000 acres, and controlled two-thirds as much more land adjoining our pastures. I had been on the ranch from the beginning of June, and had particularly devoted myself to the raising of horses in the beginning.

While riding daily over the range, I frequently saw small bunches of antelope in different parts of our pastures. There were seldom more than thirty antelopes in a band, and they were pretty much on the lookout for danger, as up to the time our land had been enclosed they had been subject to frequent disturbance.

During July, August and September I confined my sport afield to fishing for blue—or channel—catfish and Osvego bass in the Kickapoo; and very good sport it was too. In October the president of our company came to the ranch with his wife. One afternoon I rode from the horse camp, where I made my headquarters, to the house of our president, Mr. O., and found that the attorney for the company with his wife and sister were paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. O.

As I was going away after a short call, Mr. O. said to me: "Harry, can't you get me an antelope?" I had never tried, but was sure I could accomplish that feat quite easily, and said so; being only twenty years of age and foolish, or I should have said: "I will try."

I secured a .45-90 Winchester from the house and mounted to ride off in search of the game, and as I rode round the house, I found the visitors awaiting me on the other side, each bearing a rifle, and suggesting that I take plenty of guns, as I should need them. Naturally I was anxious to get my game. I was riding a two-year-old brown colt, which I was then breaking; and that proved unfortunate.

After a ride of some five miles, I found a large band of antelope, perhaps sixty-odd, on a tableland where I knew the antelope were likely to be. They saw me first, however, and at a distance of a half-mile began to show signs of disquiet; so I dismounted, tied my colt to a mesquite tree, and getting down on the ground, lit my pipe and waited at least an hour, hoping that the antelope would settle down in mind. To some extent they did so, but it seemed to me that there were always at least half a dozen on the watch. The sun finally began to go down, and getting desperate, I crawled on my hands and knees to a hollow leading toward the band, and finally managed to get within 300 yards of the game. The rest of the distance between us was bare of any cover, and I was at a loss what to do.

Finally, thinking of the way in which we have all read that antelope are lured to their death, I tied my red handkerchief around my left ankle and elevated my foot in a fair imitation of a semaphore. The antelope were undoubtedly surprised, and to some extent curious, for they stopped eating and commenced a restless trotting about. My foot began to go to sleep, and despairing of getting a shot, I rose to my knees to view a long line of antelope leaving the country as fast as possible.

Raising my sights to 400 yards, I fired five shots—all the cartridges I had—with no perceptible effect, as the antelopes were already doing their best and needed no encouragement. In a few minutes they vanished from view over the edge of the hill.

Quite disheartened, I returned to my colt, and as the sun had about gotten out of sight, had about given up hope, when I thought I would follow on the track of the band and see how far they had run. Going to the place where they had started, and following their tracks, I reached the edge of the hillside, and saw a peculiar looking object on the ground some distance ahead, probably 200 yards away, and between me and the sun. I did not then think what it was, but rode up to see, and found a fine fat doe, shot through the center of the body and dead. I confess that I was quite happy and satisfied, not with my shooting, but I had killed an antelope, and no one but myself knew how lucky I had been to do so.

The bad luck began then, for I found that the antelope and I were too much for the colt to carry; so lashing the game on my saddle, I started on my walk home, now almost six miles away. Both the colt and I were glad when we reached our haven, and I have never before told of my first exhibition of skill as a hunter of the antelope.

HARRY L. BURDICK.

BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—The natural season for sport in this section of the country being for the time at an end, our Western sportsmen are turning their thoughts nowadays to the sunny South. The number of winter pilgrims who annually go to the Southern portions of the country for shooting or fishing is steadily increasing. The two popular States just now appear to be Florida and Texas. There are indications that the tarpon cult is growing in this part of the country. Quite a number of our anglers outfit for Florida every winter. So far as I can learn, not so many of our fishermen go to the less famous, but better, Texas waters for tarpon fishing. But time will probably work a change in this respect. Within ten years we may look to see the Gulf coast of Texas as fashionable as some of the parts of fashionable Florida.

Mr. G. Foster Ingraham, of Elliottville, N. Y., outfitted in Chicago this week for a trip to Florida, where he will spend some time.

Mr. J. M. Roach, of Chicago, has outfitted for a trip of some extent, making Charlotte Harbor, Fla., his objective point. He is to be accompanied by Mr. F. Lyon Roach, of this city.

Mr. M. O'Day is another Chicago angler who will try Florida scenes this winter. He goes to a point which I understand is called Useppa Island, via Charlotte Harbor.

Mr. G. A. Otis, of Chicago, is going to Lake Worth, Fla., this latter point being one which is quite popular among our Chicago tourists.

Dr. H. N. Bascom and Mr. Lorenzo Leland, both of Ottawa, Ill., have outfitted for a Florida trip, with Magnolia Springs as the objective.

Mr. B. N. Caldwell, of Wheeling, W. Va., has outfitted extensively at Spaulding's for a shooting and fishing trip of three months in Florida, where he will make Miami his headquarters.

Mr. H. H. Rountree and wife, of this city, will leave within the next ten days for a trip to some Gulf point, probably Pass Christian, via New Orleans, though they may select Florida as their destination.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey, of this city, are absent on a trip of some duration in Texas. They go to High Island, Texas, via Galveston, and stop at the Sea View Hotel, of which mention has been earlier made in the FOREST AND STREAM. This is in an excellent shooting locality for ducks and snipe, and Mr. Mussey should meet with the best of sport.

Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, Cleveland, O., spent a couple of days in town this week. Mr. North is looking very well indeed, and is highly enthusiastic about the prospects for the blue rock industry this coming year. He goes to Milwaukee, St. Paul, etc., from here on a Western trip of some extent.

Mr. Frank Burdo Huntington, of Milwaukee, Wis., a man mighty with sail and paddle, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a very pleasant visit this week.

Mr. John H. Mackie, of the Peters Cartridge Company and the King Powder Company, Cincinnati, O., made a pleasant call this week upon the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Mackie is of wide experience in trade and trap matters in the Western country. He reports that friend Milt Lindsley is well and hearty as ever in the powder department of his house.

More Quail Stories.

Anent the matter of quail killing themselves by flying into obstacles, the following comment from Mr. W. A. Powel, of this State, may be of interest. He writes: "I saw a quail fly against a stump and kill itself, three or four years ago. It was not shot at, and I was watching it to see it light, when it hit the stump, and I went and picked it up, dead as a mackerel."

Last week I was eating dinner in New York City with the celebrated trap-shot, Rollo Heikes, and his friend, Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., who were feeling naturally somewhat contented because they had just won first and second in the New Year's shoot on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club. The conversation turned on shooting topics, and Mr. Heikes told a little shooting which he and Mr. Rike once figured, six years ago, in story in which he and Mr. Rike once figured, six years ago, in southern Ohio.

"I hardly like to tell this story," said Mr. Heikes, "and in fact I had almost forgotten it, it happened so long ago, but my friend Rike will tell you that it is true, for he was my partner in this scrimmage. We were going out quail shooting, and were riding along the road in our buggy, when we saw a bunch of quail, flying close together, light directly in a big brush pile. We thought this was good enough for us, and went over to the brush pile. We kicked and kicked, but not a bird could we put out, and Rike said we must be mistaken, and that the birds had gone somewhere else, though we both had seen them light there, and the dog was pointing as stiff as a rock. We tore the brush pile almost to pieces, and at last out went a bird, and I killed it. We tore it down a little further, and out went two more birds, and Rike killed both

of them. Then we took turns working at the brush, one standing ready to shoot while the other pulled bushes. The birds kept on going out, one or two at a time, and it is the honest truth that we killed seventeen of them, every last one there was in the flock. When we got down to the bottom of the brush pile there was one stick left with a few leaves on it, and when we pulled this stick away out went a bird, the last one, and we killed it. I think it may be some time before just such a thing as this happens again in field shooting. I think this flock of quail had been chased by a hawk and badly scared, so that they lay just as close as they could. You talk about a magatrap and blue rocks, but I want to tell you we had a magazine brush pile there, loaded up to the edge with quail."

Illinois Paroquets.

A friend living in Taylorville, Ill., sends in the following note regarding the paroquet, which was once common all over middle and lower Illinois, but which is now an extinct bird as far as this State is concerned:

"I notice in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM you speak of parakeets, or paroquets, in Illinois. While on a visit to my grandfather last week he told me that there used to be lots of them in the old tree in the door yard, every year." (I have seen persons who remember seeing these birds in Illinois.)

The Planting of Prairie Chickens.

Mr. Clifford Morris, of Easton, Md., writes further as below regarding the planting of prairie chickens. I wish very much that some of our Western friends would advise Mr. Morris where he can obtain these birds. The correct address, as mentioned by Mr. Morris, should be observed, and I regret the error which made his communication appear to come from Indiana instead of Maryland. He writes as below:

"I see you have very kindly published my letter asking your advice about planting prairie chickens, but the types make my address, Easton, Indiana, instead of Maryland. There is no part of the former State cut up by wide water courses, as far as I know, and I am afraid any information I may get based on this error in my address, will not be of much value. What I principally wished to know, was the address of some one who could procure the live birds, and I did not know of any one better able to tell me than yourself.

"Our quail season has closed, and I do not know of any one who has shot any this season. One covey of twelve was seen in my father's woods, and they are the only stock we have.

"Will you kindly correct the error in your next 'Chicago and the West' and oblige."

In "Aztec's" Country.

All the way from good old San Antonio, Texas, comes the following from Aztec, regarding a little panther hunt which seems to have occurred in the best social circles of San Antonio. The extract is from the San Antonio Express, and is printed in a calm matter of fact manner, which gives one the utmost confidence in the self-poise of that community. I wonder what would happen if panthers should begin to break into the hen yards of Boston or New York. Aztec writes as below:

"SAN ANTONIO, Jan. 9.—I hand you the inclosed for your 'Chicago and the West' column. Tamateville is not Chicago (yet), but she is still West, and sometimes wild and woolly. My window, as I write, overlooks West End Lake, where the ducks rest from their travels. On the back gallery my shooting coat hangs brimful of quail and squirrels from yesterday's shooting, alongside of the leg bone of a fat doe which we have just finished picking. If it will stop raining I may go and help capture that other panther."

The clipping follows:

"One of the panthers which have been despoiling hen coops in the city for the past two weeks, was run down and killed in the southwestern edge of the city yesterday afternoon by a party of young men of the town. The successful hunters were Ed Wilkins, a son of Assistant Chief of Police John Wilkins; Robert Campbell, Alfred Herman, and a young man named Haerner. The boys got on the trail of the animal in the western outskirts of the city yesterday morning, and with a pack of dogs trailed their game for miles in and out of the city limits, until they finally cornered the panther yesterday afternoon and ended his career after a desperate struggle with the dogs, by a rifle ball. The boys brought the body of the panther to the city hall late yesterday afternoon as a trophy of their chase. The animal was about half-grown, though very powerfully built. It is thought that this was the panther which some time ago depopulated L. P. Schaefer's hen roost on Leal street to the extent of over 100 fowls.

"In the meantime another panther is yet at large in the bottoms of the Salado, about five miles east of town. This animal is being hunted day and night by a posse of farmers of the Salado, headed by Mr. Seginius. The animal was trailed with a pack of hounds Friday and Saturday from John Wilkin's pasture, southeast of the city. The men and dogs have been hanging on the animal's trail tenaciously ever since. On Saturday the dogs got ahead of the party and a sanguinary encounter took place between the hounds and the beast, in which one of the hounds was killed and another was so seriously clawed that he too will die. The animal escaped at the approach of the hunters. News of the capture of this panther is expected at any moment."

Stop This Sort of Sale of Game.

Information is at hand regarding a little bit of market-shooting which rather takes the palm from anything that has offered in this line for some time. I am told that two brothers of this State, both of them wealthy, and one of them known very well as a shooter in more States than Illinois, have been turning their game preserve on the Illinois River into a market-shooting resort. A certain prominent shooter tells me that he knows these two shooters last fall marketed over \$700 worth of ducks, and their total kill for the last year ran into the thousands. This I take to be the English system of sport, but one hardly needs add that it is not the American idea in these days by any means. Men wealthy enough to own an ex-

pensive game preserve hardly need shoot for the market. There are always charitable institutions to which surplus game can be given. Indeed, I do not know of any one accepted in this country now as a gentleman and a sportsman who is accepted on the understanding that he owns a game preserve and shoots it for the market. I know some gentlemen who shoot for the market because they have to, or think they have to, but I do not know of any who shoot for the market over their own preserve. This little report is quietly traveling around, and has excited a great deal of surprise and adverse comment. We ought to print the names, but will give the men one more chance to reform.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club will give another of its very entertaining smokers next Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, at 6 P. M., at the Union Café on Randolph street. There will be a nice little attendance, and it goes without saying the evening will be passed pleasantly.

An Artist Among Indians.

Away out in the village of Taos, N. M., there is a young painter of whom perhaps the world has not yet heard very much, but of whom we may all hear more in the future. The name of this young man is Bert Phillips, and he is still very young, though he is a graduate of the Julian School of Paris. In common with many young American artists, he felt the attraction of the Western country, and a few years ago traveled as far West as Denver. He and a friend then started on horseback southward along the Rockies, seeing what they might see. They fell upon the village of Taos, and here Mr. Phillips cast in his lot, saying he would go no further. He has been there now for a couple of years, studying and painting Indians as few have ever done. Last fall the sculptor, Mr. Edward Kemeys, of Chicago, discovered Mr. Phillips down at Taos, and has much to say in his praise. Mr. Phillips can paint Indians, and paint them so that the character of each shows beneath the color. He handles reds so that they mean something more than a smear of color. He can show the effect of the red Indian skin under the glaring sunlight of the Southwest with all the lights and shades which the sun makes on copper cuticle. One of his fancies is that of an Indian figure seen by moonlight, the brave being shown leading his horse, as might have been in some forgotten night foray of the past. But few specimens of Mr. Phillips' Indians have been seen in Chicago, but they meet with marked approbation from those able to discern.

For Golden San Antonio.

By the way, speaking of the Southwest, and mentioning the sculptor, Mr. Kemeys, one is reminded to say that Mr. Kemeys at the present writing is quite ill, and has been ordered by his physician to finish the winter at San Antonio, Texas. It is much to be hoped that the clean sky and good air of golden San Antonio will restore Mr. Kemeys to his health long before spring comes around.

The Story of a Stern-Wheel Duck.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12.—There were five days between the date of the receipt of a certain letter and the end of the Illinois quail season this last fall. The letter was from my friend, Major G. W. LaRue, and it ran somewhat to the following effect: "Come down here to Powelville and help us shoot quail. There are thousands of 'em, and the country needs rescuing. I am staying with Powel, because I like him. I moved in a few weeks or months ago, and am very fond of the folks, and they are of me, so I guess I'll spend the winter. Powel's a fine shot, and we have birds hung up all the time. He's a fine stock breeder, and has running horses, and everything else that's good, including some mallard duck decoys. He's got one drake that can swim backward, and I spend an hour every day watching him do this. He swims all around the pond backward, and seems to take a delight in it. Bring your gun. You don't need anything else. Don't fail L."

At the time I had never met Mr. Powel, but I had heard of him, so it seemed very natural to go down to his house and live a while. Therefore I packed up kit and set out to finish the season with a couple of days of sport. Traveling by the Illinois Central as far as Pana, I had to lie over for an hour before catching the train to my destination, and it was here that there began to happen some of the events of a trip not devoid of entertainment and adventure. Naturally I was hungry, and cast about for a place to get something to eat in the village, and fortune brought me to a little joint with "Short Order Lunch Room" over the door. This looked like my club at home, so I went in and asked for some ham and eggs. The youth who was running the place wanted to know if I "meant steak or pork." He didn't know what ham meant. I explained to him that it was cut off the hind leg of a hog, and he said: "Oh, I know. I've seen it at the shop." So he went over to the butcher shop and came back with some meat. Meantime his assistant had cooked the eggs and set them on the table to get cool. It was all happening out in the kitchen, where I had gone to help get the meal, it being a trifle cold in the room in front. The "ham" turned out to be pork after all, and pretty tough, so I explained still further that the hind leg had to be smoked before it was ham. "Oh," said the proprietor, "I've seen some of that! The feller at the shop didn't have any layin' around. When you come down next time we'll know what it is, and we can fix you up all right. We just bought this place a little while ago, an' we don't know much about cookin' yet."

An hour after my "ham" and eggs adventure I got my train, and in another hour I was also a member of Mr. Powel's family. Deer heads on the walls, wolf skins on the floors, sporting pieces in the dining room, elk antlers for hat racks, hunting horns, whips, spurs, paintings of noted horses—what would you, have? Likewise, a tall and insouciant house master, and a good wife who really took a genuine interest in sport of the dog and gun. Moreover, a string of quail, as long a string as your arm would measure, hanging on a nail under the veranda roof. Moreover, Dorothy, a wiry and active pointer, and Win, Major LaRue's dog, a handsome setter. So I drew a long breath of happiness, and wondered where the FOREST AND STREAM luck would take me next. I hadn't been there an hour before I told them I liked the place, and intended to move

down next fall. La Rue said he would be there too. We don't know yet what we are going to do with the rest of the family, but they took their chances when they asked us to come. (This is just north of the Mason & Dixon line, is Powelville, and the Southern air blows easily over from below.)

"But you ought to see that duck," said La Rue. "He's positively the only wild duck born in captivity that can swim backward in a circle without stubbing his feet. Powel's crazy over ducks. He'd rather kill a mallard duck than go to church, and if he hears of a wild mallard anywhere that can be shot, or a tame one that can be bought, he's after him from that moment. He'll have the finest flock of mallard decoys in the country. Got seven of 'em now."

We agreed to get up the next morning and have a look at the duck swimming backward, early morning being described as the best time to witness his feats in that line, but sat up late that night in talk. Indeed, what could be better than to talk, when all about were the proofs of sport of earlier times, and when all pointed to further scenes of sport within our grasp, within a few miles of town, within a few hours' reach? Meantime, it was well to hear, for yet one more time, five-year-old yellow-haired Frances sing "The road to Mandalay," to her mother's accompaniment. Mandalay! We had it here in our eyesight! It might have been the old Moulmein pagoda which on the next morning looked in at our window and beckoned invitation. But the day was Sunday, and we abode within doors.

That morning, as per schedule, I rose early and hastened to the barnyard, in order to see the duck swim backward. The duck was in the pool, with several of his kind, but they only quacked and clucked, and swam front-end forward, after the fashion of most ducks. Sleek creatures they were, these captive mallards, and reputed to be cunning in their treacherous art, but as for swimming backward, not once did any one of them even suggest it. "It's the big storm we've had," said Mr. Powel, apologetically. "The ice around the edges of the pool perhaps disconcerts the old fellow and makes him afraid to chance it. He does swim backward, though, honest."

We let it go at that. I may testify that, though I made many trips out to the yard, and stood in the snow for a long time, the star performer of the tank drama declined to go to do his turn. Many apologies on the part of his owner, and many assurances from Major La Rue that he would back that duck against any duck under the skies in a stern-wheel race in any sort of water. This left the visitor polite, but in an embarrassing position, for I was tempted to take La Rue's wager, though no instance was at hand of a duck that ever did swim backward.

The failure of the bird to perform seemed to unsettle my friends in their firmest convictions. "We've been having the best kind of a time up till now," said La Rue. "We've had splendid weather, and the birds have been so thick we could walk out of town any afternoon and kill twenty or thirty if we wanted to. The walking has been good, and we have never had any trouble in finding the birds. Now you've come down here, and it has snowed a foot deep and got cold enough to freeze alcohol. It wouldn't surprise me if we didn't see a bird, now. What made you come, anyhow?"

I suggested firmly to the Major that I had come on his own invitation exclusively, and that Mr. Powel had not asked me; but that, having come, I was not to be driven away by any slight cause, because I liked the place as well as he did. "Well, I don't care," he grumbled, "there's something wrong. It used to be one of my daily pastimes to go out and watch that duck swim backward. It was my morning diversion, my eye-opener. Now see what you've done. He won't swim at all. Looks mighty bad, to me! However, we'll start to-morrow morning and ride out a dozen miles or so into the country, and we'll show you where Warren (Mr. Powel) and I killed thirty quail in less than an hour one afternoon. We put up half a dozen coveys right around the door yard, and the farmer said he had never seen a quail shot before, or seen a dog on a point, and he had never eaten a quail. We showed him all those things, and he asked us to come back again. We'll go out there and live with him awhile." "All right," said I; for by this time I was getting quite pleased with this notion of going and living with folks, and I had the utmost confidence in La Rue's judgment. So we went the next morning, Mr. Powel, Major La Rue and myself. Of which it is to be continued.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: Reynolds Lillibridge, the noted trapper and hunter of Exeter, died of an affection of the heart at his home Tuesday, aged sixty-two years. Mr. Lillibridge was widely known by sportsmen in this and other States, many of whom used to visit his home in the northern portion of Exeter, near the East Greenwich line, in search of game, and were right royally entertained by the old hunter and his amiable wife.

James A. Borden, of Scituate, shot a deer in the woods of that town a few days ago. The animal was a young buck, and was dropped at 40 yards with a charge of No. 2 shot. He tipped the scales at 136 pounds. Although sportsmen in this State have set free several deer within its boundaries and some few escape from parks or wander across the Massachusetts and Connecticut lines, yet a sight of one is a rare occurrence in Rhode Island woods.

W. H. M.

American Wild Rice in Foreign Waters.

MESSRS. NORTHRUP, KING & Co., of Minneapolis, reports that through their advertising in FOREST AND STREAM they have made shipments of wild rice for planting in wildfowl waters in Berwickshire, Scotland, and in New Zealand and Australia.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Some Curious Pistols.

In this age of advancement in the art of gun and revolver manufacture I think that we are wont to deceive ourselves by imagining that we far excel past generations.

Of course, so far as the use of modern high explosives and repeating rifles are concerned we have undoubtedly made wonderful progress when compared to the old-time clumsy flint lock and cap and ball muskets and pistols, but when it comes to the real cunning and perfection of the gunsmith's art we have usually to look for it in times passed. Then everything was slowly and laboriously worked out by hand; now we turn everything out by machinery.

The above illustration shows two diminutive examples of the art of gun making, past and present. The smaller of the two pistols is a modern machine-made cartridge revolver; the other is a hand-made model of the old cap and ball Colts.

They have been photographed with a pair of dueling pistols about the size of a regulation army revolver, in order to show how minute they are.

The smaller of the two is French made, and measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches from the point of the barrel to the end of the butt. The barrel itself is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long. The chamber cylinder is $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch long and will carry six cartridges. It is a self-cocker, but not hammerless.

In every respect it is absolutely perfect, and can be broken or taken apart just as easily as any ordinary revolver. The cartridges are $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in length and are loaded with No. 11 shot. When fired the sound is

I am of the opinion that these two revolvers are two of the smallest if not the smallest in existence.

For the past ten years I have been making a collection of fire arms, and in that time I have not seen any as small, except one that came into my possession at the same time as the cap and ball Colts model. It measured one inch from tip of the barrel to end of the butt. The barrel itself was $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch long. It was modeled after a single-shot cap and ball dueling pistol. In workmanship and practicability it was the equal of either of the other two. It required a No. 12 shot and one grain of powder to load it.

Unfortunately it was misplaced about two years ago and I have never since been able to find it, and so cannot give a photograph of it.

The two dueling pistols in the illustration deserve a word, as they have figured in numerous affairs of honor and are closely connected with the history of Louisiana. They were made in France about 130 years ago for a Count De Blanc, who took them with him when he went to Louisiana in 1798. Originally, of course, they were flint locks, but as the cap and ball came into general use and popular favor their owner had them changed to this latter model to suit the exigencies of the times. They are silver-mounted and are fitted with gold sights. At one time the end of the butts contained a jewel, but these have long since been removed, and silver-headed screws now replace them.

The ramrods are of ebony, the butts of mahogany, almost black with age and so soft that an impression can easily be made on them with the finger nail. It is here in the butts that they show their age, as the other parts of them are wonderfully well preserved, always having

Massachusetts Game.

From the report of the Inland Fisheries and Game Commission.

Game.

The alarming depletion of game all over the State led us to call a meeting of all fish and game clubs and sportsmen in the Commonwealth, to consider some plan of protection and possible increase. All clubs, so far as we know, were notified, and responded by delegates or letter; and the meeting, held at the State House, Nov. 23, was fairly well attended. This is the first convention of sportsmen held in this State, but we trust that it may be repeated annually.

As might have been expected, the discussion was somewhat diffuse; but the best of feeling prevailed, and the conclusions were very satisfactory to the Commission. It was the voice of the meeting (with one dissenting vote) that the sale of game be prohibited and the open season for all game should be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. The Commissioners heartily agree with this decision, and will do all they can to sustain it; but the clubs and sportsmen should remember that the action of the Legislature is understood to be an expression of public sentiment, voicing the necessities of the people. It is not enough to favor better laws and larger appropriations; Senators and Representatives should know what is desired by their constituents.

However mortifying it may be to know that Massachusetts, the first State to take action for the protection and propagation of fish and game, has fallen behind other States, we do not acknowledge the justice of the charge that this Commission is responsible for it. We have, as our reports will show, constantly urged the importance of better laws and adequate means to enforce them. We are powerless to do anything unless supported by public opinion. While many of the ideas and inventions originated and promulgated by this Board have been successfully carried out in other States, they have sometimes, through no fault of the Board, failed to materialize here.

We recognize the fact that Massachusetts is to a large extent a commercial and manufacturing State; still, she has within her borders ample grounds, with all necessary environments, for the maintenance of an abundance of game and fish; and it is a serious matter, and one indicating a lack of proper consideration of the needs of our citizens, that the people of this State annually spend many thousands of dollars for recreation elsewhere, which might be provided in this State by judicious legislation, with the result that a large revenue would be retained within our own borders.

The great and increasing demand made from all parts of the State for the better enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game renders it necessary, if the work is to be carried on, that a larger appropriation should be made for that purpose. In addition to deputies who serve without pay, there should be a corps of paid deputies, who can be sent to any part of the State when required.

Mongolian Pheasant.

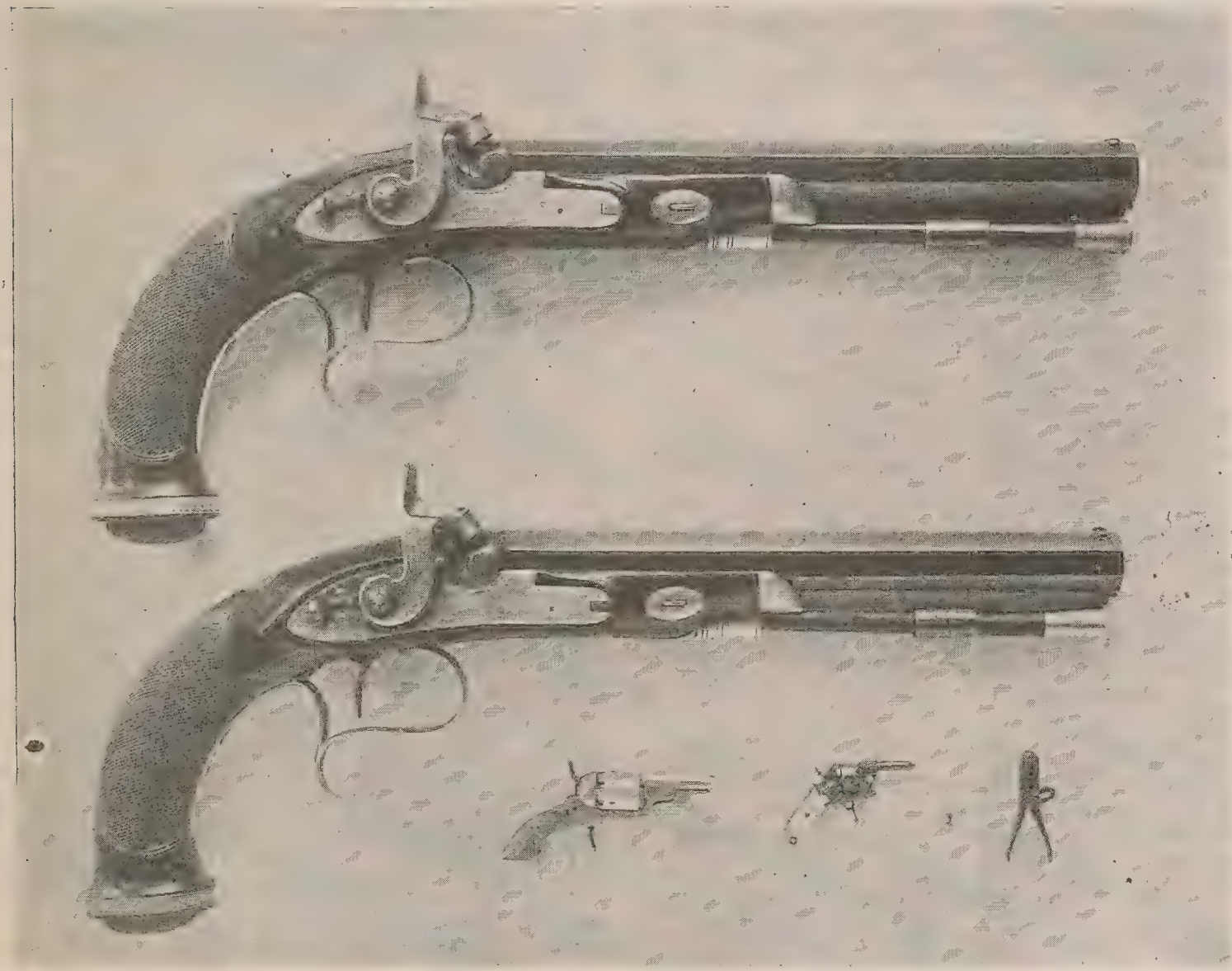
After the passage of the act of 1895, protecting pheasants, there was a considerable delay in obtaining a pure stock for breeding, and a still further delay in experimenting with them, in order to acquire the necessary knowledge and experience to successfully rear the young birds.

It was thought best to interest people throughout the State by sending pheasants to reliable parties to breed and distribute in their respective localities; but unfortunately this plan did not meet with success, as in a majority of cases they either lost their birds or failed to rear any. For this the Commissioners are in no way responsible; for they gave all the aid and information possible. Could the parties have given more care and attention to the work, the result might have been different. Mongolian pheasants are beautiful birds, and some who received them evidently considered their attractive appearance of more importance than their increase.

For the past two years it has seemed to us, in view of past experience, better to send the birds in the spring or early fall to be liberated at once, or in the fall to parties willing to keep them through the winter and set them free in the spring. We are sorry to say that this agreement has not always been kept. Probably a still better way would be for the Commission to personally inspect and select suitable localities, and put the birds out in colonies, from which the young birds would scatter and select desirable homes for themselves. In this way there would be no difficulty in stocking the State, provided they were not molested by lawless hunters. The State of Oregon was stocked from birds liberated on one estate.

Pheasants, like the quail, inhabit the more open ground during spring, summer and fall, and seek shelter in the thick pine woods in winter. Their native habitat is a country where the winters are more severe than in this State, and they will withstand the cold.

Two important questions had to be considered in introducing pheasants. First, would they find sufficient food to tide them through the winter. It was not known whether they would "bud," like the grouse. This question is now settled. Last winter was severe, as the snow came early and lasted long, but not a pheasant was known to have perished from cold or lack of food. Some of the liberated birds have been seen in hen yards, apparently seeking food; but this is due to the fact that they have been accustomed to be fed, and to their disposition to flock together in winter. The second question was, Will hunters let them alone until the State is well stocked? The artificially reared bird is half tame, and would easily fall a prey to the unprincipled gunner; and we regret to say that many of them have already been killed, six or eight persons having been convicted and fined; and we know that these cases represent only a small part of the number destroyed by lawless hunters, where sufficient evidence to convict could not be obtained. It is unnecessary to say that this wanton destruction has materially affected the success of our work. Nevertheless, we are able to present very encouraging reports, such as has never been possible in the introduction of any other game bird. There have been but few liberated in Winchester from the State aviary, yet this and the surrounding towns are becoming fairly well stocked.



MR. WALMSLEY'S PISTOLS AND MINIATURE REVOLVERS.

The tiny cartridge shows between the second revolver and the bullet mold.

about half as loud as a boy's cap pistol. At a distance of 3 feet it has a penetration of ten pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

Just about the center of the illustration, and below the bullet mould, can be seen one of the tiny cartridges used. It is fine sport to go out fly hunting with this pigmy-like weapon, and as it shoots with a fair degree of accuracy quite a bag of game may be taken in a morning's hunt, if one is fortunate enough to find numerous "herds" of this "animal."

The other of the small revolvers measures $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the point of the barrel to the end of the butt. The barrel measures 1 inch and the chambers are $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch in length.

This one is also a six-shooter and is modeled minutely after the cap and ball Colts. It lacks nothing. Loading rod, sights, everything has been duplicated in miniature, and it is as perfect a revolver as was ever made. It is mainly of silver, hand-chased.

I have thus far been unable to ascertain definitely who made it, but from all the information that I have been able to gather I think it was probably made by the Colts Company or one of their employes about the year 1850 or 1855, either as a special order from some customer or else as a model or advertisement.

The bullet used is about the size of a No. 7 shot, for the making of which a bullet mould has been provided containing a mould for a round and a conical bullet. The mould measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and can be seen in the illustration just between the two small pistols. I attempted to photograph the percussion cap used for the latter revolver, but it is so very minute that it was a practical impossibility.

The second revolver has about four times the penetration of the first, and is more suitable for hunting such large and dangerous game as beetles and caterpillars, especially as it is considerably more accurate than the other, and one does not run so much risk of missing the mark and being carried off and devoured by these ravenous animals.

had the best of care, and when not in use having been kept in their mahogany case.

I think it would be difficult to find a pistol as accurate as these. If one has a steady hand and a good eye he cannot fail to hit the mark; the sighting is absolutely perfect. They are also fitted with the hair trigger.

Could these old pistols tell all the scenes they have witnessed and been actors in it would indeed make an interesting narrative, for for over three-quarters of a century they figured in almost every notable "affair of honor" at New Orleans, and many a time has the early morning sun filtered through the branches of the famous Dueling Oaks of that city and glinted on the gold sights of the leveled pistols as the two "principals" of the "affair" faced each other, awaiting the word to fire.

But all their pristine glory has departed in these prosaic days, and they disconsolately hang on the wall among numerous other weapons of a bygone time, and bemoan the advance of civilization and arbitration that has relegated them from a life of activity and excitement to a dull, dead, uninteresting existence of being stared at and commented on by members of a generation which they detest because of their lack of recourse to the "code."

H. B. WALMSLEY.

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Scarcely a week passes without a report of pheasants being seen. On one estate, within two miles of the aviary, the owner reports that not less than seven or eight broods have been seen this season, and surely not less than fifty birds reared.

Rifles and Moose.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to Frank H. R.'s (Riverside, Cal.) letter in last week's FOREST AND STREAM about "Mr. Foster's Big Moose," his adverse criticisms of the small caliber rifle and praise of the obsolete express (so-called) rifle:

Frank H. R. evidently has only a superficial knowledge of the hitting power and shock produced by the impact of a "soft-nosed" .30cal. bullet on big game. While the orifice made by the bullet on entering the hide is but little if any larger than the bullet itself, that made on leaving the body is much larger than could possibly be made by any express or other large caliber rifle. I once shot a young buck deer through the heart with a .45-90-375 Winchester, but it did not stop him short of 150 yards. On examination I found the heart and lungs completely disrupted. That same season I shot and killed almost in his tracks another young buck with a .22cal. (long cartridge) rifle.

Four years ago the State of New York advertised for small caliber rifles with which to arm its 15,000 National Guardsmen. I watched with the keenest interest the different stages of that memorable contest, and when the award was finally made without a dissenting voice to the Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., I made up my mind that the Savage was good enough for me, and I purchased one of their rifles through Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of New York, paying \$47.50 for it.

The first deer I shot with my .303 was a young buck. The ball entered the side of the head within an inch of the eye. The result was startling. Both eyes



THE 883-POUND MOOSE.

were bulged out and lay on the cheeks. The skull was shattered into a thousand pieces, and every particle of brain was blown out as completely as if it had been carefully removed for dissection. The jagged hole made by the bullet on leaving the deer's head was large enough to put my fist in, and the head as it lay where the deer fell had the appearance of having been skinned for mounting, so flat did it appear. The next deer shot with the arm was a large buck, distance about 80 yards. He stood on the bank of a creek looking straight at me. When the bullet hit him he fell as if struck by lightning. The bullet passed between the ribs on entering and leaving the body, but the impact on the tissue caused the soft-pointed bullet to mushroom to at least five times its caliber; and the shock produced by the sudden stoppage of a bullet traveling over 2,000 feet per second is indescribable, and almost inconceivable.

It has been my good fortune to get shots at four bull moose with the .303, and I have photographs of every one of them. The first one I shot across a lake at an estimated distance of 350 yards. He did not move out of his tracks, but to make assurance doubly sure I kept on pumping lead until he fell. The second came to a "call" just at nightfall. He stood exactly thirteen steps from me when I fired. This time the bullet did not stop him, but on the contrary seemed to accelerate his speed. I kept firing until I had emptied the magazine, and two more cartridges hurriedly crammed in. At the seventh and last shot, and as the moose was entering the woods, 150 yards away, my guide noticed that he stumbled and almost fell. Next morning we found him, an immense bull, with a bullet in his breast and three in his left hip, which was badly shattered. The third bull I shot one morning at about half an hour after sunrise. He also came in answer to a call, and stood 165 measured steps from the rifle when I fired. I emptied the magazine into him—every shot taking effect. This moose did not move 20 yards from where he stood when the first shot hit him.

The fourth and last moose, like the second and third, came to a call just at dusk. I waited until he came within fifteen steps of me, and he fell within 10 feet of where the first shot hit him with three .303 soft-nose bullets in his neck.

I have had no experience in shooting moose with any other rifle than the .303 Savage, and do not pretend to say that an express rifle or .45-70 or .45-90 would not have done the work equally well; but I do maintain that no other weapon, whatever the caliber, could have done better.

If any sportsman chooses to tramp through the woods with three or four pounds of unnecessary weight of rifle and ammunition, that is his lookout. For my part I consider the new small-bore rifle, when using soft-pointed bullets and nitrous powder, as far superior to any express or other large caliber rifle as the latter are ahead of the muzzleloading flint locks of our grandfathers, and I speak as a sharpshooter in one of the regiments of the National Guard.

A great deal of discussion has been indulged in recently regarding the size of moose. One of your correspondents claims to have shot one "said to have weighed 1,800 pounds, while another claims that 700 pounds is as large as they grow. I am in position to take issue with the latter assertion. The last moose I killed weighed when dressed—and by that I mean nothing but the four quarters, and even with the feet cut off—883 pounds. With entrails, blood, hide, antlers and feet the weight must have been one-third more, or close to 1,200 pounds in life.

If Frank H. R. would care to see the photographs of the four bull moose, together with the dressed carcass of the one weighing 883 pounds, a letter addressed to FOREST AND STREAM will reach me, and it will give me a great deal of pleasure to send him copies, and thereby possibly convert him to using the small caliber rifle.

PEEP SIGHT.

A Mixed Bag in Michigan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My brother, Leon W., who has lived in Michigan for the last twenty years, sends me the following story of his hunt last fall, which I think will be interesting to many of the FOREST AND STREAM readers:

"You wanted to know about the hunt. Bear stories are sometimes fishy, but in this case I was an active member of the party. We drove ninety miles north, where I had been on two different occasions before. The first day we were out I had seven deer running ahead of me at one time; but a little out of range. I drove the swamp, and my chum got a shot at the second and missed, but pumped up another cartridge and got him the second shot. There were plenty of deer there, but the neighbors would slip in ahead of us and shoot the deer. This was not very encouraging. Think of me going to a runaway, and after a hard day's work getting there just in time to see some one else shoot a fine buck with seven spikes on his horns.

"We pulled up our tent and drove twenty miles further north, and got there Sunday night at dark. We pitched tent, scraped out the snow, cut several armfuls of hemlock boughs for a bed, and were soon asleep. We were out bright and early Monday morning, and the four of us worked hard until 3 o'clock fixing a tent for the horses and getting camp into shipshape. At 3 o'clock we started out. One mile from camp Bruce, our bird dog, made a set and snuffed to the west. We were out for grouse, and were loaded with No. 6 shot. We sent him out and followed forty rods, and he came to a dead point. We watched with all eyes, but could see no bird. Bruce looked under a log. I told Gene to go around and see. He raised his 12-gauge with a tremble and shot, saying, first bear, and before he moved out of his tracks up jumped another. One shot settled him, and he said bear No. 2. They were both cubs. I got over just in time to see the old one almost on top of me, and thought of my No. 6 shot. I had to act quickly, so aimed for her eyes. She stopped right there. While we were loading, off came the other old one and ran, and we after him. Gene got the first shot at him which brought him to his haunches, but I took eight shots to kill him, and hit him three times on the head with a club. I went back for the wagon, and we got them back to camp just at dark.

"We had good shooting, and when we broke camp we had four bears, nine deer, four coons, one lynx and fifty-six ruffed grouse lining up. I thought of you, and wished you were here; it would have put some color in your face."

FRED O. SHELDON.

In Colorado Mountains.

MR. EMERSON CARNEY, of West Virginia, sends us the following letter, received by him from a correspondent who was formerly his neighbor in the Rockies, and who, he tells us, enjoys the distinction of being the most successful hunter and guide in that region. The letter is written from Pearl, Colo., and runs:

I will try, as per request, to give you a short sketch of the fall hunt. The first I acted as guide for were Robert Homer and wife, of Laramie, Wyo., and Milward Adams and wife, of Chicago, Ill. I tell you it was a rare treat for me. They have all traveled a great deal and are good talkers, and I enjoyed immensely our evening conversation around a bonfire of pitch stumps. I had a very easy time with them; as they were out more for a good time than for blood, except bear. We succeeded in getting one, a very fine brown. Berries were so plentiful this year that it was hard to get the bears to come to a bait. We used a "locoed" horse for bait. I took them up on the range for a view of the country, and they certainly had it. We were in the west of Mount Zircle, near the source of the Elk Head, where North Park is spread out like a panorama with the Medicine Bow and Black Hills ranges on the east, the Flap Tops to the southwest, and Hahn's Peak and the mountains west of there melting away into a dim blue line; and the Platte Valley and the mountains around Fort Steele and Rawlins to the north—a country larger than some of the States. Mr. Adams declared that for scenic beauty the Swiss Alps could not compare with this. It always did seem strange to me that Americans would rush off to Europe in search of scenery when the glorious old Rockies are full of the grandest scenery, purest air and finest water on earth.

I suppose some of your Eastern friends would think you had been taking lessons from Eli Perkins if you should tell them that within four hours' ride on horseback from my house you could take them to where they could get a view that covered 40,000 square miles of territory, yet it is a fact.

The second party I had was W. B. Cook and wife, of Denver. They were with me only three days; he got a nice buck; it was his first deer, and he was about as well pleased over it as a man could be. Mrs. Cook is a fine rifle shot, and wished very much to get a deer; she had several chances to shoot at does and fawns, but like a true sportswoman she wanted a buck or nothing; and as their time was so limited she had to go home without it. She killed quite a number of grouse.

The third party was a couple of Denver men. They

were out four days. One of them got the finest buck of the season. My fourth and last party were two Denver men and a New Jersey tenderfoot. We went up into the Owl Mountain country. Deer were plentiful, but very wild; and the weather was stormy all the time we were up there. The Derivites got nothing but grouse and snowshoe rabbits, while the tenderfoot got two nice young bucks. The two bucks that I got were very fine ones. I had been following one and had given it up and started home, taking the opposite side of the ridge coming back; had traveled a mile when I saw them. The largest one was just going behind a little pine; the smaller one was in the lead. He saw me as I dropped on my knee, but could not make out what it was. He presented a splendid mark, but I would not shoot at him, wishing to have a try at the big fellow behind the bush. I had to wait until my hand was almost frozen before he made up his mind that it was nothing and moved on, when the big fellow stepped into view. The little .303-30 Savage spoke twice in quick succession, and they were both mine.

Hoping that this letter may interest you for a little while, without giving you the mountain fever too badly, I remain as ever your friend,

COOKE RHEA.

The Pintail's Flight.

AN interesting observation on the speed of flight of the pintail duck (*Asila acuta*) has just been reported by Mr. Geo. Bird, whose wide experience and interest in all matters pertaining to shooting are well known.

No question is more commonly asked than how fast the wild duck flies, and so far as we know in no case have any facts on this subject been recorded which give definite results. On the other hand, guesses and estimates without number have appeared in the newspapers and in the books, and these guesses run all the way from fifty miles an hour to 120 miles an hour. Many years ago Mr. D. W. Cross, in his very interesting little book, "Fifty Years with Rod and Gun," published some estimates of the speed of the duck's flight and gave the method on which these estimates were based. The observations were carried on on the grounds of the Winous Point Club and consisted in timing ducks of different species as they flew up or down stream between stakes the distance between which was known. The method was exceedingly rough and the results not of great value, though probably better than anything that had been secured up to that time.

The observation reported by Mr. Bird, while it does not give the speed at which the particular species reported on flies, does show that it easily flies at a speed of over sixty miles an hour.

In March, 1899, Mr. Bird was traveling through the Southwest on a special train over the M., K. & T. R. R. From a slough in the prairie at the side of the track several pintail ducks sprang into the air and flew along parallel with the train. Mr. Bird watched them for a moment or two, and then, seeing that they were flying at about the same rate with the train, it occurred to him to look at the speed gauge, which he had been consulting but a moment before. The train was running at the rate of fifty-two miles per hour, and the birds were swinging along beside it and not more than 40 yards distant.

A moment or two later they seemed disposed to leave the train, and swung out over the prairie to a distance of perhaps 1,000 yards from the train, and then turning again toward the track swung in and resumed their old position. After a few moments, however, they seemed again to become uneasy, and began to increase their speed, still keeping parallel with the train, but drawing slowly ahead, reminding the observer as he looked at them somewhat of the way in which the faster of two steamboats of nearly equal speed draws away from the slower. This continued until the ducks reached a point where the smoke of the engine was met with, when they suddenly flared up into the air, greatly increased their speed and in a very few moments were quite out of sight ahead of the train.

The opportunity was one which might never occur again, and the observation one of very considerable interest. The pintail duck is not a very swift flyer if we compare it with such birds as the butterball, broadbill, redhead or canvasback. At the same time, it is probably as swift a bird as the mallard or black duck and perhaps somewhat swifter.

In Ohio Quail Fields.

EDGERTON, O.—It was on a brisk December day that found me in the buggy with Jack, my Irish setter, by my side, and the gun and old canvas coat packed behind. I was bound for the home of L., my uncle, and a true sportsman, who lived in the heart of a good quail country.

Upon my arrival I was given a hearty welcome, and after having a talk about the birds and dogs and other topics that please the hunter, we went to the house, which I found surely to be the home of a hunter, for in one corner were two guns and on the wall hung cartridge belt, canvas coat and other supplies. After supper we planned our next day's sport, told a few yarns while sitting around the stove, and went to bed with happy dreams of a glorious day.

The next morning we were astir early, and we were soon at the table filling up on flapjacks, for L.'s wife was a good cook, and an expert flapjack baker. After breakfast we donned the old coats and started down the road, Jack racing ahead in delight. As it was a cold morning our fingers soon began to get cold, but upon reaching the creek and giving Jack the order to heel, we started up stream, and had not gone far when Jack froze in his tracks as though he had grown there. Then we forgot all about cold fingers, for the day's sport was about to begin. The order came to flush, and the birds rose rather wild; still we each succeeded in scoring one, although each emptied both barrels. I marked the birds, or at least the place where I thought they went; but we could only find one, which fell to L.'s gun. We left the rest for seed, and went further up the creek to a field about a quarter of a mile long, grown up with brush and small willows, through which the creek flowed. It was a good place for quail, and soon Jack made a point. The order came to flush; then out from under the bank came a large flock of eighteen or twenty. Crack, crack goes the guns, till both barrels are empty, and old Jack gathered in five birds.

We started after the other birds, and soon found them, and what sport we did have chasing them back and forth over that field! Old Jack's work would have done credit to a king. But finally they were all gone, except a few; and we left these to themselves and started across the woods to a swattp. Here we could only find a few; and as the brush was thick, they easily escaped before our guns. We then started for a large slashing of twenty or thirty acres, which I knew contained a couple of flocks. On the way we passed through a cornfield with some brush in it, and Jack flushed four birds. Crack goes my gun. Then L. shoots; but still the bird goes on. Then crack go the guns again, but none of the birds stop. "Those birds must be made of cast iron," says L. "But I guess it was more in the men that held the guns than in the birds." "Well, just wait till we get to that slashing, then I'll show you." And he did, too; for we had not more than arrived when we saw tracks in the snow, and pretty soon Jack pointed a brush pile. The order came to flush; then flap, flap, go the tiny wings, and crack go the guns. There is a fluttering in the snow, and Jack gathers in four birds. We then picked up a few singles from this flock and went on to the next one, which we soon found, and succeeded in bringing five of them to the bag. As it was getting late and we were both pretty hungry, we sat down and ate our lunch. Counting the birds, we found we had thirty-three, a fair bag for one day. We then started on our three-mile tramp for home, but on the way found something to liven us up a little; for as we were passing through a piece of thick woods and underbrush Jack made a point. The order came to flush, when out came four pheasants. I succeeded in scoring one, and so did L. This was a pleasant ending for a glorious day's sport. We soon reached the house. L. wanted me to stay till morning, but as it was only six miles over good roads I concluded to go that night, and soon I was sitting before my own fire, while Jack was tearing meat from an old beef bone to his heart's content. G—G.

Boston and Thereabouts.

Boston, Jan. 15.—The scarcity of venison in the Boston markets is a somewhat peculiar feature. Two leading dealers in game have told me within a couple of days that no more is coming this year. Said one of them: "You could not get it now except out of cold storage, not if you were willing to pay \$1 a pound for it. It is not coming, neither from the West nor any other part of the country." I learn that the non-transportation game laws of the West are being much better enforced this year than ever before, and I learn this principally from the receivers of game. It is barely possible that New York is getting venison this year, but Boston is not. Asking another dealer, who has always contended that he has a right to receive game from Maine, even in close season there, as to the prospects for illegal venison coming from that State, he told me that he does not believe that there will be much of any received this winter. He says that he does not know of any that will be likely to come from his usual sources of supply. In the first place, the snow has amounted to very little in Maine so far, and hunting has been very poor. It has been impossible to approach the deer in their yards, since the snow has not been deep enough at any time to prevent their running anywhere as easily as in summer time. It is a great year for the wintering of the deer, and it is possible that nature is conspiring to prevent the shameful shipments of deer, thin in flesh and out of season, that took place only a year ago. But there are yet two and a half months more for snow to fall in Maine, and in the meantime the Boston markets will be watched. SPECIAL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

An Old Bear Story.

HERE'S a problem for W. W. Hastings, Pine Tree, or some other of the old boys. Way back on the other side of thirty years ago there was a story in my third (?) reader which made a more vivid impression on me than the great bulk of hunting stories which I've read—and written—since; for the last I've mostly forgotten, while the first—well, let me see how much of it I remember since that day.

It was told as by an eye-witness. For days the party of whites and Indians, apparently, had been snowbound in a pass—we'll say in the Rockies.

They were near to starvation. The snow was deep and no game. A sound was heard and a large animal (an elk?) was seen falling or leaping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff. They were not ready for such an advent and lost the shot; as they hesitated, suddenly the heads of about a dozen bears projected over the sky line, growling after their vanished prey.

"For your life, don't fire!" cried Gary, catching the arm of one of the hunters; but it was too late. A dozen rifles cracked, and the bullets sped upward, and the bears, "who minded the bullets no more than so many pin-pricks," with angry growls began to descend the cliff. They came down to the last terrace, hesitated, then jumped and the fight began. "Some ran away and climbed into the low trees." Others sought to find hiding places. The rest with hunting knives and clubbed rifles did what they could to stand off the bears. Then came the fight as far as it related to the teller, who perforce had to mind his own business. He was nearly worsted, in the snow-drift, when "a light flashed in my eyes. There was a strong smell of burning," and the bear gave way before the attack of "a strange looking man, whose head was perfectly smooth and glistening," and who was yielding a torch to the best effect. Some of the bears lay dead. One or two others, "evidently wounded, were with difficulty making their way up the cliff. But where was the last?"

"Yonder he goes," cried one, pointing to a snow wreath in the distance, and as they watched it there came a death yell. The Indians grasped their weapons and dashed over to the spot. Then came the death wail of their tribe, as they found one of their braves lying side

by side with the bear, with his knife buried in the latter's heart. Gary runs up to the stranger shouting:

"Here's your scalp, Doctor; you've saved us all!" and handed him a wig. And next day somehow they got out of their trap.

Now I have no doubt that there are enough old boys among us who still remember reading this tale of the days when rifles gave the bears a better show than now; and what I want to know is, What's the rest of the story, before and after? Who were they? How did they get in there? Where did they go next? And who wrote it and what do they think of this bit of memory?

BOSTON, Mass.

J. P. T.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing on the Boardman.

THE Boardman River is a grand trout stream, rising away over northeast of here, flowing first southwest, then west, and finally north, and emptying into Grand Traverse Bay at Traverse City, Mich. In the early days it teemed with countless speckled trout, but years of log running drove the fish out until its fame was almost forgotten. The pine forest finally came to an end, logs no more navigated its waters, rainbow and German brown trout were planted, and its pools are now inhabited by fish of enormous size and startling proportions. I don't believe there is another stream in this peninsula that can compare with it. The water is clear and cold, and runs so fast that one can hardly stand in its current. Ripples, rapids, pools, deep holes, rocks, logs, stumps, roots, tree tops and divers and sundry other things are found in its bed at very frequent intervals, and make fishing interesting.

There are fish there yet, plenty of them, for few are caught, but I have seen them.

One evening last summer my wife and I drove two miles up stream, and I began whipping the water with a cast of fins on a single gut leader. There was a splash, a rush, a log and a few remarks. I then tied on one fly and took a couple of small fish of possibly a pound weight each. Looking down a long reach of smooth water, a sight met my gaze that took my breath. The water was suddenly dotted with large flies, and a dozen or more large trout were having a picnic. I plunged in over my boots and laid my fly on the eddies made by the breaking fish, but without result, till, growing desperate, I picked a fly from the water, stuck it on my fly and tossed it with my hand about 10 feet away. Splash—a 2-pound speckled trout hitched on, and the fun began, but didn't last long, for I just "rustled" him into the net, grabbed another fly, and in a jiffy had another in tow—weight on the scales 2½ pounds.

Where was my wife all this time? Just dancing up and down the bank demanding one of those "bugs." She finally made me hear, but by the time I had caught the fly and got her hook baited the fish had got enough, and all of a sudden there was a great quiet settled on the face of the waters, and I discovered that I was wet and cold.

The next morning we were there again, and a friend with me. The same play was on the boards, but neither he nor I could hold the fish we hooked. We had provided ourselves with rather small hooks to hold the flies, and the fish simply flapped their tails and took another fly. My friend stood by a large pool and said there were three and four fish up at a time, and he cast hooks as fast as he could put them on.

On another day I hooked and lost five good fish of two or more pounds each on not over 200 feet of water. One took to a tree top; another went up a stump and the others were not sufficiently well hooked to stand the strain, for know ye that when one of these rainbows takes hold he has his eye on a convenient snag, and it is simply a case of pull or he is lost, and with most of us it is lost.

Why don't we use bigger hooks? I have tried it and couldn't get a bite, unless I was looking somewhere else, when, splash, my fly or bait was gone.

This fishing in this river is a problem which I have still to solve. I have read FOREST AND STREAM for fifteen years, and carefully noted everything pertaining to the surroundings of the wily Salmo. Fred Mather says to let the flies float down with the current; that a trout knows that flies don't meander up hill. So I go down stream, whipping every foot of likely water, and not a rise. I step out on a log and lay out my line, foot by foot, till I get so much string on the water that I can't raise the flies, and start to reel in, when, presto! he spits it out before I get over my start.

Finally along comes E. Hough with his Taylor system, and I in fancy see myself cleaning out the stream, I take my shears, trim up some flies, read the instructions again, to make sure I have overlooked nothing, and wade boldly in. Right over there is a hole that I know hides a trout of not less than 4 pounds weight. (That is the weight of the largest fish I ever caught, and all of less size are considered small since.) I splash my bobtailed flies up there, drop them gently, let them float lightly past. There must have been some mistake; so I try again, but never a fin is shown. Down the stream I go, cutting, slashing and dropping as lightly as a thistle-down. I use all the way from 6 to 50 feet of line—and never a rise; and I have yet to get a rise while using that system.

Some time along in May last there came into my shop an elderly man with a beaming face, and seating himself on a sawhorse began to talk of fishing. It developed that he had accumulated sufficient of worldly goods to satisfy his ambition, and now, having no family ties demanding his attention, he was going a-fishing. In fact, had been going fishing for some years.

He said these were new waters to him, and he had always found it a wise policy to get acquainted with the local experts, and learn if possible the peculiarities of the streams and their inhabitants. I asked him if he had ever tried the Taylor system, to which he replied that he had not, but should at the first opportunity.

Taking a fly-book from his pocket, he read me a

synopsis of the directions as given in FOREST AND STREAM, which he had prepared to take along. He tried it good and plenty, but did not get a rise, and the next time I am in Chicago I am going in and eat Mr. Hough unless he promises to come up and show me how.

I keep a tent up the river from May 1 till Sept. 1, and my family go up often for a few days at a time, and at every opportunity I mount my wheel when the day's work is done and in half an hour I am hard at it. I don't get many fish, because I fish exclusively for the big ones, and they are hard to get—very hard.

Out in the hall are now my rods—and a hard-looking lot they are. Two of them were tough lancewood, but they have more ferrules by several than the makers supplied, and there is only one tip between them, and that is several inches short. Then there is my split-bamboo casting rod. It was a beauty, but its glory has departed. There is one tip, with a decided rake to port, left out of three. The joint bowed to a monster till its back broke, and now it supports a thin sheet of brass wound with silk. There are other rods around, but there is not enough left to speak of, and I am seaching for something to repair them with. I must have a rod, like the boy's legal form, "horse high, hog tight and bull strong." Can any of my brother anglers help me. I have tried greenheart and found it wanting. I tried to hold a moderate-sized fish (about 4 pounds) from going under a log at my feet and the miserable thing broke. I saw a steel rod buckle like lead, and split-bamboo goes to pieces too quickly for my moderate means.

I have been contemplating getting some bethabara wood and making some joints and tips, but a brother angler has told me of reading that osage orange is all that can be desired. This is a new wood for rods to me, and if any angler in the United States has had any experience with it I pray him to communicate with me, for just four months from to-morrow morning at daylight I must be at the front in full fighting trim. What sort of an idea would it be to wind the rod spirally with from 1-8 to 3-16 of an inch between the lay?

With lines I have no trouble. I get one with a warranted breaking strain of 17 pounds, and something else gives first; but the hooks break me all up by breaking in the most heartrending way. A No. 20 Cincinnati bass hook let go in the bend when a rainbow vaulted some feet out of water. A No. 4 white-miller parted in the middle when I had a nice fish in a clear place, and was working him easy, while a 3-pounder gave in when hooked with the smallest of minnow hooks.

Then there were others that simply let go when I was doing the delicate act to perfection. They didn't seem to take hold.

I fished morning, noon and night; in sunshine and rain; in moonlight and when it was dark as a pocket; I have sometimes caught some fish, not many, and often no fish at all. The morning of the last day of the season is marked with a long, wide red line, for my fishing companion and I did it well and thoroughly.

There were two pools, big, deep and dark, which we had fished diligently many times and oft, but from which we had never taken a trout. We knew they were there, for they had taken divers and sundry flies, minnows, etc.

Meeting my friend on the street, I put it to him thus: "Ed, to-morrow is our last chance this year, and we may die before next spring; so let's go up to camp to-night, and in the morning go out and plunk for those old fellows in the holes by the oat field. I hear that that Swede got his big catch of last Sunday by using pieces of suckers, which he let down into the pools from above with a long line. Now, I am desperate."

"So am I," said Ed. "Bring your bass rod and big bass landing net; I will take my outfit, and if either of us hooks one, the other is to man the net and land him if he has to swim. Leave your watch at home, for you may forget it and get it wet. I'll take along a few worms to catch a sucker for bait with."

Daylight saw two desperate men draining the coffee pot, after which they started up stream, whipping the water just to get the blood up and their dander at the desired pitch.

Arriving at the oat field, a detour was made, for the victims must not know that the enemy was abroad. A small hook, baited with a piece of worm soon furnished a sucker. Cutting a chunk about the size of his thumb, Ed baited a No. 20 Cincinnati bass hook, and wading boldly in began to pay out line. No sooner had the plebeian lure reached the first eddy than there was a screech from the reel, and the fun began. The fish darted down stream, and Ed on the bank was hard after him and reeling in like mad. The lower end of the pool was fairly clear of snags, and the way Ed hauled that fish up and down would have scandalized even a pot-fisher. With the net in both hands, I waited my opportunity, till, with a mighty sweep, I scooped him up and carried him ashore. He wasn't so very big after all—only 20 inches long—but he was a fighter, as I had found to my sorrow on several previous occasions.

Down to the next and larger pool we went, and I plunked in my hunk of meat. There was a tug, and then a steady pull down stream. What was it? There was no rush, no jump, but just pull. Working down to a shallow bar, Ed soon had what proved to be a German brown trout of 21½ inches length. Back up to the head of the pool went Ed, and in a few minutes he was being towed down by one 22½ inches long. To even up I pulled out one of 16 inches, and we quit, for we had to get back to work.

What ugly looking things the brown trout were beside the rainbow, and they fought like a team of oxen. They almost never rise to the fly, and are about as game as a pike.

I doubt not that some of your readers would call this very far from "true sportsmanship," and so would I if the "creeters" would take the fly, which they won't—hardly ever. I almost always begin with the fly, and am considered an expert. After I have faithfully presented my stock for their inspection, and they will have none of them, I do not feel that I transgress the laws of sportsmanship by resorting to other devices to accomplish the destruction of a limited number. Anyway, I think it better than to do as I know a very flowery writer to do—catch with a minnow and bury trout by the bushel, and in writing tell of their enticement with the artificial bait.

V. E. MONTAGUE.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., 11:50 P. M., Dec. 21.

More About Eels.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the opinions and experiences of Messrs. Cheney and Wall concerning the elusive eel.

During the last fifteen years I have caught eels in many different ways, and have had considerable experience and noted many peculiar facts in regard to this most slippery fish.

Although some claim that the eel migrates to deep water at the approach of winter, my actual experience has been that thousands of them do not. I have speared them during November, December, January and the first two or three weeks in March, in the muddy bottoms of various small creeks, which flood and ebb with the tide, and are also fed by fresh-water springs.

When the tide is at its lowest there is only two or three inches of water covering the channel of these creeks, under which they bury themselves, not only during the winter, but also during many low tides in warm weather.

About the last week in March they begin to take the "bob" readily. Usually they do not leave their bed until the tide is about one-quarter up, the young or small ones bite first, generally about half an hour before the larger ones begin to take hold.

As soon as it is slack high water they cease biting (although they sometimes stop before), excepting when strong easterly winds cause the tide to run unusually high and flood the adjoining meadows to the depth of three or four inches; then they will continue to bite an hour and sometimes two after high water.

On such occasions the small or medium-sized ones when flung upon the bank easily swim away undetected, but the large ones can be readily found by their violent splashing, and a blow with a stout green branch makes them easy prey.

We bob in the creeks until about May 15, when they appear to leave and seek the deeper water of the bay, where we bob them until June.

Owing to a time-honored custom we do not try them again until August, although I once saw an old gentleman bobbing in the surf during July, and from his comical antics with a long pole and longer line, he appeared to be getting plenty of bites.

I was weakfishing at the time about 100 yards from him, and could plainly see him sling an occasional eel upon the sand.

We bob them again during August, September and October, but when November begins they seek soft muddy spots to bed in.

Mr. Wall says the young are hatched or born in deep water! In regard to that I would like him to explain the following: During the early part of last July I was walking with a friend across the meadows, through which a large number of small streams run in every direction; some of them dwindle to mere rivulets, which you could span with your hand. In one of these very small rivulets, and extending about 50 yards to a creek, were countless millions of young eels squirming and wriggling one above the other, so that every drop of water was occupied by eels, eels, eels!

I placed my hand in the water and took out a few to examine them. They were about 1 inch long and appeared to have just been borne or hatched, as they were not yet properly colored. The only way I can describe their color is to say that if you mixed one part milk and three parts water it would about fill the bill. Their eyes were not fully developed, and everything considered I should say they were not over twenty-four hours old. Now, if the eels breed in deep water during the winter, how did these very young eels happen to be two miles from deep water during the month of July?

My brother and I were spearing last Saturday (Jan. 6), and upon cutting the ice found a considerable number of small eels about 2 inches long frozen in the ice.

Again when we brought lumps of mud and pieces of reed roots up from the bottom we found quite a number of live eels about the same size. We were on a mill pond, and the water was from three to five feet deep.

These eels must have been born or hatched later than July, or they would have attained a much greater size.

Taking all in all, I should judge from the above that eels are similar to man in the respect that they are liable to be brought into the world during any month that circumstances permit. WINET H. EMMONS.

Apròpos of which we take from the London Fishing Gazette the note from a New Zealand correspondent: "It has been held by naturalists that eels never breed in fresh water, but go out to sea for the purpose. No one, it has been said, had ever seen eels spawn. That eels do sometimes spawn in fresh water is proved by a case reported by the Southland Times of Thursday: Mr. W. J. Hamill, of Folly Farm, George road, informed us, some time ago, that his children had noticed a peculiar white deposit upon the branches of scrub, a few inches under the surface of the water of a lagoon near his house. They observed it spreading from day to day, and told their parents about it. The young folks, however, became greatly interested in the matter, and watched the place in hopes of discovering the cause. Their scientific ardor was very soon rewarded, for they saw the eel, or eels, quite plainly gliding about among the twigs, the deposit being left thereon as the fish passed slowly over. The children took great interest in observing the operation, and might almost be said to have established friendly relations with the eels of the lagoon, and could tell the males and females whenever they saw them in the water. Mr. Hamill brought a glass jar to this office on Tuesday, containing a quantity of the ova stripped off the branches. The semi-transparent, glutinous mass had partly hatched out, as hundreds of tiny creatures, like a morsel of very fine thread, were to be seen wriggling about all through it. In a phial Mr. Hamill had a few of the fry in a more advanced stage of development. These were about 2 inches long, and as thick as a good strong darning needle. They had got quite clear of the matter, and sought the sand at the bottom of the vessel for shelter when disturbed. It was intended by a gentleman in town to send the specimens to a scientific friend in Dunedin, but the warmth of the last few days was fatal to this object, as on Wednesday the contents of the jar had commenced to decompose, and only a few of the little threads still visible showed

signs of life at all. Another effort under more expeditious arrangements will be made to secure specimens for investigation. The occupants of the phial were liberated into a soup plate with a little sand and plenty of fresh water, and are still as lively as eels."

Mr. Marston comments on this: "The observation is interesting but not conclusive, as parasitic worms have often been mistaken for young eels. Still, we do not regard the eel generation question as by any means settled yet."

ANGLING NOTES.

Misstatements in Print.

TEN days ago I was talking with a Member of Congress about a prominent official with a national reputation about whom there was a rumor that he had violated the fish and game laws of one of the States. I knew that the charge was absolutely without foundation in fact, and the prominent official had explained to me how the rumor started; but, said the M. C., if it should get into the newspapers and he should deny it the denial would never overtake the original charge, and there will be people who will believe it with the denial before them; and others will believe it because they will never see the denial, for a denial never overtakes a charge of wrongdoing to refute it utterly. He said more to explain why this was so, but I will leave that to the imagination of any one who may read this note.

The evening of the same day I read in one of my home papers an extract credited to the New York Sun stating that American landlocked salmon had been introduced into the waters of Scotland, where they had practically driven out the native Scotch salmon. I recognized the Scientific American article which I criticized in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 11, but the Sun had to stand sponsor for it, because it had copied it in good faith. The extract bore the ear marks of plate matter and I concluded that it had a good start for a long run—a sort of continuous performance of giving wrong information. Being from home for a few days, I returned to find in my mail a letter with a similar printed extract inclosed asking if it were true. For reply I referred the writer of the letter to FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 11, and if I had had any doubt about the correctness of the observation of the Member of Congress I would now be convinced that it is most difficult to overtake a misstatement in print with a denial or correction, for misstatements appear to thrive, strange as it may be, in circulation far more vigorously than a correction.

A quarter of a century ago, or such a matter of time, it got into the newspapers that FOREST AND STREAM had offered a prize of blank dollars for a black bass weighing 6 pounds. FOREST AND STREAM never offered a prize for such a fish, but the bogus offer is in circulation yet—at least it was last summer, and it will live until this paper is 100 years old and appear regularly with all the vigor of youth.

Fishing Fever.

The fishing fever is a peculiar malady. It may be epidemic, sporadic, contagious, annual, semi-annual or monthly, and the man who has had it once is never immune so long as he can walk or talk, or even think. In fact, thinking is quite apt to bring it on in a violent form. There is no remedy for it in the pharmacopæia, and the only cure known, if prescribed and taken, affords but a temporary cure, as the fever is liable to break out again because of the prescription, if the patient has any luck.

Last week the fever got me, and it might be termed a malignant form of it that attacked me. A friend wrote me that he expected me to fish his salmon river with him in June. "It is not too early to lay out your plans now. Do not forget that a short vacation on a salmon river will enable you to do a good deal more and better work than you can accomplish if you remain at home all the time. Ristigouche air and water gives a man a clear head." What a physician my friend Mitchell would make, and how his patients would take his medicine when they had the fever! I read the letter in New York, and when I came up the river on the Southwestern Limited my thinking machinery was working as fast as the engine drivers. I went over the events of last season, when I did not go fishing, and the face of a young woman who is very dear to me came before me, as it so constantly does, and I thought how I remained at home to be near her because I imagined it was her wish, and how affection won when pitted against desire to go fishing. That evening at the home dinner table I announced to my daughter: "I shall go fishing for salmon next June."

"This is January. Why do you announce your plan for June so early?"

"Because I want it understood now, and I shall be thinking about it more or less from now until June."

The next morning at breakfast I again announced that I would go salmon fishing in June, and now it is fully understood that the fever has got in its deadly work and will run its course until June rolls around and the only remedy is applied. My own physician unconsciously added fuel to the fever in this wise: More than a year ago Dr. Van Dyke sent me a copy of his book, "Little Rivers," and my physician took it home with him to read. This morning he returned it and put it on my desk, where I was writing. I picked it up and opened it to the "Island Pool" chapter. The author does not mention in the book where this particular pool is situated, except in this indefinite manner:

"Among the mountains there is a gorge. And in the gorge there is a river. And in the river there is a pool. And in the pool there is an island." That description may not identify the pool, but later the author writes: "But when we came out upon the bald forehead of a burnt cliff and looked down, we realized the grandeur and beauty of the unseen voice that we had been following. A river of splendid strength went leaping through the chasm 500 feet below us, and at the foot of two snow white falls, in an oval of dark topaz water, traced with curves of floating foam, lay the solitary island."

That helps to identify the place; but when in the next paragraph I read, "The broken path was like a ladder. How shall we ever get down?" sighed Graygown, as we

dropped from rock to rock; and at the bottom she looked up, sighing, "I know we never can get back again," that settled it, for I went up and down that "broken path like a ladder" six times in three days, and the day after I left Dr. Van Dyke came. From that island, fishing in the rough water at the upper end of it, I hooked one ouananiche after another until I had landed three, all too large, as Maurice informed me, for a certain purpose. The fourth salmon was just the right size, according to Maurice, who dressed it, rolled it in bark and cooked it in hot sand with the embers of a fire covering the top of the primitive oven. When cooked, Bill Rathbone sat down at one end and I sat at the other of the fish and began to eat of it. I think our forks met fairly in the middle, and then for the first time I lost faith in the judgment of Maurice, for Billy and I were both of the opinion that he should have selected a larger fish to properly satisfy our appetites.

In the pool just below the island pool I hooked a ouananiche that jumped twelve times above the surface of the water before Maurice put the landing net under him, and I felt like doing as a friend did who was fishing with me for black bass when he hooked a bass that jumped seven times—and it was a fish of about 3 pounds weight; and when netted he removed the hook and returned the bass to the water alive with the admonition: "Go and propagate more game fish like yourself."

Dr. Van Dyke fished the island pool for three days, as I did, but his score was greater, for such fish as Billy and I and the men could not eat went back into the water, while the doctor's guide pickled his extra fish for winter use. He writes: "Why should I repeat the fisherman's folly of writing down the record of that marvelous catch? We always do it, but we know that it is a vain thing. Few listen to the tale and none accept it. Does not Christopher North, reviewing the 'Salmonia' of Sir Humphrey Davy, mock and jeer unfeignedly at the fish stories of that most respectable writer? But on the very next page old Christopher himself meanders on into a perilous narrative of the day when he caught a whole cart load of trout in a Highland loch. Incorrigible, happy inconsistency! Slow to believe others and full of skeptical inquiry, fond man never doubts one thing—that somewhere in the world a tribe of gentle readers will be discovered to whom his fish stories will appear credible." There is a whole sermon in that paragraph, and it shows that we are poor miserable sinners; but if it were not true as gospel I would not be writing these notes week after week. After reading the chapter on the island pool I was simply forced to go to my rod chest, and to my surprise a number of rods were missing. Then I examined my rod cases and one case was full of rods, just as I had returned from Canada with them more than a year ago, and then I began to realize how absolutely I am bossed by a girl and that furthermore I rather like it (the bossing), even if it does keep me from fishing at times. But I wrote for a new salmon rod, and from time to time I shall announce at the domestic hearth that I am going salmon fishing in June; and the fishing fever still burns with intensity, while the thermometer is falling outside to the neighborhood of zero. There is no danger of its burning out during the remaining winter months, and I intend to lay out my plans now, as my friend advises, for I mean to go salmon fishing in June.

Water Beetles.

In an article written for one of the reports of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York on "Food for Fishes," I said: "Perhaps the most rapacious of water insects is the water beetle (*Dytiscus*). The larvæ have mandibles which close upon their victim with certain destruction, and little fishes are their victims on occasion; but larger fishes eat the beetle, though they are not to be cultivated, for in larval and perfect form they will work destruction among a lot of fry. A larva has six legs near the head, and its segmented body tapers toward the tail. In the different species the larvæ may be from 1 to 1½ inches long." In these notes, too, I have given warning to those who were about to introduce insect food into trout waters to be extremely careful that water beetles were excluded. Recently I have seen it noted that a water beetle was seen to kill a trout weighing nearly 4 ounces, and the observer, Mr. Charles Walker, an English writer of experience, writes of stocking waters with fish and fish food. For fish food he recommends fresh water shrimps, snails, mussels and smaller crustacea (*Daphnia*, *Cyclops* and *Rotifera*). "It is generally advisable to avoid water beetles, as most of them are more likely to do harm than good, such a number of our water beetles being carnivorous. They will probably not harm adult fish, but they will destroy ova and fry."

In order to make sure of not introducing carnivorous water beetles into a water, I think it best as a rule not to introduce beetles at all. *Corixa* are, however, so like beetles that many people call them beetles; and therefore I will give a few points which will make them distinguishable from each other. In beetles the wing cases meet exactly in the middle line; in *Corixa* and other water bugs the anterior wings, which resemble the elytra of beetles, overlap, which causes the line on the back to curve away to one side at the lower end. In beetles the wings which lie under the wing cases are folded up on themselves, and when spread out are much larger than the wing cases. The wings are transparent and very delicate. In *Corixa* the posterior wings, which lie under the hard and horny anterior wings, are a little shorter than the anterior wings; they are not folded up on themselves and are not so delicate and transparent as the wings of the beetle.

Corisa (*Corixa*) is the typical genus of the family *Corisidae*, commonly called water-boatmen. There are two genera commonly met with. One, the *Corisce*, swims like a beetle, back upward. The other, *Notonecta glauca*, swims with back downward and is of no use as fish food; but the *Corisa* is, and their introduction into trout waters is advocated, as they increase rapidly and trout are fond of them. The hind legs of water-boatmen are developed as oars and become flattened, fringed with hairs and useless for locomotion on land.

They fly well, and the *Corisa* flies at night, and it can remain beneath the surface of the water as long as it pleases, while the other genus cannot, as they are more buoyant. In cold weather the water-boatmen bury themselves in the mud and remain until spring. The eggs

of the *Corisa* are attached to submerged objects, are very numerous and densely massed. Much is written about the water-boatmen in the text books, but I have selected briefly only that which may interest fish breeders.

Fish Food.

Seventeen years ago, I find from looking over the Proceedings of the American Fisheries, I began to write upon the subject of providing food for fishes, and since that time it has been charged that "Food for Fishes" is a hobby of mine, and I have even been accused of riding it with whip and spur, and I am always glad to find that others have the same mount. Mr. Walker says on the subject: "To begin with, the amateur must not suppose that because he puts fish into a stream or pond he will succeed in stocking that water or increasing the head of fish. There are many things to be considered. The river, stream or pond must be of a suitable character for the fish, and there must be plenty of food. I am sure that it is much more important to consider carefully whether the water is suitable and contains a proper supply of food than to consider how the fish are to be obtained, for recourse may always be had to a fish-culturist—fish of almost any kind and age can be bought ready made." (In this country fish are furnished free by the National and State Governments, as all readers of FOREST AND STREAM well know.) "The point I would impress upon the amateur more forcibly than anything else, is that he should be sure that there is plenty for his fish to eat in the water before he thinks of putting them into it."

Unfortunately, that is about the last thing an amateur fish planter thinks about, if he thinks about it at all, and the chances are large in favor of his never thinking about what his fish are to eat.

An applicant for public fish to plant in public waters, trout for instance, thinks he has done his full duty when he writes in his application that the stream is a "natural trout stream." The stream may have been a trout stream at some time, but conditions may have changed to render it uninhabitable for trout; the flow of water may fail at some seasons; from lack of shade the water may have become too warm; predaceous fish may have found their way into it; it may have become foul from mills or factories or sewers, and its food supply may have become exhausted.

As a mater of fact, 10,000 trout fry were secured from a public hatching station and planted in a stream in the spring, and in the autumn following I saw where the stream had been, for all that was left was a dry bed that looked as though a watering cart should run over its length to keep the dust down, but it was a "natural trout brook."

Repeatedly I have advised the introduction of fresh-water shrimps (*Gammarus pulex*) into trout waters that did not contain them, and in which they would thrive—for they will not thrive in all waters. I have read recently that one authority ranked this shrimp low as fish food, although at the same time others argued in its favor.

Mr. Walker says of it: "The fresh-water shrimps should always be tried. * * * Where it thrives it increases very rapidly, and forms about the best article of food that can be given to trout."

Caledonia Creek, on which one of the State hatching stations is situated, is an example of what the fresh-water shrimp in abundance will do for the trout contained in it. This stream fairly swarms with the *Gammarus*, and it is drawn upon by the State to furnish the shrimps for other waters, and yet it sustains more trout for the volume of water contained than any other wild stream of which I have knowledge.

In my article "Food for Fishes," already referred to, I said of another crustacean: "If all is true that has been said of the *Daphnia*, they are the most prolific animals on earth. During a correspondence with an Austrian fish-culturist in regard to fish food, he sent me a clipping from an Austrian newspaper, which, being translated, read that 'a pair of *Daphnia* increases (reproduces) within twenty-four hours to 1,000,000,000 of descendants.' This seems to be too remarkable a feat in reproduction for one poor little *Daphnia* to be charged with. I submitted the correspondence to Mr. Charles G. Atkins, superintendent of the Maine hatching stations of the United States Fish Commission, who, more than any man that I know in this country, has investigated and practiced the artificial propagation of natural fish food. Mr. Atkins said: 'The man who wrote that has committed an enormous blunder. The increase of *Daphnia* is at no such rate. In an article that I read some time since, in *Revue des Sciences Naturelles Appliquées*, a writer who appeared to me to be exaggerating in other matters that I knew something about, gave this estimate, that the descendants of a single female *Daphnia* would in sixty days amount to 1,291,370,075 individuals. That is astounding enough, and I am not yet ready to accept it, but Mr. ——— makes a female *Daphnia* do about four-fifths as much in twenty-four hours.'

"We have studied *Daphnia* some at this station, kept them in aquaria and under such restraint as enabled us to follow their reproduction. The eggs are large; the brood cavity could not hold a hundred of them at once; I should say less than fifty would be the average. In summer they hatch in the brood cavity and come out alive and kicking. It takes three or four days for eggs to mature and come forth, and about a week for the young to come to maturity so as to reproduce. Of course, I recognize the possibility of European *Daphnia* being more prolific than ours."

The italics in the concluding sentence of the quotation are mine, and I may have been hasty in printing in a public document what I have quoted before finding out whether the European *Daphnia* are more prolific than our own.

I counted the eggs in the brood cavity of several specimens, each of two different species of *Daphnia*, and found that Mr. Atkins was very moderate in his estimate, for in no instance did I count fifty eggs, the average being about forty.

Mr. Walker in his book, "The Rainbow Trout," says this of the European *Daphnia*:

"The *Daphnia pulex* breeds at a rate which is almost inconceivable. The young female produces her first brood of young when she is ten days old, and goes on breeding on an average of three or four times a month. The female and her progeny are rendered fertile by one act of

coition, probably for fifteen generations at least, without any further intervention of the male. (Baird's Natural History of British Entomostraca.) I tried to calculate out how many individuals would result from a single female if she and her progeny were protected for six months, but as I got into the billions before I had calculated the result of three months' protection, I thought it useless to carry it on, as this was enough to prove that they increased sufficiently rapidly to form a valuable article of food for the fish."

Later I may say more on this subject, but now I wish to turn to a matter which might come under the heading of this note, but is slightly different in detail.

Feeding of Wild and Tame Trout.

As every one knows who has followed the progress made in fish breeding operations, for many years after trout eggs were hatched artificially the young fish were turned into wild waters as soon as they had absorbed the yolk sac with which they were born. When it was first urged that better results would be obtained from planting fish that had been reared at the hatching stations until they were eight or twelve months old, the fry-planting advocates claimed that fish fed by hand in the rearing boxes at the hatchery would not thrive when turned into wild waters, as they would not know how to find natural food after months of liver feeding. That was really never an objection, as was proven when the fingerlings and yearlings were turned out to hustle for their food. The real objection, and the only one that would hold water, was the cost of food and attendance, and even that is now ancient history, and all public hatching stations more or less are rearing fingerlings or older fish, so far as the water supply will permit.

Our friends over the sea have discovered an objection to rearing trout to two years of age, say, upon liver or horseflesh alone, and then turning them into water where they must seek natural food, and I can do no better than give Mr. Walker's own words, found in his book on our rainbow trout. It is well understood in the Eastern United States that rainbow trout have been planted in streams that are apparently suitable for the fish, and that they disappear forever from the streams before they are two years old. Mr. Walker argues from his experience that the fish leave because of an insufficiency of natural food in the waters where the fish are planted, but that is not the particular point I wish to make in quoting from the book. He says: "While writing on the subject of horseflesh-fed fish, it is necessary to question the wisdom of one exclusive dietary of this sort for any trout, as the stomach is probably unfitted by such diet to perform the work it may be afterward called upon to do, when the fish is set free to feed for itself. In a post-mortem made a few weeks ago, the stomach of a trout was represented by a thin walled sac instead of being a muscular, thick walled organ, with a thick, velvety secreting mucous membrane. Through the thin wall could be seen a red, doughy mass. The whole, indeed, resembling uncooked sausage. This resemblance was greatly increased when the stomach was cut open, as the mass, which was evidently chopped flesh, shelled out, leaving the stomach sac empty. From this condition of the wall it may be said with certainty that that stomach could never deal with or digest the substances which in the wild state trout make their staple diet. Again, as in other branches of pisciculture, the Americans are leading the way, and now, at Wytheville, Va., large quantities of sea fish, roe, shrimp, etc., are sent up from the sea, canned and used as food for young fish. The system pursued at Canterbury, Kent, is the most sensible of any perhaps in this country. There they take care that natural food shall flourish in the two-year-olds' pond, and gradually lessen day by day the amount of artificial food supplied. In this way, when the young fish are ready to turn out they have at least learned how to hunt their food, and what to feed on."

The rainbow trout appears to grow more and more in favor in Europe, particularly in England and Germany, while our native *fontinalis* is not esteemed except in ponds from which it cannot escape. Mr. Walker observes: "As far as our knowledge of these two fish (*fontinalis* and rainbow) extend, their habits seem to be very different. The *fontinalis* seems to prefer such food as young fish, while the rainbow rises more freely to the fly than our own trout (brown or *fario*). Some time ago a case was brought forward at a meeting of the Piscatorial Society, in which, in a water stocked with rainbows, *fontinalis* and our own brown trout, the rainbows took the fly only, while the *fontinalis* and brown trout took the minnow. That rainbows are never fish feeders, I would not for a moment state, as I have seen them take minnows when in captivity, but I do not believe that they are cannibals to the same extent even as *fario*, without taking the *fontinalis* into consideration." It is more than likely that in this country the conditions suitable for the rainbow have not been properly studied when they have been transplanted from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope. I know that in my own case it took years to define what I now know to be a prejudice that I have against this fish. That they are a sporting fish there is not the least doubt, and that they have remained in some waters when planted and disappeared from others without apparent cause is probably the chief thing that can be urged against them, and that tends to prove that they are not always planted in waters fitted for them. It may be lack of proper food, or it may be that the temperature of the water is unsuitable, that causes failure, but whatever it may be, the fish is well worth experimenting with to find waters in which it will remain and thrive. The rainbows were planted in streams flowing into a lake in northern New York during a series of years, and all disappeared before the end of the second year, and the planting ceased. Last year the rainbows were found in the lake itself, and such of them as were caught afforded fine sport, as nearly all were fish of about 6 pounds each, and this year (I mean 1899) the State planted a large number of fingerling rainbows in the lake. English writers say that the rainbow will always fail if put in cold water, either escaping or gradually dying off, but that they do well in warm water where neither our native *fontinalis* nor the brown trout will thrive. The latter I accept, but I would wish for some evidence in regard to the former. Another thing: Mr. Walker states that the rainbow will grow to twice

the size of the brown trout in the same length of time, that they will rise to the fly better, and fight more gamely. I am surprised at this last admission, but so it is written.

The question of food for our fishes is the next great question to be solved in fish breeding, and first we wish to find just what our waters contain in the way of fish food, and then supply what may be lacking, to support the fish planted in them.

A. N. CHENEY.

Massachusetts Fish Commission.

THE Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game send us their thirty-fourth annual report, comprising the work of the year 1899. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere, the dams in the streams are found to be an obstacle to the preservation of the fisheries, and the report opens with the story of the fishway at Middleborough connecting the Nemasket River with the large pond above what is known as Sherman's dam, and important as effecting the fisheries of Taunton River. It was necessary to put the matter into the hands of the Attorney-General before a suitable way could be here provided.

Mill Pond in Yarmouth has been secured for the purpose of the cultivation of food fish, especially white perch, for distribution. While the season has been remarkable for its drought, it does not seem to have materially affected the trout streams. The catch has been good, and in many localities an increase has been reported. The open season for trout fishing should be shortened, and the taking of any trout less than 6 inches in length prohibited.

Superintendent of Hatcheries John W. Delano reports that at the Sutton and Hadley hatcheries the work of trout and landlocked salmon breeding has been carried on with success.

Many needed improvements have been made at the Sutton and Hadley hatcheries. Early in the spring the pond at Sutton was drawn down, thoroughly cleaned out, and all of the old fish disposed of. Some were liberated in the river below the hatchery, and about 100 of the largest were put into Lake Quinsigamond. We have also put into the same lake 225 two-year-old rainbow trout, grown at Sutton. Our fish were carefully selected, and 2,000 of the best two to four years old were saved for breeding stock, which have given us up to the present time 400,000 eggs, with prospects of about as many more. New ponds were put in early in the season for growing young fish, and we have on hand about 16,000 landlocked salmon, brown and brook trout fingerlings.

Owing to an excess of water during heavy rains and freshets at Hadley, it has been necessary to strengthen the upper dam and put in another sluiceway. Two new ponds have been built, and the spawning race has been carried further out into the pond. There have been put into the pond in the last two years about 3,500 yearling trout, and unless the percentage of loss is larger than usual, we should get at least half a million of eggs. I would recommend that another year pens be built for holding at least half of our breeding fish. While I am convinced that trout can be grown cheaper and larger in deep ponds than otherwise, there is an uncertainty about the condition and number that can only be ascertained by drawing down the pond. On the other hand, where your fish are in pens, they can be seen at all times, and if disease appears, or the fish disappear, it is noticed at once, and the evil can be remedied.

The new hatchery built at Adams last year was finished in time to receive its allotment of 200,000 eggs. The spring supplying the house with water proved satisfactory in every respect, giving a large flow of even temperature, and free of sediment. One million eggs put on the trays at Winchester, Sutton, Hadley and Adams hatched with a small loss, and the fry were distributed in April and May. A list of the distributions will be found in the Appendix.

Respecting the much discussed carp, the report says, and we take it that this portion comes from the pen of Commissioner Collins:

Soon after the introduction of carp into this country by the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, then U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and before they were fairly established in their new home, there came a howl from one end of the country to the other, charging that they were worthless as food, and that they destroyed the spawn of other and more valuable fish. This came from people who were ignorant of the true character of this fish, and who had forgotten, if they ever knew, that Isaac Walton had termed the carp "the queen of the rivers." On the Great Lakes, where the fisheries were gradually growing less, the fishermen, true to their usual habit, laid the blame on the despised carp, instead of admitting that the decrease was due to overfishing. Some of the State Commissions went so far as to recommend that steps should be taken to clear the waters of them—a proposition about as feasible as to propose to clear a ten-acre marsh of mosquitoes, for carp, once introduced into waters of any considerable area, are there to stay. Ponds have been drawn down and apparently every carp removed, and in a few years they were found to be as plenty as ever.

Prof. Baird was a man of great good sense, and took no decided action without first considering the result. He made himself familiar with the methods and results of carp culture in Europe, and of the millions of dollars there invested in this industry and the profit arising therefrom. We know from personal interview with him that he had no hesitation in introducing them into American waters. Years have gone by, and the good Professor has passed from this life, but his work lives after him. Fully satisfied with the information obtained from him and others, we have always advocated the importance of carp culture as likely to yield more money value than the culture of any other variety of fish, and that the farmer who owns meadow land with a never-failing brook running through it could make a carp pond which would yield him a good profit.

Notwithstanding all the diverse criticisms, we believe that, as a means of increasing the native fish, it is desirable to stock many of our waters with carp. In support of this conclusion, we quote the following tables and extracts from the report of the Fish Commission of Illinois for 1898:

Returns from twenty points on the Illinois River, probably not over seventy-five per cent. for this river, and representing only about two hundred miles frontage out of nearly or quite one thousand miles frontage of rivers productive of this great food product:

Carp, 3,678,000 pounds, net value.....	1896.
Other fish, 3,574,811 pounds, net value.....	\$99,059.50
	108,527.72
Carp, 5,489,900 pounds, net value.....	1897.
Other fish, 4,213,398 pounds, net value.....	\$104,699.75
	114,783.07

Carp are accused of driving out all the game fish and destroying the young of all other fish. The best argument to refute that theory is a plain statement of the conditions that exist this season (1898) in the Illinois River. Carp are more plentiful than ever, growing to immense size, and the increase in numbers wonderful, while there are more black bass and croppie than for many years before; and we can cite many instances in lakes along this river

where very large hauls of carp have been made; one in particular aggregating thirty thousand pounds, and yet that lake has furnished the best black bass fishing on the Illinois River. This instance is not an exception, but is repeated many times in greater or less degree along the whole length of the river.

It is significant that a great part of this large amount of carp finds a market in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, selling here at from 18 to 25 cents a pound. It is safe to say that few rivers on the Atlantic slope, from Labrador to the Gulf, produce a larger revenue.

Owing to the lack of proper protection, the shad have been destroyed in our rivers so that there is not much of value left in them. In view of the results obtained in Illinois and elsewhere, the question of stocking our otherwise nearly barren rivers with carp is one demanding serious attention and consideration. By doing this, it is probable that the commercial or food-yielding possibilities of certain of our streams may be greatly enhanced, while a secondary benefit will be derived, namely, the young of the carp will furnish an abundant supply of food to any game fish that may be in the waters, and to that extent make it possible for them to maintain their abundance, and even to increase, as similar species have done elsewhere.

The Commission consists of Joseph W. Collins, President; Edward A. Brackwell, Secretary, and Elisha D. Buffington, with J. W. Delano, Superintendent of Hatcheries.

The Massachusetts Association.

Boston, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Wednesday evening, 10th inst. There was a good attendance, including such well-known friends of fish and game protection as ex-President Benj. C. Clark, ex-President Horace T. Rockwell, John N. Roberts, Charles G. Gibson, ex-Senator Robert S. Gray, Ivers W. Adams, Dr. John T. Stetson, Charles Stewart, Warren Hapgood, Edward E. Small, Dr. George H. Payne, Loring Crocker, Dr. E. W. Brannigan, W. B. Hastings, W. C. Prescott, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; Edward I. Brown, W. S. Hinman, A. C. Risteen, Thomas H. Hall, Richard V. Joyce, W. H. Plinney, of Lynn, and others.

After a social half-hour dinner was served, President George W. Wiggin in the chair, with Capt. Collins, the new chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, and George H. Palmer, of New Bedford, as the special guests.

Mr. H. H. Kimball, secretary and treasurer, presented his annual report, showing the finances in good condition. By vote of the Association early in the season the invested funds had been drawn upon to pay \$250 for the purchase and distribution of fifty dozen quail, and \$700 had been expended for the printing and distribution of a cloth printed poster giving information when fish and game may and may not be taken, and the penalties for violations of the law. These have been placed in all the post-offices of the State, by special permission of the department. Copies have also been placed in all the stations of the New York & New Haven Railroad system, which takes in a large section of the State. It was an excellent idea, and will do much to educate the people as to what the game and fish laws really are. The fund committee reported the sum of \$2,173.16 invested in various banks Jan. 10, 1900. Mr. William R. Randall was elected a life member, and Mr. Charles A. Dillon a regular member of the Association. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Hon. George W. Wiggin, of Franklin; Vice-Presidents, Benjamin C. Clark, Robert S. Gray, W. S. Hinman, Dr. J. T. Stetson, James R. Reed, Dr. Heber Bishop, Horace T. Rockwell, Arthur W. Robinson, Edward J. Brown, Dr. B. V. Howe, Henry F. Colburn, A. B. F. Kinney, President Worcester County Game Protective Association; H. A. Estabrook, President Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club; C. H. Moulton, President Quacumquasit Fish and Game Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan; Executive Committee, John N. Roberts, Rollin Jones, Charles Stewart, Charles M. Bryant, Dr. George H. Payne, Wm. B. Smart, Charles G. Gibson, Loring Crocker, Dr. A. R. Brown, Edward E. Small, A. C. Risteen and George Loring; Membership Committee, Thomas H. Hall, Waldron B. Hastings and Richard V. Joyce; Fund Committee, W. C. Prescott, George O. Sears and Charles C. Williams.

Mr. Kinney, of Worcester, referred to the recent conference in regard to the better protection of game birds, and said that work was being done on the lines laid down at that meeting. Action must be taken, and that speedily, and he offered a resolution calling upon our Senators and Representatives to the Legislature now in session to enact such laws as would stop the wholesale destruction that had prevailed in past years. This was adopted and the meeting was adjourned.

WM. B. SMART.

Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

New York, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our meetings are held every third Monday in each month, at 106 West Thirty-first street, at 8 P. M.

The reel of petitions will be delivered to our Legislature Committee, who, in turn, will present it at Albany this session. There are over 10,000 names signed to it, which make it one continuous length of 350 feet, put on muslin and rolled up on a reel. It is the duty of each and every fisherman to see, or write to his Assemblyman, and urge him to do all in his power to help pass our just bill when it is presented. New applicants for membership always welcome.

E. FLIEDNER, Rec. Sec'y.

T. BIEDINGER, Pres.

"Forest and Stream" Calendars.

THERE are four of them. They measure about 3 x 6 inches, and are convenient to hang over a desk. We shall be glad to send one of them to any address on request.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest on Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

That Broadway Trout.

I READ with much interest Piseco's story of "Catching a Trout on Broadway," not that I am an angler, as I never caught a trout in my life, and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge it; but I am proud to say, that I know Piseco probably within a decade after he caught that trout. To be correct we will say it was as long ago as 1854, after he had made his first voyage around the world. I little wonder that a man who has passed nearly half a century on a war ship, should compare the present highway, i. e., the Hudson River & New York Central Railroad, from New York to Little Falls, to Broadway, as it would take his present sea legs nearly as long to walk from the Battery to the upper end of Broadway as does the Empire State Express to go from the Grand Central Station to Little Falls.

My acquaintance with Piseco was of short duration, but, like his catching his "trout on Broadway," never to be forgotten, and I doubt that he will remember me, should he see these lines. I also knew all the old anglers mentioned by him, especially Bill Skinner, his particular friend, who took him piking, and for whom I cast my first vote when he was a candidate for village president—although he was a Republican and I was a Democrat, and it all happened this way: When I was about to hand in my ballot, a tall, dark man stepped up and challenged me. I asked who he was, and was told "Joe Boyer, democratic candidate for president. He knew that Mr. Helmer, in whose employ I was, was a Republican, and supposed that I was also, and as I had resided there only long enough to be a voter, Boyer challenged my vote. I crossed off his name and wrote William Skinner over it. I do not remember the result of the election, but I learned afterward that I voted for the best man, and since then I have always tried to do so in local affairs.

After election I joined a fire company, and the first fire I attended was of the barn of Piseco's father (Judge Beardslee). Incidentally, I might also mention that it was the last time "I run'd wid de old machine," as Mose would say.

Piseco does not mention the boys of about our own age, for instance, Watts, Loomis, Al Burch, Ike Richmond, Charlie Petric and Omrie Robinson, and he has also omitted one of the most congenial and best known of the older ones, Capt. Tom Scott.

The last time I saw Piseco was in Utica, later in the fifties, but I have watched him from Cadet to Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee.

J. LESTER DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 12.

Cayuga Association.

A NUMBER of persons in the central part of the State of New York, who are interested in fish and game, have organized a society known as the Fish and Game Association of the Cayuga Lake Basin. The sole purpose of the Association is to make fish and game more abundant in the region named. The chief feature of this work will be to establish favorable natural conditions, aid spontaneous development, and attempt proper propagation rather than depend solely upon the effects of legal protection. This effort and the methods to be pursued are in part the results of the professional scientific investigations in this region, by Professor Surface. Chairman of the Biological Committee of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League. The headquarters of the newly organized association are at Ithaca, and the officers are: Hon. Bradford Almy, Surrogate Judge, President; Mr. L. C. Perry, Secretary, and Hon. Le Roy Van Kirk, County Clerk, as Treasurer.

At the meeting held in Judge Almy's office last week, considerable interest was manifested in the proceedings, and considerable business of importance was transacted. The organization decided to launch an effort to have fishways constructed in all dams between Cayuga Lake and Lake Ontario. It is thought that the result can best be accomplished by special legislative appropriation by having the State Fish Commission handle the matter.

It was also decided that the influence of the Association should be (1) in favor of a law prohibiting the sale of game birds, including ruffed grouse (commonly known as partridge here), quail and woodcock, as advocated in FOREST AND STREAM. (2) That it would be advisable to secure the appointment of a game warden for each county. (3) That it is best to lend aid in executing the laws as they now exist, but to endeavor to obtain legislation modifying laws that are found to be undesirable or ineffective, repealing some, and enacting others. (4) To effect the introduction and winter protection and feeding of the English and Chinese pheasants, which are already known to breed out of captivity in this region. A committee on legislation was appointed, consisting of H. A. Surface, Judge Almy and E. H. Bostwick, whose duty it will be to make an effort to obtain such legislation as may be deemed desirable, not only for this region, but for the whole State.

The Association decided to elect a limited number of honorary members in each town in the county and in the lake basin in order that they may aid in enforcing the laws and in transplanting and looking after introduced game and fish. The Association is to have a fish dinner on the second Tuesday in June and a game dinner on the third Thursday in October.

The annual meeting will be held on the first Monday in November, and regular meetings on the first Monday evening of each month in Judge Almy's office. The principal topic for discussion next month will be "What can be done to make game birds, and other game than fish, more abundant in this region," and "The introduction of English and Chinese pheasants."

As this enthusiastic society is composed mostly of business men who are in earnest, and has the sympathy and support of a large community, it is evident that something will soon be accomplished in a portion of the State of New York where the interests of fish and game have apparently been declining during several years.

G.

Pickeral Fishing.

Pickeral fishing through the ice is a popular sport, and it is plain that if there were more good pickeral waters

within twenty or thirty miles of Boston, they would be thoroughly patronized. Scarcely a day passes but what those most familiar with the sport and its possibilities are asked where to go by those to whom the chances for pickeral are still much of a problem. One hates to give advice, because the sport is really uncertain, a good deal depending on the weather, as well as the waters fished. Early last week Mr. C. A. Eldridge and Mr. H. T. Bumstead, after several days planning, set out for a couple of days' fishing on some ponds in Worcester county. They were willing to stay two days, even, if fishing was good enough. They tried the pond one day, an exceedingly cold one. The next took the train for Boston. Now they complain of the fingers nearly frost bitten, cold feet and other discomforts they endured. Worst of all, they caught only one little pickeral. Northwest wind blowing a gale, with the mercury down to zero, hurts any new beginner in pickeral ice fishing. There chances are good for ice, but poor for pickeral. A Boston salesman is just in from a Maine business trip. Stopping at Farmington over night, he was invited to go on a fishing trip the next day. The temptation was great. His friends rigged him out with lumberman's long stockings and rubbers, over two pairs of his regular stockings. Extra drawers and a fur-lined jacket completed his outfit. The next morning he got into the team with the other fishermen. A drive of ten or twelve miles to a pond in a neighboring town was simply a pleasure excursion. The day was a cold one, but they had a good fire on the ice, with lean-tos of boughs to break the wind. They found plenty of holes ready cut, which they concluded to use. While the law in Maine allows of but five lines to the fisherman, some extra ones are really used, and if anybody is seen approaching that will be likely to "blow," the extra tip-ups are taken up or knocked over, so as not to excite suspicion. Our drummer friend had a fine time and brought home ten handsome pickeral. There was no snow on the pond, and some boys skating offered to take charge of "some extra lines," and "not care for the pickeral."

SPECIAL.

The Perfection of Salmon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 2d inst. a correspondent, writing from San Francisco, Cal., under date of Nov. 17, states that a fresh-run steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*) is a more sporting fish than the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*). Now as an old salmon fisher—for my experience, though limited, extends over some thirty years' time, and to both sides of the Atlantic—I should like to ask your correspondent, Steelhead, whether his opinion is based upon actual experience or upon theory.

The perfection of salmon fishing is on rather small rivers that can be fished from the bank or by wading, rivers that are swift running with well-defined pools and rapids running through them, so that with a longish cast, say 20 to 30 odd yards, the water may be fished diagonally down stream. When it becomes necessary to use boat or canoe, half the fun is lost. Now is the steelhead found in such rivers?

Again, in an average salmon river the fish run up to 20 odd pounds, and most of those taken are between 10 and 20 pounds, when fishing early in the season. The Atlantic salmon grows to over 50 pounds; indeed, fish exceeding that weight are yearly taken on the fly in Scotland. It is, however, the average size that is the best criterion; putting this as low as 12 pounds for *Salmo salar*, one would judge the average size of *Salmo gairdneri* to be under 10 pounds, as I understand they do not usually exceed 20 pounds. Of course, fresh run salmonidæ averaging say 6 pounds as active as *Salmo salar* and free risers, would be grand fish; but they would not equal real salmon. On the other hand, if they average well over 10 pounds, are equally active and freer risers, then certainly they would in my opinion be a more sporting fish.

It would be interesting to know whether the steelhead takes the fly on the surface or under water, as is usually but not always the case with the Atlantic salmon. If free surface feeders, they could probably be taken after the style of chalk stream trout with floating vaselined line and dry-flies, in such pools as might be favorable for such fishing, i. e., glassy pools without broken water.

VIATOR.

PARIS, France, Dec. 20.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Tinker Bill.

MR. LEDYARD BILL, of Paxton, Mass., writes:

"I inclose herewith a sketch of probably the most remarkable fox hound ever known in this country. This sketch appeared in 1893, but had such a local circulation that few have known of this famous hound. I should like to see it reappear in your widely circulated journal. It will prove of interest to thousands of your readers."

It gives us much pleasure to extend the name and fame of Tinker Bill. The sketch originally appeared in the Springfield Republican. Tinker Bill was killed by an electric car in 1893.

To the few who follow it there is no sport like fox hunting. The man who has tramped after the baying hounds on a crisp October day, and finally captured the brush which has eluded him for long hours in a most exasperating fashion, learns the delight of hard-earned success. The sport is beset with such hardships that only the plucky man follows it, and when he once succeeds he pursues it in a most inveterate fashion. There are many who occasionally shoot partridges or

rabbits, but the man who has the courage and endurance to tramp over the Chester or Washington hills after a fox all day, hungry and footsore, but uncomplaining, has been mastered by the charms of a pastime that is taken up only at rare intervals. The good fox hunter scours the woods for weeks, and he generally has dogs trained especially to follow his favorite game. In spite of the increase of hunters and guns, foxes seem as plentiful as ever in western Massachusetts, and the sport is followed with enthusiasm on the very outskirts of busy villages. Westfield is the center of a famous fox club, but the men who gather for the annual hunt are many of them inexperienced and join in the chase partly because there is a good crowd and a good dinner will follow.

The expert fox hunter does not take a brass band and town meeting along. He seldom selects more than one companion, and will not tolerate more than two dogs. If these animals are well trained and the proper locality is selected, they are sure to start up a trail, and then comes the battle between the proverbial cunning of the fox and the resources of the skilled hunter. Usually the fox moves in circles, perhaps around one hill and then another; but he does not follow fixed rules. For several hunts the game may cross from one mountain to another directly over the intervening knoll, but the next fox may break all precedent and skirt around the edge, so the hunter who has lain in wait on top watching for the hard-pressed victim has to wait another hour until the baying grows louder and the agile fellow springs nimbly back, giving a chance for a shot. But this is only one of many plans the fox has to elude a hunter. Sometimes he darts into a flock of sheep, and the frightened animals stampede, carrying the disturber along so far



TINKER BILL.

that every trace of the scent is lost for the dog, and the fox finds a chance to slip out unobserved. Another plan is to skip along a fence, and the average dog will be utterly baffled.

Much depends on the dog, who must have pluck and perseverance, as well as intelligence and careful training to successfully follow a fox to the death. The well-bred fox hound will not be turned aside by the most tantalizing rabbit. He will not drop one fox because he finds another fatter and fairer one, but will stick to the heels of the first brush scented until the fatal shot is fired or until the exhausted master calls him off at night. No common dog will do for the fox hunter. The animal must know just where the foxes are and be able to match cunning with a shrewdness that can adapt itself to unexpected exigencies. The well-bred fox hound will not start away until the master is ready, he will not strike a false trail, and above all, he will bay constantly when in pursuit, a deep musical sound that stirs the blood in the sportsman and makes his nerves tingle as the volume increases with each note, indicating approaching game and a chance to shoot. The hunter will then study the locality and must know by instinct just the clump or log by which the hard-pressed fox will pass, and conceal himself near it. Louder and louder grows the baying, until there is a rustle, and a ball of fur bounds past. Then if you have an attack of "buck fever" and your arm is paralyzed until the fox gets by, the chances are that the dog will never give you another chance. He concludes you do not mean business, and does not propose to run another hour for your amusement. Instead of resuming the scent, he will probably slink off humiliated.

Among the successful fox hunters in Springfield are H. F. Downing, Charles Bill, F. D. Foot, W. W. Colburn and O. W. Niles. Rev. Dr. L. L. Potter was an enthusiast over this sport when he lived in Springfield, and no doubt gained inspiration for many a sermon while roaming over the hills and listening to the hounds. Rev. John Cuckson also shouldered a gun for this recreation occasionally. Becket has been a favorite rendezvous for the hunters, and on the register of the Clafin House are recorded the names of many of the jolly party. Invariably with the signatures of the hunters appears the name of "Judge Tinker," but the "Judge" has slain his last fox. While known to the landlord and other admirers as Judge, from his gravity and wise look, to the ordinary sportsman Tinker was known as Tinker Bill, the best fox hound in the wide region. He hunted for eleven years, but finally met death under a Liberty street electric car. Few dogs could excite such deep and widespread grief by their departure, and Tinker Bill was honored with an epitaph in verse. Tinker was owned by Charles Bill, who is an expert fox hunter, and in a singularly successful career the dog drove at least 200 foxes to their death. The dog was trained personally by Mr. Bill, and he possessed all the equip-

ment and accomplishments that one could wish for hunting. His body was black, his head and loping ears tan, and the tail that expressed emotions of pleasure or unhappiness so unmistakably, was also tan color. Tinker had a dignity that attracted attention everywhere. He had eyes that seemed almost human, and an unusually well-filled brain. He knew all the tricks of fox hunting, and with the first frosts he would grow excited and eager for the chase. He was usually obedient, but during the autumn days his fox fever would lead him to the depot in the hope of meeting some sportsman on his way to the western hills. Francis D. Foot met him when waiting this way at the station one day. Tinker bounded on the train and took a seat, certain that a hunt was planned. But Mr. Foot shook his head and said, "No, Tinker; your master is not here, and we are not going hunting." The dog understood at once, and promptly left the train.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of intelligence attributed to Tinker was the fact that he understood what the word "dead" meant. Often when a fox had been particularly exasperating in the chase Mr. Bill would allow Tinker to take some satisfaction in shaking the captured creature, regardless of the danger of injuring the pelt. But when his master said, "The fox is dead, Tinker," the dog invariably stopped his sport. Tinker had as a companion a collie dog named Prince, whom he often wore out in a chase. During Tinker's absence at Groton, Conn., Prince died, and when Mr. Bill brought the fox hound back to this city he wondered if the loss of the companion would be understood. He first asked, "Tinker, where is Prince?" and the dog hunted the premises for his old comrade without success. Then he said, "You won't see Prince again; he is dead," and Tinker seemed to grasp the meaning at once, for he crept off to the barn, and lying down, refused to be comforted for hours.

Once, when Tinker thought it was time to begin fox hunting again, he started from Groton to Springfield, and stopped at Norwich, where he knew Mr. Bill's brother lived. The crowded streets puzzled him, and to find Mr. Bill the dog started out in a most intelligent way. He knew the letter carriers' uniform, and had watched the post office employees bring the mail. So he followed the first letter carrier he met, hoping each stop would bring him to Mr. Bill. But the carrier was on a different route, and this plan failed. Then he found a night patrolman, and after he had followed him a time the officer guessed what was wanted, and helped the dog to his master's brother. Tinker knew a tame fox from a wild one, a distinction other hunting dogs can make. Mr. Bill had several tame foxes which had the troublesome habit of running away. Invariably Tinker was started on the trail, and would not only run them down, but would hold them down carefully with his paws until Mr. Bill could take the animal without being bitten. Tinker had endurance that was remarkable, and had the record of running many a companion hound lame, while he turned up fresh for a third or fourth day's hunt. Chapters of stories could be told of him, and he will be the subject of reminiscence for groups of fox hunters in years to come.

Judge Kelly on Dogs.

JACK, the big black Newfoundland dog, for years the constant companion of Judge William Louis Kelly, of the district court, figures prominently in a decision rendered yesterday by Judge Kelly. Jack and the Judge loved each other. For many years Jack was almost daily at the court house, stretched out on his favorite rug in the judge's chambers, or curled up under the bench in the court room when the Judge was holding court. Jack died not long ago, and so when Judge Kelly came to decide a dog case, it is little wonder that Jack's shaggy head and big pleading eyes came between the Judge and law books.

George P. Smith's Great Dane, Maud S., was killed by a street car Sept. 3 at Grand and Lexington avenues. Mr. Smith sued the street car company for \$250 damages, and received a verdict for \$50, which the street car company seeks to have set aside. Judge Kelly refuses to set it aside, and he refuses a new trial. It is in the memorandum accompanying this order that he proves himself a champion of dogs.

Tag Makes no Difference.

One of the points made by the street car company in defense of the suit was that the dog was not licensed and did not wear a collar or a muzzle, as the law requires. The judge holds that the street car company is not charged with the police duty of the city, nor can its employees constitute themselves high executioners of animals, four-footed or otherwise.

The Judge was cited to a case in the United States Supreme Court, in which the dog law of the country is collected, but he holds that it does not apply to this case, as it is based on a statute different from the Minnesota statute. Continuing, the Judge says:

"At the risk of going out of the record I am impelled to notice that the learned court, when discussing the dog generally, has fallen into an error much too common. It says: 'Although dogs are ordinarily harmless, they preserve some of their hereditary wolfish instincts.' The dog—man's first, last, truest and most unselfish friend—is no more descended from the wolf than is man from the monkey. It is a distinct species, of which the shepherd's dog is probably the primitive stock. Aside from the testimony of the naturalist, there is another proof. There never was and never will be a dog evolved from a domesticated wolf. Vicious and abandoned dogs may become wild and wolfish—so may vicious and abandoned men.

"While the memory of Jack—my silken-haired, gentle-eyed, trusted friend and companion for over ten years—keeps green, I must defend his lineage from an error, even though obiter dictum of the highest court in the land."—St. Paul Pioneer Press, Jan. 11.

Sold his Beagles.

ADEN, Va., Jan. 10.—The little ad I put in FOREST AND STREAM brought me letters from all over the United States, and I of course will come again when I have any more beagles to sell.

NEAL READING.

Death of Dan's Lady.

MUNCIE, Ind., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The English setter Dan's Lady is dead—died Dec. 10, 1899. She was the peer of her sex—a winner in five field trials, and more recently noted as being the dam of the successful field trial winners, Dave Earl, Albert Lang, Lady's Count, Count Danstone, Lady's Count Gladstone and Uncle B. Dan's Lady was a high class individual, and in the course of her field trial career, during which she started in five races, she was placed over the greatest campaigners of her time, among them champion Count Gladstone IV., Allene, Betty S., Eugene T., Glean's Sport, Glean's Pink, Minnie T., Topsy's Rod and Lillian Russell.

She was bred by Blue Ridge Kennel, bought as a puppy by Theo. Goodman, Terre Haute, Ind., and completed her field trial career while owned by Mr. Goodman.

She was bought in April, 1896, by myself, and since that time, being bred to Count Gladstone IV., has produced Lady's Count, Count Danstone and Lady's Count Gladstone. She was in whelp to Harwick at time I bought her, and from that litter came Uncle B., Dave Earl and Albert Lang, being of the litter sired by Count Gladstone IV., prior to my purchase of Lady from Mr. Goodman.

Dan's Lady, whelped May 14, 1891, was sired by Dan Gladstone (champion Gladstone—champion Sue), out of Lily Burgess (champion Gath's Mark—Esther), her breeding being remarkable in that her sire, dam and all four of her grandparents were field trial winners—she being indeed a member of the royal family.

G. G. WILLIAMSON.

Cross Bills in New York City.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Sunday, Jan. 14, I saw, as I happened to glance up from my work, three or four birds fly into the branches of a hemlock tree not far from my window. At first I took them to be English sparrows, but as my eye happened to rest on them for an instant after they had alighted, I saw them bend their heads in working at the ends of the twigs in a manner that showed they were not sparrows, but crossbills.

It is many years since I have seen these birds within the city limits, which I believe they visit only at long intervals, and procuring a glass I began to watch them, and kept this up so long as they remained in the tree. Both species were represented, and all ages and sexes, in the seventy-five to one hundred birds that were feeding on the hemlock cones. At one time I saw three especially handsome and full-plumaged males of *L. leucoptera*, and two of *L. curvirostra minor*, in like dress. Females and young of both species were very numerous.

It will be remembered that Sunday opened bright and sunshiny, and that it began to snow heavily about noon, the snow changing to fog and rain during the afternoon. The hour at which the crossbills were seen was between 3 and 4 P. M., and the place was on 157th street, west of Broadway, Manhattan, New York City.

G.

United States Field Trials.

TRENTON, Tenn., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the prevalence of smallpox at West Point, Miss., the United States Field Trial Club's annual trials will be run at Grand Junction, Tenn.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.
Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.
Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

- March.
- 10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.
- May.
- 26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.
- August.
- 3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

A. C. A. Membership

APPLICATION for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.
Atlantic Division.—Henry Escher, Jr., Brooklyn; J. M. Lovett, Trenton, N. J.; Harry E. Davis, Philadelphia.

Yachting.

THE present month is the occasion of the annual elections of the majority of yacht clubs throughout the country. The many reports which come to us, some of which are summarized this week, are nearly all marked on favorable statements as to membership and financial condition; the clubs as a rule being out of debt and in easy circumstances, or carrying safely a moderate amount of debt incurred in making improvements in property. The sport is evidently in a prosperous condition in many ways, whatever may be the case as to building and racing.

THE latest and most reliable report of the doings of Sir Thomas Lipton states that he was recently in conference with Mr. Will Fife, Jr., concerning a new yacht, but that nothing will be done toward another challenge, even for 1901, during the continuance of the war in South Africa.

A Rig for Housing Small Yachts.

ONE of the notable features of modern yachting is the very large fleet of small sailing craft, in size entitled to the name of "boat," but in quality of design and construction and in manner of rigging well entitled to the more pretentious title of "yacht." While some of these are so small and light that as a matter of course they are housed like canoes and rowboats when not in use, and many are of such size and so rigged that of necessity they are kept afloat at moorings, a great many are very close to the dividing line at which it is a question as to which method is the more advisable. Where there is a sheltered anchorage and a janitor is kept, and where the boats are used every day or so, there are advantages in keeping them afloat; but where, as is frequently the case, the boats are used mostly for "week-end" work and must lie idle much of the time, with no one to keep them free of water and to air and dry the sails, the advantages are largely on the side of housing. To do this successfully it is necessary that the rig shall be simple, both in its general plan and in its mechanical details, and that some convenient method of hoisting and transporting shall be provided.

The method here described was devised to meet just such conditions as above outlined, by Mr. Henry Burden, 2d, of Cazenovia, N. Y. The yacht is one of the many built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company from the La Gloria design by Mr. W. P. Stephens, first published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27, 1892, being the larger size, 18ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. over all and 5ft. beam. She was built in 1895, and has been in constant use ever since. Concerning the boat herself, Mr. Burden writes: "La Gloria is a most successful piece of designing, and an excellent boat for our uses here, inland, fresh-water lake, surrounded by hills, where the winds are shifting and puffy. Having been through the whole gamut of lug sails, leg-o'-mutton sails, sliding gunter rigs, etc., I have come back to the old 'boom and gaff,' and I may say that I will never again waste time and money on anything else. The present sail plan, put on in 1898, works perfectly in light airs, and in a squally and puffy blow; with full sail she is so balanced as to carry a distinct but not too strong weather helm, and she seems to balance just as well under reefed mainsail. I have found it desirable to add two pieces of lead ballast, each 44lbs., fitted with handles and stowed just forward of the mast, being moulded to fit on each side of the keel. These I take out before hoisting the boat."

The boat was originally rigged as a yawl, with 292 sq. ft. of sail, being used for general sailing with a crew of two, or sometimes single-handed, and for racing with a mixed fleet of small yachts of various types, no ballast being carried. After a time the rig was changed to the English gunter or so-called lug, with but mainsail and jib. In the sail plan now used, with gaff, the area has been reduced to 252 sq. ft., as being quite enough for single-hand work with the amount of ballast noted. In the races the weather is apt to change suddenly from hard puffs to very light winds, or the reverse, so that it is not desirable to carry much fixed ballast and at the same time no more than two are desirable as crew. The dimensions of the rig are:

Mast—	
From stem at L.W.L.....	4ft. 8in.
Deck to hounds	17ft.
Bowsprit beyond stem at L.W.L.....	3ft. 3in.
Boom	18ft.
Gaff	10ft.
Hoist	12ft.
Mainsail	207 sq. ft.
Jib	45 sq. ft.
Total	252 sq. ft.

The mast, which is hollow, is easily unshipped by one man. The standing rigging is all fitted with short pendants from the hounds and legs hooking in. In housing the boat she is run alongside the house, the piazza of which overhangs the slip. The jib is taken in, the mainsail is lowered and the boom and gaff detached from the mast and laid on deck, the halyards being detached from the gaff and left on the mast. The shrouds are cast off at the foot and then from the piazza the rigging is unhooked from the short pendants at the masthead, after which the mast may be lifted out by one man and laid on deck beside the boom, ready for hoisting. Where a piazza is not available, the pendants may be longer, reaching to within 6ft. of the deck.

The hoisting apparatus consists of a railway made of a 5in. I beam running the length of the house and out over the water, with a Yale & Towne trolley and a Harrington differential pulley, the whole rig being fitted for a weight of 2,000lbs. From the hoisting chain is hung a beam of beech, 10ft. 9in. long, 3in. thick, 5in. deep at the middle, and 3in. at the ends. The lifting rods, which with the hooks are of 5/16in. round iron, galvanized, are fastened to blocks of red oak bolted to the keel with lagscrews, as shown. The center of gravity of the hull is exactly at the center of over all length.

With this rig the boat can be launched from the boat house floor, the mast stepped and the sails hoisted, ready for sailing, in from 25 to 30 minutes by one man alone; and she can be dismantled and housed in fifteen minutes; the work being done much more quickly with a hand to help. When thus housed the boat is always clean and dry, seldom requiring revarnishing and painting, and the sails are kept in perfect condition.

The whole plan is excellently adapted for a one-design fleet in an exposed location where no good mooring ground is available; the trolley system being so modified as to permit a boat to be carried to any part of the house. The hoisting apparatus as here shown is quite powerful enough for a much larger boat, or for a fin-keel craft, with the fin in a trunk, as fitted in some of the La Gloria and Scarecrow boats. In the latter case a shackle could be fitted under the center of the lifting beam by which it could be fastened to the upper edge of the fin, the lifting rods being replaced by chains of greater length. The first operation of hoisting would be to lift the fin until the bulb brought up against the lower side of the keel, when the boat would be suspended partly by the fin from the middle of the beam and partly by the chains at each end.

Steam Yacht Design in America.

THE current number of Marine Engineering contains the third and last part of a very interesting paper on steam yacht designing, by Mr. William A. Fairburn, head draftsman of the Bath Iron Works. Speaking of a part of the subject to which the FOREST AND STREAM has for many years called attention, Mr. Fairburn says: "Considerable controversy has appeared of late in a few yachting papers, criticising the general appearance of various American steam yachts. The writer will not here make any plea for American-designed and built steam yachts, but he will say, and this most forcibly, that there are men in America to-day capable of designing steam yachts which, in appearance, accommodation and sea-going qualities, will be equal to the best production of foreign designers. It is about time for the patriotism of American yachtsmen to assert itself so that we can build American-designed steam yachts for American owners. Many yachts on both side of the Atlantic could without doubt be classed as failures. The design of a steam yacht by the majority of ship-building firms is not given the strict attention and careful consideration which it is entitled to, and that is why there are so many naval architects to-day who make a specialty of yacht design. The most skillful naval architect cannot design a truly handsome, successful steam yacht if he is not thoroughly in sympathy with his work. He needs to be schooled to the work. His judgment must be good and his taste such that all lines of the vessel harmonize with each other. Many a pleasure craft to-day has graceful endings—bow and stern very pleasing to the eye when viewed separately, but when placed on the same vessel they lack harmony and fail to balance. The combination of sheer, bow and stern is generally what determined the appearance of the yacht, but much also depends on the location and rake of spars, stack, etc., and the arrangement of the deck work. On a steam yacht much has to be sacrificed to get a fine appearance."

While in the discussion of the Payne bill a few years ago, and on other occasions, Mr. Fairburn has taken issue with the FOREST AND STREAM on the question of steam yacht design, there is very little in the above which is not in accord with our position throughout. The only point we would question is the inference that American designers have yet turned out any work that will equal in appearance the Clyde steam yachts; it may be urged that this is only a matter of taste, but we believe that any impartial jury of experts would award the precedence for appearance to the Clyde fleet. The main points of our contention may be summed up as follows: That in a steam yacht appearance is an essential only second to seaworthiness, accommodation and general efficiency; that most of the steam yachts turned out by American ship-building firms are failures in appearance as well as in other essentials; that a satisfactory design can only be made by a skilled naval architect who makes a specialty of this particular line of work; and that yachtsmen should deal with the designer first and the builder afterward, instead of ignoring the former entirely. These points may be stated rather more forcibly than by Mr. Fairburn, but they are substantially in accord with his remarks as above quoted.

On the subject of the steam yacht as a naval auxiliary he says: "In time of war the full-powered steam yacht will undoubtedly prove an acquisition to the navy, acting as a dispatch and special service vessel. The high speed yacht built for Sound and coast work has been and may continue to be a very popular vessel in America; and these vessels having fair accommodation, high speed, light draft, good maneuvering qualities and ability to rapidly get up steam, could probably with little expense be converted into torpedo or patrol vessels in case of an emergency, provided they are not too small; for the general dimensions, the model and the motive power are about the same for the fast yacht as for the torpedo boat. Nevertheless, well-designed pleasure yachts will not make first-class war vessels, and these vessels should only be thought of as auxiliaries, being used only when war vessels cannot be procured."

The whole subject of the conversion of yachts to war purposes is better understood now than it was a year ago, and it is pretty plain that such a conversion is most costly, ineffective and in every way undesirable; the experience of 1898 should never be repeated, and prompt steps should be taken by the Government to avoid the necessity for such action by the design and construction of a special fleet of small vessels that are neither yachts nor torpedo boats. Any points which these two classes may have in common are more than offset by the great cost of the yacht, the necessary destruction of valuable furnishings, the defective arrangement for war uses, both as regards crew space and storage, and the lack of distilling plant and similar auxiliaries.

Mr. Fairburn gives some interesting figures on the cost of steam yachts, as follows: "A small steam yacht like

the Oberon costs about \$7,000, and this vessel is no larger than many a launch. A yacht fit for fair-weather coasting is very cheap at \$18,000, and the majority of this class exceed this figure by a good deal. It is said that the Illawarra, 106ft. long and of twelve knots speed, cost about \$60,000; the Peregrine, 131ft. long and fourteen knots, \$95,000; the Electra, \$125,000, and the builders of the Atalanta, Eleanor and Corsair II. received about \$200,000 each for the construction of these vessels. It is said that John Jacob Astor (the late William Astor) paid \$240,000 for the Nourmahal; the Varuna cost Eugene Higgins about \$300,000, and the Aphrodite has cost Col. Payne about \$360,000. These prices are for the boats complete, without the fittings and furnishings and equipment furnished by the owner. The largest yachts afloat to-day are probably worth from \$400,000 to \$600,000 complete, with all furnishings on board. But initial cost is not all that must be considered, for it costs a fortune every year to keep any of these large pleasure craft in commission, the running expenses of the larger vessels running from \$8,000 to \$15,000 per month, and sometimes, when there is much entertainment, even more."

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at Sherry's on Jan. 9, with Com. Rouse in the chair. The reports of the officers and committees showed a generally prosperous condition of the club; the trustees reported that the bonded indebtedness on the Oyster Bay property had been readjusted in an advantageous manner. The following officers and committees were elected:

Com., Percy Chubb, cutter Vigilant; Vice-Com., Colgate Hoyt, steam yacht Tide II.; Rear-Com., Henry C. Eno, schr. Latona; Sec'y, Allen E. Whitman; Treas., Frank S. Hastings; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, H. Holbrook Curtis, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, W. Montague Geer, D. D.

Race Committee—Charles W. Wetmore, Charles A. Sherman, Clinton H. Crane, Johnston de Forest and Macomb G. Foster.

Committee on Lectures and Entertainments—Allen E. Whitman, Jacob Wendell, Jr., and Elijah Woodward.

Committee on Lines and Models—John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and H. M. Crane.

Law Committee—Wilmot T. Cox, Alfred Ely and W. Kintzing Post.

A plan has been prepared for a town club house in the form of a bachelor's apartment house somewhere in the club district with two of the lower floors specially fitted up for the use of the club. It is estimated that an investment of this nature at the present time will pay a good return in the future, and members have been asked to subscribe to the amount of \$100,000; it is understood that about \$75,000 has already been subscribed. The Race Committee has issued a special circular, calling attention to the raceabout class as now found in the East, and giving the rules and a description of these boats. It is proposed to give a series of weekly races every Saturday for boats of the class owned in the club, and other races for the class if sufficient interest is shown to warrant them.

Corinthian of Philadelphia.

THE annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, on Jan. 10 at the Hotel Bellevue, marked the close of a very prosperous year, the club now having a waiting list beyond its limit of membership, the fleet numbering 10 schooners, 15 cutters and sloops, 9 yawls, 8 knockabouts, 22 open boats, 11 steam yachts, 5 auxiliaries and 8 launches. The floating has been cancelled, a new basin has been built at Essington, and the club still has a balance in the treasury. The following officers were elected: Trustees to serve three years, Frank H. Rosengarten, Dr. R. H. Harte; to serve for one year, Robert K. Neff. Com., Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Com., Robert J. W. Koons, schr. Priscilla; Rear-Com., Robert M. Riddle, yawl Spalpeen; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., George E. Kirkpatrick; Meas., Albert C. Wood; Race Committee, A. F. Bancroft, I. W. Jeanes; H. S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions, C. H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. H. Millett, B. Pratt, F. H. Rosengarten.

The rules were amended so that there shall be but one club meeting in a year, and the limit of membership was raised to 200. The annual dinner followed the business meeting, seventy persons being present.

Western Yachting.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—Lake Geneva Y. C., of Wisconsin, is already beginning preparations for the annual regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, which will occur on Lake Geneva next August. Messrs. Carpenter, Porter, Rumsey and Heyworth are at work now on the programme, and are hustling up entries among the best of the yachtsmen at Chicago, Oshkosh, Oconomowoc, etc. Avis I. and Avis II. will both be entered by William Hale Thompson, and we shall no doubt hear also from very many others of the more famous boats of the Wisconsin waters.

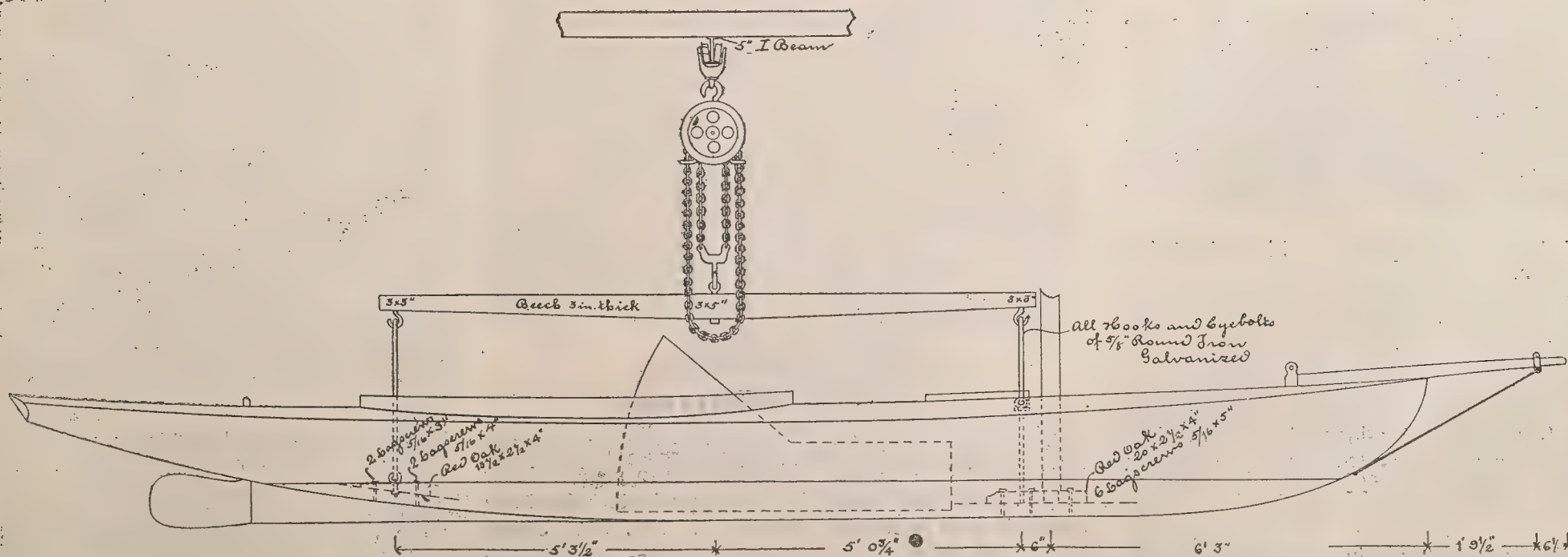
The Columbia Y. C. had its last regular monthly meeting a week ago, and decided upon an open regatta for July 4 next, to be sailed off the lake front of Chicago. There will be a great effort to make this the strongest event of the season, and invitations are preparing which will be sent out to yachtsmen of all the ports of the Great Lakes. The regatta will be sailed in two series, with divers classes, which will let in big and little. A special meeting of this club is holding to-night for the purposes of appointing committees, etc. The Columbia Y. C. is one of the most active of the Western associations, and this coming season it hopes to meet representatives from all of the Great Lakes and the inland lakes north and west of here.

E. H.

The Boston branch of the Yacht Masters & Engineers' Association has elected the following officers: Pres., A. C. Corkum; Vice-Pres., Edward Colbeth; Sec'y, George Lewis; Treas., Capt. J. E. Thompson; Trustees, J. K. Gray, G. E. Studley, A. G. Gould and Edward Colbeth.



LA GLORIA, SLOOP RIG.



HOISTING AND CARRYING GEAR FOR LA GLORIA.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. held its twenty-eighth annual meeting on Jan. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., William Kells; Vice-Com., J. Fennell; Rear-Com., M. Rosemond; Sec'y, H. Sneider; Cor. Sec'y, W. E. Long; Treas., Adolph Kling; Meas., A. I. Brush; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Newburg; Regatta Committee, Victor Hallers, W. H. Woodcock, M. Gelgart and J. Rawlinson; Trustees, J. Schuessele, L. Rice and Andrew Humphries; Fleet Capt., D. M. McKillop; Surgeon, A. C. Harrick; Chaplain, Ex-Com. F. W. Smedley; Steward, L. Rice. During the winter the club will hold its meetings at Schwartz's Hotel, Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint, the club house at North Beach being closed.

The annual meeting of the Portsmouth Y. C., of Portsmouth, N. H., was held on Jan. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., Samuel H. Pillsbury; Vice-Com., Louis Harris; Fleet Capt., Frank M. Dennett; Meas., George W. McCarthy; Sec'y, George Ducker; Treas., George E. Richardson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. S. Towle; Trustees for one year, James Lee, William C. Cotton and A. K. W. Green; Trustees for two years, J. W. Newell, Charles E. Hatch and Charles Humphreys; Trustees for three years, John Holman, William J. Fraser and E. P. Lawrence.

The Fall River Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 4, the following officers being elected: Pres., Herbert S. Weeden; Com., David J. Burdick; Vice-Com., Harold M. Anthony; Rear-Com., Chester D. Borden; Sec'y, Thomas L. Bartlett; Treas., Frank H. Borden; Meas., Peleg E. Borden; Directors, David A. Brayton, Jr., A. Homer Skinner; Regatta Committee, Benjamin D. Briggs, Frederick A. Gee, T. D. W. Wood, E. F. Lucas, B. F. Nickerson; Membership Committee, Timothy Haggerty, Charles G. Buffington and William F. McCoy; Auditing Committee, R. A. Wilcox, John H. Boone and J. E. Newton; Nominating Committee, William M. Arzen, Frank S. Almy, Eric W. Borden, Charles P. McClellan and Winfred Wetherell.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Winthrop Y. C. took place on Jan. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., A. W. Chesterton; Vice-Com., Arthur T. Bliss; Sec'y, Charles G. Bird; Treas., George A. Nash; Fleet Capt., John MacConnell, Jr., and Meas., Harry Hutchinson.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Y. C. on Jan. 4 the following officers were elected: Com., Charles S. Plummer; Vice-Com., George W. Ritchie; Rear-Com., James D. Hidler; Sec'y, William M. Arnold; Treas., James W. Langley; Fleet Surgeon, S. C. Powell, M. D.; Meas., Benjamin Briggs; House Committee, James D. Hidler; George S. Slocum, J. H. Scannevin, T. J. Davis, M. D., and George W. Ritchie; Regatta Committee, Michael W. Callaghan, John G. Costello and W. R. Howard, D. D. S.; Finance Committee, F. J. Davis, M. D., Michael W. Callaghan and Clarence U. Coffin; Library Committee, John S. Coggeshall, 2d, William H. Arnold and H. R. Taber.

The Orange Lake Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., H. C. Higginson; Vice-Com., Dr. Willett Kidd; Sec'y and Treas., W. A. Kidd; Regatta Committee, James O'Brien, Frank G. Wood, Patrick Delany, David Brown and W. Sawyer, of Malden.

On Jan. 5 the annual meeting of the South Shrewsbury Y. C. was held at Red Bank, the following officers being elected: Com., William A. Seaman; Vice-Com., Charles P. Irwin; Sec'y, Bert Cubberley; Treas., J. J. Manolt; Sailing Master, Capt. Jesse Lafetra; Regatta Committee, E. E. Taber, William Pontin and G. A. Lippincott.

The annual meeting of the Volunteer Y. C. took place at Lynn, Mass., on Jan. 4, followed by a dinner. The following officers were elected: Com., William B. Newhall; Vice-Com., Albion J. Novell; Capt. of the Fleet, George S. Littlefield; Clerk, Owen A. Farley; Treas., Owen A. Farley; Meas., Charles B. Taylor; Board of Directors, Frank Jones, James C. Tibbetts, F. Warren Martin and Commodore and Vice-Commodore; Regatta Committee, Fred O. Starratt, C. F. Skerry, Frank S. Sawyer, J. H. Bowlby, J. H. Myers; Membership Committee, F. Warren Martin, J. H. Myers, George S. Littlefield.

The Haverhill Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 3, electing the following officers: Com., F. D. Richardson; Vice-Com., George Surette; Sec'y, Will T. Conley; Treas., F. F. Drew; Fleet Capt., Charles Woodburn; Meas., F. F. Drew; Board of Directors, A. Kilby, Thomas Jewell, Charles Thornell, Charles Wilson, Fred Tatham; Membership Committee, Charles Woodburn, John Sherwood, Fred Hersey.

The annual dinner of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. was held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, on Jan. 6, Com. Mollenhauer presiding.

The Lynn Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 2, the following officers being elected: Com., William H. Russell; Vice-Com., S. B. Howe; Sec'y, W. H. Hollis; Treas., W. A. Estes; Meas., Arthur Larrabee; Directors, W. H. Hollis, J. A. Clough, Arthur Larrabee and Joseph W. Haines; Regatta Committee, C. A. Mansfield, George S. Littlefield, J. A. Clough, Charles J. Blethen and S. B. Howe; Membership Committee, John B. Foss, George E. Richardson and W. S. Johnson. A dinner followed the meeting.

The house of the Bay Shore Y. C., at Fire Island, has been sold at auction.

The annual meeting of the Morrisania Y. C. was held on Jan. 3, the following officers being elected: Com., George J. Oakes; Vice-Com., George J. Stelz; Rear-Com., Fred Daum; Fleet Capt., Charles Locke; Treas., G. T. Charleton; Fin. Sec'y, T. F. Dooley; Rec. Sec'y, W. Horlocker; Meas., Allan Fisher; Steward, E. H. Kiel; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Schappart; Auditor, C. E. Miller, Jr.; Board of Directors, Lyman Jackson, W. Horlocker, George Ollweiler, William Hansen, John Schmitt, G. T. Charleton, Thomas Deckert, E. H. Kiel and George J. Stelz.

The Yachting Department of the Knickerbocker, formerly the New Jersey, Athletic Club, was held on Jan.

5, the following officers were elected: Com. J. O. Thurston; Vice-Com., W. T. Bernard; Rear-Com., L. J. Borland; Sec'y, E. R. Grant; Chaplain, H. W. Meigs, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, L. F. Donohue, M. D. The yachting station of the club is at Bayonne, N. J., on Newark Bay, adjoining the athletic grounds and tracks.

At the annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on Jan. 10, held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, the following officers were elected: Com., Charles T. Wills, sloop Acushla I.; Vice-Com., George T. Tyson, schr. Nirvana; Rear-Com., Alfred Peats, sloop Lorelei; Sec'y, Charles Wright Kirby; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., Frank Bowne Jones; Trustees, term expires 1903, Henry E. Doremus and Alfred Peats; Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles E. McManus, D. Willis Merritt, Thomas A. Mead and Charles Frederick Kirby.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, sailed from New York Jan. 8 with her owner on board. She will go to Southampton, and thence to the Mediterranean. She is expected back about May. On Jan. 15 she arrived at the Azores.

The fast launch presented to Harvard College a few years ago by the late Frank Thompson, for coaching the crews, was recently burned with the boat house at Cambridge. A new launch of similar size will be built by Lawley & Son, of 51 ft. over all, 7 ft. 10 in. beam and 3 ft. draft, with a working speed of sixteen and one-half miles.

Owners of yachts in Chicago are pleased at the prospect of having cruising stations established at three or four points along the lake, between this city and Mackinac, by the time the next yachting season is fairly under way.

Com. Morgan, of the Chicago Y. C., is apparently the pioneer in this movement, and he already has plans well under way for the construction of a private club house, pier and other conveniences at a point near Kenosha.

Charles H. Thorne is another yachting enthusiast who has a plan looking to the accommodation and comfort of those who like to take a long trip during the hot months, and would do so oftener but for the lack of accommodations in the way of recruiting stations and resting places on the journey. Mr. Thorne has his eye on an island away up in Grand Traverse Bay, and if he can secure it, which he will not be able to do until after he has gone through with a lot of negotiation with Government officials, he will build there a club house for himself and put in the improvements necessary to make the place a cruising station for weary yachting sojourners who are far away from home.

Still other Chicago yachtsmen are at least considering plans of a similar nature, one having in mind a place on an island so far away as the straits, and the chances are that before long there will be on the Great Lakes a series of cruising stations affording some of the conveniences which are offered to New York yachtsmen now every summer when they start out upon their trips.—Chicago Tribune.

The South Boston Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Simon Goldsmith; Vice-Com., S. Gordon Sawyer; Rear-Com., Edwin A. Shuman; Sec'y, William H. French; Treas., Thomas Christian; Meas., Fred H. Borden; Fleet Surgeon, Thomas G. Reed, M. D.; Trustees for three years, William H. Godfred and John T. Hurley; Regatta Committee, George M. Krey, Vincent B. Johnson, W. Wallace Kee, E. B. Walbridge and Dr. E. C. Ryder; House Committee, James T. Ball, George P. Field, P. H. Dacey, Maurice Lee and Henry J. Schriener.

The American Y. C., of Newburyport, Mass., held its annual meeting on Jan. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., Rudolph Jacoby; Vice-Com., Thomas Huse; Rear-Com., J. F. Stewart; Sec'y, Henry W. Little; Treas., Harry W. Bayley; Executive Committee, George H. Davis, Henry S. Brown, Leonard P. Balch; Regatta Committee, James P. Walsh, Charles S. Spaulding, Edwin F. Noyes, J. Cushing Todd, Henry W. Little; Auditing Committee, Harry S. Noyes, Henry F. Trask, Moody Kimball; Entertainment Committee, Charles H. Shackford, Moody Kimball, Henry S. Brown, P. A. Creeden, H. W. Quinlan; Meas., A. S. Dyer; Collector, Greenleaf A. Johnson.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held on Jan. 10 at the Parker House, Boston, the following officers being elected: Com., J. O. Shaw, Jr.; Vice-Com., William O. Gay; Rear-Com., W. H. Rothwell; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., Charles B. Stebbins; Executive Committee, Frank E. Peabody, W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, C. E. Finney, George W. Mansfield, D. H. Follett, W. W. Keith, Frank Brewster; Membership Committee, Daniel W. Lane, Sumner H. Foster, Frederick Estabrook, P. W. Pope; House Committee, A. K. Simpson (three years), W. G. Farrell (two years), Charles W. Foss (one year); Board of Judges, C. E. Finney, George W. Mansfield, D. H. Follett, W. W. Keith, Frank Brewster.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company has a force of upward of sixty men at work, and is very busy in its various departments. It is building ten 30 ft. l.w.l. launches for the Electric Launch Company, of New York, and also ten 18 ft. launches, with a cabin electric yacht of 35 ft. l.w.l., from designs by Gardner & Cox, for George Bullock, Esq. The hollow spar department is already full of orders, for all sizes of spars. A new department for the building of canvas-covered canoes has been organized, with several expert workmen in this class of work. The canoes, with an inner skin of light cedar and an outer covering of canvas enamelled, are of moderate price and very serviceable and durable. They are advertised on another page. Among the sailing craft are two designed by C. H. Crane, an 18 ft. bulb fin racing boat for Dr. A. Augsburg, of Riga, Russia, and a 17 ft. R.M. boat for George M. Pynchon, Esq., of Chicago. Besides these are various small sailing craft.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

JAN. 8.—At the regular shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club to-day the following scores were made:

L. P. Hansen.....	247	244	243	244	247—1225
W. A. Hicks.....	236	241	241	243	247—1208
C. G. Zettler, Jr.....	239	240	243	242	243—1207
Dr. C. F. Mehlig.....	234	244	244	242	242—1206
Reinhold Busse.....	237	243	238	242	244—1204
Henry Holges.....	234	241	238	244	241—1198
C. G. Zettler.....	240	236	242	240	232—1190
Barney Zettler.....	226	241	237	238	240—1185
S. O. Buzzini.....	232	231	237	242	241—1183
H. D. Muller.....	234	231	236	235	236—1172
Henry Muenz.....	230	230	230	232	229—1161
T. P. McKenna.....	217	223	236	225	225—1131

The conditions were 50 shots per man in five strings of 10 shots each, ring target, 25 yds. range, off-hand shooting. Louis Hansen made the top score of 1225 points out of a possible 1250.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; \$1,200 in prizes. Open to the world.
Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwalader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.
Jan. 25.—Royersford, Pa.—On grounds of Twin City Gun Club 100-target event. H. E. Buckwalter, Mgr.
Jan. 27.—Omaha, Neb.—Omaha-Kansas City team match.
Jan. 31.—Brooklyn, L. I.—First contest for Brooklyn Eagle trophy.
Feb. 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club's Grand Central American handicap tournament. One day targets, one day sparrows and one day live pigeons. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.
Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; \$1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. K. Smith, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird shoot for the benefit of Mr. W. Mills.
Feb. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Yonkers, N. Y.—Target and live-bird shoot of the Yonkers Gun Club at Hollywood Inn, Dunwoodie. G. C. Stengel, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular Spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.
May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.
May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.
May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.
May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.
May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.
Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's semi-monthly live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's semi-monthly club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Brooklyn Eagle has many good things in its columns, but in its trap news it has many things which would also be good if they were true. It has accounts of shoots which are always of yesterday, but may be of yesterday or even several yesterdays. In its last Sunday edition it states that 40,000 pigeons for the week of the next Grand American Handicap, that "Mr. Elmer Shaner has already begun to look around him and to make arrangements for procuring the necessary pigeons for that big contest; that 17,500 pigeons last year were used in the Grand American Handicap alone, and that the birds must be all picked birds. As to all this, there were 3,467 birds used in the G. A. H. last year, something different from 17,500. Mr. Shaner has not begun to look around for birds; the birds are provided by contract by the Interstate Park Association in the same manner that they were provided at Elkwood Park. The birds were not all picked birds last year; they probably will be a better lot this year. Nevertheless the Eagle's ideas would all be very interesting if true.

A Pittsburg paper states as follows: "Western Pennsylvania will be represented at the great shoot at Monte Carlo this year as usual. For the last seven years there has been at least one man from this city at the event at the town where the largest gambling house of the world is located. The shooting is now in progress, but the principal event will be the Grand Prix du Casino, which takes place Jan. 29, 30 and 31. J. O'H. Denny and F. H. Denny, the shooters, well known here, are in England now, and will cross the channel in time for the big event, in which they will shoot. Shooters from all parts of the world are entered. The first prize is worth \$2,500."

Mr. Noel Money, who is well known to the shooting fraternity of America, has accepted a lieutenancy in the "Imperial Yeomanry," 1,500 strong, and probably is now en route to South Africa to take part in the serious shooting events which thereabouts are rife at present. It was understood that he sailed on last Saturday. The qualifications for acceptance in this body are extremely exacting. A high physical perfection, a knowledge of military tactics, ability to shoot well and ride across country are of the first requirements. All his friends will wish him success and safety in the perilous mission of war.

In the Times-Herald of Jan. 8 is the following concerning those who may participate in the Grand American Handicap at Interstate Park this spring: "Following is a list of shooters who would probably make up an excursion such as left Chicago for Elkwood Park last year: Illinois—F. P. Stannard, E. D. Bingham, W. H. Dupee, J. B. Barto, C. C. Hess, Silas Palmer, J. S. Boa, T. P. Hicks, C. P. Richards, W. F. Carver, John Watson, E. M. Steck, E. S. Rice, W. P. Leffingwell, J. L. White, Dr. S. Shaw, A. C. Paterson, J. H. Amberg, Henry Levi, Chicago; Harry Dummell, Bert Dummell, Fox Lake; Mayor Thomas A. Marshall, Keithsburg; Dr. J. Morris, Dixon; V. E. Boltenstein, H. E. Boltenstein, Cambridge; L. H. Owen, McHenry; George Roll, Blue Island; F. C. Riehl, Alton; E. K. Crothers, Bloomington; A. D. Sperry, Thomas Laffin, Rock Island; William Harbaugh, Geneseo; J. English, Mount Pulaski; William Meidroth, Peoria, and Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur. Wisconsin—Dr. R. Williams, M. E. White, Richard Merrill, George Dieter, J. Wolff, H. Roland, Dr. M. L. Williamson, Milwaukee; R. J. Rockwell, Guy Deering, Columbus. Iowa—John A. Lane, Dr. W. B. Kibbey, Marshalltown; Joe Kirschner, William Milner, C. W. Budd, George McCarthy, Des Moines; Charles W. Grimm, Clear Lake; Fred Gilbert, Russell Klein, Spirit Lake; James O'Brien, Dubuque; Samuel Hoffman, Atlantic; A. H. Sheldon, Mason City. Indiana—Elmer E. Neal, Bloomfield. Minnesota—Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, F. McKay, Minneapolis; H. C. Hirshey, St. Paul. Missouri—J. A. R. Elliott, Christ, Gottlieb, David Elliott, Edward Hickman, James Riley, Kansas City; F. H. Stockton, Hannibal; John J. Sumpter, Jr., St. Louis. Nebraska—G. F. Brucker, Frank Parmelee and W. D. Burgess, Omaha. Other shooters who might join the excursion on the way are Jack Parker, Detroit, and E. H. Worthington, T. G. Upson and Paul North, Cleveland."

Mr. Walter Watrous, of the Carteret Gun Club, is quoted as commending a faster method of retrieving at trap shoots, as follows: "Another innovation that has been suggested by Walter Watrous, who has recently returned from a trip abroad, is the introduction of greyhounds to gather the birds, instead of the setters and pointers that are used at present. Commenting on the advantage of greyhounds, Mr. Watrous said: 'They can run much faster and jump higher than any retrieving dogs used in this country, which would mean that many birds that flutter beyond the reach of an ordinary dog and on to the far side of the boundary fence would be captured by the more agile and swifter hound.' The plan proposed is that the club obtain some greyhound pups and train them to retrieve with the other dogs, in the kennels. This plan has been followed successfully on many trapshooting grounds in England and France."

Another cup has been presented for the consideration of the Greater New York, through the generosity of Messrs. W. H. Sanders and G. L. Storm. The first contest for it will be on Feb. 7 next. The conditions in a general way will restrict the competition to bona fide residents of New York city. The contests will be at 50 singles, unknown angles, \$1 entrance, and the winning of the cup, according to the conditions, will signify the Greater New York target championship. It is a challenge cup. The challenger must deposit \$5 with his challenge, and cup and money go to the winner. All shoots for it must take place on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The committee in charge of it are Messrs. W. H. Sanders, John S. Wright and W. R. Hobart.

Mr. W. F. Duncan, secretary of the Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., writes us as follows: "At the annual meeting on the 9th inst. the following were elected to serve as officers of the Soo Gun Club during the ensuing year: President, John Otten; Vice-President, G. W. Kortright; Secretary, W. F. Duncan; Treasurer, Oscar Haberg; Field Captain, J. W. Grey; Executive Committee, John Otten, W. F. Duncan, Oscar Haberg, C. C. Hamilton, H. H. Hawman, C. E. Ellis, J. W. Gray. The following dates were claimed for the sixth annual amateur target tournament: June 12, 13, and 14."

Mr. Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust powder fame, will remain in New York a few weeks yet, he being disengaged at present. The company which he represented so well in the past has concluded that it would not rebuild its plant. It will be remembered that the latter was totally destroyed by an explosion some months ago. It is very probable that some other company will take advantage of the opportunity to secure so able and so popular a shooter to represent it.

At the shoot of the Carteret Gun Club last Saturday Mr. D. Bradley demonstrated that he is in class form, he repeating his good performance of a short time ago. In the 20-bird handicap he killed straight, his competitors scoring as follows. W. W. Watrous 19, Capt. Money 18, Welch 18, Guthrie 16. In the cup events, at 10 and 7 birds respectively Bradley again killed straight. In the miss-and-out events Capt. Money was the most successful winner.

In the New Year's shoot of the Remington Gun Club, of Ilion, N. Y., and the Richfield Gun Club, the nine-men teams and the scores were as follows: Richfield—Caney 12, M. E. Baker 21, Yeomans 15, Fairchild 13, Corbin 16, Morgan 22, Cole 19, Borland 18, Keller 15; total 156. Ilion—A. Barker 19, De Bee 17, Rensvold 19, Tomlinson 13, Baker 13, Jenne 21, Avery 15, Wagner 15, Colling 17; total 149. Each club has now victories to its credit. Mr. M. E. Barker made high average for the day, 85 per cent.

On Thursday of this week the Medicus Gun Club, of Ilion, N. Y., and the Richfield Gun Club, the nine-men teams and the scores were as follows: Richfield—Caney 12, M. E. Baker 21, Yeomans 15, Fairchild 13, Corbin 16, Morgan 22, Cole 19, Borland 18, Keller 15; total 156. Ilion—A. Barker 19, De Bee 17, Rensvold 19, Tomlinson 13, Baker 13, Jenne 21, Avery 15, Wagner 15, Colling 17; total 149. Each club has now victories to its credit. Mr. M. E. Barker made high average for the day, 85 per cent.

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On Thursday, Jan. 25, Mr. H. E. Buckwalter, of Royersford, Pa., announces a shoot at 100 targets, \$10 entrance, on the Twin City Gun Club's grounds. Those who desire to participate in this contest will need to send him \$2.50 forfeit. All forfeits must be in by Jan. 24. The percentage system will govern. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Shooters taking the P. R. R. get off at Spring City. Manufacturers' agents are barred.

We regret to learn that Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., one of the famous and popular brethren of the shotgun, will not be so actively a participant in trapshooting affairs in the future as in the past. Business interests will engage most of his time and attention. He has announced in our columns that his beautiful gun is for sale.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., has issued a calendar with ample pictorial illustration of game hunting, eleven scenes in all, portraying mounted trophies, camp life in the wilderness and the pursuit and capture of bear, mountain sheep, deer, ruffed grouse, etc.—varieties of game shot with the Savage rifle. They will send their catalogue on application.

The team match which was contemplated between the Crescent Athletic Club and the Brooklyn Gun Club seems to have fallen through. It is to be regretted that these two live organizations could not arrange to compare notes in matters of skill at the traps. Both clubs could present strong teams.

The University of Pennsylvania has arranged to shoot with the Clearview Gun Club, at Darby, and on Jan. 27, with the Florist Gun Club at Wissinoming. The per cent. of the ten highest men for December is: Carlisle .677, Witorn .653, Baldwin .652, Parish .623, Cooper .600, Smith .600, Paget .568, Freed .500, Arrison .540, Du Pont .517.

On Jan. 11 Mr. Harold Money departed from New York for Lincoln, Neb., where he will study mining, etc., at the college of that place. If he is so fortunate as to gain the eminence and ability in his future profession as he has as a master of the shotgun, he will have few equals, and, in our opinion, no superiors. We wish him every success.

Mr. G. C. Stengel, secretary of the Yonkers Gun Club, informs us that his club will hold a shoot at Hollywood Inn, Dunwoodie, on Feb. 22. There will be target and live-bird sweepstakes. Take Mt. Vernon trolley road. Mr. Stengel's address is 172 Nepperham avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, has fixed upon Feb. 6, 7 and 8 for its Grand Central American handicap tournament. One day will be devoted to targets, one to sparrows, and one to live pigeons. Address communications to Mr. Bert B. Adams, secretary.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes departed from Dayton, O., on Sunday last, after a very pleasant visit in this quiet and peaceful hamlet of New York. During his visit here he incidentally proved that he could shoot, and shoot best when the conditions were hardest.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the energetic manager of the Interstate Association, left for his home in Pittsburgh on Saturday of last week. He accomplished an infinity of business in respect to the forthcoming roof garden tournament, to be held in connection with the Sportsmen's show in Madison Square Garden, besides accomplished much in respect to the forthcoming Grand American Handicap.

FOREST AND STREAM's desk calendar for 1900 will be sent to those of our readers who apply for it. It is small in size, and just the thing for home and office. The card is rendered attractive to the eye by a spirited picture of field or stream.

In a match at the Lakewood shooting grounds, at Lakewood, N. J., on Jan. 12, at 50 targets each, between Messrs. W. S. Fraley and C. F. Murphy, the scores were in favor of the latter by 45 to 44. We are informed that the match was for \$25 a side.

Mr. W. R. Crosby returned to Batavia, N. Y., last week, after a very pleasant visit in New York. He added very extensively to his already large circle of friends, his quiet and unassuming way, whether he wins or loses, being most pleasing.

The Baltimore Shooting Association have claimed April 10 to 13 for its regular spring tournament. There will be two days at targets and two at live birds, with a liberal provision of added money. Mr. H. P. Collins is the secretary.

The regular monthly shoot of the New Haven Gun Club takes place on the second Wednesday of each month.

The first shoot for the Eagle cup will take place on Jan. 31. BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Jan. 10.—There were twenty shooters in the main event of the live-bird shoot, held by the Lyndhurst Shooting Association on its grounds to-day. Brewer was shooting in good form, and got 31 out of the total of 32 birds. Jack Fanning was a close second, losing but 2, one dead out. Feigenspan, in the main event, killed 19 straight, but was unfortunate in missing his 20th, which would have given him first money all alone.

The birds were a good lot, and kept the crackerjacks attending strictly to business to keep them within bounds.

No. 1, 5 birds, \$3, high guns:

T W Morley, 29.....	22222-5	J L Brewer, 30.....	22222-5
C S Campbell, 27.....	22222-5	W R Crosby, 30.....	02021-3
G Bruyere, 27.....	12121-5	L H Schorty, 30.....	02220-3
J S Fanning, 30.....	21222-5	J J Hallowell, 30.....	02002-2
J Tracy, 30.....	12112-5	L Murphy, 28.....	11000-2
G H Piercy, 29.....	22212-5		

No. 2, 7 birds, \$5, birds included:

Fanning, 30.....	2222122-7	Murphy, 28.....	1*122*2-5
Brewer, 30.....	2122222-7	Hallowell, 30.....	2202220-5
Crosby, 30.....	0111121-6	Morley, 29.....	0222120-5
Piercy, 29.....	2222202-6	Campbell, 27.....	1121001-5
Bruyere, 27.....	011*121-5	Tracy, 30.....	1121002-5

No. 3, 20 birds, \$10, birds extra:

C W Feigenspan, 29.....	22222222222222222220-19
J L Brewer, 31.....	22222222222222222222-19
J S Fanning, 30.....	22102222222222222222-18
R L Packard, 27.....	21*2221212121212102-18
L H Schortemeier, 29.....	22222222222222222222-18
A W Morley, 29.....	0212121222221*222122-18
T W Morley, 28.....	02222222222222222222-17
H Money, 30.....	22022222222222222222-17
W R Crosby, 30.....	122022120*2222222222-17
G H Piercy, 29.....	02201222222222222220-16
C S Campbell, 27.....	1221221100112022021-17
T C Wright, 29.....	0*122222202122202222-16
F W Moffett, 28.....	20222222222222222220-16
J B Bruyere, 28.....	2022222*2222212*0w
F L Jack, 27.....	22202*0220110w
J J Hallowell, 29.....	222220022200w
J C Tracy, 27.....	21012021*0w
W H Sanders, 27.....	11001000w

Moonlight match, 25 birds, 30yds.:

C W Feigenspan, 29.....	112022212202122*02220*w
H Money, 30.....	0220222202222222222222-21

Lyndhurst, N. J., Jan. 12.—The match for a purse of \$50 between Messrs. T. C. Wright and J. P. Bruyere, at 25 live birds each, resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 19 to 17. Wright had 3 birds dead out, while Bruyere had 2.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

5 5 5 1 2 2 3 4 5 4 5 1 4 8 4 5 8 8 4 2 5 1 2 3	
2 2	
T C Wright, 29.....	* 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 * 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-19
1 2 1 5 4 5 4 2 1 8 5 2 3 2 5 4 1 4 2 8 5 1 1 2 4	
2 2	
J P Bruyere, 29.....	2 0 1 1 1 2 0 * 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 * 1 0 2-17

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Morley, 31.....	12222-4	
Wright, 29.....	21222-5	0202022-4
Bruyere, 29.....	22212-5	02122*2-5
Tracy, 29.....	02112-4	0102011-4
Hopper, 29.....		0021222-5

No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$3 entrance. No. 2 was at 7 birds, \$5 entrance.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 15.—Following are the scores of the regular shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The weather, at the beginning of the day's sport, was ideal, but toward the end snow began falling, which interfered to some extent with the shooters. There was a good attendance of members and visitors, the latter coming from Newark, New York and Brooklyn.

This was also the day of the annual meeting. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, E. G. Heritage; Vice-President, Henry Van Dyke; Financial Secretary, Thomas Kelly; Corresponding Secretary, James Hughes; Treasurer, Fred Altz; Shooting Captain, George Brewer.

The old Financial Board was re-elected. Among other business transacted was the reduction of the price of targets from 2 cents to 1½ cents to visitors.

At the shoot on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, there will be two special events, which will be interesting to visitors. The details are not arranged as yet.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	25
Schorty.....	8	9	13	9	13	9	14	11	12	18
Dudley.....	7	8	12	11	8	8	13	11	13	23
Banta.....	6	7	13	5	9	7	11
Scheubel.....	7	10	11	11	13	8	12	13	13	21
Schoverling.....	5	7	11	10	11	7	9	8	12	18
Hughes.....	6	7	10
Schields.....	6	6	8	13	10	8	9
Brewer.....	4	7	5	..	9	8
Whitley.....	3	4	5	..	6
O'Brien.....	..	5	14	9	8	14	9
Jensen.....	..	3	7	..	9	6	5
Nagle.....	..	10	..	8
Fry.....	..	10	9	4	8
Fisher.....	..	6	7	4	11
Hassinger.....	..	12	13	7	13	10	9	17
O'Rourke.....	..	6	..	4	4
Doran.....	..	4	3
Tommy.....	..	8
Peters.....	..	8	4	9	9	6
Miller.....	..	11

J. HUGHES, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 13.—The four-men team race at 25 targets resulted in a victory for Piercy's team. Score: 80 to 75. Team No. 1 was as follows: Piercy 22, Sinnock 21, Engle 21, Herrington 16; total 80. Team No. 2: Feigenspan 22, Fleming 20, Terrill 18, Dawson 15; total 75.

Nos. 9 and 10 were reverse angles. No. 11 was at 10 pairs.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	20	10	10	10	20	20
Feigenspan.....	10	9	9	10	17	15	6	9	9	4	9
Piercy.....	9	8	10	10	18	10	9	7	5	8	8
Herrington.....	7	8	7	15	9	7	7	8
Engle.....	8	10	7	14	12	6	8	8
Dawson.....	8	5	5	7	13
Terrill.....	9	7
Sinnock.....	..	10	19	18	10	8	6	..	11
Fleming.....	..	19	8	9	9	6	11

Country Gun Club.

Lakewood, N. J., Jan. 13.—The following live-bird events were shot to-day. A match was shot between Messrs. Thomas and Converse, at 6 birds, in which the former won:

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5-bird sweeps. No. 3 was 10 birds, \$10:					
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
K P Thomas, 28.....	11200-3	12121-5	10000000-1		
T Magee, 29.....	22000-2	2021-4	0120020-3		
D M Harris, 30.....	02022-3	001-1	11122011-8		
J Converse, 27.....	0010-1	001-1	100001021-4		

Miss-and-outs, \$10:

J Magee, 29.....	22	121110	J Converse, 27.....	112221
D M Harris, 29.....	20	210		

All 5-bird sweeps, \$5:

K P Thomas.....	26.21121	27.0221	27.1200	27.1100	27.000
J Magee.....	28.012	28.22221	28.1010	28.12222	29.0220
D M Harris.....	28.110	28.010	23.00	28.110	28.10122
W S Traley.....	26.11212	28.20112	29.220	29.000	

Miss-and-outs:

K P Thomas, 27.....	21121	212102122
J Magee, 29.....	020	
D M Harris, 29.....	12222200	12222200
W S Traley, 29.....	00	20

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—The weather to-day was dark and murky not inviting to outdoor sport, but twenty-six members of the Garfield Club turned out for the regular bi-monthly club event, and the contest for the medal was interesting. Palmer, Kuss and Barnard landed straight, pressed hard by Dr. Meek, Dr. Shaw and Nusly, each with 9. Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lee shot in the former scoring 7, the latter 3, in the 10 birds of the capital event.

Garden City Club.

Garden City Club held its first shoot of the 1900 series to-day at Watson's, eight members being in attendance. All stood at 30yds. except Gillis, winner of the last contest. F. Hollister, the hard-shooting railroad man, took chief honors to-day, killing his 15 birds straight and winning high average, besides going out tied with C. C. Parker, the ice man, who would have liked to be the railroad man. Mr. Parker needed a handicap bird to score 15. Amberg and Odell tied on 14. The light and weather conditions were none of the best, but the fun was good in the brisk little race. E. Hough.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—The subjoined scores were made on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club to-day on the occasion of our seventh trophy shoot of the series. Dr. Meek and S. Palmer are now tied for first place with Kuss, Dr. Shaw, John Wolff, Barnard and M. H. Shaw, well bunched for second place.

The day was a very unpleasant one for trapshooting—a raw, damp atmosphere with a sharp tailing wind, making the birds mostly outgoers and

Trap Around Reading.

THE Andrew B. Hendryx Co., of New Haven, Conn., send us their large catalogue for 1900 of the Hendryx bird and animal cages, fishing reels and other articles. The cages and reels are in astonishing variety, and the catalogue is well worth examining.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE LACEY GAME BILL.

We print to-day Mr. Lacey's amended game bill, as introduced into the House of Representatives on Jan. 17. In its new form the bill forbids the importation of the mongoose, the flying-fox or fruit bat, the English sparrow, starling, and such other species as the Secretary of Agriculture may declare injurious. The provision respecting the transportation of game forbids the export of that which has been killed illegally, or of which the shipment is forbidden by a State law. This is highly desirable; and the enactment of the bill into a law would be a decided gain. Mr. Lacey should have the cordial support of the public. Every citizen who is concerned for the permanent game supply should address his representative in Congress in indorsement of the Lacey bill, which is known as H. R. 6634.

BEARS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

ONE thing is quite certain and a foregone conclusion: Mr. J. P. T., who in the FOREST AND STREAM last week advertised for a lost bear, will find his game. His request for the identification of his bear of schoolday memory was published in our Camp-Fire Flickering corner that it might "remind" some one of the old tale. Promptly comes Mr. C. H. Ames to tell us that the story was in a classic of his youth, the "Progressive Reader." Now that we have come so close as that on the trail, the bear will speedily be brought to bay; for there must be those who can tell us all about any bear story that had the currency of school-room literature.

On receipt of the hint contained in the letter of Mr. Ames, we sent out to a second-hand schoolbook shop in the Cooper Union to buy a "Progressive Reader." What came to us was a book of the "Progressive Series," being "Osgood's America Fourth Reader," which, the preface explains, "corresponds in difficulty with the 'Progressive Third Reader' of our old series." It proved thus not to be the bear-story reader, though it has a bear story in it, a yarn which is, as bear stories go, by no manner of means progressive, but retrogressive and decadent. For, instead of Indians and grizzlies and a bald-headed trapper all mixed up in the scrimmage, after the good old-fashioned way of the old-time school books, we have here in this degenerate product a milk-and-water tale of a Maine bear captured as a cub and "brought up by hand as one of the family. He claimed the warmest place on the hearth stone, and nestled in cold weather with the dogs before the fire"—and there is a picture of the bear, the dogs and the cat "nestling." None of the pet animals about the farm were tamer than he; none, we are told, "loved better to climb up into his master's lap and receive his caress." What on earth could be told of a bear such as this, than that he was a confirmed egg-sucker and was forever smelling out and thieving whatever goodies tickled his palate; and that one day when the family was at church, he drew the spile of the molasses barrel, filled himself and smeared himself over with molasses, then deposited himself in a bed, and when routed out by the family home from church, "started on the run for the haymow with the sheets sticking to his back": and the tale concludes, "it was sometime before the bear got well, and still longer before his mistress forgave him."

Here is a bear story for you adapted to the infantile mind. But what shall be said of the child in the Fourth Reader grade who is fed on such bear meat as that? It is to be urged for him at least that he is defrauded of his rights; he is entitled to a schoolbook bear story that is a bear story—a story of a bear, not of a degenerate domesticated farm pet which climbs into its master's lap for caresses, and hides in the bed and is forgiven by its mistress.

The tale of the schoolbook bear is all of a piece with the flood of wish-wash about the brute creation and human kind which has arrived at the dignity of a cult in these days. With those who belong to the new school, a bear is no longer a bear, nor are there now any wild and savage creatures between which and man exists an irrepressible conflict. In place of bear hunting, this cult is given over to speculation as to Bruin's immortality. Instead of a moving bear story with claws and fangs and cuffs and hugs and bowie knives and catch-as-catch-can and snarl and grunt and quick breath and straining of muscles and desperate lunges and strivings and overcoming and coming out on top—either brute or human—there is an inculcation of kindness to bears and an ascription of millenium amiability of bears toward man, and these stories of molasses-smeared bears done up in snowy sheets.

Mr. Ames knows about schoolbooks; perhaps he will tell us if it is now this species of bear that commonly holds place in the schoolroom.

THE POLLUTION OF WATERS.

IN the annual message of Governor Roosevelt, of New York, high ground is taken in the discussion of the fish, game and forest affairs. The message is an earnest, though as such by no means necessary, of the Governor's lively interest in these natural resources and his entirely adequate appreciation of their importance and understanding of what is essential to conserve them. There is need of better laws, he says, and of an improved administration of the law. For the most part the inadequacy of the system lies in an administration which is lax, and not the law which is defective. As was said at Syracuse the other day when the State League met to discuss the subject, the law is now so nearly satisfactory that chief attention may be given to enforcing its provisions, rather than to devising amendments.

Specifically, Governor Roosevelt very justly says: "The provisions of law in reference to saw mills and wood-pulp mills are defective and should be changed so as to prohibit dumping dyestuffs, sawdust or tan bark in any amount whatsoever into the streams. Reservoirs should be made; but not where they will tend to destroy large sections of the forest, and only after a careful and scientific study of the water resources of the region."

This is one of the few sections which need revision. As the statute now stands, it reads: "No dyestuffs, coal tar, refuse from gas houses, sawdust, shavings, tan bark, lime or other deleterious or poisonous substances shall be thrown or allowed to run into any of the waters of this State, either private or public, in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same."

In operation this has proved altogether inadequate, because of the difficulty of proving in any given case that the quantities of poisonous substance allowed to run into the water is "in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same." Stream after stream has been ruined as a fishery by the refuse of mills; and so rarely is an offender convicted that practical immunity may be said to be the rule.

The only law effective in provision would be the one suggested by Governor Roosevelt to prohibit the dumping of deleterious substances "in any amount whatsoever."

This problem of how to rescue the waters from the pollution already wrought and in progress, and of how to preserve them free from fish-destroying agencies in the future, is one of the most important in the whole range of those which have to do with protecting the natural resources of the State; and yet it is one least likely to receive any serious or intelligent consideration at the hands of the Legislature.

There is a measure now before the Assembly, Mr. Henry's, for the protection and improvement of the purity of the waters of the State, which makes it a duty of the State Board of Health to collect information concerning the waters of the State with reference to their being or becoming sources of potable water supply, and to their protection and improvement of their purity; to make examinations of the sources, surrounding conditions, and the causes or sources of pollution or threatened pollution; to employ such means as shall be necessary to prevent the increase of pollution; to investigate, whenever the public interests shall require it, the desirability, feasibility, means to be employed, and action necessary to

be taken, in order to diminish or stop the pollution of any of the waters of the State, and to formulate general plans for the diminishing or stopping of such pollution. For abatement of water pollution nuisances the board is given no power; it is authorized to co-operate with the owners of manufacturing plants to ascertain the most feasible remedies; but beyond this its power is not extended. We shall never have the question handled effectually until the public wakes up to the fact that its rights have been grossly invaded by individual and corporation mill owners.

EXPERT AND AMATEUR.

THE subject of moose calling is one of the live topics of the day. We print communications on the subject this week, and others are in hand for our next issue. In the discussion a distinction is rightly made between the hunter who does his own calling and the one who has his moose called to him. To call a moose and to have a moose called for one are two things quite distinct. Closely allied to this subject is that of which Mr. Hardy writes, the killing of game for the sportsman by his guide. This probably is much more common in Maine than elsewhere, since, because of the licensed guide system, the guide there plays a more important part than in many other districts. In Maine, in certain seasons at least, every hunter must have a guide; he depends upon the guide to provide means of transportation, to show the way into the woods, to carry the duffle, to prepare the camp and to do the cooking, and it is only one step further to look to the guide to provide the game.

As very many men who hunt moose by calling must have the game called for them, so a certain proportion of the deer hunters unable to kill game themselves must have it killed for them by the guides, or else must go without. Under these conditions, which are well understood by those familiar with affairs in the woods, even the expert hunter who would scorn to get his game in any other way than by bringing it down with his own rifle, is liable to suspicion when he exhibits the trophy of his success.

The expert is necessarily the exception, where so many take part in a pursuit, and so few have opportunity or inclination to make themselves adepts. The average deer hunter, in whatever section of the country he may be found, is much more of a novice than of a Leather-Stocking. In response to any criticisms which might be made upon his dependence on his guide, he probably would retort that his style of hunting is very good so far as it goes, and much better than none at all. To become an expert means acquiring the craft by practice. The only way to learn to hunt is by hunting. There are multitudes of men who have neither time nor opportunity to acquire the art, and yet who find a hunting trip an enjoyable and profitable mode of recreation; and they would submit that they are not to be shut off from going into the Maine or Wisconsin or Arkansas deer woods simply because they do not have the skill of past-masters in the art of woodcraft.

The inexpert are the great majority. They constitute the patrons of woodland camps, and contribute to the treasuries of transportation lines, and in those States where there are license fees they furnish the great bulk of the revenue derived from this source. The woods are free to all, to hunt in their own way, within the law of the land; and if within the higher law of sportsmanship as well, so much the better. Just what the higher law of sportsmanship actually is may not always readily be determined beyond argument.

The ring-necked pheasant may now be counted among the game birds of Massachusetts. We print in another column the statement to that effect in the report of the Commissioners—that is to say, the pheasant is established if it can be protected. The question of standing the climate appears to have been decided; a larger problem is whether the shooting can be so restricted as to insure a permanent supply. Probably nowhere has the hardness of these birds been more severely tested than on the preserve owned by Mr. W. C. Whitney, near Lenox, in the Berkshire Hills. This is one of the highest and coldest situations in Massachusetts, and yet the birds came through last winter without loss. That they endured so severe a test is evidence enough of their adaptability to our northern climate, rigorous though it is.

The Sportsman Tourist.

On Being Lost in the Woods.

SPORTSMEN who have never been beyond the call of a guide's whistle, and some, too, who have, may smile superciliously at this caption and asservate that nobody except a doddering imbecile ever does get lost in the woods. Granted, gentlemen; freely granted. The writer, during his comparatively lucid intervals, invariably takes that view of the subject himself, while reading about the other fellow subsisting on boot legs and following his tracks in a circle. But when the spasm seizes him and he himself gets lost, how bitterly does he resent the vaguest suggestion that his own peculiar brand of lunacy is more inherent and powerful than that of his neighbor, and with what effusive glibness does he seek to prove that if King Solomon and the Seven Sages, accompanied by the entire host of the Hebrew prophets and guided by a brace of archangels and a Philadelphia lawyer, had attempted to traverse that particular neck of woods as he did, they would not have got out of it the sooner by a single jiffy.

Seated in a comfortable arm-chair after a sufficiently good dinner, beside a capacious hearth, and in the glow of the oaken logs piled high on the andirons, with the tobacco jar and decanter at your elbow and your old red setter drowsing on the bear skin before the fire, you lay aside the newspaper containing the thrilling tale of poor Smith's vicissitudes and exclaim:

"What a stupendous jackass that fellow Smith was, to be sure! Where was his compass? Why didn't he look at the moss on the tree trunks? How was it that he didn't familiarize himself with the natural objects about the camp before starting, and then steer for them? If he had no compass, why did he not use his watch instead, as Henry M. Stanley once did? What was the matter with climbing a tree? Five minutes' study of a good map before leaving camp would have taught him all about the watershed of the district, and no man can stay lost if he knows the direction in which the streams flow! He had his dog along. Well, then, since an all-wise Providence in furtherance of a well-ordained plan of creation had seen fit to be so chary in doling out brains to Smith, why didn't Smith trust to the greater intelligence of the animal to help him out of his muddle?"

It is child's play to be resourceful and sarcastic when you are warm, replete, well-housed and generally at ease; but if poor Smith were allowed to say a few words in his own behalf while hungry, footsore, wet and disgruntled, he flounders about in bogs and cañons, he would tell you quite possibly that he had twenty years' experience in woodcraft, was a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM*, had read "In Darkest Africa" and had that compass-watch joker pasted in his deerstalker at that very moment, knew as much as you did about moss on trees, had noted a dozen objects before leaving camp, but never saw any of them afterwards; had tried that dog suggestion, but the well-trained brute had declined to take the lead, notwithstanding frequent oburgations and lapidations; had an intimate knowledge of the watershed, but the mischief of it was that all the brooks encountered during his wanderings seemed to flow in every conceivable direction, excepting only the way laid down on the map. Smith, my heart goes out to you! I know—few better—with what haughty tolerance your erstwhile comrades (who didn't get lost) listen to your woeful tale of why and wherefore; with what self-complacent smirks and deprecatory shrugs they seek to demolish carefully constructed verbal earthwork behind which you have entrenched yourself; with what ill-concealed, not to say ribald, incredulity, they receive your half-hearted statement that really it was a novel experience, and that you rather enjoyed it! I know, or think I do, how on your return to your "ain fireside" the wife of your bosom greets you with, "Thomas Bozarris Smith! If I pretended to know as much about guns and camping out and things as you do, and was always laying down the law to people about them as you are, and then couldn't walk two blocks from camp without getting lost, I'd do my hunting from a perambulator and hire a nurse-girl to look after me!"

Yes, Smith, you have my sympathy, for, with a due appreciation of my own unworthiness, nay, with a blithe and pervasive eagerness to resign my unsought "diamond belt" to the first claimant, I must here confess that as far as I know I hold the record for getting lost at all distances, times and places, at all odds, under all circumstances, catch-on-as-catch-can't, bar none. I got lost about once a year, and when I can arrange my affairs so as to allow me to take two vacations in the year I invariably get lost twice. I have been doing this ever since I can remember. Usually I have been divorced from any known environment for a few hours only; but occasionally for a day or two. I have been lost in swamps, in forests and on naked hillsides. For manifold discomforts I recommend some other fellow to try a swamp, and for utter hopelessness a redwood forest, where the fog broods eternally and every tree looks alike.

One of my first experiences of being lost in a swamp occurred when I was a lad of sixteen, and was spilled with a companion out of a canoe in the third rapid of the St. Croix River, below Grand Lake. He landed on the north bank, and I on the south, a fact for which I felt deeply grateful at the time, as I knew the highway was on my side of the river. He motioned to me that he would proceed up stream on his side, and I signaled that I would return by the road—but I didn't. I struck out for it, and for eight interminable hours I floundered about in a swamp, and finally came out on the river bank a few hundreds yards above my starting point. Thence I traveled over boulders upstream, following the meanders of the river, arriving in Vanceboro just in time to head off the relief expedition. But I learned something that day in my lacustrine wandering, viz.: That moss will grow on trees in a swamp on every side of the trunk, with an impartiality that may by a layman fittingly be termed devilish. On each occasion, when I have unwittingly exercised my fatal faculty of withdrawing myself temporarily from association with familiar things, I have returned saddened with the reflection that I have succeeded in "knocking spots" (so to speak) out of some ancient and honored canon of woodcraft.

Thus, the intelligent dog myth, dear to the heart of every student of sport-lore, was demolished by me one afternoon five years ago, when shooting quail on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais. An ocean fog swept landward, and in five minutes one could not see the hands of one's watch at arm's length. After making several ineffectual attempts to get off the ridge and into the cañon, and being stopped each time by impenetrable brush, I leashed myself to my Llewellyn setter (so styled) and turned him loose, fully expecting that he would tow me to some sheltered haven, preferably the farmhouse from which we had set forth at daybreak, but I was not particular. And did he? Not a bit of it. That recreant to all the traditions of dogdom (as the same are set forth by bipeds in their books) doubtless thought that I was trying to teach him some new-fangled method of ranging, and he waltzed his poor befogged master over rocks and under brush heaps and through jungles of wild thyme, blackberry vines and mountain mahogany, till he finally rounded me up in a cup-shaped cañon, miles from anywhere, that it took me three hours to get out of. It was 11 before we struck the highway and midnight when we reached the ranch.

Two summers ago I broke my own best record as a long-distance lost man by disappearing for forty-two hours. During my absence I blew the watershed theory full of holes, lost forever all confidence in the power of the human mind to estimate distance, learned to mistrust (unjustly perhaps) the nickel-plated compass of the sportsman's emporium, and incidentally took sufficient exercise on an empty stomach to extirpate the aggregated dyspepsia of a fashionable boarding-house.

Rowe's Station in central Mendocino county, just on the border of the great redwood forest, is known to every hunter of bear and deer in northern California, and thence at 3 A. M. one Thursday in July after a cup of coffee and a single slice of bread and bacon—for who can eat a hearty breakfast at 3 in the morning—I sallied forth. Many-tongued rumor had babbled among the settlers in Little Lake Valley that Hatch's Mountain was fairly alive with panthers, and that a dear old Quakeress, who lived all alone on a forty-acre homestead on its summit, had lost several shoats and most of her chickens. It was a five-mile climb to her house, and I reached it at sunrise—a grand and impressive sight! The east was all aflame, and for thirty miles toward the west the primeval forest, multi-colored like a sea of molten emeralds and sapphires, rolled in swelling undulations till it merged itself with the lesser billows of the Pacific, while here and there a fleecy mist above the many-forked Noyo, boring its tortuous way oceanward through the somnolent depths of riven mountains, lapped the drab tree tops on some cañon's crest and seemed in the dawn's glow like spray from a giant roller, breaking on an islet.

Talk about your Alpine sunrise! I have seen it. It is pretty good. We furnish something very similar in our higher convolutions and pyrotechnics, box-plaited, cut-on-the-bias and trimmed with real lace and hand-made embroidery, give me sunrise among the redwoods every time. Besides, there is nothing to shoot in Switzerland nowadays, except inn-keepers, and they are protected through an oversight of the legislators.

In the soft ooze surrounding the spring behind the house were several fresh tracks, so fresh indeed as to suggest to me that the panther had drunk there within the hour, and I hunted hard for him all the morning. At 10 o'clock, while lunching at the spring on a fowl's drumstick and a slice of bread, the Quakeress, in her quaint coif, came for water, and as usual we fell to chattering. Hers was a most interesting personality, and her choice of language bespoke an unusually complete education, particularly when it is taken into account that her school days must have been some fifty or sixty years ago—several decades, in fact, before our girls began to learn the 'ologies and take degrees as bachelors of arts and doctors of science. She told me of her wanderings among the Andes in the early 50s with her father, who was a missionary and a botanist, and who had taught her the medicinal value of plants; of their escapes from savage natives, who were prone to answer theological arguments with knife thrusts, and of a missionary expedition of her own, undertaken in early womanhood to South Africa. Her account of an extraordinary competitive dance by thirty Kafir maidens for the honor of being queen-consort to the elder Lobenguile for the ensuing year, which she witnessed at his Kraal, will long live in my memory; but she never told me how it had come to pass that the billows of life's ocean had cast her, such a curiously wrought piece of human jetsam, on the summit of that Mendocino mountain. On this particular morning she happened to mention that there was a blazed trail starting at a deserted house at the bottom of the cañon and running into Willets, and that the distance there was "about six miles."

"Is it a good trail?" I inquired, grasping at the idea of returning home over new hunting grounds.

"I myself have never traveled it," she answered; "but I surmise that thee can follow it readily."

Now, this dear old lady did not know me very well or she would not have hazarded any such rash conjecture; but, quite apart from this, and as a matter of fact, there were two trails, the distance to Willets by the one to which she referred being nearer sixteen than six miles and the other fresher trail leading considerably elsewhere.

Down the mountain I strolled leisurely, hunting all the little glades along the way for deer and keeping a sharp lookout for that panther, until I reached the deserted house and crossed the clearing behind it. Without a moment's check, I found the trail. From the appearance of the blazes it had been made about two years before, and the men who made it were apparently taking no chances on getting lost, for every other tree had a gash on it. It led directly into the redwoods, and it was such a good trail, that I never bothered to look at my compass, but sauntered along, keeping a watchful eye for game. It may be asked by some Eastern reader, why I did not notice the position of the sun? For his benefit, let it be known, that in the redwood forests proper there are few openings; that the trunks of the trees are from 10 to 20 feet in diameter, and considering their enormous girth they stand close together; that they tower 200 or even 300 feet into the air; that their first branches are 70 or 80 feet above the ground; that their foliage forms an interwoven canopy overhead, and that the sun in the afternoon is nearly always obscured by fog, which drifts in from the ocean.

I followed my blazed trail with pertinacity, leaving it only twice, once to examine some fresh bear sign beside a rivulet, and once to get a good look at a deer, which proved to be a doe, and just as I began to wonder if it was not about time that I struck tanbark oaks, which would be a sign that I was through the redwood belt and near my destination, the trail ended abruptly in a little glade. I read the whole story at a glance. There stood the rough framework for a shelter tent; here was where they had their fire; over on that side they kept their two horses, and deer shanks scattered about bespoke it a hunters' camp—market-hunters, at that, and the camp deserted for at least two seasons. What was I to do? I could of course readily retrace my steps; but then it was a long, hard climb of fully ten miles to the summit of Hatch's Mountain, to say nothing of five additional miles (down hill, to be sure) to Rowe's. Bosh! thought I; Willets must be much nearer than that! It should be in a southerly direction, and it cannot be more than a few miles, four at the outside. So, steadying my compass on an empty coal oil can, I laid a course a point or two east of south and struck out briskly. This was entirely wrong, for the trail which I had followed had taken me due westward, although I didn't know it, and my proper course would have been nearly due east. There is no underbrush in the redwoods, save in the bottom of the cañons, and sometimes on very steep hillsides, so traveling on foot in any direction is comparatively easy. After an hour's steady walking, I came to a water course; and much to my satisfaction it flowed toward the east. "I am out of the Noyo bottoms, anyhow, and am on the right side of the divide," I said to myself. I followed this water course for half an hour, but with great difficulty because of the undergrowth; then climbed a steep ridge and struck down through a long, deep gulch full of wind-falls—the sort of place which Davy Crockett in his autobiography quaintly terms a "harricane."

Night swooped down upon me, and a fall from one of these prostrate giants, in which I wrenched my ankle, apprised me that I had better go into camp. I had no time in which to choose a suitable spot either, but just sat down where I had fallen, with my back against the dead redwood, scratched away the fronds from the ground, reached out on either side till I had collected enough dry stuff for kindling, lit a fire, took an extra reef in my belt in lieu of both dinner and supper, a whiff at my pipe, and removed my shoes to give my feet a chance to recuperate. Before I knew it, I was fast asleep. How long I slept, I do not know; but a fit of coughing awoke me, and I found the whole place ablaze. The spot which I had pitched upon (so to speak), for my camp was carpeted 2 feet deep with dry redwood fronds and my fire had burned downward through these and had then broken out in a dozen miniature volcanoes. Now, in a country where the inhabitants draw the greater part of their subsistence from industries dependent upon the redwoods, a man who starts a forest fire is, to phrase it mildly, distinctly unpopular, and unpopularity in the mountains is sometimes synonymous with sudden death. Needless to add, that I fought that fire literally, tooth and toe nail, for of water I had none. A dozen times I thought I had it out, only to see it blaze up again in some new quarter. I never worked harder in my life, and when the last spark expired I even hesitated before I lit a match to see what time it was. It was 10, and when I tried to compose myself to sleep, I soon discovered that it had turned bitterly cold, and that sleep was out of the question. There was nothing for it but to kindle a very small fire, keep awake and watch for dawn. It was a dolorous vigil. My thin hunting coat and scant clothing were soaked with the fog; my very bones ached. I was hungry and sleepy, and as I huddled over my miserable fire, pulling at my sole consolation—my pipe—the unbidden thought kept obtruding itself that if any wild thing of the woods took a notion to tackle me now, hemmed in as I was between two great fallen redwoods, with but an insecure and slippery foothold, and in utter darkness, I might not be able to put up that quality of fight which unduly admiring friends might reasonably expect.

SISTE, VIATOR!

Beneath this small but recherché slab, repose the left shinbone, a fragment of the Femur and three miscellaneous vertebrae of the late Damocles Marin.

In the 38th year of their age.

N. B.—A Panther got the rest of him.

Wow! The thought was gruesome!

I pooh-poohed all this of course, and told myself that the grizzly bear had been wiped out in this part of the Coast Range years ago; that the cinnamon was an unweildy, but lazy, brute, without enterprise enough to attempt anything so novel as an attack on man; that the black bear was a harmless clown, and as for the panther—why, had not I myself seen him flee in abject fear from a bob-tailed terrier, which would have been but a mouthful for him? And while I was pulling my nerves together for the fourth time, behind me, higher up the cañon, and not a quarter of a mile away, there arose a prolonged whining yowl. I had heard that noise before and knew it well. It was a panther!

I was on my feet in an instant, with rifle cocked and every muscle tense. A wait of perhaps ten minutes, and then a second snarl; about the same distance away, but more to the left; he was promenading along the ridge. Another breathless wait; unbroken silence. I gathered together a few handfuls of twigs in order to be prepared for an illumination if it became necessary, and laid them beside my knife where I could reach both instantly; then crouching over the fire with rifle across my knees waited. Not a sound for five minutes. Then, of a sudden, I became conscious of a faint scratch, scratch, scratching—claws on bark and no mistake—and an icy wave ran up my spine to my brain! The noise was in front of me, and to my left. Tomblike silence—there it was again! Nearer and more in front. Into the fire went the twigs, and up to my shoulder flew my rifle, and as the blaze lighted up the V-shaped nook where I had cast my camp, a fat, old coon whistled in startled protest at such carryings-on, and sliding off the log, scur-

died away into the darkness. I was too glad to see that coon to think of killing him.

Dawn came at length, and at its first blush I resumed my weary way, following the course laid out the night before. Presently, along about 7 o'clock of my second morning, I came to something which demolished the fruits of my researches as regards the watershed, and for a time shook my faith in the compass. This was a considerable stream of water, in a deep, well-defined cañon, flowing due west. Now, had I but known it, this was the identical stream which I crossed the night before, and which was then flowing due east. Since I had last seen it it had encircled the base of a mountain, gathering the waters of several small tributaries en route, and had then swung around, heading for the ocean. I was thoroughly stumped, for the pocket map which I had studied at Rowe's showed no such divagation. I realized at once that I stood beside a branch of the Noyo; that hence I must be very much further west than I had dreamed I was; but what I couldn't comprehend was how by steering a southerly course I could in a comparatively few miles, traveling from a point where waters flowed eastward—i. e., Eel River waters—reach a point where they flowed westward—i. e., were Noyo waters. The conclusion was irresistible—the compass was inaccurate. What that fool of a compass called south was really west. The sun by this time was well up, and I tested the compass by it. Lo! it seemed to be perfectly accurate. I tried it again and pondered a long time before deducing any conclusion from this phenomenon. Even to himself in the solitude of a forest, a man hates to admit that he is a driveling idiot; that he does not know his right hand from his left; that he cannot tell which way the water is running in a stream along which he has waded for half an hour. While debating this question with myself I discovered that if I was hungry the night before I was now ravenous, so I filled up on Noyo water and unripe raspberries in the proportion of seven to the pint. My decision was to travel due east, regardless of obstacles, until I could come across something which gave promise of being a considerable mountain; then to climb that and scan the horizon for some familiar object. After many false starts and finally a terrific scramble through thorny brush and tangled huckleberry bushes (they grow out here like trees) at noon I stood upon the bald summit of a great hill, from which I enjoyed an unobstructed view, and far to the east I saw an oblong bare spot on a mountain side which I recognized as being above the road between Willets and Mendocino City. I gave myself a couple of hours to get there, but night was falling when I finally reached the road, and there sat a jack rabbit beside the fence. Strange to say, with the exception of the coon, this was the only living thing fit for human food which I encountered after losing myself. I was sorely tempted, for I was hungry enough to eat him a natural; but better counsel prevailed, and having tramped my eight miles along the road into Willets, I dismayed the hotel keeper with my appetite and depleted his larder.

As for the panther: At about the time I was comparing my compass with the sun, a mangy yellow cur treed him half a mile below the Quakeress' house, and a gentleman with aureoled whiskers plenteously bedrabbled with "the exsuded juices of the weed Nico ia," plugged his tawny carcass chock full of buckshot from a smooth-bore carbine, fired at 30 feet. I was offered what was left of the pelt for a consideration, but declined to purchase.

MARIN.

Sam's Boy.—IX.

ONE summer day Sammy aspired to the glory of killing a woodchuck, and it occurred to him that Drive might be a help to him, though just how he had no very definite idea. His father always took Drive when he went hunting foxes and raccoons, therefore why should he not be useful in woodchuck hunting? So, equipped with his bow and two arrows, he went to the old hound where he lay basking in the sun.

"Come, Drive," he called, cheerily; "let's go an' kill a woo'chuck!"

The old dog beat the ground languidly in recognition of his young master's voice, but made no further movement until the invitation was repeated. Then he raised his head and regarded the child with a look of puzzled inquiry on his furrowed brow.

"Yes, Drive! Kill woo'chuck!" Sammy cried, presenting the bow for olfactory inspection, but Drive failed to recognize it as a sporting weapon, and snapping at an intrusive fly stretched himself at length again with a restful sigh. "Oh, come, you ol' dog! Don't be so lazy," said Sammy, and coaxed and patted until the hound arose stiffly and followed a little way slowly wagging his tail, and the boy ran on, feeling himself now indeed a hunter with a hound at heel.

Presently, looking back he saw the old dog sitting down, only following with his eyes, and then arising turned stiffly and awkwardly, uttered an impatient whine, and hobbled to the lilac tree, where after briefly going through the usual form of nest-making, he lay down. Sammy felt himself grievously slighted, and vented his vexation in some disparaging remarks as he went on alone to his hunting ground.

There sure enough was a woodchuck, sitting bolt upright on his earthen threshold, but not all the young hunter's care and caution availed to bring him within bow shot of the wary quarry, that seemed to have an eye on every side, for when Sammy stealthily stalked him from behind almost within bow shot, down went the upright brown form as if swallowed by the earth, and out of its depths came a chuckling derisive whistle. Drive's presence could have availed nothing but to hasten the result, yet Sammy's only consolation for failure was in attributing it to the dog's perversity, for which he gave him hard names and bitter reproaches, that he was afterward glad were unheard by their object. He made the round of all the woodchuck resorts known to him, with no better fortune, and then went home in no happy frame of mind.

There lay the old dog under the lilac, whose shade had slowly slid away and left him in the full glare of the sun.

"Oh, Drive, wa'n't you a mean, lazy ol' thing not to go 'long wi' me, an' such lots o' woo'chucks!" Sammy called

out as he came near. But there was no responsive beat of the slender tail, nor lifting of the grizzled head in recognition of the childish voice. "Wal, you be lazy if you won't wiggle your tail!" Sammy said, wondering at this strange unwonted apathy. "Drive! Drive! What ails ye?" Still there was no sign. A swarm of flies buzzed unmolested about the ruffled brow and crept at will over the silken ear, always till now so sensitive. The hooped, mottled side was rigid, there was no tremor of the great feet stirred in some glorious chase of dream-land.

The mysterious essence of life that dwells in men and dogs, and dreams dreams, had departed forever to the happy hunting grounds, where perhaps dreams come true.

Sammy lifted one of the long soft ears; it was cold as stone, though the hot sun shone full upon it. A great awe and grief came upon him, and he ran in to his mother, choking with sobs.

"Oh, mammy!" he cried, burying his face in her lap. "Drive's dead, an'—an' I called him names the last thing I said tu him!"

Huldah and Aunt Jerusha, and later Uncle Lisha and Timothy Lovel, went out to verify the sad announcement, and when Sam came in from hoeing, the heavy news was imparted to him.

A group of sincere mourners stood around the grave, made restful to look upon by a lining of ferns, and when Sam tenderly assigned to it his faithful old friend and companion, he said, with a tremor in his voice, "It some-haow seems's 'ough men lived tew long, erless dawgs didn't live long enough."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

New Brunswick.

SINCE returning with my moose from New Brunswick last season my mail has brought me many inquiries from widely different parts of our country in relation to the Province and other subjects, which form the subtitle to this article—inquiries about the country, its people, game laws, game, routes, conveyances, expense, prospects for getting big game, and many other things about which information would likely be sought by sportsmen of experience in the wilderness after big game and who might be contemplating a trip to a strange country, together with running comments thereon.

To answer all has taken much time, but all have had answer, as will any others which may follow; but thinking that the subject might be of interest, and possibly suggestive and helpful to many more who desire similar information, but who might not feel at liberty to ask for it, it has seemed to me best to state generally in the columns of the sportsmen's publication likely to be reached by the greatest number, the gist of the inquiries, objections and comments made and the replies thereto.

To most sportsmen in the United States New Brunswick is a geographical entity only—a small spot upon the map of the Continent, easily covered by the thumb—and what can such a dot contain that would attract or interest them?

The old adage has it, "Nothing is great save by comparison"; and what is such an insignificant area in comparison to the seeming endless expansion of territory to the west and southwest?

Some who have written to me complainingly say that while it ought to be of us and with us, it is not—that it flies and seems loyal to a foreign flag that was lowered to the Stars and Stripes on American soil more than a hundred years ago, and that they have no more love for it to-day and what it symbolizes than did their stout-hearted forbears in '76, and while they would like to sample its fish and game, these convictions and sentiments are difficult to overcome or suppress, and their constant out-cropping would make them ill at ease in such environment.

And others again writing from a distance, inquire if the Province is not too far away, the game too difficult of access, and if the Government does not maintain too great surveillance over visiting sportsmen, and if it has not too much inquisition, inspection, overhauling of baggage, collecting of customs, too high a license fee for hunting big game, too stringent game laws, and if the guides are not prompted by Government officials and prominent sportsmen to extort outrageous fees for very poor service and the most primitive and indifferent accommodations?

And many have come to think—and have so expressed themselves—that they seem to hear "You must! You must!" echoed and re-echoed by every passing breeze; and when you tell a son of Uncle Sam "You must!"—well, there is an excellent chance for an argument, and at best a disagreement.

And others express themselves as expecting to see if they ever arrive in New Brunswick £ s. d. emblazoned upon every leaf and impressed upon every snowflake, and a stand-and-deliver command from every person whose service they might require.

And again others admit that they are incredulous, doubting Thomases, so to speak, who believe the claims of the Province put forth to attract sportsmen, are but the old glad-hand-song-and-dance act put forth to inveigle them out of their money, and which are so much in evidence elsewhere.

These stated generally, and some of them verbatim, are among the more prominent complaints and objections as they have come to me, and asking for my personal experience in relation thereto, especially in so far as it would tend to their confirmation, modification, explanation or denial.

A surprising fact in relation to these inquiries impressed me with singular force—not one was received from a man who hunted moose by calling or who defended the practice. On the contrary, several denounced this method as heartless, cold-blooded butchery, unsportsmanlike, and which should not have official sanction in any civilized country at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Grouping and condensing my answers, they were given substantially as subjoined.

There is no place in the Western Hemisphere of equal or even much larger area, and probably not in the world, especially so near centers of population and ease of access, so abounding in extensive forests (about ten millions of

acres of wilderness, the natural home of moose and caribou), that will at all compare with New Brunswick, nor which can truthfully boast of as much big game to the square mile.

Deer are not yet much in evidence, although men of observation and experience, and who are in the best position to judge, aver that they are rapidly increasing in numbers.

For deer alone New Brunswick does not compare favorably with Maine; for caribou only Newfoundland is far superior; but for the lordly moose, the object of the Eastern sportsmen's highest ambition, and caribou, neither alone nor both together are so sure to reward the effort as a trip to the wilderness and barrens of New Brunswick.

The subject not being now under consideration, we will not allude to the number and quality of her famous trout streams or her many salmon rivers of world-wide fame.

To the objection of distance and difficulty of access answer was made that many sportsmen in the United States do not find a trip to the land of perpetual winter within the arctic circle, to the glaciers of Alaska, to the summits of the Hamalayas, or to the jungles of India, too far away, as presenting too many obstacles to surmount or an outlay of time and money that is prohibitive; nor the presence of alien flag or different laws and customs an intolerant and repeling obstacle.

Certainly such, and individuals with the right stuff in them, will not find a trip to any of the maritime provinces other than a school-boy experience in comparison.

Then again, the real sportsman, the sportsman deserving the name, is a gentleman, respecting and respected, tolerant and tolerated. Being keen of observation, having a well-informed and well-balanced mind, and positive convictions, if you will—he knows and respects the rights and feelings of others, and his good breeding and manly training prompt him to carefully avoid all mooted questions of religion, country, politics and the like, as becomes a gentleman and cosmopolite; and to such a sportsman will be extended a warm welcome and the right hand of fellowship whenever he visits New Brunswick.

But there are sportsmen and sportsmen. Sportsmanship is a very loose term, and it is so indefinite and elastic as to permit many, very many, to masquerade under its guise who are no credit to, and who should be refused fellowship in, the guild. This is nowhere better known and appreciated than in New Brunswick.

This element her people do not want, and they are not timid or backward in saying so; and if her laws and customs prevent their coming, then are her laws and customs very satisfactory to themselves.

I was informed by several of the leading citizens in government station, prominent people and guides, that this was one of the ends aimed at in the enactment of her fish and game laws—the other being the propagation, development, protection and conservation of their fish and game.

The people generally in station high or humble are frank in their avowal that they do not propose to have their country overrun, and their fish and game destroyed and possibly exterminated, as they have been in many places in our own country by such an army as is attracted to other places by managers of railroads, proprietors of hotels, camp owners and guides, and whose shameful and unlimited killing is invited, applauded and advertised to swell its ever and rapidly growing numbers.

The fish and game of New Brunswick belong to her people, and who will question their right to name the conditions under which they may be taken by residents and non-residents?

If such conditions as are imposed are not satisfactory to non-residents they may stay at home or go elsewhere, and no one will complain. If, on the other hand, a wise foresight protects, develops and perpetuates this big game, prized trout and lordly salmon, will any one with the head and heart of a man not approve? And if her laws and customs exclude this army of destruction, then are not her laws and customs to be commended and continued in the interest of higher and better sportsmanship and the conservation of her fish and game?

The question of a high license fee may be regarded as involved in and sufficiently answered by the foregoing; but should it still seem unjustified to some, I have asked if when two weeks' time are taken for a trip to the woods in midwinter after the big game, and possibly the only two weeks for recreation and recuperation available during the twelve months of the year, when traveling expenses, supplies, guides and the many other little necessities have been paid for, is it not better to pay the added expense of a license and be reasonably sure of getting what you go for, than to go elsewhere and save this expense and be reasonably certain of not getting what you go for?

And this, it seems to me, is a correct sizing up of the situation, and a full justification of the license fee charged.

In the moose country of New Brunswick, with almost any apology for a guide to show you the lay of the land, and how best to get to and from your camp and hunting grounds only one IF, and it had better be spelled with capitals, intervenes between you and your moose, providing you know your business and no accident befalls.

Your success or failure will almost certainly depend upon the weather conditions—if the ground is not too dry, so that the leaves rustle; if it don't rain great guns; if it don't sleet; if the snow don't thaw and then freeze and form a crust; in fine, should you be favored with good weather and especially with a dry, fluffy snow—and doubly fortunate will you be should a good stiff wind accompany the latter and make the trees creak and groan and the limbs rattle—then the big moose you sought for without avail for so many years is at your mercy, and steady nerves and careful aim will certainly make him yours.

In New Brunswick you will not find the tidy camps, good service and skilled guides of the Adirondacks, Maine and other leading sportsmen's resorts, and this will serve to remind and impress upon you the truth and force of the old French saying, "Chaque pays a sa guise." Certain it is every country and every people have their peculiar ways and customs, and New Brunswick is no exception.

The tidy peeled spruce log cabins, cooking stoves, furniture, comfortable beds and other features of civilization met with elsewhere, here gave way to the canvas tent, the bark lean-to, bough beds upon the earth, and cooking before and over the open fire.

What the guides lack in skill and efficiency is compensated for in a measure by faithful service cheerfully and promptly rendered. And what if the sportsman is introduced to a new and more robust and adventurous experience?—thrown a little more upon his own resources? Has it not its advantages?

The examination of baggage, payment of customs fees and other formalities, are no more onerous or burdensome when going to the maritime provinces than when going to any other foreign country; and the sportsman from the United States must not forget that his own country may be the most strict and exacting in this regard.

I have many, very many, times crossed the border and temporarily sojourned in the Dominion of Canada, and I bear most willing testimony to the uniform courtesy and forbearance of railway and Government officials, and their efforts to discharge their duties in the most formal and least objectionable manner possible.

If, when you are making your toilet, you see the reflection of a gentleman in the looking-glass, rest assured you will meet in your travels many as clearly entitled to that designation, not only in public station, but also in the many other walks of life, and your reasonable expectations are not likely to suffer disappointment.

I have no special interest in any steamship line, railway, hotel, camp-owner or guide, and so may be excused from following the too frequent custom of paying remitted bills and favors received by cheap advertising. The usual folders, hand-books of travel, sportsman's journals and other sources of information are easily available to all who may contemplate a trip to this attractive country; but should more extended or specific information be desired a letter of inquiry addressed to the Crown Lands department, Fredericton, N. B., or to the Chief Game Commissioner, St. John, N. B., will probably bring all needed information.

WORCESTER, Mass.

DR. GEO. McALEER.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

II.

THE curtain rises to-day on a field of snow. The grayish white of the buffalo grass is buried beneath dazzling white snowdrifts. The snow is still falling, and has obliterated many of the objectionable features in the landscape, such as wheat fields and other marks, showing where man has interfered with the original works of nature. Away in the distance the hills show but dimly through the misty whiteness. These hills will be the stage to-day. But see! They draw nearer and become more distinct. They also change in form; here and there dark gulches and deep cañons mar the symmetry of form. Now and then we see their even slope break suddenly away, leaving a perpendicular wall of limestone 30 or 40 feet in height. They are the bluffs that border the Stinking Water on the north. The stream lies in a deep, narrow valley between them and the still higher range just across on the south. That range on the south forms the divide between the Stinking Water and the Whiteman's Fork of the Republican only four miles away.

There comes the Parson, too, or perhaps it would be better to say, the future Parson. Indolence in gait and manner show that he is little worried about the particular mission he is on. Yet he is out after meat. He has changed some since first he appeared on the stage. There is a very scant growth of fuzzy stuff on his neglected chin, not unlike a meager crop of buffalo grass, for the Parson has been on the buffalo range for the last two months, and consequently out of reach of the tonsorial artist.

But let us throw off the disguise and assume the first person. I am armed with a needle-gun, resighted and fitted for hunting purposes. Just such a gun as Buffalo Bill won his spurs with. In fact, the gun that redeemed the wild West from the reign of buffalo and Indian and brought (or commanded) it to a state of civilization with attendant thralldom.

The buffalo had drifted out of our section of country, and I was getting tired of dried meat more than a month old, and was out looking for something more palatable. I stopped and loitered about at the mouth of one of the larger cañons near a grove of a dozen large cottonwood trees scattered over a little plateau, where the cañon opened out on the creek bottom. There was a sharp-tail grouse leisurely picking buds on the top of one of the trees, which made a very tempting target at about 50 yards range.

I knew even then that grouse are rather bitter meat after feeding for a month on cottonwood buds, but I would just take a look at him through the rifle sights. There was a light fog hanging over the hills, with scattering flakes of fine snow drifting softly down the half-nickel muzzle sight showed splendidly against the grouse and gray banks of fog beyond. I did not intend to shoot, but cocked the gun and looked again. The bead was so good that my finger closed on the trigger without orders, and the next instant the thunder of almost three drams of black powder went rumbling up the cañon.

There is a great difference in the effect of a large caliber rifle ball on feathered game. Usually a needle-gun would make a hole in a grouse about as large as one's fist, while now and then a bird would be entirely ruined; and again I have shot them through the body, making a hole no larger than the bullet. This shot was exceptionally unlucky in its effects, however, and the bird came down in sections, the two larger fragments falling at least 20 feet apart. There were the head and one wing in one section, and one leg and the other wing in another, while one leg and the main part of the body were nowhere to be found. There was not much meat left, and I never retrieved the bird, but turned my footsteps up the cañon, as being as likely as any other place to furnish amusement, and incidentally meat.

I had gone but a short distance up the cañon, though, when I came upon fresh deer tracks in the snow. By this evidence I soon learned that three of them had been feeding about the cañon for several hours. By the same

token I located the exact spot where they had become alarmed at the report of my gun, for the short, choppy steps and zigzag wanderings suddenly changed to three straight lines of freckles in the snow, with said freckles in bunches of four every 20 feet. I gave myself a mental cuff on the ear, and concluded, that, even though I did have a faint show of whiskers on my chin, I was still only a kid; and then I started out on the trail.

For the first half-mile the 20-foot average was kept up, and then it dropped to 15; then 12, and then I noted where the deer had stopped and looked back on the trail. At the breakaway from this the pumps increased to 15 feet again, but soon dropped to 10; then to a trot and finally to a walk. I was now on the alert, for the trail had led up the side of the cañon and across the miners' gullies that opened into it. There were gullies, points and knobs all around where the deer might be within 50 yards of me and still be hid from view.

The tracks showed that the deer had loitered more and more as they proceeded, and at last I rounded a rocky point and saw then close at hand.

I threw the gun to shoulder and took a snap-shot at them as they disappeared into a cañon at a single bound, as one might take a snap-shot at a ruffed grouse as it flashed through an opening in the woods. Hastily reloading, I ran to a point that commanded the cañon, and soon saw two deer come out on the opposite side. They stopped on the crest of the next hill to look. It was a long shot, but I took it and saw that one of them was hit. Crossing over I took up the trail, and soon found blood; and then began the most remarkable deer chase of all my experience.

I followed them till dusk warned me it was time to turn campward. I got several shots at long range, and twice I found hairs scattered along the trail of the bullet, but nothing more. I had been totally absorbed in the chase, and had paid no attention to whether I was drifting. When I came to myself I was totally bewildered. The fog had thickened until objects were indistinct at 100 yards. The hills all looked alike through the mist and there was absolutely nothing to indicate the points of the compass.

I was lost! I thought of getting into some wooded cañon and building a fire without making any attempt to find camp. This was dispelled by reflecting that I could follow my back track and reach camp before morning. My tracks were plainly visible in the snow, and would be throughout the night, for there was a full moon behind the fog. But this reflection was in turn dispelled by the strangely familiar look of a cottonwood tree near which I was standing.

I was so thoroughly bewildered that it took me a long time to get anything through my wool, and then it slowly dawned upon me that I had stood at the camp door and shot grouse from the top of that very tree. I had passed through all the horrors of realizing that I was lost, and within 100 yards of camp. In five minutes I was seated at supper, which was just ready as I dropped in.

The next morning I was out early, and again took up the trail. Soon after the tracks separated, and I followed the one that showed most blood. I jumped that deer at least a dozen times, and shot at it quite as often, pulling the wool out of it several times, yet an hour before sundown it was still going. It then took to a swamp, where the ice was too thin to bear my weight. I could see where it had broken through in several places, and gave up in disgust. I went clear round the swamp, but could find no trail leading out of it; and so I started for camp.

When I was within 400 yards of camp I sighted a deer standing in the tall grass along the creek bottoms. He was about half-way between me and camp, and it was hard for me to make him out for sure; but a movement of the head finally disclosed his horns. It was too late for any maneuvering to get a better shot, and I fired from where I stood when I first discovered him.

When the smoke cleared there was no deer in sight. At the report of my gun one of the men at camp came out and I motioned him to come across the bottom. He got his gun, and met me half-way, but there was no need for guns, for the deer was dead—shot squarely through the shoulders. Thus for the second time what appeared to be a bad situation ended happily.

Two weeks later, as I was rambling in the hills I found myself in the vicinity of the place where I had first started those three deer. As I came near the spot the events of that day came tripping through my mind, and then it occurred to me that I had followed the tracks of three deer, and that there had been three when I first sighted and shot at them. What had become of the third deer? It was the first time the thought had come to me, and I started to investigate. Well I found that deer just 15 feet from where I had shot at them the first time. It was a small blacktail (mule deer) buck, and the bullet had cut the black tassel from his tail, and then passed on through the body lengthwise. He lay on the north side of a steep bank and was solidly frozen, so that I saved the hide. It just finished the number required to make my first buckskin suit.

Ah! But those were palmy days, and seem very like a paradise that is lost forever, as those distant hills fade out in the twilight.

THE PARSON.

In the Dark.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The editorial, "The First Night in Camp," in a recent issue of your paper, interests me and set me to thinking, then to writing.

Much of the natural timidity which humanity generally feels in the dark could be traced back to improper impressions made on the mind in childhood. Numerous instances show how indelible are the impressions left on the mind during the first few years of life.

What parent, however careful of the development of the child's mind, morally or intellectually, has not left the impression on that mind that there was something in the dark to be fearful of? Possibly not knowingly or intentionally, but that fact does not lessen the discomfort which comes at intervals all through the life of one as the effect of such early impressions. Ofttimes such impressions are made while trying to do a kindness, such as trying to coax the child in out of the cold, when it may be in the dark, by saying, "Come in, the 'boogies' will catch you," etc.,

never thinking that a lifelong horror of the dark is being systematically instilled into that young mind.

It does not stop at childhood. In my boyhood it was my delight to listen to old-timers relate their early experiences, among which were a few favorite stories of supposed narrow escapes from being pounced upon by "painters" (panthers), in each of which cases the dreaded animal had done everything except make the actual attack. In every case was the old man telling the exact truth, so far as he knew it, but never did it occur to the good old soul that he was as safe at the moment of his supposed extreme danger as if he had been compassed roundabout by Roosevelt's army of Rough Riders. They had been taught, no doubt, from infancy to fear the "painter" as sure death to all who came in their way.

Not until years later did I learn of the cowardice and harmlessness of this animal. Spending much of my time in the woods of the Rocky Mountains, where they were numerous (going by the name of mountain lion in that locality), many times sleeping under trees, without tent and without any companion, with a feeling of perfect safety; having learned by experience and a certain knowledge of their habits, that they were not to be feared.

Thus it would seem that the more we are educated along the line of natural history, the less we would feel this disposition to "shy" in the dark; and it would seem possible to eliminate this from our natures to a great extent if proper precaution were taken and proper instruction given the tender minds of children.

EMERSON CARNEY.

"Life in the Far West."

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently I received a letter from a reader of FOREST AND STREAM inquiring where a copy of Ruxton's "Life in the Far West" could be found. Unfortunately, I have mislaid his address. I trust he will accept this note as an apology.

There were three editions of "Life in the Far West." The first, and best printed, was published by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh, in 1849. It is out of print but copies turn up now and then in the second-hand market. It was reprinted by Harper & Bros., of New York in the same year, but this edition is likewise out of print and is scarcer than the first. In 1868 the Blackwoods brought out a new and cheaper edition, which was in print a few years ago, but is not now listed on their catalogue.

I think that a copy of one or other edition could be procured for not over \$1.50 from a second-hand dealer, such as A. S. Clark, 174 Fulton street, New York, or through an importer, like Gustav E. Stechert, 9 East Sixteenth street, New York.

Ruxton's "Adventures in Mexico" is still in print. It is published by John Murray, Albemarle street, London at 3s. 6d. The latter part of it relates to what is now our own Southwest.

An average reader's first impression of "Life in the Far West," is likely to be disagreeable, for the conditions, and the men who faced them, were almost inconceivably different from what they are to-day, and much of the narrative sounds far-fetched. Parts of it read like one of Ned Buntline's dime novels. It is coarse and brutal at times. But Ruxton is true to the facts, for all that. I have myself camped with white savages of the Killbuck and La Bonté type—and that not sixty years ago in the Rockies, but six years ago within 200 miles of this city. I liked them, too. If their obliquities were fearful, their virtues were heroic. It is only a pity that Ruxton did not add both variety and truth to his book by introducing some of the gentler types of frontiersmen, such as Francis Parkman's guide, Henri Chatillon. One of Chatillon's sons, by the way, is now living in old Carondelet, or Vieux Fôche, as the southern part of St. Louis was called.

HORACE KEPHART.

The Nipmucks.

WEBSTER, Mass., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you allow me to attempt to make a correction?

I have just read the article in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, "The Last of the Nipmucks," by Mr. C. Harry Morse, of Boston, in which he says that Lucy Boston, of Webster, who recently died in the flames of her hut, was the last of the Nipmuk tribe of Indians.

Lucy Boston was not an Indian, but a negro, and Mr. Morse's belief that she was an Indian appears to have been drawn from the sensational output of a notoriously irresponsible local reporter of an unreliable city paper.

The last full-blood Indians of the Nipmuk tribe in this town were an old blind man, who died some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and his wife, who died some years later, both of whom I well remember when I came to Webster thirty-three years ago.

A half-breed Indian and negro, descendant of the Nipmucks, is still living here.

By the way, referring to our never-to-be-forgotten Nessmuk, after many inquiries, I think I located his birthplace on a farm some two miles out of Webster, from information given by Reuben Dudley, an old fox and coon hunter of this town, a story of whose life of hunting and fishing was published in FOREST AND STREAM several years ago, and who is still hale and hearty, and loves to follow the hounds.

I do not blame Nessmuk for acquiring a love for canoeing, when he had access to such a beautiful sheet of water as Lake Chanbunagungamang, in this town, or, as some call it, Lake Chan (please read the rest on inclosed card, as it takes too long to write it).

CHARLES GERBER.

Old Subscribers.

SING SING, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* J. H. Y-C. B., in your issue of last week, asks "if any of your subscribers have taken FOREST AND STREAM as long as he has"—twenty-seven years. I know of one—my father. I heard him say one day that he had taken the FOREST AND STREAM over fifty years, it having changed names three times during that period. One of the names he mentioned was the Spirit of the Times. Since he stopped his regular subscription, some years ago, I have taken it

through a regular newsdealer here, and hope to live to be able to take it for fifty years more. The third generation seems to regard guns and all things pertaining to them as the proper caper; so the future promises much.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

[Mr. Blandford, Sr., appears to have confounded two most excellent papers, the old Spirit of the Times and the FOREST AND STREAM. The present Spirit of the Times is the continuation of the old Wilkes' Spirit, and the Turf, Field and Farm is the continuation of Porter's Spirit. The FOREST AND STREAM was established independently as a new sportsmen's journal in 1873 by Mr. Charles Hallock.]

Natural History.

Zoological Society.

At the regular annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society, held at the Down Town Club, No. 60 Pine street, on Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 12:30, the following members of the Board were present: Levi P. Morton, John L. Cadwalader, John S. Barnes, Madison Grant, W. W. Niles, Jr., Hugh J. Chisholm, Wm. D. Sloane, A. Newbold Morris, Charles A. Peabody, Jr., Percy R. Payne, George B. Grinnell, Jacob H. Schiff, Edward J. Berwind, William C. Whitney, Henry F. Osborn, Henry W. Poor, Charles T. Barney, William C. Church, Frank M. Chapman, Lispenard Stewart, Joseph Stickney, H. Casimir De Rham, Hugh D. Auchincloss. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director, and Mr. C. Grant La Farge, of the firm of architects of the society, were also present. Hon. Levi P. Morton, President, presided; Mr. Madison Grant acted as Secretary, and Mr. Henry F. Osborn made the report on behalf of the Executive Committee.

The report showed that the total membership of the society was 730, an increase of about 130 new members during the past year; that the committee had raised about \$50,000 during the year, which, added to the amount on hand, together with interest, etc., brings the total fund to the amount of \$160,779.61. This amount, supplemented by money advanced the society by members of the committee, has been expended on the park, and that the balance of the park improvement fund, \$90,779, remains to be raised during the present year.

An important part of the executive committee's report, showing the apparent unwillingness of the city authorities to provide for the maintenance of the collections, was printed in our issue of Jan. 20.

The society has built during the year two large buildings, the reptile house, costing about \$48,000; the bird house, costing about \$25,000, and many smaller installations, such as the tying cage, the ducks aviary, prairie dogs' inclosure, burrowing rodents' quarters, buffalo house, small mammals house, otters' pool, crocodile pool, wolf dens, fox dens, beaver pond, and five shelter houses for deer, together with other small installations.

The following officers and committee were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. Levi P. Morton; First Vice-President, Henry F. Osborn; Second Vice-President, Charles E. Whitehead; Secretary, Madison Grant. Executive Committee: Levi P. Morton (ex-officio), Henry F. Osborn (chairman), John L. Cadwalader, Charles E. Whitehead, John S. Barnes, Philip Schuyler, Madison Grant, William White Niles.

The following resolutions were passed by the Board: Whereas, The prong-horned antelope, an animal of special scientific interest, and found only in the United States, is now in imminent danger of total extinction, be it

Resolved, That a memorial from this society be presented to the Governors and State Legislatures of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, requesting that each of those legislative bodies enact a law absolutely prohibiting the killing or wounding of prong-horned antelopes for ten years, under penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment.

Resolved, That the Governor and State Legislature of Florida be memorialized in behalf of the protection of the brown pelicans, especially the colony now inhabiting Pelican Island, in the Indian River, to the end that the hunting, killing, and robbing of nests of that bird be absolutely prohibited everywhere in the State of Florida for five years, under proper penalties.

Views of some of the completed buildings, the plans of the new restaurant and photographs of a few of the animals now at the park were on exhibition; also plans of the antelope house, which is to be the next building erected by the society, the monkey house and the administration building.

Crossbills in New York City.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Sunday, Jan. 14, I saw, as I happened to glance up from my work, three or four birds fly into the branches of a hemlock tree not far from my window. At first I took them to be English sparrows, but as my eye happened to rest on them for an instant after they had alighted, I saw them bend their heads in working at the ends of the twigs in a manner that showed they were no sparrows, but crossbills.

It is many years since I have seen these birds within the city limits, which I believe they visit only at long intervals, and procuring a glass, I began to watch them, and kept this up so long as they remained in the tree. Both species were represented, and all ages and sexes, in the seventy-five to one hundred birds that were feeding on the hemlock cones. At one time I saw three especially handsome and full-plumaged males of *L. leucoptera*, and two of *L. curvirostra minor*, in like dress. Females and young of both species were very numerous.

It will be remembered that Sunday opened bright and sunshiny, and that it began to snow heavily about noon, the snow changing to fog and rain during the afternoon. The hour at which the crossbills were seen was between 3 and 4 P. M., and the place was on 157th street, west of Broadway, Manhattan, New York city. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

Moose Calling.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Alden Sampson in an article headed "Moose Calling," in the Jan. 20 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, writes in denunciation of sportsmen who are more fortunate, but not so expert, nor enlightened as himself, and who choose to capture their bull moose by the time-honored method of simulating the call of the female. Mr. Sampson has seen fit to include all sportsmen who hunt moose by "calling" in his tirade, as among those who "hire Indians" to call moose for them. He asserts that no skill is required by the "so-called" sportsman in securing his moose in such a manner; that all the skill is possessed by the hireling.

I am just a bit curious to know how the hundreds of sportsmen in the States and Canada who habitually rise long before daylight and trudge weary miles to the calling place and who go there at twilight and remain until long after dark, only to stumble back to camp half-frozen through dense woods and over fallen tree tops, night after night, week after week, and year after year, and still no moose, and who scorn to have their "hired Indian" call for them, will feel when they read Mr. Sampson's ill-natured, uncalled-for outburst against successful sportsmen.

For many years past I have hunted and fished in Maine and two of the Provinces of Canada without missing a single season. Last year I visited both those provinces. I have shot deer, caribou and moose—the latter by "sneaking up to them," so vividly and appropriately pictured by Mr. Sampson, and I have brought them to bag (several of them) by the unsportsmanlike (?) method of calling. I have never found it necessary to hire an Indian, not that I have any prejudice whatever against Indians—I know and respect many of them—but I am free to say I prefer white guides. I have never found it necessary to have my guides call for me. In fact, I have never had a guide who had ever called a moose or who even made pretense of being able to do so. I have invariably done my own calling. I have listened to a number of the most noted moose callers of Maine and Canada, including Alex. MacClain, Jock Darling, Joe Francis, Mich. Francis and Tom Frazer, both on their native heath and here in New York, at the Sportsmen's Exhibition; but not until after I had practiced four or five years assiduously at moose calling, and had the rare good fortune to hear a cow moose call at very close range, did I ever succeed in even getting an answering grunt from a bull moose.

At the time I refer to having heard a cow moose sing her love song, I had been calling at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes for fully two hours without an answer, when a cow moose that had been feeding in a lake less than 20 yards away, without paying the slightest attention, suddenly emitted the most weird, unearthly, unrepudably bellow imaginable, and was answered by two bull moose before the echo of her call had died away. The cow waded ashore and continued to call, and from the approaching sounds she must have been joined by both those bulls. They had evidently been in the immediate vicinity all the time, waiting for me to leave before proceeding to pay court to the lady moose, of whose presence they were no doubt aware.

It has been my experience that not more than one or two mornings or evenings a week are exactly suited for moose calling. The slightest breath of air is fatal to success. On lakes and streams and meadows where moose calling is usually done, even on the stillest nights and mornings there is almost invariably a "drift" of air down stream. The movement of the fog on still, cold mornings demonstrates this fact. The moose's sense of smell is so keen and his hearing so exceedingly acute that the slightest breath of air from the direction of the sportsman (and he always comes up wind) or the slightest imaginable sound instantly puts him on his guard, and he silently and mysteriously withdraws.

To my mind there is no sound on earth so musical and soul-stirring as the answering call of a bull moose at a great distance, as he comes crashing through the tangle of forest and windfalls in answer to a skillfully executed call. The sound of his antlers as they whack against tree trunk and limb, alternating with guttural grunt, as straight as an arrow from the bow, he comes, causes the heart of the sportsman to beat so fast and furious as almost to alarm the quarry. Now is the time for steady nerves, quick eye and a quicker action, should the first shot fail to do its deadly work.

While I do not object to moose calling for the illogical reasons set forth by Mr. Sampson, I do most earnestly protest against the open season in Quebec and New Brunswick beginning as early as Sept. 1. The season has at least one month too many at the beginning and at the close, if game protection is to be considered.

The following is an extract from a letter which I took the liberty to write to the Chief Game Commissioner of one of the provinces of Canada on Dec. 13, 1899, and fully expresses my views on the subject:

"* * * It is on the same subject I am presuming to write you again. If you will not consider it officious, I would offer a few suggestions, which, from personal observation and actual experience, I believe would be beneficial, if put into effect at the next meeting of Parliament.

"I think that Sept. 1 is just one month too early for the open season for moose. My reasons for thinking so are that the largest bulls are killed off before they have mated, leaving only small males for that purpose. As you are aware, the mating season does not begin until the latter part of September, and is not fairly under way until Oct. 1. This gives hunters almost a whole month in which to shoot the bulls before the mating begins.

"If the season is not soon shortened the size of moose will decrease in a very marked degree, on the theory of the survival of the fittest.

"I do not think that more than one cow moose in five bears a calf every year. Out of some twenty-six moose which my party saw in September and October there was but one this year's calf among them, and only two that were born last year. Protecting the cows will

not increase the number of bulls unless they are permitted to mate.

"I would also suggest that the shooting season close on Nov. 30. Two months ought to be long enough to satisfy every one. Four months of open season is positively suicidal, and will eventually exterminate the big game of Canada."

On September 5 I had a large bull moose approach within 10 feet of me and stand there for five minutes. His antlers were white as chalk—that is, the portion not covered by "velvet," was. No sportsman would care to own such a head.

NOAH PALMER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For years I have been reading of the successes of moose hunters in Maine and Canada, who, a great majority of them, have secured their moose by calling the game, or, in most cases, having it called to them; and often wondered if I was alone in my decided belief that it is unsportsmanlike and should be unlawful to call moose for the purpose of shooting them.

Believing it would only bring about a hot and possibly one-sided discussion from the moose hunters and guides, and all to no purpose, I kept my convictions to myself. Now I must at least express my gratification at seeing in FOREST AND STREAM my sentiments expressed so exactly by Mr. Alden Sampson that there appears to be nothing left unsaid, and therefore nothing to add.

Sincerely hoping that the suggestions of Mr. Sampson may meet with universal approval and create a revolution in moose hunting, I am yours for "fair play,"

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are two very entertaining letters in this week's FOREST AND STREAM which relate to subjects dear to my heart. The first is Mr. Alden Sampson's contribution to the subject of moose calling, and the second is the communication in relation to rifles signed Peepsight.

In the first place, I love the moose. No animal that lives in North America is so stately, aristocratic and magnificent. I should be sorry indeed to see his tribe grow less. The happiest hours of my life are and will be those which I spend in his domain. I have seen many sorts of wild game, but I know him best of all, and like Kipling's "Fuzzy-wuzzy," he's the finest of the lot. I have seen him under many conditions—in the snow, in the water, on the mountain, in the swamp—and under all circumstances I wish to bear witness to his entirely admirable behavior. I have seen him with his back up, too, at close quarters, and while he generally has a highly commendable regard for the wholeness of his own skin, he has also made a good many gentlemen run, too.

About the calling business, my impression is that Mr. Sampson overrates its danger to the moose. In the great New Brunswick wilderness, where moose are found in large numbers, there are, to my certain knowledge, not ten men in the province who are worth a hurrah in a certain other place as callers. If there were a hundred bull moose killed there last fall, it is pretty certain that not twenty, or ten for that matter, were killed as the result of calling. This fooling a bull and getting him "within twenty to fifty paces" by imitating the call of his mate, is a thing oftener read about than accomplished. I am not much of a hunter, but I should be willing to bet a hundred dollars to one that I could still hunt a moose all alone on 6 inches of snow much more easily than I could call one. I have seen several people, white and red, try that trick. I have heard Mr. Moose come smashing things generally, and then I have known him to make his sneak without coming close enough to be shot. It was my rare good fortune to be first introduced to the moose by that incomparable guide, Henry Braithwaite, of Fredericton, N. B., agreed by all to be the best caller and still-hunter in New Brunswick. I have camped with him more than a dozen times. The country people of New Brunswick regard him as possessed of almost diabolical powers as a caller. Yet I once hunted persistently in his company for thirty-seven days consecutively, in a country where the moose droppings were to be seen steaming, a score of times a day, and never had one chance to shoot in all those thirty-seven days. The thirty-eighth day it was different. He guides more parties than any other man in New Brunswick, and is busy from the beginning to the close of the hunting season. But the men who go with him get their chances much oftener by still-hunting or canoeing along the dead waters, than by calling. Where there are a hundred sportsmen who can follow a moose track in the early snow and get the moose, there are not two who, like Mr. Frank H. Risteen, of Fredericton, have called their own moose in daylight, and killed him.

And what are the chances for the twentieth century moose? Lord bless you, let the mother moose alone, and they will eat the woods down in ten years. There is probably ten moose in Eastern Canada where there was one ten years ago. We all know how plentiful they are in New Brunswick and Quebec; and the country almost never visited by sportsmen, toward the far headwaters of the Ottawa, is a great moose nursery. I know, for I have called on them there when they were at home. The region between the Ottawa and Lake Huron, where the man of twenty-five years ago never heard of a moose, the great labyrinth of the Algonquin Park, the Opeongo and Petawawa country, all Northern Ontario—that region is steadily yielding to their invasion, a far more successful one than the English South African campaign so far. The number of moose you can see in the water in the summer up Temiscamingue and Kippewaway is, as our colored cook here in Washington says about the younger colored people, "Puffeckly scan'us."

I came back from British Columbia the other day, and I tell you the moose track is all over British North America. The twentieth century will come and go, and Quebec and Ontario and Keewatin and the far Northwest will not have been too greatly desecrated by the ravages of the plow. The great Laurentides are not built that way.

Now, secondly, only a word, and a kind one, to Peepsight who would better sign his honest name.

The communication in regard to rifles for moose signed Frank H. R. was, as intelligent readers of FOREST AND STREAM know, written by Mr. Risteen, whose New

Brunswick contributions have been a joy and a delight to us all for years. Now Peepsight wrote a truly ill-natured and also, if any one was cruel enough to say it, a truly foolish and ill-informed thing, when he said Frank H. R. had probably only a superficial knowledge of rifles. Mr. Risteen, modest man that he is, has won more medals at Canadian rifle shoots from Halifax to Ottawa than would fill a cigar box, and he has one of the finest collections of rifles, large and small calibers, hard-nose and soft-nose, that exists anywhere. And for Mr. Peepsight's four miserable moose, which took nearly thirty shots to kill, if I read his story aright, Mr. Risteen could tell him of at least ten times that many intimate experiences, where there was no necessity to make hash of his animals. A moose shot with a proper bullet will not run; he will lie down right there, and rise not till the heavens be no more. As for "three or four pounds unnecessary weight," I can show Peepsight a certain single-shot express, London make, taking 135grs. of powder and 440gr. bullet, .50cal., 28-inch barrel, that weighs just 7 pounds and 6 ounces, and no finer rifle can be made. No American firm can equal the workmanship. Who in this country will make a rifle to order or in any way accommodate the taste of the individual customer? "Too busy on army contracts!" The fine rifles of the world, light, handy, certain, powerful beyond conception of those who have not seen them, are made by half a dozen firms in England.

It is not a thing to be cross about, except when one thinks of the poor animals that run away from the small-bore rifles and die alone in wasted misery. But there is no convincing the other fellow in a gun dispute. When a man writes of the "obsolete" express rifle—we never had one at all made in America—one can only say in reply, in the good old slang of ancient Job, "No doubt, but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Perhaps!

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Rifles for Big Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the article entitled "Mr. Foster's Moose," published in your issue of Jan. 13, I recognize the fine Fred-erickton hand of Mr. Frank H. Risteen, for all that this manumission is dated "Riverside, Cal.," and signed only with his initials.

Now, I never have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Risteen, but his name, nevertheless, is as familiar to me as the north wind that roars along the slopes of Bald Mountain. For instance, I have sat hour after hour listening to the animated Ad Moore, of Scotch Lake, and Nictau, saw the air over Mr. Risteen's school of philosophy relating to the small-bore, moose, cannon and the relative value of stuffed clubs. I did this day after day for three weeks, and then I got up and slew Ad Moore in cold blood and foreclosed the mortgage on his widow's farm—that is, figuratively.

In a sense, Ad was an exponent of the big-bore theory, but when one had reduced all his expressions to a mean idea, it appeared that he was a sort of a middle-of-the-road enthusiast. He thought big bores just the thing for some sort of shots, and the .30 tiptop for others. In other words; he would have liked to tramp the woods with a caddy bag full of small bores and double-barreled English express siege guns. What he told me of Mr. Risteen developed the opinion in my mind that Mr. Risteen could not be happy unless peppering moose with a caliber somewhat less than a water main, and a little larger than a field mortar.

But, seriously, I think Mr. Risteen takes too much for granted. I have tried everything from a .44-40 up to a .50-110-300—that is, in the way of large calibers. In many instances they have done well, but I do say, and am convinced in the statement, that the .30cal., with a sufficient backing of powder, is the best all-round gun in the world.

I know of course that this idea will be combatted, and I will wait with bated breath for the three-several arguments that no doubt will exercise against me, namely, (a) Pish, (b) Tush, (c) Bosh.

By a sufficient backing of powder, I mean a charge at least as large as that in the .30-40. The .30-30, in my opinion, is a fair gun for moose, but not always reliable. The .30-40 never fails. Had I been shooting a big bore at the moose I killed this year on the Tobique, that moose would still be at large, instead of reposing in stuffed elegance here in Manhattan. The reason for this is obvious: The moose jumped in a thicket of heavy birch poles, so dense that it was only with difficulty that he could be seen. The .30cal. bullets, instead of deflecting on these aforesaid poles, cut through them, undeviating and unimpeded. One bullet cut through a sapling as thick as my wrist, mushroomed against the wood and then drove a hole in the bull's ribs as big as my two fists. What would a .45-110 have done under the circumstances? In my opinion, it either would have dissolved upon the frozen wood or wandered elsewhere than the destined destination.

Again: In 1895 I fired nine shots from a .45cal. Winchester at a deer running across an open flat. I hit him six times, cutting his center body into the semblance of a sieve. In the end, he ran against a tree, and I still believe it was the tree that knocked him down. I know he was still kicking vigorously when I got up to him. Two years ago, I slung a .30-40 bullet after a caribou that was licking it over a bog 270 yards away—not guess yards, but paced distance. He kicked once, and I don't blame him. The bullet caught him under the butt of the jaw, and he did "drop in his tracks." Two years before I shot a deer in precisely the same place, and he kept on running until three other .45cal. bullets were banged into him.

Col. Hunt, who was with me on the Little Tobique one year, hit a caribou at 60 yards through the right ham. It broke the hindquarter, smashed all the rack on one side, fractured the foreshoulder, and emerged. It is still going, I think. That was a .303cal. Long ago, I shot a bull moose through the ribs with a .45cal. bullet. He is still going also. So is the moose that Mr. P. Chauncey Anderson knocked down three times with a .45-90 this year on the Tobique.

Of course, if I had hit that bull this year with a stuffed club worked by a trip-hammer, he would have dropped at once. But the fact that this big bull didn't drop when

he was hit so often is not an argument against the .30cal., but instead an argument in favor of the stamina of bull moose. However, he ran only 100 yards or so after the first shot, which, in the end, was satisfactory to me and just the same no doubt to the moose.

But I will acknowledge to Mr. Risteen that the English express does beat the American rifle in balance and "feel." If the native gunmakers would supply an arm embodying these same principles and carrying the .30cal. bullet, I think it would beat the big bores all hollow.

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that the old argument regarding the best rifle for big game has again broken out. It is epidemic and cannot be suppressed.

Now, I don't for a moment suppose that the following remarks will influence any one in the choice of a rifle, but then I shall have had the satisfaction of giving a portion of my experience. It is undoubtedly the privilege of every man to own the best rifle and the best watch. There may be a few who don't own the best rifle, but in the Rocky Mountain States nearly every man who hunts will upon very slight provocation make you acquainted with the superiority of the weapon he carries. When some of the old boys acquire possession of modern arms they will not hesitate to inform any one who will listen that their rifle shoots point-blank at 300 or 400 yards. Now point blank in that country doesn't mean sufficiently flat to hit a man, but sufficiently accurate to decapitate a grouse at 30 or 40 yards, or to notch his stern if he is wild and won't let you approach within 50 or 60 yards. Don't try to argue with such a man, but ask him where you can buy a gun like his; then borrow 25 cents and a chew of tobacco.

There were days when I hunted deer with a .38-55 Marlin, and for accuracy, penetration and killing power that rifle was all that could be desired. If I remember correctly, that gun had either seven or nine deer to its credit, all killed where they stood at distances between 50 and 100 yards, except one at over 400 yards, which rolled about 50 feet down the side of a mountain.

Several men—good target shots—thought a .38-55 just the gun for deer, but I could never estimate distances sufficiently well to be reasonably certain of making a good shot with a .38-55 at 300 yards or over. Then I tried a .40-90 Winchester single shot (loaded with 88grs. powder and 383grs. grooved bullet, with a 13gr. cavity in the point, bringing the weight down to 370grs.), and was so well pleased with it that I took it to Alaska in the spring of '96. That gun was so accurate that I repeatedly killed ducks and geese at 100 to 200 yards, and once I fired at the heads of some geese that were standing in a perfectly uniform line at 268 yards (paced). One fell, and to my surprise I found that the back of its head was cut away as neatly as could be done with an axe.

The first big game that I tried it on was a brown bear. The bullet passed through him sideways just above the heart. He ran 100 yards, caught between two saplings and died standing. The next game of any size was a moose that stood 6 feet 7 inches high at the shoulders. I won't attempt to say how much he weighed. He took about four shots through the head while swimming, and one through the lungs, as he emerged from the water, but the shots in the head were badly placed, three being at the back of the lower jaw and one through the nose.

The next moose killed with the .40-90 was a small one, 5 feet 6 inches high. It was trotting along the side of a mountain between 250 and 300 yards distant. The first shot missed, and the next two passed through the lungs, tearing the flesh for a space the size of a silver dollar and stopping the game within 50 yards.

Next on the list was a moose swimming and drifting down stream toward me. I opened fire at 400 yards, and at the third or fourth shot broke its jaw. It then raised its head high out of water, and some Indians who were with me poured in a fusillade of .44-40s and .45-70s at 250 yards. Several took effect, and then I succeeded in placing one through the neck. This last is no test of the stopping power of the .40-90, but is given to show its accuracy and reliability.

Altogether it proved to be the best black powder weapon I ever handled, and for combined accuracy at long range, penetration, low trajectory and killing power I doubt if any black powder rifle on the American market is its equal when loaded with the 370gr. hollow-point bullet.

My next investment was a '95 model Winchester, taking the .30 Government cartridge, for which (with eighty cartridges) I paid \$77 in Dawson in the fall of '97.

One day in the spring of '98 I was climbing a steep mountain with a pack of about 25 pounds on my back and the rifle in my hands. I was quite winded and was about to take a rest when not 50 yards away a large black bear disappeared over a ridge. Without waiting to remove my pack, I hurried to the spot where I had last seen him, and there he was going over the next ridge ahead. I took a quick shot at his flank and heard the dull "thuck" of the bullet—so different from the sound made by striking earth. The bear flinched very perceptibly, and walked leisurely into the timber I could find no blood where he stood and no trail, so lost him.

The first large game that I killed with the .30-40 was a moose calf walking straight away. The bullet struck the point of the hip, and very nearly severed the leg from the body.

Now, sportsmen (I won't say brother sportsmen, for I know I am not eligible to the brotherhood), don't criticize the writer too keenly for killing a calf. Remember we had no four-horse wagon or six or eight horse pack train to carry tents, blankets, Dutch ovens and perhaps folding cots with mattresses and pillows. In summer we had no bedding, tents, etc., while traveling across country. A small piece of canvas for a "lean-to," an axe, a few pounds of grub on our backs and a rifle might have to last for two or three weeks, so all was fish that came to our net, from berries and ptarmigan's eggs to moose calf. It is quite right to look out for posterity, but in those days we had a pretty good contract on hand to look out for ourselves.

In shooting qualities the .30-40 was far superior to the .40-90, and after seeing its terrible effect on the calf I was satisfied that it was all right as a killer. I would be in possession of that same rifle to-day if it had not

become rusty—then, too, a "cheecharco" wished to exchange nice crisp green paper for a rusty rifle and I hadn't the heart to refuse.

My next experience with a high-power rifle was in Colorado, where I saw a very large blacktail buck stopped by a shot in the thigh from a .30-30 Winchester. A shot in the same place from any black powder rifle with which I am familiar would simply have accelerated his movements.

From what little experience I have had in hunting big game, and what I have learned from professional guides and hunters, the size and caliber of a rifle should be governed by the character of the man who is to use it.

Some men are accustomed to quick, snap-shooting in heavy timber or thickets, and seldom try fine shots at 200 to 400 yards. Such men would be suited with an English express rifle of .45cal., with a light bullet and a heavy powder charge, of say, 125grs. or more. Such a rifle could not be considered accurate at 300 yards and over, and if weighing not more than 8 pounds the recoil would be very liable to induce flinching.

Comparatively few men can stand the recoil of several shots from a rifle using a heavier charge than .45-70-500, and do really fine work unless the rifle is so heavy as to make it clumsy to handle—at least this is the result of nearly two year's experience in a Colorado rifle club composed of men accustomed from boyhood to rifle shooting.

Medium-weight, large-bore rifles, shooting heavy charges require to be supported against recoil at the shoulder with the same resistance at every shot in order to obtain uniform results. Such a rifle, if sighted correctly for the off-hand position, will shoot high, if fired from the prone position, pointing straight ahead of the shooter. By lying on the back, feet toward the object to be hit, the gun will shoot about the same as in the off-hand position.

For these reasons rifles having an excessive recoil are undesirable for long range work unless provided with extra heavy barrels and an extra heavy rifle is certainly not a desirable hunting arm. Another class of men are those who live in close proximity to big game country—good hunters and more than average shots. Such men for years have shown a partiality for .45-70s and .45-90s, with a fair number inclining to .38-55s. This class is now inclining strongly toward the modern high-power rifles of .30 and .25cal.

Still another class are those who are indifferent hunters, but good shots, and who, finding it difficult to approach within close range, do a portion of their shooting at 200 to 400 yards. For such men the modern high-power small-bore rifle is undoubtedly the correct arm.

There are exceptional cases where animals will run a considerable distance after receiving frightful wounds, even from large caliber rifles. I once heard of a fawn which ran an eighth of a mile after being struck with a .50cal. explosive bullet—its abdomen blown open and the entrails dragging on the ground.

I would esteem it a great favor if those who have tested the Savage rifle would state through these columns the correct elevation of the Lyman rear sight for 100 to 500 yards—also what style of front sight was used and what cartridges. Would also like to hear from users of the 170gr. bullet No. 308206, and what charge of Du Pont No. 1 rifle powder gives best results with same.

EDWARD F. BALL.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Guides Killing Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that our game papers are just becoming aware of the fact that all the game carried out of the State is not shot by the hunters who claim to have killed it, and just now these is a demand that guides shall not carry guns. Now, who is to blame for guides and others shooting the game that would-be hunters carry home? Certainly not the guides. No guide would ever carry a gun if his employer did not wish him to do so. In most cases the guide is hired because of his ability to kill game. And many cases I know where the guide has not carried a gun his employer has asked him to take his and kill the game. A few years ago one of our best known guides told me that he had been guiding a "sport" for nearly a month, trying to shoot a moose, but without success. Finally, when within a few miles of Northeast Carry, which was to be the end of the trip, they saw an old bull swimming the river. The "sport" fired twice; his first shot striking about half-way between the canoe and the moose, the second striking many rods beyond. Realizing that he could not shoot at all, he passed the rifle back to the guide, saying, "Shoot him." By this time the moose touched bottom, and was leaping into the brush as the guide, by a quick shot, gave him a mortal wound. He went but a few rods and fell. Then the "sport" shot him as he was dying, and made a great deal of talk about the moose he had killed. Now, who was to blame for the guide's shooting? The man who hired him put the gun into his hand and told him to shoot, or the guide who by so doing lost his own chance to kill a moose that season?

I think that if the truth could be known that fully half of all the game brought in by visiting "sports" and those of our own State who employ guides, is either shot by guides or bought of others who have shot it. Hundreds of men, who represent all the professions, go into the woods to hunt. They are gentlemen, skilled in their various professions, but that does not make them woodsmen or hunters. Many of them are skillful with a rifle, while scores cannot, as the guides say, "hit a barn if they are inside with the doors shut"; and very few can go a mile in the woods without a guide, and have any reasonable chance of getting back within a mile of where they started. Yet all these men will bring home their game and many will write articles and tell all the particulars of how they went out alone and shot it, and often have photographs to prove it by.

These photographs prove about as much as Frank Stockton's negro proved, who burned the church. He said that as he was going to the spring for water he saw the devil, who told him all about how he set fire to the church himself to stop the quarreling, and if they did not believe the devil told him so, he could show the very gourd shell he had when he met him. I have seen

photos of moose "taken where they fell" where any one used to the woods could see that the moose had been hauled out into some clearing, or old camping ground, where it was a favorable chance to use a camera, and at the same time have a background of trees. I lately saw one photograph where, according to the story, the moose had only been shot a few hours, where the swollen body proved that the moose had been dead till it had become inflated by the formation of gases. In such case the meat is spoiled, and yet the story goes on to tell of taking the meat home. I could fill a whole issue of your paper with cases which I know of where men have carried out game, the most of which they never saw alive.

A few years ago there was a long story in our local papers of some men who killed four moose near Trout Brook Farm. All the particulars were given. Now, I positively know that the noted Indian guides, John Francis and his brother Mitchel Francis, killed every one of them, and the man claimed to have done so never saw a live moose on the trip. This same fall a boy, the son of Mitchel Francis, shot a bull, which a New York doctor had the credit for. A few years ago there was an account of an ex-Governor, who had returned from a hunt in which "two fine bucks had fallen to his unerring rifle." Now, I know positively that one of these bucks was killed by a small boy, and the other bought by his guide for \$10 of a stranger, whom he met on the road, who had the deer in a wagon. Another party of five who hunted at the Sabios when the law allowed three deer to a man, brought out thirteen. These deer were every one shot by the guide. He shot them all by fair still-hunting, and was not over three days doing it. These are only a few samples of what is done and not nearly as bad as some, as I have known men to lie drunk in camp all the time they were in the woods and bring out their deer and then be called true sportsmen, while others bought their game in Bangor markets. I know this certainly, as I have been asked to pick out fresh deer for a "sport," who, on getting home, had an article in the papers telling of his success in hunting.

There is very little doubt that the guides would willingly leave their guns at home, and the doing so would save the lives of hundreds of deer and scores of moose. But would the so-called sportsmen be willing to come here with the certainty of going home empty handed. It would be much better all around if they would, as a great injustice is done to those who fairly kill their own game, as unless one knows them personally no one who knows anything about how things are done here will believe them or any photographs. While hundreds who are in the woods astonish their friends with stories of their promise as hunters, the people here do not call them hunters, but have a special name for them. Here they are known as "sports" to distinguish them from real hunters. They bear about the same relation to real hunters that the men who chase amice-seed bags or tame foxes do to the real article. Yet so long as it pleases them to think they can make people believe that they can hunt, no one complains, from the same reason that the man allowed his wife to whip him. He said, "It pleases her and it does not hurt me."

I think if any action is to be taken in this matter, it would be wise to begin at the right end, not with the guides, but with those who employ them. They are the men who pay for this and are responsible for it. If only those went into our woods who could kill their own game, no more than the present close time on moose would ever be needed, and each could kill three deer a year, and the increase would be greater than now.

BREWSTER, Me.

M. HARDY.

New Jersey Protection Records.

GEORGE RILEY, of Paterson, the Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, has made a report of his department for the period extending from Aug. 1 to Dec. 31, 1899.

The principal feature of the work done for the past five months, he writes, consisted in distributing 75,000 trout in the different streams. The trout were purchased from the Penn Forest Brook Trout Co., at Mauch Chunk, Pa., the hatchery being twelve miles from the town. The trout were placed in cans and carried to the railway depot on wagons, meeting any train either day or night. Three of these shipments were made to Stroudsburg, and thence over the N. Y. S. & W. R. R. All the other shipments were made to Phillipsburg and thence over different roads to the various points of destination.

In my opinion the success attained in the safe delivery of this large number of fish is without precedent in the history of the Fish and Game Commission. Out of the 75,000 fish delivered, only one trout has been reported as lost in transit. For the eminent success achieved in the distribution, with so slight a loss, the wardens who had charge are entitled to the highest praise.

I think the streams are sufficiently stocked with trout for years to come. Attention should now be given to all our lakes, as many of them are greatly in need of new life. Especially do bass and pickerel need attention for some time to come, in order to supply the demand. I would also respectfully recommend a more liberal purchase and distribution of pike, perch and silver bass from the Great Lakes, also strawberry bass; the two former species not to be put in less than 20 feet of water, with plenty of rock bottom and gravel. There are four lakes where such fish can thrive. The strawberry bass is a very beautiful fish, and would make a valuable addition to the waters of the State. The most favorable period of the year for procuring these fish is during the months of April and May, at Erie Bay, Pa. This fish is very hearty, and can be carried a long distance without showing any indications of sickness.

On Dec. 20, 1899, I received from Superintendent Dunn, of the D. & R. Canal, permission to net the canal for bass, pickerel and perch, which every winter are left in the canal after the water is allowed to flow out. These fish have been collected and will be placed in many of our lakes during the next two months. They are largely adult fish. They will spawn during the coming spring and a material addition to the quantities of fish now in our lakes can confidently be expected.

A hitherto unknown portion of our State has been brought into great prominence during the past month by the unsuccessful prosecution of offenders. Barnegat Bay

is a large body of water extending from Point Pleasant, in Ocean county, to Cape May, and in some places it is three or four miles wide. It is cut up by various arms of the sea, into inlets and islands, and portions of it are given different names, such as Great Bay, Manahawken Bay and Tuckerton Bay, etc. This bay is dotted throughout its full extent by islands of various sizes; and if properly looked after, would be a veritable paradise for duck shooters. For years past, owing to the lack of knowledge possessed by the wardens and commissioners, it has been neglected, and hence the law has been constantly violated to the great detriment of legitimate hunters. It has also been said that some of the wardens in that part of the country had made known the fact that they proposed to take a cruise up and down the bay, and the violators, both net fishermen and gunners, were on their good behavior during the warden's trip, and immediately when his back was turned they would again proceed to violate the law. A determined effort was made to stop such practices, with the result that about a dozen arrests were made, and the parties convicted. Warden Rider visited Bay Head in the middle of one week, and seized thirteen nets and destroyed them, and the following Monday, Warden Stratton, in precisely the same locality, seized fifteen nets, showing the persistent determination of the residents to violate the law. Illegal blinds had been erected in the bay, which were destroyed by the wardens, a number of parties shooting from sailing vessels were arrested and convicted, and the wardens have been so diligent that Sunday shooting, night shooting and the violations above mentioned have about ceased.

Too much credit cannot be given to Wardens Stratton, Rider, Mathis and Shaner, for the manner in which they have discharged their duties. This also, in the face of great difficulty. The wardens were threatened with dire vengeance, and even the hotel-keepers were importuned by the residents not to entertain the wardens, because they were interfering with the nefarious practices of those who complained.

It is not only a great benefit to the State to have the duck shooting laws properly enforced, but it has its effect also upon the land shooting, as the whole territory adjoining the bay on the west abounds with rabbits and quail, and the news spreads to the violators of the law, and thus has a two-fold effect. The great extent of territory covered by these waters makes it difficult for the wardens to inspect the same, and it is desirable that another warden be placed in Ocean county, and also in Burlington, in order to help cover this territory, as well as the central portion of our great game belt. There seems to be no particular spot in all this great extent of territory, covering about one hundred miles, where the law was being violated more than another, but it seems to be general from the head to the bottom of the bay.

I propose to continue to keep a very careful watch over this portion of our State, until violations of the law absolutely cease, and the natives and boatmen who have been continuously violating the laws might as well understand at once that we propose to enforce them at all times.

GEORGE RILEY,

Fish and Game Protector.

The Pennsylvania Association.

Why Every Citizen of Pennsylvania should be Interested in the Protection of our Game Birds, Game Mammals, Song and Insectivorous Birds, Forests, Streams and Fish.

BY JAMES H. WORDEN, BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS.

THE question of protection for the game birds, and game mammals of our State, as well as song and insectivorous birds, has been the subject of much thought upon the part of many of our citizens, and one of them, a noted scientist, recently expressed the opinion "that this world of ours would not be inhabitable by man in fifty years after its bird life had been taken from it."

The question of the preservation of our forests is also one of vital import to us all, and scientific report upon it has already resulted in national State legislation to perpetuate and renew our timber land, and this not only from a commercial standpoint, or of securing and continuing a source of pure water, but that the health and happiness of our people, and indeed our life itself, depend in a great measure upon the presence of growing timber, upon forest and shade trees.

Game and food fish are, and always have been, one of our necessities, and much thought and legislation has been expended in the effort to prevent their absolute extinction from our inland rivers and small streams.

The consideration of these subjects, with the continued necessities of the hour for their protection, has resulted in the organization of what is known as the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Article 2 of the constitution reads as follows: "This Association is formed for the preservation of our forests and the protection and propagation of our song and insectivorous birds, game birds, game mammals and game fish; for aiding in the enforcement of the laws of this Commonwealth governing the same; for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen; to unite the efforts and influence of all law abiding citizens within the State in securing such legislation for the future preservation of our birds, game mammals and game fish as will be best suited to the interests of the people of our Commonwealth at large."

The membership is drawn from all walks in life, and numbers, among others, judges, lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics and farmers—men who see and understand that the time has come when united and organized effort is required to secure the enforcement of the laws we now have upon these different subjects; for of what use or good is a law unless it is enforced? If you are a middle aged man you will no doubt remember the flights of wild pigeons in your boyhood days. The flocks were apparently more numerous than the stars on a clear night; innumerable smaller flocks were everywhere in woods and fields. During their migration the supply seemed inexhaustible, yet they are gone, and few of the young men of to-day ever saw a wild pigeon. But a few years ago on the plains of Colorado and adjoining territory, travel for days or weeks, or even months, failed to carry one beyond the evidences of buffalo; frequently, upon attain-

ing high points of observation, vast herds of these creatures would be revealed, herds seemingly limitless in extent, and as innumerable as the wild pigeon; yet they, too, are gone, victims to the insatiate desire of the man with a gun. And as these multitudes have passed, so other tribes are passing. If those who are to follow us are to know and enjoy the game bird or wild songster of to-day, if the farmer is to have the help of all these in the destruction of injurious worms and insects, if the country is not to be transformed as far as possible into a desert by the taking away of those forms of beautiful color and sweet music, some positive position must be taken and maintained for their protection.

The robin sings the same song he has sung for a thousand years; the oriole passes like a flake of fire, just as of yore. Is there anything sweeter to-day than the robin's song? Is there anything more beautiful than the flash of the oriole through the green trees? Yet, I ask you, what protection has either song or beauty been to them? And so we might enumerate almost endlessly, adding usefulness to the music and beauty of each, but I deem it needless. You who live or visit in the country know them all, and have no doubt spent many happy hours in their company; you know how they are passing, and the cause. Simply let us ask what our forests and our fields would be without them, and are you willing that all these should be taken to come again no more? Are you satisfied to remain passive, while men and boys are authorized to carry engines of destruction the year around?

The game law of 1897 was formulated and made uniform, with the single purpose of keeping the gun out of the fields and woods as much as possible. It is the result of much labor and many meetings, upon the part of representatives of the State Sportsmen's Association, who, when they limited the number of birds or animals that could be killed in each day or season, as well as reducing the time for shooting, gave evidence beyond dispute that they were doing their utmost to throw safeguards around nature's innocents, that they might not be blotted from the face of the earth, and not, as some people appear to think, simply to increase their numbers, that the game bag might be filled the more easily. The members of this Association are men who delight in doing right for right's sake, and who year after year have gone down in their pockets to restock the State with game, and then have stood helplessly by and watched the market-hunter kill the last bird of the flock they had fostered.

These are the men who, by way of expense on a hunting trip, put in circulation four, and even ten, times the value of all the game they ever get. These are the men who worked so earnestly in securing the creation of the Game Commission and the uniform law of 1897, which protects not only game, but the farmer as well, for under its provisions he has but a short and limited time through which he must contend with irresponsible persons, who under the name of hunter, open his gates, tear down his fences, shoot his stock and poultry, and so frequently start fires that result in great injury to individuals and our State.

These are the men who drafted and secured the passage of the act of 1899 making constables ex-officio fire, fish and game wardens, thereby putting it in the power of any and all good citizens in every community to see that the several laws bearing on these subjects were enforced.

These are the men who agree that there shall be no hunting or shooting on Sunday, and who have prescribed a way in the act of 1899 whereby every constable of the State is compelled to do his duty or suffer for his neglect.

Are you not interested in this matter, and are you not willing to assist in the enforcement of the laws these men have given you? If you are, why not organize a branch of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association in your neighborhood, or join an organization that is a member of it? "In union there is strength," and the simple fact that such an organization exists in each county of the State will have a wonderful weight for good in the direction of protection to these several worthy subjects. The simple fact that habitual violators of the law know that there is at least a possibility of their being punished will have a beneficial effect.

The declaration of principles of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association might well be indorsed by every man and woman of our Commonwealth. Will you not give a little of your time toward the protection of these worthy subjects? You need not become a shooter to do this. Many of the present members of the Association never put a gun to their shoulder, but still do great good by simply making it known that they are members of an association which stands ready at all times to investigate and report violations of the law that may be brought to its notice.

If the reasons are good and sufficient, will you not become a member of our Association, and assist us in our efforts to carry forward this commendable work?

The membership fee if an individual is \$2, which also pays your first year's dues. The annual dues thereafter are \$1; if an organized body, club or association, the membership fee is \$5 and annual dues thereafter, \$2.

Applications should be accompanied by a complete list of your officers and members, and the postoffice address of each.

All applications and any information will receive prompt and careful attention when addressed to any of the following officers of the Association:

J. O. H. DENNY, President,
Ligonier, Pa.WILL K. PARK, Secretary,
34 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.J. H. WORDEN, Treasurer,
Board of Game Commissioners, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Guinea Fowl as a Game Bird.

MAY I ask that you will kindly inform me through FOREST AND STREAM if there has ever been an attempt made to use the Guinea fowl as a game bird. I see no reason why if turned out it would not rapidly increase and be a great addition to our game birds.

Even in domestication the Guinea fowl is but little removed from a wild state, and its propagation could be attended with but little expense or attention.

ROBT. B. WHITE.

[Although the project of putting out Guinea fowl has been discussed, we know of no case where it has been done.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

From Indiana.

Mr. Julius Youche, a young sportsman of Crown Point, Ind., is in town to-day and paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a call. He says that this has been a grand fall for quail in his part of the country, and he has had his share of sport. Crown Point men are organizing a gun club campaign and will hold a good tournament in February.

To England.

Mr. Edward H. Ford, of the Economic Smokeless Powder Co., of this city and Hammond, Ind., leaves tomorrow on a visit to England, his former home, returning in the spring. Mr. Ford is one of the best chemists in the powder business. His friends wish him a pleasant journey.

From New York.

Mr. Lee J. Lockwood, now of New York city, and in the insurance business with a New York company, but formerly of Memphis, Tenn., is in Chicago this week and paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a call to speak of earlier days in the South. His family are at Omaha, and Mr. Lockwood travels over twenty-one States.

From Memphis.

Mr. T. A. Divine, one of the king bees of Southern shootingdom and one of the best fellows in the whole wide world, was in town for a day this week on business, looking just as young as he did ten years ago.

Indignant Denial.

A Chicago daily paper prints the following in one of its attempts at sporting news, in course of its comment on the bass from the James River, Va., which is mentioned elsewhere in these columns:

"E. Hough, the fish expert at A. G. Spalding & Bros., said the fish which came to Chicago to-day is not a record breaker, he himself having captured one in Gun Lake, Mich., in 1894, that weighed 10 pounds 4 ounces. The nearest bass to that in weight that he knew of was one which weighed 8 pounds 10 ounces."

That is about as near as a daily newspaper can conveniently get at the truth, so I suppose a fellow oughtn't to kick. Evidently by malice aforethought some one has sought to ruin my fair name by confusing me with Mr. A. Hirth, who is the "fish expert at Spalding's." Mr. Hirth never caught any 10-pound bass at Gun Lake, or anywhere else, and in fact I doubt if he ever saw a bass, except such as I have carried in to him now and then, thus perhaps having become subject to the same injustice as the dog Tray, of which we read in story. I must indignantly deny this confusing of my identity with that of Mr. Hirth. The fact is, he had the Gun Lake bass, stuffed, on view at the store, and so I presume fell to dreaming that he caught it himself.

All Kinds of a Good Time.

My erstwhile shooting companions, Mr. W. A. Powell and Maj. La Rue, seem to have found a good place down in Mississippi since I left them, and Mr. Powell has moved all his family, including La Rue, down there, to Byhalia, near where Capt. Bobo now lives, and the whole outfit has taken charge of the house of Mr. W. I. Spears, where they seem to be living in a state of great contentment. I am sorry I cannot accept Mr. Powell's invitation to come and live with Mr. Spears, but though I have never met the latter, we may all move in there next fall, if we don't like it well enough at Mr. Powell's place. The following letter will show what kind of folks they have down South, and what sort of times they have. It is no wonder that Mr. Powell has entirely gone back on his promise to send me a loaf of bread—the kind like his mother used to make, and of which Maj. La Rue was very fond. Here is the letter:

"Ingram's Mill, Miss., Jan. 14.—We got here Tuesday last and have been having all kinds of a good time ever since. Mr. Spear's house covers about two acres of ground, and Madame and I have the best of it. The Major is game as ever. We go for hunting the first thing every morning, then shoot quails a few hours, and after that Mr. Spears gets out eight or ten couples of hound puppies and we catch a few dozen rabbits in the field by the house. In the fox hunt, you know, we all 'ride and holler.' At night we read and play whist and have some music, when we don't go coon hunting. Mr. Bobo lives just across the road, and helps hunt anything but rabbits. I think there are at least 200 rabbits within a quarter of a mile of the house. The club house of the Ivanhoe Club is in Mr. Spears' yard, and they have 250,000 acres of ground posted, and have put out pheasants, etc.; and while we have not hunted quail more than a couple of hours each day, I think it would be easy to put up fifty coveys of birds a day here. Very few of them have been shot here this season. We are going Tuesday to put in one day being hogs and kill some birds. Every meal we have a big turkey at one end of the table and a ham at the other, with quail, rabbit, pigs' feet, sausage, spare-ribs, pork and greens, and most everything you can think of, in between. Several young ladies are visiting here, and the Major is in clover. He has taken a bunch of them out horseback riding to-day. As it was Sunday we did not hunt, but had a few simple house entertainments. I sent back home for my saddle pony to be shipped at once, for Mr. Spears only has six or eight good saddle horses, and we need more than that. It is twenty or twenty-five miles to real good deer and turkey shooting, and I think we will go after them in a few days, as we can kill them till Feb. 1. I hate to think of leaving here at all.

"You should see my wife, Mrs. Spears, Miss Ingram and Miss Stevens trying to catch a cotton tail rabbit, with the help of a dozen excited hound puppies. It was worth \$8 a minute to hear and see them. Mr. Clarence Spears, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Kelly and a half dozen more gentlemen have done everything in their power to show us a good time. I brought Dorothy and Reuben, one of her puppies, along, and Reuben is a wonder. We shot him twice and put a spike collar on him with an 80-pound boy on the end of a plow line, and he ran away after rabbits with boy and all, but the Major shot him again yesterday, pretty close, and he has not chased a rabbit since; but he ranges

and hunts like a quarter horse. Dorothy is finding a few birds, too; and Mr. Spears has a very nice pointer bitch, very careful and steady; and Mr. Clarence Spears, an extra good setter, so we are pretty well fixed every way.

"We spent a day in Memphis, and the Major hunted up Irby Bennett. Mr. Orgill and a lot more people, and we spent a very pleasant day. Next winter don't let anything on earth keep you from coming down here with us. The weather is perfect, and we haven't a care, nor an unsatisfied want. I think you mentioned bread in your letter. Don't bother me again about such trifles as bread. The two colored cooks here are artists, and I feel as though I would never be hungry again.

"This letter would be very incomplete if I failed to mention Mr. Ike Thompson, of Yazoo City, aged about eleven, and little Nora Spears. Any devilment those two kids can't think of and do has never been invented yet.

"Now you can see I have discovered the best people and the finest country that lies out of doors, and you bet I am going to nurse my job. Spears says for me to bring any of my friends, any time, and stay all winter and all summer.

"I will write and tell you all about it some day, if it won't make you feel too bad, but this is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life, and I have to quit now and go and have some more fun. Bread? Bread? You will just have to wait till I get back home before I will even think of such a thing as bread. Well, the best luck I can wish you is just that you might be here with us a while, and here's hoping."

Alas! It would seem that even the worm will turn. Painful as it is to state the facts, one must give the news that the house party at Mr. Spears' is to break up, or, indeed, probably has broken up at this writing, unless the visitors have changed their minds and concluded to stay till spring. Under date of 17th inst. Maj. La Rue writes as below from Ingram's Mills:

"We are having the doggiest, quail shootin'est, fox racin'est, coon huntin'est time you ever heard of. Yesterday Capt. Spears, Capt. Bobo, Sqr. Thompson, Deacon Powell and myself had a twenty-mile race after a red fox. Last night we caught three coons and five possums on an all-night raid in Pigeon Roost Bottoms. Monday, 15th, Mrs. Powell and Miss Linda Stevens accompanied us on an all-day quail shoot on horseback, and so it goes. We leave on the 19th. Allah be with you."

Free Shipment of Deer in Minnesota.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 19.—It seems that by some fine Italian handicraft at the last session of the Minnesota Legislature the game dealers secured a slight change in the wording of the law regulating the shipment of venison within the confines of the State, and this change now bids fair to work destruction in the fabric of protective work which in the past five years had gone so far toward stopping, or at least checking, the notorious game fences which at one time were being run in upper Minnesota, so that by hook or by crook venison was sent in a stream from the pine woods to the markets. The State Game Commission had this fairly well under control so long as a man was obliged to accompany his own deer during shipment, but now witness what a ruin the above mentioned slight change creates. The case in question came before Judge Orr in the form of a replevin suit brought by the king of the Minnesota game dealers, R. E. Cobb, against the executive agent of the State Commission, Mr. John Beutner, to recover five saddles of venison seized by the latter. Judge Orr, much to his expressed personal regret, found that the law would not warrant his confirming the warden in the seizure. The Pioneer Press, of St. Paul, gives the following details:

"The venison had been bought by the plaintiff from Swanson Brothers, of Moose Lake, Minn. It was shipped by express to the plaintiff at St. Paul. No evidence was presented to show when or where Swanson Bros. obtained the game. The presumption was that the deer were the property of the State, were killed in the State, and were killed during the open season for deer. 'I cannot infer,' continued Judge Orr, in his memorandum, 'that the game was killed unlawfully, for the law does not infer an unlawful act. The statute provides that the possession of venison, the killing of which is prohibited, shall be prima facie evidence that it was the property of the State when killed. The same inference, it would seem to me, would be drawn from the facts as they herein appear. The statute does not provide that the plaintiff must show that the deer was lawfully killed. It seems to me that the plaintiff had lawful possession of the venison, and the principal question is as to his right to ship the venison from one point to another in the State.'

"Section 14, chapter 242, of the Laws of 1897, provided 'it shall be unlawful for any person to ship or cause to be conveyed by common carrier, or convey or cause to be conveyed by any private conveyance, at any time, any deer to any person, except the same (deer) is in the control of and accompanied by some person in charge thereof other than an employee of a common carrier.'

"But the new law of 1899, (chapter 221, section 14), omits the words 'by common carrier, convey or cause to be conveyed,' thus prohibiting solely the shipping of deer by any private conveyance, 'save when the deer is in charge of some person not an employee of a common carrier.' That is, a deer could not legally be transported in a buggy by an agent or employee of a railroad company. But the deer can, so far as the law determines, be legally shipped on any railroad train. Therefore, Judge Orr declares, 'This is a manifest mistake, and a very evident omission of some kind; but it is not for the court to read into the statute something that should or might have been included within its terms. The provision' (as it now stands) 'is almost meaningless, and it would be difficult to conceive a condition, in fact, that would fall within its terms. This is an unfortunate condition. But there is no present escape from the law as it reads. The plaintiff is entitled to judgment in his favor.'

"Judge Orr had previously decided, in the case of J. Abresch vs. the Board of Game and Fish Commission, that the board could not be sued. Under that decision no damages can be claimed by parties who have lost heretofore through the seizing of deer in transit."

Death of Billy Jackson.

The death of Billy Jackson, reported in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, comes as a great shock to his friends in this city, who speak of him with genuine grief.

There were few characters more interesting or more lovable than this tall Westerner, and the magnetism of his personality was not easily forgotten. It was nearly three years ago when I last saw Billy Jackson, and my friend McChesney, and I parted from him then with regret that he was not a well man, but not dreaming that his disease would so soon prove fatal. He stood, a tall and striking figure, as he waved us good-bye on the last morning that we saw him. He left camp before the rest of us and went home because he was suffering so with rheumatism that it was not safe for him to stay out any longer. Dressed in long white capote, of the old Northwest Company cut, he was a striking figure out of the past; and now he has gone back into that past wherein he played a good and gallant part. One feels like adding his personal tribute to such a man.

Habitat of the Possum.

A letter from Mr. William C. Held, of Saginaw, Mich., bearing date of Jan. 13, has the following rather curious information: "There was an opossum killed here about two weeks ago, the first one I ever heard of about these parts. I would like to know if this is not pretty far north for them? Another curious fact is that there were three other killed within a few miles of this city a short time ago."

It is not so strange that otter might be taken in the neighborhood of Saginaw, for that was all pine country once, and good otter range; but I should think the instance of the opossum a most unusual one. We often hear of the opossum being seen in upper Indiana, but a glance at the map will show that Saginaw is some little distance above the lower line of the State of Michigan. The opossum is hardly a native of the pine regions. It would be interesting to hear from other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, if any have heard of so extended a northern limit of this animal's habitat.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Some Ontario Deer Figures.

THE following report of the deer killed in the "Highlands of Ontario" during the open season from Nov. 1 to 15, 1899, will be of interest to sportsmen:

The Highlands of Ontario comprise that portion of Ontario including the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, the Muskoka Lakes district, the Lake of Bays district and the Magnetawan River region, all reached only by the Grand Trunk Railway system.

The express companies alone carried 2,032 carcasses of deer, weighing in the aggregate over 200,000 pounds. The returns show that 3,559 deer hunting licenses and 2,065 settlers' permits were issued, these figures being largely in excess of 1898. It will be observed that 5,624 deer hunters were in the woods during the fifteen days in which deer could be legally killed in Ontario. In allowing one deer to each license and permit holder, it is giving a very low average, many of the clubs and hunting parties securing their full quota of two deer for each member. The number of deer carried by the express companies (large as the number is) cannot be taken as a criterion of the total number killed. Those killed by the settlers are not shipped, and a large number of hunters from inland towns and villages adjacent to the hunting grounds have the deer killed by them taken to their respective homes by teams. It is therefore safe to estimate that the total number of deer killed during the last season in the hunting confines of northern Ontario was 6,500. One would think that this large number of killed would be the means of a diminution of deer, but this is not the case, and each successive year seems just as good for the sportsman as the last.

In connection with the hunting season in Ontario, it might be of interest to mention that the Grand Trunk Railway had their photographer in the wilds of the forests, getting negatives of the best scenes possible, and the result was most gratifying. He secured pictures of the hunters' shack, both interior and exterior views; also some splendid pictures of the results of the chase, as well as several views of herds of wild deer, which were taken with a telephoto lens at a distance of a mile away from the object. These pictures have been enlarged from a small 8 by 10 negative to a size 21 inches by 31 inches, and the Grand Trunk intend having them on exhibition at their different ticket offices in all the large cities of America.

The Canadian Champion, of Milton, Ont., whose editor, Mr. Wm. Panton, is one of the experienced deer hunters of the Province, says in comment on these statistics:

E. Tinsley, Chief Game Warden for Ontario, reports that 5,600 deer hunters' licenses were issued in this Province last season, and that the number of deer killed was 6,500. The latter number was much larger than that for the previous year. This must have been due to the amendment to the Game Act, passed last year, which legalized the killing of deer in water.

The excuse for the change was that as long as hounding was legal, deer would be killed in water any way. There was something in this; but the last could have been stopped by prohibiting the first, and why this was not done is hard to understand, the more so because when the opinions of all those who took out deer hunting licenses in 1898 were asked by the Chief Warden, the majority of those received were against hounding. It might be uncharitable to say that the amendment was passed, not to protect the deer, but to facilitate their slaughter by so-called hunters who cannot leave the trails in the bush with out losing themselves, and who for that reason are unable to kill deer in a sportsmanlike manner; but the passing might bear that construction.

It is time for a change, to prevent the practical extermination of the deer, which will be a question of only a few years under the present law, though Mr. Tinsley reports that they are holding their own. He no doubt repeats what has been said by so-called hunters of the type referred to above. They, for obvious reasons, want the Game Act to remain as it is.

Let us have a law to prohibit hounding. It is true that this will involve a loss of revenue, for it would keep many hounders and water hunters out of the bush; but it is to be hoped the question of revenue from licenses does not figure except subordinately in the framing of Ontario

game laws. If it does, however, a permanent, if reduced, revenue will be better than a larger, but transient one. It will not pay to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The Sportsmen's Show.

THE managers of the coming National Sportsmen's Show at Madison Square Garden announce that exhibits will be presented by leading railway lines reaching those sections of the country where big game still abounds, and where lakes and streams still yield an abundance of game fish. From Maine to Florida, and from Virginia to the prairies beyond the Mississippi, the resources of the country, from a sportsmen's standpoint, will be most attractively and comprehensively represented. Should arrangements now in hand be completed, the game treasures of the Indian Territory will be shown in a manner that will surprise even those who know something of this section.

At past expositions of the Sportsmen's Association the State of Maine has been so prominently represented as to overshadow the efforts of all other sections, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Adirondacks. The Adirondack League last year made a superb exhibit, and so profitable and substantial were the results that the same organization will this year send down even a greater and more comprehensive exhibit than was its predecessor. Maine will this year make an exhibit that promises to eclipse that of 1899. Supplementing the Maine and Adirondack exhibits, and distinctly of the same class, will be the exhibit to be made by the railway companies whose lines penetrate Florida. This exhibit will embrace not only the game resources of the State, but will be thoroughly typical of its physical character.

Another exhibit that will recall many pleasant recollections to sportsmen in the vicinity of the Metropolis is being arranged by Mr. Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank. In its day, Barnegat Bay has furnished some of the best sport ever enjoyed by Eastern duck hunters, and its resources are still great enough to attract hundreds of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania sportsmen every season. Mr. Hesse refuses to paint an advance picture of his exhibit, but promises something that will revive old memories in the hearts of all Barnegat Bay duck shooters who see it.

Boone and Crockett Club.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held at 6:30 on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 20, at the Metropolitan Club, New York. Nearly fifty members were present. The business transacted was chiefly routine. The most interesting of the committee reports was that of the game protection committee, which, in view of the conflicting reports coming from the Adirondacks, with regard to the manner in which the game laws are enforced there, determined to find out for itself how the law was regarded. This independent investigation showed that in certain sections of the North Woods the game law is a farce. There are other sections, however, where, owing to the hearty co-operation of the residents and of the local guides, the provisions of the law are entirely respected.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, W. A. Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Charles F. Deering, Illinois; W. B. Devereux, Colorado; Howard Melville Hanna, Ohio; William D. Pickett, Wyoming; Owen Wister, Pennsylvania. Secretary and Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge, New York; Executive Committee, Winthrop Chanler, Chairman; Lewis R. Morris, A. Rogers, Henry L. Stimson, Madison Grant, Executive Committee, George Bird Grinnell, New York; Theodore Roosevelt, Albany, N. Y.

The meeting was followed by the dinner, and this by a description of the Harriman Expedition to Alaska by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey. The talk, which was illustrated by a great number of lantern slides, was greatly enjoyed. At the conclusion of the talk, remarks on game, forest and fish preservation and on legislation bearing on these subjects were made by Governor Roosevelt.

The membership of the club, which is limited to 100, is full.

Where the Exterminating Peregrinator has not Peregrinated.

THE Kissimmee River route has been the subject of much descriptive writing, and it certainly lends itself to literary treatment. It is an extraordinary river in many respects—in its narrowness, in the rampant growth of water plants along its low banks, in the unbroken flatness of the landscape, in the variety and quantity of its bird life, in the labyrinth of by-channels and cut-offs and dead rivers that beset its sluggish course, and above all in the appalling incredible, bewildering crookedness of its serpentine body. There are bends where it takes nearly an hour's steaming to reach a spot less than 100 yards ahead of the bow. On either side, as far as the eye can reach, lies the prairie dotted with small hammocks. Occasionally the bank rises a few feet to a ridge of hammock, and here the steamers make a landing. The hammocks are generally occupied by some sturdy stockman. Three steamers make regular weekly trips to Bassinger and return, the voyage lasting about five days. By road the distance to Bassinger is thirty miles, by lake and river it is 172 miles—some say 175 miles.—Kissimmee (Fla.) Valley-Gazette.

James River Ducks.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Jan. 18.—A recent letter from Belch & Bro., City Point, James River, Va., says: "We did not kill very many ducks during the cold snap. There was so much ice in the river we could not get about. Yesterday (Jan. 10) was the first day we were out with the battery in two weeks. We killed forty yesterday and thirty-two, to-day. We have killed a few canvasbacks. To-morrow we are to take out a party of gentlemen from New York—W. P. Young and brothers.

"Think there will be good shooting right along till spring. We don't have to go away down to Tar Bay now. The ducks are rising higher up the river. We killed the forty yesterday right abreast of the steamboat wharf."

J. L. K.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had a cold snap at Currituck, lasting about ten days, which gave us some good sport in the beginning of it; but the birds soon became so thin that we had to give it up for a few days. One of the old Palmer Island Club members shot 162 geese in one day. This is the largest bag I ever heard of at Currituck. This club, founded some thirty years ago by Capt. Nat Palmer, have given up their lease and will disband at the end of this season. Canvasbacks have been unusually abundant for the past thirty days. More were killed on Christmas Day than have been killed in one day for many years. Ruddy ducks cannot stand cold weather and have left us for some warmer clime. The black ducks and mallards also went away in a southwesterly direction, presumably to Redfoot Lake, in Tennessee, or Akaponoka Swamp, in Georgia; but they will return now, as the weather is quite warm and open. I shot eighty-nine geese in four days by using live geese decoys on the ice. Quail are still quite plenty, and some good bags were made in this country last week.

MORE ANON.

The New York Legislative Committees.

ALBANY, Jan. 20.—As the Senate holds over from last year, the committee on forest, fish and game laws remains the same. Senator Brown, of Jefferson county, is the chairman. Associated with him on the committee are: Chahoon, of Essex; Malby, of St. Lawrence; Ford, of New York; D. F. Davis, of Kings; La Roche, of Kings, and Havens, of Suffolk.

There is a new committee on fisheries and game in the Assembly. Axtell, of Delaware county, is chairman, as he was last year. The following members were also members of last year's committee: Hallock, of Suffolk; Davis, of New York; Doughty, of Queens and Nassau, and Beede, of Essex. The following are the new members of the committee: Johnson, of Clinton; Irwin, of Washington; Marson, of Oneida; Dusingberg, of Sullivan; Maher, of New York; O'Connell, of New York; Holstein, of Kings, and Sierns, of Kings. The new committee represents the fish and game districts much better than last year's committee did.

MATHER.

Tricks and Wrinkles.

I SEEM to be alone in this idea of mine, for only one good man—D.—thus far, had so much as crooked his finger. Never mind. I am going to stick.

Most sportsmen smoke, and many like a pipe. Ask them what is the best thing to clean an old one out with fresh and sweet, and most every one will say alcohol. Not this one, though. I know something that beats it all hollow; so much that it would surprise you if you never tried it. What? Chloroform! The commercial is least expensive.

PINK EDGE.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

Campbell McNab.

A REPORT comes from Quebec that Campbell McNab, a Canadian guide well known to sportsmen, has been murdered by Indians in the Squattock reservation country. McNab was among the guides at the New York Sportsmen's Exposition of last year.

More Wild Rice for Foreign Waters.

MR. CHARLES GILCHRIST, of Port Hope, Ont., tells us that through FOREST AND STREAM he has sent shipments of wild rice to Scotland and England. His orders for home waters were far beyond the supply of the 1897 crop.

The Lacey Game Bill.

FOLLOWING is the text of Mr. Lacey's game bill, H. R. 6634, as redrawn, with amendments and introduced in the House of Representatives Jan. 17. It was referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and ordered to be printed:

A Bill to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture are hereby enlarged so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds. The Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this act and purchase such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories. The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

The Secretary of Agriculture shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses and preservation of such birds.

And the Secretary of Agriculture shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor.

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to import into the United States any foreign wild animal or bird except under special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture. Provided, that nothing in this section shall restrict the importation of natural history specimens for museums or scientific collections, or the importation of certain cage birds, such as domesticated canaries, parrots, or such other species as the Secretary of Agriculture may designate.

The importation of the mongoose, the so-called "flying foxes" or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interests of agriculture or horticulture is hereby prohibited, and such species upon arrival at any of the ports of the United States shall be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska, any foreign animals or birds the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory or District in which the same were killed. Provided, that nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory or District in which the same are killed.

Sec. 4. That all packages containing such dead animals, birds or parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, as provided in section one of this act, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents may be readily ascertained on inspection of the outside of such packages. For each evasion or violation of this act the shipper shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding \$200; and the consignee knowingly receiving such articles so shipped and transported in violation of this act shall, upon conviction, pay a fine not exceeding \$200; and the carrier knowingly carrying or transporting the same shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding \$200.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Old Bear Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the column of "That Reminds Me," in your issue of the 20th, J. P. T. propounds a "problem for W. W. Hastings, Pine Tree or some other of the old boys" in the shape of recollections of "An Old Bear Story" in his Third Reader.

I am one of the old boys referred to. Is it possible we are so old? I hadn't realized it till startled by J. P. T. I can't answer all his questions about that bear story, but I remember it well, and on me also it made its vivid impression.

It was in "The Progressive Reader," and I think J. P. T. is right in referring it to the third of the series.

The series came as an unprecedented innovation in the little brick school house up on High street, in old Bas-cawen, N. H.

All previous classes, so far as any one knew, had read in "Town's Readers." Those readers were the very foundation and substructure of English literature. All classes could repeat them by heart before school days were finished. The lower classes heard the reading of the higher ones, and so came to the higher books entirely familiar by ear with every selection in them. And no one dreamed of this as a disadvantage. We did not have to be amused by our lessons in those days. It wasn't "child study," it was child studying, and with might and main, too. It was no lolling back in a patent seat, while the teacher passed a panorama before our passive selves. It was sitting up on a hard bench and learning by dint of energetic endeavor how to get the meaning, unassisted, from the printed page.

But to return to the readers. There came a time when the "prudential committee," moved by what impulse I never knew, legislated that we were to have the "Progressive" series, and "Town" was dethroned. There was consternation and wild rebellion. Could we give up those consecrated "pieces"—"Hafed's Dream" and all the rest? It was unbearable sacrilege. When, last summer, I met, down on the rim of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, my old friend Mr. Locke, superintendent of schools of Saco, Me., we copped lines and verses from "Town's Fourth Reader" by the half hour, and agreed that the displacing of them by anything else whatever was sacrilege.

He knew his "Town's Fourth Reader" as I did. He could begin a quotation anywhere, and I could complete it, and he never failed to answer my return challenge successfully. This stamped him as "a gentleman of the old school."

But the "Progressive" readers came in in spite of protest, and, strange to say, interested us as we never supposed new matter could. No one dreamed of admitting that the new readers were as good as the old. They simply couldn't be. Nothing could be. I wouldn't admit to-day that the "Progressive" readers were to be mentioned in the same day with "Town."

But how we revelled in them! And that bear story! There was a wild note of pathos in it which mournfully thrilled me for hours, as I brooded on it. Does J. P. T. remember "the death cry of the Shawano warrior," who died with his knife in the grizzly's heart? I dare say I could recall many another story in the "Progressive" series if any one would sound the first note for me; but it is a fact that at this moment I can bring to mind nothing but this bear story. And I am as curious as J. P. T. to know the rest of the story and who wrote it. Surely some one of the brethren will have a "Progressive" reader and will give us all the information the book affords.

This old book business takes a powerful hold on me. You will remember how, not long ago, Mr. E. Hough had a great time hunting up an old book dear to his boyhood.

I came near airing my own romance and quest of a book then, but didn't quite do it. If we unearth the truth about this bear story, I shall be encouraged to call for help. And, by the way, since J. P. T. is also a Boston man, I wish he would just call me up on the 'phone some day, "127 Oxford" will do the business, and much obliged to you, FOREST AND STREAM. It won't be the first time, by many, I dare say, that your good offices have brought men together who may have errand with each other.

C. H. AMES.

THERE is a man living here whom I meet every day, and he always is smiling and jolly; but he has lost all his ambition, because, as he says, "A lady he was engaged to went away with a walking bank." Jack hunts, fishes and tends a little patch of ground, which his neighbors' chickens dug up as fast as he planted. He got a fine needle and some silk, and some small shipping tags and some corn. That evening the owner found his brood had a shipping tag attached to the bill of every bird on which was written, "I have fed these blamed chickens on garden seeds all the spring; it's your turn to feed 'em now."

They were unlike the cat—they never came back.

PINK EDGE.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Natural Hatchery for Trout.

From the Report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests

THIS paper is written to describe a hatchery in which trout eggs are hatched by natural process, although the fish are under restraint, and the term natural hatchery is used in contradistinction to artificial hatchery in which trout eggs taken from the fish by hand are hatched on trays in troughs of running water and constantly watched by hatchery attendants. In a natural hatchery the trout are not handled by men during the spawning season; and the eggs, after they are deposited naturally, and the fry, after they are hatched, are unmolested as much as though the fish were wild fish spawning in wild waters, until such time as the fry are removed from the hatchery to the rearing ponds to be fed and grown to fingerlings or larger fish. In State work, where every year there is a greater demand for trout fry and fingerlings than the State can supply, every egg that can be obtained is utilized and every possible effort is made to obtain eggs outside of those furnished by fish in the stock ponds at the various hatcheries. Wild waters are drawn upon, and a few private waters, controlled by individuals or associations, furnish trout eggs to the State with the understanding that a certain per cent. of the fry shall

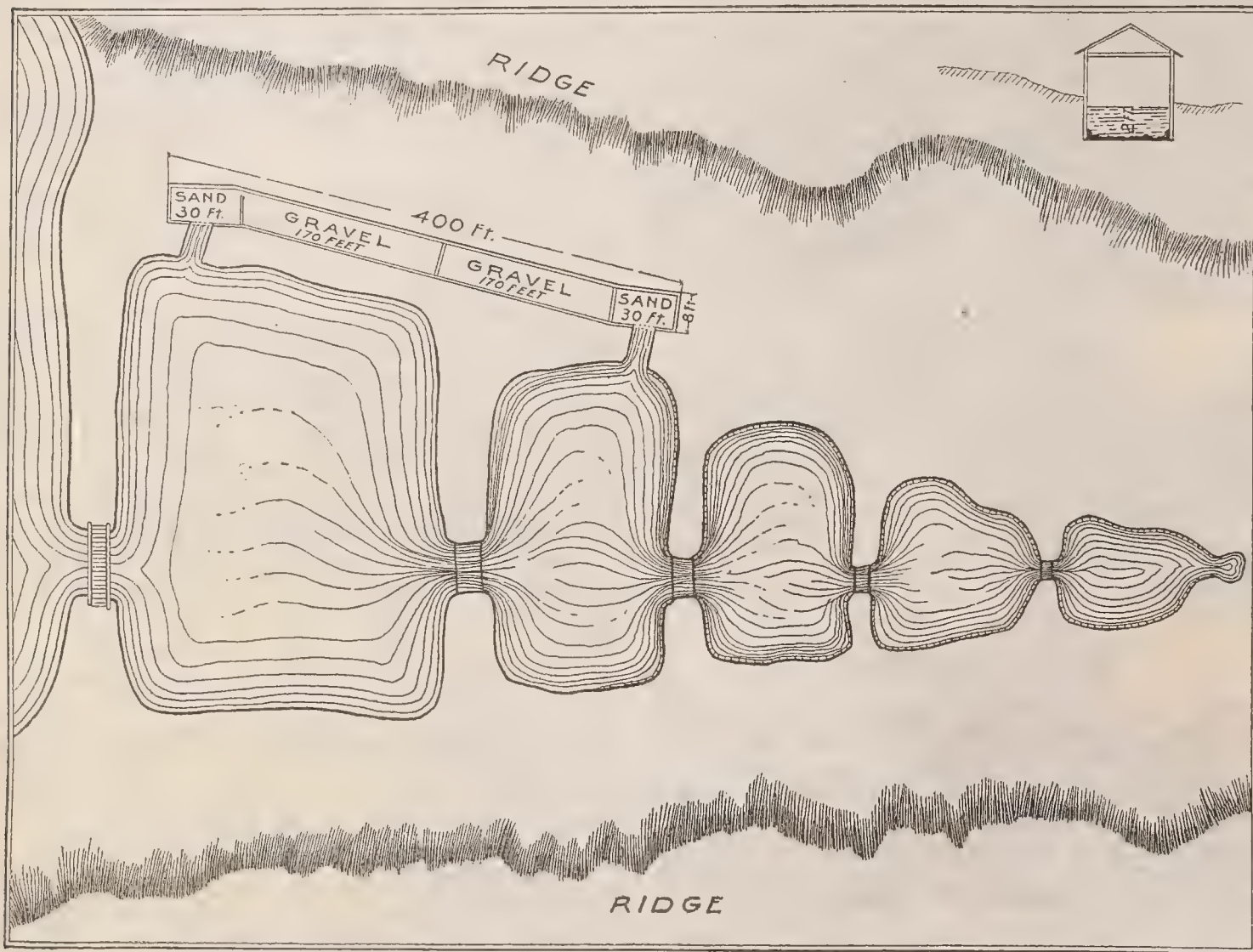
C, for you have only to lift the screen at the proper time and the trout and the water do the rest. The ponds shown in the plan in a series were dug in a depression between two ridges, and are fed from springs on either side, and from an artesian well at the head of the smaller or upper pond. The ponds shown are all used for rearing trout and outlet into a still larger pond, the margin only of which is shown, and in this larger pond the fishing is done by the club members and their guests. The upper pond is used for fry when taken from the hatchery and in this they are fed until they grow to fingerlings and are moved down into the adjoining pond, and as yearlings they go into the next or third pond, or into both, according to size, for some grow faster than others, and they are sorted to keep the trout of same size in one pond. The fourth and fifth ponds are for two-year-old fish, and they furnish the breeders, as no trout older than two years are now used as breeding fish. These facts concerning the management of the fish in the ponds are mentioned more to explain why there are five ponds in the illustration than with the expectancy that any one desiring to rear trout in a similar hatchery will follow the exact policy of the club owning the ponds. It is true that ponds will have to be provided in which to rear fry to yearlings, at least, before they are planted in waters to be fished, if the best results are to be obtained from this system of hatching fish, for the young fish must be of sufficient size to be reasonably sure that the greater portion of them will escape the maws of their larger brethren in the water they are to stock. The hatchery shown in the illustration is 400 feet long

gravel beds. After the trout have spawned, they are driven out of the hatchery through the races back to the ponds, and the screens are closed, leaving the naturally impregnated eggs to work out their own salvation in the clean gravel. After the fry are hatched and the unilical sac with which they are born is absorbed, and they are ready to feed, they are induced to leave the gravel beds and find their way in the gentle current down on to the sand, by lifting the doors in the roof and admitting the light from the ends. Once on the sand, the dam formed by the upright plank prevents their return to the gravel; and whenever it is deemed necessary, they may be moved with net and bucket to a rearing pond outside, to be fed until such time as they may be grown to a size suitable for planting in fishing waters or reserved for breeding purposes. In the hatchery that is illustrated, it is estimated that about 300 breeding fish are admitted to the house each year, although the ponds from which they come contain thousands of trout. Those that are denied the convenience of the hatchery spawn in ponds, and the eggs and fry must submit to risks and perils which abound in such places; but I have been surprised to find that so many fry as I have seen in the ponds in spring and summer have survived the attentions of their parents and relatives.

Nothing is said here about the cost of such a hatchery as is described, as the cost will vary in different localities, depending upon nearness to lumber supply, and price of labor, but with the general plan given in the plate, it will not be difficult to make an estimate of the probable cost when the location is selected. Such a hatchery could be adapted to other water supply than one coming in springs from the bottom, but usually springs are to be found by searching the shores of trout waters, and such a supply of water, with its even flow and temperature, is to be preferred to one coming from a stream liable to floods, discoloration and impurities.

About the only care such a hatchery requires is to rake over and scrub the gravel of the beds after the fry is removed, and this is done by forking it up at the sides while the water runs through it; for, while the gravel remains white and clean as long as the doors remain closed and it is dark inside, the sunlight causes green "mold" (*desmids*, representing a family of minute *Algæ*) to form on the gravel, which should be brushed off with a broom and dead eggs washed out at the same time. Such a hatchery will require but little of one man's attention for the most part, and the returns from it abundantly repay the outlay for construction. There is no way to count fry in such a hatchery until they are netted out to be placed in an outside rearing pond, but last spring I estimated that the hatchery in the illustration contained 60,000 or 70,000 strong, healthy fry, and it was believed that not many more than 300 trout were admitted to spawn in it last fall. The club desires to rear only a certain number of trout each year, to turn into the fishing pond something more than the number annually caught; but in a preserve, for instance in the Adirondacks, it would probably be desired that all the trout should be allowed to spawn under cover, and so the hatchery would have to be constructed to admit all that came to it at breeding time, and therefore the size of a hatchery to be erected would have to be based upon the number of trout likely to visit it. The hatchery that is 400 feet long will accommodate 500 or 600 breeding trout at one time (as a matter of fact Mr. Thompson tells me that one year he thinks not less than 1,000 spawning trout were admitted to the house, and they were mixed two and three year old fish, and with this number the gravel beds did not appear to be unduly crowded), and they should produce 125,000 to 175,000 fry if trout of all ages from wild waters are admitted, a sufficient number if the survivors are planted to keep up the stock in any preserve that I know of in this State, when the waters are fished only as preserved waters are ordinarily fished.

A. N. CHENEY, State Fishculturst.



PLAN OF NATURAL HATCHERY WITH CROSS-SECTION AND SERIES OF TROUT PONDS.

be returned to their waters, while the State has the balance for general distribution. Under these circumstances a natural hatchery would not serve the purposes of this Commission, for it is not pretended that in a natural hatchery economy is practiced in the number of eggs obtained from the fish or the number of fry hatched from the eggs. By law the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission is forbidden to plant fry or fish reared at the expense of the State in waters closed to public fishing, and owners of private preserves, if they wish to add to their stock of fish, must buy them or rear them.

To erect a hatchery on the plan of a State hatchery, even though it be on a much smaller scale, is expensive, and to spawn fish artificially, and care for the eggs and fry for a period of several months requires constant labor, and labor means an outlay of money. Only experienced men can do the work well, and in the best equipped and best managed hatcheries, unforeseen accidents may arise and disease may appear, and often it is cheaper to buy trout than to rear them.

A hatchery that runs itself, with no artificial spawning, no egg picking, no pipes to repair or replace, no heat to maintain to warm the men employed, no troughs to tar and no trays to renew; in short, a hatchery with no men or troughs or pipes or heat in it is quite a different matter, and one that may be considered when the other is out of the question.

During the past year I have received inquiries from more than a dozen different sources, two from fishing clubs in Canada, upon the subject of inexpensive fish hatcheries that may be maintained at moderate cost, and I have selected one of two natural fish hatcheries belonging to fishing clubs on Long Island to be illustrated and described to answer the inquiries, and doubtless other clubs or owners of private fish preserves may see in such a natural hatchery the means of keeping up the fishing in or restocking their waters.

Trout are cannibals, and when confined in circumscribed waters, lacking an abundance of food, eat the ova of one another from the spawning beds and the fry of all indiscriminately to a greater or less extent. Most of such casualties are obviated in a natural hatchery. The hatchery here described and illustrated was designed and constructed by Commissioner Edward Thompson, the Shellfish Commissioner of this State, and I know of but two more like it, both constructed under his direction; and it is as simple in its operation as A, B,

and 8 feet wide, and a cross-section will be found in the upper right-hand corner of the plate. At the base of the ridge are a number of springs, which feed two of the ponds, and the hatchery is constructed over them and consists only of a frame of joists 2 x 5 and 2 x 7, top and sides boarded over, with doors at intervals in the incline of the roof nearest to the ponds. There is a division in the hatchery about midway of its length, making one-half of the hatchery a little higher than the other, made necessary by the conformation of the shore. From the bottom of the hatchery to the slope of the roof is about 6 feet, and 2 feet of this, or a little more, is beneath the level of the ground. From the midway division the water as it comes from the springs underneath is directed to flow in opposite directions by the grade at the bottom, and finds its way through sluices with screened gates, into the fourth and fifth ponds. About 30 feet of either end of the hatchery is divided from the balance by upright planks forming a dam, which also holds the gravel in place, with an inch or two of fall and the bottom covered with clean sand, and all that remains is covered with white gravel, well screened, and in size from a pea to a pigeon's egg, and 10 inches deep; over the gravel the water is 6 to 8 inches in depth, flowing in a gentle current toward the ends. Explicit directions are not given as to kind and sizes of lumber used in the construction of this particular hatchery, as it is expected that any one building a similar hatchery may have to be governed by different conditions from those found on Long Island, but that portion of the structure which comes in contact with the water should of choice be built of pine lumber and tarred with gas tar, or so much of it as is under ground or is washed by the water. Untarred pine may serve if the water is alloyed to thoroughly soak the wood before any hatching is done, but tarred wood underground or in the water is preserved for a longer time than untarred, and it is safer for fry. An experiment with new hemlock planks in such a hatchery killed a large number of fry before they could be removed.

The outlets of water at either end of the hatchery form natural spawning races between it and the breeding ponds, and in it the movements of the fish may be governed by sliding, screened gates. In the autumn, when the trout, moved by the spawning instinct, crowd into the races, the screens are lifted, and they are allowed to make their way into the hatchery and on to the prepared

Shooting Mud Fish.

THE ringing of Mrs. Symms' dinner bell ended a meeting in William Symms' wagon shop of the coon club, but not before Charlie Deuel had proposed for the next day a fishing and exploring trip to Dead Creek, the Mississippi River and marsh and up Charcoal Creek as far as the railroad.

Henry Ford, the chairman that day of the Coon Club meeting, and I will explain that the chairman was always the man who first secured the only chair the shop contained; the other members found seats on a splitting block, one of Symms' saw-horses, when not in use, the corner of the grindstone frame or a board resting across an old cracked cast-iron kettle, that held a little water to wet the grindstone when in use.

As I was about to say, Henry Ford, the chairman, wanted to know who was going to do all the rowing that would be necessary to make the trip next day in a skiff. The writer proposed that we take turns at the oars, but Henry said no, he would be blessed if he would tackle any such proposition as that on an August day. He preferred going out into Street's woods and lay in the shade, where he might perhaps locate a bee tree.

The next morning found Wm. Symms, Charlie Deuel, his son-in-law, and the writer, rounding the old Eaton wharf at just 5 o'clock, and a lovelier day in midsummer never dawned on Lake Champlain. The stories Henry Ford often told of his adventures in a Chicago cheese factory, and Charlie Deuel's tales of strange animals and men he had met while scouring the wilds out East for ginseng, went out of our minds, when William straightened up with a start and said, "I told you that Skinner spoon bait of yours is no good. Thunder! he's hooked after all!" and that was evident enough, and William said it was no fault of his that the bass remained hooked—a 3-pound fish in the bag, and the high rocks only a boat's length back. Steven's Point Reef brought another and more gamy one to William's hook, and the indispensable fish bag, and Charlie followed with two more of the small-mouthed fighters safely landed. The scribe had not been so successful, but crossing Highgate Flats he hooked and lost a large pickerel, an 18-pound fish undoubtedly, but rowing to keep the boys' spoons off the bottom

and handling a large pickerel at the same time don't go well together.

We rowed up Dead Creek, past Indian Point, and after spying out a bunch of beautiful wood ducks went back and crossed Missisquoi Flats and entered Missisquoi River by its east branch, and just here was where the mudfish shooting was attempted. The writer stood on the short piece of decking at the bow of the boat in stocking feet watching for fish—a position he had occupied all the way across the flats, despite Charlie's efforts to dislodge him by sudden jerks and turns of the boat with the oars. I asked Charlie to stop the boat quick and his clock too. Just a few feet ahead on our left I saw a dozen or more mudfish bunched quite close together, and apparently not over 6 or 8 inches under water. We moved up opposite them without disturbing them in the least, and when in just the right position, I let go one barrel of a 10-gauge Remington charged with 4drms. of Hazard's best ducking powder and 1¼ ounces chilled shot, straight at the largest fish in the middle of the bunch. You can imagine there was considerable commotion in the water, firing into it at an angle of about 40 degrees out of a skiff. Of course I supposed I must have killed every one of those fish, but strange to say, not one turned up in the proper fashion and all had disappeared from sight when the smoke cleared away. Charlie Deuel looked over his shoulder at me with a most knowing expression and let out a disgusted grunt; but no word was spoken, and the boat moved slowly forward. We had not gone more than 100 feet, I should think, when on the other side of the boat I saw another and larger bunch of mudfish. When almost over them I fired both barrels in quick succession, with the same result as before, only we got somewhat wet from the flying water. This last effort and failure proved too much for Charlie; he let out a howl that echoed and re-echoed through the woods on the river banks: "You are a dandy, Jim, with a gun, and what a shame to miss those mudfish, when blind Nurry likes them so well to eat. You shoot over all the time."

"All right, Charlie," I said, "if we run across any more mudfish, you can try your hand at them."

We saw the fish, and Charlie rose from the rowing seat, and, turning half-way round, pulled off one barrel of his old muzzleloader. The concussion sent off the other barrel, and such a roar and flying of water! and at the same instant Charlie went over the side of the boat backward. The gun, flying out of his hands, went to the bottom of the river in 6 feet of water, and poor Charlie disappeared from sight, the soles of his shoes being the last we saw of him. I said to William, "You have lost a son-in-law and blind Nurry will not have a mudfish breakfast." Charlie soon came to the surface and was pulled into the boat, but had to go overboard and dive for his gun. He located it, muzzle down, and buried a foot in the mud. Charlie did not even inquire what had become of the mudfish. If he had we could not have told him for several reasons.

For the next half hour, with William at the oars and Charlie wringing the water out of his clothes, we moved up stream, and out at the west branch of the river, heading for Hog Island and Charcoal Creek.

Now, Charlie Deuel has a full beard, and it is long and bushy, his eyebrows are heavy, and with eyes set in his head, and very black; an old felt hat, always worn deep in his head and very black, an old felt hat, always well down over his face, he is a doubtful proposition sometimes. William and I both felt it was an occasion when silence was life itself, but when we had finally made a landing on Hog Island shore, and got well up the bank away from Charlie, we let out our feeling. Charlie said he would cook the dinner and row home if there was not wind enough, but would brain the first man that said mudfish. With the fish we had caught, a piece of salt pork, potatoes that had been boiled before we left the village, and other fixings, Charlie cooked a meal, such as all lovers of outdoor life only can appreciate. After dinner and a smoke, we ran up Charcoal Creek about a mile and caught, trolling with a spoon bait, two large mudfish, and we lost two, one running into the weeds and freeing himself by breaking a line. While these fish are not gamy, they are very powerful, and it frequently requires good judgment and strong tackle to land them.

Charlie Deuel rowed most of the six miles home without complaint, a smart breeze helping us in near the end of the trip. Blind Nurry had a mudfish breakfast next morning, and time has smoothed the way so much that it is safe now to say mudfish to Charlie Deuel.

I am wondering if any person of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM has had experience shooting mudfish. Why do these fish turn over and come to the surface, as expected, when fired at from but a few feet distant, and when they are so near the surface of the water?

Let me add in conclusion that Missisquoi Bay, on northern Lake Champlain, with its surrounding hills, woods and marshes, is a desirable place to spend a week or two in the summer season.

ROMEO.

Deep-Sea Fishes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The fishes collected by the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albatross, in her explorations off the west coasts of Mexico, Central and South America, and off the Galapagos Islands, during the year 1891, form an important Memoir of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Vol. XXIV., Cambridge, Mass., December, 1899. Lt-Commander Z. L. Tanner was in command of the steamer, and Mr. A. Agassiz in charge of the scientific work. The report on the fishes was prepared by Professor Samuel Garman, and comprises two 4to volumes, text of 431 pages, and plates 97, 13 of which are colored. The work by Messrs. Westergren, delineator, and Meisel, lithographer, was especially well executed. The report notices thirty-three families of fishes, represented by one hundred genera; or one hundred and eighty species, 85 per cent. of which Professor Garman describes as new to science. The deep-water forms were taken in depths ranging from 100 to 2,232 fathoms.

This work is a most important addition to the literature on deep-sea fishes, and much is due Professor Agassiz for his untiring energy and great liberality in giving to the world such bountiful results of what to him is but a labor of love.

B. A. BEAN.

A True Fish Story.

For six seemingly short weeks had our family of six and grandfather enjoyed the varied scenery, mineral waters and excellent fishing offered by Lake Minnewaska and surrounding country of Glenwood, Pope county, Minn. But August would soon be torn from the calendar, when we must break camp to begin a 250-mile journey by team to our home in Iowa.

Earth already wore a tinge of fading summer. A stiff, chilling northwesterner to-day furrowed deep the bosom of the lake and urged on the ragged clouds, which generally dimmed the sun. Those lounging about the Porter boat house this morning wore their coats tightly buttoned and hats shoved down to their ears.

"Hi reckon yours is the only boat a-goin' out to-day," said a fisherman, sauntering up, known about the neighborhood as the Englishman. Maybe, but we doubted not the seaworthiness of our little craft. Last sunset we had shaken hands on a fishing trip, and plans for a day's outing are not easily thwarted.

All are soon aboard, anchor is weighed, and the Silver Spray dances free with her light cargo—a pailful of bread and butter, rod and tackle, sundry articles—and her crew of eight—Len, Ben, Ernest and Charley, residents of the place, and Grandpa, Father, Brother Homer and I. "Duck your heads!" exclaimed Len, our captain, as the sail is hoisted, and the boom swings around. Too late; a pair of straw hats are riding the waves. Ernest leaps into one of the two row boats hitched behind and captures the hats. Some one remarks that caps ought to be worn when sailing. The Canvas fills and we are off for Lawrence Point, seven miles to the southwest.

Whitecaps are now rolling, the sail is drawn more into the wind, and our little craft turns on her side as she furrows the 5-foot waves, which occasionally leap over the deck, sending a shower of spray upon us. "How deep here?" some one interrogates. "Bout a hundred feet or more," responds the Captain. The boat soon veers more to the east to escape the sand bar, this season hid by higher water. Several minutes hence we drop anchor half a pebble's cast east of the Point, where the sounding line shows a depth of 16 feet—about right for pike to-day.

Having passed the bucket of frogs around, we each drop a line, but have no response. Thoughtlessly, the bait is given a somewhat alluring jiggle while our eyes wander over the scenery. For the first time, we now behold the lower portion of the lake, as it here bends more to the west. Lawrence Point is picturesque. Heavy ash and elm timber skirts the shore, and overhangs the water's edge, shading huge and rugged granite boulders, against which the 6-foot breakers with loud grumbling spend their force in foam and mist. The Silver Spray, as she recklessly frolics with the waves, threatens to part her cable, and, with them, break upon the rocks. Occasionally a tern or a white seagull, circling about, dips her wing in the wave, gives a pinion performance, momentarily breasts the wind, wheels, and—Hush!

I had a bite! An anxious moment, a nibble, a jerk, and at last our lines are answered in person, evidenced by the 4-pound pike that lashes the floor. Ere long several more keep him company. Occasionally a gamy perch gets a frog in his throat. Less often the reel sings to the lively tune of a black bass. But look! Len has surely hooked the prize of the day. See the silk play out as the fish makes a rush, now to the bottom, under the boat, off to sea, back again, now less lively. Reel him in. "Only a snake," says Len; "hand me the net. 'We have forgotten it.'" So on to the deck he lifts by the line a monster pickerel. A flop, a splash, a broken line and the same old story—the biggest fish has gotten away. For half an hour the sport continues. How small every catch now seems, compared with that lost beauty.

But Len has hooked another big one. A few spurts and an 8-pound pickerel drops unaided from the hook, safely on the floor. In the corner of its mouth Len finds fastened his hook and piece of line, proving it the fish he had lost half an hour before at the other end of the boat.

Having caught 104 fish, it is now suggested that we go ashore for dinner, and wait until the wind somewhat abates before setting sail for home. All agree. The row boats buck hard and receive many hard bumps by the lunging of the big boat as we attempt to transfer. With difficulty we finally tumble ourselves and our "traps" promiscuously into them. After a hard pull over "6-footers" we reach the leeward shore of the Point.

We all feel pretty damp as we scramble out upon the slippery stones. Len and Ernest make off through the woods to raid the nearest farm house, while we build a rousing, cheerful fire. They soon return with a dark loaf of untempting bread, a can of soft butter and an armful of green corn. "Best we could do; good enough when you are camping out," says Ernest. On the spot were found potatoes and a bottle of beer left by previous campers. We also cleaned a few of our smaller fish. But we had no cooking utensils. So to make this raw material palatable we attempted to put to practical use all the Indian and Robinson Crusoe customs we had read about—roasting on spits, rolling them in clay and baking in the coals, and the like. After an hour's preparation dinner is ready. Seated upon the grass we break the loaves and fishes. All are filled, and of the fragments there remain twelve basketsful—corn husks, cobs, fish skins and potato peelings. "The mink and coons will hold high revel here to-night," says Ben, after viewing the littered ground, and they undoubtedly did, for they were quite numerous about the lake. Until 3 o'clock the time is spent in telling stories and cracking jokes and English walnuts.

It is now time to start for home, and the wind, instead of going down, now blows a perfect gale. Wet and panting, we reach the sail boat. The old sail is reefed to its smallest, but it has seen its best days. In a moment it is rent in several places. The center-board refuses to be driven further than half way down. A whooping billow carries us within a rod of the rocks, and but for the timely use of the long oar she would certainly have shattered her hull.

At last the sail, in spite of her tattered condition, catches the breeze, and we are off to sea. But in our disabled condition tack we could not before such a gale. Steadily we drift to the southeast, a direction hardly angling to a dangerous trough. Foam-crested waves continuously run

over the deck. Several pails of water are bailed from the hull.

But though our case looked rather hopeless, we all kept up our courage; though, to be honest, it is not the most pleasant feeling that creeps over a boy "land lubber" when he learns he is over water twenty-five fathoms deep, there to have the boat lifted helplessly sideways high upon a billow, then dropped into the trough, the next foam-capped wave to leap over the deck and break against the low gunwale, dropping a pail of spray upon the floor, or, more often, upon your back.

The sun, now a ball of lurid crimson, hung low in the mottled west. Would darkness overtake us before we drifted ashore? In the southwest ominous clouds and an angry flash of lightning gave evidence of a storm steadily arising against the heavy wind.

By dusk we near the southeast shore, about two miles below Benson Beach. Considering it useless to longer stay by the sail boat, we anchor her and row everything ashore. What a sense of relief again to feel the earth beneath our feet, as we look back upon that wild, boiling bit of sea where for four hours we have been helplessly tossed about, a lowering sky now lending awfulness to the scene.

But troubles never come single-handed, you know. Here we were ten miles from town and camp with "traps" and 150 pounds of fish, darkness a few minutes apace, with promise of a terrible storm. Grandfather immediately sets out through brush and fields to find the main road, distant two miles. Ben, Ernest and Homer visit three farm houses, all in the neighborhood, in search of a team to take us to town. They return unsuccessful. Dollars seemed a small inducement for to leave the hearth on such a night.

There is now no choice as to what shall be done. One row boat is drawn high up on the beach, the fish are put in the other. Two of us, with the two pairs of oars, must take the latter one and follow homeward the leeward shore, where the water was possibly less rough—and an eight-mile pull over rough water, against a heavy wind, is no easy task. Ben and Ernest take the boat, the rest of us preferring to walk.

At a "horse-walk" gait through hazel thickets, stubble patches and barbed wire fences, we wend our way toward the road. Unexpectedly running into a Scandinavian barnyard, the chickens, roosting in the trees, set up a cackling, and a big, wolfish-looking dog lets loose of several startling yelps, changing into a curious trill as he pounds down the path to meet us. Charley shied a club at him and he vanished in the gloom. Hurrying on, we reach the road by dark.

Stopping at a farm house, we inquire if an "old gentleman" passed here about dusk. "Yes; one stopped and asked for a drink 'bout half an hour ago." "Thank you." How tantalizing is the aroma of the steaming coffee pot that tickles our olfactory as the door closes against us. "Hurry up," says Ben, "for it is going to be darker than a nigger's hair."

The sky is now overcast, and as we resume our gait, only by an occasional flash of lightning are we able to keep the track through the dense timber and to dodge a few of the frequent puddles made by last night's storm. At every turn in the road, at every flash of lightning, we strained our optics for a glimpse of Grandfather. Surely, a feeble old man of seventy-five years must be overtaken at the rate we are walking. But possibly he had lost track or found lodging somewhere. Anxious concerning his welfare, we hardly felt like keeping on.

With terrific thunder and lightning the storm now broke and the rain descended in torrents. For an hour it raged with increasing fury, then settled into a steady electrical rain storm, which lasted half the night, raising the water mark on a lake four miles by ten, 4 inches. After donning rain coats and spreading our umbrellas, we waded on through mud and water ankle deep. A house and barn at last loomed up among the trees, but we found no shelter. The folks, if any lived there, were abed; and the barn, filled with hay, offered nothing but nailed doors and dripping eaves.

Father and I take off our shoes and roll up our pantaloons. Ben, Charley and Homer, heedless of mud and water, wade on and soon are out of hearing. With tender feet we two trip lightly on, an occasional "Ouch!" or "Great Caesar!" rupturing the heavy air as our big toe attempts to dislodge a boulder. The lightning flashes were now less frequent, making it hard to keep the road. As a consequence, father's feet forsake him and the handle is broken off mother's best silk umbrella. Pocketing the piece, we again set out.

A brook, swollen too large to fit the culvert, now gurgles over the road. Numerous others, now like mountain torrents, roar and echo down their rocky, timbered gulches, hurrying their extra volume to the lake.

We were now less than a mile from town, when a dim light flashes up ahead at a bend in the road and then disappears. As it again pops into view from behind the trees we detect, above the roar of the storm, faint sounds of an approaching team. Who can be out so late on such a night? "Porters in search of us," father suggests.

Sure enough. Len and Ernest, to our surprise, had reached town half an hour before us and made known our plight. Grandfather was picked up about forty rods from town, the others keeping on afoot. He says he prevailed at a cottage to stay all night, but probably discrediting his story, a feminine voice from an upper window ordered him to begone or she would set the dog on him.

By 11 o'clock we reached home, wet, tired and hungry. Our folks had despaired of our return, for we had promised to be back by 3 P. M. Surely, no boat on the lake, even though she were able to keep her bearings, could live near the south end on such a night. Imagine their thoughts when the one row boat, with but two of our number, at last hove within the pale light of the lantern hung out for our benefit. Though hardly dared they ask the fate of the rest, their fears were soon dispelled. That night, while attempting to appease by a midnight supper appetites that would have shocked the cook of a boarding house, we related the incidents of one day's experience.

HOWARD L. HILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest on Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 17.—The little "smoker" of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, which was held last evening at the Union Café, this city, proved to be a most enjoyable affair, and indeed, in the opinion of all present, it was the finest meeting of the kind the club has ever had, and one which certainly augurs much for the usefulness and pleasure of the club's future. The occasion was purely informal, yet the keynote struck was just that right one, between too much hilarity and a too stiff and ceremonial observation of banquet laws. It is rarely one would pass a pleasanter evening, and rarely, too, that he could hit upon a company fit to teach him so much of good angling lore, and do it in so thorough, though unpretentious, fashion. It is to be said of this club of Western anglers that it has, after much checkered history, gotten upon a basis which sets it above reproach as an organization of sport-loving amateurs of purely unselfish and worthy aims. We have nothing just like this club between Chicago and San Francisco, and if New York has a similar body the fact is not known.

The members sat at table at shortly after 7 P. M., thirty-three members and guests being present, as see the following list:

J. H. Bellows, Gen. John McNulty, G. A. Murrell, John Waddell, G. W. Strell, E. Hough, F. A. Peet, Ed. Taylor, F. B. Orr, C. H. Chadwick, Wm. Wolforth, L. F. Crosby, J. M. Clark, Chas. Ludlow, H. W. Pearce, J. W. Ostrander, G. A. Hinterlightner, J. D. Belasco, H. A. Newkirk, W. Morris, G. W. Salter, F. M. Smith, Dr. C. F. Brown, A. C. Smith, W. T. Church, E. R. Letterman, Geo. Russell, C. L. Ludlow, H. G. Hascall, F. E. Rugg, F. E. Davis, J. A. Wood, G. H. Harper.

The following were guests of the evening: Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Messrs. Edwd. G. Taylor, J. W. Ostrander, G. A. Hinterlightner, W. Morris, F. M. Smith, Geo. Russell, C. L. Ludlow, F. E. Davis, G. H. Harper and E. Hough. Mr. Waddell was the guest of honor, and the members could not do enough to show their appreciation of the many courtesies he has shown Chicago gentlemen who have at so many times tasted of his hospitality or shared his guidance on the good streams of the South peninsula. Mr. Waddell has the reputation of being the most successful trout fisherman of his city, more especially as concerns the rainbow trout, or the trout so called in that region. Those who have fished with him speak his name with awe as a caster of a deadly line, and a past master at playing a fish.

Mr. Waddell tells me that some of the gentlemen of his city have formed a company and have purchased ten acres of ground near the Grand River, with a little pond inside the tract, and have fitted it up as a country club, for the purposes of fly-casting, trapshooting inn, etc. Some of the gentlemen have their shooting dogs kept out there, and in many ways the club promises to be most enjoyable and useful to its members. The name of the club is not yet decided upon by the committee, but its affairs are rapidly nearing completion, and next summer will see the hustling Grand Rapids men still better equipped for enjoying life. Mr. Waddell also said that, as the Chicago Fly-Casting Club is to give an open tournament next summer, the Grand Rapids men would surely come over in force to take a hand.

Speeches with Meat to Them.

President Bellows at about 9 o'clock called the meeting to order, and Secretary Murrell announced that the executive committee had taken under advisement the matter of a tournament next summer, and the subject would come up for vote at the annual meeting the second Monday in February.

"Stories" were now called for, and Messrs. Church and Belasco responded with humorous remarks. Mr. Waddell, of Grand Rapids, was greeted with applause when he arose in response to calls. He spoke of the good feeling between his people and the Chicago men, and gave a word of praise to the trout waters of his State. He said that he had long been a student and an admirer of the fish which was planted some years ago in his State, and which is commonly known as the rainbow trout. He thought this fish was the prince of all game fishes, and far superior to the brook trout in fighting quality.

Mr. Waddell uttered sentiments which may seem heresy to the devotees of the ouananiche, that much advertised fish of the Northwest. He said that he had heard a great deal about the ouananiche, and he thought he would make just one pilgrimage to that country, catch a ouananiche or two, and then die. He was there to say that he was never so much disappointed in any angling experience in all his life. He and his friends went into the Lake St. John country and took the canoe trip up the Mistassini. It was a beautiful casting water where they fished, and the prospect was pleasing. Only the ouananiche was vile. They took but a very few, small ones, and returned from their expensive trip full disgusted. They then tried the Grand Discharge waters, and here took some better fish, but the taste of disappointment still lingered. The fish would jump, it was true, and do it acrobatically; but after a jumping experience of a few moments they usually quit and consented to come in with no very savage fight, the whole thing being over in five minutes. He was satisfied that the ouananiche did not compare with his own rainbow, or Shasta, trout of the Pere Marquette, and he did not care for any more ouananiche for his part, when he could get rainbows.

Mr. F. B. Orr was called upon, and introduced Mr. Edward Taylor, the redoubtable trout fisher of the Prairie River, whose "short and heavy" casting system has been exploited often in these columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Taylor told how he happened to see a big trout rising at a dipping dragon fly, and from that got the notion of casting with a splash, out of which he perfected his system. He said he had studied trout for years. Sometimes he would see them rising when certain green buds were dropping into the stream. He then used a grizzly king and found it good. Later there would be a little red spider on which the trout fed, and then he found the red ants and hackles successful. Mr. Taylor gave a good talk.

Gen. John McNulta, author of "Forty Years With the Fly," was met with applause as he rose to address the

assemblage. He said that there was so much to talk about that he only hesitated where to begin and what to say. For himself, he had followed trout fishing all his life, beginning in lower Pennsylvania with an expert teacher, an old Scotchman, when he was a boy, and keeping it up ever since. He had made eight trips across the continent after trout. He had been to Alaska after trout. He had been to Mexico after trout. He had been all over the islands of Great Britain after trout. There was no way of taking trout fit to be considered except the artificial fly. Now, he said, after having seen most of the trout countries of the world, he had settled the fact in his own mind that the Michigan south peninsula was the finest trout region in the world. He had bought him a preserve of 2,000 acres up near Charlevoix, had called it "Waldruh," and here he was going to plant a quarter of a million trout every year until he went broke.

Gen. McNulta said he was told up on the Brule that he might catch a rainbow trout, and he did so, but as soon as he saw it jump he knew it was not the rainbow he had met before—dull, heavy, logy. He told the Brule anglers that it was not a rainbow. He caught this same jumping fish on the Gunnison, and it was not the rainbow he had once seen. Then he went to southern California, and here he found his rainbow—heavy, dull, quitting the fight when hooked and pressed hard. He was puzzled. Later he went up the Sacramento until he was under the shadow of old Mount Shasta, and here he struck again the fish of the Brule, of lower Michigan, a fish that sprang again and again, that rushed and fought to the last gasp, and was the gamest he had ever seen. Then he knew it to be a variety of the Richardson's or steelhead trout. He found that the Government had gathered the spawn of the rainbow and of the Shasta trout, mixed and shipped the young fish all over the country indiscriminately. Thus it came that both the rainbow and the Shasta are to be found in Michigan and Wisconsin, and you could tell one from the other by the way they fought.

Up in British Columbia, Gen. McNulta said, there was a trout which was still more of a jumper and a fighter than the Shasta trout. He meant the Kamloops trout, found on the Thompson River and other waters. This was destined to a wider acquaintance yet among American anglers.

Gen. McNulta said that in Michigan he had often heard of a certain very rare and beautiful trout which was called by local anglers the "steelhead." He had at last succeeded in taking some of these fish in the Pere Marquette tributaries, and referring a specimen to Dr. Baird was told that it was *Salvelinus aureolus*, the Sunapee trout (Sunapee saibling?), the most beautiful of all trout. (This is the first instance of the taking of this fish in Michigan waters of which the writer has even known.)

Gen. McNulta said he had often studied the habits of trout in their homes. Gentlemen spoke of a trout taking the fly as it "came down" upon it. Such a statement was not accurate. The salmon takes the fly from above, and will hook himself. The trout takes the fly with a rush from about 45 degrees, not "biting" it all, but just opening its mouth for the fly to enter as it strikes the fly. Then with a swirl the trout turns within a space of 8 inches or a foot and goes back to the spot from which it rose, its course being like that of a belt about a wheel. It needs quick work to strike a trout before he rejects the artificial lure. His old preceptor told him that as soon as he saw a swirl in the water he must "jerk his hook away from the trout before the trout could catch it." "Then, if you are quick enough, you may hook your trout," he added. The speaker was applauded as he closed.

Mr. Jas. Clark read a humorous paper on black bass fishing in upper Illinois. Messrs. Strell, Ludlow, Perce and Hough also spoke more or less briefly. Informal and interested conversation about the board went on, and Gen. McNulta again was called upon. He said that in his studies of trout he had learned that the back color of a trout is merely its protective color, and this changes with the color of the cover and bottom. It was astonishing how short a time was required for a trout to so change its color and to adapt itself to its new surroundings. He once tested this thoroughly on the Brule, taking some very dark trout and putting them down in live boxes over a light colored bottom. It took just forty minutes for the fish to quite change their back color. They became light as the local fish.

On the other hand, the General continued, he conceived the side color of the trout to be its "color of attraction." This too was capable of change. At times a trout would be putting on color. Any beautiful animal is a vain creature, and so was a trout. When it felt the impulse to "lay on color," it would take just such things as would add to that color. He had found this rule very practical, based upon that theory, that when you took a trout and noted the general hue of its side or body color, as the changes came on in death, you would be sure to take trout there with a fly whose general color resembled that of the trout's body color. If it turned to red, then a bright fly; if golden, then a golden-bodied fly, and so on. This impressed the members of the club as ultra, yet the experienced angler who made the assertion stoutly declared that he knew the accuracy of his theory, for he had seen it often proved. Gen. McNulta has spent much time in studying trout and bass in their native element with the water glass, and he says that he is sure that trout have means of communicating with each other. The motion language of a given fish was at once acted upon all others of the pool. They surely watched each other and had a means of communication.

Mr. Itha H. Bellows, president of the club, spoke of a theory he had seen advanced in the Contemporary Review by a writer who contended that the lateral line so distinctly observable in some fishes has a connection with an extra sense, called an "electric dermal" sense, equivalent to a sense of hearing. The article in question said that fishes showing this lateral line the most highly marked were keenest of sense and most wary, seeming to hear or feel more acutely.

The club meeting broke up after 11 o'clock. The members will next meet at the regular annual meeting in early February.

Opening of the Chicago Drainage Channel.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15.—To-day at 11:08 the last earth was removed which prevented the waters of the Chicago

River from flowing to the westward and southward and joining the Des Plaines River and the Illinois by way of the great drainage canal, which has been constructing for so many years. This cutting was made through the Campbell avenue levee, and the act was accompanied with much enthusiasm from those connected with the work. The opening was cut through 5 feet wide, and will soon be enlarged. The water flows through freely and all the plans of the engineers are proving themselves out perfectly.

St. Louis has filed an injunction in the United States courts against the opening of this canal, but it is too late. The deed is done. It remains to be seen whether it will ruin the water supply of points lower down the Mississippi.

To-day a tiny little catfish came up to the edge of the dam, and it was caught in a pail by President Bolden-week of the drainage board. This is the first craft to navigate thus high on the new waterway. What the future will show when this connection between Lake Michigan and the Father of Waters is complete and cleaner, no one can yet say. The water clears rapidly at points twenty or thirty miles below here, and it may be that fish will come up part way from the Illinois River, that "divine river" of which Pere Marquette wrote when he made the overland portage at the Chicago River before there was any Chicago dreamed of, or any canal thought necessary.

This big canal is not yet a ship canal, but it may at one day be made such. As it is, it will offer a good waterway for small boats wishing a trip down the Illinois and Mississippi.

Jan. 20.—The bear trap dam and the gates at Lockport have been opened, and the flow from the Chicago River to the southwest is discovered to be about one mile and a half an hour. The river is slowly cleansing itself. It is said here that cities below will not be injured, and that by the time St. Louis is reached by the flow it will have been aerated and purified. Should St. Louis find her expensive waterworks rendered useless, she would better come up here to Lake Michigan and have a drink on us. All Kentuckians are also warned.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Fish in a Tank.

ELMO, Kansas, Jan. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: Here is something from the pen of my friend Kines, of the Geneseo, Ill., News, which seems to me might be worthy of attention, as such humorous pieces always interest me and might a good many others:

E. C. JACQUES.

The flooding of the depot district in Geneseo, noted in last week's News, was then attributed to a frozen and bursted water crane. It has since been developed that a monstrous carp and three catfish were the cause of the dilemma that puzzled the railway people. These fish had been sucked in by the pump at Green River and forced through the two miles of pipe, up into the great iron standpipe, and from thence had made their way down through the pipe leading to the crane. There they became involved with the valve, interrupting the working of that device. Consequently the water could not be shut off. The locality was flooded for several hundreds of yards around. It was a serious circumstance, and is a pretty big fish story, if it is a bit unseasonable.

Mr. I. N. Wilson, who was just now in the office speaking of the affair, says that it is his opinion that the big standpipe is alive with fish. He thinks that the little fish are sucked into the pipe, and forced into the tank. There are probably many big fish in the tank, that eat the little ones as they come in from the river.

This view is reasonable. There is little doubt that the imposing standpipe of the C., R. I. & P. Ry. at Geneseo is a vast aquarium. By and by the standpipe must become a solid mass of fish. Then there will be no room for the water. Without water the great transcontinental railway line cannot run its locomotives. Without locomotives, commerce, travel and the mails must cease, all because of the fish of Green River, which fish have been a source of more or less trouble to the writer of these lines through a good portion of his veracious career.

The hasty reader will say, "Well, let the railway company seine the fish out." But hold on! The railway company is amenable to the laws of the land (and water), which strictly forbids seining. The railway company is a law-abiding corporation. It does nothing illegal. It would prefer to erect another standpipe, rather than transgress the laws.

However, if the company should grow reckless and attempt to seine out the fish, there is no doubt that States Attorney Graves would stretch forth the strong arm of the law in such case, as quickly as he would were the transgressor an humble citizen, found dragging Green River with a seine. Like death and taxes, the statuesque attorney is no respecter of persons.

There is only one legal method by which the fish in the standpipe may be removed. It is clear that they may not be seined out, and the law is just as rigorous respecting spearing. They must be caught with a hook and line. This is the only legal method of catching fish in the waters of Illinois, except in navigable streams, wherein seining is permissible at certain seasons under certain restrictions. The company will naturally look to its agent at Geneseo to perform this necessary service.

The final issue will be, when the fish become so crowded in the standpipe that they interfere with the water supply, that the company will provide hooks, lines and bait, at its own expense, to our good friend, Station Agent Brown, who will be required to sit on top of the tank between trains and angle for fish. From this very lofty perch he will angle for perch, as well as carp, catfish, bullheads, sunfish and the other varieties that infest the waters of the River Green. It is to be hoped that the fish will bite better for Brother Brown than they do for us, or the twentieth century will be far advanced before he begins to make much impression upon the railway aquarium.

It may be that the new waterman, Charley Hannon, of Geneseo, will have to do the fishing. Or H. R. Cross, the pumpman. This is a mere matter of detail. The main idea is to get the fish out, and there is no other legal way under the sun that the News can think of this morning, other than fishing them out with hook and line.

There is one other section of the fish law framed by the sparrow-slaughtering, fish-fondling Illinois Legislature must be abided by. This section provides that fish that fall

short of a certain length may not be taken, even with a hook and line, unless the fisherman eats them all himself. For instance, black bass must be 11 inches; white bass, 8; rock bass, 8; croppie, 8; perch, 8; wall-eyed pike, 15; pickerel, 18; carp, 13; sunfish, 6; catfish, 13; buffalo, 15. This is taken right from the act of 1897, and is correct. Then the fish must be measured. There is no way around it. How is this to be done? Perhaps the company will provide Baggage-man Weit with a diving suit and a ribbon steel tape measure. He could be lowered into and raised out of the standpipe with a derrick.

Dynamiting fish is also forbidden, under pain of heavy penalties. Besides, the dynamite would blow the tank to Ballyhack.

The fish have to be got out or a new tank built. Then the new one would gradually fill up. In the course of centuries the whole depot district would be a town of tanks.

It is enuff to drive a fish insane.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

SOME time ago Mr. Charles Hallock told the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I had left New York and was now in Wisconsin. As usual, Hallock was correct. I have not written a word for publication in so long that now what the walrus said to the carpenter seems partly appropriate:

"The time has come," the walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax
And cabbages and kings.
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

The old net has been left so long and is so full that it is hard to tell just where to begin assorting its contents. The last notice of its work was in FOREST AND STREAM of March 11—many moons ago, and before I left New York city for the forest. Since then I have written nothing. Now that the nights are lengthening and outdoor work must stop early, there is time for lifting a mass of letters that are piled among the "unanswered," in order to select a few. Here is one which at first glance appeared to be from an older person, but after deliberation and inspection it appears genuine:

A Boy's Query.

"Uncle Fred: Dear Sir.—I am young. I want to go to the mountain to fish for trout. I don't know much about it, and I'm going to ask you to tell me a little of what you know. What is the best make and size, or number, of a hook for use in the mountain streams? Is it best to use a gut leader in the same streams? Why is it that the reel on a trout rod is always placed behind the grip, and the reel on a bass rod is placed before it? These questions refer to bait fishing. Amateur."

The best size and make of hook for bait fishing for trout in mountain streams, where trout do not grow large, averaging perhaps 3 to 4 ounces, is a sproat, No. 7 to 10, or the side-bent Carlisle, No. 5 to 9. Years ago, when I was a bait fisher, I used to prefer a slim, long-shanked bait hook called "New York Trout," and it may be on the market yet, for I have only used bait for salt water fish for some years back, and may be a little rusty on bait hooks for trout. The "New York" hook had this advantage, in my opinion: The wire was very small, and did not split a worm, as larger hooks do, and then, the long shank allowed more worm surface. If you will ask your tackle dealer about these hooks and see samples of them you will judge of their qualities. I am not at all sure that the side bend of some hooks is an advantage. Fish have been taken on all forms of hooks that are in the market. If your local dealer has not the hooks named, write to some one who advertises in FOREST AND STREAM.

Use a gut leader by all means. For bait fishing a leader 5 feet long is plenty. If the stream is swift you may need a split shot on the leader to take it down; this is for you to judge. The gut does not show up so plainly as the line, and as it is nearly transparent does not alarm the trout like a clumsy snell knotted to the line and hook.

The reel on a trout fly rod is put below the hand to balance the rod in casting, and has a click to check its too free running. In a bass bait rod it is put before the hand in order that when the bait is cast from the tip of the rod, and the reel is on top, the line may be kept from overrunning, or "back-lashing," by the angler's thumb. The casting of a fly or a worm from a click reel is very different from casting a frog or a heavy bait from a free running, multiplying reel, such as is used on a bass rod.

Eating Poison Ivy.

Your correspondent, W. H. Avis, writes: "I have never seen any animal eat the berries of poison ivy, but have seen cows and horses eat the leaves of the plant many times. Once a young man, to show how tough he was, ate some of the leaves and suffered no ill effect, probably owing to a cast iron stomach, for the same fellow afterward lunched on a pound of cheese and a pound and a half of raw steak, at 10 o'clock at night, retired to the dreamless sleep of the just, and got up next morning as gay as a lark. In FOREST AND STREAM I once read an argument that man originally was a bird, and have wondered if the fellow who ate the ivy, cheese and raw steak descended from an ostrich."

Running, as I have done, a bureau of general information for the Americas, Europe and their dependencies, it would never do to say that I know nothing of the effects of poison ivy, except upon the skin, where it works upon our cuticles in various degrees, from a few little irritant watery pustules on the thin epidermis between the fingers to great eruptions all over the body, accompanied by fever. But a man's skin and his stomach are believed by medicos to differ in many ways, and what will poison the skin is harmless in the stomach, and the reverse. The poison of the rattlesnake may be swallowed with impunity if there is no abrasion of the lips and there is sufficient impunity. The snake poison is merely a blood poison, and so is milk, or anything which will produce a clot of blood in the veins, which in turn produces death, if virulent enough to produce a clot, and death ensues when

the clot clogs that pump which we call a "heart." After this the effect is mechanical; the pump, which was once supposed to be the seat of reason and all the affections, is choked, and there you are.

Crows and jays eat the seeds of poison ivy, and as they pass the germs undigested, they are aiding nature to disseminate this plant; but why nature wishes this done is more than I can tell you just now. Once I saw a domestic hen eat these berries; but then, a hen has no lips to poison, as horses and cows have. The trouble seems to be entirely with the skin of man; but it would seem as if the delicate membrane of the lips of cows and horses would be irritated by the poison.

After writing this there comes an after thought—we all have these things and think what we should have said or done at certain bygone times. The tardy thought is this: Harking back to boyhood days, I remember of bragging that the poison ivy would never poison me, and in later years I was poisoned by it. Now the question naturally arose, Had a half century changed the character of the plant, or had the man changed his physical condition? Surely there was a change, and I sat down to ponder on the problem. The leaves are more actively poisonous in spring and early summer, while growing and full of juices, than in the fall, but there is also poison in the bark of the vine itself, which will raise blisters on some skins, especially when moist from perspiration. Some people are more sensitive to this poison than others. The late W. M. Locke, once of Honeyoye Falls, N. Y., with whom I used to shoot, has been poisoned by ivy on a warm day by passing near it, without touching it, and has required medical attendance in consequence, being poisoned from head to foot under his clothing, where the vine could not have touched. This plant is called "mercury vine" and "poison oak" in some places.

The Catadromous Eel.

A man from Easton, Pa., writes: "Will you kindly write a few paragraphs on the life history of eels, particularly as to whether all eels go up fresh water streams in the spring and return to salt water in the fall."

The little we know of the life history of the eel has been told many times in FOREST AND STREAM by myself and others. All our common or silver eels, during their first few months of life, seem to swarm up the rivers; then, on their first migration, they swim in large bodies and near the shore, where they are readily seen by the most careless observer. If their habit was to scatter and move along the bottom in deep water, few, except those who search for such things, would know of the migration. How long the great body of them may remain in fresh water is not known. Some make their home there for a while, but the larger number return to salt water at some time, not known, for the adult eels are more numerous in salt and brackish waters than in fresh. Many eels which remain in fresh water go to the sea in the fall to spawn, but not all. Perhaps they are biennial spawners. The largest eels are caught in fresh water, and it is supposed that these are barren females, which develop growth instead of eggs. It is not known that the male eel ever goes to fresh water. He is quite small, and seems to be comparatively rare—at least, but few have been found by scientific observers among thousands examined.

The eel question is perennial, and ever-blooming. Personally, I had tired of it from the standpoint of a writer, and had decided to say no more on the subject, because I thought I had told all I know of it; but now comes Mr. Cr. A. Wall, in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 30, who writes so intelligently of eels; but as he was a student under that eminent zoologist, Dr. Joseph Leidy, this is a matter of course. Mr. Wall says that he tells what he knows and what he doesn't know of this slippery customer, and the spirit moves me to take up portions of his article and comment thereon.

Yes, the eel is an oviparous fish and the sexual organs are figured in the report of the United States Fish Commission of a year that I cannot name, for I am now nearly 1,500 miles from the larger portion of my library. The male eel is quite small, and darker in color, with smaller eyes and lower fins (Jordan), and is rarely found. No specimen of the male has been found in fresh water by a competent observer, although Dr. Bean found them in Great South Bay, Long Island, which is brackish. My own partial count and estimate of nine millions of eggs in a 6-pound eel has been printed in many forms and in several languages.

From such evidence we believe that fertile females migrate from fresh to salt water to breed, while only the barren females remain and bed in the mud of fresh water ponds; but we do not know where the migrants go, nor where they spawn.

It is not believed that the habits of the European eel differ from our own; both are catadromous—i. e., "going to salt water to breed"—thus reversing the order of the anadromous fishes, which go from salt water to fresh to breed.

Now comes a most important point, and one which entitles Mr. Wall's paper to serious consideration. He "strongly suspects * * * that the eel is an ovo-viviparous fish. * * * I was compelled to leap the stream, * * * and as I did so I noticed something of a white color waving in the water. * * * This turned out to be a great mass or aggregation of eels wrapped and twisted around one another like a rope and slowly turning from side to side, with their heads all up stream. * * * Unfortunately, owing to the darkness, I could not ascertain what they were doing in this singular attitude."

This was in Virginia, in Highland county, and in August. Like a dream comes the stories of "eel balls" in the Great South Bay of Long Island, from Captain Ed. Smith. Said he: "Ef you wan to get a lot o' eels, jes' git down here 'bout October an' go out with me a-spearin' eel balls, and you'll git a dozen or twenty at each throw. What? Eel balls! Never heard o' 'em? Well, they just knot up an' roll around up an' down the tide; p'raps they're kind o' visitin' like, or courtin'—I dunno; but they's lots on 'em then, an' they gang up in balls."

This was in 1880, while I was gathering fishery statistics for the census, and had had quite an experience with men whose ideas of fun exceeded their regard for statistics, and I credited Capt. Ed. with a good attempt to jolly me, and thought no more of it until Capt. Tuthill, of New Suffolk, some eighty miles east, told the same story, when I thought it merely a Long Island yarn to entertain a duffer in search of information, and it did not ap-

pear in my report, which was published in the seven volumes of "Fisheries Industries." Of course, it has been brought down from memory's shelf many times, but the dread of that ridicule which follows after a tenderfoot has held the bag for snipe in the swamp deterred me from ever referring to this matter in print. Now, that a gentleman of some scientific training has seen such a massing of eels, I do not hesitate to tell that I have heard of the same thing.

Mr. Wall says that he has "been informed by eel fishermen that they had met with such phenomena while spearing eels late in summer on dark nights." He thinks from this that the eel may be ovo-viviparous, and who shall say him nay?

That he has not heard "that no one ever met with a gravid eel" is fully answered in the notes above.

To his inquiry, I will say that no fishcultivist, up to date, has hatched the eggs of the eel or has ever seen them after they were fertilized. Modern naturalists apply the term "larva" to any animal, insect or crustacean which differs from its parent when it emerges from the egg, and the eel does this, but as to where and how the great number of eggs are laid nothing is known. This larval eel was long thought to be a distinct animal, and was given a name which has escaped me now, and I have not the reference at hand; possibly it is *Leptocephalus*, to the best of my guessing ability. That is the generic name of the conger eel, an animal which has no scales, as our river eel has.

The eel is very susceptible to cold, and is seldom found above the sixtieth parallel, even in summer. In tropical waters they are active all the year, but in the northern United States they bed in the mud during the very cold weather.

Fish Hawk and Carp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the recently published report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, Mr. Annin mentions the fish hawk as one of the winged enemies of our fishes. Admitting that this is in a sense true, I trust that nothing may be done in the way of destroying this bird, in this vicinity, at least, as we have learned to look upon him as a public benefactor. With the exception of a few herring taken by him in the spring of the year, his principal food here is the carp and gold fish, both of which are destroyers of our wild rice crop, are unmitigated nuisances, and of little or no value as food for man, notwithstanding the fact that the former named is frequently found on the fish market stands.

Our river—the Hudson—is filled, and but for the kindly offices of the fish hawk, would overflow with these worthless fishes, and our wild rice crop be entirely destroyed by them. When the tide is out the carp and gold fish in the shoal water behind the dykes become an easy prey for the osprey, and large numbers of them are taken.

One of the most interesting features of an early morning tramp after snipe is to see one of these birds provide himself with the material for a breakfast—more especially interesting if that material happens to be a carp of a weight nearly equal to that of the bird. I have been witness to many a struggle of this sort, and in some instances have seen the hawk relinquish his prey after repeated attempts to raise it. This will not seem strange when it is known that these carp here frequently attain a weight of 25 pounds and upward. In my humble opinion our osprey is a grand bird, and a useful one, a useful feature of our landscape, and trust that his shadow may never grow less, and that he may live long to feast and wax fat on carp and other worthless fishes.

M. SCHENCK.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 15.

Pollution of Lake Champlain.

LARRABEE'S POINT, Vt., Jan. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: I want to ask if anything can be done regarding violations of the law, both as to net-fishing and the emptying into the lake of chloride of lime and black ash. Since leaving the city, six years ago, I have been living on the banks of Lake Champlain, not over 100 feet from the lake shore. So you see when I say I live on Champlain, I don't mean that I live anywhere from one to five miles from the lake. There has never been so much of the pollution by lime as at this time on both the New York and Vermont sides of the lake. As to the black ash, the mills in Ticonderoga are emptying their refuse into Ticonderoga Creek, which brings it down into Champlain, two miles south of our point; and yet so strong is the stuff that we can't use the water. I have counted 250 dead fish—bass, pike, perch, pickerel—from the railroad draw up to the lower mill, about one and one-quarter miles.

CHAMPLAIN.

[We have written to our correspondent that his best course is to lay his evidence before Chief Protector Pond.]

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There is little doubt now that the fish netters in the Potomac are reaping a harvest as a result of which thousands of black bass, mostly large-mouthed we pray, are being shipped to other ports. There is said to be strong evidence that many of these fish are taken within the limits of the District of Columbia, which is well protected by law—the District, not the fishes. What the section needs is a warden who will see that the laws are obeyed, or, if broken, enforced.

A large number of German carp are now being shipped to New York City and elsewhere from this city. They are in prime condition, and must add quite a little to the income of the fishermen.

How long will the bull frog (*Rana catesbeiana*) live without food? We saw the other day two fine large, though now rather thin, frogs that have been kept in a 9-inch glass jar for five months, and for at least three months have not been fed even a fly. The jar is almost as wide as high, and at present has 2 inches of water in it.

B. A. BEAN.

"Forest and Stream" Calendars.

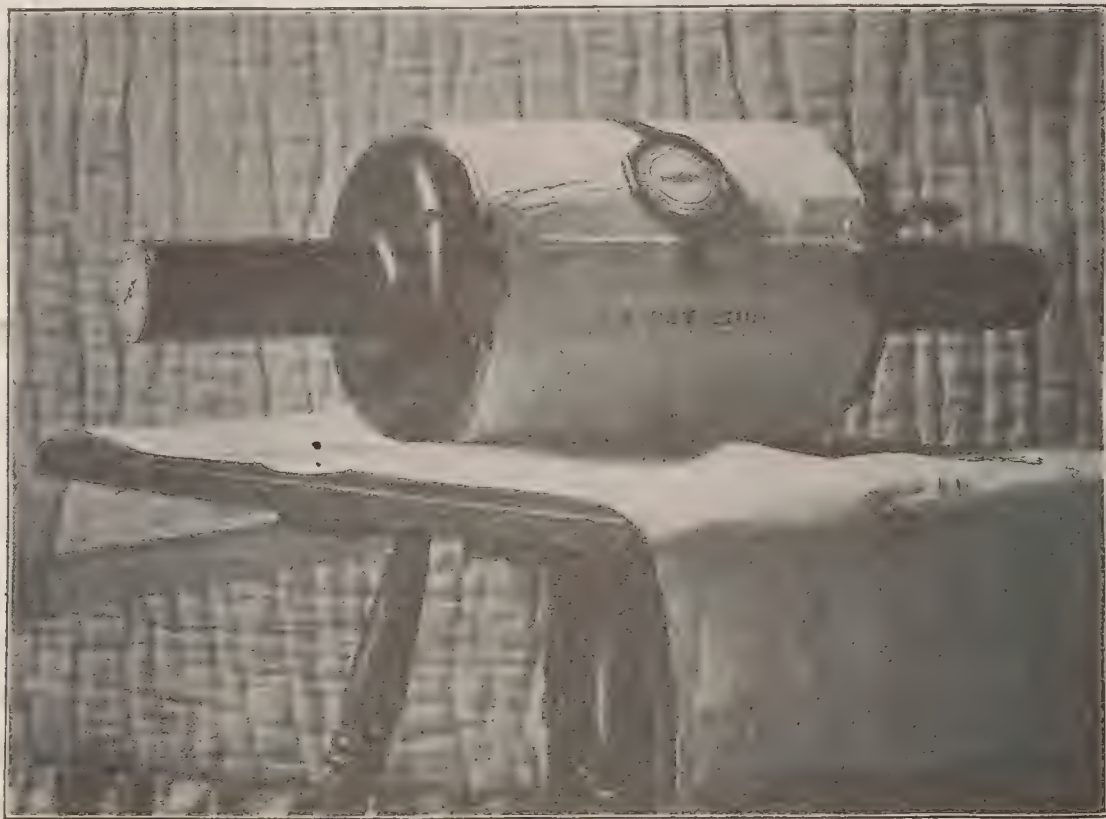
THERE are four of them. They measure about 3 x 6 inches, and are convenient to hang over a desk. We shall be glad to send one of them to any address on request.

The Salt-Water League.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At our meeting last evening, Mr. A. N. Hoxie, of Roxbury, Mass., told us how to obtain legislation, what we have to expect, and how we are bound to win within a very short space of time. A standing vote of thanks was extended to him. Much good can, and will be, accomplished by what he said. The press was well represented.

Our petition containing over 10,000 names, which is 350 feet long, and 8 inches wide, pasted on a continuous strip of muslin and rolled on a reel made of mahogany with rolling handles, was presented to the legislative committee, composed of Messrs. (Judge) Geo. F. Roesch, Joseph Steiner, Col. James Forster Milliken, Edward Schott, and O. L. Schwencke, who in turn will in the near future present it with a bill protecting striped bass from all nets at all times. There are several other bills to be presented. We mean to go ahead and not stop even if defeated a few times; that will make us stronger in the end.

Our first stag to raise our funds will be given at the



LEGISLATIVE PETITION OF THE PROTECTIVE LEAGUE OF SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

Harlem Lyceum at 107th street and 3d avenue, on Feb. 20. There will be professional talent only. Tickets will cost 25 cents each. Ice and fans furnished on demand. It will be a fisherman's night of delight.

T. BIEDINGER, President.

On behalf of the League Mr. Harburger will introduce in the Assembly an amendment to prohibit everywhere through the State fishing with a net for striped bass at any time.

The petition, of which an illustration is given, reads:

A PETITION

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

We, the undersigned citizens and members of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, of the State of New York, petition your honorable body to enact a law, viz.:

To protect our salt water fish from ruthless slaughter, and, so far as possible, preserve the waters which they are accustomed to visit and spawn and live, clear of all nets, or any other device, except angling. Also by keeping the waters clean from polluted and contaminated conditions.

FOREST AND STREAM CALENDAR.

The Forest and Stream's little calendar goes wherever asked for. One will come to you if you wish it. * * *

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 29.—West Point, Miss.—Champion field trials.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Alabama Field Trials.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hand you below entries to the Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trial to be held at Greenville, Ala., during the week beginning Feb. 5.

T. H. SPENCER, Sec'y.

Derby.

Clara V.—B. Brook's (agt.) pointer bitch (Von Gull—Brook's Belle).

Greenbrier Annie—W. M. Hundley's pointer bitch (Von Gull—Crickett).

Von Ash—H. H. Mayberry's pointer dog (Von Gull—Brook's Belle).

Lady Kate—H. H. Mayberry's setter bitch (Tony Ben—Nellie H. II.).

Tony Boy's Bob—H. H. Mayberry's setter dog (Tony Ben—Nellie H. II.).

Hobson—R. S. Munger's pointer dog (Von Gull—Brook's Belle).

Richard Carrel—G. B. Tyler's pointer dog (Center Rush—Bird).

Judge Gaston—P. B. Dunklin's pointer dog (Von Gull—Dot).

Von Gull, Jr.—A. E. Gamble's pointer dog (Von Gull—Almeda).

Nellie Gaston—Zell Gaston's setter bitch (Domino—Nellie F.).

Miss Wheeler—Zell Gaston's pointer bitch (Nigger Elgin—Bessie Hutchinson).

Jessie Lucifer—W. H. Clure's setter bitch (Blue Hope—Gabella Clipp).

Doc C.—W. H. Clure's pointer dog (Jingo's Light—Gull's Juno).

Flight—W. H. Clure's pointer bitch (Dudley—Dora).

Hurtzborne Nick—W. T. Johnson's setter dog (Hurtzborne Zip—Nellie).

Jingle Rip—Lee Moody's liver and white pointer dog (Budami—Betsy).

All-Age Stake.

Jingle Rip—Lee Moody's liver and white pointer dog (Budami—Betsy).

Judge—Jno. F. Fletcher, Jr.'s, pointer dog (Love's Kent—Brook's Belle).

Greenbrier Rose—W. M. Hundley's pointer bitch (Rip Saw—Crickett).

Pot Metal—J. J. Odom's setter dog (Tony Boy—May Blue).

Kent Elgin II.—W. B. Townsend's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).

Miss Modesty—W. J. Wilson's pointer bitch (— — —).

Pearl—W. D. Gilchrist's setter bitch (Barney—Kate).

Mack—W. D. Gilchrist's setter dog (Barney—Kate).

Young Kent—Jno. Cantey's pointer dog (Jingo—Ruffle).

Love's Kent—Zell Gaston's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

Gullena—T. T. Ashford's pointer bitch (Von Gull—Balsora).

Von Gull's Rube—T. T. Ashford's pointer dog (Von Gull—Hessie D.).

Hamp S.—C. F. Eastham's pointer dog (Von Gull—Flake).

Lady Cleo—W. T. Johnson's pointer bitch (— — —).

Tony Dick—T. H. Spencer's setter dog (Tony Boy—May Blue).

Champion Stake.

Kent Elgin II.—W. B. Townsend's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).

Jingo's Light—J. B. Rosenstihl's pointer dog (Jingo—Rose Le Hessen).

Judge—Jno. F. Fletcher, Jr.'s, pointer dog (Love's Kent—Brook's Belle).

Pot Metal—J. J. Odom's setter dog (Tony Boy—May Blue).

Mack—W. D. Gilchrist's setter dog (Barney—Kate).

Pearl—W. D. Gilchrist's setter bitch (Barney—Kate).

Young Kent—Jno. Cantey's pointer dog (Jingo—Ruffle).

Von Gull—Ashford and Odom's pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth).

Von Gull's Rube—T. T. Ashford's pointer dog (Von Gull—Hessie D.).

Gullena—T. T. Ashford's pointer bitch (Von Gull—Balsora).

Love's Kent—Zell Gaston's black and white pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Setters at the New York Show.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Irish Setter Club of America offers the following special prizes at the coming New York show of the Westminster Kennel Club, viz.: \$5 for best Irish setter dog in Novice Class, \$5 for the best Irish setter bitch in Novice class, \$5 for the best Irish setter dog in Limit Class and \$5 for the best Irish setter bitch in Limit Class. Open only to members of the club whose dues for 1900 are paid on or before close of entries, Feb. 5, 1900.

Geo. H. THOMSON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Gordon Setter Club of America offers the following special prizes at the New York show of the Westminster Kennel Club, viz.: \$5 for the best Gordon setter dog in show, and \$5 for the best Gordon setter bitch in show. Open to members of the club whose dues for 1900 are paid up on or before the close of entries, Feb. 5, 1900.

L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y-Treas.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. Edgeworth Greene, of Upper Montclair, N. J., has devised a dog kennel, the convenience and excellence of which are apparent at a glance. He calls attention to it in our business columns, and will send a circular, giving illustrations and full description, to those who apply for it.

The New England Kennel Club have opened offices at 521 Washington street, Boston, for the transaction of all business connected with their coming dog show. The premium list will be ready for distribution within a short time.

Yachting.

THE various rumors afloat as to the sale of the steam yacht Alberta by Com. Postley and the purchase of a new yacht by Vice-Com. Ledyard, now prove to have their foundation in the fact that Com. Postley has sold Colonia to Vice-Com. Ledyard, the coming commodore of the New York Y. C. It will be a decided innovation for the New York Y. C. to have a sailing yacht as flagship, the last one being the sloop Pocahontas, owned by Com. James D. Smith in 1882-3.

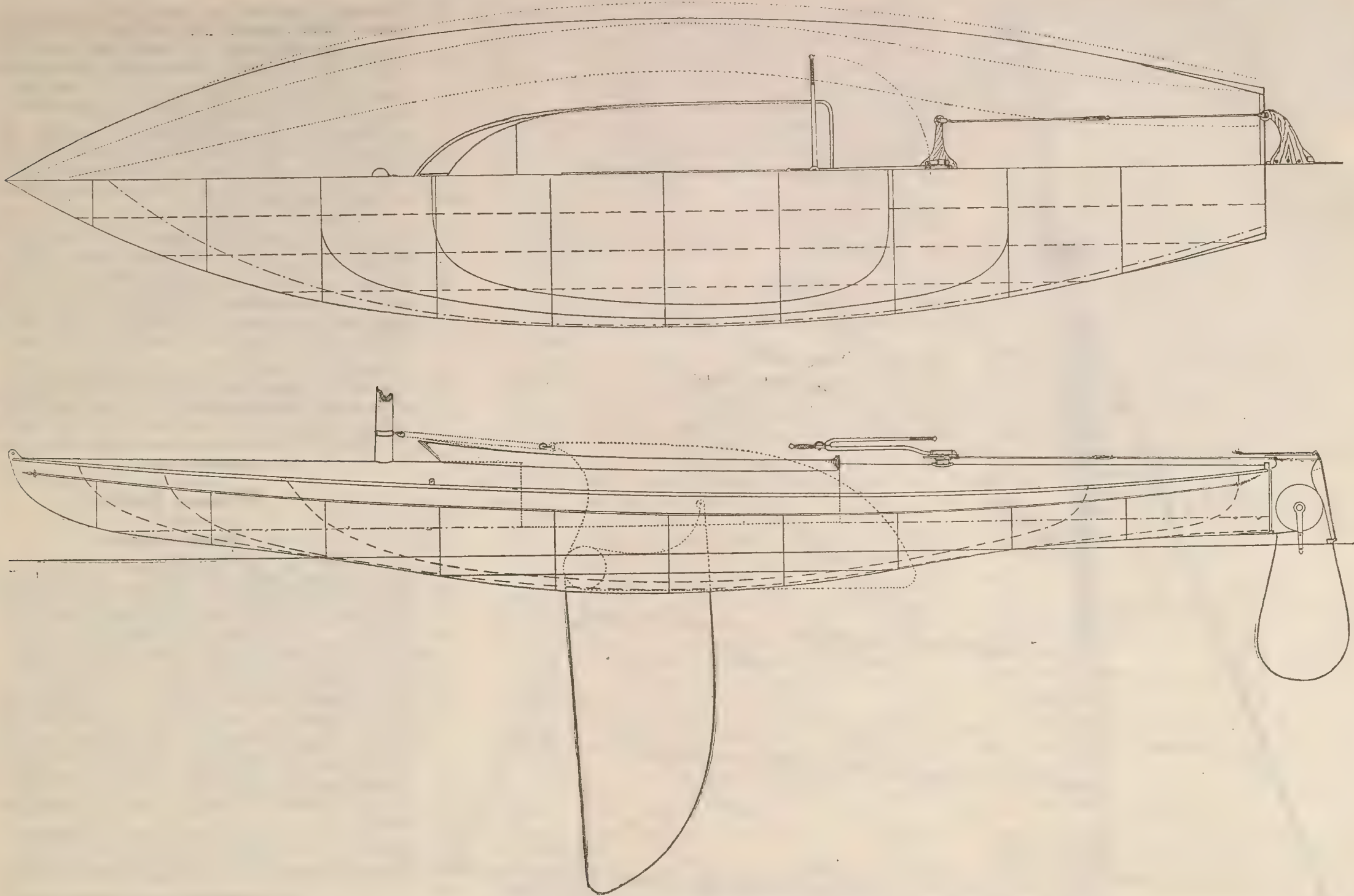
THE little yacht Dodo, whose lines we publish this week, is a new and very interesting variation of the scow type. She resembles neither the original of the type, Question, the so-called "barn door" with no freeboard, nor the later development in the line of a wide hull with good freeboard in the Duggan boats Glencairn I. and II. With the narrow beam of Question she still has ample freeboard and a good deal of the rounded form of a yacht in place of the square bilge of the scow.

APROPOS of the girth rule, both in this country and England, there is one question which is still in a measure open; the exact end which the rule was designed to attain. From many statements that have come to us from British sources and also from this side, it would appear that nothing more was intended and desired by the British designers in framing and the Y. R. A. in adopting the rule than that a moderate type of keel yacht should be given an equal chance of winning against the extreme bulb fin. The keel type produced by the rule in three years of designing and racing is best described as a semi-fin, of limited displacement, and with the floor so hollowed as to give very inadequate accommodation for the beam and draft. While a few yachts of good accommodation have been produced, notably the 52-footer Penitent, the winning yachts in this and the smaller classes might as well be bulb-fin boats so far as utility is concerned.

When the agitation against the old rating rule was under way, immediately preceding the adoption of the present rule, the opinion was very generally expressed in Great Britain that the thing most needed was a rule which would give adequate depth of body and reasonable accommodation, as in the first yachts produced about 1888-9 under the then new rating rule. Many of the propositions advanced and discussed were aimed directly to produce a yacht of fairly deep S section, such as Minerva, Yarana or even Britannia, regardless of the effect upon the fin-keels. In this country the discussion has largely followed the same lines, and the opinion has been very generally expressed that a new rule should not merely place the keel or centerboard yacht on even terms with the bulb fin; but should encourage first of all the keel and centerboard types of good body and reasonable accommodation, such as were common here about 1890.

The whole question of measurement and a new rule is still open, practically nothing having been accomplished by several years of agitation. Before anything can be done in devising a new formula, it is absolutely necessary that some final decision shall be made as to the wishes of the yachting fraternity; whether the rule is merely to prevent the fin-keel type from taking all prizes and to give a fighting chance to the semi-fin; or is to encourage a type of yacht of wholesome body and useful for something more than mere match sailing.

THE term "raceabout," to distinguish the 600ft. of sail knockabout from the one carrying 500ft. of sail, has now been officially recognized, not only by the knockabout association, but by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club. The term was originally coined by W. P. Stephens of FOREST AND STREAM, and was steadily used thereafter by the Globe as being an excellent one for its purpose. Its official recognition is satisfactory proof of its value. The Seawanhakas will offer special inducements for raceabouts this season, while the Boston class is to receive several additions.—The Boston Globe.



DODO, DESIGNED BY F. W. MARTIN FOR ROBERT OSBORNE, ESQ., 1899.

The Sailing Skiff Dodo.

THE little craft here illustrated, which, by the way, is very different from the popular conception of a "skiff," was designed by F. W. Martin, of Waukegan, Ill., and built as well as sailed by her owner, Robert Osborne, Esq., of the Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, a young amateur. In 1898 Mr. Osborne built and raced the skiff In It, also designed by Mr. Martin, with much success, and Do Do was built last winter to replace her, after her sale. The boat is a curious combination of the leading features of the canoe, the small-rater, and the modern scow, having the elliptical waterlines of the latter, with canoe section and canoe fittings, and at the same time showing the outline of the conventional sailing boat above water. She has proved very successful, winning first price



DODO.

in the race of May 24, 1899; first on June 3, and again on June 10; third on July 8 and 15, In It being first on the latter date; third on Aug. 5; second on Aug. 26, and second on Sept. 9, In It being first. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	22ft.
L.W.L.	12ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	5ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 1 in.
Draft—	
Hull	8 in.
With board	6ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	1ft. 9½in.

Least	1ft.
Stern	1ft. 4 in.
Crown of deck	6 in.
Mast—	
From stem at l.w.l.	1ft.
Deck to hounds	19ft.
Boom	20ft.
Yard	19ft. 6 in.
Mainsail	262 sq. ft.
Jib	68 sq. ft.

Total 330 sq. ft.
The mainsail is of the gunter type, with battens, and the English roller jib is used.

The Girth Rule in America.

THE following is from The Yachtsman of Jan. 4:

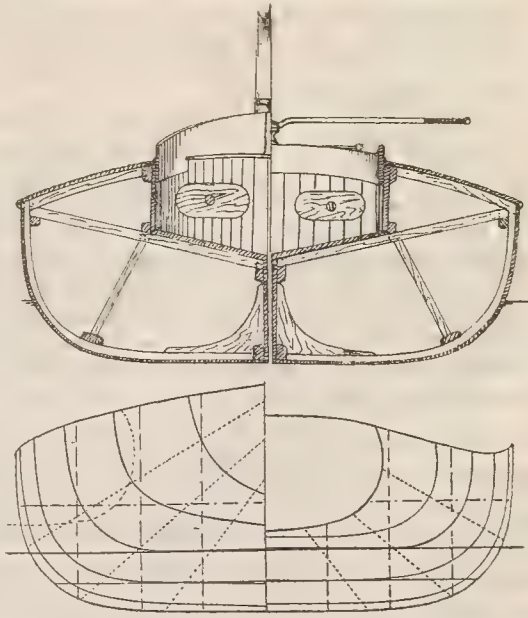
With regard to the abandonment of the British rating rule in America, a correspondent tells us some very plain truths, and lest there should be any misconception of the feelings of our cousins as a mass, toward us, we reproduce them here. The short and long of the matter is that the Yankees hate the British and all their works. That is to say, the bulk of the people have an inborn hatred for the British, and this is one of the great reasons why the British rule did not survive. We have never been under any delusion in regard to the feelings of our cousins. Those of them who stay at home have a very pronounced antipathy to the British, which they do not always care to conceal. They mistake the habitual reserve toward strangers for an evidence of conceit, which is not by any means always the case, and the Britisher in his turn does not always conceal his disgust at some of the manners and customs which he is taught to consider objectionable. In the lapse of time this will all disappear, no doubt, but it is a most notable fact that those Yankees who have spent their lives in knocking about the globe have little or none of this feeling. They are accustomed to our little ways, and look deeper than the surface. It is unpleasant to think that this antipathy should find a place in yachting circles, but our correspondent is not to be doubted.

The above comments of The Yachtsman cover a very large field, that of "Our Common Heritage," as Mr. Dooley puts it, the Anglo-Saxon alliance, etc., which we do not propose to discuss. As far as yachting is concerned, however, and especially the girth rule in America, we can assure The Yachtsman that it has been seriously misled by its correspondent. Having been interested for many years in the allied subjects of a new and uniform measurement rule, and a national union of American yachtsmen, we have been in a position to follow very closely the attempts recently made toward the two ends. We can state confidently that the abandonment of the girth rule by the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. was in no way due to the British origin of the rule, and this of itself has never been a factor in the case.

So far as the opposition to the girth rule being due to a dislike of all things English, or British, it is only necessary to look at its most prominent opponents. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the one club in the Sound Y. R. A. which refused to accept the girth rule, was the first American yacht club to introduce in America such British

ideas as Corinthian sailing, no time allowance, professional designing, and the British cutter itself. Its reputation for liberality of opinion and freedom from all international prejudice was established long ago.

Of those individuals who have opposed the introduction of the girth rule by the Y. R. U. of N. A., the most prominent perhaps are Mr. John Hyslop, Mr. G. H. Duggan and the writer. The former gentleman, an Englishman by birth, is universally known and respected for his broad and liberal views, and for his advocacy of everything that tends to advance the interests of yachting, whatever its origin. He has for many years especially championed those ideas as to the use of depth and ballast that were once considered to be particularly and offensively English. Mr. Duggan is a Canadian, certainly free from any anti-British prejudice, but opposed to the principle of the girth rule. The writer, though in every way an American, won what he considers now a title of honor, though not so intended by his enemies—"Anglo-Maniac"—when he, in conjunction with the late Mr.



Kunhardt, attacked the national type of capsizing skimming dish and advocated the English cutter. After being instrumental in the introduction of all sorts of British innovations, the keel type, lead ballast, one-gun starts, class racing without allowance, and others now permanent parts of American yachting, he, with Mr. Hyslop, has opposed the girth rule, not because it is of British origin, but because it is not suited to the requirements of American yachting, however the case may be in England.

That in the old days of the cutter and sloop controversy and the war of the old builders against the professional yacht designer there was a very strong feeling on the part of the majority of American yachtsmen against anything and everything British is a historical fact. That such a feeling exists to-day, or has existed for some years, we deny. There may be a few writers who, for private ends of their own, decry everything British, just as they write of Queen Mab, Minerva and Defender as "sloops"; but there is no such general sentiment on the part of yachtsmen. A few years ago the British half-rater was not only warmly welcomed in this country, but the word "rater," though obviously incorrect as applied to yachts designed, built and raced under the Seawanhaka



rule, was generally taken up by yachtsmen as something English, and with a "smart" sound, and misapplied to all kinds and classes of yachts. In the same way the silly fashion of using one name for a series of yachts with a string of numerals, as the Whitewings IIII. and the Mary VI., has become common in this country, as being the proper thing in England.

The true reasons for the failure of the girth rule are plain enough to all who care to look for them. In the first place the Yacht Racing Union of North America, just organized and under the serious handicap of an awkward and cumbersome title, had a difficult task ahead to overcome many obstacles, the most serious being the opposition, passive or active, of several large yacht clubs, especially the New York Y. C. The demand for a national organization and a uniform set of rules came from the many smaller clubs of the United States and Canada, and the large metropolitan clubs at the least had no sympathy with it. Under the scheme of organization of the Union, not for the promotion and encouragement of American yachting, but solely of yacht racing, the one thing by which it could justify its existence was the immediate adoption of a standard set of rules. This it proceeded to do, to the best of its ability, and a great deal of time and labor was expended on the work. The task of deciding on a measurement formula proved a most difficult one, and the easiest solution seemed to be the adoption of the rule then in use in Great Britain.

In introducing this rule to American yachtsmen, the trouble was not that it was of British origin, but that little could be said for it except that it had been adopted by competent authorities, the British designers, and that in England, as applied to keel yachts and with centerboard yachts practically barred, it gave a fair chance to the moderate keel or the semi-fin type in racing against the extreme fin. It was not shown that the initial principle of the rule, the use of skin girth as a factor, was a correct one, or that the rule would apply fairly to all types, centerboard and keel alike, as demanded in this country, or that it would act positively even to a moderate degree to encourage a yacht of reasonable accommodation.

Opposed to it were the arguments of Mr. Hyslop and the FOREST AND STREAM, showing that the measurement of girth did not of necessity promote a better form of hull, and that as applied to the centerboard type it might operate exactly the reverse.

The result was simply and plainly that the new rule did not awaken the interest of the Sound Y. R. A. yachtsmen. Apart from the opposition of one club, the Seawanhaka, to the technical features of the rule, there was no attempt

to discuss it or to express any opinion of its merits. The time was not conducive to the successful introduction of any new rule, there was no building going on by which the rule would be tested in a public way so as to awaken the interest of yachtsmen. The failure of the rule was much like the failure of many plays, entirely independent of its merits and demerits.

On the Lakes the girth rule was adopted solely for the sake of uniformity, the Lake clubs in doing so abandoning a much better rule, which was working successfully at the time. In this case the rule was put to a hard, practical test, a dozen yachts of different types, by professional and amateur designers, being built and raced. Whether or no the result, the triumph of a shoal, wide skimming dish, proves the success of the rule or the reverse, is a question we will not undertake to answer.

We have differed from the Y. R. U. on most points connected with the girth rule, and we believe that its adoption was a mistake under the circumstances, but we recognize that the failure to secure the popular indorsement of the rule was not due to its merits or demerits; and that even a thoroughly good rule might have failed under the same conditions. At the same time, had the rule ever progressed so far as the stage of serious argument and discussion, its supporters would have had a hard task to prove that it was at all suited for American conditions. The outlook at the present time for any rule is very discouraging. No one seems to take any interest in the matter, in spite of the recognized defects of all existing rules. Until yachtsmen wake up and take upon themselves individually the study and public discussion of the measurement question, there can be but little done by any one club or other body.

We have no opinions to express on the broader points of The Yachtsman's statement, but as far as yachting is concerned we feel certain that the great majority of American yachtsmen recognize to-day the importance of one common international measurement rule. If two new rules could be proposed now, of equal technical merit, but one exclusively American and the other uniform with the British rule, this fact would weigh with many in the choice of the latter.

Mineola II.

The first of the new one-design class building at Bristol, Mineola II., owned by Rear-Com. August Belmont, N. Y. Y. C., was launched at 8 A. M. on Jan. 16, the owner coming up in his private car, accompanied by a few friends. The yacht was christened by Miss Natalie

Schenck. The new class, which will include four to six yachts of the same design, will be 106ft. over all, 70ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam and 15ft. draft; keel cutters of composite construction, the frames being of steel angle bulbs with a single skin below and double above water. The lead keel weighs 40 tons. The spar dimensions, according to the Boston Globe, are as follows:

Mast, 78ft. 5in. extreme length; topmast, 47ft. 4in.; bowsprit, 25ft. 8in.; main boom, 75ft.; gaff, 42ft. 9in.; spinnaker pole, 58ft. 3in.; No. 1 topsail yard, 48ft.; No. 2 topsail yard, 35ft. 4in.; No. 1 topsail club, 36ft. 3in.; No. 2 topsail club, 27ft. 3in.

The mast is 57ft. deck to hounds and 14ft. in the mast-head. It is 15 3/4 in. in diameter at the deck and 16 3/4 in. greatest diameter just below the hounds. The extreme diameter of the boom is 12in., topmast 8 1/2 in., bowsprit 10 1/2 in., gaff 8in., and spinnaker pole 7 1/2 in. The club topsail yards are flattened on the sides, a new departure in spar making, and are 6 by 8 and 5 7/8 by 7 1/2 in. respectively in No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 topsail club is 5 1/4 in. in diameter, and No. 2 is 5in.

Each cutter will have a special steam tender 80ft. long, the first of these, also for Mr. Belmont, being launched immediately after the cutter, being christened Scout. The spaces vacated by these two yachts were at once utilized for the construction of two more of the same class.

Western Yachts.

Genesee—Beaver.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 19.—Among the rumors of an advanced nature which are floating about anent yachting plans for this region next summer is the announcement that there will be a determined effort made by the Columbia Y. C., of this city, to bring together the yachts Genesee and Beaver, which last summer met in a well-fought series, with victory for the Chicago boat. Some of the local men are very anxious to see these fast ones come together again for a bout. To give these two a rub we may also next summer have a good one in the 35-footer, now building by Davies, designer of Blade and Nymph. Two or three new half-raters are also under way in this port, and there is going on a general overhauling and refitting of the older boats of the fleet, so that we should see quite a navy in commission next summer.

Gloriana is really to come here to Chicago Y. C. as property of Mr. Whitely, and on dit that two other Eastern boats will be purchased and brought here also.

E. H.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cleveland Y. C., held Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, an amendment to the constitution to reduce the number of directors from fifteen to nine was adopted and the following directors elected: For three years—Com. Geo. H. Worthington, E. A. Overbeke, A. R. Landreth, Jr. For two years—E. W. Radder, F. W. Roberts, Geo. W. Cleveland. For one year—E. E. Pettibone, Geo. R. McKay, John Barth. At the meeting of the new board of directors, held Thursday evening, Jan. 11, the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. H. Worthington; Vice-Com., Edw. A. Overbeke; Rear-Com., John Barth; Sec-Treas., A. R. Landreth, Jr.; Meas., Jos. Kerbel; Asst. Meas., C. W. Kelly; Surveyor, John Overbeke; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman. House Committee: E. W. Radder, Geo. W. Cleveland, C. R. Luethmeyer. Regatta Committee: Vice-Com. Edw. A. Overbeke, G. H. Gardner, Douglas Perkins, Jr. Entertainment Committee: F. W. Roberts, Chas. D. Stewart, E. E. Pettibone. Auditing Committee: Rear-Com. John Barth, Douglas Perkins, Jr., W. H. Wyman.

Ashmet, sloop, has been sold to a syndicate of Charleston, S. C., yachtsmen.

The nominating committee of the New York Y. C. posted the following nominations on Jan. 18, the annual meeting and election being on Feb. 8: Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard; Vice-Com., August Belmont; Rear-Com., C. L. F. Robinson; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and William Butler Duncan, Jr.; Committee on Admissions, C. Oliver Iselin, Henry C. Ward, James C. Bergan, James A. Wright and Frederic Gallatin; House Committee, Harrison B. Moore, Thomas A. Bronson and Francis H. Davies; Library Committee, Theodore C. Zerega, Arthur H. Clark and Paul E. Stevenson; Committee on Club Stations, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, F. P. Sands, Frederick H. Benedict, Edward R. Ladew, Charles Lane Poor, William H. Thomas, L. Vaughn Clark, Harrison B. Moore, Amzi L. Barber and John P. Duncan.

The Marblehead Yacht Yard, which has been for some time in charge of designer Purdon in the absence abroad of W. B. Stearns, is turning out quite a lot of work this winter, and has many creditable boats well in hand. Nothing but first-class work is being done, and no offer has this year been made to do cheaper work. Of the three 35-footers ordered last year on designs similar to Purdon's successful cruiser Hilalia, two are about finished, and a third one for J. P. Helton is well along.

This boat is of more beam and less draft. There are in it two staterooms, besides a lavatory and large cabin that will bunk four, a good-sized galley and the forecabin with bunks for two men. This boat is to be most handsomely finished in mahogany throughout, the others in oak and butternut. Every part of the work is of the highest grade throughout. The fastenings are all copper, yellow metal or Tobin bronze, and all woodwork inside and out is of the finest quality that can be found.

A cruiser of 27ft. waterline for Henry A. Church is finished and shows a very handsome cabin. The boat is of the deep-bodied type, giving full standing head room, a very comfortable boat in a seaway. The 25ft. sailboat is ready for Dr. F. Dexter and shows a rather lean, fast-going form. The plank is going on the 22ft. sailboat for R. M. Hoe, of New York, and she will be ready to go to Seal Harbor, Me., early in the spring. Sumner Foster is to have a new racing knockabout, and she will be built

by Jansen, of Gloucester. There are also two designs for the Seawanhaka 21ft. raceabout class, to beat Spindrift, which beat them all out there last year. She was built for T. H. Webb, but was not successful here.—Boston Globe.

Large groups of workmen have been busy recently on the brigantine Aloha, lately built on the design of Clinton H. Crane, at the Erie Basin, for the Messrs. James, of the New York Y. C. There have been reductions everywhere. About 17ft. of heavy bowsprit has been taken off and now lies on the wharf. A lighter jibboom will be used. Both the lower masts have been put, and 6ft. have been taken off the foot of each.

According to the mate, Andrew Berthold, the total height of the spars on this boat was at first 152ft.; 14ft. have now been taken off the total height of the forward sticks; 11ft. in all have been taken off the mainmast and main topmast; 7ft. have been taken off the royal. The Aloha will still carry a topgallant mast, and her forward sails will be as follows: Foresail, foretopsail, fore upper topsail, topgallant sail and royal.

Mate Berthold said that as soon as the alterations were finished the Aloha would be taken out to be tried. The yacht will then be provisioned for a long cruise.—New York Tribune.

Morven, steam yacht, the Earl of Lathom, has been chartered by C. L. F. Robinson, of the New York Y. C., for a Mediterranean cruise.

The executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, A. B. Alley, of the Larchmont Y. C., and Newberry D. Lawton, of the Atlantic Y. C., met at the Transportation Club in the Hotel Manhattan on Jan. 17 to discuss the rules of their different organizations and to see if they could not be made uniform before the opening of the next yachting season. The rules of important questions such as classification, measurements and time allowance are pretty much the same, the difference being in a few small matters that make it very confusing. The Larchmont and Atlantic clubs limit the draft of boats, and the Yacht Racing Association, for the sake of having uniformity, is willing to adopt the rule. The Larchmont Club sends each class off separately and the Y. R. A. starts two or three classes in a bunch.

All the rules were carefully gone over last night, and each representative made concessions so that if they had received power to act all the rules would have been alike. The yachtsmen, however, have to report to their respective clubs, and action will be taken next month. The meeting was a harmonious one. Every one present felt the importance of having uniform rules. The changes to be made will in no way affect the rules governing the construction of yachts. They will only refer to the regattas and sailing of yachts.

The executive committee of the Association adopted the rules of the Massachusetts Knockabout Association.—New York Sun.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 13 at the town club house, Rowe's Wharf, Boston, with Com. Boggs in the chair. The reports showed a prosperous condition of the club, with a membership of 450. The following officers were elected: Com., Edwin P. Boggs, steamer Nashawena; Vice-Com., Winthrop Thayer, steamer Zuleika; Rear-Com., Edw. P. Boynton, schooner Magnolia; Sec'y, William Avery Cary; Treas., John L. Armory; Meas., William E. Sheriffs; Executive Committee, Edw. V. Verplanck, J. Winthrop Dutton; Membership Committee, Paul F. Folsom, Herbert S. Potter; Regatta Committee, for one year, John L. Amory, William E. Robinson; for two years, A. M. Blinn, William E. Sheriffs, Louis M. Clark. The business meeting was followed by a supper.

On Jan. 9 the directors of the California Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., C. N. Waltus; Vice-Com., S. F. Martin; Sec'y, G. L. Wakeman; Treas., A. Gibbs; Board of Directors, A. M. Clay, S. S. Sherman, M. J. Cairier; Regatta Committee, R. L. Eavens, H. L. Clapp, I. N. Clay; delegation to International Club, A. M. Clay, R. R. Le Hommidue, C. N. Waltus.

The American Y. C. of New York and Milton Point, originally established as a club for steam yacht owners, has elected the following officers, the annual meeting being held in New York on Jan. 16: Com., J. Murray Mitchell; Vice-Com., Henry W. Eaton; Rear-Com., George W. Quintard; Sec'y, Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Samuel B. Lyon, M. D.; Meas., H. de B. Parsons; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees (class of 1903), J. Howard Wainwright, Thomas L. Scovill and Charles A. Gould.

The Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, Ontario, held its annual meeting on Jan. 15, the following officers being elected: Com., Frank E. Walker; Vice-Com., James A. Cox; Rear-Com., G. F. Crawford; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., E. A. Fearnside; Ass't Sec'y-Treas., W. A. Allen; Capt., Harry Sache; Hon. Meas., Geo. Allan; Hon. Starter, W. Phillips; Hon. Timer, F. Ward; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. M. H. TenEyck; Auditors, Fred Staunton, John Reid, W. H. Woodman; Sailing Committee, S. Mellon, R. Hunter, G. Wark, D. Wark, J. Denow and H. Wade; House Committee, Vice-Com. Cox, D. Wark, Wm. Allen, John Bain, George White, Herb. Connell, E. Dornan, Frank Hall, Dan Tracey, Arch. Allan, O. W. Gibb and George Allan. Mr. E. A. Fearnside, the honorary secretary of the club, was presented with a gold watch, chain and locket, and an illuminated testimonial by the members; Com. Walker presenting a gold-mounted umbrella. The club now numbers 204 members.

The Dorchester (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Franklin L. Codman; Vice-Com., T. W. King; Rear-Com., Theo. W. Souther; Treas., George H. Collyer; Sec'y, Fred P. Hayward; Meas., C. W. A. Bartlett; Board of Directors, Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Secretary and Treasurer, ex officio, and C. H. Nute, W. S. Mace, H. W. Smith; House Committee, Joseph T. Preston, David G. Robinson, Stephen P. Perrin; Membership Committee, W. G. Hayward, Theo. W. Souther, C. W. A. Bartlett, Dr. J. H. Daly, Sec'y, ex officio; Regatta Committee, Arthur P. Nute, Oliver F. Davenport, T. W. King, J. C. Gray, Thomas Leavitt, Jr.

The Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, held its annual election on Jan. 11, the following officers being elected: Com., Lawrence F. Percival; Vice-Com., W. H. Stuart, Jr.;

Rear-Com., F. G. Macomber, Jr.; Sec'y, Fred Nichols; Treas., Joseph W. Shepherd; Meas., Alvin F. Whitmore; Executive Committee, Everett Paine, Benjamin G. Melvin, Lawrence G. Percival, W. H. Stuart, Jr., Joseph W. Shepherd; Regatta Committee, F. G. Macomber, Frank W. Goodwin, Ernest A. Welt, W. O. Doherty, Henry A. Goodwin; Membership Committee, Horace L. Broughton, Frank R. Washburn, Herbert S. Goodwin, Alvin F. Whitmore; House Committee, J. Edgar Parker, D. Robert Stone, Charles Goodwin; Board of Judges, Willard B. Jackson, Wm. H. Quiner, Jr., D. Robert Stone, F. W. Nichols, Ernest A. Webb.

Capt. Harry Stanwood, the well-known yacht master, of Brooklyn, died on Jan. 13 at his home, having been ill for some time with a cancer. He leaves a wife and two children.

Diana, naphtha yacht, F. W. Hanan, from New Haven for Florida, put into Southport, N. C., on Jan. 16, and sailed the same evening, but broke her after piston rod and returned.

Virginia, steam yacht, Isaac Stern, sailed from New York on Jan. 15 for the Mediterranean, where her owner will join her. Capt. Leander Jeffries is in command.

The Gas Engine & Power Company, is building an auxiliary schooner for Wm. Marks, of Philadelphia, who will name her La Barbara. She will be 68ft. over all, 56ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. beam and 2ft. 10in. draft of hull. Being intended for Southern waters, she will have a centerboard. The motive power will be a naphtha engine of 20 H. P.

For the second time in five years the Jersey City Y. C. has suffered by fire, its club house at Communipaw having burned on the night of Jan. 15. The house was a frame building two stories high and contained a quantity of yacht rigging, sails, etc. The loss is estimated at \$3,000, partly insured.

The Victoria Y. C., of Ottawa, proposed to build a fine club house on Lake Deschenes, near Ottawa.

The two schooners, Lasca and Alcaea, arrived at Southampton from New York on Jan. 14.

On Jan. 11, at Norwich, Conn., Gustav Souliez, a Frenchman, pleaded guilty to robbing yachts in New Haven Harbor last September, and was sentenced to one year and eight months in State prison. He was cruising about the Sound in a large rowboat and was caught at night on board a yacht in the harbor.

Catania, steam yacht, has been chartered to Wm. Astor for a Mediterranean cruise.

Erin, steam yacht, Sir Thomas Lipton, has sailed from Southampton for the Mediterranean, where her owner and friends will join her.

The January number of Marine Engineering contains many interesting articles on engineering and naval architecture; the paper on steam yacht design and construction by W. A. Fairburn is concluded; an interesting paper on commercial types of watertube boilers is begun, and there is a description of a new naphtha twin-screw lifeboat, with other articles on such subjects as the new war ships, watertube boilers in the navy, steam navigation, etc.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot was held Jan. 21. Conditions were off-hand, 200yds., at the standard American target. Weather conditions were very good. A Druhe was high on the special target with 43. Capt. Gindele was high on the champion target with the score of 82:

Champion score:												
Gindele	6	9	9	7	9	9	8	10	7	8	—82	
Weinheimer	8	8	5	6	8	5	3	7	7	8	—65	
Nestler	9	10	7	6	6	6	8	5	6	—73		
Payne	8	8	8	7	8	9	8	8	6	—75		
Uckotter	6	5	5	7	10	8	8	5	4	—65		
Topf	8	4	10	10	6	6	6	7	4	10	—71	
Jonscher	9	8	7	8	5	7	8	7	7	—71		
Bruns	7	10	4	7	8	7	8	7	5	10	—75	
Druhe	9	10	6	10	8	8	7	9	7	—81		
Trounstone	7	5	10	5	9	8	7	8	9	10	—78	
Roberts	8	6	7	6	5	6	8	6	7	—65		

Practice Scores.												
Weinheimer	9	8	6	5	6	10	8	8	7	10	—77	
Nestler	8	9	7	8	7	10	10	5	10	—93		
Gindele	9	8	10	7	8	10	10	10	10	—91		
Payne	8	7	9	9	10	8	10	10	5	—85		
Uckotter	8	9	6	9	6	9	6	9	10	—77		
Topf	6	8	8	6	7	8	5	6	10	—71		
Jonscher	8	10	7	10	9	6	8	8	—84			
Bruns	6	8	7	8	10	9	10	7	9	—82		
Druhe	9	9	10	9	7	7	10	6	7	—81		
Trounstone	10	9	9	8	8	9	7	10	5	—81		
Roberts	10	6	10	7	10	10	8	9	9	10	—89	

Special Scores.												
Gindele	8	8	5	6	8	—35						
Nestler	9	10	10	7	6	—42						
Gindele	6	9	9	7	6	—40						
Payne	8	8	8	7	8	—39						
Uckotter	6	5	5	7	10	—33						
Topf	8	4	10	10	6	—38						
Jonscher	9	8	7	8	5	—37						
Bruns	7	10	4	7	8	—36						
Druhe	9	10	6	10	8	—43						
Trounstone	7	5	10	5	9	—36						
Roberts	8	6	7	6	5	—33						

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.—Herewith are scores of the Iroquois Rifle Club for the week ending Jan. 20:

Medal match:												
R R Bennett	39	41	42	44	—166	W Riebling	44	43	41	43	—171	
G Sperling	42	43	41	43	—169		40	37	42	38	—157	
	36	37	42	42	—157		41	38	44	44	—167	
	40	38	41	41	—160	L P Ittel	44	48	50	59	—192	
	30	35	46	28	—139	H B Pierce	40	38	41	42	—161	
A Huebner	24	22	20	22	—88	L A Schmidt	30	35	38	41	—144	
	30	25	28	24	—107							

Bennett handicap:												
A Hofmeister	37	33	41	43	—151	J P Ittel	48	48	50	50	—192	
	36	32	40	42	—150	H B Pierce	40	38	41	42	—161	
	42	44	37	42	—165	L A Schmidt	30	35	38	41	—144	
G Sperling	40	41	43	41	—165	O L Hertig	41	44	43	41	—169	
	39	48	40	44	—171	H Sperling	49	44	45	47	—185	

Record scores:
W Riebling.....37 38—75
O L Hertig.....40 41—81
H B Pierce.....38 41—79
G Sperling.....41 41—82
H Sperling.....44 49—93
A Hofmeister.....44 31—75

Walter Riebling is now shooting in his regular form again. Our genial shooter, L. P. Ittel, is still showing a good example by making good scores. He and Harry Sperling are making preparations to attend the Sportsmen's shoot in March. Look out for that first prize.

Subjoined is the circular letter of the club:
PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 19, 1900.
Dear Sir and Member:
Your attention is called to the following announcements:
1. The distribution of prizes won in the members' contest at the recent tournament will take place at the club house, Tuesday evening, the 23d inst. The Beech cup will also be presented to the winner on this occasion. The attendance of all members is requested.
2. The club's next regular meeting will be held on Monday evening, the 29th inst. The annual reports of the officers will be

read on this occasion. Messrs. Foster, Garrison and M. J. Bradshaw are candidates for membership in the club.

3. The members' gallery programme for the current year is now in operation. Among other events on the same is the Bennett handicap match for cash prizes, kindly presented by our fellow member, Mr. R. R. Bennett. The conditions are 20 shots to a score, secret handicap, the contest to end June 30, 1900; 25 scores being required to eligibility in the competition for prizes. There will be two prizes—first prize, \$20; fourth, \$10. This departure from conventional methods should attract the attention and insure the participation of all members. L. G. GRAUL, Sec'y.

Rifle at St. Louis, Mo.

THE programme of the Central Sharpshooters' Association is as follows:

The season will open at the club's range at Bobringville, St. Louis county, Jan. 21. On Feb. 4 a team match will be shot with the Chicago sharpshooters, ten men on each team, scores to be exchanged by telegraph. Challenges will be issued in the near future to other rifle clubs, East and West.

A continuous match for medals and diplomas will be held on every regular shooting day, beginning Jan. 21. Match tickets good for ten shots each will be sold by the captain; re-entries unlimited. Every score must be shot at 200yds., off-hand, on the 25-ring target, and must consist of ten consecutive shots on match ticket. No run will constitute a score unless shot on signed and countersigned ticket in presence of officers in charge.

For the medal contest the members will be classified into four groups, according to their skill, and they may be reclassified at the end of four months if necessary. At the fall shoot of 1900 a fine gold medal will be awarded to the man in each class who has shot the highest ten scores of his class on match tickets.

Every member who, during the season, has shot on match tickets ten scores, averaging 180 points or better, will receive a framed diploma as rifleman; 200 points average or better quality as marksman; 210 or better as sharpshooter, and 220 or better as expert, and diplomas will be awarded accordingly.

The range is reached by hourly bus from 7800 Ivory avenue. Visitors are welcome. It is expected that the contest for diplomas of qualification, which are official proofs of skill, will bring out a large attendance, as every man now has an opportunity to win distinction by sheer merit.

Rifle at Denver.

ON Jan. 14, at the shoot of the Denver, Colo., Rifle Club, A. W. Peterson qualified to contest for the medal by a score of 87. The scores were as follows:

A W Peterson	8	10	9	10	10	8	7	7	8	10	—87	
	8	7	5	10	9	10	10	10	8	7	—84	
O E Adamson	10	6	8	10	5	10	7	10	10	8	—84	
	8	10	9	5	9	9	8	9	10	6	—83	
J N Lower	10	7	10	8	6	8	7	8	9	9	—82	
	7	8	10	10	6	7	10	10	9	4	—81	
E J Henshaw	5	8	10	6	10	9	9	5	8	10	—80	
	7	9	9	7	6	10	6	9	5	9	—77	
D W King, Jr.	9	9	8	8	9	8	6	8	8	6	—79	
	9	8	6	7	5	5	4	7	8	—67		
C E Strong	7	6	6	10	9	6	4	10	8	6	—72	
	6	9	4	7	9	7	6	8	7	9	—72	
J P Lower	6	4	3	5	3	2	4	8	3	8	—45	

On Jan. 17, in Brooklyn, the rapid-fire match between the Brooklyn Revolver Club and the Louisville Revolver Club, of Louisville, each club using its own range, resulted in a victory for the Brooklyn, they winning by five points. The Brooklyn men's score was:

Dr A A Webber	37	95	87	97	98	—474	
H M Olney	61	69	91	86	96	—403	
W H Shedd	84	89	91	98	84	—446	
E Wilson	98	99	94	99	99	—459	—1812
Louisville Revolver Club team total							—1807

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 25.—Royersford, Pa.—On grounds of Twin City Gun Club 100-target event. H. E. Buckwalter, Mgr.

Jan. 21.—Omaha, Neb.—Omaha-Kansas City team match.

Jan. 31.—Brooklyn, L. I.—First contest for Brooklyn Eagle trophy.

Feb. 6-7.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Schorty's first annual live-bird tournament. L. H. Schortemeier, Manager.

Feb. 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club's Grand Central American handicap tournament. One day targets, one day sparrows and one day live pigeons. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Newark, N. J.—E C cup contest for championship of New Jersey, on Smith Brothers' grounds, at 2 o'clock, between Mr. George Piercy, holder, Jersey City, and Mr. J. J. Fleming, of Newark.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; \$1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

Feb. 14.—Brooklyn, L. I.—On grounds of Brooklyn Gun Club—first contest for Greater New York challenge trophy.

Feb. 22.—Providence, R. I.—Holiday shoot of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird shoot for the benefit of Mr. W. Mills.

Feb. 22.—

the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's semi-monthly live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's semi-monthly club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Grand Central Handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Bert B. Adams, 15 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind., to whom guns and shells may be sent and will be delivered on the grounds free. On Feb. 6, the first day, there are twelve events on the programme: Two at 10 targets, four at 15, five at 20, and one event at 10 pairs. The division of purses are: 10-target events, 40, 35 and 25 per cent.; 15 targets, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.; 20 targets, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The entrance is based on 10 cents per target. On the second day, Feb. 7, there are six sparrow events: Four at 15 sparrows and two at 20; entrance based on 20 cents per sparrow. The rise will be 25yds., 35yds. boundary; no retrieving; a bird once down will be scored dead. Division of purses 35, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. On the third day, the third Grand Central Handicap at pigeons will take place. Twenty entries are guaranteed; surplus added. The conditions are 25 pigeons, \$25, birds included. Twenty entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; twenty-five or over, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. A. A. rules govern. Rise 26 to 31yds. Entries close with the firing of the first gun on the second round. Shooting begins each day at 9 o'clock. Pigeons 25 cents. Sparrows 10 cents. Targets 2 cents. Take Fair Grounds car. Tournament committee: Messrs. E. H. Tripp, E. E. Neal, Geo. C. Beck, G. Moller and Dr. O. F. Britton. The tournament is open to all.

Mr. Geo. S. McAlpin, the famous trap shot, at a gathering of his friends on Monday of this week, formally announced that he retired forever from all match shooting. He stated that his position in the trapshooting world was misunderstood by many of his friends, and almost entirely so by the world at large. He explained to me that he did not seek matches, did not want matches, and never issued a challenge to shoot a match. Some one else always had taken the initiative in challenging him; that, when challenged, he felt he should have the privilege of making his own terms. His business interests are such that he cannot leave them to shoot every match that is offered; if he did so, he would be shooting matches constantly, to the exclusion of all else. That a match, to be acceptable, under the circumstances, must have been for a large competition in order to compensate him for expense of training, if he won, and that being the challenged party, and eminent in the successful strata of the trapshooting world, he believed it was his privilege to make such conditions as he felt were his right. As shooting was but an incident with him, and the match features were the cause of so much that was distasteful to him, he has decided to withdraw from all matches permanently.

The president of the Crescent Athletic Club, Mr. J. H. Oliphant, in his annual report, which touched incidentally on the reports of the different committee on bowling, gymnasium and swimming pool, lacrosse, lawn tennis, ice hockey, golf, baseball, bicycling, bowls, rowing and swimming, and shooting, had this to present concerning the latter sport: "The interest of the members in this sport is increasing at a very gratifying rate. A great many new faces have been added to the list of regular shooters. Since last season there have been great changes made by separating the magatrap from the expert traps, thereby being able to shoot two squads at the same time, which has proven a great advantage, especially on holidays. The shooting committee wish to thank the members for the interest taken in the sport, which has now become the leading fall and winter pastime at Bay Ridge."

The programme of Schorty's first annual live-bird handicap, to be held at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, Feb. 6 and 7, is as follows. Events the first day: No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance, including birds, \$3; No. 2, 7 live birds, entrance, including birds, \$5, three moneys, Rose system; No. 3, 15 live birds, Billy Mills' Handicap, entrance \$5, birds extra, four moneys, Rose system. Events the second day: No. 1, miss-and-out, entrance \$2, birds extra; No. 2, 30 live birds, Dexter Park Handicap, entrance \$20, birds included, four moneys, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Birds 25 cents. J. H. W. Fleming, cashier; L. H. Schortemeier, manager. Added to the programme is this reminder: "Don't forget Billy Mills' benefit. Live birds, at Dexter Park, Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, beginning at 10 A. M."

Mr. William S. Stein, secretary-treasurer of the Lincoln Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Lincoln Gun Club will hold its fourth annual tournament at Lincoln, Neb., April 18, 19, 20 and 21. Since the last tournament held by the club, a year ago, it has consolidated with the Capital City Gun Club, which dated back for fifteen years, and there is now but one gun club in Lincoln, and we take pride in claiming it the largest in the West. Every effort will be put forth to make our coming tournament the largest and most successful tournament ever held in this part of the country. We will add about \$1,500, besides championship badges. You can readily see what an attendance this will insure."

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., arrived in New York on Thursday of last week and remained two or three days. He received several hundred hearty handshakes within a short time after his arrival. The bloom of good health was on his cheek, as was to be expected after a long sojourn in the balmy climate of the Pacific coast. Mr. McMurchy journeys thitherward soon again, but hopes to do so just business matters that he may return and join in the competition at the Grand American Handicap. Should he be present at that great event, the winner will have to shoot as he never shot before, if he defeats that valiant master of the shotgun.

There will be a practice shoot on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club on Wednesday of this week, with a view to testing and preparing capabilities for the challenge trophies which are soon to be launched. These grounds are deservedly popular. While a good sum of money goes into the club's treasury, it quite as readily goes out again in special prizes, so that the gain is mostly with the shooters themselves. No club about New York gives so many valuable special prizes as the Brooklyn Gun Club, and the entrance never exceeds the price of targets. This is the policy of John S. Wright, the manager.

On Saturday of last week, the New York German Gun Club held its annual meeting, and elected officers as follows: President, John H. Wellbrock; Vice-President, Henry Meyer; Secretary, Henry Mesloh; Treasurer, John P. Dannefeler; Captain, Peter Garms; Handicappers, Dr. George V. Hudson, Frederick Sauter, John P. Dannefeler, Peter Garms, and John Schlicht; Auditing Committee, W. G. Maisenholder, and Henry Meyer. The chair appointed John P. Dannefeler, Dr. Hudson, Peter Garms and John Schlicht a committee to revise the by-laws of the club.

Mr. R. C. Root, secretary of the Providence, R. I., Gun Club, under date of Jan. 22, writes us as follows: "The Providence Gun Club will hold a shoot on Feb. 22, weather permitting, for which the programmes will be issued later. It is the intention of the club to have the new heating apparatus installed and in perfect working order by Washington's Birthday, so that the club house shall be thoroughly heated in all parts. The club is in a healthy condition, due in great part to the added interest created by the Interstate Association tournament, held last season."

Mr. E. Hough, in "Western Trap" this week, mentions that the Chicago Sportsmen's Park is making progress, \$10,000 being subscribed, and that the veteran Mr. John Watson, will have charge of it. We are glad to learn that the Chicago Park will be a success, for there is room for it, and a need of it in the shooting world.

The Hazard Powder Co., 44 Cedar street, New York, has issued a small folder, treating of the doings of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott with "Blue Ribbon" in his great matches, and they will send it to those who make known their wishes for it.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, whose fame extends through the world with the Parker gun, was a visitor in the East during some days past. He left New York for Philadelphia on Tuesday of this week; thence he goes Westward.

In the contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, Mr. George Piercy, the holder, defeated Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, by a score of 45 to 44, at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., on Jan. 17. After the race was over Mr. J. J. Fleming, a member of the Forester Gun Club, challenged the winner and deposited the necessary sum in the hands of Mr. Edward Banks, to make the challenge good. The contest was fixed to take place on Feb. 8, at 2 o'clock, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark.

Under the head of "St. Louis Doings" Mr. Paul R. Litzke informs our readers that Dupont Park is now under the management of Mr. Dave Elliott, who has secured a five years' lease of it. Those who wish to shoot at targets or live birds will be accommodated at any time. Under the capable management of Mr. Elliott, the shooting interests of St. Louis should have a most valuable impetus henceforth. Mr. Litzke also gives the programme of the Hot Springs, Ark., midwinter tournament, Feb. 13 to 17.

The rules governing the contests for the Greater New York championship, appear elsewhere in our trap columns. They were prepared by Mr. W. R. Hobart, and are very skillfully devised. They give quick action and accurate determination of the championship, as they permit the holder to shoot against all comers who are duly qualified, as is proper in a championship contest.

A Sioux City daily, under date of Jan. 15, states: "Paul North, of Cleveland, inventor of the magatrap, was in the city yesterday. He made arrangements to equip the traps at the Soo Gun Club's grounds with several improvements. He said that Sioux City not only had one of the best gun clubs in the West, but the finest shooting park this side of the Mississippi."

Jan. 18, the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held their annual meeting and elected officers for the year as follows: President, J. H. Cummings; Vice-President, Dr. Ripley; Secretary, J. J. Fleming; Treasurer, W. G. Kugler; Manager, H. E. Winans. After the meeting the members enjoyed an appetizing repast, and ate to the health of the new officers.

The Swedesboro and Mullica Hill gun clubs had a five-men team race on Jan. 19, at Swedesboro, N. J. It was the third of a series. Each man shot at 10 birds. The scores were: Swedesboro—Hancock 3, Shivers 5, Busby 3, Gaskill 3, Headly 4; total 18. Mullica Hill—Ridgway 4, Hazleton 6, Cattell 5, Scott 6, Shea 8; total 29.

As will be noted on reference to the communication of Mr. Edward Banks, published in our trap columns this week, the Handicap Committee of the Grand American Handicap is the same as last year, except the valuable addition of the famous trap shot Col. James T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C.

The Northside Gun Club, of Pittsburg, held a live-bird shoot on Jan. 17, and a six-men team race, 15 birds per man, was shot with the following results: Capt. Smith 11, North 14, Lowe 13, Henderson 13, Earl 8, Amos 10—69. Capt. Gerlock 9, Ewing 14, Yellowly 12, Faulk 11, Deitz 9, Cullen 4—59.

The next regular live-bird shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club will be held at Hellich's grounds, on Friday of this week, commencing at 1 o'clock. Hoboken, Jersey City and Rutherford cars pass the grounds. John Chartrand is the secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

On Thursday of this week, at Hot Springs, Ark., Messrs. J. T. Loyd, of Pine Bluff, and C. E. De Long, of Hot Springs, contested for the Arkansas championship at 50 targets, unknown angles.

Messrs. U. F. Bender and R. L. Packard have arranged to shoot a live-bird match on Tom Morley's grounds, at Lyndhurst, N. J., on Friday of this week. The conditions are 50 birds, for \$100 a side.

At Matawan, N. J., Jan. 19, in a match at 35 live birds, 30yds. rise, J. H. Brouse, of Perth Amboy, shot out Wm. Perrine, of Keansburg, in the 32d round. Score, 29 to 24.

Mr. H. H. Valentine, Albany, N. Y., informs us that the Forester Gun Club, of that place, will give a target tournament, magatrap to throw targets, on Feb. 22.

The Canajoharie Gun Club, of Canajoharie, N. Y., has fixed on May 30 for its annual target tournament. Mr. Charles Weeks is the secretary.

On Feb. 12 and 22 the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will give all-day target shoots. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

BERNARD WATERS.

Rochester Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 17.—At the weekly shoot of the Rochester Gun Club, the attendance was below what was anticipated. The club will hold a tournament on Washington's Birthday:

Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	25	25
Gardner	7	..	9	10	9
Gibson	8	..	9	12	8	7	..
Fredericks	6	7	9	..	6	7	..
Kerschner	8	8	12	14	9	10	23
Parsons	4	..	12	..	6	7	..
Judson	8	..	13	12	7	8	..
Borst	7	..	12	..	9	..	23
Case	7	8
Williams	5	5
Brotsch	8	6	10	11	7	8	..
McDuff	7	11	19
McCord	21
Terry	7	8	10	15	8	6	18
Watkins	4	..	7
Frants	9	8	13
Meyer	13

IN NEW JERSEY.

E C Cup Championship of New Jersey.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 17.—There was a good attendance of shooters to witness the contest between Messrs. George Piercy and C. W. Feigenspan, for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. The match commenced about 2:30. The targets were thrown at angles varied and swift, so that the shooting might be classed as hard. Piercy lost his 18th target through his gun failing to cock, which, with the three misses out of the first 25, left him a hard up-hill struggle through the last half of the contest, Feigenspan missing but one out of his first 25. The latter, however, seemed to be overcareful in the last half, and slowed up a bit in his time. The race was closely contested throughout, and was no doubt up to the moment that the last gun was fired.

Mr. C. Von Lengerke acted as judge for Mr. Piercy, Mr. C. C. Beveridge for Mr. Feigenspan, Mr. Edward Banks was referee. The contest was at 50 targets, unknown angles. The scores:

G Piercy	111111101101111001111111—21
C W Feigenspan	111111111111111111111111—24
	110111111111111111111111—24
	011111110011111011101111—20—44

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	20	20	*	Targets:	20	20	20	*
Piercy	16	18	19	11	Fanning	16	18	16	16
P O N	15	19	18	14	Sinnock	16	18	..
Dominie	13	15	18	15	Perment	14
Morley	17	18	18	14	Fleming	15	14	..
Banks	15	16	15	12	Fischer	15	16	..

*Ten pairs.
Team race, three men, 25 targets:
Morley 19 | Dominie | 19 || Banks | 19 | Piercy | 20 |
| P O N | 21—61 | Fanning | 22—61 |

Team race, same conditions:
Banks 19 | Dominie | 24 || Morley | 20 | Piercy | 21 |
| P O N | 22—61 | Fanning | 22—67 |

Match, at 25 targets, between Messrs. Piercy and Beveridge:
Piercy 1101111111110110011111—21 || Dominie | 011110101010110110111110—18 |

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, Jan. 20.—The attendance at our weekly shoot was rather small, owing to the bad weather. The fog was so thick that it required very quick shooting to reach the targets before they were lost to sight.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10
Sinnock	7	10	8	6	5	9	8	10	10
Dawson	5	7	5	5	4	7	8	6	3
Smith	1	5	7	3	2	5	6	9	7
Terrill	8	6	8	6	..	7

C. W. FEIGENSPAN.

Country Club of Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., Jan. 20.—The shooting of the Country Club took place in the afternoon. The weather was fine, the birds fast and the sport good. There were eight sweepstakes. The first

six were at 5 birds each, \$5 entrance, birds extra. The remaining two were at 5 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
E Gould, 25	01120	11101	25. 01211	25. 1200
D M Harris, 29	11100	12101	29. 100	29. 11122
J Converse, 26	11200	0100	26. 21010	26. 00
K P Thomas, 27	11200	21111	27. 12121	30. 200
F Potts, 26	21121	27. 12111	28. 0
J T Richards	26. 1211
	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
E Gould, 25	12021	25. 010	25. 0120	..
D M Harris, 30	1200	30. 0220	30. 2202	..
J Converse, 26	0200	26. 0222	26. 12221	26. 11111
K P Thomas, 30	1020	30. 12201	31. 210	29. 110
F Potts, 28	10212	29. 00	28. 220	27. 012
J T Richards, 27	01110

WM. A. HAMILTON, Sec'y.

Jeannett Gun Club.

The Jeannett Gun Club held their club live-bird contest of 1900 at the Guttenberg race track on Friday, Jan. 19. The weather was simply abominable. The fog was so thick that it was most difficult to see a bird, particularly a dark pigeon, after the first barrel was fired.

The club members turned out in good numbers, however, and the popular president, Mr. Fred Ehlen, still retains the high favor of the individual members, as shown by their attendance.

Mr. Otten had hard luck, as the right barrel of his Greener ejector refused to allow his gun to be closed when he was at the score for his tenth bird. He borrowed Mr. C. Meyer's Dally, and was somewhat handicapped on account of this gun being of greater drop than his own. He lost the fourth bird of the shoot-off; a dead out, and the trophy went to Schortemeier, who shot U. M. C. machine-loaded shotgun Rifleite in the first barrel, using E. C. in the second. Mr. Kid Peters, one of the club's junior class, won the Class B trophy from President Ehlen and Mr. J. Mohrmann on the second bird of their shoot-off. Mr. John Bohling, jr., won the president's trophy, Class B, for which he had tied the past six months with Mr. Mohrmann, by killing 5 out of 7, the latter killing but 3. Following are the officers elected for the year 1900: President, Fred Ehlen; Vice-President, F. Karstens; Treasurer, N. Brunnie; Secretary, W. P. Rottmann; Shooting Committee, H. Otten, chairman; C. Steffens, L. H. Schortemeier.

The scores follow. Mr. H. P. Fessenden was referee:			
F H Ehlen, 25	1220110221—8	J H Vaghts, 28	0121110112—8
J H Hainhorst, 28	111201*21—8	Capt Meyer, 25	1000212122—7
L Schortemeier, 30	221222222—10	J Kroeger, 28	1102111112—9
C Peters, 25	221212*220—8	F Karstens, 28	2211022111—9
H Pape, 28	02*2221222—8	J Henkle, 25	0201200202—5
H Otten, 30	1112211211—10	Wm Rolphs, 28	0110200120—5
W P Rottmann, 28	2220020020—5	J Schmitt, 25	2002001010—4
J Mohrmann, 25	222*111220—8	H Meyerdeck, 25	2*01120122—7
J Bohling, Jr., 28	2021202020—7	Clas Meyer, 28	0112102102—7
N Brunnie, 28	1102121111—9	W H Ringkopff, 30	2102101221—8

Shoot-off:			
F Ehlen, 25	20	C Peters, 25	22
L Schortemeier, 30	2222	H Otten, 30	111*

Match, 7 birds:
J Bohling, Jr., 25 2020222 | J Mohrmann, 25 | 110100 |

Team race, club championship:			
Peters' Team.		Ehlen's Team.	
Peters	122—3	Ehlen	222—3
Schortemeier	222—3	Otten	111—3
Hainhorst	211—3	Brunnie	121—3
Capt Meyer	120—2	Karstens	122—3
Kroeger	121—3	Ringkopff	211—3
C Meyer	122—3	Pape	000—0
Bohling	222—3	Vaghts	121—3
Mohrmann	111—3	Rottmann	002—1
Rolphs	012—2	Meyerdeck	010—1
Henkle	000—0—26	Schmitt	011—2—22

JOHNNIE JONES.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 14.—Four members of the St. Louis Gun Club engaged in a 100-bird race to-day, with the result that Ed Prendergast carried off the honors by scoring 91 out of 100. This, Mr. Charles Clark writes me, was quite a performance, for the birds were all prompt, vigorous flyers, and principally outgoers, so that it required very quick work to negotiate them successfully. Prendergast seemed to be the only one of the principals possessed of this knack, and his excellent time should be mainly responsible for his fine score. The start he made was not very impressive, but after the first string of 25 he finished very strong, making one run of 40 and scoring 71 out of the remaining 75, while three of his lost birds were dead out of bounds. This score on so superior a lot of birds is one of the best exhibitions of shooting skill displayed in St. Louis for some time.

Further evidence of the quality of the birds is shown by the score made by the other principals, for Chase, who finished second, only scored 85, and Collins, third, only 84. That each of these are capable performers they have over and again demonstrated. It will be remembered that Chase won the Lemp medal at the last Missouri State shoot in a long-drawn shoot-off, and on that occasion Prendergast was the runner-up. Chase's shooting on the first 50 was splendid, but he was unable to maintain this stride.

The weather conditions were perfect, though there was little wind:

E Prendergast	22100202012112211211*1221—20
	211121222222211221122111—25
	11221222122*112*112122112—23
	11221121121212101*1121—23—91
Chase	2222020222121222212222—23
	212222222222221022120122—23
	22220122211002222*1222201—20
	0120102222212122121022112—19—85
H B Collins	22212222011212212102212101

The live-bird programme consists of miss-and-outs and a 25-bird handicap, entrance \$15, birds extra, at 25 cents each, and \$200 added. The handicaps will range from 26 to 33yds., with the dead line at the latter mark. High guns will be in vogue, and there will be one money for every two entries. All entries for this event must be made by Feb. 13, and accompanied by a forfeit of \$5, though penalty entries will be accepted up to the closing of the third round. Five dollars additional will be charged all such entries. Mr. C. E. De Long, secretary, is the person with whom the entries can be made.

A rate of one and one-third fare has been granted for this occasion by all the railroads from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains. This will be on the certificate plan, and parties desiring to get this rate must pay full fare to the Springs, taking a receipt for the same, which, when properly signed, will entitle them to a return ticket for one-third fare.

The tournament will be held at Whittington Park, which can be reached by electric line from any part of the city in from five to fifteen minutes. The Sergeant system of trapping will be used for targets, and shooting will commence promptly at 9 A. M. each day.

Interstate rules will govern in all events. Those desiring to ship their guns and shells in advance should send them to Dr. A. U. Williams, president Arkansas Gun Club, Hot Springs, Ark. Communications pertaining to the tournament should also be addressed to this gentleman, as well as all inquiries for programmes. For hotel accommodations consult the programme.

After Honors.

Mr. J. T. Lloyd, of Pine Bluff, has challenged Mr. C. E. De Long, of Hot Springs, the present holder of the Arkansas championship emblem, to a contest for its possession. The latter has accepted and named Hot Springs as the place for said contest, and Thursday, Jan. 25, as the date. The conditions, are 50 single targets, unknown angles.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Week at Watson's.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 20.—There was rather more shooting than usual at Watson's Park this week, what with two club shoots, the sportsmen's trophy, a scratch race or two and a little practice shooting, to say nothing of a team race between Glen View Golf Club and Washington Park Club (which latter, however, was not shot at Watson's, but at Washington Park grounds). The weather throughout the week has been dull, cloudy and rainy, the temperature not low, but the conditions on the whole not suitable for pleasant shooting.

Monday.

On Monday, Jan. 15, a little 50-bird race was shot at Watson's Park between J. R. Williams and J. B. Wilson. The men tied on 34, tied again on the first string of 5 birds, and went out again with only one bird between them at the end of the next 5, Wilson winning. Score:

J. R. Williams.....	0000101111111111110122200—17	
J. B. Wilson.....	2220120201021012101221100—17—31	
	0202001000111120201101210—14	
	1212011120212122012221001—20—34	
Ties on 34:		
J. R. Williams.....	11112—5	21101—4
J. B. Wilson.....	11121—5	21111—5

Tuesday.

On Tuesday, Jan. 16, Messrs. R. Hammond and L. Lewis met at Watson's Park in a 25-bird race, which was won by Lewis, with a score of 21 to 17. Score:

R. Hammond.....	01201202201010111001102122—17	
L. Lewis.....	2121211112210012012212022—21	
On the same day Mr. M. Harris and Mr. V. Parker indulged in a little practice as below:		
M. Harris.....	1211212222—10	
V. Parker.....	20202002202110—8	

Glenview Golf—Washington Park.

On Tuesday, Jan. 16, the second contest between teams of the Glenview Golf Club and the Washington Park Golf Club was held at the grounds of the latter club. In the first contest Glenview won, but this time Washington Park went out with 10 birds to the good. The men shot in five-men teams, 25 birds per man, the scores being 100 to 93. It is not yet determined where the rubber will be shot off, though it is not likely that this will occur on any neutral grounds. The following scores were made in the contest:

Glenview Golf Club.	Washington Park Golf Club.
N. L. Hoyt.....20	E. L. Hunter.....21
P. B. Hoyt.....19	C. S. Hunter.....21
J. B. Drake, Jr.....17	J. F. Howell.....19
G. A. Thorne.....19	R. Donally.....17
J. M. Sellers.....18—93	F. M. Smith.....22—100

Wednesday—Audubon Gun Club.

On Wednesday, Jan. 17, at Watson's Park, the Audubon Club, of Chicago held a field day with a double bill. The first contest was the shooting off of the tie for the second prize on last year's averages, six men being tied. The handicap was by distance and birds added to the score, and the race was at 10 birds. Col. Felton, Mr. O'Dell and Mr. Wilcox were tied on 10. They divided the money, and Mr. O'Dell took the prize. The birds in this shoot were extremely hot ones, though the light was bad, and rain was falling. The following are the scores:

C. E. Felton, 29, 1.....	2222122122—10
F. R. Bissell, 28, 1.....	1100*00101—5
F. H. Lord, 30, 0.....	112001111—8
H. O'Dell, 29, 1.....	2221022122—10
O. Von Lengerke, 30, 0.....	202022222—8
C. S. Wilcox, 28, 1.....	2121212201—10

Immediately following the tie contest the regular monthly shoot of Audubon Club was held, and turned out to be a very spirited contest, lasting well into the darkness of a gloomy afternoon. All the men shot at scratch, 30yds., nothing added, the contest being at 15 birds. Von Lengerke and Wilcox tied on 14, and their shoot-off was one of the most interesting seen on the grounds for a good while, the men having to go into the fifth frame of 5 birds for a decision. Mr. Von Lengerke won, Mr. Wilcox missing his third bird in the last string. Scores:

O'Dell.....	220102110212121—12
C. E. Felton.....	1022210w
Von Lengerke.....	22202222222222—14
F. R. Bissell.....	011*210w
J. M. Gillespie.....	012121221220210—12
J. H. Amberg.....	12212212*2*2020—11
C. S. Wilcox.....	222312*1212122—11
F. H. Lord.....	222120211211022—13

Ties on 14:
Von Lengerke.....2*222 22220 22022 22222 22222
Wilcox.....21022 11101 20212 22222 1202

At the annual meeting of the Audubon Gun Club, held Jan. 13, J. H. Amberg was elected President; W. P. Mussey, Vice-President; F. R. Bissell, Secretary and Treasurer. Board of Directors, H. O. Stone, O. Von Lengerke, F. H. Lord, C. S. Wilcox, J. M. Gillespie.

Thursday.

No one appeared at Watson's on this day, as the weather was too bad to permit of any shooting.

Friday—The Sportsman's Trophy.

Eighteen contestants met for the ninth contest of the series for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy at Watson's on Friday afternoon, Jan. 19. The birds were mixed, the light was bad and it grew quite black early in the afternoon. J. B. Barto won the race in a pounding finish, with E. M. Steck, going into the third frame of the ties. Mr. Steck won the high average medal for largest number of consecutive kills. Clempson and Roll divided in the tie on 14. Young won third place alone, and H. E. Lee fourth place alone. The winning of the medal by Mr. Barto was a popular one. Mr. Barto is one of the most faithful live-bird shooters we have, and his name nearly always appears in an honorable position, though he seems to have been in rather hard luck in getting into first place in these trophy contests. He shot in splendid form to-day, and would have been a hard man to beat. The following are the scores of the day:

Clempson, 31, 0.....	22220222121222—14
Go Roll, 30, 1.....	2222122001112111—14
Di Shaw, 30, 1.....	122121122120121—15
H. O'Dell, 30, 3.....	1221222*1111212—15
S. Palmer, 30, 2.....	2*1222122122*220—14
Bingham, 30, 2.....	222220222022212—15
H. Lee, 30, 3.....	2212002122212022—15
W. B. Leffingwell, 30, 2.....	222222112212201—15
H. E. Lee, 28, 3.....	102120*22012220022—12
J. M. Gillis, 30, 2.....	12111112121112—15
J. L. White, 30, 2.....	10212*22212121222—15
O'Brien, 30, 2.....	222011121212122—15
S. E. Young, 30, 3.....	22220020120222111—13
C. S. Wilcox, 30, 2.....	221222210222212—15
J. B. Barto, 30, 2.....	1120121122121211—15
E. M. Steck, 30, 2.....	221221222111221—15
J. H. Amberg, 30, 2.....	021221122111111—15
Eaton, 28, 3.....	11212112022101221—15

Ties on 15:		
Shaw, 0.....	12222 0	
O'Dell, 1.....	10221 10	
Ringham, 0.....	21211 1210	
Eaton, 1.....	010	
H. Lee, 1.....	20122 20*	
Leffingwell, 0.....	12*	
Gillis, 0.....	11110	
White, 0.....	10	
O'Brien, 0.....	10	
Wilcox, 0.....	*	
Barto, 0.....	22211 11122 21122	
Steck, 0.....	22222 21222 21222	120
Amberg, 0.....	w	

In the ties on 14 Clempson, Roll and Palmer put in \$5 apiece and shot at 25 birds, just to make matters more interesting, Clempson and Roll dividing. Score:

Clempson.....	12122211222*112222011122—23
Roll.....	11121211210121112011212—23
Palmer.....	222112112222022121020022—21

Saturday—Eureka Gun Club.

The regular bi-monthly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club was shot at Watson's Park to-day, Jan. 20, with the following results:

Holliday, 31.....	2200222220—7	Dead Out, 30.....	2222200202—7
R. B. Mack, 28.....	2000212021—6	Dr Carson, 28.....	211202211—9
F. H. Mitchell, 27.....	122111002—8	L. C. Willard, 31.....	1122212012—9
Dr Miller, 30.....	2211121012—9	F. E. Willard, 30.....	2211220001—7
Mrs Carson, 26.....	2022002201—4	G. K. Milliken, 28.....	0220020010—4
H. B. Morgan, 28.....	1001111121—8	Ed Steck, 30.....	221212222—10
J. G. Lovell, 28.....	1212212210—9	A. Sundermeier, 28.....	2200102002—5
A. W. Adams, 30.....	110121000—6		

Seven-bird sweep:			
Steck.....	1122202—6	Dr Carson.....	0022111—5
F. E. Willard.....	121002—5	A. Walters.....	101222—6
L. C. Willard.....	2222121—7	J. Bowles.....	0000121—3
Parker.....	2111220—6	H. Rubel.....	222222—7
Miller.....	2211220—6	Stockdale.....	2220212—6
Lovell.....	1012210—5		

Practice:	Shot at.	Killed.	Shot at.	Killed.
L. C. Willard.....	20	18	Mack.....	8 6
Wade.....	20	17	Adams.....	7 5
Skelley.....	20	15	Morgan.....	6 5
K. M. Parker.....	29	26	Boos.....	5 4
J. G. Parker.....	10	4	Miller.....	5 4
Lovell.....	15	10	Summeyers.....	7 5
Milligan.....	13	8	N. Hartman.....	8 4
Mitchell.....	10	6		

Chicago Sportsmen's Park.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago Sportsmen's shooting park, called for some day this following week, the date not yet being determined. It is desired that some of the more prominent members, such as Tom Marshall, Tom Lafin, Chan Powers, etc., shall be present at the meeting, and as these men will probably all be at Danville shoot this week, it is thought that the meeting of organization in Chicago should immediately follow Danville shoot. The sum of \$10,000 is subscribed. There are options held on two or three different sites for the park. Representatives of John Watson state that he may be moved into the new park by May 1.

Friends of John Watson will be pained to learn of the death of his aged mother this week. Mr. and Mrs. Watson have gone East to the mother's former home in New Jersey, where the burial will take place. Mr. Watson himself, who has been in bad health this winter, is now much better, and is expected to be quite himself again.

E. Hough.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Carteret Gun Club.

Garden City, L. I., Jan. 19.—There was a dull light. Fairly good birds made rather difficult shooting. In the cup contest at 25 birds Welch won in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, with Strong, the latter losing his fifth bird. The scores:

Cup contest, handicap sweepstakes, \$25 each, 25 birds:	
C. G. Strong, 30.....	2222212222222*20222222—23
R. A. Welch, 30.....	22022222*111212222222—23
W. W. Smith, 29.....	110122211220211212*11222—22
W. S. Hill, 28.....	22222200222222222222—22
Dr Bradley, 30.....	222222*222212220022222—22
Capt Money, 30.....	222202222*121221*2110w
H. Y. Dolan, 30.....	22221020220210w
W. J. Gordon, 27.....	*20202021*w
Walter Ferguson, 28.....	2222000w

The second cup contest was at 7 birds and resulted in a tie between Messrs. D. I. Bradley, R. A. Welch and W. W. Smith, Bradley winning in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, in the third round:

Cup contest, entrance \$10, handicap, 7 birds:	
D. I. Bradley, 30.....	2222222—7
R. A. Welch, 30.....	1122222—7
W. W. Smith, 29.....	1222222—7
Capt Money, 30.....	2222012—6
H. Y. Dolan, 30.....	2221201—6

Other events were shot as follows:
Handicap, miss-and-out: Bradley, 30yds., 8; Strong, 30, 8; Money, 30, 8; Dolan, 30, 7; Smith, 29, 4; Gordon, 27, 4; Hill, 28, 2; Ferguson, 29, 2; Walsh, 30, 1.

Sweepstakes, doubles, 3 pairs, 25yds.: Welch 5, Hill 5, Strong 4, Money 3, Smith 3, Gordon 2, Ferguson 2, Dolan 0, Bradley 0.

Miss-and-out, 32yds.: Strong 11, Ferguson 11, Bradley 10, Hill 3, Money 2, Dolan 1, Welch 1, Smith 0, Gordon 0.

Handicap sweepstake, miss-and-out: Dolan 6, Strong 6, Hill 6, Welch 5, Money 5, Bradley 3, Ferguson 3, Smith 1, Gordon 0.

Sweepstakes, miss-and-out, 34yds.: Hill 2, Ferguson 2, Dolan 1, Strong 1, Money 0, Smith 0, Gordon 0, Bradley 0, Hill and Ferguson divided.

Sweepstakes, miss-and-out, 32yds.: Strong 7, Money 7, Hill 7, Smith 3, Bradley 3, Dolan 2, Ferguson 0.

Sweepstakes, miss-and-out, 32yds.: Strong 2, Smith 2, Ferguson 2, Dolan 1, Money 0, Hill 0.

Handicap sweepstakes, miss-and-out: Strong 3, Money 3, Ferguson 2.

Handicap sweepstakes, miss-and-out: Strong 4, Money 4, Ferguson 3.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Jan. 18.—There were twenty-six contestants in the club shoot to-day. The contest was at 7 birds. Mr. J. B. Voorhees was the only shooter who killed his 7 straight. The scores follow:

J. I. Pillion, 27.....	22*2022—5	H. Freyler, 23.....	1001112—5
J. B. Voorhees, 27.....	2211212—7	J. Tredwell, 23.....	0000*02—1
R. Smith, 25.....	*122222—6	G. Morris, 26.....	222222—5
D. J. Heffner, 23.....	0121*02—4	C. Dwyer, 27.....	02001—2
J. McKenna, 27.....	121*202—5	J. S. Wood, 25.....	1200122—5
Capt Baldwin, 24.....	010110—4	P. Kramer, 25.....	1010000—2
H. J. Montanaro, Jr., 27.....	220*010—2	J. Webber, 25.....	0102000—2
A. Busch, 25.....	0*0*022—2	J. Weigel, 25.....	0020001—2
J. Yeete, 23.....	00*0011—2	S. J. Berry, 25.....	2001020—3
H. Krenika, 26.....	102*11—4	Dr Hill, 25.....	10101*—4
H. Koch, 27.....	2021102—5	J. Burns, 25.....	011101*—4
F. Van Fricken, 25.....	0021012—4	L. E. Allen.....	10
E. Beard, 23.....	2110101—5	P. Suss.....	11

Medicus Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Jan. 18.—The weather was uncomfortable, there being a cold rawness that penetrated the clothing searchingly. The arrangements were rather crude, but more perfect equipment will be installed, and shoots will be held on every Thursday, "Casey" in the match with "Miller" made the excellent score of 24 out of 25. The birds as a whole were inferior.

No. 1 was at 10 birds, \$3. No. 2 was at 3 birds, \$1 entrance; all stood at 29yds. Nos. 3 and 4 were 5-bird handicaps, \$2 entrance. Birds were extra, as there were two moneys in all events:

No. 1:			
Van Allen, 30.....	2202202222—8	Dr Creamer, 28.....	20*012101—6
Dutcher, 28.....	0122000200—4	Packard, 28.....	222102000—5
Schorly, 30.....	222222222—10	Scheubel, 28.....	2222222*2—9
Woods, 25.....	2010202012—6	Dr Webber, 29.....	222222222—10
Brewer, 31.....	222222222—10	Dr Kemble, 28.....	10*222122—8
Bender, 29.....	01*202222—7	O'Donohue, 26.....	1221012202—8

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Webber	112-3	29. 2021-4	22222-5
Kemble	200-1	29. 2012*-3
Van Allen	220-2	30. 22002-3	22222-5
Woods	002-1	25. 02020-2	2202-3
Creamer	001-1	28. 01121-4	22202-4
Schorly	201-2	30. 22202-4	22222-5
Scheubel	021-2	28. 22220-4	22222-5
Brewer	222-3	31. 22222-5	22222-5
Packard	121-3	28. *2012-3	22222-5
Bender	29. 21002-3	22021-4
Dutcher	28. 20110-3	22021-4

Match, 25 birds, "Casey" vs. "Miller.":
Mike Casey, 29.....12222221222222202222222—24
R. Miller, 29.....01121100*011111022202*11—17

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 16.—There were thirty-eight shooters who participated in the main event of the Emerald Gun Club to-day at Dexter Park. Dr. G. V. Hudson, H. Quinn and S. M. Van Allen were the only ones to kill 10 straight. The scores:

E. O. Weiss, 28.....	1120022*1*—6	C. Stuetzle, 27.....	2000220*20—4
Dr S. Hudson, 29.....	1212221112—10	Dr O'Donohue, 26.....	0200122022—6
Dr O'Connell, 29.....	2222222020—8	J. Gallin, 26.....	2122012002—7
C. W. Billings, 28.....	21*1*22221—8	J. S. Remsen, 29.....	222220222—8
G. K. Breit, 26.....	0011222222—8	C. M. Lincoln, 25.....	0202102210—6
B. F. Amend, 28.....	220*22221—8	Dr Stillman, 28.....	2221220122—9
Wm Toerger, 28.....	2101121*11—8	H. Quinn, 28.....	2221212121—10
T. P. Keenan, 25.....	2020201102—6	M. Wrightman, 28.....	2222121101—9
J. J. Pillion, 28.....	2022222022—8	R. H. Norton, 28.....	10*0222222—7
A. Schoverling, 25.....	*202010122—5	S. Van Allen, 29.....	1122122122—10
J. H. Moore, 28.....	1211111102—9	Hilmer, 28.....	0012212120—7
H. P. Fessenden, 28.....	02222220*2—7	Rathgen, 28.....	0102120020—5
U. F. Bender, 28.....	2202222222—9	Dr Creamer, 28.....	0121010212—7
T. Short, 28.....	2221222021—9	Woods, 28.....	*120002220—5
G. V. Hillers, 28.....	2221020*20—6	D. Mohrman, 27.....	2020221222—8
W. Sands, 29.....	0222222202—8	H. Anderson, 27.....	0101200110—6
G. Greiff, 29.....	22*2222120—8	J. I. Hallowell, 29.....	222220202*—7
E. J. Clarke, 29.....	1022222002—7	J. Fanning, 29.....	22222*22121—9
A. Duncourt, 25.....	2001000221—5	W. Wolf, 28.....	211002020—6

Sportsmen's Show Tournament.

THE programme of the Inanimate Target Tournament to be given in connection with the Sportsmen's show, in Madison Square Garden, March 1 to 17 (Sundays excepted), is as follows: J. A. H. Dressel is the secretary-treasurer and general manager, 280 Broadway, New York.

Committee: Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; Edward Banks, secretary; Wm. M. (U. M. C.) Thomas, Bernard Waters.

INTRODUCTION.

"The management of the National Sportsmen's Association, in deciding to hold an inanimate target tournament in connection with its annual Sportsmen's show, March 2-15, 1899, hit upon something entirely new and startling in the line of attractions. When first suggested, the scheme did not seem at all practical, but later developments have proved the feasibility of the plan."

The foregoing lines are the first paragraph of the introduction to the programme for the inanimate target tournament held last year under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association on the roof of the Madison Square Garden. The outcome of that tournament, notwithstanding a more than usual amount of bad weather during the shoot, proved that not only was such a tournament practical, but that it was a great attraction to the non-shooting public, as well as to those who handle shotguns.

Last year's programme made provision for three distinct competitions each day, viz.: The Continuous match, the Sportsmen's Association championship and the sweepstake and special matches. The experience gained in 1899 has taught the management that special matches and sweepstake events are not possible on the programme for 1900; therefore, this year the Continuous match—a test of nerve as well as of skill—and the Sportsmen's Association championship—a test of nerve and class ability—will be the only features on the programme of the tournament that will be held March 1-17, 1900.

As was the case last year, a magautrap, run by an electric motor, will be used to throw the targets.

The services of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, have been specially engaged for this tournament, which will be under his sole management. Mr. Shaner's national fame in this line is a guarantee that the competitions set forth in the programme will be smoothly, fairly and successfully carried out. He will be assisted by a corps of aides, who have been selected by him for their eminent fitness in such matters.

The hours of shooting will be from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., on each day that the Sportsmen's show is open to the public, with the exception of Wednesdays and Saturdays, on which days, owing to the matinees in the Garden Theater, shooting will end at 1:30 P. M. On these days the Sportsmen's Association championship will be the only competition, commencing at 10 A. M., and closing at 1:30 P. M.

The Continuous Match.—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. to 12:30 P. M.—Four prizes are donated by the National Sportsmen's Association to the four men making the four longest runs of consecutive breaks in this competition. No man can win more than one of these four prizes. No run of consecutive breaks made in any other competition will be allowed to count for prizes in the Continuous match. All targets will be thrown at unknown angles. Entrance fee, 25 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited.

Prizes.—To the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a handsome trophy. To the shooter making the second longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a gold medal. To the shooter making the third longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a silver medal. To the shooter making the fourth longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a bronze medal. In addition to the above four prizes, the management will donate each day a prize to the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks on that day in this competition.

Sportsmen's Association Championship.—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 12:30 P. M. to 5 P. M.—Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.—Conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited. From Thursday, March 1, until Friday, March 16, inclusive, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, as above mentioned, the traps will be open from 12:30 to 5 P. M. for shooters to qualify for the final round in the Championship contest, which will take place on Saturday, March 17. The conditions of the final round will be 100 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance price of targets at 1½ cents each.

Those eligible to compete in the final round of the Championship contest will be the twenty-five shooters having respectively the twenty-five highest totals made in the previous "qualifying rounds" shot on any of the preceding days of the tournament.

No shooter can qualify with more than one score, that score being the highest made by him in the "qualifying rounds."

As re-entries for the qualifying rounds are unlimited, any shooter can, during the qualifying rounds, try to better any record made by him in previous rounds.

Prizes.—To the winner in the final round of the Championship contest will be donated a handsome trophy, emblematic of the Sportsmen's Association championship. This trophy becomes the property of the winner. To the shooter making the second highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a gold medal. To the shooter making the third highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a silver medal. To the shooter making the fourth highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a bronze medal. In addition to the above prizes, the management will donate a prize each day to the shooter making the highest score in the qualifying rounds shot on that day.

Special.—A special prize in the shape of a handsome gold medal will be given by the National Sportsmen's Association to the shooter making the best general average for the Sportsmen's Association Championship.

To qualify for this prize, a shooter must take part in the competition every day, his final score for the Sportsmen's Association championship being also counted for average. No re-entry score will be counted; should a contestant shoot two or more scores of 100 targets each day on any one day, his first score on that day shall alone be credited for average.

To the shooter making the second best average under the above conditions, will be awarded a silver medal.

To the shooter making the third best average under the above conditions will be awarded a bronze medal.

Note.—Any question that may arise, and that is not covered by the above conditions, will be passed upon and decided by the committee.

Intending contestants can ship guns and shells in care of James C. Young, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Baltimore Shooting Association Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 18.—Again the Baltimore Shooting Association is in the field for a target and live bird tournament, as has been their custom each spring and fall for the past three or four years. By reference to the "Fixture" column it will be observed we have claimed the second week in April—10th to 13th, inclusive—as the dates for our regular annual spring tournament, as that is, at the present writing, the only absolutely open week during the month. We have endeavored to respect the reservations of other clubs and associations throughout the entire tournament section, so as to avoid if possible detracting from the attendance at other points by selecting dates that were not at that time reserved by others, and having chosen an entirely open week we trust we may receive that consideration from others as we are always ready to extend.

Twice a year for the past three years has this Association given a tournament, not for the purpose of making money, for we do not need it, but for the sole purpose of drawing together that happiest and most jovial crowd of men that ever assembled together, and we have never added less than \$200, and at times have added as high as \$500, with that one object in view.

In October, 1898, we decided we would hold a tournament in the spring of 1899, and claimed our dates some four or five months ahead, thinking our rights would at least be respected by the Eastern section of the country; but we found that "white man" is just about as uncertain in one locality as another. We had selected the week immediately preceding the Grand American Handicap, but much to our surprise, just as we were ready to go to press with our programme, we found another had claimed the same dates, and this, some three or four months subsequent to our reservation, with the hope of catching the Western shooters in large numbers as they journeyed toward Elkwood Park. We at once wrote and called attention to the fact, and requested another date be selected; but no, they would not change under any consideration, nor for anybody. Their action forced us to give way, and we were compelled to choose the fourth week in April, and two weeks following the close of the Grand American Handicap.

This we did, and went to press with our programmes, and after they were out, and it became too late to make another change, we found, much to our chagrin, that those who had "jumped our claim" and forced us to change new dates, had themselves been

forced to abandon entirely their proposed tournament because of the apparent utter failure on account of lack of support. Had it not been for this display of selfishness on the part of those well known among the trapshooting fraternity our spring tournament of 1899 would have proved an entire success, as we have since learned, whereas it was but poorly supported, causing us quite a heavy loss financially and principally owing to the action of those referred to.

We intend to be as liberal in our forthcoming effort as has characterized our former tournaments in the way of added money, and as we have selected dates which have not up to this time been claimed by others, and for that reason ought not to interfere to prevent those from coming who may so desire, we trust we shall receive the hearty support of all who may desire a pleasant time and a successful shoot.

Begin right now and make your arrangements to be on hand and write for programmes to the undersigned. Above all things, don't forget the dates, namely, April 10, 11, 12 and 13, the week immediately following the Grand American Handicap—two days targets and two days live birds, with added money.

H. P. COLLINS, Sec'y.

Monumental Shooting Park.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 18.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Appended find clipping from the Baltimore Sun; it explains itself. We will send several thousand invitations, and have aimed to invite shooters who have not been prominent at the traps.

We are getting up a handsome souvenir programme, and will send one to each of those invited, also quantity to different nearby points for distribution. These programmes will go direct to the shooters, particularly the field and water fowl shooters, whom we are trying to interest in trapshooting. You can aid us, and at the same time put your ad. in the hands of men that will be of profit to you. A full page ad., \$5.

H. M. GILBERT, Sec'y.

Monumental Shooting Park, Marine Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

"The invitation shoot and convention in this city, by which it is proposed to bring together those interested in the shotgun sport at the trap has been arranged for Feb. 15. The shooting will be held at Monumental Park, Westport, and the convention at the Carrollton Hotel in the evening."

"One object of the gathering is to bring together the shooters who enjoy the sport on field and water, but who have not been prominent at trap work. As has been explained in these columns, there are thousands of sportsmen in Maryland who are good shots, but who have been outclassed by those who are constantly practicing at the traps. The experts have so far outclassed the novices that the beginner has had no chance unless he was willing to do what the experts had done—spend much money in learning the trapshooting."

"In the invitation contests a programme will be made up in an experimental way by classifying the men. Some good shots have failed in their first efforts to score more than one or two birds or targets in ten, but have quickly gained the knack and shot in higher classes. The present system of handicapping by distance has not brought out these shooters to any extent. Now and then a trapshooter has developed from small clubs in the counties."

"In the evening of the day of the invitation shoot those present will be given a chance to suggest ways and means by which the necessary reforms can be accomplished. The Monumental Shooting park and club house are to be thrown open during the entire season of 1900 free of cost to all shooters of good character. There is to be no expense for use of grounds, traps or club house. If the shooters desire to form classes they can do so, and by rotation of applications secure certain hours during which they alone can shoot without other cost than that of targets or birds shot at. These charges are to be the same as are paid on club grounds."

"It is believed that should sufficient interest be shown, the convention will be the means of starting many clubs at different points in this State. In a short while these clubs would be strong enough to shoot matches on one another's grounds, and once or twice yearly a general tournament could be held, the marksmen shooting in classes, those in each class being handicapped. Many other good results will, it is thought, ensue if the shooters in the State attend the meeting and give the subject their ideas and their moral support. It is not the object to form an organization at the meeting, but to swap opinions and get acquainted, and revive a sport that belongs to the State."

"To 261 deputy game wardens of Maryland and others who take interest in shooting, making a list of more than 300 persons, the following letter has been sent by Mr. Howard M. Gilbert, at the Marine Bank Building:

"No doubt you have read the numerous articles in the Baltimore Sun relating to the reviving of trapshooting throughout our State. We do earnestly and respectfully ask you as a sportsman to help us in this undertaking. There will be a meeting at the Monumental Shooting Park, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 15, 1900, at 2 P. M., and in the evening a convention will be held at the Carrollton Hotel, at which time all suggestions to further the interests of this sport will be discussed. You and your friends are extended a most cordial invitation to be present. If convenient, kindly mail me the names and addresses of all the shooters in your immediate vicinity."

"When replies are received from the persons invitations and programmes will be mailed to each address given. As there must necessarily be many who do not receive invitations or who, receiving invitations, cannot be present, they are requested to send their views by mail to Mr. Howard M. Gilbert, Secretary, Monumental Shooting Park."

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 17.—The drop in temperature Wednesday last was fully equalled by the drop in scores ere the conclusion of the shooting on Boston Gun Club grounds, at Wellington, Jan. 17. Both were simply ragged, and very little improvement was observable from beginning to end of afternoon.

No shooter excelled, so all felt resigned perhaps, excepting the back-mark man, who, with the wind taking the targets far and wide and high up, considered he was "outgunned," then as if to prove himself mistaken broke 8 out of 5 pairs, showing it he could plant two shots effectively he, as well as his gun, was in all probability equal to one even at 21 yds. rise.

A bad wind did manage to make the shooting interesting, but those present accepted the conditions with good grace.

Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17.....	7	5	6	8	7	4	5	6	9	6	9
Miskay, 18.....	9	6	5	6	8	7
Leroy, 21.....	8	7	5	7	5	8	9	8
Griffiths, 19.....	7	5	7	6	9	7	6	3	6	8	..
Howe, 19.....	5	7	6	8	5	7	7	4	4	7	9
Johns, 16.....	3	2	2	3	4	5	8	5	7	9	..
Horace, 18.....
Baker, 16.....	5	3	6	8	5	5	9	9	3
Poor, 15.....	6	2	..	2	3	2
Williams, 15.....	..	4	..	6	7	5
Spencer, 18.....	8	8	3	6	6	3	7

Nos. 3, 6 and 8 were at 5 pairs. All events unknown angles, from magautrap. Events 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, all 16 yds. rise.

Merchandise match, 30 targets, 20 singles and 5 pairs; distance handicap:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Griffiths, 19.....	0011011101101111101	15	10	11	01	11	01	11	01	7	22
Leroy, 21.....	101101110110110000	12	10	11	11	10	11	8	20
Miskay, 18.....	000110101100111111	14	11	11	10	10	10	7	21
Howe, 19.....	101101110110110011	13	10	01	11	11	11	7	20
Gordon, 17.....	1110011111111011010	15	00	10	11	10	00	4	19
Baker, 16.....	0111111101100011010	13	10	10	10	01	10	5	18
Williams, 15.....	1001101100110101111	13	11	01	10	10	00	5	18
Spencer, 18.....	1011100101010111100	12	00	10	01	01	00	3	15
Johns, 16.....	00101000100100001011	7	01	00	10	11	01	5	12
Poor, 15.....	0100000010000100011	5	10	00	01	00	00	2	7

The Interstate Association Handicap Committee.

The following communication explains itself:

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I take pleasure in informing you that the gentlemen named below have been asked to serve on the Handicap Committee for the Grand American Handicap next April, and I am also pleased to state that I have received a favorable reply from each of the gentlemen named. The committee therefore stands:

Jacob Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing, Chairman.
B. Waters, of Forest and Stream.
W. R. Hobart, of American Field.
Will K. Park, of Sporting Life.
Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.
C. D. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.
Elmer E. Shaner, Manager Interstate Association.
EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y,
Interstate Association.

Greater New York Challenge Trophy.

Rules Governing the Contests for the Greater New York Championship.

1. This trophy shall be emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the city of Greater New York, and the competitions therefor shall be open only to bona fide residents of that city.

2. The conditions governing the first contest shall be open to all as per Rule 1, 50 artificial targets, unknown angles, or from the magautrap; entrance fee the price of targets at the first contest, which shall take place at the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds, on Feb. 14, 1900.

3. The winner at the first contest shall be subject to challenge. The challengers may be one or more in number, who shall compete at the same time, and share in a total entrance of \$5 for subsequent competitions. The winner takes the money and is himself subject to challenge for the cup. In case the number of challengers at any contest shall exceed five, each additional challenger shall pay an entrance fee of \$1 and the balance so accruing shall be divided into 60 and 40 per cent., for the second and third high guns. In the challenge contests the targets shall be charged for in addition to the entrance fee. All ties shall be shot at 25 targets and under the same rules.

4. The contests shall all take place on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club until the completion of the Interstate Park, after which they will be shot there, and the rules of the Interstate Association shall govern all points not herein provided for.

5. The trophy shall become the personal property of the shooter winning it three times consecutively.

6. The contests shall take place on the second Wednesday of each month. Two weeks' notice of the same must be given to John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, who, with a committee to be appointed by the donors of the trophy, will have charge of the arrangements, appoint a referee and settle all disputes.

7. The donors of this trophy reserve the right to change the conditions at any time, it being understood, however, that any persons having wins of the cup shall have due credit for the same. The committee also have authority to reject any entries which may be offered.

8. The committee above referred to may demand satisfactory security for the return of the cup. Any winner failing to produce it at any contest shall forfeit his rights in it.

Committee—W. H. Sanders, W. R. Hobart, John S. Wright, 318 Broadway, New York.

East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw.

SAGINAW, Mich., Jan. 16.—The first live pigeon shoot, and one of the most successful shoots ever held by the East Side Gun Club, was held Jan. 14, when it pulled off its first live pigeon shoot at its grounds.

Over 1,000 people were present, and much interest was shown in the events. Three events of 5 birds each were shot.

All of the birds expected did not arrive, and it somewhat limited the number who would participate, but the shoot was not less interesting, for the best shots of the city and surrounding places were present, and some pretty work was done.

The shoot resulted in a tie between John M. Mesner, of Saginaw, and John Cotter, of Bay City, each killing 13 out of 15 birds. The tie was shot off, Mesner getting 3 out of 4 and Cotter 2 out of 3 birds. Then the birds gave out, and the result had to be left undecided, and the silver mug, which was donated by the club, will be held until some arrangement can be made for shooting it off.

The scores for each 5-bird race are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
J. Bopp.....	2	2	2	6	Ed Carpenter.....	4	2	3	9
H. G. Krigmann.....	3	3	4	10	R. Tremper.....	4	4
Wm. M. Nougelle.....	1	2	2	5	E. Heyde.....	2	4	0	6
J. Wolf, Jr.....	2	3	..	5	M. Y. Baum.....	3	2
J. Lafayette.....	2	3	4	9	F. Felton.....	4	5	..	9
J. Delonge.....	1	1	2	4	F. A. Bastian.....	..	2	2	4
G. Lamb.....	0	3	3	6	W. C. Held.....	..	0	1	1
J. M. Messner.....	4	4	5	14	H. Henry.....	..	5	..	5
G. R. Endert.....	3	4	1	8	J. Martindale.....	..	2	2
J. Cotter.....	4	5	4	14	F. Betts.....	..	2	2
J. Wolf, Sr.....	3	3	V. Kinder.....	..	1	1
C. Schmidt.....	4	2	..	6	John G. Winkler.....	..	1	1
J. B. Baum.....	3	5	4	12

Mr. John cotter has one more bird to shoot.

JOHN M. MESSNER.

Boys haven't always a great imagination, but most of them have a good deal of tenacity. A man wishing to make himself pleasant to the little brother of his betrothed, told him to wish for something and he would give it to him. "A box of chocolates," said the boy. "What else?" asked the generous lover. "Another box of chocolates." "Oh, but wish for something else. Your little stomach couldn't hold all those chocolates." "Well, then," answered the boy, "another stomach."—Household Words.

Little Boy (to sister)—Look here, Kitty, we must be very naughty to-day, so that we can please mamma by promising on her birthday, to-morrow, that we will be better.—Tid-Bits.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. N., New York.—Can you or any of your readers inform me how to prevent the hair from falling out from a deer skin rug. I have a very handsome specimen, and have noticed recently that the hairs are falling out very freely. As it is a very fine skin, I would be obliged for information as to how to prevent its further thinning out. Ans. Possibly if the rug were dipped in a solution of alum it might be saved. Of course the alum would have to be worked out of the hair. If the rug is an old one probably the hairs are wearing off.

J. J. M., Lockport, N. Y.—I have just had an argument with a local sportsman regarding the rabbit law for this county (Niagara) and come to you as authority to settle the question. The man above referred to states that rabbits cannot be killed in this county except from the first day of September to the 15th day of December, and that he has the statement of the game protector for this district as authority. I have not so construed the law as contained in Game Laws in Brief, to which good publication I am a subscriber. Ans. As quoted in the Game Laws in Brief, there is no law whatever on hares or rabbits in Niagara county.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mexico and California.

Forty-six days' tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad personally conducted tour to Mexico and California, which leaves New York and Philadelphia on Feb. 12 (Pittsburg, Feb. 13) by special Pullman train, covers a large and intensely interesting portion of North America. Mexico, California and Colorado are a mighty trio in all that appeals to and fascinates the tourist.

Stops will be made at San Antonio, Tampico, Guanajuata, Guadalajara, Queretaro, City of Mexico (five days), Cuernavaca, Aguascalientes, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Jose (Mt. Hamilton), Del Monte, San Francisco (five days), Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Chicago and other points of interest. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico and nineteen in California.

The "Mexico and California Special," an exclusively Pullman train of Parlor-Smoking, Dining, Drawing-room Sleeping and Observation cars, will be used over the entire route.

Round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses during entire trip \$550 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad System east of Pittsburg; \$545 from Pittsburg. For itinerary and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; B. Courlander, Jr., Passenger Agent, Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Ady.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

SPORTSMAN AND FARMER.

A SUBJECT of growing importance, and to which increased attention must be given, is that of the relation which exist between the gunner looking for game and the farmer upon whose land the game is found. Several factors combine to give the trespass question its growing importance. The hosts of shooters have multiplied, and the area of available shooting territory has diminished. There are farmers and farmers, and sportsmen and sportsmen, and while sportsmen of one class may get along without friction with the farmers of another class, there are gunners and farmers who clash and will always be at odds.

For any valuable discussion of the subject and any intelligent endeavor to solve the problems involved, a clear understanding must be had of the respective rights and privileges of the two classes concerned.

The farmer owns his land, and the ownership gives him the exclusive right to enter upon it for whatever purpose. He may fence it in and warn all the rest of the world to stay off. It belongs to him. This is the fundamental fact which must be taken into account in any intelligent discussion of the rights of shooters. Legally one has no more right to enter upon a piece of land for shooting game on it than for building a house or digging a well. The man from town has no more legal right to shoot over the countryman's fields than the countryman would have to camp for the night in the town dweller's back yard, or to bunk on his front stoop.

On the other hand, while the dweller in town does not as a rule concede to the country stranger, coming from nobody knows where, the privilege of unhitching his horse and pitching his tent in the back yard, the country land owner has been accustomed to give the town gunner the privilege of the range of his fields to shoot and fish and camp; and this has been so long the conventional custom that the sportsman has come to accept the conceded privilege as an inalienable right.

The sooner we get back to first principles and recognize the exclusive right of the land owner to enter upon or to be upon his land, the more readily shall we consider the question in a way promising solution. To bicker over fancied rights, which do not exist, will obstruct. To accept the situation as it is, will facilitate its intelligent consideration. Two factors are working to encourage the owner of lands to adopt more stringent systems of trespass regulations. One is a purpose to be rid of the annoyance of trespassing gunners and their depredations. The other is an appreciation of the revenue which may be earned from the letting of shooting privileges. These statements apply, of course, only to certain regions and districts, where the old easy-going relations between farmers and shooters no longer persist.

Each of the two factors—trespass depredations and game revision—will grow in influence and importance.

If the decent, well-behaved, thoughtful and considerate sportsman finds himself barred out from shooting privileges by the land owners' enmity to gunners, he has only to thank the gunners whose misconduct has created the antipathy. And as the army of the lawless gunners is annually enlarging in the neighborhood of great centers of population, the opposition to their raids will be strengthened, rather than weakened.

If we are called upon to pay for the privilege of shooting, where once shooting was free to all, it is because the land owner has discovered that his game may be made productive of revenue; and he reasons that if the stranger who comes to him wants to shoot game, he may reasonably be required to make some return for the privilege.

In proportion as the value of game on the farm shall be recognized, the better will it be protected, and the more speedily shall we come to the solution of the problem of reasonable game protection. In place of apathy

and indifference to good game laws on the part of the general public, we shall have a lively interest and more game. As sportsmen we shall be better content to pay something for the privilege of shooting and the certainty of finding game, than to go on in the old way of shooting grounds free to all and depopulated of their game supply.

There is no real clashing of interest between farmer and sportsman. What may now appear to be differences consist of nothing more than the friction involved in passing from the old order to a new.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

A LONG time ago, when men whose hair is now touched with silver were rioting boys, there was enshrined in many hearts a name now almost forgotten. It was that of a writer whose fame, as it seemed to them, could never die. He told of lands that were far away, and of people that were strange, and of animals that all had heard of, but none had seen; and about the inhabitants of these distant lands he wove romances so charming, so exciting, and withal so full of instruction that in all the range of boyhood's literature there was nothing that could equal them.

Sometimes his tales were of boys no older than ourselves, but whose opportunities were far greater. We followed them over the prairie and among the mountains, galloped with Basil in the track of the mysterious white steed; listened, entranced, to the tales of wild animals and their ways that fell from the lips of the serious Lucien; or laughed at the pranks of the volatile Francois. In like manner we hunted with the Young Jagers through the land of the Boers, and as we grew older, scouted in the Mexican War, were captured by the Navajoes or the Greasers, or mingled with and marvelled at the strange characters of the far Southwest, and the manly trappers of the Rocky Mountains.

Later in life, not a few of these boys, who had now become men, traveled to and fro over the earth and visited in person those distant lands of which they had first learned through the writings of Capt. Mayne Reid. Through his tales some of them had imbibed a love for nature which led them to become naturalists, others a desire to see far countries which made them explorers, while others still became soldiers. Wherever they went or whatever they saw, they found that the descriptions given by Mayne Reid were essentially true to life, just as they remembered that the lessons taught by his writings were wholesome and worthy. It may well be that few of them took part in adventures so thrilling and so surprising as befell his characters, but then comparatively few men can become heroes of romance. Yet we may be sure that some of his readers have had adventures enough, in which, let us hope, they bore themselves well, and as Mayne Reid's heroes would have done.

Perhaps there never was a writer for boys who had a popularity so great and so well deserved as was Mayne Reid's. It is true that his stories were of hunting or of fighting and were intensely exciting; but mingled with all this was a great fund of natural history lore, drawn from the best sources then accessible, and calculated to make the boy love nature and observe it. Mayne Reid taught no lesson that was unworthy. The standard that he set was high, and he showed the importance of being honest and true, self-dependent, watchful, ready. His stories, we do not doubt, had a wholesome effect on the boys of the last generation. Mayne Reid's works are perhaps no longer read, and we are sorry for it. Except for one or two of the latest published over his name, but very likely not written by his pen, they were all good books, appealing to all that is best in a boy and instructing while they entertained him.

SNAP SHOTS.

As was foreseen, J. P. T. has found the lost bear for which he advertised in FOREST AND STREAM. The story was one of Mayne Reid's, and several correspondents have given reference to it. Moreover, we have in type the actual story as told in the "Hunters' Dream," and it shall be printed in our issue of next week. Meanwhile, for another bear story of the old-fashioned sort, told when men were men and bears were bears, and between the two was still strong an irreconcilable conflict as ancient as the days when the bears came down from the moun-

tains and devoured the children who had mocked "go up, thou bald head," commend us to Col. T. B. Thorpe's tale of the "Big Bear of Arkansas." It is one of the classics among the bear stories of the world.

We print in another column a note of the action of the Audubon Society in having introduced at Albany an amendment of the wild birds law. The statute, as amended, would read (wild birds meaning those other than game): "Wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time or possessed living or dead, *nor shall the plumage or skins or any part of such birds be so possessed.*" This clause in italics is the new provision. The end sought to be attained in this amendment by the Society is most commendable, and the step is an outgrowth of a recent attempt on the part of Mr. Dutcher to prosecute a Long Island bird plumage factory proprietor. Mr. Dutcher secured at the factory a number of fresh bird skins, and with that evidence sought to enforce the statute against the concern; but the prosecution failed because the law was held not to cover the case.

It is possible that if the amendment should be adopted the statute would be pushed to an extreme in the opposite direction; for it would involve every woman who wore a bird plume on her hat, the millinery shops and dry goods stores and all persons who have in possession bird skins or mounted birds as natural history specimens or home furnishing. In other words, it would be a law impracticable of enforcement, and such a law would be much less useful than the present one. As it certainly is not the intention of the Audubon Society to ask for a statute like this, the members of the law committee will doubtless be ready to modify the text in such a way as shall accomplish the real purpose without involving others which are impracticable.

One result of the hunting license systems is to give us some tangible evidence of the amount of game killed in a season. In Ontario, for example, last year more than 5,800 deer hunting licenses and hunters' permits were issued; and Chief Warden Tinsley writes: "I am sure that in allowing one deer to each license and permit holder we are giving a low average"; and going even beyond this, he estimates that fully 6,500 deer were taken in the Province during the season. These are very large figures; equally impressive are the statistics reported from other Provinces and from the States which have license systems. The game is shown to be a natural resource of wonderful recuperative power, despite the constant warfare upon it by the human race. The way in which the several species of wild life have thus maintained their place and their supply is one of the marvelous features of animal life.

For the Toledo Centennial Mr. John E. Gunkel is pushing his plan to have an extensive display of fisheries, to be housed in a huge building constructed in the form of a fish. He would make it "an exact fac-simile" of a gigantic small-mouthed black bass, 250 feet in length, 100 feet high and 45 feet wide; to be built of steel, iron and wood, and painted the natural color of the fish. In the fish he would have an aquarium, a fish hatchery, convention hall for the American Fisheries Society, and, of course, a pond for fly-casting contests.

In response to our Maryland correspondent's request for a form of organization of a farmers' protective association, we asked Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, for the constitution of the farmers' and sportsmen's society formed by him some years ago. If farmers are to combine, why should not sportsmen combine with them?

The annual report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shows that during the last year 85,895 dogs and cats were humanely destroyed by its agents. This is a decrease of 11 per cent. from the preceding record; and the difference is accounted for by the fact that the streets are no longer infested with vagrant animals.

We illustrate a handsome series of heads of mountain sheep and mountain goat secured by Mr. C. S. McClesney in the Rockies.

When you ask for a FOREST AND STREAM calendar, tell us whether you shoot, or fish, or sail a boat.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.—X.

Sammy Begins Drive's Education.

IN spite of Sam's grief for the old dog, within the week he brought home a puppy with blue mottled sides, black saddle and tail patches, a rat-like tail, sprawling, crooked tan legs, a brow prematurely furrowed by sorrows yet unknown, and black and tan ears that bedraggled an inch of their tips in his basin of milk. He was the unfinished picture of his aged predecessor, whose honored name was at once bestowed upon him and whose place it was hoped he might worthily fill. Of course, Sammy and he at once became great cronies and constant companions.

Sammy soon began the education of the puppy, a task which he felt himself quite competent to undertake, not by experience, but by inheritance from his father, a successful fox hunter and wise instructor of hounds. The boy did not ask his father's advice nor acquaint him with his plans perhaps thinking to surprise him with a well-trained young hound, or perhaps fearing that his ideas and his father's might not quite agree. He chose, rather, his little sister for his confidant and assistant, she having arrived at an age to make her his companion and a sharer in most of his pastimes.

One sunny and dewey morning while he was partaking of make-believe tea and bread and butter with her out of acorn cups and crockery shard plates in her play-house by the leach tub, the puppy suddenly made himself an unwelcome member of the company. As he sprawled upon his young master to bestow a caress, he cleared the barrel of all its outsetting of dishes, and the Barmecide feast they held, with one sweep of his long, slender tail. Then being repelled by a vigorous cuff, he attempted to bestow a similar token of affection on the chubby sister, which over-turned her and the block upon which she sat, and smothering her tearful outcry in a shower of dog kisses, seized her beloved rag doll, dragged it from her arms and was just making off with it when his flight was stopped by Sammy's catching him by the tail.

As he twisted and turned to repel this rear attack, he was caught more securely by the scruff of the neck, and the doll was dropped and quickly rescued to the little mother.

"Lay daown!" Sammy commanded, pulling the puppy's legs from under him, one by one, while he pressed him to the ground and sitting astride his back held him in that position in spite of his struggles.

"Lay daown, sir!" Sammy repeated, and triumphantly called to his sister, "See haow quick he l'arns!"

"Mean ol' fng," she sobbed, with angry glances through her tears. "Me hate him."

"That ain't nothin'; what he wants is tu git tu huntin'. Say, sis, you go an' git your kitty an' we'll l'arn him tu foller her track."

"I 'fraid he'll eat kitty same 's he eat dolly," the little sister protested.

"Pooh!" Sammy scoffed, "he can't ketch her. She'll climb up a tree 'fore he c'n git her!"

Being at last persuaded that no harm could come to her pet, she went in and presently reappeared with a half-grown kitten hanging over her arm in limp, quiescent discomfort, the mother cat following close at her heels in some anxiety for the welfare of her offspring. The cat stopped on the doorstep, beguiled by its sunny warmth, wherein she stretched herself, and through half-closed lids lazily watched her kittens being borne away, with Sammy in advance, dragging the reluctant puppy by one ear, out among the straggling, scraggy apple trees. The boy halted at the wall on the further side, and, holding the young hound between his knees, issued his orders.

"There, Sis, you put her daown there, an' let her foller you hum. Mog along kinder easy, an' don't go tew straight."

The kitten set down in the wet grass, put forth one tentative paw, withdrew it and shook the dew from it, put forth the other forepaw and withdrew it with a like protest against the unpleasant moisture, and then followed its little mistress in a series of trots and gallops, stopping now and then to mew a complaint, but for the most part keeping very close to the short, brown flannel skirt of its young mistress.

"It's too bad wet poo' kitty's foots! I wanter carry poo' kitty," she cried, stooping to take the kitten in her arms.

"Don't ye! Don't ye!" Sammy shouted. "You want'er l'arn her to run away from dawgs, or some on 'em 'll be a-killin' on her fust you know! Hunt 'em, Drive, hunt 'em, good dawg!" and he laid his pupil onto the fresh trail.

The dog knew not what to make of it all at first, then as his nostrils caught the reeking scent, he snuffed it eagerly, his slender tail thrashing his ribs while he whimpered in ecstasy of this new-found delight, till at last he went off on the track, giving tongue brokenly, yet almost melodiously. Sis sped away at the best pace her short legs could command, the kitten now close on her heels, now running before her. When the last apple tree was passed, she stumbled and fell sprawling over her pet. The pursuers were hard upon them, for though the puppy in his eagerness often overran the trail, he was quickly laid on to it by his young master, and so the kitten had scarcely scrambled out into light and freedom when the puppy was upon it. It uttered a peculiar squall, whereupon its mother came rushing to its rescue with glaring eyes and distended tail, arriving at the same moment with an old Tom summoned from some near retreat by the cry of distress, and both alighting at once upon the puppy, fell to clapper-clawing him savagely. A piteous outcry burst from the frightened hound; the cats yowled, spit and growled; Sammy shouted, "Scat! Git aout! Come 'ere!" all in the same breath; his sister screamed in an agony of alarm.

Then came the sound of Uncle Lisha's lapstone tumbling to the floor, followed by his voice roaring, "Good airth an' seas! Is it Injuns, or Ol' Scratch bruk

loose?" as he waddled out adjusting his spectacles and shading his eyes from the sun. Aunt Jerusha, Huldah, Timothy Lovel and Sam came swarming out of the door.

In their rear could be heard a muffled wail from Mrs. Purington. "Oh! is that mis'able haoun' pup eatin' up all the cats, or what is 't? Can't nob'dy tell me, or git me my smellin' salts, or du suthin' tu relieve my feelin's? Nobody knows what they be 'at hain't hed 'em!"

"What's all the haow-de-low 'baout, Sammy?" Sam asked when the wriggling heap of children, cats and dog had separated into its several constituent parts and the medley of noises had subsided to the suppressed sobbing of the little girl, the cooing endearments of her mother and Aunt Jerusha, and the whimpering of the trembling puppy.

The boy told the story as well as he could in his present shame and confusion, truthfully and without excuse except his desire to promote young Drive's education.

"I guess I wouldn't try tu break him on aour cats no more," his father said, after listening patiently, "if he should get a few more sech cat-clawin's he'd cal-late the 'wa'n't nothin' better tu find tu the end o' no sort o' track."

"The' won't nob'dy tell me nothin'," Mrs. Purington moaned between deep inhalations of hartshorn, "but I b'lieve that 'ere boy hes be'n pooty nigh—snooph—fur's I know, aout an' aout killed—snooph—ah—his little sister! 'T would be all right if he hed, I s'pose, 'cause he's Sa-ammy, an' she hain't nothin' but a gal, an' no name tu her back only Sis—snooph—ah! I should think you would scratch 'raount an' dig up one o' some sort afore that 'ere boy does kill her an' not a thing tu put on her tombstun. If her gran'ma's name hain't good enough for a Lovel, which the Bordens was 'spectable folks if they didn't go huntin' an' no more did the Pur'ntons, mebbey her gre't-gran'ma Bordens would, Polly Ann. But no, that couldn't be 'spected. Will anybody tell me if he hes killed her? You might know he would—fetched up tu go huntin', not vallyin' life one atom." She caught sight of a cricket crawling on the floor and promptly crushed it with her foot.

"Why, the' hain't nob'dy killed, mother," Huldah assured her, and Mrs. Purington consoled herself with a longer sniff of hartshorn. "I do' know but what Polly is a good name, an' 't 'll please aour Sis. It's queer we never thought on 't. An' Polly's short for Mary tew, which is good enough name for anybody. But I guess we'll leave off the Ann."

Mrs. Purington heaved a deep sigh, and filling its place with a long inhalation of ammonia, tried to content herself with this partial honor paid the maternal Bordens.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Game in the Philippines.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I could have carried out my plans in regard to shooting while at Manila, I should be able to give you some information as to the possibilities of sport in that direction in the Philippines.

During the last of July and the first two weeks in August, 1898, we were camped some three miles south of the Malate fort, which is the southern defense of the District of Malate, a residential suburb lying on the bay south of Manila. Of course we were confined pretty closely to our camp, and to guard duty in the trenches, and saw no animal life at all, excepting the native "caraboo," or water buffalo, domesticated by the natives, and some few monkeys brought into camp for sale from the interior.

After the fall of Manila I was planning to get a short leave, if possible, and try a hunt. Lieut. Benj. Koehler, of the Sixth Artillery, who was acting as the Second Lieutenant of the Astor Battery, knowing that I had spent a great deal of time in shooting and fishing, and having had no experience in that line himself, told me that he and some officer of the Third Artillery, whose name I have forgotten, desired to make such a trip, and that if I would find out where we should go and what we should take with us, and would make the necessary arrangements, he would secure permission from headquarters for us to be absent.

After inquiry I secured an introduction to a native gentleman of the city, who had been educated abroad. He was half-Spanish, by the way, and had done considerable shooting on the Island of Luzon. He informed me that by going some fifty miles to the northeastward of Manila buffalo could be obtained, though they were scarce. Within twenty miles of Manila, to the southeast, one could obtain large numbers of the small deer which are found in the northern part of the Archipelago. The Englishman who gave me a letter of introduction to this native, told me that some years previous to our meeting he had himself made one of a party, and that the six men who composed the party had secured one hundred and three deer in seven days.

Their method of hunting was to hire all the natives they could get hold of with their cur dogs and drive the jungle on some hillside, the hunters taking convenient stands, as is the custom in the canebrakes in the South here.

However, after securing ponies and a guide to go with us, Capt.—now Major—March, our commanding officer, informed us that General Otis did not think it wise for any of our men to venture into the interior, as we might get involved in some trouble with the natives. This was the extent of my hunting in the Philippines.

I know there are deer there, because while lying in the Red Cross Hospital, just a year ago at this time, I saw on the other side of the street a yearling buck staked out to graze, and judging from the size of that buck and my feelings at the time, I have no hesitation in stating that I thought his flesh would last me about one day. I may have been mistaken about that, as I had not been allowed meat for some eight weeks.

One night when I was in charge of the guard at our quarters—my corporal being a little under the weather—I had remained up all night, and about daylight I noticed the natives beginning to pass, going to the market with trays of vegetables and other food on their heads. Noticing one man carrying a bunch of birds, I stopped

him, and found to my surprise that the majority of the birds were Wilson's snipe, or English snipe, as we often call them. These birds were living, tied together by the feet, and I bought a half-dozen snipe from the native at 10 cents each (Mexican). I would have bought more only I had no more money. The man could not explain, so that I could understand him how these birds were caught, and I never had an opportunity of looking into the matter, as I went to the hospital very shortly afterward.

The English sparrow was our most common bird in the city, though numbers of parrots were for sale, being brought from the interior.

HARRY L. BURDICK.

BOSTON, MASS.

On Kansas Prairies.

LANG, Kan., Jan. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: It is with both pleasure and profit that I read Mr. Cheney's writing for FOREST AND STREAM; but I regret very much that he is placing so much of the wild life that is left under ban. I had supposed that in condemning the otter and mink and muskrat the fishculturist had gone far enough; but it seems that the tribes of feathered and furry fishers and hunters must be put out of the way, that we may catch more trout; but for my own part, though, in fact, only a looker-on at a distance (for we do not catch trout either in Coal Creek or the Cottonwood River), yet if I were back at the old mill pond in Hatfield, I should much prefer to catch one real wild trout, made thoroughly wild by the very wild creatures now under ban; and watch the kingfisher as he flickers about the pond; to catch a glimpse of a great heron flapping his way off through the tree tops; just to see once in a year or two an otter at his work or play; yes, and even to watch the water beetles, than to know that all the wild life was exterminated, and catch trout in unlimited quantities. Bunny, too, is under condemnation here, is cursed, hunted and trapped at all seasons, but still continues in the land, and I am glad of it; glad, too, that even the coyote still lingers here, and very glad that there are some types of wild life—even if it does include the weasels, skunks, minks and herons—that cannot be banished off the face of the earth.

I used to think I had added greatly to my score when I had brought down a big heron; and even the little herons did not go unscathed. And when one time, just after sunset, on the Agawam Meadows, by what I have always considered one of the quickest shots of my hunting experience, I broke the wing of an eagle that was 6 feet from tip to tip of wing, and sent him helpless into the river, I really thought I had done something to boast of. But now, with the exception of the hawks and crows, I leave them unmolested. While in their habits the crows make an interesting study, yet I detest them for their robbing the nests of the smaller birds, and so show them no mercy. The hawks are always of interest to me, for I look upon them as the keenest of hunters, taking only what they need from day to day, and even when lying wounded unto death facing their slayer with undaunted eye. Yet the prairie chicken and quail are too much at their mercy on these great open plains, and the hawks and owls too abundant here; so I cut them down when I can. But it is always with a feeling of pity that such a strong, free life and such a perfect mechanism should be destroyed, and I often wish that I had learned taxidermy, for each season I leave to perish where they fall some specimens that ought to be put to a better use.

I cannot help J. P. T. out much in his bear "problem," but can say it was five bears that put to flight that band of hunters and a village of Indians. The meat from the slain bear carried them through, until they could get away. But from whose writings the story was taken I cannot remember, nor even by whom the Third Reader we then used was edited. It was away back in the little old school house (not the present comparatively roomy building) in West Hatfield, that I used to drone out that story when the Third Reader class was called; or when, at my seat, I would study the picture where the bears were coming over the cliff, and imagine—well, lots of things that would happen when I, too, would be in the then far-away Rockies. I am 1,500 miles nearer to them now; but although I promise myself each year that before the year ends I will pitch my tent among them, yet somehow these great plains hold me with bonds that, although invisible, are as yet unbearable; so that I, who grew up among and loved the mountains, have not for years seen even a hill half so high as the lower part of old Mt. Tom.

But to refer again to the "problem." Is it a coincidence that often when reading the grizzly bear stories in FOREST AND STREAM, and especially within the last year, I have thought of that old story and wondered whether it was the rifles or the bears that had changed so much? For that the grizzly was looked upon with dread, all the old histories of the Rockies and California go to show. J. P. T.'s memory is good—indeed, very good—but ask an easy question next time, for I am no longer under the schoolmaster's orders.

The quail season is over. It has not been a very successful season, for several reasons, mainly because the cover has been very thick and food abundant, so that the birds have not been obliged to move about, except little, and when flushed have disappeared almost as by magic; but it leaves a good supply for another season. Another peculiarity has been that for some reason it has taken very hard shooting to kill. I lost some prairie chickens by not changing from No. 8 to coarser shot quickly enough; but for rabbits and quail I had supposed the 8s were big enough. I have scored an unusual number of unaccountable misses. I wanted to blame the old Remington, but knew better; then thought it might be the powder, but the penetration was all right, so I concluded that it was my own faulty shooting; but the last quail of the season, I think, revealed the cause of failure. I flushed a bevy in a cornfield, and, singling out a bird, shot at it. The wind took the smoke into my eyes, so I could not tell if it fell; so, marking the place where it ought to be, I went on to where the old dog was standing, several rods from where I shot at my bird. I could not flush any birds, but the dog insisted that there was one there, so I began brushing aside the dead crab grass, which was very thick, and then took place another of the little incidents that memory cherishes so long. The

old dog, I suppose tired of my bungling or inferior senses, finally lay down, placed his forepaws about 6 inches apart, and with his nose touched the grass between them, saying, as plainly as he could, "There is your bird, pick it up." The expression of his face was so full of interest that I wished others were there to see it. Carefully reaching under his nose, I found a quail, save for a few feathers on one wing apparently untouched; but upon dressing it I found it had been struck by five No. 8s and had carried them all that distance. But for the dog I should have supposed I had missed, and looked back upon the season of '99 as a riddle I could not solve; but now I think larger shot would have solved it very quickly.

In rabbit shooting my experience has been much the same. I have changed to No. 4 for them; but as an instance of their vitality, have had one go quite a distance with back and hind legs broken and some of these big shot driven clean through the back part of his body.

The second morning of the new year found me back to the old grounds at Lost Springs. Business took me up the railroad to a certain farm house. That attended to, as I had a little time at my disposal, pleasure took me back across the fields, where I knew the prairie chickens ought to be. Passing along a hedge, where the snow lay thawing in the sunshine (why do the wild things love to leave their tracks in the snow so well? All the rest of the ground was bare.), what was my delight to see the fresh tracks of a small bunch of the big grouse. Following them slowly, I was soon greeted by the familiar strong whirr of wings, and the kuk-kuk of the old cock grouse, as they sailed away. I bid them a hearty, Happy New Year, and farewell. May their numbers increase.

PINE TREE.

Natural History.

Guineas and Balled Eels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There's a head line for you! But I will justify it. Mr. Robert B. White, in your last issue, asks about the guinea fowl as a game bird, and if any attempts have been made to treat it as such.

I have no knowledge of it as a game bird in the United States, but in Cuba, at any rate, the guinea fowl is a game bird and a very interesting one, too.

Last winter, when up in the interior of Santiago—the easternmost province of the island—I heard a great deal about guineas, as they were always called by the English-speaking people, and though still very weak from a severe attack of pneumonia, to which, however, I was indebted for my trip to Cuba, I fondly hoped to get a few shots at them.

Whether the guineas are found wild over all the island I do not know, though I suppose they are. At any rate, in eastern Cuba they abound, and are "sure enough" wild, and I was told they were very satisfactory from the sportsman's point of view.

On more than one occasion I saw several guinea fowl brought in by hunters, and I examined them with much interest.

It was while spending a few days up at Alto Songo, some thirty miles from the City of Santiago, that I planned my raid on the guineas. We were messing with the American postmaster and his wife and two white captains of negro companies stationed there, and were thus favored with an excellent table in a land where such a thing was then a rarity.

One of the captains, a most genial and generous Mississippian, often hunted guineas, and agreed to go out with me, he providing saddle horses, guns and entire outfit. Owing to several causes, we did not get off till 8 o'clock in the morning, which was at least an hour or two too late, and owing to my weak condition, we were obliged to go at a walk. The sun was therefore high and hot before we got to the morning feeding ground of a flock of the birds, and where my friend had on several occasions had good sport. The safe retreat of the birds was to the dense thickets of bamboo that lined the water courses. From these they emerge for morning feeding, and to these they retreat long before noon, and there it is useless to try to follow them.

We separated, and for an hour slowly quartered an old cane field, now more or less grown up to bushes and young trees. We were too late, however, and my desire was not to be gratified. It was something to be in the guinea fowl country, however, and to learn as much as I did of their abundance and their qualities as a game bird. I believe they are wary and strong fliers. I cannot see why they should not do well in our Southern States. The canebrake regions of Louisiana and much of Florida seem to me to be just the country for them.

By whom and when were guinea fowl first liberated in Cuba?

It is an interesting question. I have the impression, though I cannot verify it, that the bird is also found in Jamaica.

Now as to "balled eels." On reading in Mr. Wall's paper his account of the queer mass of aggregation of eels which he saw in a stream, I determined to send you for record my one experience in this line. I am glad Mr. Mather thinks Mr. Wall's account so interesting, and has found courage to tell us what he used to hear from the Long Island fishermen, but which he had always supposed to be mere fabrications.

Once, in the autumn, I spent some time in Provincetown, Mass. I should think it was in the year 1871. While I was there a gale of extraordinary violence swept the coast. Ships dragged anchors in the harbor and one, I remember, came ashore just back of the post-office, and its falling mast crushed in the rear of the little building. The storm which, as I now recall it, came from the southeast, raised such a surf that I donned oilskins and started to go along the inside beach east of the town and then across to the "outside" and open Atlantic. The force of the wind was so great that at times I could make no progress, and once I was thrown flat and rolled over and over some distance on the sand. Numbers of the little auk were blown inland by the gale, and bewildered and exhausted as they were, they could be easily captured. I saw them in the hands of several people, one boy having a bunch of perhaps a dozen.

I remember that as I stood on the "outside" beach, which I finally reached, the surf was tremendous, and its thunderous roar nearly deafening, and the force of the gale was such, that, wet as it all was, the sand for a height of a foot or two drifted like snow. It was, in fact, a "sand blast" on a large scale.

On carelessly exposing my hand to it the blood was drawn instantly.

Out beyond the shore surf were numbers of wild ducks. When a comber approached they would gracefully dive through it, and come up serenely on the windward side. The miscalculation of one duck greatly amused me. For some reason, momentary absentmindedness it seemed, he did not make his dive at the right moment, and by what seemed to be a great crest of a wave forming directly beneath him, he was flung helpless and sprawling, and turning over and over some 20 feet up into the air. But the strangest experience of my trip, and which I really started to write about, was something I saw in the less boisterous water of the harbor. It was a mass of eels such as Mr. Wall described. They were writhing and twisting, but turned in and out and tied up into a great ball as large as a half-bushel basket or larger. It was to me a horrible and repulsive sight. The mass of eels was in the water not many feet from the shore, and seeming to wash about in the waves, but all the time every part of it was writhing and twisting.

I describe the thing as I remember it clearly even after the lapse of so many years. It was one of the most uncanny sights. I do not know that I ever spoke of it till now. We must have the secret of the eel ball.

C. H. AMES.

MACOMB, Ill., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Robert B. White, your correspondent, asks if there has been any attempt made to breed the guinea fowl as a game bird. I answer the guinea fowl is a game bird, and a native of Africa, where they are found in large flocks in a wild state. They are in a wild state on the Island of Cuba, and are hunted as game birds. There is no question that the guinea could be turned into a wild state again, and would make good game birds. Their nature is wild, and if a person even handles their eggs after they commence setting on them in the field or brush, they leave the nest at once.

Some time I shall have something to say about the foreign game birds which can be introduced into this country successfully. I am pleased to know that the Mongolian pheasant is a success as far north as Massachusetts. It is claimed that I have the honor of importing the first of these birds over the Rocky Mountains from Oregon, March, 1890. I published it in the FOREST AND STREAM, and in less than one month I received one hundred and fifty letters from Maine to old Mexico, asking where the Mongolian pheasant could be had. I answered every letter, and directed them to the State of Oregon, where Judge Denney imported the first eleven birds from China in 1872. The letters I received came from lawyers, doctors, bankers, real estate men, railroad men and the clergy. I was truly glad to learn that the shotgun and the dog had such a respectable following.

Congressman Lacey has introduced a bill into Congress instructing the Government to preserve the game birds of our country, and to import foreign game birds. Now let every person who is a friend to the game birds write a letter to his Congressman and Senator to assist Hon. Mr. Lacey to pass his bill.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Plumage of Wild Birds.

THE Audubon Society, of New York, in support of an amendment introduced by Assemblyman Hallock to prohibit possession of the plumage or skins or any part of wild birds other than game, urge that "the law as it now stands on the statute books is absolutely worthless, as it is impossible to obtain a conviction under it. If it is amended by the addition of the words 'nor shall the plumage or skins or any part of such birds be so possessed,' convictions can be obtained and offenders may be punished.

"We appeal to bird lovers to write at once to their representatives in the Senate and Assembly, and urge them to aid by their votes in the passage of this amendment. See them personally if you can, but if that is not possible, write a most emphatic and urgent appeal to them.

"Governor Roosevelt in his last message said: 'The State should not permit within its limits factories to make bird skins or bird feathers into articles of ornament or wearing apparel. Ordinary birds, and especially song birds, should be rigidly protected.'

"The object of this amendment is to carry out the recommendations of Governor Roosevelt, and thus protect the agricultural and forestry interests of the State which are now being very seriously damaged by the destruction of birds.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Chairman Executive Committee; WILLIAM DUTCHER, Chairman Law Committee."

MR. LOUIS H. PORTER has sent to the Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game a letter in comment upon the bill in which he writes:

I am a member of the American Ornithologists' Union and of the Linnean Society, and as such have had my attention called to House Bill No. 142, introduced by Mr. Hallock, which proposed to amend the game law (excepting certain birds that are otherwise protected).

The bill, in my opinion, is a most pernicious one, and I earnestly hope that it will be defeated. I am a bird lover and believe heartily in bird protection, but such a measure as this is the surest way to defeat the alleged objects.

In the first place, the bill is legally very weak, and in my opinion violates the United States Constitution in two points. It makes it a crime for a man to continue to possess property which he has heretofore legally acquired. Bird skins imported into the State in the past, or brought here by dealers, are, and have been, recognized as property. The private collections of amateur ornithologists in this State are valued at many thousand dollars. This bill is clearly an attempt to deprive them of this property,

without due process of law, and it is apparently an *ex post facto* law also, as it makes it a crime for a man to remain in the passive and quiet enjoyment of property which he now legally owns and possesses. I therefore oppose the bill on account of this inherent weakness.

In the second place, I oppose it on account of its unjust effect. I know Mr. Chapman, who is apparently the real sponsor of the bill, and I admire his scientific attainments. But I have no patience with the stand he has taken in regard to bird protection. He has probably killed as many birds as any man in the State of New York. And now he comes out on a crusade against amateur collectors who are attempting to follow in his steps and by bird study to attain to something of his scientific knowledge. He proposes to make it criminal for any man to have a collection of birds' skins, unless he has a permit, which permits are practically controlled by the aforesaid Frank M. Chapman. I do not suppose that Mr. Chapman intends to so use his power, but this bill would give him the opportunity to suggest to the various independent collectors throughout the State, that a present of their collection would be highly appreciated.

My own collection is fortunately situated without the State, so that I should not be personally affected by the measure. But as I own some 2,000 skins, under this proposed bill, I should be liable to a fine of \$50,000 if I should wish to remove my collection to my New York residence. I heartily indorse the quotation from Governor Roosevelt's message, which is urged in support of this bill, "The State should not permit within its limits factories to make bird skins or bird feathers into articles of ornament or wearing apparel. Ordinary birds, and especially song birds, should be rigidly protected." But I insist that the proposed measure does not strike alone on these lines. It is a high-handed attempt to confiscate the property of numerous bird lovers throughout the country in the interest of a few ornithologists who hold the State permits.

I trust that the measure will certainly be defeated.

Yours, very respectfully,

LOUIS H. PORTER.

New York State Museum.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is the purpose of the New York State Museum to publish a bulletin on the birds of New York as soon as a thorough biologic survey of the State can be made. As the area of the State is so large, it is impossible to secure the necessary observations without the assistance of those interested in the ornithology of the different counties of the State. All that are interested in making this report as complete and as of much value to the State as possible, are asked to co-operate with us in this work. In this way the work of different observers will be systematized and each will get the benefits of the observations of others. The museum is not in a position to offer any remuneration for this work, but all due credit will be given for lists received and any observations published, and all those who send lists and the desired information will receive future publications of the museum on ornithology.

The information desired consists of complete lists of the birds found in the various sections of the State, with notes on the comparative abundance of the different species, dates of arrival, time of nesting, singing period, facts relating to local distribution, effect of storms and severe weather on bird life, and the wet and dry season of the reproduction of species; notes on the food of birds at different seasons of the year and under different conditions to determine the comparative benefit and injury done through the destruction of insects, etc.

To all those who are willing to co-operate in this work, a provisional list of all birds known to occur in the state will be sent with full suggestions as to the data desired.

Any information regarding any of the species will be cheerfully given, and the assistant zoologist will gladly identify any specimens sent to him.

The State Museum will be glad to receive donations of the rarer forms for the collection.

Those who will aid in this work are respectfully requested to communicate with the museum at once, and to send in at their convenience any lists and important notes on last year's field work.

FREDERICK J. H. MERRILL, Director.

Rhode Island Bird Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One week ago to-day, while walking along a country road, I saw three white-winged crossbills drinking out of one of the wheel ruts that held a little water. They were one male and two females. I hardly had time to look at them when they took flight and were joined by several more that were in the evergreen trees beside the road. I tried to find them again, but did not succeed in doing so. Probably they disappeared in the swamp, and as it was getting dark I gave up the chase. The curator of the park museum tells me that these are the first that he has any record of for a number of years. To-day we found two flickers, chickadees, golden-crowned kinglets, juncos and tree sparrows.

NUTHATCH.

Birds in Town.

MR. FRED ARTS, JR., reports that one winter morning not long ago he saw a chicken hawk flying around between Charlestown and King streets, which are in the lower part of New York City.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him,

Game Bag and Gun.

When the Ducks Flew.

THE North Carolina game law provides that no gunner for wildfowl shall leave his landing before sunrise in the morning, and this provision is fairly well observed. The old law permitted him to start at any hour, but provided that he should not begin to shoot before sunrise. The existing statute is much better than the earlier one. By it the birds are not driven from their feeding grounds while it is still dark, but have an opportunity to see clearly the approaching boats, and are spared the alarm of being stolen up on in the darkness. I believe that now, in the slightly shorter gunning hours, quite as many shots are to be had as came to a man when the shooting lasted actually from sunrise to sunset, and that birds disturbed from their feeding and roosting grounds after the sun has risen come back there more readily and more gently than they did when they were routed out in the twilight of early dawn by some alarm which they did not understand.

The distance to the Point where we were to shoot that morning was not great, and twenty minutes after we had left the boat house dock the prow of the skiff shivered the thin skim of ice at the marsh where the blind was to be made. The night had been cold, and the decoys and trunk of the centerboard and the deck of the skiff were all white with hoar frost, so that as I made my way from the stern, where I had been sitting, to the prow, which lay against the marsh, I walked with considerable care, to avoid slipping and falling. Standing in the marsh, I took the guns and other things which were to go ashore, and set them down within the blind, while Willoughby pushed off the boat and shoved along close to the shore, breaking through the thin ice, and thus setting free a large cake, which he then pushed out into the tideway, so that the current should carry it off. Then he shoved out 30 or 40 feet from the marsh, and thrusting his shoving oar into the mud and making fast his painter to it, he began to toss out the decoys. Of these there were about sixty, most of them carved and painted to represent canvasbacks and redheads. Besides these there were a few common ducks—that is to say, blackheads, mallards and black ducks. Soon they were strung along from a point somewhat south of the blind to another nearly due east of it. Furthest of all, to the southward, and so furthest to leeward, were two wooden goose decoys, which would be useful in case a single goose, or a little bunch of two or three, flew near, and which are quite as effective as canvasback decoys in attracting these birds. Canvasbacks will decoy to geese about as readily as to birds of their own kind, and often the gunner who wishes to draw in a bunch of canvasbacks will honk like a goose, instead of giving the canvasback call.

While we were tying out, many birds were seen flying up and down the Sound. They were chiefly high traveling, trading birds, and came mainly from the north, yet there were not a few bunches which came up from the south, apparently looking for open water, and besides these there was more or less of a flight of restless bunches from the various air holes and open places in the Sound.

Near the point, and just outside of the sheet of ice which had projected from it, the boat had disturbed 200 or 300 ducks and a raft of 500 or 600 hundred blue peters. These had all flown away, but had not gone more than 300 or 400 yards before alighting in the lead of open water which stretched away to the southward along the marsh, where they formed a compact raft. The wind was very light, but what there was of it came from the north. The sun had risen behind a bank of thin, streaky clouds, but had now climbed above them and was shining directly in our eyes.

Will had shoved the boat along the marsh to the southward, and in behind a point of sedge, where it was out of sight, and soon I heard him coming crashing through the sedge toward me. I had tried to plant my gun sticks in the ground, as usual, but the frozen surface was too hard, and I was obliged to lean the guns up against the face of the blind, which was thick enough to bear their weight.

When we had settled in the blind, I said to Will, "I don't believe there'll be much of a fly to-day; it is too still and bright."

"No," said he, "I don't believe there'll be much shooting; but whatever there is we ought to get here. I noticed all day yesterday that the birds were leading up through the Narrows, and if they keep that up to-day we'll have shots at some of them."

"Yes," I answered, "I think we will get some shots, but it's too still to do much. If there were a good wind from the north or northwest the birds would fly low enough to give us shooting. As it is, they will all go high."

We were discussing the matter in this way, and not keeping a very good lookout, when suddenly Will said, "There's a bird in the decoys."

The sun blinded me, and its reflection on the water made it impossible to see the bird; but a moment later it swam up to windward of the decoys, and I saw that it was a female redhead, and killed it on the water. Two or three minutes later a pair of blackheads came swinging down the wind from behind us, and passed over our heads so swiftly and so high up that before I had thrown the gun to my shoulder they were far out of range. A few minutes after this the regular sound of wood rubbing against wood told us that another boat was coming, and presently two very small skiffs, each holding two men, and piled high with pine boughs, passed down the Narrows, and outside of our decoys, and continued southward through the open water to a point about 500 yards below us, where one stopped and began to erect a bush blind, and put out decoys, while the other kept on still further to the southward, and at length made another blind. This was somewhat unfortunate for us, since all the birds coming up from the southward would be likely to lead along this open water, and would thus be attracted by the decoys of the bush blinders, and either shot or frightened off before they came to our stand. Before the bush blinders had tied out, however, we saw flying toward us, high in air, four widgeons, and Will called vigorously to them, with thin, plaintive whistling. They took a turn high over our decoys, but did not come within shot, and then flew away toward one of the air holes. Before they had gone very far, however, one of the birds left the bunch, turned

back, and came toward us, still high up, and when well outside the decoys, set his wings in that beautiful curve which means that the bird intends to alight, and in graceful sweeps dropped down toward the stools. The shot was an easy one. While he was still outside the decoys, I put the gun on him, dropping it low enough to catch him as he sank toward the water, and pulling the trigger, saw the beautiful bird turn over, and with trailing wings, fall, back downward on the water.

"Good," said Will; "I'm glad you caught him; I'd rather have one of those widgeons, so far as my eating goes, than any canvasback that ever flew."

"Yes," I said, "they are beautiful birds, and just as good as the canvasback to eat. In fact, I do not believe that there is a man living who can tell the difference between a canvasback and a widgeon; and there is no reason why there should be any difference between them; they live the same life and eat the same food, and their flesh should have the same flavor."

Hardly had the widgeon been killed when we saw a large number of birds flying up toward us from the south, and for a moment we were uncertain what they were; but a side whirl of the flock, giving a view of some them in profile, showed that they were blue peters, that had been disturbed by one of the other boats. With them were a few ruddies and a half dozen little pied-billed grebes. The peters alighted at quite a distance from the decoys—almost against the ice on the other side of the channel—but the ruddies flew in among the decoys, and then, checking themselves suddenly, came down on to the water with loud splashing, and, indeed, one of them stopped himself so suddenly that he turned a somersault and fell in the water on his back. They began to dive and to feed, paying no attention either to the decoys or to us, standing in plain view in the blind.

Presently the ruddies, which down here are called boobies, all swam away, but the little grebes which had come with them stayed. Some of them seemed to be quite suspicious. At times a head shaped much like that of a little chicken would appear above the water amid the decoys, all the rest of the body being hidden. After looking about for a moment or two the head would disappear under water, and presently the bird would come to the surface in another place, and swim about unconcernedly. After a few moments all the grebes swam off to the edge of some thin ice near the marsh and crept out on it, for a little while sitting there quite motionless, looking about. Then they seemed to want to rise on the wing, and took long runs over the smooth ice, flapping hard with their wings and running with their legs, occasionally rising a few inches above the ice; then suddenly they ceased attempting to fly, came down on the ice again and slid a long way. In this way they moved backward and forward over the ice for some time, none of them succeeding in flying. At length all tumbled into the water again, and presently swam away.

Meantime, our neighbors in the bush blinds were having a little shooting. Now and then two or three birds would come up from the south, and, attracted by the decoys, would swing over once or twice, high up, and then, pitching down toward the stools, we would see one suddenly close his wings and fall to the water, and an instant after the dull boom of a gun would be heard. Two or three times we were frightened out of our wits by the rushing sound of the wings of blackheads, which swept in over the stools from behind us, appearing only to disappear as speedily. A few canvasbacks flew over far beyond gunshot, but nothing worth shooting at came within range. It was a dry time. Toward the middle of the morning, however, a large bunch of trading birds was seen coming from the south—canvasbacks, we thought—and just before they got over us I fired two barrels, one loaded with No. 4 shot, the other with B's, and two birds dropped out of the high-flying flock. They were a pair of redheads.

It was nearly noon when Charlie, the watchman, came down to the blind and sat with us for a little while. About this time a few canvasbacks began to fly in from one of the air holes to the east, leading up over the Narrows and some of them came within gunshot. I fired at them a great many times, but was always too slow. After a little I could clearly see why I was missing my birds, though I did not seem to be able to correct my evident blunders. The trouble was that I waited for the bird to come within gunshot before getting up to shoot; then when I rose to put the gun on him, I was so slow about it that before I could shoot the duck was over my head, and I was obliged to turn around and shoot at it going away, with the result that I shot behind almost every time. The day being almost a flat calm, the birds flew high and very fast, and shooting at best was difficult. I tried to correct my errors by getting up sooner, so that I might have time to shoot at the bird before it had reached me, yet not so soon as to frighten it in to changing its course. I learned that day that a canvasback is not easily to be turned aside when he has made up his mind to go in a certain direction. He does not "flare," as does a black duck or a mallard, but keeps steadily onward, and it is only necessary to shoot far enough before him to allow for the swiftness of his flight. A sudden change in its direction is not to be feared.

So far the shooting had not been good. It was about noon and we had six birds. After a time Charlie said: "There's an air hole in back of Sedge Island, and yesterday there were a lot of canvasbacks using there. I've seen them flying in and out all the morning. I believe I'll go up there and see if I can't break a way through the ice, so that we can get a boat in to the air hole; and if we can do that you'll have some shooting this evening. In there they'll come to the stools; out here they won't, unless the wind blows."

He started off to make his experiment, and for an hour or more we sat in the blind, getting two or three more shots at high-flying birds, with no result.

At the end of this time, however, we heard the sound of oars approaching. The boat proved to be a messenger from Charlie, saying that he had broken his way in, all but about 20 feet, and that if we would come and help him he thought he could make the rest of the way very easily. We therefore took up at once, and loading the things into the boat, rowed up through the Narrows to the edge of the ice which covered the waters of the Hammock Cove. Here we met Charlie, and entered the narrow lane of water where he had broken the ice away, and soon were within 30 or 40 yards of Sedge Island. Both men then got in the skiff, and after a few moments of la-

borious pushing, sometimes through and sometimes over the ice, the skiff entered the open water and passed around behind Sedge Island.

Sitting here were 300 or 400 ducks, which took wing as the skiff appeared. We tied out not far from where most of the canvasbacks had been sitting, and made a little blind of sedge on the open, grassy marsh. Soon after the boats had been hidden, one of the men spied an old black duck high in the air, and calling to it, it began to lower its flight, and then to drop straight down, and was about to alight among the decoys when I killed it. A little later a single redhead came in, and was killed over the decoys. Then some of the canvasbacks began to return, and these being high-flying birds, I missed as badly as I had those earlier in the day; but two of them, hit too far behind, flew several hundred yards and fell in the distant marsh, where it was impossible to recover them.

Between 3:30 and 4 no birds flew, but just about 4 o'clock a bunch of redheads came in, swung over the stools and came up again, and as they lowered I killed two of the five. The other three swung out and came around again with extraordinary gentleness, and again when they came within shot I killed two more. The surviving bird seemed to want to come back to the decoys, but finally gave it up and flew away toward the Sound. These redheads were followed by three canvasbacks, which came down to the stools, and of which I killed one each with right and left barrel. At this time to the north of us there were a number of birds flying, and we were watching them so intently that three canvasbacks, which came in from the south, very low, were not perceived until the rustle of their wings immediately over our heads made us turn to look, and by the time we had located the birds they were too far away to shoot.

From 4:30 to 5 the birds came in singly or by twos and threes, and were evidently those that had been driven away when we had first come in here. They were determined to alight. They came in, pointing directly for the place, and seeing the decoys, set their wings a long way off, and flying with lightninglike speed, checked themselves immediately over the stools, ready to drop into the water. Here for the last ten or twelve minutes of the day, I had wonderfully good shooting, and shot fairly well, killing most of my birds. All those that came in at this time were canvasbacks, and it was certainly a beautiful sight to see these birds rush forward out of the sky, constantly growing larger and larger, at length setting their wings until they had lowered themselves to within 6 or 8 feet of the water, then checking themselves and throwing up their great heads into the air, and then often to see them, struck by a full charge, turn over and drop among the decoys.

When the sun set, and we began to gather up our possessions, I found that we had thirty-eight birds, of which twenty-two were canvasbacks, six redheads, and the rest common ducks, blackheads, mallards, black ducks, and a ringneck or two.

The afternoon had been one of great shooting, and if I had been able to hit the birds, the bag would have been a large one. However, I had enough, and I returned to the house that night well satisfied with the size of my bag, if not with the way in which I had obtained it. Yo.

Moose Calling.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Respecting Mr. Alden Sampson's interesting letter on moose calling, on which subject *FOREST AND STREAM* invites a free expression of opinion upon the part of its readers, let me point out that the practice of the art, if it be undesirable, can best be prevented by one of the plans suggested in the last paragraph of Mr. Sampson's letter, namely, "by extending the close season for moose until Nov. 1," but probably not at all by Mr. Sampson's last and alternative proposition, which is to "make moose calling illegal at all times."

Now as to calling a bull moose so late in the season as after Nov. 1, it is likely the results of repeated efforts would prove so barren that the average hunter would soon abandon this style of getting his moose for more profitable methods, such as still-hunting, for instance, always the ideal method of capturing big game. By Nov. 1 the rutting season is well on the wane, nor is the bull then the same fierce and reckless creature inflamed with passion such as he was in September. He is apt then to pay but little attention to the voice of the siren. His honeymoon by Nov. 1 is well on the wane; he has settled down to the hum-drum of married life; nay, he may then have even reached the stage when the idea of separation has seriously occurred, not only to his spouse, but to his lordship himself, particularly if by this date a heavy snow fall has occurred.

But if the open season for moose includes the rutting season, it is certain no laws against the practice would be thoroughly effective, for the reason that in the deep recesses of the wilderness no proof of the illegal act could possibly be obtained, and because the practice would accordingly be freely indulged in by the certain proportion of hunters, who seem to care more for the mere success of capturing game than for its lawful and sportsmanlike method of capture. W. N. AMORY.

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Alden Sampson's article on "Moose Calling" in your issue of Jan. 20, brings up a question vital to all lovers of big-game hunting, and one that should receive prompt and energetic action by the guardians of the fast-disappearing moose. Any one who has had the thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten experience of hearing a big bull grunting, crashing and overturning everything in his path, making the solemn forest resound with his mad, jealous march, and has killed the foolish monarch under such circumstances, must have had to a greater or less degree—depending on his ideal of sportsmanship—a feeling of regret and remorse of having taken so great an advantage of, and used so unsportsmanlike a method of outwitting a fool. And he who has wounded to death and lost in the night one of these great beasts, must share with the writer a very miserable recollection of such an unsatisfactory and unsportsmanlike method of hunting.

The moose at his best, when not blinded by passion, is not such a sagacious or wary animal as some of the smaller of the deer family. In the spring, summer and

early fall the habits of the moose bring him to the waterways, lakes, ponds and rivers which are the principal highways of man in the wilderness, and he should be protected by stringent laws until he returns to the ridges and upland during the fall after the calling season is over.

To my mind the true sport is found when man puts up his woodcraft, strength and endurance against the king in his sane mind, when his senses are not blinded by passion and he has a fair show for his life. At such a time, with nature covered with a mantle of snow, a tramp through the woods brings out the real charm and beauty of the scene, and to track an animal equipped with nose, ears and eyes alert to every danger brings out the true spirit of the chase. Even then, under fair conditions, the moose is not a difficult animal to approach; it is

tant of the museum only, mourned by sportsmen and caressed by those that think moose calling sport.

R. P. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With becoming interest, I have read the article entitled "Moose Calling" in your issue of Jan. 20, and am now disposed to take ground with Mr. Alden Sampson, its author.

There are two sides to this question, each as varied as the other. There is no doubt, however, that to call a moose to his death is taking a sneaking advantage of the game, but, at the same time, one must not forget that the art of hunting is no more than wit battling wit,

Ask a guide—no matter who he may be—whether he calls moose. He may be a shoemaker out of employment, a factory hand returned to the soil, a farmer or anything else but a woodsman. He says at once that he can call, and if possessed of the power of divination and the added subtlety of second sight, he might call two deuces or a bob-tail flush; but a moose—never! I regret that I am called upon to use such figures of speech, but the truth is that there are about a dozen men in Maine, and less than that on the Tobique that really understands the art. No doubt, under certain conditions, a moose will answer anything. But how many men are there that can call the bull from a devoted cow? How many are there that can woo in a bull, that is sniffing in doubt of the melancholy murmur from the lake? How many of these men that advertise their "calling" have ever heard the cow whine at short range or have heard the dog-like complaining of the calf? Not many, I fancy. They say they can call, and when you hand out a horn and bid them lure the bull from his nightly wooing in the hardwood, how many can bring him down to the bog-edge or lead him into the open?

Up on the Tobique, they hand out a few hundred "callers" when you ask for a man that knows moose. On the Point, near Andover, there are several baker's dozens of Milicete Indians that will swear by the memory of Manitou that they can call moose. Listen to them roar. If you have ever heard the sad complaining of the lonesome cow, the melodious sorrow of her wooing, how soon you, a mere man, will discover the cheat. In my opinion, there are not enough moose callers on the Tobique to make the question worth while. Denied of their calling, the cheap sports will determine some other means—will lay out in some other fashion, and do far more injury than the credulous creature that shivers in a canoe, while some sylvan bunco-steerer penetrates the silence with a roar like the noon whistles in a factory town.

Next to Andrew Coxe, the best caller on the Tobique is probably young George Green. He has been at the work for seven years, yet he told me that he called in only seven big bulls this year. Of these, only four were killed; altogether, his parties killed ten moose during the season. This estimate of his was honest. I hear frequently of guides "calling out" twenty-five or thirty bulls during the rutting season, and from experience I am disposed to doubt. To be sure, that many may have answered. But consider, in the first place, how many nights in the season are fit for calling. How many nights are there when the air is still, when there is light enough to see. Bosh!

One thing more: What earthly pleasure will be left to the novice who has long read of moose hunting when his calling is cut off? He has read and read and digested tales of the moonlight forest, of birch bark canoes stealing silently along the dead waters and of the air quivering with the moaning note of the birch bark. His soul is eager to do likewise. Let him do it. He will probably hire a guide with as much knowledge of moose as of esoteric philosophy, and it will do no harm to the moose. Let him have his fun.

Concerning the same subject, how about decoying ducks. This form of sport is considered proper and sportsman-like. How about it? If moose calling is barred, stop decoying ducks! Do I hear any answering voice?

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 20 Mr. Sampson gives his views of hunting moose by calling. My experience in hunting moose has been confined to three successive seasons some years since. In that time I killed a moose each season, two by calling and one by still-hunting on snow in December. With the fall of my third moose, my hunting of such game ended. I had no desire to kill another.

Mr. Sampson says that in calling the sportsman has little, if anything, to do, except sit still until the moose comes within easy shooting distance. My experience has been that it entailed considerable work and exposure. All my moose hunting was done in Nova Scotia, and the custom there, as I found it, was to call at daybreak. We employed both Indians and white men on different trips, and they all objected to call at any other time. Their reasons were that, as the moose in that region were called a great deal, the majority would come silently to a call. Sometimes one would answer once or twice when a long distance away, and then having located almost the exact spot from where the call came, would come sneaking in, and as it often took a long time, it would be dark before he came within shooting distance if the calling had been done late in the afternoon or early in the evening.

In Nova Scotia we never tried calling from a canoe, the place selected was usually on the edge of some bog or barren. Many a time have I (when a moose would answer once or twice and remain silent) crept out some two or three hundred yards in the direction we thought he was coming. Such moose had a way of coming in within a quarter of a mile or so of where they heard the call and making a circle around the place, and as there was nearly always some air moving, they would be very sure to get to leeward and sneak off at once. I had this happen time and time again. In fact, the first bull I killed was by a sort of combination of calling and still-hunting. When we reached the spot late one afternoon where we intended to call the following morning, we saw where a bull had just been—bushes were twisted, ground pawed up and such signs. That night about 12 o'clock we heard a bull a long distance away, as the Indian said, "talking to himself." At daybreak the Indian climbed a small spruce and called every fifteen minutes or so for about an hour, getting no answer. He then came down, saying that the bull might be sneaking in, and if so he would work around us in a certain direction, as there was a very slight breeze. The Indian advised creeping along on a small ridge in the scrub growth, and that we might see the moose. We had gone perhaps two or three hundred yards when we saw the bull standing still with his nose out straight, evidently trying to get scent of us. I had an easy shot and killed him at once. Two or three minutes later and we would have lost him, as he had nearly reached the leeward of where we had been calling.

Now I certainly thought there was some hard work ly-



MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND GOAT HEADS.

Secured by Mr. C. S. McChesney in the Rocky Mountains.

merely a question of physical endurance on the part of the sportsman to obtain the coveted and well-earned trophy of the antereled monarch in his rational mind.

That part of the subject relating to the depletion of the stock can best be answered by those who spend the greater portion of their time in a moose country and those who transport the trophies of the chase. Such statistics as have come to me from my own observation and by inquiry among trappers, guides and lumbermen, persons acquainted with large territory of moose country, and from limited personal experience, lead me to believe that the larger bulls are fast disappearing. Crust hunting is undoubtedly practiced in Quebec, and to a limited extent in New Brunswick; but in Maine, where the moose receive the greatest protection, statistics and reports show a falling off in both quantity and quality of the stock.

Another wrong for the New Brunswick authorities to correct is the killing of moose for food in the lumber camps. A lumberman by paying \$2 apiece can take out several licenses in the names of his foremen; and moose are killed in large numbers in this manner. The cows and young bulls are selected, as a bull after the rutting season is a poor article of food. One lumberman told me early in November that he then had 2,500 pounds of dressed moose of the finest quality hung up in his camps, secured under six licenses at a cost of \$12, and that the meat was worth to him 10 cents per pound, the price of beef, or \$250.

Protect the moose during the calling season and enforce the present laws, or in a short time he will be an inhabi-

craft against craft. In moose calling there is as much craft and wit displayed as there is in stalking your game in the timber—possibly more. The whole question to be solved is whether it is proper for a sportsman to buy this subtle craft, to pay hard cash for its use, and then to reap whatever profits may accrue.

I contend that when a man himself calls up his own moose and shoots it, he is merely carrying out to a legitimate, successful end, the result of training, woodcraft and intelligence. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is a difficult matter to call a bull moose within range, and success in this accomplishment is brought about only by heart-breaking practice and long pursuit.

To hire an Indian or pale-face guide to do this for you is like buying ducks in the market. In this, I agree with Mr. Sampson. But let the moose hunter get out and call for himself, let him practice and study and attempt, let him listen with supersensitive attention to the call of the cow or to a real simulation on the birch bark, and then when he succeeds in calling out his own moose and brings it to earth, he has done something worthy of the craft of a hunter.

Another thing, moose calling is not what it is cracked up to be. For every successful effort, there are probably a thousand failures. I don't mean by this fact that one man must call a thousand times to get out a single moose. I mean, instead, that there is the sum total of a thousand attempts by others to the one moose that is killed. Moose calling is an overestimated art in the point of numbers alleging proficiency. Take it in Maine.

ing out night after night without a fire; and I am used to being out almost daily in all sorts of weather during the entire year. It was also very discouraging. We would start out on an afternoon which gave promise of a good following morning; tramp quite a distance to a certain spot, and stay there all night, only to have a rough, windy or rainy morning; and there was nothing to do but hoof it back to the main camp. I was out in this way twelve nights in succession before seeing the last moose I killed.

Calling from a canoe as practiced in Maine or New Brunswick may be somewhat easier. I have been told by some who have tried it that they found it rather hard work to sit cramped in the bow of a boat often being obliged to remain perfectly still for a long time when a moose was supposed to be near. I know several gentlemen who said they would like to kill a moose, and they asked me about the work. I gave them the plain facts of my experience, and most of them decided they did not care to undergo so much exposure. Of course there are exceptions, and a moose is sometimes killed by calling very easily. So also by still-hunting.

Mr. Sampson's plea in favor of prohibiting calling, is for the better protection of the moose and to corroborate what he says. There is a rather glowing account in the same issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* from a camp owner and guide of New Brunswick, giving an account of very successful moose calling. Moose are decreasing just as game of all kinds is doing (possibly excepting deer). Years ago in that region in eastern Maine, on the Magalloway River and near the Canada line, moose were quite plenty. Some years since I spent over six weeks in that region hunting with one of the best of guides over miles of ground day after day. Nearly all the time there was the best of tracking snow, yet we never so much as saw even an old sign of a moose. Later that region in Aroostook county, lying above Oxbow settlement, furnished a good many large heads. Now the energetic moose hunter goes to New Brunswick. The latter region may hold out for some time, but it seems safe to predict that in time it will take its place with other regions as a "has been" good moose country.

Mr. Sampson's suggestion to abolish calling will certainly be of great benefit to what moose are left, making the opening Oct. 15 and the closing Dec. 1 would pretty effectually do away with calling, and would reduce to some extent the number of sportsmen who now go to the moose country. When the lakes and streams are closed by ice, it is much harder to get to the hunting grounds, and any one going to still-hunt moose on snow should be prepared to undergo hard work. I have always claimed that the time to kill all large game was in cold weather. The greater part of animals killed then can be saved. In Nova Scotia there is a law which would be well to adopt in other regions. This law compels all who kill either moose or caribou in that Province to get the meat out within a certain time. We fully realized what the law meant when we had two dead moose on our hands in the early part of October. By sending a long distance for some extra Indians, we just managed to get the best parts of those moose out before spoiling. My companion said then that he never wanted to kill another moose except in cold weather.

As for still-hunting, the best time is on the first light snow. Occasionally a moose may be killed from a canoe by finding him on some bog, but there is a good deal of luck finding one in such places late in the season. One must be there when the moose is on hand. A few moments too early or too late may fail (although one may be tracked to some extent on bare ground, whereas on snow a track hours old may be followed).

Now what I have found to be the worst feature of still-hunting on snow was the uncertainty of getting good tracking. Snow may fail to come, or, what is more common, a light, noisy crust forms. On one of my trips after caribou I was nearly three days reaching the hunting grounds. A light snow was falling when I arrived and everything looked favorable for good still-hunting. A slight spurt of rain at the end of the snow storm made such noisy traveling that I did not get a single day in which it was of any use to hunt, and I waited in vain for three weeks.

Mr. Sampson's proposition will, without doubt, meet with considerable opposition. Many sportsmen will oppose, so will the owners and guides at camps where moose are still found.

There are, I think, a good many men who enjoy hunting and who realize more than they are willing to admit the decrease of game of all kinds. Some of them look at it in this way: The game is going; we had better put in all the time possible and kill as much as we can while it lasts. Doubtless some of them look at the moose in the same light. Now a moose is too big to be killed just for count. Yet there are men who have killed quite a number and they still go year after year after more. I have an idea which may be vague and impracticable, and that is to limit every sportsman to a certain number of moose. After he has killed the limit let him quit moose hunting. Give the other fellows who so far have never killed one a chance. Surely the supply of moose to-day is none too large to fill the demand.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBURTON, N. H.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles discussing moose calling and rifles for big game which have appeared in the last two issues of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Although such discussions probably convince no one, the old saying of Hudibras' that

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still,"

applying in these cases; yet the interchange of ideas which they bring about is at least interesting and perhaps of some value to all concerned. I shall, therefore, venture to express my views regarding the subjects in question, with the hope that I may escape vituperation or denunciation from those who do not concur in my opinions.

I have been successful in killing moose both by means of calling and still-hunting, and so perhaps am qualified

to judge as to the merits and defects of each method. I am fully satisfied as to which best pleases me, but I appreciate that it is a difficult matter for any one to decide the case for another. Why should not the decision as to calling or hunting be left to the dictates of the sporting conscience of each individual? My own experience caused me promptly to renounce calling, and my sentiments are ranged with those of Mr. Alden Sampson, which he so well expresses in his letter to *FOREST AND STREAM*, published in its issue of Jan. 20. But, after all, should it not be "*chacun a son gout*."

As to rifles for big game, I believe that there is no rifle manufactured either at home or abroad that will invariably stop big game. I have used rifles of nearly all calibers, except the English express rifles, and believe that there are great merits in those of both large and small. Within the limits of my own experience last autumn, three moose were killed by one shot each, the first from a .45-70 Winchester, the second from a Savage .303 and the third from a .30-40 Winchester. Some years since I was present on a bear hunting expedition when a large black bear, after being brought to bay, was knocked over and instantly killed by one shot from a .32-20 Winchester. In all the above cases the bullets were placed in vital spots. On the other hand I have seen one moose riddled at close range with .45 cal. bullets, and another with those of the .30 cal. before either succumbed, but in both of these instances vital parts were untouched by the earlier shots. I have never had the good fortune to try the English express rifles, but can see no reason why there should be any great increase in their effectiveness if the bullets are not rightly placed. What experience I have had leads me to conclude that the caliber and make of the rifle is of little account, unless the bullet reaches a vital spot. I confess a leaning toward the .30 cal. on account of comparative lightness and small size of the ammunition, flat trajectory and medium recoil. It is notable that one English manufacturer is experimenting with a high power smokeless express rifle of .35 cal., and claiming that the shock and killing power of bullets of this caliber from this rifle are greater than those of any express of larger bore. However, the man behind the gun is an element which demands consideration, and with him it is again a case of "*degustibus*."

CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS.

The Hunting Rifle.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue for Jan. 20 Peep Sight, following out his usual plan of action when killing moose, pours a whole magazine full of shots into Frank H. R., but I fancy the quarry will have enough vitality left to reply, and it will take a "brain" shot, or an English express, to stop his charge.

There are many things to be considered in choosing a rifle. What is it wanted for? and under what conditions will it be used? Not only the weapon, but the ammunition also, will depend upon a reply of these questions; rest assured no one rifle will answer all requirements, any more than one suit of clothes will suit all climates. It would be impossible to offer advice that would suit all persons, I can therefore only give a personal opinion according to my own experience.

For all animals up to, and including the common deer, any of the American express rifles are good. But the Savage and other 03.3 rifles are better.

For moose and such large deer, which we usually find in heavy cover, so that a second shot is not always sure, we need a rifle which combines the following properties: A moderate degree of accuracy, considerable penetration and immense striking energy. These qualities we have combined in their highest degree in the following English express rifles: Caliber, .500 charge of powder $5\frac{1}{2}$ drams; caliber .577, charge of powder, 6 drams. Weight of bullet about 648 grains of nearly pure lead and solid. This bullet will nearly always remain in a moose, being usually found under the skin on the opposite side, hence the paralyzing effect of this rifle; all the striking energy remains in the animal, without any waste at all.

If then a .577 bullet weighing 648 grains has, at 50 feet, a striking energy of 3,500 foot-pounds, as I am told it has, that amount of force is expended on the moose, provided the ball does not go through.

This retention of the bullet is one of the arguments advanced in favor of the .303, whose bullets break into minute fragments on striking the first portion of hard tissue or bone, but I think that by so doing the bullet has committed suicide, although it may in so doing have fatally torn the animal's vitals; still, it has destroyed itself; it is no longer a compact body—in fact, it has disappeared.

In my opinion the *sine qua non* of all shooting is to kill outright, and not to wound; this you will accomplish with the .577. A shot into an animal from any quarter, directed toward its vitals, will surely get there.

A post-mortem investigation of a shoulder shot would reveal a crushed shoulder, with small fragments of bone driven all through the lungs like a charge of shot, in addition to the havoc created by the large diameter of the big bullet.

But the best test of a rifle is the work it does in actual practice. From the following cases which have come under my own observation you can judge:

Mr. Dall Deweese, of Canon City, Colo., has spent three seasons in Alaska hunting, and killed some very large moose, bear and deer, with a Savage .303, a rifle he strongly favors; yet on one occasion a large moose, with a 69-inch spread of horn, took two fatal shots and fell, then regained his feet and charged, to use the hunter's own words, "with the force of a runaway engine." A bullet in the brain dropped the animal at his feet almost. Fortunately Mr. Deweese is an experienced, cool, deliberate and steady shot, otherwise it makes one shudder to think what the consequence might have been. A big bear which he knocked down was only kept from charging by several rapid and accurate shots.

Adam Moore, a noted New Brunswick guide, a few years ago killed two caribou with one shot from a .303. They fell where they stood when he fired, one falling against the other. Quite naturally he thought he had the one and only caribou gun. The following season his first

game was a very large moose, which took thirteen shots before it condescended to stop. He has changed his mind now about rifles and wants an English express.

Henry Braithwaite, known, at least by reputation, to all *FOREST AND STREAM* readers, probably knows more about moose than any other man in America to-day, and has had every opportunity to see the results on moose of all the common rifles, his most emphatic opinion is that the .500 English express is the best.

Personally, I have killed several moose and caribou with the American .45-90, .50-110 and .303. Not once did I kill an animal clean; they always ran some distance before falling, and on two occasions I badly wounded and lost moose.

Your correspondent, Peep Sight, says he has killed only four moose. No. 1 took the whole magazine; No. 2 took seven shots and ran 159 yards; No. 3 took the magazine full and ran 20 yards; No. 4, at ten paces distant, took three shots and yet ran some distance. Nevertheless he is satisfied and thinks no rifle could have done better. I feel sure he can never have seen the work of an English express or he would not have made such a statement, and can assure him that an English express, under like conditions and in the hands of a fair marksman, would have killed the four moose in, at most, six shots.

Peep Sight was certainly very fortunate, first in getting his moose so close; secondly, in persuading them to wait for so many shots, and thirdly, in finding them in such open cover.

I saw a caribou killed with a .303, which had been hit in the side; the ball mushroomed on the hair and merely made a big, ragged flesh wound, not fatal, although placed over the lungs; even the rib was not broken.

These are instances of the failures of the .303 to kill clean and quick; and prove my first assertion that the .303 does not always act the same.

It is not necessary for my purpose to give any of the numerous instances of clean kills which might be cited to its credit. Now I have never yet met a man, who has used an English express, who could honestly say that it did not kill clear and quick. I myself have used one for the past three years, and have killed two moose and three caribou with it. In only one case was a second shot used, and even then it was not needed. I fired it because I wanted to sooner put the animal out of its misery, my first shot being in the paunch, which is not immediately fatal. I need not specify each case; it is sufficient for my purpose to state that in every case the animal did not travel more than the length of its self after being hit.

The .577 will never fail; hold your gun true and you will surely kill, and kill clean.

People see very little mention of the English express in American sporting papers, first because it is an English gun, and secondly because a good one costs at least \$125; whereas, the average good American gun costs about \$25.

I cannot see why our American gunmakers do not turn out a similar weapon. It would undoubtedly find a ready sale in many quarters. In the foregoing remarks I have spoken from a personal experience on both sides. I have killed moose with both of the guns in question, and should for that reason be well qualified to judge between them. My emphatic opinion is, as can be seen, decidedly in favor of the English express.

If there is any point not quite clear to any *FOREST AND STREAM* reader, I will be only too glad to answer any questions.

Let me say, in finishing, to any man who has used both rifles, I would be glad to hear from you if your opinion does not coincide with mine.

JAMES TURNBULL.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his recent contribution to the subject of moose calling and caliber of rifles, Mr. Frederick Irland, the discoverer of Frank H. Risteen, Esq., in Frank H. R., Riverside, Cal., accuses me of writing a "truly ill-natured and also, if one was cruel enough to say it, a truly foolish and ill-informed thing when he said Frank H. R. had probably only a superficial knowledge of rifles." In the first place, I made no such assertion as above quoted, verbatim, grammar and all.

I resent Mr. Frederick Irland's officious intermeddling in this regard, only a little less than his presumptuous patronizing manner in wasting "only a word, and a kind one, on Peepsight, who would better sign his honest name." Mr. Frederick Irland goes on "kindly" to say that "the contribution in regard to rifles for moose signed Frank H. R., was, as intelligent readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* know, written by Mr. Risteen." Now, if there is a single line in my letter in the least ill-natured, or calculated to wound the sensibilities of Mr. Risteen, whose identity I knew perfectly well before I wrote my letter and before I had received a note from the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* conveying that information, I offer him an apology, while at the same time reiterating my belief that if he thinks an express (so-called) rifle possesses greater smashing and shocking powers than a .30-cal. rifle using a soft-pointed bullet and nitrous powder, then his knowledge of such rifle must necessarily be superficial. I well knew that my reply to Mr. Risteen's strictures would result either in his unearthing his identity or in some "intelligent reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*" doing it for him.

Unless I could write upon a subject without being so gratuitously discourteous as Mr. Frederick Irland has shown himself in his recent letter, I should most carefully refrain from calling attention to my infirmity by going out of my way to accuse some one else of writing in an ill-natured, ill-informed strain. Some individuals are so peculiarly and unfortunately constructed mentally that they are unable to write or converse upon any subject without becoming unnecessarily offensive, but who are so wrapped up in their own importance as to be unable to discover in their own deportment those faults and shortcomings so palpably apparent to every one else.

PEEPSIGHT.

FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed to its columns.

The Boston Sportsman's Show.

PREPARATIONS for the Sportsman's Show, which is to be held in Mechanics' Building, Boston, from Feb. 22 to March 10, inclusive, are now so far advanced that there is every indication that the show will far surpass that of 1898 in all its attractive features. Not only will there be complete exhibits from Maine, the Province of Quebec and the Adirondacks, but the Association, through its agents, has collected many specimens of wild game to exhibit independently. There will be besides interesting displays by sporting goods houses, although the area for trade exhibits has been somewhat decreased from the space allowed them two years ago. Only such exhibits in this line will be made as will prove interesting to sportsmen.

The large auditorium known as Grand Hall will be devoted almost entirely to athletic exhibitions. The whole floor area in view of the galleries will be given up to a miniature lake and a good-sized indoor gymnasium. In the lake there will be contested A. A. U. championships in short distance swimming, relay team racing, water polo and diving. In the gymnasium a basketball tournament, for which there has been an unusually large list of entries, will be contested, besides many other events for individuals, which are suitable for indoor competition.

Not only will there be canoeing competitions in the lake, but Indians from the Northwest of Canada will exhibit their prowess in spearing and other feats, natural to their life in forest and stream. A realistic Indian camp of twenty-six bucks and squaws will be an interesting feature. It is proposed to have these Indians hold some of their tribal and ceremonial dances during the show.

The three territorial exhibits will be very large and complete representations of the attractiveness of these regions for sportsmen. There is very little doubt that more specimens of wild game will be exhibited than were ever before shown under one roof. Maine, which has always had an attractive and large exhibit at past shows, will be splendidly represented at the coming show. The Fish and Game Commissioners, through Chief Warden C. C. Nichols, are making extraordinary efforts to have Maine's exhibit surpass any previous showing made from that State. All efforts will be concentrated in the Boston show, and no exhibit will be sent elsewhere.

Mr. Nichols in his latest advices says that Maine will be represented in the wild game department by four moose, one caribou, twelve to twenty deer, two black bears, a den of foxes, a half-dozen each of woodchucks and muskrats, two wildcats, four mink, a cage of coons, a cage of owls and a cage of crows, one of which is white. He expects further to obtain specimens of the otter, fisher and beaver. Many splendid specimens of stuffed moose and deer will also be exhibited.

A family of Indians will live in their lean-tos in native fashion, and will make souvenirs as products of the show. These Indians will be from the Oldtown reservation. There will also be a camp of guides, with a bureau of information.

Another very interesting and unique feature of the Maine exhibit will be a fish pond, which will be stocked with large trout, which will be lively and take the hook readily. Fishermen will be allowed at certain times during the show to cast unbarbed flies into the pond. They will thus have the pleasure of getting a rise from a game fish without harming it.

Though the Provincial Government of Quebec had in preparation an extensive exhibit of the game products of that region at the Paris Exposition, they decided also to make a big exhibit at the Boston show, and N. E. Cormier, Chief Warden of the Province, has charge of the collection of the game. The exhibit will be a very large one, and he reports that he already has on hand seven moose, six deer, six bears, four beavers, two muskrats and one raccoon. These he has collected in east Quebec. In the Quebec district he reports that his agents are to secure four caribou, two or more otters and minks, and a number of hares, wild geese and wild ducks.

Mr. Cormier has a raccoon which is absolutely tame, which he intends to bring to the show. This raccoon accompanies him from his home to the post-office in Aylmer, and carries letters and papers in its mouth, just as any well-trained dog. Mr. Cormier tells the story that recently when he and the raccoon were on their way home a dog rashly attacked his companion. The coon dropped the letters, whipped the dog conclusively, gathered the letters together again in his mouth, and followed his master as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

The details of the Adirondack exhibit are not as yet known, but Mr. Geo. A. Stevens, Chairman of the Committee of Citizens, having in charge this exhibit, in a recent communication says that his preparations are going on very smoothly, and that his committee will give as good a representation of the game life of the Adirondacks as possible.

The fish exhibit, of which Mr. Richard O. Harding has charge, will be most complete, and assuredly one of the most pleasing features of the show. The exhibit will have a frontage of 120 feet, and will be closed in completely. The structure in which the various tanks will be inclosed will be after the style of log cabins in its architecture. The tanks will be made of French plate glass an inch thick, and will be larger than any ever shown in Boston. The tanks will be 7 feet long, and hold about 550 gallons of water. These large tanks were selected in order to show larger fresh-water fish than have previously been shown in captivity. A strong light, both in the day time and at night, will be concentrated in these tanks, so that aided by filtered water the fish will be shown at the very best advantage. A complete fish hatchery, under the supervision of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, will be displayed in full operation in front of the fish tanks, but at a lower elevation. The Commission will furnish trout eggs and fry for a complete hatchery, showing process in different stages of development.

The United States Commission will also send from their Maine station, at Bucksport, several hundred each of steelhead trout, Swiss Lake trout, rainbow trout, brook trout and salmon. They will also send specimens of albino salmon.

The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission will furnish several large landlocked salmon, 5 to 10 pounds each; lake trout, 10 to 16 pounds; brook trout, 5 to 8 pounds; golden or Sunapee trout, 4 to 6 pounds; Loch Laven or Scotch trout, 4 to 6 pounds; rainbow trout, 5 to 8 pounds; a number of specimens of large pickerel and cusk, and some Dublin Pond trout, which are peculiar to the waters from which they are named. These fish from New Hampshire will be taken especially for the Sportsman's Show, from Newfound Lake, Sunapee Lake, Lake Winnepesaukee and other waters which are noted to fishermen.

Extensive plans were made to make a salt-water exhibit, showing a large variety of strange and rare specimens of fish, but owing to the fact that these fish during the winter months leave the shallow waters near shore and go out into deep water, it was impossible to secure specimens; therefore, this exhibit had to be given up, and all efforts were concentrated in making a first-class fresh-water exhibit.

Maine will also be represented adequately by a fish exhibit other than that in the fish pond, showing specimens for which her lakes and streams are famous.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Movements of Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey got back Wednesday from their trip to the Sea View Hotel, High Island, Tex. Mr. Mussey says that the weather was phenomenally mild, so that the ducks and snipe were not gathered in along the sea coast, and he did not exert himself to do any shooting, although he could have had good sport at no great distance. So far as I can discover he put in most of his time eating oysters and sitting in the sun smoking cigarettes. I believe this is the first time Mr. Mussey has ever been so far South, and to say he was delighted is putting it very mildly. The open and hearty ways of the Southerners were a revelation to him, after many years here in Chicago, where a gentleman keeps a gun trained on a guest, and has a customer walk under care of a private detective. Mr. Mussey says that the Sea View Hotel is an excellent place to go to. Capt. Cade, its owner, is a wealthy ranchman who owns a few thousand acres of land and a few thousand head of cattle. He seems to run this hotel for amusement, and to get good fellows to come down and visit him. No Northern man need be afraid to chance it there.

Capt. A. W. Money, of New York City, was in town this week on his way West to Omaha for the inter-city shoot between Omaha and Kansas City. Capt. Money is looking well as usual. He calls his son Noel a very foolish fellow for wanting to go to the South African war, but admits that he would probably have done the same thing himself had he been in his son's place.

Mr. A. C. Ely, of the Illinois Steel Company, Chicago, is absent in the South on a stay of some extent at Thomasville, Ga., where he is shooting and having a good time. Mr. Ely is one of Chicago's most widely traveled sportsmen.

Mr. J. T. Fanning, of this city, goes South for the field trials and for a little incidental shooting, having a dog which he thinks has a very good show to get into first honors.

Mr. W. S. Draper, of Dyersburg, Tenn., outfitted here this week for a trip in the Western country, including Rocky Mountain points.

Mr. A. A. McKay, of this city, has gone to Palm Beach, Fla., this week, where he will luxuriate safe from the blizzard which has just struck us.

Mr. John Bartl, of Chicago, starts soon for Florida, going to Port Byers and other points.

Mr. Frank O'Connell, of this city, starts soon on an extended winter tour which will take him into Cuba, the Bermudas, etc.

Mr. Frank Butler and wife, Miss Annie Oakley, of shooting fame, are in the city this week and will begin an engagement here within a few days.

Humanity in Excess.

President John G. Shortall, of the Illinois Humane Society, is a man of good impulses, and has without doubt done a great deal of good in the world in relieving or preventing suffering among dumb animals. One is disposed to think, however, that he is carrying humaneness almost to excess when he protests to the Lincoln Park Commissioners against the feeding of live chickens, rats, mice, etc., to the boa constrictors. The keepers say that the snakes will not eat unless they can kill their own food, to which Mr. Shortall replies that the snakes should then starve, an answer which seems somewhat illogical, unless Mr. Shortall draws the line just this side of snakes. The matter will probably be compromised by the keepers feeding the snakes in private, which is perhaps a better way than allowing the public spectacle, which has heretofore attracted crowds. Mr. Shortall can hardly alter that law of nature by which some animals prey upon others, nor is he apt to set aside the natural fashion in which, it is done, but there is no use showing the unpleasant sight of a fowl cowering in terror before a snake from which it has no means of escape.

San Antonio as a Big Game Region.

Recently we had occasion to note the killing of a panther within the city limits of San Antonio, Tex. This week there comes another item, to the effect that on Jan. 17 Mr. Irvin Vorhies killed a large coyote, which had got into John Fest's corral near San Pedro Park, in the city of San Antonio, and which was discovered in the act of devouring a muscular Texas hen. There are those who profess to believe that this coyote is the missing panther, but rather let us think the panther is still at large and adding to the glory of San Antonio as big game region and winter resort. Here in Chicago we have always made the proud boast that we could play almost any kind of a game, but with meekness it must be admitted that Chicago has no panthers and wolves, and is obliged to depend on other things for advertising purposes.

The Tallest Building in Chicago.

Chicago, for instance, advertises herself by quantity. She is bigger than anything else, and has some things that are bigger than anything else. This morning, as I left the Illinois Central station at Randolph street, I had occasion to turn up Michigan boulevard, and as I did so had the best possible view of the new Montgomery, Ward & Co.'s building, which is now nearing its completion. The tall spire required that, at a distance of three blocks, one should tilt his head well back to get a view of the top, where a pigmy workman stood. Investigation shows this new building of the big firm to be the tallest structure in all Chicago. The Masonic Temple is 302 feet to its tip-top, and all the famous Auditorium tower can claim is 298 feet. The tower of the Montgomery, Ward & Co. building reaches up 385 feet above the street, and is the best view point in Chicago, the more especially as it is close to the lake front. It is not to be open to the public for obvious reasons. It will be a grand place to view the yacht races with a glass, and perhaps Mr. Chas. Thorne, of the firm, and a member of the Chicago Y. C., may take a run up there on a busy day to see what is going off outside the port.

In keeping with the new building is the business it houses. Its total floor space is twenty-five acres, and it is twenty-five stories high. Out of this little hive there are shipped to all corners of the world 1,400 packages every hour, or one package for about every two seconds, from morning to night. San Antonio may have a few panthers and wolves to brag about, but she has no store like this. In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that San Antonio buys her groceries here, all except her rawhide and cactus whisky, and although Chicago is out of these commodities, she has probably ordered some.

Chance for a Good Preserve.

Mr. W. I. Spears, of Ingram's Mill, Miss. (close to Capt. Bobo's present residence), has for some time been trying to establish a big game preserve of 25,000 acres, and has leases recorded on the tract by which he controls the hunting privileges. It is a grand country for all sorts of small game, with plenty of foxes for hunting, and any amount of quail, rabbits, coons, etc. Finding the burden of so big an undertaking somewhat trying, financially, Mr. Spears wants some half-dozen gentlemen to chip in with him and push this thing into the sort of enterprise it ought to be. From what my friends tell me who have been there, it could not be surpassed as a hunting place, and it is within easy reach of all Northern points. Mr. Spears has a good pack of fox hounds, and can show fun any day of the season. Of all the many game preserve ideas which have come up within the past few years, I believe this to be the most practical and desirable, and if any one would like a really good shooting and hunting place, he can get it here if he wishes to make the proper investment.

From Powelville.

It was at Mr. Spear's place in Mississippi that our friends, Powel and La Rue, had such a good time. The last advice from Powelville reports Mr. Powel at home and the whole family revelling in corn bread made from a sack of genuine Mississippi cornmeal which Mr. Powel brought home with him. I don't know what La Rue took home, but it seems to me that it ought to be pretty near enough, after living with a friend the way these folks did with Mr. Spears for a month or two, to call it square without taking home victuals enough to last the rest of the year. Mr. Powel also says with exultation that he has imported a fine coon dog with him from Mr. Spears' place, and purposes to hunt coons from now till next quail season. La Rue is reported now at Philadelphia, but "threatening to come back" to Powelville. We are going to have an addition put on the house if Mr. Powel seems crowded next fall.

Captive Wild Ducks.

By the way, if any man anywhere in the country has a wing-tipped or otherwise slightly injured wild mallard duck, he can dispose of the same by addressing Mr. W. A. Powel, in my care. Mr. Powel is collecting a fleet of mallards, and would rather hear of a new mallard duck than a new coal mine.

E. HOUGH.
300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Virginia Turkey Hunt.

MILLWOOD, Va., Jan. 23.—I thought I would let you know of a little turkey hunt I had last Saturday. Buck and I went up into the mountain after turkeys, for we heard they were pretty plentiful up in the Big Hollow. We started about 5 o'clock, and after a three hours' walk we ran upon a flock of twelve fine turkeys. I was the first to see them, and crack went my .38 Winchester, down went a fine gobbler. I got a hen at the third shot, having missed a fine gobbler—my second. Buck got a big hen. We hunted for four hours more, but didn't get a glimpse of any more turkeys. As we went home we ran upon a fine buck; he jumped from a bunch of pines about twenty yards, but as we had our turkeys tied on our gun barrels, we could not get a shot at him. I am going after that buck next week, and will let you know about it.

L. M.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest on Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In West Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the publication of my article in your valued paper, I have discovered that our Legislature did not give our State game warden the power to appoint deputies, and he has been appointing assistant game wardens where he thinks they are needed. We need deputy game wardens in all counties where there are any violations of game and fish laws, and I hope that our next Legislature will remedy this by passing a bill giving this power to our State game warden, but I am personally not in favor of giving him a salary, as I think he ought to get his pay out of the fines coming from the prosecuting of cases by him or his assistants. That is the law for West Virginia as it stands to-day. The game warden is to get twelve hundred dollars of the fines so collected, and over the amount of twelve hundred is to have twenty per cent. of all other fines collected by or through him or his assistants.

I notice from some of your contributors' articles, a tendency to disbelieve any contributor as to the best hunting place or as to the reports of game killed in one section of country. If any gentleman doubts as to my report of over eighty deer being killed within a radius of eight miles of Romney, I will, if he will pay the notary's fees, send him a sworn statement from thirty reliable men of this section as to the truth of my statement.

We have had a comparative open winter here so far, and the chances look bright for our next season. The cross tie men begin their rafting down the river with the spring rise, and I look for a repeal of their disgraceful catching of bass like they did last year. However, as your scribe has been appointed assistant game warden by the Hon. Frank Lively, of Hinton, W. Va., who is our State game warden, I do not think they will get off as easy as they did last spring.

In a short article in your paper I noticed some remarks about game in Indian Territory. I spent the spring and summer of 1898 in the Creek nation, and made a few observations there myself on the game. I found a great many quail and quite a lot of prairie chickens and some few deer and a scattered flock or so of wild turkeys. It would undoubtedly be a sportsman's paradise if the market-hunter and trapper was not in evidence there. But within a mile of a gentleman's ranch on which I stayed lived a man who shot the cock prairie chicken in August while the hen was on its nest, and shot and trapped quail all the year round for the cold storage business in St. Louis. In fact, he made his entire living that way, and there were many others who lived as he did. While I was in Lincoln county, Oklahoma, I saw black bass caught in a seine in a tributary of the Cimarron River. They were of the same species we have in the South Branch of the Potomac. Possibly my letter is growing too long.

J. B. BRADY.

Farmers and Sportsmen.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Jan. 13 a correspondent in Cleveland, O., writes a dolorous plaint about the troubles of poachers ("sportsmen," he calls them) in Medina and Lake counties, east of Cleveland, and complains that farmers, instead of warning off trespassers and allowing them to leave without putting them to any further annoyance, actually hasten for a constable and have them arrested. It seems there is a law in Ohio which provides for a fine of \$5 for trespassing and \$20 for hunting with ferrets upon any farm without the consent of the owner, but your correspondent intimates that the wail of the poachers may be heard in Columbus, and thus bring relief from those whom he characterizes as "cold-blooded farmers, justices of the peace and constables." Here the writer develops an unconscious humor and intimates that it may come in the shape of a bill which will define the rights of sportsmen when on other peoples' property.

It is evident that the farmers of Ohio, as elsewhere, are waking up and at last realizing that if they wish their rights respected they must treat the people who steal their game as they would those who plunder their chicken coops or melon patches, making them pay the penalty of their misdeeds.

Warnings that no hunting is allowed, if nothing more is done, soon cease to be regarded. It comes to be understood among the gentry to whom these notices are given that Bill Smith, Jim Jones and John Johnson, your correspondent's supposititious farmers, will only order you off his place, so they take their chances of the owner being away from home or on some distant part of the farm. If he hears them he must stop his work and walk half a mile through the fields to tell them what they know perfectly well—that they are violating the law by shooting on his farm without permission.

The truth is, there is no legitimate use for one shotgun out of fifty owned in our towns; they are nearly all used either in killing game which the owner of the land would protect if he could, or else in slaughtering harmless small birds, which are "protected" so far as a statute which nobody pays any attention to can protect them. The majority of shotgun owners do not possess an acre of land, and never expect to go through the formality of obtaining a shooting privilege from some one who does. They swarm in the country for amusement and expect to tramp over a man's farm, kill the game he is reserving for himself, or his friends, or which will make it possible for him to sell the shooting privileges, and if discovered they raise a wail because they are arrested instead of being only warned off.

There should be a gun license costing about \$5 per year for shotguns, and no one should be allowed to use such a gun off his own premises, except at trapshooting or some such harmless competition. Farmers should unite in a determined effort to stop any shooting without a written permit from the owner or occupier.

There is plenty of room for ten times the small game we now have without any detriment to the farming interests; and if each land owner would work for its protection there would hardly be a twenty-acre tract without its covey of quail, or a piece of woodland without a few partridges and squirrels.

If this is done farmers will find to their surprise that their farms are producing a new crop without cost to themselves and that men from town are willing to pay liberally for the privilege of harvesting it.

The theaters in the cities are filled night after night with people who pay from \$1 to \$2 for an evening's amusement, and many city men would gladly pay more for a day's shooting where there was assurance of game enough to afford sport—or the full value of the birds for the privilege of killing them himself.

I rejoice at each additional "no shooting" sign, and hope soon to see every farm protected. To illustrate how the idea is growing in the West, I inclose a notice from an Indiana paper, signed by eighty-four farmers in one township in De Kalb county, who unite to stop shooting on their lands.

LEXDEN.

The notice inclosed by our correspondent is from the Auburn (Ind.) Courier, and reads:

We, the undersigned citizens of Richland township, De Kalb county, State of Indiana, do hereby warn the public against hunting or shooting on the premises of said undersigned parties. Any person or persons found violating the warning herein contained, will be prosecuted according to the law.

CECIL COUNTY, Md., Jan. 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: A number of farmers, myself among the number, propose to form an association for the better protection of the game and birds on our farms, and to control the lawless element that seems bent on a hunt of extermination.

Would you kindly advise us where we can get a copy of constitution and by-laws suitable for such association? Of course, it is not likely we can find one that would suit us in every particular, but it would afford us the groundwork upon which to build.

Our purpose is to prosecute trespassers, as an association, no matter on which member's property they may be found, the expense of said prosecution to be paid from a general fund contributed by all the members.

Very truly yours,

JOHN R. ALLEN.

Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

CONSTITUTION and by-laws of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the protection of Game and Fish, Hartford, Conn.:

CONSTITUTION.

The name of this Association shall be the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish.

The objects of this Association shall be:

First—To protect game and fish within this State to the reasonable, legitimate and equal benefit and use of those legally entitled thereto for the purpose of food and enjoyment, sport and recreation, and in that behalf to promote the due and speedy enforcement of all laws relating to such protection.

Second—To protect the farmers against those persons who mutilate stock, tear down fences or walls and do shooting or fishing on Sunday.

Third—To prevent all violations possible of such laws as relate to fish and game within the State.

Fourth—To make and prefer information against violators of such laws, and to detect, prosecute and bring to justice all offenders against such laws, and punish them according to law, and supervise such prosecution.

Also, to use and exercise careful supervision and observance of all matter relating or pertaining to the subject matter above referred to.

The territory over which the Association will exercise supervision and influence shall be the State of Connecticut.

Each member is bound and obligated to obey and observe and not knowingly violate any of the game or fish laws in force within this State, nor permit it to be done by another if he can prevent it.

Fifth—To use all consistent efforts to detect violation of such laws and report to the officers of the Association, or to the public authorities in that behalf, all violations of such laws coming to his knowledge or information, to the end that the offenders may be prosecuted and brought to justice.

BY-LAWS.

The corporate management and business affairs of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish shall be under and according to the following by-laws, rules and regulations:

Article 1.—The office of this Association shall be at the city of Hartford, Hartford County, Conn.

Article 2.—The officers of the Association shall be a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and a board of directors to be composed of eight directors and the president. There may be such executive or other committees as the Association may see fit to appoint.

Article 3.—An annual meeting* of members to elect officers and transact other business shall be held on the _____ or at the office of the Association, if there be one other than the _____ provided by the board of directors.

Notice of the annual meetings to be given by the secretary to all members who have paid dues for the year preceding the meeting, by mailing notice thereof to each member two days prior to the meeting. Such notice may likewise be given by the president or vice-president. Notice may be also published in one or more papers if expedient. Special meetings of members may be called by resolution of the board of directors or upon request of five members in the same manner as annual meetings, and have the same power except to elect directors.

Article 4.—A quorum to transact business at an annual meeting or special meeting shall be composed of not less than five members present in person with at least three other persons or represented by proxy. If by proxy, to be filed by the secretary of the meeting.

Article 5.—The constitution or by-laws shall not be changed or amended except at an annual or at a special meeting of members called for that purpose. To constitute a quorum to vote upon a change of the constitution, not less than eight members shall be personally present, and at least ten others represented in person or by proxy. No change or amendment of the constitution or by-laws shall be voted upon at such a meeting unless such proposed change or amendments shall theretofore have been adopted or recommended by the board of five directors, or in which at least six directors shall concur.

Article 6.—The president and eight directors chosen at annual election shall hold their offices till the next annual meeting and until their successors are chosen and qualify, or until a quorum of the newly elected board of directors shall qualify.

Article 7.—It shall be the duty of the president to preside over the meetings of the board of directors.

He shall also preside at the annual and special meetings of the Association. Any annual or special meeting of members, may, in their discretion, choose a chairman of such meeting in which case the chairman so chosen shall preside thereat.

Article 8.—The dues which shall constitute membership shall be the sum of \$1 from each member for each year, and is payable to the secretary at the annual meeting and shall be for the year then ensuing. Each \$1 paid by any person shall be deemed a membership for the current year; and each membership shall be entitled to one vote at annual or special meeting. Any person may hold one or more memberships. Any farmer in the State can have one membership free and is entitled to a vote on the same.

Article 9.—The board of directors or their authorized committee may offer a reward not exceeding \$50 at any one time for information leading to the detection and successful prosecution of violations of the game or fish laws and appoint such agents, ser-

ants or detectives as may seem necessary or expedient in better carrying out the objects of the Association, in enforcing the game and fish laws. They may also define and limit the powers and duties of such agents, servants or detectives, within the scope and object of the Association, and for their compensation.

Article 10.—The secretary shall have custody of the books, records and papers of the Association. Shall keep books of accounts of its affairs; and minutes of all the proceedings of the board of directors and of the annual and special meetings, which at reasonable times shall be open to inspection of the members; and shall at all times be under the direction and control of the board of directors.

Article 11.—The treasurer shall have charge of all the moneys belonging to the Association, which shall be deposited in a Hartford bank, subject only to draft signed by the treasurer. The treasurer shall pay all bills when properly approved by the president and secretary and submit a report thereof when called upon to do so. He shall also keep accurate accounts with all the members, and at the end of his term of office surrender all books, papers, funds and vouchers to his successor.

Article 12.—Any director or officer convicted by any court of violating the game laws of the State, shall from the time of such conviction cease to be such officer, and his office vacant; any member so convicted shall thereafter cease to be a member; and any member or officer guilty of violating the game laws, not so convicted, shall be removed and expelled therefor, by the board of directors after being informed of the charges and leave to be heard in defense. Upon such hearing five directors shall concur in the removal by vote taken on the question of guilt.

Article 13.—The board of directors shall have no power to create any debt against the Association or make any expenditure beyond what there are funds in the treasury to pay. Nor shall they use or apply any funds of the Association to any purpose not within the object and scope of the Association, as defined by the constitution and by-laws.

*Subject to call of president.

New York Legislature.

ALBANY, Jan. 29.—When the game code was enacted in 1892, and the tangleless mess of game laws were repealed, everybody hoped that the game question would "stay put" for awhile. But the many amendments to that code have proved very discouraging to all sportsmen.

And now comes the statutory revision commission with a general bill that wipes out the code of 1892, and the numerous amendments to it, and, in its place, offers a bill "for the protection of the forests, fish and game of the State," to be known as Chapter 31 of the general laws. It was introduced by Senator Brown, chairman of the Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game Laws. The printed number of the bill was 59, but it has been reprinted as number 210 of Senate bills.

As this bill is the most important one on this subject that has been introduced since the code became a law, and as it will probably be printed a dozen times before it is passed (if it is passed), a brief glance at the occupations of the Senate and Assembly committees having it in charge may be of interest.

In the Senate Committee: Brown is a lawyer from Watertown; Chaboon is a manufacturer of wood pulp from Au Sable Forks; Malby is a lawyer from Ogdensburg; Ford is a lawyer from New York; Davis is a grain merchant from Brooklyn; La Roche is a hardware man from Brooklyn, and Havens is a merchant from Centre Moriches.

In the Assembly Committee: Axtell (chairman) is a farmer from Barbourville, Delaware county; Hallock is an editor from Southold; Davis is a lawyer from New York; Doughty is an oyster planter from Inwood, Queens county; Beede is a hotel man of Beedes, in Essex county; Johnson is a lawyer from Plattsburgh; Irwin is a physician from West Hebron, Washington county; Marson is a farmer from Whitesboro, Oneida county; Dusingberg is a real estate man from Liberty, Sullivan county; Maher is a clerk and O'Connell is a plasterer, both from New York; Holstein is a retired merchant, and Siems is an insurance man, both from Brooklyn.

It may be questioned how much most of these committeemen know in regard to the various things that will come before them in connection with the new game law.

MATHER.

Ruxton's Life in the Far West.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: I find in your issue of 6th instant that Mr. Kephart, of St. Louis, questions the facts stated by me a week or two earlier about Geo. Frederick Ruxton's books upon this Western country. It is fixed in my mind that I saw somewhere the statement that a portion of the book "Life in the Far West" was prepared for the press after Ruxton's death. I have searched for a copy of the book, and yesterday succeeded in finding one, published by the Harpers in 1859. It contains a lengthy preface, with extracts from Ruxton's letters, and mention of his illness and death, but not the explanation I hoped to find. A reading of the book carries conviction that it was not all prepared by the same hand, and hence the belief that Ruxton did not live to complete it does not seem unreasonable. The very grave mistake about the death of Bill Williams therein narrated is evidence to me that it was not the mistake of the care-taking Ruxton. Williams had not then been long dead, and the story told in the book under consideration is so different from the facts that it reads like the fiction of some frontiersman who had a very slender foundation upon which to build.

There was, however, one very serious mistake in my former letter, in which I mentioned the United States force which Ruxton sought to miss in his journey from Mexico to the Rocky Mountain region of the United States as General Price's, when it should have been stated as General Doniphan's command. Price did not appear upon the military carpet until fourteen or fifteen years later, and then in a very different war. A hasty and careless dictation was responsible for that blunder on my part.

WM. N. BYERS.

FOREST AND STREAM CALENDAR.

The Forest and Stream's little calendar goes wherever asked for. One will come to you if you wish it.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Bear.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue a "Camp-Fire" signed J. P. T., asks for a particular bear story. Inform him that he will find it in two of Capt. Mayne Reid's works. The original story in the "Scalp Hunters," and again in a camp-fire story told in "The Hunters' Feast." In my boyhood days I owned or read all of his works, and there were lots of them—twenty-five or more—and about the only way to keep me quiet was to give me a Mayne Reid. Three of them might be seasonable now, "The Bush Boys," "The Young Yagers" and "The Giraff Hunters," all about the same boys. All of his stories contain lots of information about fauna, flora and kindred subjects, as known when the books were written. I would like to know of any information that FOREST AND STREAM readers cannot furnish if asked the same way this was. My regards to Pine Tree, and ask him to excuse my snapping the information out of his mouth, for I have no doubt that he possesses it as well as lots of others.

E. C. NEAL.

ELMIRA, Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That "Old Bear Story" spoken of by J. P. T. in your last week's paper, is in the "Hunters' Feast," a book written by Capt. Mayne Reid. J. P. T. is a little mixed. His elk was a big-horn, which was killed. Only one bear was killed, that by the Indian in his death struggle. The weather changed to a freeze, and they walked out on the crust.

C. B. STUART.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The author of the bear story in the old school readers to which J. H. P. refers, was that prince of writers for the boys of those days, Capt. Mayne Reid. I am not quite sure of the title of Capt. Reid's book in which the story was published, but think that it is one of the two entitled "The Hunters' Feast" and "The Scalp Hunters."

ONE OF THE OLD BOYS.

ENTER TOWN Crier—"Oyez, oyez, oyez! Lost! Ding dong, ding dong! Lost! Lost! A bear! A bear! A bear!"

Enter Friend Ames—"Hi! Found! A bear! A bear! Where, and who's the owner?"

And here is he just round the corner almost from Brother A., who knows him better than he does his initials.

J. P. T. is just as grateful to the FOREST AND STREAM, however, in "bringing them together," since it really has done so, doubtless showing to each of us a new side among the various facts which make up our respective lives, polished or otherwise. J. P. T. will use the phone, but first will write, as you can't send a photograph as yet by that wire.

Yes, indeed, does he remember that deathwail of the Shawano? Although the word "Shawnee" was hovering nebulously like a will-o'-the-wisp in his hand. As to friend Locke—well, the last time seen he and the writer were in a snare over a catch in arithmetic, and when he called the writer John, the latter did not arise and smite him; for lo! he's been thus to him for many a year.

But to the bear in school. Wishywashy is the substitute which our kind friend-in-chief, the editor, has found for us, as stated in his editorial column; and the writer recalls the spasm of aversion with which he too read that tale of the angelic bear in snowy raiment; and admits that the reader bear is a species not yet classified and docketed in the sportsman's museum. Yet he has some good points. Charles Dudley Warner's "How I Killed a Bear" now is being read all over New York State in the Regents' schools. J. P. T. believes, although covered up by the more telling story of "A-Hunting of the Deer" in the same little volume—a story which is calculated to make a man gun with a camera when he reaches the writer's years. Warner's bear-story is one bubbling bit of sheer fun, all the way through.

How do I know about it 'way off here? Why, brother, I'm addicted to schoolbooks too, as well as Brother Ames, and have been for some sixteen years. I've even been guilty of writing a bear-story for school use myself which might even suit our friend, the editor, for its tale of a single-handed, grim and rattling fight with arrow, spear and battle axe against polar craft and "eleven men's strength," as our wild ancestors, the Vikings, found it far before gunpowder days; and if the editor is curious to know what it looked like, let him borrow some boy's copy of "The Iron Star" and look at the picture of the young Viking's scrap on page 77. I could a tale unfold about the picture of that bear. About sixteen other bears sat for that likeness, till the artist dreamed bears, and said she saw them walking round on the footboard of the bed in the ghostly moonlight. And the book—a wonder story running from the days of the Cavemen to Miles Standish—is being used already as a reader in some schools. So now! But all the same, I want to know more yet about that bald-headed bear fighter of the long ago. Wake up some more brothers, who can tell me?

J. P. T.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.

THE G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass., send us their Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. The book presents in convenient form the most essential parts of the International. It is compact and complete, and altogether the most satisfactory of all the abridged dictionaries of the day.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Eel.

THE eel bids fair to cause a good deal of guessing about its habits, particularly its breeding, before every one is satisfied as to where, when and how it reproduces. That period in which it was supposed to spring from chopped horse hairs thrown into the water, is safely passed, and the hermaphrodite period is also behind us, with Oppian's belief that they were born of the slime which covers them. Pliny, too, had a whack at them, and in that epoch they were supposed to be produced from particles separated from their own bodies. There are other periods like the "mud" and "May-dew" periods passed without serious accident to any one, and now we are slap-bang up against a "white deposit" which, in far-away New Zealand, produces eels or something somebody thinks is eels. When I read the item in the London Gazette I wondered just what Marston thought about it, for the paper tells what he said. Now, is it not curious that for years scientists in different parts of the world should have been observing the habits of the eel as closely as the slippery subject will permit, and racking their intellects to discover their breeding habits, particularly where they bred, and that finding it should have been discovered by children at Folly Farm, that the eels were breeding and the young were hatching in the lagoon back of the house. I do not know who named that farm in New Zealand, but I am of the opinion that New Zealand ought by right to have another guess.

If those keen-eyed children who "could tell the males and females whenever they saw them in the water" are carefully reared and their eyesight cultivated, we will in time know from actual observation what kind of crops are raised on the planet Mars.

When one reads the literature of the eel and realizes that the search for the female eel began, scientifically, at the end of the middle ages, and has extended to our time, and the search for the male was very similar, one can imagine that the scientists of Europe must have suffered from defective eyesight. Here is a sample or incident in the search for a female eel:

"The eel question came up again with more satisfactory results when, in the year 1777, another eel was taken at Comacchio, which showed the same appearance as the two which had preceded it. This eel was received by Prof. Cajetan Monti, who, being indisposed and unable to carry on the investigation alone, sent a number of his pupils to a council at his house, among whom was the celebrated Camillo Galvani, the discoverer of galvanism. The eel was examined by them all and pronounced to be precisely similar to the one described by Vallisneri seventy years before." (The naturalist Vallisneri had had an eel submitted to him by a learned doctor of Comacchio, and after careful examination had pronounced it a female; but the scientific men of Bologna had serious doubts as to the correctness of this discovery.) "It was unanimously decided that this precious specimen should be sent for exhaustive examination to the naturalist Mondini, who applied himself with great zeal to the task, the results of which were published in May, 1777." Briefly, Mondini found that the specimen was not a female, but if that council had possessed the eyesight of the New Zealand children it would not have been necessary for Mondini to apply himself with zeal to show that Vallisneri, seventy years before, was in error.

The late Prof. Goode, under the heading "Strange Misstatements in Ichthyological Literature," said of a statement, similar to the Folly Farm declaration, made by Guido Lindenhain in the Austro-Hungarian Fishing Gazette: "The fanciful contributor, among other wonderful things, claims to have discovered the spawning of the eel in rivers and ponds. I will allow the very sagacious gentleman to recount his summer night's dream in his own words, in order to show with what certainty and precision the most baseless fables concerning the natural history of the eel are even yet narrated." This seems to be a good place to say farewell to the New Zealand eel-spawning-in-fresh-water incident, for it would not interest FOREST AND STREAM readers to rehearse the dream of Lindenhain so soon after the one in the last issue of this paper taken from the London Gazette.

"Red Spinner."

Mr. William Senior, so long the angling editor of the London Field, and who, as Mr. Hallock lately told in this paper, has taken his leave of daily journalism, has been appointed editor-in-chief of the Field, and began his duties with the New Year, but he will continue to have the angling department of the paper in his especial charge under the pen name of Red Spinner." There are several British anglers—Senior, Marston, Harnsworth, Aflalo and others, whom it has been my good fortune and pleasure to know for a greater or less number of years, charming men all of them, and master anglers, who are really pioneers in an anglo-American alliance, for they have done much to establish cordial relations between the anglers who are separated by the salt sea. The last letter received from Francis Francis, who was Mr. Senior's predecessor in the Field, was filled with expressions of friendly feeling for American anglers, and if ever there should come a difference between the two countries, which God forbid, and it is referred to a committee of anglers on both sides to arbitrate, they would speedily arrange the difficulty, for one of the men I have mentioned would undoubtedly be chairman and select the others for colleagues, and then all would join in a fishing excursion. Mr. Senior will have the congratulations of many anglers on this side in his labors in his new field on the Field.

Parnachenee Club.

A report of a committee on the operations of the hatchery at Parnachenee Lake, Me., signed by three members of the club, has just been received, and to me it is particularly interesting because of one paragraph which is this: "Your committee is glad to report that the suc-

cess of the planting both of shrimp and smelt in our waters seems to be assured. Shrimp were found in the trout caught at Lower Black, and adult smelt were found on the shore of the lake last spring. The salmon taken this year were well fed, and in good condition."

I had some correspondence on the subject of planting natural food at Parnachenee Club with Mr. Henry P. Trells, one of the committee, two or three years ago, and it is pleasant to know that the food planting has proven successful. If fishermen generally would interest themselves in the matter of supplying food to the waters they fish, they would get returns that would surprise them, but if people whose business it should be to pursue the matter will not take an active part in supplying food, they must be the chief sufferers. More and more owners of private preserves and fishing associations are awakening to the necessity of supplying food for the fish in their waters, but the great public waters are still, as a rule, dependent upon the little that State commissions can do unaided by suggestions which should come from those intimately acquainted with the waters requiring attention. The Parnachenee Club has been active in this direction almost from its organization, and yet the club is situated in what is termed the "great woods of Maine," and would seem to be about the last to need such attention, but its officers are thinking men, and realized that food must be supplied when they began the artificial cultivation of trout and salmon. Another paragraph from the report will doubtless be of interest to all who rear trout in remote preserves:

"Your committee has given a great deal of time and attention to the question of food supply in a country situated as ours is, and by a process of elimination has arrived at the unanimous conclusion that fresh milk curdled at once with rennet is the best food for all young fry, and can always be used with good results for older fish. It is also found to be the cheapest food and the most easily obtained."

In speaking of the catches, a trout of 6 pounds is recorded, which is larger than the record when I was there before food planting was inaugurated, and I predict that this record will be broken as food planting progresses. The report is illustrated with some excellent half-tones, showing hatchery ponds, and is signed by Robert Sturgis, Henry P. Trells and M. Dwight Collier.

Giant Trout of Maine.

I am glad that my notes have led me up into Maine beyond the Rangeley region, for this is a good place to introduce a newspaper clipping in regard to Rangeley trout. I do not know where it came from, but it was sent to me exactly as I paste it on my manuscript. I have even forgotten who sent it, but it has been hiding about my desk for some time, and occasionally came to the surface, and now here it is:

"Senator Frye, of Maine, who is a great trout fisher, says: 'I once called on Prof. Agassiz, who was a great authority on fish, and asked him to go with me to Rangeley Lakes to fish for trout. As an inducement I told him of the splendid speckled trout there, weighing from 10 to 14 pounds each. When I said this, the Professor gave me a pitiful smile and said: 'I have just completed a treatise, in which I have demonstrated that it is impossible for a speckled trout to weigh over 4 pounds.' I knew better, but knew that I could not convince him by argument. So I went on to Rangeley, and next day caught two speckled beauties, one of which weighed 10 and the other 12 pounds. I packed them in ice, and sent them by express to Prof. Agassiz. By return mail, I received from him a letter, saying: 'My dear Senator, the theory of a lifetime has been kicked to death by a single fact.'"

There is no introduction, but it does not require one, as it is strong enough to stand alone, and it can speak for itself.

It is extremely doubtful if Senator Frye ever said anything of this kind (I am trying to state this thing mildly and therefore do not say all I think about the statement in the clipping), and just as doubtful if Agassiz ever made such a reply, and it is still more doubtful if Senator Frye went on to Rangeley, incidentally, and in an off-hand manner caught two trout (I know he did not say "speckled beauties," and am willing to charge that to the printer) of 10 and 12 pounds each, and finally that last sentence does not sound like Agassiz.

It is all of twenty-five years ago that Dr. Fessenden N. Otis, of New York City, a member of the Oquossac Club, wrote me about the Agassiz incident. Trout were sent to Agassiz, and they were large trout, but not 10 and 12 pounds, and he was asked as to their species and probable age. He pronounced them brook trout, *fontinalis*, and said he could not determine their age.

Until I read this clipping I never heard of a treatise to prove that a fish could not grow to exceed a certain weight, and doubt if any scientist has time to devote to such a treatise, because scientists do not write for the funny papers.

There are a great many doubts in this note, but I shall adhere to them until Senator Frye has an opportunity to amend the complaint.

Biting Smelt.

In my note on the smelt last week, I forgot entirely a story I had stored up as an offset to Frank Forester's allegation that the Eastern smelt did not bite a baited hook. The story is of John Quincy Adams, who was a gentle disciple of the gentle Walton, and it seems that a client of his on the morning of the day that his case was to be called in Boston could not find his counsel, but hearing that he was fishing, he followed him to his lair. Adams would not even leave his fishing boat, but did write a note to the presiding justice, who, after reading it, announced that Mr. Adams was detained on important business, and was unable to be present in court that day.

The note read: "Dear Judge, for the sake of old Izaak Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting and I cannot leave."

Fishing in June.

The reference I made to fishing for salmon in June aroused a very dear friend to write me this morning on the subject, and I quote in part from his letter:

"WATERBURY, Conn., Jan. 22.

"Is there no law that can be invoked to prevent a man from writing such articles as your last in FOREST AND STREAM? Now, this is the state of affairs. We are busy in a business way, and the family needs food and clothing. I have been trying to get down to work, which is a difficult matter at this season, for the fever strikes me (mildly at first) about Jan. 1, and increases as you so well know. I was doing very well and keeping my mind fairly on business, when along comes FOREST AND STREAM with your statement, 'I go fishing in June!' Hang it all, you can go fishing in January if you like, but don't write about it in the way you do, and set a fellow all afloat. As it is, I now have a most violent attack of the fever, and the weather here being warm and pleasant, does not help the matter; then, too, I am having a log camp built on Lac des Passes, and altogether I am ready to start now. I may have to wait until May, but I am not sure. Please devote your 'Angling Notes' in FOREST AND STREAM for a time to planting eels or catching codfish, or anything but trout and salmon fishing. After reading that note of yours I had to order a new rod. I had but twelve, and was awful short of rods; then I had to get a new reel and new line and new flies and leaders, and a new rifle—in fact, I had to have an outlet, and by ordering a lot of stuff I did not need, I managed to pull through, but it was close work. We may go hungry and without fine clothes, but the fishing tackle is all right, and I go fishing in June also.

"The envelope containing this will remind you that you are booked to go salmon fishing in June. Yours sincerely, "GEO. E. HART."

The "envelope" is made of water-color paper, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ inches, and the front of it is covered with a painting representing a man seated in his den at his desk writing a letter to order a "salmon rod to go fishing in June." On the wall is a picture of a salmon. Pendant from the chair in which the man is seated is a placard, "I go fishing in June." Over the desk is a mounted deer's head, and hanging from its mouth is another placard, "I go salmon fishing in June." Leaning against the desk are some bound books, with a gilt title, "Fish Stories, Vol. XV." On the floor is an open fly-book, and they are evidently salmon flies. On the wall are two placards, "I go fishing in June," and "Will be gone salmon fishing in June." A landing net leans against the window, and a creek is near it. Through the window an angler can be seen fishing in a stream. In the right fore ground is a trunk and rod case. The latter bears the legend, "I go fishing in June," and the trunk bears the address, "A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls, N. Y.," with the direction "To be sent away in June." On the back, in place of a seal, is a silver doctor salmon fly, also in colors, with the directions, "If not delivered before June, return to George E. Hart."

My daughter looked at the drawing carefully, and said: "The man actually looks some like you, and I think it was drawn from a picture of you." There was a pause as she studied the pictures, and then she exclaimed: "Now I know it is you, for there is your ever-present cigar between the man's fingers!"

More of June Fishing.

Another letter came in the same mail with Mr. Hart's, which refers to June fishing and the fishing fever, and I quote from that also: "I am pleased to learn from 'Angling Notes' that you have made up your mind to get a little salmon fishing this year, and are making it known already that you are going to Canada early in June.

"If, as you say, your time is limited, there is no need of your going beyond my water. While the best fishing is frequently got late in the month, and the finest fishing came last year in July, after the Camp Harmony people, many others and myself had returned home, but the fish average much smaller, and I would rather kill a few of those big early runners than three times the number of 12 to 15 pounds salmon. I have always been in the habit of going the very last of May, for I get the fishing fever badly just as soon as I hear that salmon have been taken in the nets.

"Fishing fever is not a bad thing to have, provided one knows when, and has the time to go and find the proper remedy for it. I know you will find the most effective medicine for this little ailment on the Ristigouche River, P. Q., Canada, for you have tried it. After all the fascination of going a-fishing consists of first getting the fever, then going to the river full of anticipation and having the satisfaction of allaying it by being successful in killing a few fish. Angling would be a tame pursuit without occasional outbreaks of the fishing fever, and the angler who never has it, is not to be envied; he is not a natural-born fisherman, and only thinks he enjoys angling."

That last sentence is very, very true, and I at once recalled a friend whom I had enthused with what I thought was a clear case of the fever, and he went fishing with me with high hopes and heaps of courage, and the fever waxed hotter until a rain storm which threw down out tent cooled it, and the black flies froze it stiff, and a big black bear buried it beyond the hope of resuscitation in this life. Yes, it is true as writ that natural-born fishermen have the fever, and those who only think they enjoy fishing have a sort of varioloid.

One Misstatement.

In looking over a newspaper and glancing up and down its columns, my eye catches the word fish, or fishing, as a man, without looking for it, catches his own name standing out from other names and words, when it appears on a page of a book as the leaves are rapidly turned. Tonight in glancing over a newspaper my eyes were arrested by the word fish, and in what was evidently a piece of plate matter, I read: "A good fish story comes from the New York State Fish Commission, and, of course, it deals only in unvarnished facts." Then follows the items about the catch of tons of cods in the Hudson River, near Tarrytown, to which I have already alluded in this column. The story did not come from the New York State Fish Commission, and I doubt if the Commissioners have ever seen it, unless they read of it in FOREST AND STREAM. The item originally appeared in a dispatch to the New York Herald, although it may have been an Associated Press dispatch.

No fish stories come from the New York Fish Com-

mission, except such as are printed in its annual report, or may be given out officially by the secretary after a monthly meeting of the Commission. Knowing as I do the newspaper history of that fish item, it is quite evident that some one has deliberately charged the State Commission with it, knowing well that the Commission was in no way responsible for it. It is of no moment anyway, except that it shows how misstatements get into print, as in this case, a legitimate news item is taken from the columns of a newspaper and deliberately changed to fit the fancy of some scissors editor without the least foundation, in fact, and with the false information it is started on the grand round of plates and patent outsiders.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fish Commission Bulletin.

THE Bulletin* of the U. S. Fish Commission, recently published, is one of the most attractive of the series of eighteen volumes, the first volume was that for the year 1881. The contents of the present volume include several papers of considerable size and interest. Capt. Moser's account of the "Salmon and Salmon Fisheries of Alaska" covers 178 pages, and is handsomely illustrated by sixty-three plates, reproductions of photographic views of the country explored, with special reference to the home of the salmon, the canneries, and points where seining operations are carried on. Plate 1, Falls in stream at Skowl Arm, Kasaan Bay, Southeast Alaska, is a beautiful picture of a lovely stream and falls such as we have frequently met with in the Northwest. The beautiful views of Helm Bay, McDonald Bay, Nichols Bay, Dora Bay, Karta Bay, Thorne Bay, Duncan Canal, Streams at Loring and elsewhere, are sure to bring out the wish that we too may be there some day. Besides the views, much valuable information is recorded as to the condition of the salmon, rivers and cannery business of the territory. The account of the processes used in canning salmon are very interesting.

"The Southern Spring Mackerel Fishery of the United States," by Dr. Hugh M. Smith, is an important addition to the very meager amount of literature upon the subject.

"The Mussel Fishery and Pearl-Button Industry of the Mississippi River," by Dr. Smith, covers pages 289 to 314, illustrated by twenty-one plates, and is, by reason of its almost unique character, one of the most interesting papers published. It shows at a glance what an important industry has sprung up and developed within a few years.

The paper on the "Pearly Fresh-Water Mussels of the U. S., Their Habits, Enemies and Diseases, With Suggestions for Their Protection," by Charles T. Simpson, of the U. S. National Museum, precedes Dr. Smith's paper, and is a valuable addition thereto.

The short paper on the reappearance of the tile fish, by Dr. H. C. Bumpus, is timely and interesting.

The final paper of the Bulletin, pages 337 to 563, "The Preservation of Fishery Products for Food," by Charles H. Stevenson, is one of the most compact, exhaustive and altogether interesting contributions to the subject ever published. By means of forty-three plates, the methods of preparing, marketing, icing, freezing, canning, drying, smoking, salting, etc., of fishes for human consumption are fully illustrated.

The several minor papers of the Bulletin are: "List of Fishes Known to Inhabit the Waters of the District of Columbia," by Smith & Bean; "Tide-Pool Fishes from Kadiak I. in Alaska," by C. Rutter; "The Peripheral Nervous System of the Bony Fishes," by C. J. Herrick.

B. A. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January.

*Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, Vol. XVIII., for 1898. George M. Bowers, Commissioner, Washington; Government Printing Office, 1899.

Winter Fishing.

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—The weather has been too cold and blustering for much ice fishing of late. Still, there are reports of some catches of pickerel from the ponds in Maine. In the vicinity of Sebatis the fishermen are on the ponds almost daily when the weather permits. They go by electric railroad from Bath and the towns below, as well as coming down from Lewiston and the towns above. Water is still very low in these ponds, though the recent thaw started it up a little. Boston fishermen are preparing to visit some of the New Hampshire waters a little later, with several parties going to Lake Winnepesaukee for winter fishing. The outfitting of these fishing parties is often something wonderful in the way of clothing, while the fishing tackle and eatables and drinkables are all found at the fishing camps.

The legal winter fishing through the ice, for the residents of the State, on some of the lakes and ponds in Maine, begins Feb. 1. Considerable preparation is being made for this fishing on Moosehead. Such fishing also meets with a good deal of opposition from hotel men and guides. They declare that the summer fishing is a good deal harmed, while the residents who fish say that they catch mainly togue, and but few landlocked salmon and square tails. They have a theory that the togue or lakers are the enemies of the salmon and square tails or brook trout. Some other fishermen and fishculturists also agree with them, and seem to express a desire that the togue be exterminated. I heard a Boston fisherman, who has visited Moosehead many seasons, say the other day, that he believed that the lakers destroy the brook trout, and that it would be much better if the lake was free from them. At the same time, he did not know how it could be done; but thought that catching them through the ice should be encouraged. It is a curious fact that the lakers grow to a great size in Moosehead, up to over 30 pounds having been taken, while the brook trout rarely go up to 5 pounds weight. A square tail of 3 pounds is considered a big one for Moosehead, while in the Rangeleys they have been taken up to 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. At the same time there are no togue or lakers in the Rangeleys. Speaking of the Rangeleys, it may be noted that the water in those lakes is the lowest ever known, and has been so ever since the early autumn. The lakes have been drawn down below all storage water for several months. What this will do for the trout is a question. It is

certain that the spawning must all have been done on new beds, and much lower down than ever before. The danger is that a thaw may fill these lakes to the brim before the hatching is done, in which case the spawn and newly hatched fry will be burned under from 10 to 20 feet of water. Such a condition of affairs cannot otherwise than be disastrous to the trout. Rangeley Lake has been drawn down 9 or 10 feet; Mooselucmaguntic, 12 or 13 feet; Richardson, 20 or 21 feet; Umbagog, 10 or 12 feet. From the sportsmen's standpoint it is a great pity that these trout lakes, the home of the largest brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, in the world, should be but the storage basins for the mills on the river below.

SPECIAL.

Pickereel Fishing.

WEST WINSTED, Conn., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from the Hartford Courant of yesterday (Jan. 23), and I think the record is correct so far as numbers and weight are concerned.

W. B. PHELPS.

The pickerel is a very handsome fish. It has a large mouth and a capacious receiving room. It can eat angle worms, any fish one size smaller than itself, frogs, silver spoons, painted floats and whatever happens along its way. It is the shark of fresh water. Some people like to eat pickerel. These for the most part are folks who never tried a fried pincushion, and so do not know how much easier it is to swallow this latter article of luxury. A pin is more readily disposed of than a pickerel bone, and there is a limit to the pins a cushion can hold. The bones of the pickerel are not numbered. Just now is the time when pickerel fishing is at its height. Our country exchanges are bristling with anecdotes of great catches. Here are a few:

At Park Pond, in Winchester, last Friday, two men caught 125 pickerel. Another man on the same day caught eighty there.

At Whist Pond, near Torrington, on Friday, two men caught 50 pounds of pickerel and perch, including a pickerel of 5 pounds 2 ounces. Six pickerel weighed 15 pounds 2 ounces.

Three men at Burrville, Friday, took a "large quantity" and one (pickerel, not man) weighed 4 pounds.

Two men at Crystal Lake, Winsted, on Friday, caught fifty-two pickerel that weighed together 38 1-3 pounds; another man caught twenty, and still another "about as many." Two others caught 60 pounds there, and another fisherman took twenty-nine, weighing 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, Saturday morning. Three others caught forty handsome pickerel at Otis Pond.

Accept all this, for it is in print and is about fish. Neither condition can be doubted. But here is a story that is more likely than any of the others. Three men from Winsted started for a pond in Hartland Friday. They got there and cut sixty-four holes in ice measuring 24 inches thick, which is equivalent to a tunnel of 128 feet. Then they fished and caught five pickerel and perch, all weighing 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, or not quite a quarter of a pound apiece. They left the sleigh on the thin ice near the shore, and, as it was a melting day, the heavy vehicle finally pushed itself through and went to the bottom. They walked home, but it did not tire them to carry the fish.

Eels and Hell Divers.

OVIEL, N. Y., Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Isn't the idea prevalent that eels are lovers of muddy bottoms and quiet pools and the worm that occasionally "appertaineth thereunto"? I formerly thought so, but last Decoration Day, while trying for a 'lunge in the Champlain River, I caught a 4-pound eel on a 4-inch shiner in a strong current. The shiner was lively and not near the bottom. Wonder if they won't take flies soon!

We frequently take large eels here in Seneca Lake, and usually on the stoniest bottoms. Here is why: Several years ago my brother caught a large one that, from its bulging abdomen, made us think we had the long-looked-for gravel eel. Opening it we found eight fine crawfish, perfectly fresh.

The hell diver must go. I recently killed one that had a gizzard partially filled with fish spawn. The remaining space was filled with feathers. Is the hell diver "a carnivorous beast"? It may have been gun wads, though. Gun wads are plentiful on the waters of Seneca Lake.

B. E. B.

A Rainbow Trout Picture.

MR. A. WYDEVELD, the well-known painter of fishes, has shown us his portrait of Dr. Law's rainbow trout. The fish was caught in Twin Lakes, June, 1897, by Dr. Law. It weighed about 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, was 32 inches in length and 20 inches in girth. It is now mounted and in a case in the city office of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company, in Denver.

Mr. Wydeveld's painting is one of the very best works of the class we have ever seen; it is wonderful in the simulation of the real fish, and in the color effects. Another of Mr. Wydeveld's pictures is of a trout, weight 12 pounds, about 27 inches long, caught by Thomas C. Brown, in the Gunnison River, near the town of Gunnison, Aug. 13, 1897. It was taken with a No. 6 coachman and 6-ounce rod, and landed in ten minutes.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

To the Memory of Tinker Bill.

BAWE, Vt.—I was glad to read in your journal the re-published sketch of Tinker Bill.

I have the original article and photograph, also the epitaph written in verse, which find inclosed; others may wish to read it, if you have space to reprint.

This takes me back to days spent in and around Springfield in pursuit of Reynard with that once famous hound. The late Chas. Bill, his owner, was a rare gentleman, and a sportsman of the highest type. He would share his best room and costly rugs for the comfort of the old dog. He sent me a pup by Tinker, which I broke, and which is now owned in this city; although not of the high standard of his sire, he has many traits like him.

B. A. E.

When friends like Tinker from us go,
Well may we feel the pangs of grief;
Well may our hearts keen sorrow know,
The tears must come to give relief.

He's gone! poor dog! no more he'll break
The silence of the wooded hills,
No more the forest echoes wake
By sound which hunter's bosom thrills.

From duty's path he never strayed,
He never showed a coward heart;
Those trusting him he happy made,
And always acted well his part—

And just in this the honor lies:
For sure the proverb Shakespeare said
To dogs as well as men applies,
And so we honor him, though dead.

'Tis true a dog's life e'er he led;
But such a dog's life puts to shame
The life of many a man, that's sped.
But neither honor wins nor fame.

What dignity his life did crown—
How unpresuming all his ways;
He ne'er received his master's frown,
He e'er deserved his master's praise.

No sweeter music ever pealed
From organ loft or minstrel choir
Than his loud bay from Becket field
Which set the hunter's heart on fire.

Thy faithfulness we'll ne'er forget,
Thy spirit somehow seems to be
Around, about our household yet,
There never was a hound like thee.

If souls of good dogs may endure,
And after this life live again,
With reason then may we be sure
'Tis so with Tinker Bill. Amen!

SPRINGFIELD, August, 1893.

Pointers at New York.

It was resolved at the last annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America, to offer a prize of \$50 (cup or cash) for the best pointer dog or bitch bred in 1898 and exhibited at the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in 1900 in New York City. To be bred by a member of the club, the breeder not necessarily to be the owner at time of showing.

Yachting.

THE following, which is but one of various items of the same tenor, shows the constant confusion resulting from the absurd British custom of giving the same name to many yachts: "A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has sold his steam yacht Josephine to Nelson Perrine, of the United Railway Companies. The Josephine is one of the finest of the team yachts on the Atlantic seaboard. She was built by Lewis Nixon, of Elizabethport, N. J., and was completed in June, 1896. The rumor that the gunboat Vixen, formerly P. A. B. Widener's steam yacht Josephine, is for sale is denied by Government officials. The rumor that Mr. Widener has decided to part with his Josephine, lately completed at Neafie & Levy's yard, is also unfounded." The facts are that Josephine I., built by Nixon at Elizabeth, is now the U. S. S. Vixen, while Josephine II., built by Neafie & Levy last year, is the one reported sold, though we understand that this is incorrect.

The Measurement of Racing Yachts

Editor Forest and Stream:

With no disposition to recede from the position taken in the columns of your journal some two years ago relative to sail area as the ideal measurement of yachts for racing purposes, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that practical methods are the only available means of attaining desired results, and that the highest ideals can never be reached except by the spontaneous co-operation of individuals, imbued with these ideals, and acting together harmoniously, not with the sole purpose of winning at all hazards an evanescent contest, but with some hope of adding to the world's stock of useful knowledge,

and of gaining one more step toward ultimate and controlling truth.

Under the beneficent influence of a water line length rule it has come pass that this very waterline is almost disregarded, and other features of racing craft receive far more attention.

The latest development of the racing machine is little more than a catamaran, with the space between the outside hulls filled in, in order to present the appearance of a single-hulled craft, even if every good quality of the latter is sacrificed in the search for wonderful speed. That these boats are speedy must be acknowledged. But so is the catamaran, their prototype, speedy. But the catamaran is a dangerous craft. So are these. The catamaran is useless in a heavy sea. So is the small modern racing machine. The question is, Do we want them? If they give general satisfaction there is no need of change. We have developed for a given waterline length probably the speediest possible craft. It requires a very experienced hand to guide them, and even he cannot escape an occasional capsize. Even he does not care to venture outside of protecting lands and headlands. It is lamentable to conjecture what would happen to the occupants of such a craft if caught in the open in a strong off-shore white squall.

But in my peregrinations last summer from port to port, as a result of conversing with the representative men of nearly every important yacht club in Massachusetts Bay, I am led to believe that there is an overwhelming majority against the encouragement and retention of these exaggerated, weakly built, oversparred surface skimmers, and that if, by the exercise of our ingenuity and interest in the matter, we can devise some means of rendering the racing yacht a more desirable and lasting bit of wood and iron, we shall have accomplished much for the general good and may possibly deprive Davy Jones of some of his prospective victims. A long step toward this much-to-be-desired end will have been accomplished when the yacht clubs can be brought to the adoption of a reasonable schedule of graded scantlings. This will insure for all at least a strong boat. This schedule, in the course of time, will have to be extended to include metals as well as wood; but it seems to me a beginning should be made. Our brothers on the Great Lakes are a step ahead of us.

Excessively long overhangs, both forward and aft, are the order of the day. Length unpaid for is thus obtained. These overhangs, if flat, in the least semblance of a sea, produce effects upon the movements of the craft which must be experienced to be appreciated. My conclusion, therefore, is, tax overhangs. The one great factor for carrying sail has, in this country, from time immemorial, escaped taxation, namely, beam. Take, for instance, a board placed edgewise in the water. No matter how long and deep it may be it has no sail-carrying power. The moment you begin to add beam sail-carrying power begins, and by large additions of beam the sail-carrying power is enormously extended. This very potent factor, however, has hitherto escaped taxation. It will be found that all yachts, which gain a largely increased water line when heeled, have large average beam. My conclusion, therefore, is, tax average beam.

Depth of hull gives internal accommodation—a very desirable feature—therefore do not tax it. Depth of metal keel gives long range of stability—a more desirable feature—therefore do not tax it. If the hull is taken as the basis of measurement, the sail area corresponding to the nature of the craft will naturally be made use of. Any error on this score carries with it its own penalty. If overcanvassed the yacht's speed will suffer in a breeze. If undercanvassed, she will alike suffer in light winds. Therefore do not tax the sail.

The method that I propose is a tentative one. Wherever undesirable excess is found, tax it. We shall soon have the designers and venturesome builders corralled.

As an initiatory measure, take the length on l.w.l., plus one-third of overhangs, both forward and aft; multiply this mean length by the average beam of yacht, the measurer taking at least five ordinates, and more, if, in his judgment, more are needed, to obtain the required average. By taking the square root of this product, or dividing same by a constant, to be determined, a rating can be arrived at of a sufficient general character to properly classify yachts, it being understood that there shall be no time allowance, and that each yacht shall be considered as at the top of her class.

Therefore,

$$\text{Rating} = \sqrt{\text{mean length} \times \text{average beam.}}$$

I thought I would start the ball rolling, and I hope that other views may be promulgated in your journal; and, if I may be allowed to make the suggestion, I should (in conjunction with all the constant readers of your valued journal) recommend that one summing up article be, at the end, forthcoming from the yachting editor, than whom I know no more worthy and capable inquirer into these questions, which interest us all so much, and which, at times, seem so elusive and almost insolvable.

In introducing the girth rule into this country, it seems to me it was a mistake to tax the centerboard at all, unless it were of such a weight as to serve as ballast.

ISAAC B. MILLS.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.

New Yachts.

DESIGNER ARTHUR BINNEY is securing a fair share of the orders for new boats which are being placed this winter, and has half a dozen designs already in hand. As a matter of choice, he has made a specialty of good cruising boats in preference to those strictly for racing, and has turned out many comfortable and able, as well as by no means slow, craft. His orders include a 30-footer, three 25-footers and a 21-footer, and he has plans for a 45ft. yawl which will undoubtedly be built.

The 30-footer is now being built by Lawley for a Boston yachtsman, although the contract is in Mr. Binney's name. She will be a centerboard boat of light draft, with a roomy cabin, and an owner's stateroom on the starboard side and a galley on the port side under the cabin house, in all of which there will be full head room. She will be about 46ft. over all, 14ft. beam and 3ft. draft,

carrying 4,000lbs. of outside lead and about 1,600 sq. ft. of sail.

The yawl is for Fred T. Clayton, who last year sold the 45-footer Alga to W. E. C. Eustis, and will be 70ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and 9ft. draft. The model shows a full bodied but very clean-lined boat, with a sharp floor in the midship section and a long and easy sweep of the line of keel and stem from the heel of the rudder post to the deck line forward. Her interior accommodations are excellent and include a double-berthed stateroom aft, with bowl under the companion stairs, a large main cabin and a good galley. The companion stairs come down between the state room and cabin, and in this space there is a chart locker and one for "oil" on the port side, and a toilet room on the starboard. The rig will be of good size, since the yawl type can be easily handled and the owner wants speed as well as comfort.

One of the 25-footers is a centerboard knockabout for M. S. Stone, to be used in Buzzard's Bay. The boat will be 39ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. draft, with the centerboard under the floor. She will have full head room in the cabin and the usual fittings for comfort. She will carry about 900ft. of sail.

Another of the 25-footers will be a light draft cabin boat for F. Apthorp Foster and will be built by C. F. Brown, of Pulpit Harbor, Me. She will be about 10½ft. beam and 2ft. draft, and in model and interior arrangement be much like Giralda, designed three years ago for George E. Hills.

Other orders are a 25ft. open launch with an eight horse-power Monarch engine for Bancroft Davis and a 21ft. knockabout for Dr. Weld. The launch will be built by Lawley and the knockabout by Brown, of North Haven.

Recent sales by Mr. Binney have been D. O. Earle's 30-footer, Chenoden, to Wm. F. Wharton; the 30-footer Elf to a Boston yachtsman, and the 50ft. cabin launch Anago, designed last year by Binney for C. B. Borland, to Frank W. Hunt, of this city.

Isolde.

THE only important news of the week is a cable message from London announcing the purchase of the noted 40-rater Isolde by Com. F. M. Hoyt, of the Stamford Y. C.; the yacht to be sailed across the Atlantic and raced here by Capt. Alexander Hogarth, who sailed Shamrock last season. Com. Hoyt is prominent as one of the most active of the younger racing men, building the cutter Norota in 1895, after a couple of seasons of racing in the 30ft. cutter Kathleen. Norota proved a success and in turn gave place in 1897 to the 51ft. cutter Syce, just sold to Mr. C. F. L. Robinson, New York Y. C.

Isolde was designed and built by Will Fife, Jr., for Peter Donaldson in 1895, to the 40-rating class, as it then was. She is 75ft. over all, 60ft. l.w.l., 17ft. beam and 11ft. 9in. draft. The hull is of composite construction, and the interior is fully fitted up for comfortable use in cruising. Successful from the start in the 40-rating class, with Capt. Hogarth at the tiller, Isolde has held her own with the new yachts since built to the 65ft. linear rating class after the adoption of the girth rule in 1897, and she is yet by no means outclassed. In this country she will have Queen Mab, also originally a 40-rater, for a competitor; both will be too small for the new special 70ft. class.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The West Lynn Y. C. held its annual meeting at Lynn on Jan. 24, the following officers being elected: Com., Frank Vallandry; Vice-Com., H. C. Sparks; Sec'y, J. P. Linnehan; Treas., Frank G. Olin; Fleet Capt., William Forsythe; Meas., Barclay Spurr; Directors, E. F. Davis, Lewis A. Cann and William Eastham; Regatta Committee, William Eastman, H. W. Foster, John McNeil, F. T. Philbrick and A. W. Forsythe.

The Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, will hold its annual meeting on Feb. 15. The following nominations are posted: Com., Henry E. James, launch Maud; Vice-Com., W. B. Greeley, sloop Bingo; Rear-Com., J. Nelson Gould, sloop Edwina III.; Sec'y, G. C. Allen; Treas., L. C. Ketchum; Trustees for two years, W. P. Haines and T. E. Kitching. The annual dinner will take place after the meeting.

The annual election of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on the evening of Feb. 5. The following nominations have been posted: Com., Charles Pryer; Vice-Com., William N. Bavier; Rear-Com., P. A. Meyrowitz; Sec'y, O. W. Meyrowitz; Treas., C. M. Fletcher; Meas., F. R. Farrington; Trustees for three years, E. T. Birdsall, George E. Edwards and R. M. Sayre; Trustee for one year, A. S. Cross; Regatta Committee, C. P. Tower, William E. Moore, C. A. Becker and F. M. Carpenter. A dinner will follow the business meeting.

Enterprise, steam yacht, ex-Saide, ex-Star of the Sea, has been sold by A. J. Carsatt to Nelson Perin, of Baltimore.

The Atlantic Y. C. will hold its annual election on Feb. 13 at the Waldorf-Astoria, the nominations being as follows: Com., David Banks, schr. Water Witch; Vice-Com., Robert E. Todd, schr. Katrina; Rear-Com., Robert Doremus, cutter Uvira; Chairman Board of Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell; Members of the Board, J. Frederick Ackerman, Calvin Tompkins and Harrison B. Moore; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., E. B. Havens; Meas., George Hill; Regatta Committee, Charles T. Pierce, Chairman; George McNulty and A. F. Aldridge.

Alcaea, schr., has been renamed Sud West by her new owner.

The Bunker Hill Y. C. held its annual meeting in the

club house on Chelsea Bridge, Charlestown, on Jan. 24, the following officers being elected: Com., E. J. Harrington; Vice-Com., C. F. Broman; Fleet Capt., D. C. Roberts; Sec'y, and Treas., F. J. Harrington; Fin. Sec'y, William Holm; Directors, Solon E. Badger, John A. Gibson, M. P. Hogan, H. L. Johnson; House Committee, J. W. Fraser, Jr., E. A. Hinkley, J. D. Simington; Membership Committee, Charles Dennett, George Holm, Joseph McCabe, William Nichols, W. H. Tolman.

On Jan. 20 a small auxiliary schooner was launched at Bayles' yard, at Port Jefferson, for F. S. Palmer, who will use her in trading in Central American waters. She was named Intrepid, so that there is likely to be more or less confusion in the future with the large schooner Intrepid and the large auxiliary steam yacht of the same name.

Queen Mab, cutter, has been sold by C. F. L. Robinson to C. V. Brokaw.

The Chicago Y. C. has formally decided not to begin work on its proposed new club house until late in the summer. This decision was reached after it became known that it would be impossible to finish the building that the C. Y. C. plans call for in time for next season's regattas.

The club has received permission from the officials at Washington to erect the home on the lake in the same manner as the Columbia Y. C. house is erected. The site of the building will be close to the Van Buren street gap, and the cost of the club house will be close to \$20,000. It will be easily the finest fresh-water yacht club house in the country.

At present the entire fleet of the Chicago Y. C. is at South Chicago. This includes thirty-five boats of all descriptions. It is probable that at least fifteen or twenty more yachts will be added to the fleet before the opening of the season.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

We are advised that the statement recently made in our columns of the ownership of Avis I. is incorrect, as she was purchased last July by Mr. Davis, of Delavan Lake.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 403 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

March.

10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

ONE of the striking personalities of the war in South Africa is Col. Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, who, since Oct. 9, has defended the little border town of Mafeking against a hard siege by the Boers, his forces numbering only about a thousand men, with practically no artillery. Up to the present time his record is the best of all the British officers in South Africa, as he has made no mistakes and has held the town under most unfavorable conditions. In another division of the British forces, the relief now on the way toward Kimberley and Mafeking, is Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, a brother of Col. Baden-Powell. Both of these soldiers are brothers of Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, the canoeist and yachtsman, as was the late Sir George Baden-Powell, the noted diplomat, scientist and yachtsman, who died about a year since. Major Baden-Powell is the inventor of a "war cycle," a bicycle fitted so as to be quickly taken apart and stowed in small compass, so that a soldier may carry the machine on his shoulder.

Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell has recently invented a new form of craft for arctic exploration, a very strongly built steel hull of the whaleback type, fitted with a steam engine and the ordinary screw propeller aft. In the bows are installed powerful electric engines, operating a very strong bow shaft, so fitted as to be used as a ram, and carrying a series of screws or saws. It is proposed to ram the vessel into the ice, the revolving bow saws cutting it up and throwing it aside. Whether, as is suggested, the vessel will be capable of breaking a path to the North

Pole, is a doubtful question, but she will be able to force her way where no other ship could make any progress. Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, an Admiralty lawyer by profession, is a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

The Revival of Canoe Sailing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your question, What can be done to encourage canoe sailing races? I think the solution is simple enough and very easily stated. What has been the reason for the disappearance of racing among sailing canoes? An answer to this question, it a correct one, would materially help in a solution of the former question.

In the first place, I think all will agree that a good race may be made between two boats, or vehicles, or human beings, or animals, etc., if the two are evenly matched. The more entries in a race the more interest in the race, is equally a well-established fact.

Has canoe sailing supplied arguments to corroborate the above? If it has, the next thing is to determine how canoe sailing stands. Have canoeists become tired of sailing and therefore gone out of it? Hardly, for now they have been trying to get up sailing races with a sail in an open canoe, a boat never intended for a sail and really not fit, from its size and shape, to be used effectually as a sailing canoe. I hope every one will not jump on me when I say this and try to prove that open canoes are fit for sailing, by telling me if I had ever seen open canoes sail it would convince me they were fit and efficient for this purpose; but let me say to my friends that I probably had as good an opportunity to see open canoes sail as any one in the country, both in the A. C. A. and in our own club, where the idea first took hold. Still, I maintain that open canoe sailing is only a makeshift. This very resort to this makeshift, however, proves that sailing is still popular, if we only had boats to sail in.

Now, what is the trouble with canoe sailing? I think there are two chief troubles and some resultant minor faults.

The one chief trouble, to my mind, is the sliding seat, which more than anything has rendered the canoe impossible of handling in the hands of all but an expert, and has encouraged the building of boats with no possible arrangement for the carrying of any duffle, even penalizing that most important canoe aid, the paddle, by putting the sailor to the necessity of lashing it to the deck. Of course, we old hands, who get out and use the seat, enjoy it thoroughly, and we will tell the novices that that is the only way to sail a boat; but, after all, of what use is any craft that depends only on its ability to keep right side up and go fast when in the hands of a trained athlete?

I think the first rule to be made, if we want to get back to canoe sailing, is to get a practical sailing canoe, and to do this the first thing is to dispense entirely with the sliding seat.

The other chief trouble is the standing sail, for this sends out a man in a frail canoe, on a trip however short, so ill prepared for any other weather than what he starts with that should the wind go down a little with him he cannot increase sail, and if the wind should increase in force he has no way of lowering or decreasing sail except by going ashore and taking out the mast entirely, or going over board and doing likewise. How ridiculous except for purely racing purposes. What man in the whole A. C. A. ever took down his mast and carried it effectually in a canoe race, except Mr. Archbald, and he, with his standing sail, in the combined race, had to capsize his boat every time he changed his sails. No wonder many people laugh at canoeists. We deserve it when we encourage such performances. No; give us a good practical rig, and a long step will be taken in repopularizing the sailing canoe.

The minor faults are bathtub cockpits and some other slight objectionable features, such as large sail area, etc.; but do away with the two chief, and you will take the first healthy step toward reviving sailing canoe interest.

Now, Mr. Editor, some of my friends will probably assail my position and may endeavor to draw off attention by assailing me as a non-racer or non-sliding-seat-standing-sail man; and if they do let me say in conclusion that I appreciate that I have hit at the appliances introduced to us by two of the fathers of canoe racing, and two men who have always stood for the best in the A. C. A., namely, Messrs. E. H. Barney, of Springfield, and Paul Butler, of Lowell, Mass. At the same time I feel that either of them would say, "Do away with these appliances if by so doing you can bring back canoe sailing racing as of old."

In concluding let me say that my argument, if it may be called such, is not against appliances as such, but is a petition that the canoe may emerge from the museum curiosity class and go into the honest, useful and safe class of boat—a boat that has and can and will draw the best of men to enjoy it, and will enable those who do use it to gain all there is best in yachting and rowing with a minimum outlay and a maximum degree of safety and pleasure.

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A. 47.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While not entitled to speak with anything like authority upon the subject, I have taken a very considerable interest in your editorial of Jan. 6 last, upon the present condition of canoe sailing in the A. C. A. The agitation for a more serviceable type of sailing canoe is by no means new, nor is this the first time that the necessity for some sweeping reform in the style of craft in use has been called to the attention of members of the association. After the very full and fair discussion of the subject in your paper and elsewhere, there can remain no doubt, except perhaps in the minds of some few enthusiasts, that to the use of the sliding seat and standing rig is due mainly the evolution of the present unserviceable type of canoe and the existing lack of interest in canoe sailing races.

If any step is to be taken toward securing a better condition of things, it should be in the direction of a complete and final abolition of these two objectionable features. Any modification or compromise which shall have either of these features in use will prove of as little ad-

vantage to the permanent improvement of the sailing canoe as the half-way measures adopted by the executive committee in 1895 limiting sail area, etc. With the causes of the evil removed, there seems to be no good reason why the increasing enthusiasm for canoeing observed on every hand, both within and without the association, should not effect an immediate revival in this branch of the sport.

As to a wider or heavier type of canoe, I do not feel competent to express an opinion from the standpoint of a racing man, but for cruising purposes and for convenience in transportation, which are matters of great importance in canoeing, as carried on in this country, it would seem that the greatest economy of weight and space consistent with strength and stability is to be aimed at, rather than the opposite.

HENRY M. DATER.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was interested in reading your article on what class of sailing canoe we should encourage to make the sport a more healthy one. As an old opponent of the tendency of the A. C. A. to foster racing machines from 1886 to 1890, a few words may be in order. Some of us fought the 75ft. limit race for years, until it was knocked out, as we believed it encouraged a light, narrow, dead rise type of craft that was not suitable for general purpose work. We fought the standing sails, the sliding seats and other innovations, and when we could not knock them out we turned around and used them, and confessed to finding a moderate sliding seat a good thing for both cruiser or racer.

Canoe sailing races have been running along in a rut for the last ten years, until in a club like the Toronto, where there used to be fifteen sailing canoes, there is now and has been for years only one decked sailing craft, and that is eight years old.

Is it not time, then, for us to try to foster a sailing class that will be a good general purpose craft for afternoon sailing, good for cruising, roomy enough to take a lady out for a paddle in and yet withal a canoe that can sail around a seven-mile course almost as fast as the present machines; in other words, a good general purpose canoe?

My idea of the class of canoe for which we should offer the sailing trophy for 1901 is a 16 x 30 canoe, fitted with bilge boards, a 6ft. cockpit with bulkheads at each end, a single suit of lowering sails, with a single sliding seat that when closed shall not extend past the sides of the canoe. I think the dead rise of the midship section should be limited in some way so that we would be sure of getting an able-bodied craft and not a cockle shell. I would not suggest limiting the sail area for the reason that if a man gets a full-bodied canoe it will need and can carry more sail than a cranky narrow craft that would win under a sail limit. If limited to a single pair of lowering sails, a man would get a suit that would answer for the average wind and in a blow would take in a reef or two.

We have a number of bilge board canoes in the Association that are good cruising craft, and I would like to see them encouraged in Muskoka with a race. I hope the members will discuss the advisability of encouraging a sailing class that will be good for something besides speed.

MAC.

Podgers on Canoeing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in reading the last FOREST AND STREAM (Jan. 13) as to the suggestion of lead bulbs on the centerboard plate on canoes.

I am not a canoe sharp, never having given much attention to that diminutive craft; but recently I re-read Bishop's cruises in the Rob Roy, and noted the necessity of his frequent portages, and occasional admission of somewhat fatiguing work to his vertebrae involved. Does not your suggestion of lead bulbs on centerboard plates imply considerable additional fatigue in the frequent portages in inland cruises? As for the liability of canoes to capsize, does it not imply a deficiency of skill in the man who does the sailing? The infrequency of capsizing in Bishop's cruises would imply that the question rests principally with the man who handles the canoe. We all know that canoes are unstable as a woman and require handling as gingerly. I have owned ducking boats that would stand no nonsense—appropriately named, for, when I tried the experiment of standing up in one, particularly to fire at a flock of ducks overhead, it resulted in a complete somersault in to very cold water. I learned that to be able to stand up in such a boat to shoot straight overhead with safety, to put less powder in my cartridges, to avoid being knocked off my balance, or have more boat under me. I have a fine Westley Richards at the bottom of the bay, planted in the mud in consequence of an earlier want of this knowledge. I am waiting patiently for the crop to be realized, when my gun sprouts.

I could never see much fun in canoeing, but I do in cruising down a river, in a craft that does not require you to part your hair in the middle. I have floated and paddled the length of many rivers in California, solus, and enjoyed it, sleeping in my boat—a 15-foot dory, in which there was comfort, room to stretch legs and move about.

There doubtless is much pleasure in canoe cruises, and I am not one to question the taste of those who prefer a canoe to a less tricky boat; but, on general principles, if I was a canoeist, I think I should prefer the risk of a capsize to adding 100 pounds or more to the load to be dragged cross-lots, when necessary. I have been in the business myself, in the way of dragging a light ducking boats across marshes, and shall never adopt it as a profession. What you think a light boat on the start gets dreadful heavy before you get there.

You refer to the gentleman who built Hostess as being enthusiastic on the question of lee boards. Rather obsolete, eh? Although there are two or three scow schooners running on our bay that use them, their masters are Dutchmen, and are content to follow the fashion of their daddies. It is rather awkward when forced to haul up the windward board, when you go on the other tack, and the chances are good for losing your board, for the leverage is liable to pull the pivot bolt out.

I tried the experiment, once, of lee boards on the out-

side of the planking, inclosing them in regular center-board slots, planking over, terminating the end of the outside planking fair, with the model, the centerboard slots being invisible, the rope coming up through the plank shear and a block on the rigging for hoisting. It was a very neat arrangement, and very effective, getting rid of the centerboard in the cabin, and increasing the area of windward resistance, being virtually double centerboards, and doing away with the cabin obstruction. The width of beam of the two outside slots, planked over fair with the model, was not noticeable. The scheme worked admirably. I am told that the sideboards continue to be in use in Holland, on their yachts, which are still modeled after those of their great granddaddies. They have the merit of being safe and comfortable, and it is characteristic of the people that they are never in a hurry. I am a believer in beam and moderate draft. The fastest boat I ever owned was a flat-bottomed, long overhang and sharp ends. I carried no ballast, but she was stiff, as she had plenty of beam, and the way she traveled in our stiff winds was a caution. I had lots of fun with her beating sharp and narrow boats. I heard Matthew Turner say—a builder of some of the fastest vessels that ever sailed out of this port—that if you wanted the fastest boat in the harbor, build a scow. All our bay schooners are scows. They sail fast and carry immense cargoes. They carry four and five tiers of baled hay on decks, have long masts, reefing or shortening their sails and beat to windward with astonishing speed. Sailing what was accounted a fast schooner, I have been beaten by them often.

In old times there was an old sloop scow called the Randall, a mere box, rough and shabby, yet she could clean out anything on the bay, and I think was never beaten. She was hauled out and her model taken off frequently, her rig copied exactly, but still her imitators were never able to equal her.

It was a sight to see her going up the bay before the wind, with her big sail set, sailing on her nose, with her stern nearly out of water, not a pound of ballast, and the crew holding a tow rope over the stern in derision to the craft she was leaving astern.

She continued to rule the roost for many years, was rebuilt several times, but, if I remember right, finally went on to the rocks and laid her bones.

The captain was a good deal of a sport and never refused a challenge to sail in one of the master mariners' regattas on the Fourth of July, usually combining a large fleet, and never failed to win the barrel of beer—the prize. There was lots of fun at these regattas, and the captains meant business, not standing for the strict rules of giving away to the windward craft. In consequence there were often collisions that made the splinters fly, but they did not mind that. They were after reputation and that barrel of beer. The yachts that were out to see the fun had to look out for themselves. They knew old square toes would not give you an inch on a tack, see you in Tophet first; but all those old days seem to be gone. We have not had a master mariners' regatta for some years now, the more's the pity.

We read of the new fad in the small boat challenges, which are now designated "one and a half raters," terms not understood by us out here. Must we adopt English terms? Can't we find in the American language names for small yachts without going across the water for them? Are we all getting to be Anglomaniacs. I am too much of an American to talk about one raters and two raters, that do not convey any idea of the size of the boat to the average reader, or whether it means a 20 or a 30 foot boat. Even though one may be called a stupid for not comprehending this affectation of foreign terms, there are a few of us left who still cling to the traditions of our daddies and abide by them, even to doughnuts and hard cider.

PODGERS.

Canoes of the Pacific Coast.

THERE is a considerable variety in the canoes used by the Indians of the Pacific Coast, though they all follow one general plan. The largest boat of all is the Northern canoe made by the Haidas, Uclletas and Aleuts. The stern of these rises higher than the bow, rounding up. The bottom, too, is round. The Bella-Bella, one of the largest canoes, made by an Indian tribe of the same name, is 80 feet long, about 10 feet beam, with a capacity of eight tons and able to hold eighty men.

These large canoes are all made in three pieces—one for the body and one each for the prow and stern.

The vessels next in size are known as the Chinook canoes, made at Cape Flattery. These have a straight block rising above the stern and a long prow sloping upward. Most of these canoes are made in two pieces—one for the body and one for the prow. They are flat-bottomed and have their greatest beam nearer the bow than the stern, differing in both these points from the northern canoe. The Northern canoes ride in a sea way without taking in water over the stern, though they need ballast; but the Chinook canoes are not so safe. The latter are swifter and easier to paddle, but cannot sail on the wind as a Northern canoe can.

The Chinook canoes are from 20 to 40 feet long. These large canoes are used for traveling.

The fishing canoes are called "stewattle" and are all about the same in character from Olympia to Knight's Inlet. They are quite different from the traveling canoes. They are smaller, being but from 10 to 20 feet in length, and are made from one log, with a rather rounding bottom, a stern slanting to a point aft and a projecting prow.

Both traveling and fishing canoes use sails as well as paddles. The sail is a square sail, with a sprit, the mast set near the bow in a step placed for that purpose. The Northern canoes, indeed, have also a sail nearer the stern.

The paddles used vary in pattern. The Northern paddles are made of yew wood, are about 5 feet long, and the widest part (say a width of 6 inches) is nearest the point, which is slightly rounding, and the handle of this kind of paddle is slightly flattened toward the top. The Chinook paddles are made of maple and are somewhat shorter. Their handles are round clear to the top. The widest part of the paddles is about the middle of the blade, which tapers to a sharp point.

An Indian, when he wants to build a canoe, will choose a green cedar tree and camp by it, generally with a dull axe, and will spend, if necessary, a week in felling the timber. He then hews the top of the log off level and starts in to dig it out with his axe on the ground where felled. Then he shapes the outside, partly with the axe, partly with a peculiar hand adze made from a piece of an old file about 2 inches wide and 6 inches long, sharpened on a rock, with a wooden handle fitted above like the handle of a flatiron. After the bottom is thus roughly shaped, the log is dragged to the beach, perhaps a mile off. The body of the canoe is then shaved down with the adze both inside and outside until the proper thickness is reached. If the canoe be small, the Indian can judge of the correct thickness by putting a finger of one hand outside opposite a finger of the other hand within. If the canoe be too large for his embrace, the Indian bores a hole in the bottom with a wire and measures the thickness with a straw.

The boat is now almost shapeless. The body is next filled two-thirds full of water and red hot stones are thrown in until the wood is thoroughly softened, the top of the canoe being meanwhile covered with mats to retain the steam. Then spreading sticks are fitted like thwarts to the now pliant wood and bound in place by cords made of cedar roots. After the boat is dry it is raised from the ground and charred black all over by burning pitch wood, to keep the sun from cracking the hull. The prow and stern pieces, when used, are then fitted on and sewn in place by cords of cedar root taken green and twisted. The canoe is now complete, and the labor of manufacture can be imagined from the fact that not a quarter of an inch of the inside is free from the notch of the little adze.

An interesting instance of the use of these canoes in naval warfare occurred in a foray made by the Haidas on the Uclletas. The latter had long been the terror of the coast. They had robbed and murdered all the tribes from Cape Mudge to Olympia, and made navigation so dangerous that the Haidas were forced to go west of Vancouver Island on their Northern voyages, instead of going through Seymour Narrows. The Haidas had learned the geography and the situation of the Uclleta village above Cape Mudge. They gathered their warriors to the number of about 2,000 men, filling some 200 canoes. They came down to Serge Narrows, at the northwest corner of Valdez Island. There they divided their fleet. Half the force went up into Serge Narrows, pulled their boats up on the beach and crossed the island to the rear of the Uclleta village. The rest of the fleet sailed down to ward Seymour Narrows and made an attack in front. The Uclletas sallied out in their own canoes to meet the boats of the enemy, when the party of Haidas in the rear captured the Uclleta village and began to kill the squaws and children. Part of the Uclletas turned to the shore to protect their families; these warrior all fell victims to the Haida hands, while the remaining Uclletas fled. The entire Uclleta loss in killed (there were no wounded) was about 500 souls; and from that time the Uclletas have inhabited a village on a sandy spit at Cape Mudge and have respected the rights or the prowess of their neighbors.

R. V. GRIFFIN.

Toronto Canoeists Dine.

ON Friday, Jan. 26, over 200 members of the Toronto C. C. helped to consume the annual dinner. The gathering took place at Webb's, and was the nineteenth anniversary of the club. Owing to the absence of Com. Watlington in Bermuda, Vice-Com. Sherrard acted as chairman and toastmaster, and filled the bill to perfection. After an elaborate menu had been partaken of, the toast of "Our Queen" was drunk with lemonade in a most hearty manner. Then followed "Our Sport," proposed by Rear-Com. Hayes, and replied to by Com. W. G. MacKendrick, A. C. A.; H. R. Tilly, Geo. Howell and Harry Ford. Mr. Howell spoke enthusiastically about the prospects of the club having a very large contingent at the meet in Muskoka next August without any bar attachments.

The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by H. H. Mason, and responded to by H. Patterson. "Our Past Officers and Veterans," proposed by the chairman and responded to by ex-Com. Harry Wilson, also ex-Com. Dr. Powell, who made a rattling good speech, and ex-Com. Hugh Neilson. Mr. Henry Wright replied on behalf of the veterans or has been.

"Our Canadian Contingent in Africa," proposed by Sergt. E. Carruthers, Queen's Own Rifles, and replied to by Surgeon-Major King, of the Royal Grenadiers, and Geo. Wilkie, whose speeches brought forth thunderous applause, as most of the Canadian canoe clubs are represented by members at the front.

"Our Racing Men," proposed by T. P. Stewart and replied to by Walter Begg, brought the evening to a close about 1 A. M., after singing "Auld Lang Syne." As the members dispersed many of them praised the executive committee for giving them a most enjoyable evening.

Humber Yawl Club.

THE Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, England, is a unique organization with two points of distinction; it is the only club devoted to the interests of the canoe-yawl, and in place of the ordinary dull list of names of members and boats its year book is an artistic production, the work of artist members of the club, and embellished with sketches, designs and practical information relating to canoe-yawl cruising. The book for 1899 has a cover tastefully printed in green, the leading feature of the design being a canoe-yawl under sail. The designs include a birch bark canoe of the Lower St. Lawrence and two centerboard canoe-yachts, Otter and Lapwing. The former, designed by Mr. Albert Strange, for Prof. Durley, of McGill University, Montreal, is a modern design of excellent form, a fine little cruiser of limited draft and very good room. The latter is also a very handy type of craft for cruising. The cruise of Eel in Holland in 1898 is illustrated by a series of small sketches by her owner.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Real Charms of Canoeing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 6 Mr. Robert J. Wilkin makes some interesting "kicks" against the kid-glove tendency of the A. C. A. campers. Being one of those unfortunates who have never been able to attend an A. C. A. meet, although I am a member of the Association, I have perhaps no right to take up this matter—in fact, cannot enter into the discussion as relating to the A. C. A. camp; but it seems to me that Mr. Wilkin has touched a subject that is broader than the confines of the Association, and that is a matter of vital interest wherever three or four lovers of the paddle, the wood-framed lakes and the ever-changing streams gather together. Therefore I venture to thrust in my blade for a stroke or two. The evil that so grieves Mr. Wilkin, and which, I think, is the foundation of his kicks, is the lamentable tendency of canoeists everywhere, so far as I can ascertain, to draw away from those glorious principles which have made the sport what it is, and must ever be its greatest charm—absolute freedom and close fellowship with mother nature in her varying moods. The average canoeist of today wears white ducks and is afraid to soil them; a pretty shirt he is afraid to wet, and a nobby cap, that is pretty, but useless. If by any chance he is induced to cruise, he must take a hotel with him or find one where he can sleep each night; he must go around the falls in a stage coach instead of shooting the rapids, and, if by any chance it rains, the cruise is off; a sunburn is a disaster, and a blister is frightful. The fact of the matter is, the sport suffers from a superabundance of lazy, fireside, kid-glove canoeists, and lack of paddlers. And I am sorry for these fellows—jolly good fellows, most of them, too. I am sorry for them, for they know not the real joy of the true canoeist's life—the joy of roughing it and rubbing close against the rough side of all nature, wherein are disclosed a thousand charms that else had ne'er been known. What we need are more of the real canoeists—men who love the sport for the close fellowship it gives them with dear old mother nature—men who love her in all her moods, who ask no more cover at night than their upturned craft, who know the flavor of bacon and eggs cooked by the clear embers of a camp-fire, who ask no other companions than pipe and paddle, who hail the carry as a joy, with a charm its own, and who, be it shower time or sun time, ask no more than to be slipping over the quiet pools and the laughing ripples in the one craft that may become a boon companion—a canoe.

T. W. BURGESS.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

KINGSTON, Ont., Jan. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: Permit me through your columns to support the ideas advanced by "Brother" Wilkin in your issue of Jan. 6. It was with great pleasure that I read his letter advocating less paraphernalia and red-tapism at our A. C. A. meets. During the last fifteen years I suppose I have "gone camping" at least twelve summers, but I have yet to forego the pleasures of a private mess. Let us cook our own meals, when and as we wish. We don't want to have to eat at regular hours, we can do that at home. Our Constitution tells us that the object of the Association is for "pleasure, health and exploration." Now who can be happy or healthy if he cannot have rest? And who can get rest if his camp is overrun by visitors and strangers? By these I don't mean members, for I have found that a member is never a "visitor" or "stranger," for even the newcomers are always sure of a hearty welcome at every tent at the meet. But I do refer to the visitors who swarm into the camp and force a man to take to his "store clothes" or his cot.

Let us have the camp for the campers.

J. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Purser Northern Division.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The following letter explains itself. Mr. Woolsey is well known in the Northern Division, being the present Rear-Commodore:

OTTAWA, Ontario, Jan. 12.—My dear MacKendrick: I leave Ottawa for South Africa on Monday with the second contingent. Good-by. Yours in haste,

EDGAR C. WOOLSEY.

Purser Wood, of the Atlantic Division, is sending out his bills on the Muskoka special post card specially rearranged. The space for the stamp has the announcement: "Park Island, the Canoeists' Paradise, is promised the largest and most enthusiastic division meet ever held; make it a part of your vacation." In place of the address is the following: "Canoeist. For a few days our doors plan to be with 'The People' who will congregate at Park Island-on-the-Delaware, May 26-30 inclusive—Atlantic Division Meet."

At a recent meeting the Toronto C. C. resolved to send a crew to the Sportsman's Show at Boston, and the following were selected: P. J. Syms, E. H. Richards, Herb Begg, R. Norman Brown, John Gay, G. W. Begg, S. A. Sylvestre, E. McNichol and F. Woods. Arrangements have been made with the Y. M. C. A. for the use of its tank, and training will be commenced immediately. Sec'y-Treas. Herb Begg has the matter in charge.

The Eastern Division will hold a mid-winter dinner at Worcester, Mass., on Feb. 10.

A. C. A. Membership, Eastern Division—George A. Clark, Worcester, Mass.; Leonard W. Gates, Worcester, Mass.; George N. Hall, Worcester, Mass.; James C. Mellor, Worcester, Mass.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Bilge-Board Canoe Foggy Dew.

We are indebted for the accompanying lines to the kindness of Mr. H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers C. C., who at our request, took them from the canoe and made the drawings. Of all the canoes seen at the A. C. A. and Division meets of late years none is more generally or favorably known than Foggy Dew; in fact, she is the best representative now extant of the old-time type of all-around sailing canoe. Mr. Quick himself is an old racing man, the reputation of the Yonkers C. C. in its early days resting largely on the skill of himself and his partner Mr. Oxholm, two of the best sailors the Association has produced. An expert on the long slide and a master of the racing machine, Mr. Quick finally tired of it and took to the present boat, of good dimensions and displacement and with ample room below, in 1892. Since then she has been in constant use on the Hudson River, and has visited most of the meets, sailing in club and Association races.

Foggy Dew was designed and built by Capt. George W. Ruggles, at Charlotte, N. Y., in the winter of 1891, her dimensions being 15ft. 4in. by 31in., with a draft of from 4 to 5in. She is built after the caulked carvel system, introduced by Capt. Ruggles, with planking 2in. wide, and scant $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, there being nine white cedar planks to each side, with an upper strake of butternut. The seams are caulked with one fine strand of cotton run in with a roller. The keel is of oak, the stem and stern of apple, natural knees, and the frames of oak, $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5-16in., spaced 4in. The deck is of Spanish cedar, scant $\frac{1}{4}$ in. There are two bilge-board trunks, one in each bilge, with an outer solepiece of oak showing flush with the outside of planking, headledges of oak and sides of white pine stiffened by oak strips. The cockpit coaming is of oak. The floor is carried on light oak bearers about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. square, at such a height as to make a level floor of the full size of the cockpit.

There are two bulkheads, located as shown, with full space for sleeping in the center of the boat, there being sufficient breadth between the bilge board trunks. The bulkheads are of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. pine stiffened by oak braces. The sides of the well are stiffened by knees on each alternate beam, running well down the side, so that the deck is strong enough to walk on. Directly under the deck seat are two heavy oak knees well fastened, to take a movable cross beam through which pass the two holding-down bolts of the sliding seat.

The bedpiece of the seat is of oak, strongly made, and the slide, which is 5ft. long and 6in. wide, has a top of spruce with runners of oak.

The bilge boards are of brass, No. 14 gauge, hung from the deck so as to lift out, with spring hook on after end. The rudder is of the ordinary brass drop pattern, with a solid stick connecting it to the tiller instead of the usual chains.

The mast tubes are each $2\frac{3}{8}$ in. diameter at deck, tapering to $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. at step. The forward step is of oak, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, fitted to the inside of the planking and with a piece of sheet brass on top to prevent splitting. There is a deck hatch forward and one aft, the hatches being fitted with a taper. Inside the hatch coaming a round cord of rubber is fitted, inclosed in a strip of canvas, against which the hatch wedges.

A special feature of the canoe, in connection with the large open cockpit, is the watertight canvas bag, which makes a total capsule possible without taking water below or impairing the stability of the boat. The cockpit is partly covered by movable hatches, the space between them being fitted with a watertight bag of canvas, with a handle sewn in the bottom, so that it can be easily turned inside out and emptied. The upper edges of the bag are fastened to oak strips, which in turn are secured to the coamings by thumb screws.

The sail plan and rigging of the canoe has been kept as simple as possible, the sails being of the ordinary one batten lowering type, known as the Vaux sail. They are hoisted by double halyards, running through deadeyes on the yard, masthead and deck and after hatch; the main halyards leading aft along the deck to cleats on the forward cockpit hatch and the mizzen forward to cleats on the after hatch. Each sail has a hand reefing gear led through pockets on the sail so that it will not foul on stakes or other obstructions, and leading to hand in the cockpit. The main sheet is endless and has no traveler, leading through a deadeye under the boom and then through a deadeye on each side of the cockpit and through a Butler cleat; the mizzen being rigged similarly. In this way the sheets may be handled from either side, and both with one hand, as the Butler cleats hold automatically. In all cases deadeyes are used in preference to blocks.

Mr. Quick has also favored us with the following description of the canoe and also his opinions on this style of craft.

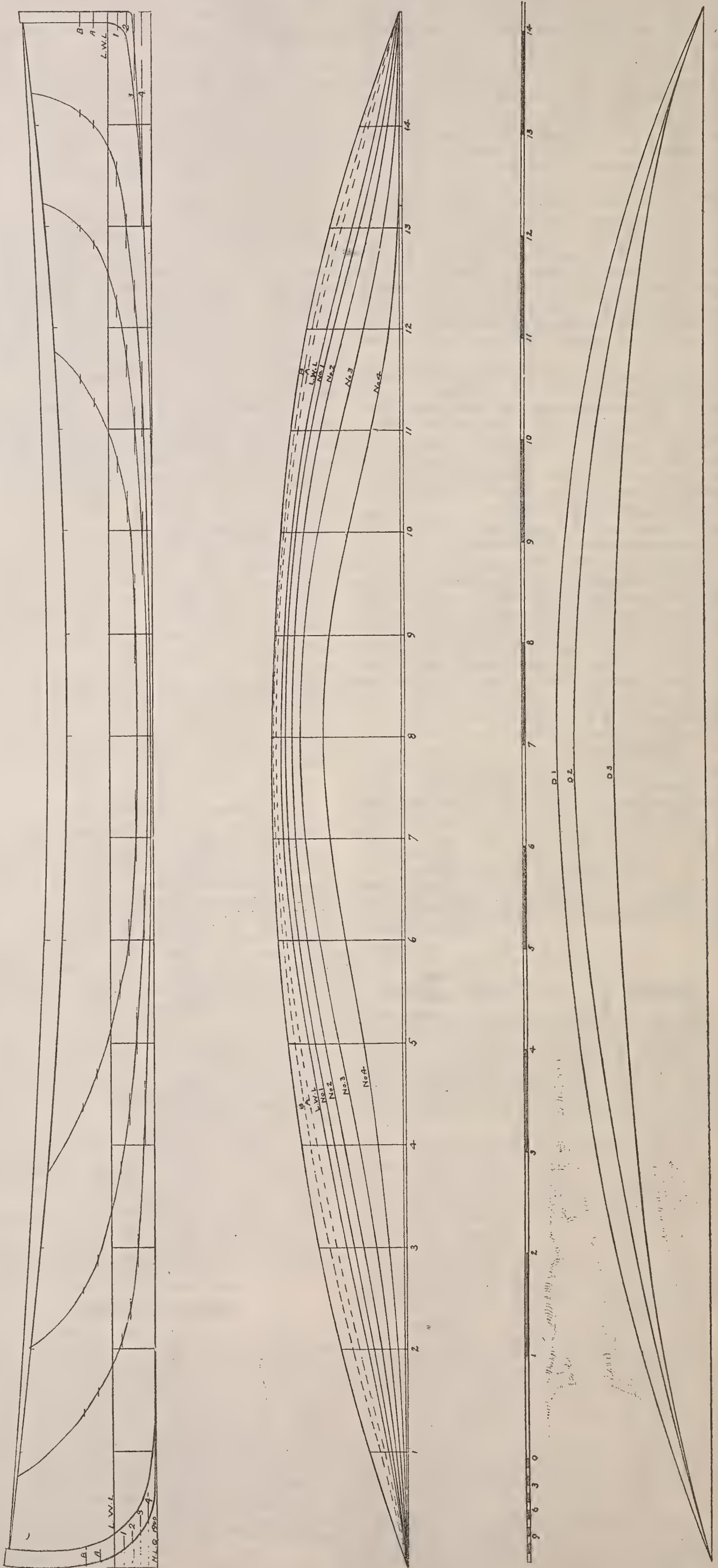
As you are publishing the lines of the Foggy Dew in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM, you will probably like to have my opinion of such a boat.

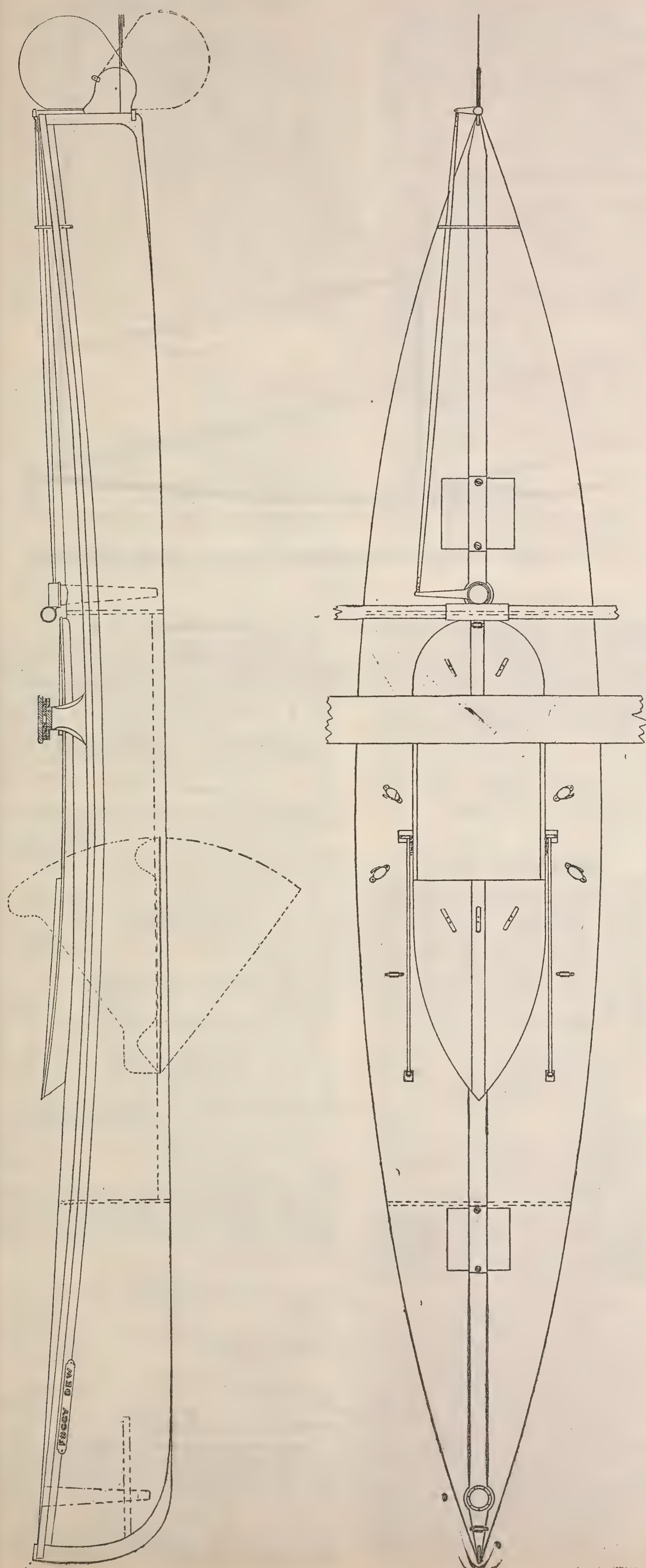
In 1891, when I decided to drop racing in a machine, as they are termed, I looked around for some kind of a good serviceable cruising canoe, out of which I could get a little speed if needed.

I had always liked Mr. Brokaw's bilge board canoe Brooklyn, so I decided to see what could be done in that line. Capt. Geo. W. Ruggles was consulted, and the result was the Foggy Dew, and I have never regretted the building of such a boat.

In the first place, Mr. Ruggles' method of construction has been all that could be desired. I told him to build a boat heavy and strong enough to stand 200ft. of sail and a 10ft. seat, if needed, and he did, for at the end of eight years' of hard sailing there is not a strained seam or joint in the boat, and to-day it is as good as the day it left his shop.

As to style of boat I think all depends on the uses it is to be put too. If a man has time for cruising in open water, I do not know of any kind of boat equal to the bilge board canoe such as Foggy Dew, but for the man who has very little time to give to the sport and has the ability to handle it, the so-called machine is the boat; being simpler in fittings, etc., it requires less time to keep in shape, and it is certainly a very safe kind of





FOGGY DEW, BILGE BOARD CANOE, DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR H. LANSING QUICK, ESQ., BY CAPT. GEORGE W. RUGGLES, 1891.

boat, it being nothing more or less than a large air tank.

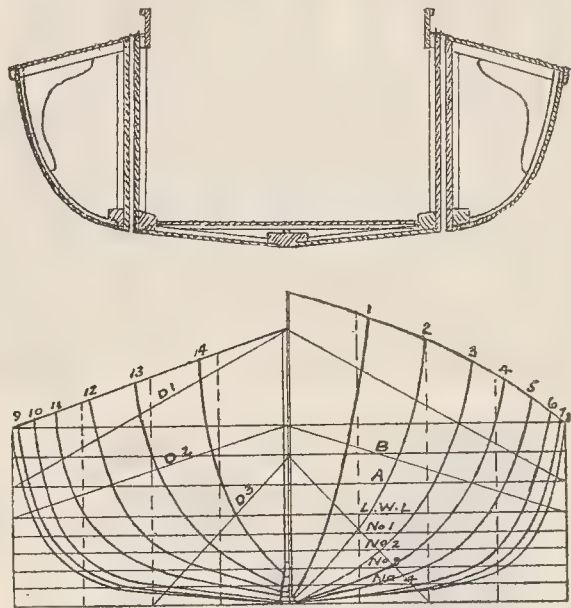
To-day the question seems to be what style of boat will be the best for the A. C. A. to encourage so as to get more men in the sailing races and possibly some of the old-timers at it again.

The development of the machine certainly has cut the sailing fleet down, as it is hard to get more than six or eight in the races at the meets to-day. If the Association by encouraging a heavier cruising style of boat could get a fleet of twenty or more in the races, as of old, I have no doubt but that the men sailing the machines to-day would gladly give them up and go in for the cruising class even more enthusiastically than they do now for the machines, for there are none of them but would like to see a larger sailing fleet.

Considering all the years of trial of the machines and the result, would it not be well this next year to change the rules, debarring such boats from the races, trophy and all, and try a boat of the cruising type, and if such a change were made what better style could you get than a bilge board. If a rule be made to govern such boats it should be very positive as to weight, strength, etc., as the only object of making such a change would be to get a boat so steady that the average canoeist could sail it without being an athlete, as some claim you must be to sail a machine. I think the old cruising canoe rule a pretty good description of the boat wanted.

The changes I would make in Foggy Dew, were I to build such a boat again, are very few, and would deal more with the fittings than with the boat. The centerboards should be the new form of hoisting dagger board, and the keel should project below the garboards so as to protect the boat more in pulling up on the float or dock.

I have always used a 5ft. deck seat for racing or cruising, having gotten to the time when I go only where the



sails will take me, and when I do have to use the paddle I slip the top of the seat off and stow it on the deck forward.

The traveler for the dandy sheet I find very useful on a cruising boat to put the ends of the paddle under when sailing, for I always carry it on deck and not in the cockpit, on account of the cockpit bag.

I would never cruise again without the water-tight canvas bag in the cockpit, for with it an upset means very little, as you do not get much water aboard, and there is no fear of losing any of your duffle.

The Norwegian steering gear I find a great advantage over the old chain, as it leaves the after-compartment hatch entirely free for storing away duffle.

For the rig I would recommend lowering sails of some kind, and in the rigging of them I would certainly have them reefable from the cockpit. The halyards should go through dead eyes or blocks on the deck instead of on the foot of mast, so that in case of an upset they will hold the sails in the boat.

The sail limit I think should be left just about what it now is, 130ft., as a heavy cruising boat would be able to easily carry that amount. I am using the same lowering rig on Foggy Dew to-day that I had made for Uno in 1890. I have also a standing rig of about 128ft. for racing. When the wind blows she holds her own pretty well with the racing boats.

She has always won the cruising race when she has been at the meets, where it has been held. She finished second in the Combined in '92. In '96 she was second to Mab in the Hotel Champlain cup. In June, '98, she was second at the special canoe race of the Atlantic Y. C., and at the '99 meet she was first in one of the Sailors' Union races, and second in another. In the race for the Gananoque banner she was fifth, so with boats of her type the racing need not be so very slow even though there are no machines.

In conclusion, do not think that I am against the machines, as I am not; for I have always favored everything that has tended to make them what they are, but I do favor making any change that will bring out a larger fleet, and if a heavy cruising canoe will do it, why I, for one, say lets have it.

H. LANSING QUICK.

YONKERS, Jan. 23.

The Boston Sportsman's Show.

CANOEING will play a very prominent part in the aquatic programme of the Sportman's Show, which will be held in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, from Feb. 22 to March 10, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association. The canoe events will be under the auspices of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association, and governed by its rules. Mr. Paul Butler, perhaps more prominently identified with the history of canoe meets of this country than any other man, and Mr. L. A. Hall, the Rear-Commodore of the American Canoe Association, have charge of all arrangements.

The canoe events will take place during the last week of the show, beginning Monday evening, March 5, and closing with the finals on Saturday evening, March 10. Every night during the show there will be an upset canoe exhibition by Ernest R. Adams, of the Wawbewawa

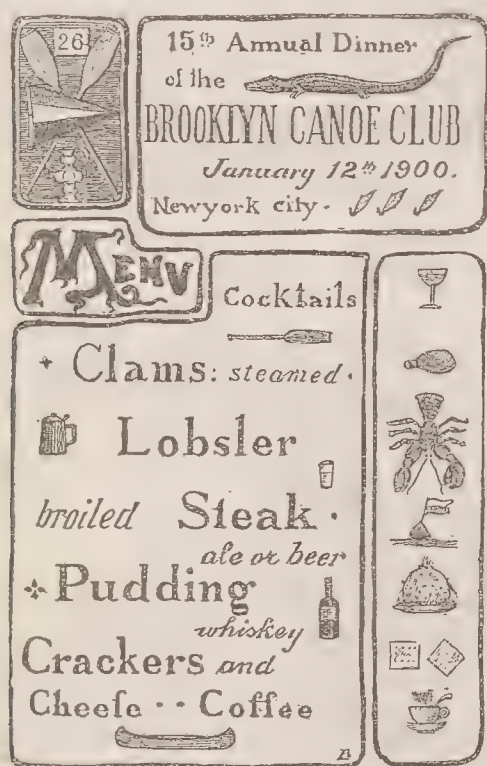
Canoe Club, of Auburndale, who has become so expert in this interesting feat that he has performed it in the remarkable fast time of four seconds, without shipping water either in getting out or getting in the canoe. This is even faster time than W. T. Lawless, the Canadian expert, performed it in at the '98 show.

In addition to the upsetting exhibitions, there will be during the last week a series of competitive events, including hurry-scurry races, tilting tournaments, hand paddling races and some interesting events not yet decided upon. The crew events will take place on the evenings of March 8, 9 and 10, although it is possible that the entry list may be so large that it will be necessary to begin these events one night earlier. The crew contests include tugs of war for club fours and war canoes, the latter to carry nine men each. The first round of heats in club fours and war canoes will be run off Thursday evening, March 8; the second round will take place Friday evening, and on Saturday night the finals. The war canoe tug-of-war final will in reality be an international event, as the drawings will be made in the preliminary heats, so that Canadian crews will compete with Canadian crews, and American with American.

As in a number of cases, members of club fours will also compete in the war canoes, the management will, so far as is possible, arrange the drawings and heats in the fairest manner. Entries are coming in very satisfactorily, both from clubs and individuals. The war canoe event is already full. Entries have been received from Ottawa, Toronto, Worcester, from the Innitou Club, of Woburn; the Wawbewawa Club, of Auburndale, and others. Entries close Feb. 13 with L. A. Hall, 71 Equitable Building, Milk street, Boston.

Brooklyn C. C. Dinner.

THE fifteenth annual dinner of the Brooklyn Canoe Club, which was held at Rolfe's Chop House, John street, New York, on the evening of Jan. 12, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of its kind in the history of the club. A simple but palatable dinner was provided and a delightful informality prevailed, there being an entire absence of dress suits, set speeches and all the other conventionalities that too frequently hamper the pleasure of occasions of this kind. Many old canoeists were present, and many reminiscences of the early days of the A. C. A. indulged in. Many excellent and witty speeches were made, among the most notable of the speakers being Mr. C. Bowyer Vaux, Mr. Rober J. Wilkin, Mr.



Percy F. Hogan, Capt. Robert P. Forshaw, Lieut. R. T. Hall, U. S. N., and Mr. Frederick B. Henschman, late U. S. A., the latter two relating several amusing anecdotes of "canoeing" in Manila Bay. Com. Mackendrick, with his usual modesty, could not be prevailed upon to speak, but later sang a topical song composed on the occasion, embodying several very amusing skits on the guests and members present. In the course of the evening, Mr. Wilkin presented the prizes for the races of the past season, the record being as follows:

Open canoe paddling—Won by Henry M. Dater. First prize, special cup, presented by Percy F. Hogan, Frank L. Dunnell; second prize, imported stein.

Spurt swimming competition—Won by Henry M. Dater; imported stein, presented by John R. McDivitt.

Decked canoe paddling race—Won by Henry M. Dater; imported stein.

Open canoe paddling single blade—Won by Morton V. Brokaw.

Labor Day cruising race, sailing open, three miles—Won by Henry M. Dater.

Open canoe sailing race—Won by Frank L. Dunnell.

Special Labor Day paddling race, open canoes, single blades—Won by Robert J. Wilkin, two paddles, presented by W. J. English; second, a stein, won by Morton V. Brokaw.

The Dunnell cup series, five races—Tie between Percy F. Hogan and H. M. Dater. Won in race-off by Hogan, who received a handsome cup.

Passenger canoe sailing race, open boats—Won by Morton V. Brokaw; prize, imported stein.

Open canoe, paddling, with passenger—Won by Henry M. Dater; prize, imported stein.

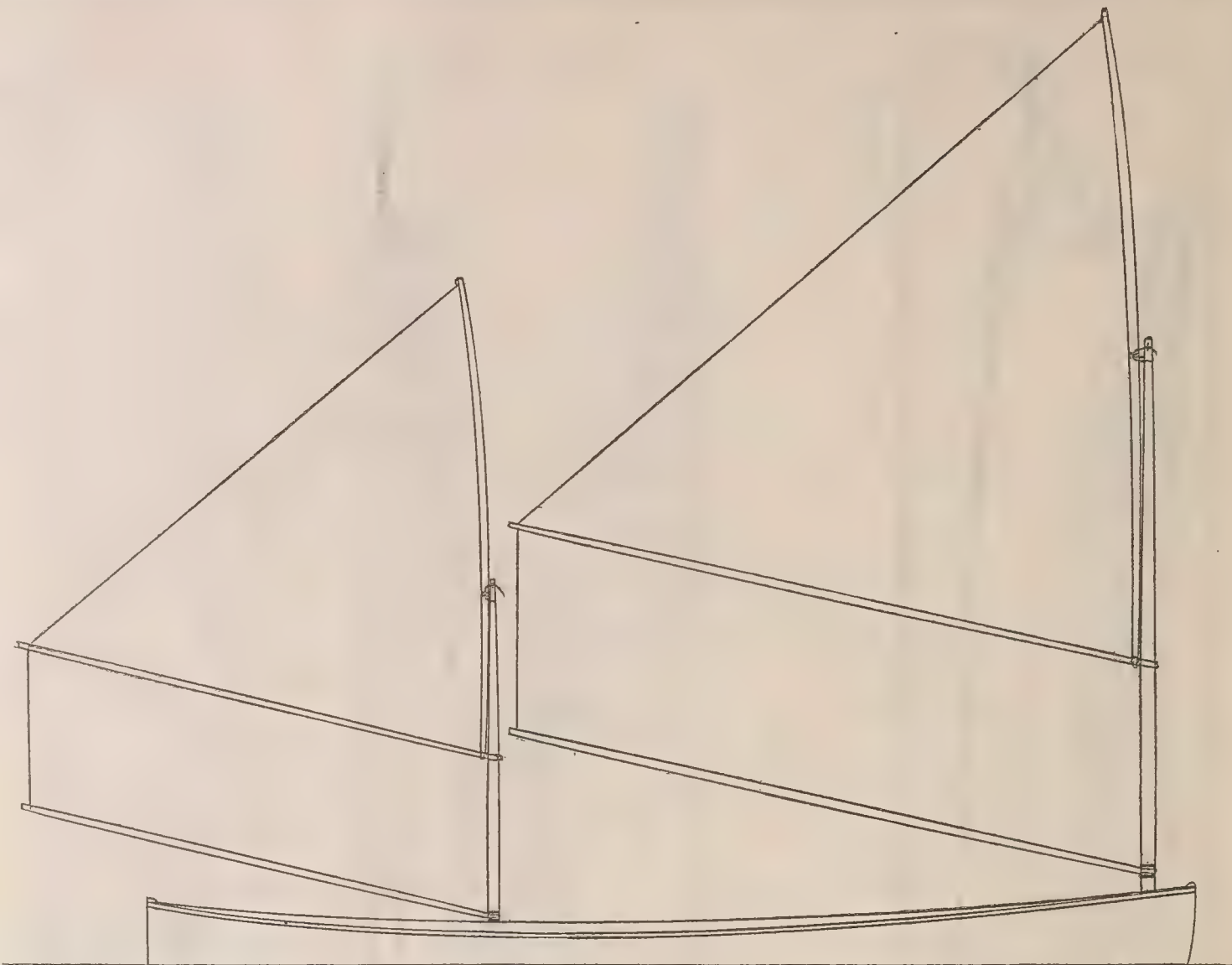
Twelfth race for the Rudd trophy, paddling championship and red pennant—Won by Henry M. Dater.

Thirteenth race for the Rudd trophy—Trophy and red pennant; won by H. M. Dater.

Thirty-fourth race for the Buddington sailing championship—Cup and blue pennant; won by J. F. Eastmond, Canoe King Olaf.

Pagan cruising trophy—Presented by C. P. Weekes; won by Frank L. Dunnell; Percy F. Hogan, second.

Mileage record for the year—Won by Henry M. Dater,



FOGGY DEW.

with 293¼ miles; Percy F. Hogan, second, with 190¼ miles; Robert J. Wilkin, third, with 148¼ miles; J. F. Eastmond, fourth, with 128¼ miles.

All around record competition for the year, C. Valentine Schuyler cup—Won by Henry M. Dater, with 20 points, cup and gold bar; Frank L. Dunnell, second, silver bar, 11 points; P. F. Hogan and J. R. McDivitt tied for third place with 7 points, bronze bar.

The meeting broke up at midnight and the participants went home filled with enthusiastic visions of next August at Muskoka, and with enthusiasm for the A. C. A. and canoeing.

The officers of the club for 1900 are: Com., Henry M. Dater; Vice-Com., Samuel J. Bennett; Purser, Percy F. Hogan; Measurer, H. A. Reitzenstein; Chairman Board of Trustees, Robert J. Wilkin; Secretary, Daniel A. Nash.

Springfield C. C.

THE annual meeting and banquet of the Springfield Canoe Association was held at Hotel Wortley on Jan. 16, with an attendance and display of enthusiasm that augurs well for the sport this coming season. Over sixty sat down to the banquet, and the present fetters of ice that bind the Connecticut were entirely forgotten in cruising yarns and flow of good cheer and reminiscence and the plans for the season that will open in a little more than two months. Among those present were the veteran sailor and old-time A. C. A. man, E. H. Barney.

The menu card was very handsomely made, with illustrations and the following verses:

"Just to slip and slip away,
Any hour of the day,
Morning, noontime or night.
Just to feel the summer wind,
Just to laze and float and find
The secret of the swallow's flight.

"Just to leave the city's din,
Just to soak the sunshine in;
To smoke and drift and dream of Sue.
Just to wear old, dirty ducks,
Free, and not a-caring shucks
For aught except my old canoe."

The business meeting was short, little important business being transacted beyond the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Prest., E. H. Barney; Vice-Prest., Jonathan Barnes; Sec'y and Treas., W. R. Hodgden; Capt., J. E. Cowan; Lieut., W. R. Johnson; House Committee, H. W. King, Chairman; R. O. Baker and A. W. Shaw.

Not since its organization has the club had so bright an outlook. A year ago at this time the paid membership was forty-five; now it is over eighty, with a good prospect of passing the 100 mark with the opening of the season. Late in the fall short cruises of from twenty-eight to fifty miles struck a popular chord, and will be a great feature this coming year, the ladies being taken on some of them. War canoe cruises are a great feature, forty or fifty miles being covered easily for a Sunday cruise, with green men in the boat at that. Racing will also receive considerable attention this year.

A new departure which is of great promise is the organization of a yacht club within the canoe club for the benefit of the large boat owners, of which there are a number in the club. The yachting men have organized, subject to the constitution and by-laws of the parent organization, for the purpose of promoting their branch of the sport. The yacht club includes the sailing canoeists.

Altogether, the Springfield Canoe Association starts the cruise of 1900 with all colors flying and the fair weather signal set.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon Canoe Club, of Philadelphia, held its annual election of officers in the parlors of the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, on Jan. 5. There was a large attendance of members, and the meeting was a spirited one. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Com., E. D. Hemingway; Vice-Com., E. W. Crittenden; Purser, H. E. Davis; Quartermaster, H. W. Fleischmann; Correspondent, W. K. Park; Meas., H. E. Bachmann; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross; Trustee for three years, A. S. Fenimore; Trustee for two years, H. M. Rogers; Trustee for one year, M. D. Wilt; House Committee, Theo. W. Cook, A. D. Shaw, J. M. Hamilton and J. H. Morrison.

The purser's report was a very gratifying one, showing, as it did, the healthy condition of the treasury.

The club mourns the loss by death of one of its most popular members, Mr. F. L. Wise, who died suddenly on Nov. 23. He was an enthusiastic canoeist and a very active worker for the club's welfare.

The Red Dragons expect to send a large delegation to the A. C. A. meeting in New York on March 10.

Among the social features being arranged for the entertainment of the members during the winter are suppers and smokers in the rathskeller of the club house, and a series of card parties, to be held at the homes of the various members.

The gun club is now practicing weekly, and expects to shoot a team match with the Philadelphia Y. C. within a few weeks. Honors have been pretty even between these two clubs in the past, but the Red Dragon gunners will make a strong effort to take the 1900 series.

The annual mess was held in the grill room of the club house at Wissinoming on Jan. 6, and was a complete success in every way. There was a good attendance of members, and the following gathered around the board: Com. E. D. Hemingway, H. E. Davis, H. Blumner, F. L. Noyes, T. F. McGinley, Chas. Gimmerling, H. M. Rogers, H. E. Bachmann, J. N. Remsen, Omar Shallcross, J. H. Morrison, H. W. Fleischmann, Frank Hookey, Dr. F. O. Gross, W. K. Park, W. J. Scott, T. W. Cook, Joseph E. Murray, A. S. Fenimore, R. G. Fleischmann and M. D. Wilt. The club had as a guest Vice-Com. Harry Allen, of Trenton.

The menu card was a handsome souvenir, and cleverly prepared. It was framed with the colors of the club, the card itself being a photographic production. The scene showed a canoeist in an upset act, his face bearing a strong resemblance to one of the club's members. The following is the menu:

ME-N-U.		
Overture, "The Cherry Pickers."		
Tommy Toe.	In the soup.	"Alfy's Favorite."
Limb of Mary's Pet.	What a Roast.	"Pete's Delight."
"Murphy's Own."		Green Pills.
Salty Plums.		Nervé Food.
	Dessert-d.	
Hashed Pie.		Hard Tack.
Cheese It.		Kaughy.
Foamy.	Ad Libitum.	
	Musty.	Smoky.

The toast card was a humorous surprise, and every one present was called upon, the subject fitting each individual's peculiar fad or hoppy. Com. Hemingway presided, and much of the success of the evening was due to his untiring efforts, assisted by other members of the mess committee.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

D M Harris	01010	10111	011110101
J Converse	01001	0101	101111001

Hicks—How much is that big bass worth?
Dealer—Seventy-five cents; that's cheaper than you could catch it.
Hicks—Look here, just between you and me, call it 80 cents and say I did catch it—see?—Harper's Bazar.

Sconce-Cadwallader Tournament.

DANVILLE, Ill., Jan. 23.—There were twenty-two shooters all told in the events of to-day, and of these all but four shot through the entire programme.

Tuesday, Jan. 23, First Day.

All 15-target events were \$1.50 entrance; all 20-target events were \$2 entrance. Gilbert broke 194 out of a total of 210 shot at, his closest competitors being Heikes, 187, and Sconce, 186. All moneys were divided. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	187
Heikes	13	18	14	17	12	17	15	17	13	19	14	18	187
Gross	11	14	9	15	8	16	12	17	12	14	14	15	144
Tripp	13	14	4	9	8	17	12	15	10	16	11	15	144
Partington	14	15	12	12	13	14	11	18	9	17	10	10	165
Bingham	14	16	11	13	13	17	13	18	15	17	15	19	181
Marshall	12	13	17	14	18	12	12	13	19	15	18	18	178
Budd	10	12	10	15	10	13	12	16	12	18	15	10	168
Gilbert	9	18	12	20	15	19	15	19	14	19	15	19	194
Neal	11	15	14	18	15	18	11	12	13	14	14	18	173
Cadwallader	12	13	11	17	13	15	12	15	12	17	13	17	167
Burnside	13	14	12	14	13	13	12	17	12	13	13	18	164
Sconce	14	17	13	18	14	15	13	14	15	20	13	20	186
Scott	9	13	8	16	13	9	11	16	12	17	12	14	150
Young	14	18	13	18	15	16	13	17	13	18	14	18	187
Mumma	8	13	8	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	166
Blue Wing	12	13	9	14	13	18	12	14	11	18	14	18	180
Blake	12	19	14	17	11	18	12	13	15	18	14	17	179
Boa	14	14	14	13	19	12	14	15	18	14	18	18	179
Connor	11	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	179
Smith	11	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	179
McGill	7	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	17	13	14	179

Wednesday, Jan. 24, Second Day.

There was a goodly number of shooters added to the competition to-day. Gilbert broke 199 out of the programme number for the day, 210. Young was second with 195, while Heikes and Blue Wing tied on 193. All moneys were divided.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	162
Tyson	12	17	15	11	15	13	17	11	15	9	12	12	162
Blue Wing	13	18	15	19	18	12	19	14	16	14	19	19	193
Connor	14	15	10	15	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Bingham	15	19	12	18	12	19	15	18	12	14	11	11	172
Scott	13	16	13	15	12	15	10	18	12	15	15	18	171
Neal	13	17	14	19	10	15	9	16	10	15	15	18	185
Marshall	13	18	12	18	12	19	12	18	13	18	14	18	180
Burnside	12	17	13	18	10	18	12	18	13	17	14	18	180
Heikes	14	16	13	18	13	20	14	19	13	19	15	19	193
Gross	13	16	14	15	14	17	15	9	11	13	12	15	165
Budd	15	19	14	18	14	17	12	18	13	16	14	17	187
Young	14	19	15	16	15	17	15	17	14	20	14	19	195
Cad	15	16	12	14	14	17	13	18	13	17	14	16	179
Blake	14	18	13	16	12	14	15	12	13	14	11	19	171
Gilbert	15	18	15	17	13	20	13	20	13	20	15	20	199
Tripp	12	17	15	17	15	13	20	15	15	15	18	18	183
Walton	12	14	9	11	13	20	8	10	11	11	11	11	162
Sconce	20	15	20	13	17	11	20	14	17	15	20	20	193
Magill	13	17	11	18	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Boa	13	17	13	19	9	18	10	16	12	14	11	11	162
Smith	12	18	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Livenguth	17	14	16	12	15	7	18	11	13	11	11	11	162
Thompson	16	14	18	13	16	13	17	10	15	12	18	18	162
Slo	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Jackson	12	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
C. Powers	16	14	18	13	16	13	17	10	15	12	18	18	162
Wiggins	10	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Crouthers	14	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Voorhees	13	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Hefley	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162
Carson	14	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	162

First extra, 15 birds, \$1.50 entrance: Heikes 14, Neal 10, Magill 11, Marshall 12, Scott 12, Gilbert 14, Bingham 13, Burnside 14, Budd 12, Gross 11, Blue Wing 8, Cad 15, Tyson 13, Young 15, Connor 12, Tripp 12, Blake 12.

Thursday, Jan. 25, Third Day.

This day was the one assigned to live-bird shooting. The first event was changed to 15 live birds, \$15 instead of 25 birds, \$25. Gross, Blake and Neal won first. Tripp, Heikes, Gilbert, Budd and Young were second. Voris, Powers, Burnside, Bingham, Sconce, Carson, Blue Wing and Gere were third. Roll, Marshall and Crouthers were fourth. The handicaps were 26 to 31yds. The purse amounted to \$267.75.

E Tripp, 29	211212222212021-14
R O Heikes, 31	22212222222022-14
E Voris, 29	20212221220222-13
Powers, 30	22222*2222212*-13
Roll, 29	*2*222222222*2-12
Gilbert, 31	22222222222*2-14
Marshall, 30	222222222*0220-12
Budd, 30	221*2222212121-14
Gross, 28	22222222222222-15
Burnside, 28	222221*22120221-13
Young, 30	22222220222222-14
Crouthers, 28	1*221222022222-12
Bingham, 29	22022202222222-13
Sconce, 29	22222102212220-13
Blake, 28	12112222112222-15
Carson, 26	1221*2122221022-13
Neal, 29	22222222222222-15
Blue Wing, 28	222222*22220222-13
Cad, 29	*212222022222-11
Gere, 28	10122222222220-13
Wright, 28	20202112202202-11

In the following extra event the entrance was \$10, 10 birds, \$195.50 in the pot, all moneys divided Rose system, 5, 3 and 2:

Tripp	222122222*9	Bingham	222*022222-8
Heikes	22222050*2-7	Sconce	02*1222202-7
Voris	22222*0202-7	Blake	22*2222222-9
Powers	222222111-10	Carson	10120112*2-7
Roll	222222222*9	Neal	2222222122-10
Gilbert	2222221*22-9	Blue Wing	2222222202-9
Marshall	222222222-10	Cad	222*221222-9
Budd	2122102222-9	Gere	1211122202-9
Gross	2222220002-7	Wright	1011011012-7
Burnside	2221221122-10	Smoak	0122*21222-8
Young	022222*222-9	Frederick	22*1122120-8
Crouthers	2222201022-8		

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Off Week.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 27.—This is the odd week in our trapshooting places at Chicago, and Garfield is the only club to shoot, this being the day for the eighth contest of the Garfield live-bird winter series. Entries close on the trophy event at 3 P. M., and shooting begins at 1 P. M. promptly. Garfield shoots pigeons at 15 cents.

Illinois State Shoot.

Directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met last night to discuss plans for the coming annual tournament, which will be a good big one. President E. S. Rice was in the chair, and the business was largely on the matter of prizes and trophies, which will be arranged on a liberal and attractive scale. Others present last night were Messrs. F. H. Lord, T. P. Hicks, J. H. Amberg, Ed Bingham, W. B. Leffingwell.

Chicago Shooting Park.

No meeting has been called as yet for the shareholders of the Chicago shooting park, according to advice at hand to-day from one or two shareholders in same.

Rock Island-Davenport Double Bill.

Here is a good attraction for the boys of the West for the dull month of February, as reported by Mr. A. D. Sperry, one of the Rock Island shooters who will have a good share in the handling of the tournament:

The shooters of Rock Island, Ill., and the West End Gun Club,

of Davenport, Ia., promise a good double bill in the way of a two days' shoot at each place at both live birds and targets. We claim dates of Feb. 15 and 16 for Rock Island, and Feb. 17 and 18 at Davenport.

"Each shoot will have its own programme, and mail them ten days prior to the shoot. A good stiff programme will be offered. Paid experts and manufacturers' agents will be handicapped to 30 and 31yds, at live birds. Here is a fine chance for shooters desiring four days' good sport. Good accommodations and first-class grounds, close to town. Street cars to the gate of the park. With the programme offered and previous experience had with tournaments and attendance there, the attendance should number forty or sixty shooters. A handsome and valuable medal will be given at Rock Island for best score on live birds during the two days.

Rock Island is just across the Mississippi River from Davenport, as every one knows, and hence the double tournament means plenty of shooting on practically the same trip, with the best of accommodations and the best of fellows to meet. This promises very well indeed for a success.

Buffalo Bill Team Shoot.

From North Platte, Neb., comes word of a very pleasant little live-bird affair, in which two teams of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of that city, shot, Jan. 24, for the supper and the fun of it. The report comes from Mr. Geo. L. Carter, who was formerly secretary of the Lincoln Gun Club, of Nebraska, who goes on to say:

"Two teams chosen from the members of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club indulged in a very pleasant live-bird contest on their grounds yesterday, resulting in a victory by Alvin Pool's team of 4 birds. The conditions were nine men per team, to shoot at 10 birds each, for the price of the birds. The race was concluded at 4 P. M., and the losers immediately invited the winners to take supper with them, and at 9 P. M. the two teams, with Referee Chas. Seiffert and Trap-puller Marvin Dickson sat down to a bountiful repast in the Star Restaurant's private dining parlor, where they spent an hour and a half as only shooters can. On entering the room the winners were presented with a pretty badge prepared for the occasion. A rather unexpected joke was sprung on W. S. Dalson, who was the leader of the defeated team, who had been instrumental in the arrangements for the shoot, and who, it is said, assured his team they would win hands down, in the way of a badge which was a small tin horse, neatly tied with ribbon and bearing the words, "A horse on you, Bill."

The score:		The score:	
Alvin Pool's Team.		W. S. Dalson's Team.	
Pool	2212122122-10	Dalson	2202112222-9
Graves	2222112212-10	Carter	2222222*02-8
Quimette	1111211111-10	F Sawyer	220011212-7
Winowitch	*0110*212-5	Ryan	0112111*02-7
Highsmith	022011102-7	Yates	11009*011-4
Woodhurst	211111*110-8	Loneragan	22112021*1-8
Schatz	*2010*1112-6	P Sawyer	2101101220-7
Chas Pool	010202*210-6	Starkey	101019*112-7
Wilcox	21*01*210-6-68	Federhoof	10111*111-7-64

Si Palmer's Tough Birds.

It looks as though we should have to transfer the tough bird championship from Watson's grounds to those of Si Palmer, at his Glen Ellyn Farm, 25 miles west of Chicago. About a dozen of our best live-bird shots went out last Saturday to try conclusions with Si's stem winders, and most of them concluded that the game was a hard one. The birds were kept loose, free and well fed, and the barn was only closed the night before the shoot, so that the birds came out strong as a country life could leave them and ready to get straight back to where they came from. The race was at 25 birds, and Clempton, the young Garfield Club crack, who has been turning things over here lately in the club and trophy contests, was high gun, 24, others like Oswald Von Lengerke getting only 19, F. H. Hollister but 20, with 4 dead out. Mr. Clempton shot both in good form and good luck, as two or three of his birds stopped just inside, whereas two or three of his rivals had them dead just over. Clempton was shooting a yard quicker than any one on the grounds. The participants say that this was the warmest shoot here this winter in the quality of shooting demanded.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, sixteen members participating in the trophy event. Several other members, reaching the grounds too late to enter the trophy contest, engaged in sweepstake events, which followed. The birds were the best lot I have ever seen trapped in this city, particularly those trapped for the first half of the trophy event.

There was a strong, cold southwest wind, making the majority of the birds left-quartering outdoors, and extremely fast, as evinced by the fact that no straight scores were made, only two got out with a score of 9; 6 and 7 apparently being a favorite landing place:

R Kuss, 31	2202202021-7	Stuchlik, 27	0111102221-8
Dr Meek, 31	221101002-7	Dr Graves, 27	10*2122210-7
L Thomas, 27	0121122002-7	Barnard, 31	222*10202*-6
J Wolff, 29	*02020001-3	T Eaton, 28	2212012110-6
Palmer, 31	1202200102-6	L Wolff, Sr, 26	*20120*2*-5
C J Wolff, 26	101020111-6	J T Fanning, 28	1021220010-6
Dr Shaw, 31	220122222-9	S E Young, 28	2011221221-9
Dr Russell, 28	2011201212-8	Dr Royce, 27	12*2202221-8

Six birds, \$2:	R Kuss	212222-6	Dr Royce	002011-3
	H E Lee	222210-5	T Eaton	121201-5
	Dr Shaw	22*112-5	D Russell	111101-5
	Palmer	122201-5	Stuchlik	220211-5
	Barnard	22*211-5	Fanning	0111*1-4
	Dr Graves	1202*1-4	Young	101001-3

Five birds, \$2:	R Kuss	*2210-3	D Russell	*2122-4
	H E Lee	20*10-2	Stuchlik	020w
	Dr Shaw	02112-4	Fanning	11101-4
	Palmer	22222-5	Baker	21212-5
	Barnard	22202-4	Jones	21211-4
	Dr Royce	22212-5	Dorman	*121*-3
	T Eaton	22111-5	Stevens	22120-4

R Kuss	12212022*1-8	L Thomas	11002w
Dr Meek	21*211111-9	Ford	10022w
H E Lee	11*101*112-7	F Wolff	0100010100-3

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed to its columns.

SPORT.

Who shall say in what true sport consists when there is such diversity of opinion concerning it? Is it in the bigness of the score? One might think so, since, while we deny excess, we are all so prone to boast of it. Is it, as some maintain, exercise of the skill required to find and bring down the game, to lure and catch the fish? Is it in the difficulties overcome, or risk of danger? Punch's English gentleman says to his German shooting friend, "The fact is, I care very little for shooting if there is not an element of danger." "Ach! Den you zhould go zhooding vid me! Vy, it vas only lash dveek I zhod my brodder-in-law in ze shdummerg." Or, as some say, the best of sport is in the intimate acquaintance with nature to which it brings one.

One sportsman cannot understand how another finds sport only at the risk of his life. As for himself, he has lost no grizzly bears, nor does he desire a shot at a mountain sheep or goat enough to endanger his neck for the sake of getting it. Indeed, he foreswears his favorite sport of deer hunting, since the chances of being shot have become as great as those of getting a shot at the game. Safety and comfort are essential to his sport. He would not freeze in a blind at the risk of pneumonia for all the wildfowl that swim, nor parboil himself and brave the stings of mosquitoes incompatible in the mirky midsummer atmosphere of the swamp, though woodcock were as plenty as the insects. Countless trout could not tempt him to suffer all day the discomfort of wet feet and legs in the ice cold brook, with the consequent chances of rheumatism.

If he could he would pursue his sport as did Kubla Kahn in a spacious chamber, luxuriously furnished and victualed and borne by elephants. Seated or stretched at ease therein, the mighty potentate watched the flight of his falcons or the coursing of his leopards, or let fly his arrows. Surely this was the refinement of luxurious sportsmanship.

The man who estimates his day's sport by the size of his bag simply disbelieves the man who professes to be satisfied with a little or even nothing tangible to show for his outing. He thinks it a case to which the fable of the fox and the grapes is applicable. How can there be sport without the excitement of frequent shots and the possession and exercise of skill which makes them successful? He scoffs at the idea of associating field sports with love of nature, yet no one can become a successful shooter or angler without acquaintance with the habits and haunts of the objects of his pursuit, which means in some sort the study of nature, which surely begets love of her. One must know when, where and on what his game feeds; when and where it rests, and its various haunts at different seasons. Then he sees how admirably adapted each is to its manner of life. How formed to obtain its food, to catch its prey, to escape its enemies; how colored, dull or bright, to escape detection, yet always in some way beautiful as are its surroundings and the whole great universe.

Thus one unwittingly becomes a student of nature and consequently her lover, until at last the study and the love become the chief attractions of fields, woods and waters, wherein he finds satisfaction and brings home rich spoils, though they yield little or nothing to gun and rod that now are only convenient pretexts for spending the day abroad.

A NATURE STUDY STATION.

THE New York Legislature will be asked to make provision for the establishment of a biological station. The project has its origin with the New York State League and the Fish and Game Association of the Cayuga Lake Basin—has for its object the establishment of a New York State Biological Station.

So much is known in these days of the usefulness of biological surveys and the good work done by the biological stations in some States that their value is generally recognized. Prominent among such local stations is that of Illinois, which, under the very efficient superintendence of Prof. S. A. Forbes, has accomplished a great deal for that State.

The announced purpose of such a station for New York is the making careful investigations and practical experiments to determine the nature, habits, good and needs of the fish, game and insectivorous and song birds of this State; to determine the causes of decrease of these creatures; to determine what measures can be taken to reduce their enemies, increase their natural food supply and shelter, and secure such natural or modified conditions as should lead to their abundance throughout the State; to propagate not only the desirable creatures named above, but also their natural food supply; to study and experiment with the best methods of introducing beneficial species and to show what measures can be taken to help them become acclimated and to provide for their winter feeding and shelter; to obtain material for publication to enlighten the residents of our State upon these practical matters; to obtain facts upon which proper legislation can be based to secure the effective protection and maintenance of desirable species and the destruction of obnoxious kinds; to obtain facts that may be useful to teachers of nature study, natural history, biology, botany, zoology, ornithology, ichthyology, or forestry in our State.

Such a station under the management of the right kind of a man, who should be not only a trained observer, but also familiar with the fauna of the State, would be continually acquiring knowledge in regard to the fish, the birds and the game. It would be a source from which legislators could draw information, acts, bills which they wished to introduce, it could express opinions on those that had been introduced and came up for executive action, and could recommend others that were necessary. It would have charge of the fostering of our useful animals, and could consider the introduction of exotic species. In a word, the usefulness of such an institution properly conducted, might be, and should be, so great that in a very short time it would add to the natural wealth of the State far more than the appropriation needed to carry it on from year to year.

THE PLUME BILL.

The proposed amendment to Section 78 of the New York game law has caused more or less excitement among bird collectors and members of the Audubon Society, and has led to many remarks, public and private, which are to be regretted. All individuals interested in birds and bird protection desire to see the provisions of the law which bear on this subject strengthened so that they may be actually effective, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to how this may best be done, and a general feeling that it is better to leave the law as it is than to make amendments to it, which would bring it still more into contempt than now. The impression prevails that the amended bill was not sufficiently considered before its form was decided on. Besides those who have spoken about this amendment in public, many persons genuinely interested in the work of the Audubon Societies have protested against this bill on various grounds, of which the more important are that the law, if amended, as proposed, by the Hallock bill, would be impossible of enforcement and would leave matters just where they are at present; and that the amended law is so loosely worded as to be capable of great abuse.

It is obvious therefore that the proposed amendment should have been drawn by a lawyer who would have considered the matter in all its bearings and would have so worded it that there would have been some prospect of its being enforced. A clause should be inserted to the effect that the provisions of this act shall

not apply to birds which can be shown to have been possessed prior to the enactment of the law. Another helpful and popularizing amendment would be the reduction of the penalties for violation of the act. With a fine of \$5 instead of \$25, there would be some chance of getting a conviction by a jury. What the Audubon Societies and all who are interested in the protection of birds wish to accomplish is to put an end to the destruction from this time forward, and the changes suggested would be much more likely to accomplish this than would the passage of the bill as introduced. The attributing of sinister motives to the promoters of the measure is to be deprecated, and all the more because it tends to befog the issue. The work of Messrs. Chapman and Dutcher in ornithology and bird protection is so well known that their impelling motives are not to be misunderstood when they seek only the more adequate protection of our birds of song and plume.

NATURAL HISTORY IN SCHOOL.

The Mayne Reid bear story reprinted in another column is from the original, as contained in the "Hunters' Feast." It is a tale delightfully told. After one has read it for the story, it is worth while noting how ingeniously the material is handled, and how, as a good playwright, the author introduces the personages of his play on the stage, each in his proper time, exhibits them as they play their part and then in due order removes them from our gaze. It is a drama of the canyon well played; and no wonder the exciting incidents have been retained in memory.

With all of Mayne Reid's fidelity to truth in his description of the ways of wild animals, he shared some of the errors of his time. In this story is repeated the old myth of the mountain sheep hurling itself head foremost from a cliff, striking safely on its horns and somersaulting to its feet. For Reid it is to be said that he was only repeating a notion very generally held then and now. And the bighorn incident as he tells it is insignificant in comparison with the version given in the "Progressive Third Reader." We have received a copy of the Reader, dog-eared, thumb-marked, broken-backed and ragged and tattered from much use, and bearing on the inside front cover the name of George A. Willey, Plaiston, N. H. The editor of the Reader explains in his list of contents that the story of the grizzly bears is adapted from Reid. It is adapted with a vengeance. The paragraph describing the tumble of the animal from the cliff reads thus:

"Suddenly a hollow crack sounded from above, like the breaking of a dead tree. We looked up and saw an animal tumbling downward from a projecting ledge half-way up the cliff. In an instant he struck the earth, head foremost, and bounding to the height of several feet, came back with a somerset on his legs and stood firmly. An involuntary shout broke from the hunters; for a huge moose stood before them."

Perhaps the school-book maker considered this particular incident a sketch of the imagination, and was emulous to outdo the original, reflecting that "one might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb." Or, more likely, bighorn and moose were all one to him.

Our correspondent who writes of duck shooting on Oregon slashes opines that the term slash, as applied to swampy or wet lands, must have been of Northwestern origin. Such is fame. For once upon a time this country knew throughout the length and breadth of the land the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," as Henry Clay was named by his followers, from the fact of his birth and boyhood in the slashes of Kentucky. For Clay there were mass meetings and barbecues and torch-light processions, and a devotion of partisans not less strong than that accorded any other American who has ever lived; and wide as his popularity was the fame of the slashes, to have been born in which was counted to his credit. All this was long before Oregon came into the Union; so long ago indeed that the "Mill-boy of the Slashes" has been forgotten. The term is an old one. Bartlett classes it as an Americanism; but it was probably of still earlier origin, for Berkeley, writing of game in Virginia in 1705, says: "Although the inner lands want the benefit of game (which, however, no pond or slash is without), yet even they have the advantage of wild-turkeys."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

III.

THE curtain rises to-day on a panorama of the Stinking Water Valley and the buffalo hunter's camp. It is what might be termed a dull day, and the valley lies as if asleep under the haze of a half-cloudy, half-sunny afternoon. There is no sign of life about the camp except the light rift of smoke climbing lazily upward from the sod chimney; yet by going close up you might hear something like this: "Guess we have got a cinch on you this time. We're nine to your seven, and our sell," or, "It's a good policy never to send a boy to mill when you can go yourself. Play some of your surplus trumps on that ace. Come, now, no renigging. Cough up that jack."

For three weeks the volley of talk similar to this, with the exception of from midnight till 9 o'clock next morning, had been well nigh continuous. For three weeks the buffalo had given us a wide berth, and as to following them across those treeless divides in the dead of winter, it was not to be thought of; hence, seven-up and pitch had raged with unabated fury.

It was 2 o'clock before the first sign of life showed about the camp, and then the Parson came out, yawned and stretched, and looked away across the creek at the opposite hills. Yes, the Parson had been playing seven-up, but let me say at once that he was by no means of the "through breds." My average ran about one-half day at the cards to three days rambling in the hills, while there were men in the camp who could play seven-up for a week without going out to get a fresh breath of air. The atmosphere inside had grown so close and "stuffy" with tobacco smoke that I could stand it no longer, and I was off for a ramble.

The camp was built just at the top of the first bench above the creek bottom. The timber along the creek extended to the foot of this bench, so that there was a good wind-break on the south. The abrupt hills rising on the north broke the winds from that side. I took my way down through this timber toward the creek. Near the stream was an old beaver slashing some half an acre in extent. There had been a fine grove of ash trees from 6 to 12 inches in diameter which the beaver had cut some years before. The trees, for some reason, were left as they fell, crisscrossing each other in all directions, much resembling a windfall in the Northern forest. We had located the camp at that point with an eye to the inexhaustible supply of dry wood this slashing would furnish.

The sun, though partly obscured by haze, still shed a warm glow down into the timber, so that it was comfortable lazing about. Seating myself on a fallen tree, I fell to speculating on the wonderful patience these animals must have had to cut all that timber in their slow, tedious way and as far as I could see, to no purpose. They are credited with great intelligence, but this did not look like well-judged effort. I had often noted their trails leading off into woods, and following them would find one or more trees cut and left as they fell, when other trees were standing on the creek bank that would have fallen into the water where they could have been utilized.

The beaver is about as stupid in looks as any animal I ever saw, and a great deal of his work seems to point in the same direction; but try trapping them once, as I did, and a surprising intelligence is made manifest, though occasionally they will make most unaccountable blunders.

I had come to the wild West for the express purpose of hunting buffalo. Being neither a great capitalist nor foreign prince, I was thrown on my own resources, and "joined drives" with a party of pot-hunting frontiersmen to make it possible for me to stand the expense.

Now bare your swords, oh, ye critics!

There were as high as eight men in our party at times, including teamsters, and during the winter we killed about sixty buffalo. Of these the Parson accounted for nearly half. "The nigger luck of that boy" is the way the others explained it. But before you strike, my dear old humbug of a critic, let me draw a comparison.

Cotemporary with my buffalo hunt the Grand Duke Alexis came to this country for the same purpose. He had plenty of money to pay his own expenses, hence the Government turned over the army to be used as escort and to drive the buffalo to his gun. In three weeks they killed five times the buffalo that we did, while we paid our tithes toward the expense.

The buffalo we killed went into the dinner pots of the settlers along the frontier, while the hides were sold and turned into shoes and stockings for the children of the same people. The buffalo killed by the Duke's party were mostly left where they fell without even skinning. My part of the profit was "nit," except what I saved in expenses by joining the party, rather than organizing one of my own.

Now let the critic judge well and strike where the guilt lies, if guilt there be. It seems almost out of place to call up such things, but criticism has been so harsh and often unreasoning of late years that one must don his armor when he starts afield, even with fountain pen.

Finding all the streams along which we traveled peopled with beaver, I had inquired among the men for steel traps, but found there was none in the caravan. One man knew of a settler who had five, and I hired him to ride one hundred miles on horseback and bring them. They were expensive traps, but the sport I had with them more than evened up. With the traps I got a Newhouse Trappers' Guide, and it is about the only book I ever got any practical information out of concerning any field sport.

From it I got the idea of cutting a small tree or bush and inserting it top down through a hole in the ice just above a dam, where the deep water is. The beaver, to get the entire bush, would come to the butt to cut it off. By placing the butt in shallow water next the shore with a trap under it, the beaver would be likely to be caught when it came to cut the tree. I got one the first time

I tried it, but never made the trick work again, for they invariably cut the tree several feet below the trap.

Another suggestion I got from Newhouse was to make a break in a dam which was sure to bring a beaver to repair it. In this way they were very likely to spring the trap with breast or hind foot and not get caught. A beaver caught by the fore foot is sure to twist (or bite?) the foot off, if it can get to land, and thus escape. The fore foot of a beaver is not much larger than a man's thumb, while the hind foot of a full-grown one is nearly as large as a man's whole hand. The hind foot is wedge-shaped, and when wet the jaws of a trap will throw it out on striking it as a green tough log will throw out an iron wedge that is being driven into it.

There is little hope of holding a beaver in a steel trap except it be kept in the water. To do this a long pole is cut and the smaller branches trimmed off about an inch from the stem. This is then driven, small end first, as far as it will reach out into the creek, often to feet. The chain ring is then passed over the butt of the pole which in turn is fastened to bush or stake on the bank. When the trap springs the beaver starts for the bottom of the stream; the ring slips down easy enough, but when it starts back is caught on the hooks and the beaver is soon drowned. I drowned one 6 feet under water in this way.

At one time I used a green willow pole for a trap stake, and an enterprising beaver came along, and cut it off and carried it away, leaving my trap without an anchor. I was fortunate in not getting anything into the trap, thus saving it from loss.

On this particular afternoon I wandered down along the creek bank until I came to some peeled sticks that had been pushed up through the air hole in a beaver den. The beavers build, or dig, their dens as a muskrat does. Starting into the bank below the water, they gradually rise above it to make their nests. Usually there is an air hole above the nest through which they push the sticks after they have peeled the bark from them.

The Stinking Water has its origin in numerous springs that rise at the foot of the bluffs along its course. Indeed I note, by the map, that it is now called Spring Creek. In winter the overflow from these springs freezes during the night and forms small glaciers. On bright, warm days the ice melts fast, and together with the overflow from the springs, flows into the stream, raising it rapidly and causing tides. Thus, the creek begins to rise in the evening, and in the morning it will begin to fall again, the water loosened during the day having gone out during the night. After a very sharp, frosty night the stream will be nearly dry by noon next day. When I discovered the den the creek was in this condition.

The entrance of the den was above water, and by hanging to the bushes head down I could look up into it. It was dark inside, but after a time I thought I could see a beaver lying in it. I had no revolver with me, but there were plenty at camp. Most of them were .44cal. Remingtons, but I had a fine little .22cal. Smith & Wesson, which I took as being the handiest to use inside the den. The old chap was still at home when I returned, and hanging head down, I carefully located what I thought was his head and fired at it.

Well, I got a tremendous slap in the face from his great scaly paddle of a tail, and a jet of water shot into my face, neck and hair that nearly drowned me, while the beaver made his way 20 yards through the shallow water and mud in the bottom of the creek to a deep pool, where, of course, he disappeared, before I could recover. Two weeks later I caught him in the same den with a steel trap. I found my .22cal. bullet buried just the width of itself in the thick gristle at the root of the tail. I had mistaken ends.

This den extended into the bank about 6 feet, and at the end there was a circular cavity as large as a 50-gallon cask coming to within a foot of the surface of the ground. It seemed a little strange that this fellow should come back to his den after the treatment I had accorded him, as I had noticed that they deserted dens and even dams on very slight provocation.

At another place where I had located a den, I got an old axe and spade from camp and dug it out. Cutting a long pole, I ran it into the hole. I then measured distance and direction on the surface and dug down from the top, after having plugged the hole with a log to prevent the animal's escape. When I got down to the hole I again had recourse to the pole, measuring distance and direction and digging down as before. This I repeated four times, and when I came to the beaver it was at least 40 feet from the bank of the stream. It proved to be a two-year-old, at which age they are about two-thirds grown. But the light fades and a curtain of gloom falls athwart the stage.

THE PARSON.

Winter Bird Food.

CONCORDVILLE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is gratifying to a "gunshy" woman who once ventured into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to oppose the importation of the foreign starlings—and who, finding no champions of her cause, felt so completely frozen out that until now she has never dared do more than read the paper once a week—to note the place of honor on the editorial page given to a commendation of the Lacey bill.

Since I feel less like an intruder to-day, I would like to add that I often turn first to the Natural History notes and do thoroughly enjoy the records of observers and easy interchange of opinion. Mr. Wilbur F. Smith notes a late and early phoebe indeed. While it is not unknown to find one lingering near Philadelphia in the winter months, still, it is an experience to remember. As for food on the 'snow, I have seen snowdrifts speckled thickly with small gnats, not of course noticeable except on close inspection, and also have seen the living flies in swarms in midwinter. Yet there must be many hungry days did a phoebe not adapt its diet to circumstances, trying a few poke berries or other frost-preserved dainties when all else fails.

KATHARINE R. STYER.

Sam's Boy.—XI.

Peach Daunt.

POLLY was in the habit of entertaining her brother with relations of her doll's adventures, none of which he ever witnessed; and of the richness and variety of that young lady's wardrobe, which were invisible but to the eye of faith, for to other vision she never wore but one dress, and that soiled and much the worse for wear. In emulation, Sammy began to give rein to his imagination and told marvelous tales of a boy friend of whom Polly was never able to get sight.

"I seen Peach Daunt to-day," he would begin, when Polly, after apologizing for Malviny's not wearing her "new pink caliker and Leghorn bunnit," doubled her in the middle and set her against the orchard wall.

"Peach Daunt! What a funny name!" said Polly.

"Well, I can't help it. It's the name they give him. Oh, you'd orter see the clo'es he's got! He's got a blue cwut wi' yaller buttons—gold, I guess, they be—"

"Malviny's got a string o' gold beads 'at goes twicte 'raound," Polly interrupted.

"Sho! I'll bet they hain't nothin' only yaller thorn apples!" Sammy scoffed. "Peach Daunt's buttons is gold."

"Malviny got threw aouten a waggin an' broke her neck, an' has tu wear 'em tu cover up where the darkter mended it."

"Sho! Peach Daunt don't want no ol' beads! He could have a peck on 'em if he did. But you'd orter see the candy! Bull's eyes, an' sticks, an' hearts, an' lozengers, more 'n you could shake a stick at!"

"Mr. Clapham gives me an' Malviny candy," said Polly, elevating her chubby nose.

"Clapham!" said Sammy, scornfully, "Peach Daunt's father keeps store to Vergennes, bigger 'n forty o' Clapham's ol' stores; an' he sells hogsits full of candy every day! He'd sooner give away a han'ful 'an sell it."

"My, I wish 't I could go there," Polly sighed, with watering mouth. "Don't Peach Daunt never give you none?"

"Lots," Sammy answered, thoughtlessly.

"Why don't you never fetch me none?" she asked, reproachfully; and Sammy, unable to explain such ungenerous conduct, shifted to a less feminine subject.

"But my sakes, you'd orter see his gun!"

"Not a real bang-gun, he hain't got?" Polly asked, incredulously.

"Yes, sir, ju' like daddy's, only not so big, just right for a boy tu handle, an' cap-lock, an' all curlequed off wi' brass trimmin's, an' you can shoot at anything with it."

"Oh, Sammy! Don't you wish you had one?"

"M-m-m-m!" he groaned at the suggestion of such a wild dream. "You'd orter see all the squirrels he gits; pidjins an' pa'tridges. Oh, piles on 'em!"

"F I'd orter why don't I; why don't I see him?" Polly asked.

"He don't never come no furdur 'n Stunny Brook, he won't," said her brother, awkwardly, parrying this reasonable question.

"Why, I go there fishin' 'long wi' you lots o' times. What is the reason I can't when he comes?"

"'Cause there's a lynk hantin' 'raound there, an' he'd scare you awful," Sammy said, forced to evolve a new creature from his imagination to guard his unreal hero.

"A lynk? What sort o' critter be them?" Polly asked.

"Oh, gre't big sorter cats, some like a painter, an' some not," he answered, in some doubt to describe a beast of which he had only a vague idea. "Oh, they're awful ugly, I tell ye!"

"Did you an' him see the lynk?"

"Guess we did; lots o' times, an' heard him holler. Oh, awful!" said Sammy.

"I sh'd thought you'd shot him," said Polly.

"Peach Daunt wa'n't huntin' lynks, an' more 'n that, 'f you don't kill 'em fust lick, they'll kill you. I guess Peach Daunt da'sn't."

"I sh'd think you'd git daddy tu shoot him," Polly said. "He hain't feared o' nothin', an' he can kill anything."

"My sakes, no!" Sammy gasped, and adroitly shifting from dangerous ground, again began enlarging upon the wonderful possessions of his mythical friend, until Polly was quite consumed with envy of her brother's grand acquaintance, and walked slowly home, pouting and speechless.

But at dinner she suddenly recovered speech, and piped up shrilly above the clatter of crockery and knives and forks, to Sammy's consternation, "Oh, say, daddy, Sammy he see a wink down t' the woods, a gre't aw'l ugly wink!"

"A what?" Sam Lovel demanded, staring at the little girl over a mouthful of potato poised midway on its passage to his lips, and Aunt Jerusha quit blowing her saucer of tea to ask:

"What on airth is that precious child a-talking abaout?"

Sammy turning hot and cold in quick succession, groped with his foot among the others beneath the table for Polly's, but did not find it, and she repeated with loud confidence, "A wink, a gre't aw'l ugly wink! Didn't you, Sammy?"

"I never said I seen a wink," he declared, doggedly, more indignant at being charged with a misnomer than ashamed of the falsehood. "I said a lynk!"

"You seen a lynk, Sammy?" asked his father with open incredulity. "Oh, sho, naow!"

"I don't care, I did!" Sammy stoutly protested. He determined to stand by this creation of fancy at all hazards, but trembled to think what he should do if he were called on to defend his more audacious invention of Peach Daunt. The sight of a wild beast in the verge of the great forest was not a stark improbability, but clandestine meetings there with a fabulous boy was too absurd a story to impose upon the credulity of his elders.

"Where d' you see him, on the ground or up a tree?" his father asked.

"Runnin' 'long the graound an' climbin' up a tree," Sammy answered, taking two chances of being right.

"Wal, naow, that seems kinder reasonable, but I guess it was a coon," said Sam, interested. "What for a lookin' crittur was 't?"

"Sort o' like a cat," Sammy answered promptly, sure in this particular.

"Mebby 't was one o' aour cats," his father suggested. "There's 'nough on 'em—the ol' maltee cat, an' the ol' brindle Tom, an' young Tom, an' Sis's yaller kitten."

"'Twas bigger 'n all on 'em," said Sammy, with no idea of having his beast belittled.

"What kind o' tail did he hev, an' what color was he?" Sam asked.

"Oh, 't wa'n't turrible long nor turrible short, an' he was kinder black an' kinder yaller," said Sammy, finding himself driven to very uncertain ground, and feeling for a middle course off of it.

"Ah-h-h!" Sammy's father said, in a tone half-derisive, half-reproachful, "You be'n a-yarnin'! The' hain't no sech lookin' wild crittur. A lynk's gray, an' got a short tail."

Sammy slunk out of doors choking with mortification.

"Tattle-tale!" he blurted out, angrily to Polly, as she followed his retreat. "I won't never tell you nothin' again as long 's I live an' breathe."

"What be we goin' tu du tu stop him tellin' such whoppers?" Huldah asked.

"Oh, boys has got tu. 'Taint no more 'n the stories in books, an' we buy them."

Polly judiciously held her peace concerning Peach Daunt.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Natural History.

The Bird Plume Bill.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, New York City, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the title "Plumage of Wild Birds," published in your issue of Feb. 3, I find quoted a letter from Mr. Louis H. Porter, sent by him to the Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game. This remarkable letter relates to the bill recently introduced by Assemblyman Hallock, as an amendment to the present New York State game law. Apparently Mr. Porter has been needlessly very much agitated over matters that exist exclusively in his own imagination. In regard to this proposed amendment it is absurd to suppose it can have an ex post facto bearing. If he had read the amendment a little more carefully in connection with the act it is intended to amend, he probably would not have become excited over the supposed liability of a \$50,000 fine for his collection of 2,000 bird skins as the act which this bill is intended to amend states that it "does not apply to any person holding a certificate under the provisions of this chapter."

Furthermore, he assails Mr. Chapman as attempting "a crusade against amateur collectors," and for proposing "to make it criminal for any man to have a collection of birds' skins, unless he has a permit, which permits are practically controlled by the aforesaid Frank M. Chapman." So far as the last charge is concerned, Mr. Chapman has nothing whatever to do with granting permits for the collection of bird skins, and does not know, as a rule, who apply for such permits, nor who receive them. Under the present law for the protection of birds, power is vested in incorporated natural history societies in the State to grant permits for the collection of birds for scientific purposes, under conditions specifically stated in the act. As an accommodation to ornithologists, the American Museum of Natural History has granted permits under this act, as probably have some other natural history societies in the State. When application for such permits are received by the museum authorities, proper blanks are sent in reply, for the applicant to fill out, including a blank bond, etc. These blanks are filled out and returned by the applicant, and in case they comply with the requirements of the law a permit is granted, signed by Morris K. Jesup, as president of the American Museum of Natural History. These papers go through my hands in my official capacity as curator of birds in the aforesaid museum. I am therefore President Jesup's agent in all that relates to the granting of these permits, with which, as said above, Mr. Chapman has nothing to do. This matter of granting permits is a troublesome duty, which is discharged conscientiously and purely in the interest and for the accommodation of persons who desire to form scientific collections of birds, their nests and eggs. In no case has an application for a permit been denied when conforming to the requirements of the law; nor does the law place any limit upon the number that shall be issued; hence, if Mr. Porter wishes to provide himself with a permit, there is no reason why he should not do so, if his birds have not been collected in violation of law.

In the interest of fair play and truth, I trust this explanation and statement of the facts as regards the issuing of permits, will be given space in your paper, thereby giving as great publicity to these statements as was accorded Mr. Porter's singularly inappropriate outburst.

J. A. ALLEN,

Curator, Dep't Ornithology and Mammalogy, American Museum of Natural History.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 3 you publish a communication addressed by Louis H. Porter, to the Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game, in which Mr. Porter criticizes a recently proposed amendment to section 78 of the game laws, comments on the issuance of permits for collecting birds for scientific purposes, and adds certain remarks in regard to my attitude toward bird students.

I will leave to others, better qualified than myself, the privilege of enlightening Mr. Porter in regard to the intent of the law and the conditions under which permits are granted, but I beg of you sufficient space to reply briefly to his charges against myself. For example, having devoted the past fifteen years to an attempt to advance the interests of ornithology, and having, so far as lay within my power, spared no effort to assist those desirous of obtaining a knowledge of birds, it surprises me not a little to be accused of making what Mr. Porter

terms a "crusade" against bird students. It is possible that Mr. Porter refers to my endeavors to direct the energies of students into what are adjudged by the leading ornithologists of the country to be the most profitable lines of investigation; it being appreciated by those in authority that the science of ornithology has little to gain and much to lose by the wholly needless duplicating of specimens of species which are already well known; while, on the other hand, there is an exhaustless and comparatively unworked field in the study of the living bird.

Audubon, as an authority on technical ornithology, has been long superseded by others, but he still stands unequalled as a biographer of American birds; and why? Because most of the present-day ornithologists have been too occupied in collecting birds' skins to pay much attention to the bird itself. Mr. Porter, for instance, states that he has 2,000 birds' skins in his possession. Perhaps he will tell us in what way the destruction of these 2,000 birds has been of benefit to the science of ornithology.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Louis H. Porter, whose communication appears in your issue of 3d inst., has taken a strangely distorted view of the amendment of Section 78, of the present game law, offered by Assemblyman Hallock, House Bill No. 142. I therefore request sufficient space to endeavor to correct his vision on three points:

1. Mr. Chapman was not the "real sponsor of the bill." As a matter of fact he never saw the draft of the same until it was completed and in Assemblyman Hallock's possession.

2. That "the bill is legally very weak" is a mere matter of opinion on the part of Mr. Porter. The bill was drawn by a lawyer of this city, who has had large experience in such matters, also in prosecutions under the game laws.

3. There can be no possible difference of opinion that when a person has acquired possession of a collection of bird skins under the authority of a certificate, in other words legally, that it would be held that the certificate protected the possessor so long as he continued to possess a collection of bird skins lawfully acquired. In other words, should the proposed amendment be enacted, it could not possibly effect the case cited by Mr. Porter, if the collection referred to was made legally.

NEW YORK CITY.

WM. DUTCHER.

Midwinter Bird Notes in Greater New York.

WITH the exception of a few flocks of crossbills at work among the cones of our Norway spruce, and an occasional sprinkle of goldfinches in the rustling thickets of ragwood, there has been an unusual scarcity of midwinter bird life about. The nuthatch family is an exception, however. These quaint, fussy little fellows have more than held their own in numbers. I picked up one of the little mites the other day, with the side of its tiny head crushed in, no doubt a victim of the ubiquitous bean-shooting boy. Our "steady company," the redhead woodpeckers, are still with us as usual. It amuses me to watch the actions of the English sparrow that always attends each individual redhead, flies when he flies, be it never so short a distance; alights on the ground when he alights; in fact, 'tis impossible for redhead to move without this sparrow satellite. I have noticed that, so long as the weather remains mild, with now and again a spurt of rain, or heavy fog that condenses and trickles down their drinking trough (a hollow in the fork of an old beech), so that they may always quench their thirst, and at times enjoy the luxury of a bath, they are sure to remain with us, but a pinch of frost that seals up their water supply drives them off. Where they go I cannot say, but I am sure of their return immediately a thaw takes place.

These restless birds were busy all last autumn cacheing great stores of acorn, chestnut and mast in every hollow limb and crevice they could find about the woods, but as yet I have not seen them draw upon this store. We had an unusual crop of mast and nuts last season, and much still remains under the trees. Here the redheads glean. Alighting a moment to secure an acorn or nut, they fly to the trees, place the nut firmly in some crack or crevice of limb or bark, and pound it open. When heavy snow cuts off this ground supply it may be they will use their reserve, but the open weather has not as yet forced them to this. I am curious to see whether this annual collection and storing of food is anything more than a mere whim on the part of the bird. More than once in summer I have come across a good full pint of sound nuts of various kinds, undisturbed till the fall of the dead limb, where they were hidden, disclosed the redhead's work. But though I have seen them put the nuts away, and know the locality of one or two of their caches, I have never seen them draw from these supplies.

There is a flock of, say, five hundred starlings that spend their days about the open fields in the vicinity of the Ocean Parkway, near Sixtieth street. They have been about there all autumn, and I have almost invariably found a male sparrow hawk in company with them. Presumably, he finds their society to his taste. I cannot positively say he takes toll of them, but at all events he stays round, and I suspect he sometimes lines his stomach at their expense. I put up the birds near a hedge row the other day, and saw the hawk rise with them, skimming the edge of the flock as it wheeled about. Suddenly he dropped into the grass to rise an instant later with a writhing field mouse in his talons. Possibly this was a bluff on his part to throw me off, but all the same if I were a member of that particular family of starlings, I should certainly "watch out."

I learn that in England these large bodies of starlings are not called flocks. They say "a murmuration of starlings." This expression seems apt to me, for every bird in these large gatherings seems to be always talking or squeaking, making a curious jumble of sound when heard at a distance.

There is a flock of about fifty meadow larks about the Dyker meadows—Certainly your space is valuable. No need for your "blue pencil." I will stop right here.

BAY RIDGE, New York City, Feb. 1.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Whence Come the Grebe Skins.

THE wearing of the breasts of grebes as an ornament for women's hats, capes and sacks is the revival of an old fashion of twenty or twenty-five years ago, when such use of these skins was very common.

At a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Mr. Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, talked interestingly, explaining where these grebe skins are collected. He stated that grebes are killed by thousands while breeding on the lakes of eastern Oregon and California. The three species chiefly destroyed are the Western pied-billed and eared grebes, and all three are found breeding among the tules on the shallow waters of Tule Lake in California. Here the hunters shoot them during the nesting season. When the birds are killed the skin is stripped from the breast, dried and shipped to San Francisco. Each skin brings from twenty to fifty cents, according to quality, and Mr. Bailey states that the men engaged in this shameful work are making from twenty to thirty dollars a day.

At the present rate of destruction these birds will not last long, and many people will join in the question raised by Mr. Bailey, "Cannot the grebes be protected?"

Bluebirds in New Jersey.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 3.—A week ago last Sunday while strolling along the edge of a woods here in central Jersey I thought I heard the notes of a bluebird, and going in the direction of the sound saw four of them; and also the past Sunday, while out for a walk off some two miles to the west of Asbury Park, I came across six of them in a little copse of trees in a ravine at the head of Deal Lake. They seemed to be plump, lively and happy. Yes, and they were pretty, too. Isn't a bluebird a lovely little thing, though?

Although that species has seemed to be very scarce during the past few years, it evidently is on the increase, and soon will be as common as it was many years ago.

A. L. L.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Old Bear Story.

RAMSAY, S. C., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The query of J. P. T., followed by that of C. H. Ames, together with the fact that there seems no answer forthcoming, sets me to wondering if the writings of Mayne Reid are becoming obsolete. I am not acquainted with the "progressive" reader, but if the gentlemen will procure (from any well equipped bookstore) a copy of the "Hunter's Feast" and turn to the chapter entitled "A Battle with Grizzly Bears," they will find the story in the original. To me there is a charm in Mayne Reid which none of our later day writers of books of adventure quite possess. Though partaking largely of the "bathos" of Frank Forrester and often of an improbable romanticism, there is yet permeating all a flavor of the forest and prairie which no one who loves these things can read without a thrill. I believe the writings of Mayne Reid in their day sent more young men West than ever did Horace Greely's famous advice.

R. B. F.

WABASHA, Minn., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in the last FOREST AND STREAM in regard to Mayne Reid and his writings, struck a sympathetic chord in me that vibrated all through the reading of it; for many were the days I spent pouring over his books years ago in old New England, reading some of them several times over. And as I write now, the vivid remembrance of the "chain of destruction" in the "Boy Hunters," as it impressed me when a youth of twelve years, and as it comes to my mind with numerous other graphic descriptions of wild life and scenes, has a life-long realistic imagery. Far from being a "Forgotten Hero" he is enshrined in the memory with a halo of glory encircling the days when I caught big trout, shot squirrels and set traps in the Old Granite and Bay States. A new edition of fifteen volumes of his writings appeared in 1868, which I think was the last published, but were they in existence to day, that nothing of that class could be procured that would make more entertaining reading for boys is the humble opinion of

WABASHA.

AND here is the story itself, as we find it in a twenty-five-cent edition of the "Hunters' Feast," of which it forms the twenty-sixth chapter, and is entitled

A Battle with Grizzly Bears.

An adventure with grizzly bears which had befallen the Captain was next related. He had been traveling with a strange party—the "scalp hunters"—in the mountains near Santa Fé, when they were overtaken by a sudden and heavy fall of snow that rendered further progress impossible. The cañon, a deep valley in which they had encamped, was difficult to get through at any time, but now the path, on account of the deep soft snow, was rendered impassable. When morning broke they found themselves fairly "in the trap."

"Above and below the valley was choked with snow five fathoms deep. Vast fissures—barrancas—were filled with the drift; and it was perilous to attempt penetrating in either direction. Two men had already disappeared.

"On each side of our camp rose the walls of the cañon, almost vertical, to the height of a hundred feet. These we might have climbed had the weather been soft, for the rock was a trap formation, and offered numerous seams and ledges; but now there was a coating of ice and snow upon them that rendered the ascent impossible. The ground had been frozen hard before the storm came on, although it was now freezing no longer, and the snow would not bear our weight. All our efforts to get out of the valley proved idle; and we gave them over, yielding ourselves, in a kind of reckless despair, to wait for—we scarce knew what.

"For three days we sat shivering around the fires, now and then casting looks of gloomy inquiry around the sky. The same dull gray for an answer, mottled with flakes slanting earthward, for it still continued to snow. Not a bright spot cheered the aching eye.

"The little platform on which we rested—a piece of two or three acres—was still free from the snow-drift, on account of its exposure to the wind. Straggling pines, stunted and leafless, grew over its surface, in all about fifty or sixty trees. From these we obtained our fires; but what were fires when we had no meat to cook upon them?

"We were now in the third day without food! Without food, though not absolutely without eating—the men had bolted their gun covers, and the cat-skin flaps of their bullet pouches, and were now seen—the last shift but one—stripping the *parfleche* from the soles of their moc-casins!

"The women, wrapped in their *tilmas*, nestled closely in the embrace of father, brother, husband and lover; for all these affections were present. The last string of *tasajo*, hitherto economized for their sake, had been parcelled out to them in the morning. That was gone, and whence was their next morsel to come? At long intervals, '*Ay de mi! Dios de mi alma!*' were heard only in low murmurs, as some colder blast swept down the cañon. In the face of those beautiful creatures might be read that uncomplaining patience—that high endurance—so characteristic of the Hispano-Mexican women.

"Even the stern men around them bore up with less fortitude. Rude oaths were uttered from time to time, and teeth ground together, with that strange wild look that heralds insanity. Once or twice I fancied that I observed a look of still stranger, still wilder expression, when the black ring forms around the eye—when the muscles twitch and quiver along gaunt famished jaws—when men gaze guilty-like at each other. O God! it was fearful! The half-robber discipline, voluntary at the best, had vanished under the leveling rod of a common suffering, and I trembled to think.

"It clars a leetle, out tharawa!"

"It was the voice of the trapper, Garey, who had risen and stood pointing toward the east.

"In an instant we were all upon our feet, looking in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was a break in the lead-colored sky—a yellowish streak, that widened out as we continued gazing—the flakes fell lighter and thinner, and in two hours more it had ceased snowing altogether.

"Half a dozen of us, shouldering our rifles, struck down the valley. We would make one more attempt to trample a road through the drift. It was a vain one. The snow was over our heads, and after struggling for two hours, we had not gained above two hundred yards. Here we caught a glimpse of what lay before us. As far as the eye could reach, it rested upon the same, deep, impassable masses. Despair and hunger paralyzed our exertions, and dropping off one by one, we returned to the camp.

"We fell down around the fires in sullen silence. Garey continued pacing back and forth, now glancing up at the sky, and at times kneeling down, and running his hand over the surface of the snow. At length he approached the fire, and in his slow, drawing manner, remarked:

"It's a gwine to friz, I rekin."

"Well! and if it does?" asked one of his comrades, without caring for an answer to the question.

"Wal, an iv it does," repeated the trapper, "we'll walk out o' this hyar jug afore sun-up, an' upon a good hard trail too."

"The expression of every face was changed, as if by magic. Several leaped to their feet. Godé, the Canadian, skilled in snow-craft, ran to a bank, and drawing his hand along the combing, shouted back:

"C'est vrai; il gele; il gele!"

"A cold wind soon after set in, and, cheered by the brightening prospect, we began to think of the fires, that during our late moments of reckless indifference, had been almost suffered to burn out. The Delawares, seizing their tomahawks, commenced hacking at the pines, while others dragged forward the fallen trees, lopping off their branches with the keen scalping-knife.

"At this moment a peculiar cry attracted our attention, and, looking around, we perceived one of the Indians drop suddenly upon his knees, striking the ground with his hatchet.

"What is it? What is it?" shouted several voices, in almost as many languages.

"Yam-yam, yam-yam!" replied the Indian, still digging at the frozen ground.

"The Injun's right; it's man-root!" said Garey, picking up some leaves which the Delaware had chopped off.

"I recognized a plant well known to the mountain man—a rare, but wonderful convolvulus, the *Iponea leptophylla*. The name of 'man root' is given to it by the hunters from the similarity of its root in shape, and sometimes in size, to the body of a man. It is esculent, and serves to sustain human life.

"In an instant, half a dozen men were upon their knees, chipping and hacking the hard clay, but their hatchets glinted off as from the surface of a rock.

"Look hyar!" cried Garey; "ye're only spoilin' yer tools. Cut down a wheen o' these saplins, and make a fire over him!"

"The hint was instantly followed, and in a few minutes a dozen pieces of pine were piled upon the spot, and set on fire.

"We stood around the burning branches with eager anticipation. Should the root prove a 'full-grown man,' it would make a supper for our whole party; and with the cheering idea of supper, jokes were ventured upon—the first we had heard for some time—the hunters, tickled with the novelty of unearthing the 'old man' ready roasted, and speculating whether he would prove a 'fat old hoss.'

"A hollow crack sounded from above, like the breaking of a dead tree. We looked up. A large object—an animal—was whirling outward and downward from a ledge that projected half-way up the cliff. In an instant it struck the earth, head foremost, with a loud 'bump,' and, bounding to the height of several feet, came back with a somersault on its legs, and stood firmly.

"An involuntary 'hurrah!' broke from the hunters, who

all recognized, at a glance, the *Carnero cimmaron*, or big-horn. He had cleared the precipice at two leaps, lighting each time on his huge crescent-shaped horns.

"For a moment, both parties—hunters and game—seemed equally taken by surprise, and stood eyeing each other in mute wonder. It was but for a moment. The men made a rush for their rifles, and the animal, recovering from his trance of astonishment, tossed back his horns, and bounded across the platform. In a dozen springs he had reached the selvidge of the snow, and plunged into its yielding bank; but, at the same instant, several rifles cracked, and the white wreath was crimsoned behind him. He still kept on, however, leaping and breaking through the drift.

"We struck into his track, and followed with the eagerness of hungry wolves. We could tell by the numerous gouts that he was shedding his life blood, and about fifty paces further on we found him dead.

"A shout apprised our companions of our success, and we had commenced dragging back the prize, when wild cries reached us from the platform—the yells of the men, the screams of women, mingled with oaths and exclamations of terror!

"We ran on to the entrance of the track. On reaching it, a sight was before us that caused the stoutest to tremble. Hunters, Indians and women were running to and fro in frantic confusion, uttering their varied cries. We knew our enemy at a glance—the dreaded monsters of the mountains—the grizzly bears!

"There were five of them—five in sight—there might be others in the background. Five were enough to destroy our whole party, caged as we were, and weakened by famine.

"They had reached the cliff in chase of the *cimmaron*, and hunger and disappointment were visible in their horrid aspects. Two of them had already crawled close to the scarp, and were pawing over, and snuffing the air, as if searching for a place to descend. The other three reared themselves up on their hams, and commenced maneuvering with their fore paws, in a human-like and comical pantomime!

"We were in no condition to relish this amusement. Every man hastened to arm himself; those who had emptied their rifles hurriedly reloading them.

"For your life don't!" cried Garey, catching at the gun of one of the hunters.

"The caution came too late; half a dozen bullets were already whistling upward.

"The effect was just what the trapper had anticipated. The bears, maddened by the bullets, which had harmed them no more than the pricking of as many pins, dropped to their all-fours again, and, with fierce growls, commenced descending the cliff.

"The scene of confusion was now at its height. Several of the men, less brave than their comrades, ran off to hide themselves in the snow, while others commenced climbing the low pine trees!

"Caché the gals!" cried Garey. "Hyar, yer darned Spanish greasers! if yer wont fight, hook on to the weemen a wheen o' yer, and toat them to the snow. Cowardly slinks—wagh!"

"See to them, doctor," I shouted to the German, who, I thought, might be best spared from the fight; and the next moment the doctor, assisted by several Mexicans, was hurrying the terrified girls toward the spot where we had left the *cimmaron*.

"Many of us knew that to hide, under the circumstances, would be worse than useless. The fierce but sagacious brutes would have discovered us one by one, and destroyed us in detail. They must be met and fought! that was the word; and we resolved to carry it into execution.

"There were about a dozen of us who 'stood up to it'—all the Delawares and Shawanoes, with Garey and the mountain men.

"We kept firing at the bears as they ran along the ledges in their zigzag descent, but our rifles were out of order, our fingers were numbed with cold, and our nerves weakened with hunger. Our bullets drew blood from the hideous brutes, yet not a shot proved deadly. It only stung them into fiercer rage.

"It was a fearful moment when the last shot was fired, and still not an enemy the less. We flung away the guns, and, clutching the hatchets and hunting knives, silently awaited our grizzly foes.

"We had taken our stand close to the rock. It was our design to have the first blow, as the animals, for the most part, came stern-foremost down the cliff. In this we were disappointed. On reaching a ledge some ten feet from the platform, the foremost bear halted, and seeing our position, hesitated to descend. The next moment, his companions, maddened with wounds, came tumbling down upon the same ledge, and with fierce growls, the five huge bodies were precipitated into our midst.

"Then came the desperate struggle, which I cannot describe—the shouts of the hunters, the wilder yells of our Indian allies, the hoarse worrying of the bears, the ringing of tomahawks from skulls like flint, the deep, dull 'thud' of the stabbing knife, and now and then a groan, as the crescent claw tore up the clinging muscle. O God! it was a fearful scene!

"Over the platform bears and men went rolling and struggling, in the wild battle of life and death. Through the trees, and into the deep drift, staining the snow with their mingled blood! Here, two or three men were engaged with a single foe—there, some brave hunter stood battling alone. Several were sprawling upon the ground. Every moment, the bears were lessening the number of their assailants!

"I had been struck down at the commencement of the struggle. On regaining my feet, I saw the animal that had felled me hugging the prostrate body of a man.

"It was Godé. I leaned over the bear, clutching its shaggy skin. I did this to steady myself; I was weak and dizzy; so were we all. I struck with all my force, stabbing the animal on the ribs.

"Letting go the Frenchman, the bear turned suddenly, and reared upon me. I endeavored to avoid the encounter, and ran backward, fending him off with my knife.

"All at once I came against a snow drift, and fell over on my back. Next moment, the heavy body was precipitated upon me, the sharp claws pierced deep into my

shoulder—I inhaled the monster's fetid breath; and striking wildly with my right arm, still free, we rolled over and over in the snow.

"I was blinded by the dry drift. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker; it was the loss of blood. I shouted—a despairing shout—but it could not have been heard a ten paces' distance. Then there was a strange hissing sound in my ears—a bright little flash across my eyes; a burning object passed over my face, scorching the skin there was a smell as of singing hair; I could hear voices mixed with the roars of my adversary; and all at once the claws were drawn out of my flesh, the weight was lifted from my breast, and I was alone!

"I rose to my feet, and rubbing the snow out of my eyes, looked around. I could see no one. I was in a deep hollow made by our struggles, but I was alone!

"The snow all around me was dyed to a crimson; but what had become of my terrible antagonist? Who had rescued me from his deadly embrace?

"I staggered forward to the open ground. Here a new scene met my gaze: a strange-looking man was running across the platform, with a huge firebrand—the bole of a burning pine tree—which he waved in the air. He was chasing one of the bears, that, growling with rage and pain, was making every effort to reach the cliffs. Two others were already half-way up, and evidently clambering with great difficulty, as the blood dripped back from their wounded flanks.

"The bear that was pursued soon took to the rocks, and, urged by the red brand scorching his shaggy hams, was soon beyond the reach of his pursuer. The latter now made toward a fourth, that was still battling with two or three weak antagonists. This one was 'routed' in a twinkling, and with yells of terror followed his comrades up the bluff. The strange man looked around for the fifth. It had disappeared. Prostrate, wounded men were strewn over the ground, but the bear was nowhere to be seen. He had doubtless escaped through the snow.

"I was still wondering who was the hero of the firebrand, and where he had come from. I have said he was a strange-looking man. He was so—and like no one of our party that I could think of. His head was bald—no, not bald, but naked—there was not a hair upon it, crown or sides, and it glistened in the clear light like polished ivory. I was puzzled beyond expression, when a man—Garey—who had been felled upon the platform by a blow from one of the bears, suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Go it, Doc! Three chyars for the doctor!"

"To my astonishment, I now recognized the features of that individual, the absence of whose brown locks had produced such a metamorphosis as, I believe, was never effected by means of borrowed hair.

"Here's your scalp, Doc," cried Garey, running up with the wig; 'by the livin' thunder! yer saved us all,' and the hunter seized the German in his wild embrace.

"Wounded men were all around, and commenced crawling together. But where was the fifth of the bears? Four only had escaped by the cliff.

"Yonder he goes!" cried a voice, as a light spray, rising above the snow wreath, showed that some animal was struggling through the drift.

"Several commenced loading their rifles, intending to follow, and, if possible, secure him. The Doctor armed himself with a fresh pine; but before these arrangements were completed, a strange cry came from the spot, that caused our blood to run cold again. The Indians leaped to their feet, and, seizing their tomahawks, rushed to the gap. They knew the meaning of that cry—it was the death yell of their tribe!

"They entered the road that we had trampled down in the morning, followed by those who had loaded their guns. We watched them from the platform with anxious expectation, but before they reached the spot, we could see that the 'stoor' was slowly settling down. It was plain that the struggle had ended.

"We still stood waiting in breathless silence, and watching the floating spray that noted their progress through the drift. At length they had reached the scene of the struggle. There was an ominous stillness, that lasted for a moment, and then the Indian's fate was announced in the sad, wild note that came wailing up the valley. It was the dirge of a Shawano warrior!

"They had found their brave comrade dead, with his scalping knife buried in the heart of his terrible antagonist!

"It was a costly supper, that bear meat, but, perhaps, the sacrifice had saved many lives. We would keep the *cimmaron* for to-morrow; next day, the man root, and the next—what next? Perhaps—the man!

"Fortunately, we were not driven to this extremity. The frost had again set, and the surface of the snow, previously moistened by the sun and rain, soon became caked into ice strong enough to bear us, and upon its firm crust we escaped out of the perilous pass, and gained the warmer region of the plains in safety."

A West Virginia Wolf.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Jan. 29.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A large gray wolf has recently been killed in Randolph county, which is supposed to be the last of its species in this State. The mate was killed a year or two ago. A reward of \$50 was offered for its scalp in the county in which it was killed, and Webster county, adjoining it, offered \$100.

It was estimated that it took at least fifty sheep and lambs a year to satisfy its appetite, and the farmers feel relieved that its career is ended. It was killed after being chased several days by a number of men and a dozen dogs.

EMERSON CARNEY.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsman and Farmer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your timely and excellent editorial in last issue, relative to the relations existing between sportsman and farmer, will be read with a deal of interest and approved by all thinking, fair play sportsmen.

Every intelligent sportsman is fully cognizant of the land holder's rights in the premises, and all this prattle about the enactment of laws to define the shooters' rights on lands of somebody else is "rot" of the first order.

I am very much of the opinion that all fair minded and reasonable devotees of the gun are perfectly willing to contribute a mite toward the payment of the taxes on the lands over which they ask the privilege of shooting. On this matter of shooting privileges I can speak somewhat from experience, as I at one time had the misfortune to be part owner of a large farm—nearly a square mile of land—over which everybody—thanks to my foolish good nature—was privileged to shoot. I use the word shoot in this instance, for there was plenty of game and good shooting on the premises.

While the greater portion of the people who hunted on the farm were men who wouldn't tear down one's fences nor kill his cattle, at the same time there was also a fair sprinkling of that class of shooters with whom one would not care to be "found dead," nor meet after dark if one had money enough on his person to make robbery respectable.

The point I wish to make is just this: The farmer owns, cares for and pays taxes on the lands over which we ask the privilege of shooting; in nine cases out of ten he has no acquaintance with, nor interest in, the shooter; the game we seek has a value; has been reared on his lands; in some instances has waxed fat on grain raised by the sweat of the land owner's brow; and while it may not, as a fact, be his property, except when killed and reduced to possession, at the same time the privilege of shooting over his land has a value and we should be willing to pay for it. Knowing, as we do, what a scarce and hard-earned commodity money is to the average tiller of the soil, is it not meet and proper that we who shoot for pleasure or for pelf, should contribute our mite toward the payment of the taxes on the lands over which we shoot? A reasonable charge for shooting privileges would probably drive off the market shooter and give the sportsman—who is generally willing to pay about eighteen times the market value of game, in transportation and other expenses, for the privilege of taking it—a chance. There need be no misunderstanding between sportsman and farmer, provided each is disposed to be fair and reasonable, and it is perfectly apparent to me—I claim to be somewhat of a sportsman, and at present own no shooting grounds—that we who shoot should pay, or at least offer to pay, for shooting privileges.

It strikes me that any fair-minded shooter should be quite as willing to give compensation for the privilege of shooting over a farmer's land as the average traveler is to pay for his entertainment at an inn. No one, except he happened to be a tramp, would ask for meat or drink at an inn unless he expected to pay for it, and why should he ask for, or take without the asking, a shooting privilege on a stranger's premises except he offered to make compensation therefore?

It is a mighty easy matter for the farmer and the sportsman to get together; let the sportsman contribute a bit toward the rearing and protection of that product of the farm that he takes, or seeks to take—the average farmer gets very little of the game grown on his lands—and we shall hear no more of trespass suits or other unpleasanties, and the "shoot" of the market-shooter will perhaps be heard less frequently.

Generally speaking, the price of game as a commodity of sport is somewhat steep, but you will probably find that the cost of shooting privileges will be one of the smaller items of the aggregate, and the sooner we make up our minds to "settle" the better for all concerned.

M. SCHENCK.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 2.

DANBURY, Conn., Feb. 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have a hunting license and a dog license. Now comes the gun license, and in course of time we will have an emperor and everything will be royal down to the gate opener of the royal game preserve.

The farmers are going to combine, and will charge two dollars per day to shoot a half-dozen little quail; and the poor cuss that cannot afford to lose one day's work and two dollars on top of it, is left out in the cold. But the man with the \$200 gun will be in the swim, and the I am-better-than-you-don in the person of hunters with big bank accounts will have full swing. This will lead to game protection with a vengeance, but for whom?—for a privileged class, and European rules and conditions are taken as a pattern. Among the farming communities over the big pond, the hunting right is sold at auction, and is thus to be had only at such extravagant prices that only the very well-to-do can afford to enjoy the sport; and if a man is born with the hunting fever, he either must become a poacher, or else hunt fleas. The correspondent who in your last issue advocated gun license ought to cross the pond and enjoy the system himself for five years, and if he then still has the same thing to advise, I would agree with him. The lawless element, which only exists to a certain extent in a very small percentage (at least in country towns), and could and should be educated by sending them good sporting journals, as, for instance, FOREST AND STREAM.

Here in town the gun club is collecting money from shooters, to be used for the propagation of quail; and this is the second year of the noble work, although there is quite a little stock left over from last year; and it would be a beautiful thing to behold, if the farmers would refuse to let them shoot on their grounds, after having furnished the quail. But of what use is it to incite the farmer more and more against the hunter? They know enough to protect themselves.

Two years ago I was invited by a member of the Red-ding Game and Fish Protective Society to go shooting.

While hunting on my host's farm, we incidentally strolled on to a neighbor's ground and fired a few shots at an old tin can, for quail we could not find that day. Suddenly an irate looking man in double-quick step approached and requested us to leave his grounds immediately, as he never allowed anybody (not even a brother club member) to hunt on his farm.

Let the farmers alone. They need nobody's advice in that matter. C. F. B.

Palmetto Bob—A Resident of Florida.

THE common quail (*Ortyx virginia*) has always been popular with sportsmen for its excellent game qualities, and with students of nature for its many interesting characteristics; therefore, any slight deviations, even such as seem to be apparent in the Florida variety, from the accepted type of this bird, whether in habits or in plumage, may be read of with pleasure by a few of those persons who discover a certain degree of amusement in acquiring knowledge concerning the wild life of forest and field.

The most indifferent observer will be struck, on his first sight of the Florida quail, by its lack of size; its weight never exceeding 5 ounces, being less than three-fourths that of its congeners elsewhere. He will notice, too, on close inspection, a very perceptible divergence in color points, such as a jet black, less perfect white and less clearly defined maxillary stripes on the head, a darker and more heavily marked back, and a greater predominance of color in under parts, all of these peculiarities combining to make the local bird less beautiful when examined and less discernible in flight.

Plumage development, which seems to be affected here by the warm climate, besides exhibiting less tinted surface in proportion to under color, is not so abundant as it is elsewhere in the country, and the soft structure of the wing primaries gives to the birds of this section a flight that is almost devoid of the startling whirl with which I have always been accustomed to hear single specimens flush, and of the alarming roar with which I have been greeted elsewhere when whole coveys arose from the ground.

Beside the noiseless locomotion, perhaps the inability of the Florida quail to attain considerable speed may be attributed with reason to a comparative softness in the web of flight feathers. But this peculiarity of wing structure does not prevent frightened birds from accomplishing distances that are indeed marvelous; and inefficient wing action, being offset by undiscernible plumage to plumage colors, does not cause the shooting here to be appreciably less difficult than it is elsewhere. Because of their less audible rise, too, many birds escape without attracting the attention of gunners until well beyond range.

The maneuvers employed by the quail in this State to elude its excessively numerous enemies differ from any tactics I have ever witnessed before in my hunting experience; and by no means the least disconcerting to a person of nervous temperament is the practice with flushed coveys of distributing themselves among the highest pine tops where they can be discovered subsequently only by the most diligent search, and must either be shot at as if so many feathered knots or allowed to remain unharmed. And another very common method of escape is for coveys to dodge into the deep holes excavated by the large land terrapins, roomy dens that may conceal on occasion a skunk, or a rattler, or some other formidable occupant, and therefore are to be avoided by the hunter who still has left within his cranium a scintilla of precaution. Actions such as these could be circumvented only through the assistance of a tree dog or of a rat terrier.

We owned a very black cow while at Auburndale, and toward spring I often found it necessary to hunt incredible distances into the surrounding forest that I might discover our wandering property. Accepted orthodoxy has it, I believe, that His Satanic Majesty, like my erratic charge, besides being of a jet-like hue, possesses long horns and a cloven hoof, and has a tail that is nothing, if not a fly brush. Our cow, too, closely resembled one of those dark-clothed performers of legerdemain who astound the intellect by exhibiting beautiful flowers and birds and various other surprises from unpromising localities; and while with a free tongue I loudly called down withering anathemas on the debauched fancy of faithless Suke, my widened eyes were ever on the alert to behold the marvels of nature disclosed by her wanderings, and very many excellent opportunities were afforded me to observe the habits of quail during their breeding season.

It is very delightful to recall for my contemplation those little adventures into a wonderland through which the cloven track of our wandering possessions meandered ever onward, passing in its course by many sequestered bits of half-tropical scenery jubilant with bird song, and through many bright glades of the pine forest where occasional quail, startled by my approach, raced off with grotesque dignity in the direction of rustling palmetto covers or adopted wing propulsion that was extended to very distant points as a more feasible method of escape; the employment of cock birds when thus interrupted, often being gory contests in grass bound lists for the affections of onlooking females—conflicts that were caused, mayhap, by a passion as praiseworthy as any that ever induced the acceptance of mortal combat by knight of old to win the favor of lady.

Judging from my own observation, I should say that mating occurs here with quail about the latter part of February, or during the closing days of the local hunting season; for even at that early date, while out with my gun, I have detected between many individuals of the flushed coveys a preference for each other's society not unlike partialities exhibited between human beings after a long sojourn at the seashore or elsewhere in which there has been a pleasurable commingling of the sexes—a form of passion that has always been considered worthy of great laudation; and I will avow for it that even my toughened conscience, near the expiration of the hunting season, protested with success against shooting the affectionate pairs disturbed by my setter in those haunts among the palmetto beds.

I had good reason afterward to congratulate myself, I thought, because of the merciful course I had adopted in regard to these first matings, for more pairs of quail were thereby induced to spend their breeding season within our immediate neighborhood where throughout the spring months they enlivened the adjacent forest with musical calls that were especially beautiful on calm afternoons, when oblique sun rays glinted through pine foliage and gave to woody vistas a golden charm; the notes of Bob White often being at such times the only sounds except the constant punt-punt of my foot in the sand and the occasional snapping of twigs in my path as I followed Sukey homeward, and to me accustomed to hearing quail-song only in the open, it possessed under the existing conditions a novel melody.

There were days to be remembered on which our cow was securely confined to the limits of our dooryard, where she might subsist on Bermuda grass, while I voyaged in a canoe about the shores of the lake near town, hearing, as I progressed or loitered, not only the chorus of the many singing mockingbirds and the chanting of noisy shrieks from the orange groves, but also the mellow unambitious notes of Bob White as he sent them forth from retired nooks to charm the atmosphere of the spring afternoon, his simple refrain on more than one occasion having scarcely ceased when the voice of chuck-will's-widow and the shining of stars heralded the presence of night.

It was during the season of most vociferous song, or near the end of March, that I discovered among the scattered palmettoes far out in the forest my first quail's nest, a roofed-over affair slightly larger than the nest of a meadow lark. Vividly do I recall the occasion, for while driving the cow through a small settlement two miles distant from our home, I had been made to accept from an over kind resident, an enormous bouquet unapproachable for colors, a present that conscience forbade me to lose, and with this gorgeous emblem of spring-time held aloft proudly and defiantly, I marched along, impressed by the solemnity of the Sabbath morning, and had passed by the very portals of the Auburndale church in full view of the assembled congregation to deposit my unwelcome trophy at last within the refreshing depths of the horse-bucket beneath our pump, where it had a better chance to survive than it would have had concealed in the palmettoes out by the nest of the quail.

The weather from the middle of April to the end of June was so exceedingly hot that I quite agreed with an acquaintance who expressed a belief in the possibility of frying eggs upon any piece of iron exposed to the rays of the midday sun, therefore I restricted the time of my adventures abroad to the late afternoon and the early evening; and when a season of heavy rain-precipitation accompanied by frightful electric displays followed the period of great heat, I confined myself even more closely to our domicile. Hence I obtained only an imperfect knowledge of what transpired in the forest up to the latter part of August; and even from that time to the beginning of the hunting season in October, I made only a few excursions to the realms of Bob White. Upon my first trip, however, to secure game through the aid of dog and gun, I was surprised to find so many coveys of mere fledglings, and attributed this very perceptible immaturity to the long hatching season whereby quail in the South are enabled to replenish their numbers after the depletion caused by winter slaughter.

As there was a noticeable fall in temperature, synchronous with the advent of the shooting season, I sallied forth frequently with a red Irish setter to hunt the nearest lake shores and the other promising localities for game, and I discovered in these quests that the quail were more plentiful near civilization than they were far out in the wilderness—a fact due, no doubt, to the check imposed upon foxes and other marauders by the presence of man—and that most of the quail seemed to prefer the palmetto covers immediately around the lakes or near the other water.

The beauty of the lake region about Auburndale is of a subdued character in which there are no extensive distances and no great heights to behold. The country is marked with innumerable very round and very blue lakes circled by orange groves and pine woods. The roads are soft and sandy ways, along which the wheels of moving wagons plow almost inaudible melodies. The forests lull with a charming hush, and the waves wash shore lines with a languorous music. The resinous atmosphere is ambrosia. Under such conditions human nature is tempted to lapse into lassitude in which there would exist no recollection of the past, no ambition for the future, but only a vague consciousness of a present filled with a selfish joy, an extreme of laziness that would deem effort great unwisdom.

Shooting at quail and vigorous walking, however, aroused susceptibility to an emotional state, in which the senses were keenly alive to every impression. The features of that strange hunting ground impressed me with their novelty. That wading through breast-high palmetto beds in which brushed leaves made a sound not unlike the wash of disturbed water, and dropping winged birds on palm-like foliage as they arose from unsuspected places in covers surrounded by neat lakes and open forest, might have been shooting in a large conservatory or park in which spraying fountains and marble statues, and even uniformed policemen would not have been inappropriate additions to the outlook.

The success of my shooting trips varied greatly. There were long days on which birds were difficult to find, and short days on which the barrels of my gun became unpleasantly warm to the touch from continuous firing, when I increased rapidly my burden of game, as I diminished my stock of ammunition. There were also memorable occasions on which tedious walking ended in an exciting finish. I recall a very pleasant afternoon on which the sun had nearly settled in the tree tops across the lake when I at last discovered a covey; and how I then accomplished fifteen wing kills, each a separate transaction, rather an unusual achievement for me; and marched home in the night with the metal of my gun imparting a grateful warmth to my fingers.

High honors were never won by me for shooting well; but the performances of Doctor in the woods with a gun showed him to be an able practitioner, and his shots rarely failed to succeed in their purpose, his skill seeming at times to be an occult science by which he might destroy flying birds by merely glancing at them over an upheld

cornstalk; and my habit was when we hunted in company to stand around in a state of amazement, firing off my gun occasionally to establish my whereabouts, while my associate depleted the coveys; therefore, I was not dumfounded at all when the two of us went over to Sawmill Lake one afternoon that the setting sun did not shine on pockets overburdened with game in my own coat, though it disclosed in the garment of my friend great protuberances that gave to his appearance an impressive dignity.

Zealous indeed had been the work of our setter up to a moment when shadows of high growth along shore extended far out over the belt of palmetto cover, and of pines on our left threaded distances into the forest beyond, so her refusal to obey a command of the Doctor for her to enter a gloomy thicket and retrieve a dead bird caused to us no little amount of astonishment. Her persistent occupancy, thereafter of a seat in the palmettos rearward, where she employed herself in lifting alternately her front paws as if the ground contained a blistering heat, and her pitiable whining imparted to us something of her perturbation. Doctor assured me that we had come upon a mystery, for our fox hound to unravel, and set forth in the direction of our buckboard, half a mile away, where the needed reinforcement languished enchained.

It must be confessed that I viewed with disapprobation my being left thus alone with a trembling dog to face bushes from which a skulking brute of savage disposition might at any moment project itself upon us and rend us into so many shreds; for while our lurking neighbor might prove to be only a fox or some other harmless small animal, yet there was a possibility of it showing itself to be either a catamount or a bear or a more ferocious creature, and my active contemplation was unpleasantly affected at the time by a vivid remembrance of having recently seen at a point not a mile away an imprint of a heavily clawed foot, where the sandy road had been crossed by a large panther, or, in local parlance, an Indian devil. The absence of Doctor, I thought, was prolonged by him to a cruel extent.

Not for the wealth of Golconda would I have precipitated myself with only teeth for defense into the unprobed mysteries of that darkening jungle, and then have proclaimed to all the carnivora of Florida where they must seek for me; hence, I was greatly impressed by the bravery of our unleashed hound as he rushed hither and thither, at times a few yards from us and at others far away, his noisy shouts becoming each moment more vociferous. It was sufficient for me with enormous charges of buckshot in my gun to overcome my trepidations when the chase passed within ten yards of my position among dense palmetto growth, and to follow the limits of the thick cover when the running headed down the lake shore. The loud detonations of a gun and the spirited blasts of a horn blown by Doctor to announce that he had satisfactorily treated our quarry were in my mind the sweetest music.

A search of only a few moments thereafter revealed my companion with a pine stump in hand, where he delivered blows more resounding than the impact against threshing floor of a highly swung flail, and it was soon discovered that the purpose of such energetic belaboring was the final extinguishment of life from the constantly reviving carcass of a large animal, which I was breathlessly informed was a wildcat, but which seemed to my ignorance from the vast proportions, to be no more nor less than a lynx, though the latter, so far as I know, was never an inhabitant of the Florida woods. The specimen before us, however, in addition to its unusual size, exhibited the clearest abdominal occlusion and vertebral stripe that we had ever seen.

An uncouth creature indeed lay stretched out for our inspection when the Doctor, completely exhausted, finally desisted from his club practice. The size exceeded either that of the fox hound or of the setter. Such cumbersome legs might have belonged to a creature several times as great. The ferocious countenance was rendered more expressive by an enlarged eye that had become sightless from a wound received on some previous occasion. Such a visage was terrible in the twilight. I concluded then and there that quail hunting in Florida where the sport is pursued amid the haunts of carnivora so loathsome as the animal killed by Doctor might be productive of very thrilling adventure.

To the existence of so many predaceous wild animals far out in the wilderness may be attributed, I think, the remarkable insistency with which quail attach themselves to the vicinity of camps or of herds where the presence of the larger domestic animals may be a protection. The combativeness of cattle, especially, must be a deterring influence to wildcats and the other marauders of the forest. Our most courageous dogs, even, regarded with disapproval the onslaughts of pugnacious mother-cows. I remember a laughable occasion on which, while we were holding a covey amid the horn thrusts of vicious cattle, the bawling herd thus showed that they could be very attractive to the quail, and yet very destructive to the enemies of these birds. The bravest wildcat, no doubt, would retreat in despair from such an array of thrusting cattle—a phalanx from which even the panther has been known to seek refuge.

Our own conduct in attacking the coveys of little feathered visitors to the vicinity of our camps, though undoubtedly very reprehensible, was easily pardoned by a conscience allured with visions of spitted quail and of camp toast prepared around evening fires, whose light revealed the adjacent forest and struggled mightily to expel every squirming shadow, while stars like glorious eyes beamed at us their sympathy, and pine trees murmured thanks for the aroma fed to their brooding tops by our cooking. Delectable affairs were these night repasts, to which were often added coffee and buttered sweet potatoes and even roasted wild duck and cold pie.

The presence of so many quail in the palmettos near camp during a sojourn in the woods, also brought about contrasts in the purpose of our hunting. The hounds caused great consternation one morning while we were pursuing a bear and two cubs through dense small growth, by returning to us unexpectedly and overthrowing Doctor in their fright, a disturbing episode that was immediately followed by a few hours of shooting at the birds of a covey near our tent, and of fishing with small frogs in the lake, thus exhibiting what wide limits to sport exist out in

these pine woods, where terrorism and tranquillity are almost one sensation. That Bob White, who had always been such a pleasant companion near town, should also dwell out among those wild haunts of the bear was to me an interesting discovery. He was courageous to venture so far beyond the habitat of all other small birds. His love notes and covey calls domesticated the wilderness.

H. R. STEIGER.

Moose Calling.

SCOTCH LAKE, York County, N. B., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an editorial in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 20 you ask for a free expression of opinion from those who devote their time to following moose, on Mr. Alden Sampson's article in the same number on moose calling; so I make this an excuse for my writing an article for a paper, a thing I never had the courage to do before.

I have read every number of *FOREST AND STREAM* for eighteen years, and have them here in the house now, as well as several other sportsmen's papers, so you will admit, I think, that I ought to have a fair idea of what constitutes a sportsman, as well as sportsmanlike methods of taking game. Although I have been a professional guide for the last few years, or, in fact, ever since there has been a demand for guides for big game in New Brunswick, I have hunted in my time a great deal more for sport than I ever did for pay, and I take a deep interest in studying the habits of all big game, especially moose.

Now, in my opinion, there is much to be said both for and against moose calling, not so much against calling in itself, as in the way it is done. I think there are not nearly so many moose killed by calling as most people suppose. There are not more than one-third of the moose killed by calling that are claimed to have been killed that way, and if guides would study their habits more and call less, there would be more big bulls killed, as these wary old fellows are getting educated.

To illustrate this point—I take out a young sportsman, possibly on his first hunt; he is very anxious to kill a moose, and his time is short. The first evening is windy, but he is anxious to go out. I take him in my canoe and paddle up the lake before sundown. The wind still blows; it is a bad night for calling, and I tell him it will do more harm than good; but he insists, and I call and soon get an answer. But the bull knows enough to go down wind of where he hears the call; he gets our wind and away he goes, and his experience sets him thinking. Now that fellow would probably have come to the lake anyway, and if we had watched quietly and studied the wind, we might have got a shot.

Or again, we get the answer and he comes in about dark. We hear him coming and work down wind below him. After a while he steps out into the open. Still as death I work the canoe toward him. If he gets uneasy I give a few low grunts. That keeps him there. Now we are within 20 yards; but it is too dark to see the sights, and by this time the sportsman is in no mood to see sights if they were ever so plain. He has not handled his rifle enough to throw it on an object without sighting, and he overshoots. The moose generally starts on a trot, making the water fly, but don't go ashore at the nearest place; he is more likely to trot 100 yards in the water before he goes ashore; and by that time the magazine is empty. About once out of ten times he will be killed. He may be wounded more or less badly, or not hit at all. In either case he is badly scared, and you may be sure has learned a lesson, and the chance of calling that fellow out again that season is mighty slim. This is the kind of calling that I object to. It is exciting, but the merest beginner is not by any means sure of getting his moose. That is the style of calling referred to by Mr. Sampson.

But there is another way to call, that I consider more sportsmanlike. It is surer, and is free from the objections of wounding game in a bad light, while it does not scare away the game, as shooting at it in the night does. Go to where you intend to call by canoe, if possible, as a canoe leaves no trail. Go before sundown, and call till it gets too dark to see your sights. Then paddle quietly back to camp, whether you have got an answer or not. A moose may have heard you, although he did not answer. But be back there again before daylight; keep quiet, watch and listen, and give the low call a few times at first; but don't call too much. Daylight is coming now and the old fellow likes to step out into the water and take a look round before sunrise. He may come in half a mile from the canoe. You see him as the light grows stronger, with his great antlers showing plain against the background of spruce and cedar. Doesn't he look grand, though. The canoe is swung round till the bow is facing him. There are a few whispered directions to the sportsman in the bow. Now keep perfectly still. Don't move a muscle. He stands facing us, but can't understand that thing that is coming nearer so fast without the least noise or motion and without the slightest ripple on the water. His curiosity keeps him standing there spellbound. Now you are within 200 yards; and he is getting restless. The great antlers swing round toward the shore; but a few low grunts keep him at attention again. The sportsman is getting nervous now, but there is a whispered "steady" from the guide. We will get closer yet, and the light is getting better all the time. Don't raise your rifle till he begins to turn round (he will turn slowly), and shoot when is fair broadside on; but shoot low. Again those massive horns swing; again that low grunt quiets him. We are within 100 yards now, and that unceasing twist of the paddle, with the guides' hands hid from the moose by the sportsman in the bow is rapidly lessening the distance. He can stand it no longer, the noble head turns toward the shore, one front foot is lifted and set slowly down again. No need to keep quiet longer; and the order comes quick and sharp from the guide, "Shoot!" The canoe is steady if the guide is an old hand and cool, the nitro cracks; the moose makes a mighty leap; fur flies from his ribs; but he keeps on for the shore. Shoot! Shoot! Give it to him! But he makes the bank, staggers, falls and you have the noblest trophy that can be got in this country. Who says this is not sport! Who says that it is not a sportsmanlike way to get a moose? or that it is taking a mean advantage of him? or yet that it does not require skill?

Who says it does not try the nerves of a sportsman to face this noble animal for so long a time and not get the fever? Certainly no one would say so who had ever been there.

This is my way of hunting moose in calling season, and a very successful way it has proved, while it is free from the objections of wounding game and losing it in a bad light.

But too much cannot be said against calling moose and shooting at them in the night. Our best guides here refuse to do it, except on the brightest of moonlight nights; and even then it is not satisfactory. But the reader must remember that we can't get a moose every morning. The sportsman's patience may be sorely tried before success crowns his efforts, and much of the time he may be in the woods is likely to be bad weather. When we do get the weather favorable, the bulls may be more than likely to have all the cows they want; and to call is more than likely to alarm them. Then again, in many cases when the bull hears the call and answers, he expects the cow to come to him, as they generally do; and the bull does not show himself at all. And you can't call out one of these old fellows by main strength. Often you can't coax him out, especially if he has been educated, as many of them have been. So, take it all round, calling is not so hard on moose as many suppose. Mr. Sampson says he was on Tobique last fall. I think I saw him there; if so, he will remember me. He will also remember a fine moose head that we got about as I have described. There are a great many men who want to hunt moose who can't stand the hardships of a still-hunt on snow; and I don't think it would be altogether fair to shut them out altogether. Yet for a man who can stand it and tramp all day, it is certainly the best and most sportsmanlike way to get a moose, and I admire the man who has the sand to try it that way.

Mr. Sampson is perfectly right when he says that we ought to take care of our moose. It would be a great misfortune to us if we let them get any scarcer than they are now. They have been increasing very fast in this Province, and we ought to keep them up to the present standard at least. If none are killed, but what the sportsmen kill in a sportsmanlike manner, they will continue to increase. I have been over the most of the moose country in the Province, and I think I know what I am talking about, as a good part of my time the last twenty-seven years has been spent in the New Brunswick forests. Shooting at moose in the night with small-bore rifles should be stopped; and this is in the guide's hands. If they would only consider their own interests it would be stopped; but they are so anxious as a general thing to get their man a moose that they would do anything to further that end. And yet that is the very thing that injures their chances of success. I have done it myself. I have run a canoe up to the biggest bull I ever saw, to within 15 yards, and had my man empty the magazine of a .30-30 rifle into his neck and shoulders; it was bright moonlight, too, and we lost him. I have seen him several times since, but he is no fool now. If the hunter had been using a .30-40, it would have been our moose. Yet the same season I had one killed with a .30-30 that had a spread of 61½ inches, but he stood side on in daylight.

We have had ten moose killed at our camps this last season, and I intend to say something about rifles for big game, but this is already too long, and if you should print it, I may try again on rifles.

ADAM MOORE.

The Ring-Neck Pheasant.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 27 I noticed a statement to the effect that the success of the attempt to introduce the ring-necked pheasant into Massachusetts had been demonstrated; and in the issue of Jan. 20 is a reference to the same subject, the latter article also containing the statement that the State of Oregon had been stocked from birds set free on one estate.

As I formerly lived in Oregon, and have studied and hunted this superb game bird there for several years, with your permission I will make some suggestions that seem to me to be pertinent, and to have value as bearing on the introduction of these birds in this region.

It is my pleasure to know Judge O. N. Denny, who first introduced the Mongolian pheasant into Oregon from China. This was, I think, about 1882, and for ten years or more the killing of these birds was wholly prohibited; and even now the game is well protected by stringent laws, and although, of course, it cannot be claimed that the laws have not been violated, it is still true that such violations have been unimportant.

It is only in part true that the State of Oregon has been stocked from this one lot of birds. At the present time the Willamette Valley, where the birds were first liberated, is fairly well stocked. From there they are gradually spreading to southern and eastern Oregon; but as yet only a comparatively small part of the State is well enough supplied to make shooting pleasurable. Indeed, so far as eastern Oregon is concerned, the law still prohibits their killing at all. That part of the State of Washington contiguous to the Columbia River is also in part supplied from the original stock; and I have no doubt that in time both of these States, or at least those portions thereof lying west of the Cascades, will be well supplied with this game, if a wise policy of protection is continued.

But what seems to me to be more important to remember in this connection, as bearing on the problem of the propagation of these birds in Massachusetts and elsewhere in the East, are the physical conditions surrounding the game where first introduced.

Oregon, outside the cities and towns, is somewhat sparsely settled. The Willamette Valley alone is capable of sustaining a population of a million people, if engaged in agricultural pursuits; and this comprises, perhaps, a truth of the entire area of the State; whereas, the whole population of the State does not exceed four hundred thousand. And the same is true of the adjoining State of Washington. The climate of these States west of the Cascade Range is mild, there being very little snow or frost. Aside from this, there is abundant cover for the game, and food is plenty and always easily procured. As you probably know, the ring-necked or Mongolian pheasant, hatches and lives on the ground, very rarely taking

to the trees; and while hatching its young it is much exposed to danger from those marauders, tamed and untamed, which make the struggle for life of your Eastern pheasants so severe. Oregon has few boys and few destructive wild animals. Here there seems to be an abundance of boys, and also many small animals such as are most destructive of this kind of life.

Neither does it follow, necessarily, that because these birds survived last winter at Lenox, they will continue to thrive and multiply in such numbers as to make hunting them real sport. While last winter was a severe one in some respects, it was still comparatively open, and the birds could almost always feed with some success. I have lived through a winter in a climate about similar to that of Lenox, the weather being milder and there being really less snow than there was last winter, and yet a week of sleet and cold was enough to practically exterminate the grouse and partridges throughout a large section of country. One controlling cause for the rapid increase in Oregon of these birds is the fact that the climate is so mild and the season so long, that they are not interfered with in their natural propensity to increase. It is well known that one hen pheasant will rear two and even three broods in a season, of from, perhaps, ten to eighteen young. I have frequently come across birds so small that they could scarcely fly, even as late as the first of October; and ordinarily these birds will live in that climate—but that they would live in this region is at least doubtful.

It does not follow from these considerations, however, that the efforts made to propagate these birds in a harsher climate will not be successful. I truly hope that they will thrive and increase continually until every lover of true sport has a chance to know by experience what a splendid game bird—a prince among his kind—the Mongolian pheasant is; but it will be found, I believe, that the increase will be much slower here than in Oregon. and that the bird must be thoroughly safeguarded both by good laws and the earnest co-operation of the citizens, thus aiding, not hindering, nature, who will always do her part. I can say little more in praise of this sport than to tell you that until this abundance is reached here in the east, I will cheerfully go three thousand miles to shoot a "Denny" pheasant, as it is sometimes still called in the Webfoot State.

OCCIDENT.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.

A New Brunswick Moose.

THE great country which forms the watershed of the Tobique and Miramichi rivers is perhaps as famous moose ground as can be found on this continent to-day, and its reputation seems fully justified by the continued successes of visiting sportsmen. It seems to be the game's natural home. A succession of far-reaching ridges, covered with a thick growth of maple, birch and all the varieties of evergreen, interspersed here and there with waterways and barrens, together with its remoteness from any disturbing element, makes it an ideal country or this greatest of all game animals.

But moose are not its only attraction. Besides a variety of other game in abundance, the lakes are full of salmon trout and togue; streams with rapids and falls afford every opportunity for the canoeist and the rugged and bold scenery is a constant source of admiration, besides giving many opportunities for the camera. The air is dry, pure and invigorating, and above all, there is the exhilaration and joy which are inseparable from the life spent in the heart of the great Canadian forest.

Last fall, feeling that Maine was somewhat overcrowded, it was toward this country that I turned.

Arriving at Perth on Saturday, Nov. 4, in the midst of a cold and drizzly rain, the outlook for a comfortable trip into the woods was not encouraging. This trip by team was lengthened by my misfortune in landing at Perth on a day when no train moved on the "Never Hurry," or more properly the Tobique Valley Railroad, which runs twenty-eight miles up the valley to Plaster Rock, the terminus. However, my guide, David Ogilvy, of South Tilley, had everything arranged, and within half an hour we were seated in John Campbell's big farm-wagon, behind his team of strong Clyde horses; and made a beginning of our sixty-mile jaunt. We drove through rain, sleet and a cold east wind, until long after dark, and found welcome for the night at one of the houses along the river.

Sunday morning broke clear and cold. Continuing the journey, we forded the Tobique about 2 P. M., and arrived at the edge of the green woods two hours later. It had begun to snow, and with the idea of getting better shelter for the horses, we took a branch road, which led about half a mile off the main road to an abandoned lumber camp.

Here our troubles commenced, for, while the entrance to this passage was very inviting, we had scarcely gone 50 yards before we met an array of boulders, roots, mud holes and the like, such as I never supposed could exist on any piece of ground ever used as a road. But once started, there was no turning back, so in we went, the horses up to their bellies in mud and water, the wagon now up at an angle of 45 degrees on one side and now on the other. With an immense amount of tugging we would surmount great rocks and roots and descend the other side at a much greater speed and with much less effort, but with such terrible shocks that I began to fear an explosion of the cartridges, which were packed in the center of several layers of blankets. Within 100 yards of camp, we were brought up short by a roaring torrent, which, swollen by recent rains, had washed away the bridge and left an impassable barrier. It was now nearly dark, and to return was out of the question, so there was but one thing to do, to camp where we were. To build a roaring fire was the work of a few minutes; then stretching the rubber blanket for a shelter, and with the hay from the team under us, we had a good dry camp, and passed a very comfortable night. At least I called it so, but David and John Campbell called it the worst "chance" they had ever seen. With daylight we were on the move, and after a hasty meal, and with many a surmise as to our chances of getting out without a breakdown, started on the return trip. It was the same thing over again, only more so, it seemed to me. Again it

gave the team a terrible racking, and again those horses gave proof of their mobility. Our total damage consisted of two lost horse shoes and a severe shaking up. David tried to apologize for the road by saying it hadn't been used for two years. I think he meant two centuries.

Again we were on the main tote road, and in great spirits, for the fall of snow seemed to be greater the nearer we came to camp, and promised fine tracking. In the early afternoon we came upon fresh tracks of moose which had crossed the tote road and gone up on to the ridge to the south.

Leaving the team to go on to camp alone, we followed these tracks, and within half an hour David pointed out a big cow quietly feeding not more than 60 yards away. That there were others with her we felt sure from the number of tracks about. In working around, however, to get a better view of the ridge, she caught our scent and glided out of sight without a sound, leaving her route plainly marked through the avenue of trees by the snow knocked off on either side. This sight of game so early in the trip was very encouraging, but with five miles between us and camp, we felt that we could not follow it. Working out to the tote road again, we reached Trousers Lake and camp about dark.

Here we found Alec Ogilvy, who was guiding a gentleman and his wife, and altogether we made quite a gathering for that remote stopping place. The "depot camp," as they call it, is the living house of an abandoned lumber camp, and admirably suited to accommodate a crowd.

Our stop here was short. The next morning John turned his horses toward the river with directions to come in for us on the 16th, and David, Alec and I started for Long and Island lakes. It was a tough bit of tramping, that pica between Trousers and Long lakes, and we welcomed the sight of the canoe. Making the head of Long Lake about 3 P. M., we decided to spend the night there and have a hunt on some of the ridges back of the lake. The camp is an old hunter's lodge, and about as primitive as they are made. With a roof sloping to the ground, a hole about the size of a soap box for a door, a fireplace at one end, with a birch bark chimney pointing 10 feet into the air, it was as picturesque as it was comfortable. While Alec tore down this chimney, substituted a sheet-iron stove and pipe, and fixed up generally, David and I went back on the ridge.

The woods were wet and quiet, and we made but little noise. We had gone fully two miles before we found moose tracks, and then a perfect network of them leading about in every direction. Circling around, we found the tracks of two leading away from this bunch, and within 100 yards suddenly saw two big animals loom up through the trees. We looked in vain for horns, and in our anxiety became the observed as well, and they vanished. Tired, wet through and disgusted at our luck, we followed "Paddy's compass" back to camp. Alec comforted me by saying that "I mustn't expect to see a bull until I had counted seven cows." Four more at this rate meant Friday, but we beat this in time, and number, as will appear. We rushed our furnace, and soon had things dried out and everything comfortably fixed for the night. Wednesday morning we took an early start for Island Lake, and as the carry between the two lakes is short, we made it in good time. Island Lake had already taken on its winter coat, but by generous use of the paddle we forced a passage down to camp. At our destination at last, I resolved on a half day's rest. The severe tramping had swollen my feet the first day or two out, and I meant to give them every chance to be in prime condition for our first full day's hunt.

Island Lake itself is a beautiful piece of nature's handiwork. Nestling quietly among those high ridges its surface is dotted with many little islands, some scarcely larger than a hay mound, while some are of half an acre in extent. Its whole appearance is that of a succession of green aisles leading in every direction. There is no sign of civilization there, and even the axe of the lumberman has not intruded. The silence is intense, and only broken by the cries of the birds, the tread of the wild animals through the forest, or the music of the wind through the trees. I can well imagine the pleasure of a summer canoe trip among those islands, or the beauty of the scene in the early fall months, when the autumn foliage is at its best. Just now, however, everything was white and cold. The frozen lake, the snow-laden boughs in their setting of green, made a typical winter picture.

Soon after light Thursday morning, David and I were on our way toward the second ridge back of the lake. We found the snow quite badly crusted and had some misgivings as to our chances of getting close to game. A partridge gave us half an hour's chase before we got him into a light spot for a photograph. A long tramp through valleys and over ridges brought us at last to moose tracks on the side of a high hardwood ridge. Circling around, we found that all the tracks led in the same direction, and came to the conclusion that it was at present a crossing place. We quickly and quietly chose a place with a good view of the ridge and waited. We had been seated scarcely fifteen minutes before a crashing in the woods directly ahead of us made it plain that something was coming. The sounds came gradually closer, working off to our right meanwhile, and when almost in line with our position, a great moose stepped out into view, not over 40 yards away. It stood still, looking squarely at us, evidently trying to make out what sort of queer things we were, and at our cry of "cow," and in our frantic efforts to get out the camera, it had seen enough, and was off like the wind, followed by another which we had not at first seen. We agreed to have the camera ready for such an emergency in the future, and set to discussing the probability of there being anything but cows in the woods. Our talk was cut short by another and greater noise from the same direction. Something was coming in the tracks of the cows, and we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of it through the forest. In line of where the cows had stood, and 200 yards further off, a great black mass suddenly appeared through the trees, and the exclamation, "It's a bull!" escaped us both at the same instant. With David's warning to "shoot low" ringing in my ears, I fired, but not

low enough, and nothing moved. Another quick shot with more careful aim at the indistinct mass and it seemed as if the whole forest moved. Small trees, rotten stumps, all went down before his mad rush, but his step was uncertain. So was mine, as I plunged after him and I found myself headlong several times over unseen and unheeded obstacles. David followed as fast as his work of picking up my dropped camera, hat, etc., would allow, and kept up a continuous fire of, "You've got him," "You've got him," "Don't get too close." But I had reached a spot where I had a good clear view of the moose in his erratic course, and a shot placed behind the shoulder brought him to the ground and to a quick end. He was an immense big animal, probably a five or six-year-old, but his antlers were not the great 5-foot set I expected. A very neat and even set of about 3 feet spread was what we saw, and as David remarked, "His ears seemed to spread nearly as much as his antlers." The feeling of regret, which found some expression, at having been responsible for the death of so noble an animal, received but scant support, and it was styled purely sentiment and out of all reason. Then followed the satisfaction of having gained a magnificent and well-earned trophy so early in the trip, and plans for completing our quota of game with an early capture of a caribou, and getting out on schedule time. But we decided that the moose needed our attention just then rather than our future movements, and set to work to take off the head, hide and best of the meat. This done, we boiled the kettle, and about 1 o'clock were ready for the return to camp. David took charge of the head and hide, and I took part of the beef, the axe and rifle, and we were off. Not an easy tramp that, through the trackless forest with such loads as we had, but with occasional breathing spells, some intentional and some not so much so, we got to camp before dark, thoroughly tired out and thoroughly happy.

Our thought was now for a caribou; and we expected but little trouble from the numerous signs about, but we afterward agreed that it was never safe to count the points on the antlers of any bull until within easy reach. Friday we paid a visit to Squam Barren, which is famous caribou ground, but saw nothing, nor any very recent signs. Going back in another direction the next day to some ridges seldom visited, and finding no caribou signs, we decided that they were moving back toward Trousers Lake. There were moose signs everywhere, and on our homeward tramp we visited an old moose yard and made the rather unusual find of four moose antlers within a radius of 50 feet. Three were fine, large specimens, and except that they were somewhat gnawed by squirrels, were in a very fair state of preservation. Two of them mated, and showed what was originally a set of twenty-one points. Sunday brought a fine fall of dry snow, and we spent the day around camp making plans for Monday's hunt, for we intended to try the caribou once more in this section.

Never did a finer day for still-hunting dawn than Monday, Nov. 13. The snow was just deep enough for easy walking and good tracking, and David remarked that more moose would fall that day than any previous day of the season. Perhaps there did; I haven't heard. Never, either, did a fairer day dawn. The forest, clothed in its white mantle, presented a beautiful appearance, and when the sun poured its warm rays over the top of the distant ridge the whole earth seemed to send back an answering smile. The air was crisp and cold, and we started off in high spirits. But as the day advanced and we failed to find any fresh caribou tracks, our spirits took a corresponding drop, and to our surprise, we returned to camp at night after a jaunt of some eighteen miles, over ridges and barrens, country that David said had never failed him before, without finding a single track made since the storm, other than that of a partridge, sable or rabbit. Our plans were quickly made for an evacuation of the country, and next morning packing everything on the toboggan, we went down over the ice as far as the tote road and were back at Trousers Lake before dark.

Here we spent the rest of the trip. I have too keen an appreciation of the value of space in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to give the details of the last few days. A few words will suffice. Caribou seemed to be all around us, and we hunted persistently, following a drove of five one night until dark. But it was not to be, and the trip ended without the sight of one.

John Campbell came in for us at the appointed time and we were out on the Tobique River again Friday night. Saturday morning we caught the Tobique Valley Express, Limited, and Sunday morning I was again in Boston, having been away just fifteen days. It is impossible in the space of this article to mention but a few of the incidents of such a trip. The great forest, which is all the same and yet always different, holds many secrets, and scarcely a day or hour passed without the sight of something new and interesting. In the company of an observing guide, it is astonishing what a store of information is revealed by the sights and sounds which are all around you.

What a tale of life and death the tracks in the snow relate! Here is where Bruin passed last night and left his measure on that big maple; or here a brood of partridges have crossed the road and a little further on the scattered remains of a few bones and feathers show where the hungry fox lay in wait for his dinner.

The familiarity of the "gorbie" or moose bird was always a pleasant feature of our noon halt. We scarcely had the fire going before he was about, usually in twos or threes; after the encouragement of a few crumbs tossed in his direction, he would take a piece of bacon or bread from the end of a stick and finally from the open hand. Then, with a great flutter he was away to his store house and soon back again for more. New Brunswick is certainly blessed in its opportunities for the hunter, the fisherman or the seeker after a healthy out-of-doors life. It seems to have been less visited by the lumbermen, as well as the sportsman than Maine, and to have retained more of its primeval aspect. The camps are more primitive, the roads less used and one has the feeling of being in a land fresh from the hands of the Creator.

David Ogilvy, who was my companion and guide, and Alec, his brother, with whom I was thrown a great deal, have all the qualities of the first-class guide. Capable and willing, they are both observing woodsmen and successful hunters, and a trip taken with them into this country can result in but pleasant experiences. As a result of the

trip, I came to one or two conclusions, which it may be well to jot down.

If one is looking for deer, Maine is the more likely place, for while from all reports they are increasing in New Brunswick, the chances are much better in most any part of the hunting country of Maine. If a moose or caribou is your object, you can do no better than take a trip into New Brunswick, and to be doubly sure of success, leave at home the .30-30 and take along the .45. You will need it. If you would take the best kind of a vacation into a land where you will see nature at her best, where you make your own labor laws, and where there are none of the perplexities and confinements of our every-day life, take a trip into either one of these wonderful countries. You will be well repaid.

WATUPPA.

In Oregon Slashes.

"All aboard," came from the conductor, and our party of three took the train from the little town of S., for a two days' shoot on the slash, in western Oregon.

By way of explanation, we believe that the word "slash" was coined in Oregon. It has reference to a low, flat country, which is mostly covered with water during the winter months, or whenever it rains—and there is no scarcity of rain in the Willamette Valley.

Previous arrangements having been made to stop at a farmhouse near the shooting grounds, by kindness of the train men we got off at a country road crossing. It was dark. We did not have long to wait, for the farmer was soon there with a good strong team and farm wagon, and we arrived at the farmhouse just in time for a good supper.

We were very well supplied with paraphernalia. One of the party is a "pump" gun crank, and of course had his Winchester, No. 12. The other member of our party and myself were content with our No. 12 Smiths.

Our case of cartridges were C. P. W. smokeless .10s for jacksnipe, .4s for duck, and BBs for geese. It might be well to say that our farmer friend, who is quite a sportsman, a good shot and a royal good fellow, was quite careful in paying attention to his big No. 10 hammer gun, which he always speaks of as "Old Betsy."

During the night our slumbers were often disturbed by the quong, quong, oot, oot, of numerous flocks of geese that were exercising from one grain field to another. The next morning at 5 o'clock several husky shouts of "Get up. Get up," from our farmer friend, awoke us, and all hands hurriedly commenced to get ready for the day's sport. It was decided to try for geese that morning, and let the ducks on the slash go until the next day.

Already geese were beginning to come into a field near where we were stopping, and the sound of their musical voices probably had a great deal to do with the decision as to where we would hunt. After breakfast we put on rubber boots and our long slickers, and filling our hunting coats with BBs, went out into a field to take our stands.

Our stations were probably 300 yards apart. Streaks of daylight were now just beginning to appear. The method of hunting was to lie flat on our backs in a furrow and take chances of the geese flying near enough for a shot. We did not have to wait long. Quong! Quong! I cautiously turned over. Here came one lone honker, flying straight toward me, not more than 20 feet from the ground. I slipped the safety slide. The bird made a little turn and came within 40 yards. At the crack of the gun the goose collapsed. I hurriedly picked up the prize, reloaded, and again heard that musical sound. It was a large flock this time. They came straight for me, but turned just a little out of range. Both barrels were discharged, but the only effect was some consternation and a little more velocity added to the flight of birds. They made another turn and started for Frank, our "pump" gun crank. They went straight for him. When his Winchester spoke, I saw a fine goose drop from the flock. The next shot another one dropped, and as a parting salute, Frank sent three more loads of BBs after them, but without effect. A minute afterward I glanced toward Frank, and he was going across the field at the top of his speed. Just then he hooked his toe on a clod and down he went; while getting up he threw off his coat and hat, and it was a merry chase he gave one of his geese, which he had only winged. The bird was captured and all was quiet again.

In a few minutes geese were heard again, this time they came toward Doc. Quong! Quong! Oot! Oot! two slashes and two more geese hit the ground. Doc was now having some of the sport. All was quiet again. We waited almost an hour, covered with mud and shivering with cold when the sound of geese made us forget about the unpleasant part of the situation. It was an immense flock; the air was full of goose language. Frank was the luck one this time. His pump gun or something else seemed to attract the geese. I thought he had a Gatling. There wasn't a shell left in the magazine when he got through, but he gathered up four more geese. By this time we were shivering with the cold in earnest, and Doc and our farmer friend froze out and went to the house to get thawed. I left my station, picked up my goose and went down to where Frank was. We waited and waited for what seemed to be a very long time, but heard not a sound of geese. Finally two more honkers came along. Down we went, flat on our backs in the furrow. They came directly over us, and we killed them both. It was now 11 o'clock, and covered with mud and loaded down with geese, we went to the house.

After dinner it was decided not to go to the slash that afternoon, but to try our luck along a muddy slough for ducks and jacksnipe. As soon as we reached the slough, up jumped a teal. It came within 50 feet of me, and away went both barrels, a clean miss, when our farmer friend dropped it with Old Betsy the first shot. The laugh was on me this time.

During the afternoon there were occasional shots, and we brought in a small bag of ducks and snipe. We saw many Mongolian pheasants, but as this was the close season, we were forced to be content with watching them fly away.

That evening was spent among ringlets of tobacco smoke, cleaning guns, and drawing the game, intermixed with talks on the incidents of the day.

Next morning we arose early and the farm wagon was soon ready for a three-mile drive to the slash. In going

to the shooting grounds, several flocks of geese were sighted feeding in the different grain fields, but they were always at a safe distance, and as this day was for duck shooting, the geese were not molested. Driving up to a shallow pond, away went a flock of ducks and away went several loads of 4s, but not a feather. Here we stopped, tied the horses to the wagon and commenced preparations for the day's work.

After putting out the decoys, Doc and Frank started out to drive, while our farmer friend and myself stayed with the decoys. We stayed and shivered, and just kept staying. We saw plenty of ducks, but they would not decoy, and when Doc and Frank came in for lunch, we had had several shots, but they were at long range, and we didn't have a duck. Doc had one. Frank's pump did not seem to attract the ducks.

After an exchange of experiences and a good lunch, it was decided to change our location and go a couple of miles further up the slash. We hitched up and drove to a suitable looking place, and were again ready for business at 2 o'clock P. M. We were disgusted with the decoys, and all struck out. We walked about a mile and scared up some ducks; away went a couple of shots, and to our surprise, ducks seemed to get up in every direction. The air was full of them, of all kinds. We again stationed out in order to keep them flying. My station was behind an old rail fence, where the water was about 6 inches deep, with tall grass sticking up several inches above the water. At every shot the air would swarm with ducks, when they would circle around and drop down again, but they were flying high. Here came two mallards directly for me. I thought they were too high, but I was surprised to see the hind one drop dead at the crack of my gun. I picked up the duck, and got down by the fence again, when here came a flock of what are called wheat ducks. They were also high. With the second barrel I brought down one. It was only winged, and gave me a lively run through the grass and water. The whole party was now shooting quite lively.

Looking for the result of a couple of shots from Doc's gun, I saw an immense flock of teal coming. There must have been over 300 in the flock. They came within 125 yards, and dropped down in the water and grass. To get at them was the question. They were on the opposite side of the fence from me, and I knew that if I attempted to get over they would fly. At short intervals ducks of all kinds could be seen in almost every direction. They were coming in for their evening meal. The shooting was general. I kept banging away at every sky-scraper that came over me. My efforts were not in vain, for I brought down enough ducks to keep up my enthusiasm, never once thinking how cold it was. The moral satisfaction of bringing down a sky-scraper can only be realized by a sportsman. But that great flock of teal. They would get up at intervals, flying so close together that their wings seemed to touch, circle around a time or two and then settle down again, where they started from, just keeping out of range. I just kept banging away to keep up my end of the shooting; it was getting late, when up jumped the flock of teal. This time they came within 60 yards. Away went both barrels. While reloading, I noticed they were making a circle and coming my way again. This time they came a little closer. I was excited, and gave them two more loads. I then jumped over the fence, tore my pants on a barbed wire, ran into the mucky marsh, got over my boot tops and fell down. Nothing could have stopped me then. After a tiresome chase, I gathered up eleven teal for those four shots.

I held my stand until dark and got four more ducks. We all got to the wagon about the same time. All told, there was a pile of forty-seven ducks in the wagon box.

BUD.

North American Association.

MONTREAL, Can., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a marked copy of Montreal Gazette of this morning, reporting our new Game and Fish Association. We hope for good results. W. G. PARISH.

The meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association was held yesterday at the Government offices, at which were present the best representatives of fish and game interests.

It was one of the most substantial meetings; one of those gatherings, pleasant to the ear, for everybody there knew what he was talking about, talked about what he knew, and let the other fellows make counts.

To anybody who has been particularly interested in game protection the convention organized yesterday was of the utmost importance.

Practically it covered everything from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. That is exactly the sentiment we want to instil, and be appreciated by everybody who shoots over a dog, shivers half to death in his blind, and simply goes nosing after rabbits with hounds to show the way.

Our spring duck shooting has been outrageously abused, thanks to the kindness of local magistrates. Our deer hunting has also outrageously been abused, and thanks to the efforts of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, we have been enabled to make it uncomfortable for some of those who broke the law flagrantly.

Costs a lot of money to get some people within the clutches of the law. The men who did the trick practically paid the costs out of their own pockets. This might be particularly interesting information for the Provincial Government in so far as the Covay case, for instance, the details of which have already been published in the Gazette, may be used as reference.

The amount of money donated, given, subscribed, practically what you will by the Quebec Government to the Fish and Game Protection Club, loses itself in its absolute obscurity. It is too small to revert to it as a matter of practical usefulness.

We find the State of Maine teaching us a lesson. The people of Augusta find their way to dispense \$25,000 a year for the purposes of game protection.

The people of the State of Maine also find that through their game protection laws, the revenue of the State was increased last year between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. This is not a figure thrown out at random; this is a

figure which can be and may be verified at any time that one cares to look over the statute books and the blue books at Augusta.

Does it not look as if we might learn something from Maine? In many cases the conditions are alike, they should be Canadians—their fish, their game and the habits of them are the same as ours; our interests are alike, and Maine has managed to make such laws that might be conveniently adopted in the Province of Quebec or other Provinces in the Dominion.

Looking to the future, or rather preparing for it, is the most excellent motto adopted by the Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club.

The work of the convention will speak for itself, and the president, the Hon. T. S. Parent, outlined the proceedings, which was as follows:

"Gentlemen: You have done me the honor, in answer to my invitation, to leave your homes and your numerous occupations to meet me here, in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada, which was purposely chosen as the most central point for this convention.

"I most sincerely thank you on behalf of the Government of the Province of Quebec, as well as on my own behalf, for your courtesy in coming, and for my colleagues as well as for myself, I am happy to bid you a most hearty welcome to this city and to this Province.

"We are bound together by very close ties, and by what may almost be called a community of interests. Many of you are our neighbors and we are yours. By the States and Province from which many of you come, the Province of Quebec is surrounded. We appreciate the neighborly feelings that you have shown in accepting our invitation, and the readiness which your presence implies, to discuss with us those matters concerning the protection of game and fish in which we are all alike interested.

"To the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, over which I have the honor to preside, as well as to the public departments controlling the fish and game interests of all your States and Provinces, protection is one of the burning questions of the day. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is considered a benefactor of his race. You, gentlemen, some of you at least, have game preserves and fish hatcheries under your control, which have already resulted in the multiplication of game and fish, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some even one hundred-fold. Not alone from the standpoint of benefactors of the race, but also from the standpoint of the material interests of your respective Provinces and States, your work for the propagation of fish and game is of vast importance.

"Beneficial as it is, however, it would be inadequate to even maintain the existing supply, if it were not seconded by necessary laws efficiently enforced and applied for the protection of the fish and game whose multiplication you encourage.

"The practical extinction of the American bison, or buffalo, is but one illustration of the danger which threatens all our large species of game, where a proper and efficient system of protection is neglected; while the millions of dollars annually spent by sportsmen in several States of the American Union and in almost every Province of the Dominion of Canada, serve to emphasize and to impress upon us the duty of handing down to posterity, unimpaired, the wealth of fish and game, which has come to us from the lavish hands of a bountiful Providence.

"We have our own system of fish and game laws and protection in each of the different Provinces and States here represented, but no two of them are exactly alike. The differences are rendered necessary by the distinction in climatic conditions and other uncontrollable circumstances. Yet, we have all experienced the difficulty that occurs at various points of the border lines of our respective territory, when we encounter different sets of laws, varying close season and conflicting system of licenses.

"It is to consider this condition of affairs, and if possible, to devise and to apply a remedy that I have invited you to meet here with gentlemen of the Province of Quebec, who also take a large interest in the preservation of the game and fish of this Province.

"And let me here convey my thanks to these last mentioned gentlemen who have accepted my invitation. Their presence here to-day, is a sufficient proof and indication of the interest they take and of the importance they attach to the protection of game and fish.

"You will be asked to express your views on the harmonizing of the fish and game laws of different States and Provinces, to devise better and more efficient methods of collection of license fees; to suggest better means of enforcing the game laws, especially along the frontiers of this Province and the different States and Provinces bordering on ours. These frontiers are clearly enough defined, but the moose, caribou and deer which have not had the advantage of securing diplomas as land surveyors, go over them very easily, and are too often followed by poachers who are always glad to chase them.

"You will also be asked to discuss the question of the necessity of interesting the press, both daily and weekly, and through them of impressing upon the people the belief that the game and fish are valuable assets, and that more money can accrue to the people at large by the strict observance of the fish and game laws than by poaching.

"Protecting laws are very good, but I am sincerely of opinion that the best means of applying them is moral suasion and the education of the people. The subjects to consider are:

- "Universal gun licenses.
- "License guide system.
- "Limit of quantity of game to be killed.
- "Limit of the size and number of fish to be caught.
- "Licensed coupons system.
- "Hunting of deer with dogs.
- "Shooting of deer in the water.
- "Licensing market men and game dealers.
- "Cold storage.
- "Leasing of hunting and fishing territory.

"Encouraging the formation of fish and game protection clubs, and many other matters will be submitted to you for discussion.

"On all these questions we will be happy to have your views. And we are the more anxious to get them, because we know that all those who compose this meeting are specialists who have devoted much of their time to the

study of the better means to protecting and multiplying the game and the fish.

"I now leave you, gentlemen, to the organization of your regular meetings and to the election of your officers, and I am quite confident that much good will result for this Province and for the Provinces and States which you represent, of your deliberations and of the different questions which will be submitted to your consideration."

The real point of the morning's meeting settled itself in the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this meeting believes that the best results in enforcing game laws cannot be gained unless their enforcement is altogether divorced from politics:

"Resolved, That we believe a prosecution for infraction of game or fish laws should be pushed to a conclusion as soon as possible in every case:

"Resolved, That we strongly object to the pernicious practice of remission on payment by Provincial or State governments, or their officers, of fines imposed on offenders, or of suspended sentences, or any other device of which the intent is to defeat the ends of justice, for any reason, political or otherwise."

This was proposed by Dr. Finnie and seconded by Dr. Drummond. Needless to say, it was carried unanimously. The next point of business was the appointment of a committee to attend the first notice for the programme, the harmonizing of laws of the Provinces and the States. Of this committee, Mr. L. Z. Joncas, was made convener, two members for committee, which consisted of the following:

Ontario, Messrs. Bachido and Dr. McCallum; New Brunswick, Hon. W. B. Dunn and D. T. Smith; Vermont, General Butterfield and Mr. Bailey; Maine, Messrs. Charles G. Oak and H. O. Stanley; W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y., and Messrs. Fottler, Jr., and Hodges, Boston.

The discussion at the opening was desultory but interesting, all being brought to a focus by Dr. Finnie's resolution, which gave ample opportunity for open discussion, an opportunity which was availed of in an interesting way, and where Mr. Oak pithily explained how they do those things much better in Maine than we do.

It was a treat to hear Mr. Oak talk about the game laws in Maine; it was also an object lesson.

Those who were present at the morning session were: Hon. E. J. Davis, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto; Hon. J. W. Gibson, Attorney-General, Toronto; S. T. Bastedo, Fisheries Branch, Department of Attorney-General, Toronto; F. C. Quallins, Game Warden, Windsor, Ont.; Hon. A. T. Dunn, Surveyor-General, Fredericton, N. B.; L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner, St. John, N. B.; D. G. Smith, Fish Commissioner, Chatham, N. B.; W. S. Parish, Game and Fish Commissioner, Athens, Ont.; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; Dr. G. A. McCallum, Commissioner of Fisheries, Dunnville, Ont.; H. K. Smith, Game Warden, Belleville, Ont.; John A. Gill, Dunnville, Ont.; E. Tiensley, Chief Game Warden in Parliament Building, Toronto; James Gibson, Game and Fish Commissioner, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; W. Y. W. Ripley, Rutland, Vt.; Geo. A. Warden, Lowell, Mass.; Dr. H. C. Howe, Hartford, Conn.; W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.; John W. McGerrey, Burlington, Vt.; N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Keeper, Aylmer East; Hon. Jas. W. Brook, Montpelier; Jos. Riendeau, Provincial Game Keeper, Montreal; Dr. Finnie, Montreal; C. C. Warren, Waterbury, Vt.; C. E. E. Ussher, General Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal; General Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; H. S. Osler, Game and Fish Commissioner, Toronto; H. R. Charlton, F. S. Hodges, Boston, Mass.; Hon. L. T. Carleton, Augusta, Me.; W. J. Cleghorn, Secretary F. & G. Protection Club, Montreal; H. C. Stanley, Dixfield, Me.; Horace W. Bailey, Newbury, Vt.; John W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Neilson W. Fisk, Isle La Motte, Vt.; C. E. C. Smith, St. Albans, Vt.; W. E. McLeod, President Megantic Club, Boston; Heber Bishop, Boston; Hon. J. W. Collins, Chairman Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game, Boston; James Crockett, Fraserville; Alex. Hardy, Agent Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, Quebec; J. G. Scott, Manager Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, Quebec; P. W. Rensman, General Superintendent Ottawa & Gatineau Valley Railway, Ottawa; John J. Lyons, Agent I. C. Railway, Moncton, N. B.; L. O. Armstrong, Sporting Agent C. P. R., Montreal; G. Chamberlain, General Manager Canada Atlantic Railway, Ottawa; Paul Lang, U. S. Consul, Sherbrooke; Nathaniel Wentworth, Chairman F. and G. Commission, Hudson Center, New Hampshire; Richard White, Montreal; A. N. Cheney, State Fishculturst, Glens Falls, N. Y.; J. B. Sparrow, Montreal; E. T. D. Chambers, press gallery, Quebec; Julius H. Seymour, New York; James Dickson, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; J. H. Wilson, Game Warden, Beaumarais, Ont.; Raymond Prefontaine, Mayor, Montreal; Chas. E. Oak, Cariboo, Me.; T. W. Craig, Sherbrooke; W. A. Davis, General Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Montreal; T. C. Brainerd, Treasurer F. and G. Club Protection, Montreal; F. L. Wanklyn, Montreal.

Afternoon Session.

The deliberations of the morning were resumed after the noon recess, with ardor. The special committee appointed during the morning session to act upon suggestions from individual delegates, anent the place of the next annual convention of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association, convened prior to the general meeting. H. S. Osler, Toronto, in the chair, brought to order the committee of representatives, consisting of Dr. Drummond, Quebec; Hon. A. T. Dunn, New Brunswick; John T. Ticom, Vermont; Henry O. Stanley, Maine; John Fottler, Jr., Massachusetts; W. H. Wilson, New York. The claims to recognition on this score, advanced in the interest of Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont.; Quebec, Que., and Ottawa were heard in detail. Buffalo, N. Y., on account of that city's favorable location and rail connection, was regarded with much favor. Finally, the benefit that would accrue to the Association and the sportsmen's cause by a second gathering in this city was made apparent. Montreal was then chosen as the place of meeting of the next annual convention, in a motion to that effect, moved by W. H. Wilson, New York, and seconded by Wm. Fottler, Massachusetts, "That the next meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association be held

in the city of Montreal, in midwinter, subject to the call of the honorable president, two weeks' notice to be given to delegates."

Before taking up the regular routine of business, Chairman Hon. T. S. Parent, Quebec, very gracefully tendered the convention an invitation to become his guests at dinner at the Place Viger Hotel in the evening.

The initial subject of discussion provoked a protracted consideration. The question, explained Chairman Parent, was how best the value of our game and fishery resources could be made of popular appreciation. He though by interesting the press, both weekly and daily, and, through them, the people could be convinced in the belief that the game and fish are valuable assets and that more money accrues to the people at large by strict observance of the fish and game laws than by poaching. C. E. E. Ussher dwelt upon the efficacy of the press in reaching the people. "Without public sympathy and the assistance of the newspapers our efforts would be of no avail in fostering among Canadian people the true estimate of our fish and game resources," declared the speaker. Gen. F. G. Butterfield advocated in this connection the approaching of the Provincial and Federal governments in the matter of a suitable appropriation on behalf of a justly national object.

The convention unanimously adopted the following resolution, proposed by C. E. E. Ussher, Montreal, seconded by W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.:

"Whereas, The daily and weekly press wield great influence and is the best means for reaching and informing the general public in matters of current interest; and

"Whereas, It is extremely desirable to create a universal sentiment in favor of the enforcement of game and fish laws, to disseminate correct information respecting the value of fish and game resources as a means of attracting non-residents, and consequent large disbursements of money among the people, much of it in the wilder and poorer sections, where its receipt is of the greatest value; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolution, to be followed as soon as issued by the proceedings of this convention, be sent to every newspaper in the States and Provinces here represented, and that they be requested to give the subject of fish and game interests such editorial and other notice from time to time as its great importance warrants."

At this juncture, L. O. Armstrong, Montreal, introduced a motion, seconded by W. J. Parish, Athens, Ont., which carried

"Resolved, That the name of this convention be called the North American Fish and Game Protection Convention."

The protective influence of the Association in the preservation and propagation of fish and game was explained by the mover and seconder, making references to the peculiar aptness of the title name.

The matter of a universal gun license served to bring forth a general expression of opinion. L. Z. Joncas, the Quebec superintendent of fish and game, spoke, as did also W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y., of the conflict in the existing Federal and inter-Provincial laws. The Quebec official deprecated the practice of utilizing a fishing license to hunt with guns; H. S. Osler, Toronto, Game Commissioner, asked for a more definite construction upon the law respecting leasehold, and its bearing upon the granting of such licenses. He called attention to section 415 of the regulations in support of his contention. N. E. Cormier, Aylmer, Provincial game warden of Quebec, followed in the same strain, while Hon. J. A. Dunn, Surveyor-General of New Brunswick, and D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B., of the Provincial Fishery Commission, pointed out the defect of the diversified inter-Provincial legislation. Dr. T. J. Finnie, Montreal, thought a universal gun license of great benefit. It was best to regard the question in a broad, liberal spirit. Charles E. Oak, Augusta, Me., of the State Fish and Game Commission, was heard in effective argument, opposed to the universal gun license system. It was pernicious and tended to encourage a prosecution of minor offenders, while misdemeanors of consequence were passed over. It was a poor business proposition, he thought, to impose a heavy tax upon invading sportsmen, who leave a hundred fold more money in the districts they frequent than would enter the Provincial exchequer through a game tax. N. E. Cormier, Aylmer, strongly appealed for the protection of game. "Give the hunter abundant game, and he will only too willingly pay any tax," declared Mr. Cormier. On motion of C. E. E. Ussher, seconded by W. J. Cleghorn, the question was shelved without definite action.

S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, Deputy Fish Commissioner of Ontario, drew attention to the erroneous impression in effect, that Ontario exacted a retaliatory license upon American sportsmen operating in Ontario fishing grounds. It was altogether wrong.

The dominant feeling of the convention was in favor of a licensed guide system. The responsibilities of professional guides should be clearly defined, and penalties set down for infraction of legalized regulations. Dr. McCullum, Toronto, chairman fish and game committee of Ontario, and L. O. Armstrong, Montreal, were in evidence in the consideration of this most important topic. Dr. T. J. Finnie, Montreal, and Mr. Crawford Ross, Ottawa, both developed the several aspects of the question. Dr. Finnie moved, seconded by Mr. Crawford Ross, "That this meeting approve of the Maine State licensed guide system, and recommend the general adoption of it, or some modification of same, which shall be suited to the wants of each State or Province."

The motion carried unanimously.

Dr. McCullum, on the protection of insectivorous birds beneficial to agriculture, together with song birds and the limit of the game bag, was heard in effective argument, championing the cause of these birds, the benefit of whose existence the general public so little understood. C. E. E. Ussher's motion, seconded by Charles E. Oak, carried, viz.:

"Resolved, That this association is in favor of the absolute protection, at all seasons, of song birds and insectivorous birds, beneficial to agriculture, and recommend legislation to that end in any Province or State, where it does not exist."

The subject of fish culture and the limitation of the number and the size of fish caught was prolific of much discussion. John W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt., spoke of the possibilities along artificial lines in fish culture. The study was yet in its infancy. As in many other things, to gain a public sympathy the people must be educated. The lantern slides and lecturer were the agencies by which the desired object might be attained. A motion by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, recommending this method of missionary service, was adopted. H. O. Stanley, Maine, introduced by his confrere, Mr. Charles E. Oak, as the oldest living authority in America on fish culture, regaled his auditors in an interesting relation of his many years' experience in this field. The cultivation of landlocked salmon, as perfected by the speaker, was successful beyond question. In over one hundred and fifty lakes in the State of Maine, where ten years previous a catch was unknown, splendid, robust salmon could now be got to run to fly, 4 to 12 pounds in weight. He explained in detail the system that had resulted so successfully. W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y., exemplified the Hudson River shad fisheries to show the beneficial effect of well-timed fishery regulation and expert handling. In 1897, something over \$7,000 represented the revenue from this source, while in 1895 fully 4,000,000 pounds of shad had been taken from the Hudson fisheries. Before adjournment, Charles E. Oak, Augusta, Me., solicited the assistance of the Canadian Government and officials in breaking up the systematic poaching on the international boundary. He drew the convention's attention to the notorious depredations of one Peter Prefontaine, of St. Francis, Que. He hoped for the hearty co-operation of Canadian sportsmen in eradicating the evil. The motion, moved by H. S. Osler, Toronto, seconded by S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, that the following be committee: L. Z. Joncas, Quebec; Dr. Drummond, Montreal; Dr. Finnie, Montreal; C. E. E. Ussher, Montreal; H. S. Osler, Toronto, and S. T. Bastedo, Toronto; Surveyor-General Dunn, Chatham, N. B.; John W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; W. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.; John Fottler, Jr., Boston, Mass., and Rene Dupont, Quebec. The committee will report to the next annual meeting in Montreal.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

At a Standstill.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 3.—Sporting matters are pretty much at a standstill in Chicago this week, what with the coming one of the coldest cold snap we have had here for many a long month. The weather has been bright and clear for the most part, and there has been no snow to speak of, but the thermometer has been utterly unprincipled and depraved. On the whole, the conditions have not been dangerous to the game supply, as in this section we have had no rain, sleet or melting snow to seal up the food supplies to the birds. Quail can stand bright cold weather pretty well, and it is not thought that we shall discover any great diminution of our crop on account of this severe cold. The spring and its problems are still before us. Granted a fairly dry spring, we shall have quail in abundance next fall.

The winter has thus far not shown much snow fall for this immediate region, and this is a very good thing for the quail in two ways. A heavy snow cuts off the feed of the quail, and it exposes them to yet another and dangerous enemy, in addition to the hedge hunter and pot shooter. The small boy is a dangerous being for quail in case a deep snow comes. A certain shooter of this city said to me this week that he would, under certain conditions of snow, back two boys of his acquaintance to kill as many quail in a day as any two men with guns, and the boys not to use any gun whatever. He says he has seen these two country boys catch two or three dozen quail in a half day by simply following them up to the places where they had alighted and buried themselves in the snow, then throwing themselves upon them, with their coats spread out, thus catching the quail before they could get out from under the snow.

I imagine all quail shooters have seen quail thus bury themselves in the snow, though perhaps not all have seen them caught in this way. It is often very hard to kick a quail out of the snow, into which it will go like a bullet, leaving only a small hole behind it, though it may go in several feet before it stops, and sits huddled up in a ball. Rabbits often act this way, and I once knew two boys to catch over two dozen rabbits in a snow of about a foot and a half in depth, with no better weapon than a stick. A very deep snow for the time paralyzes the energies of the game, so that it does not stir for a time. One virtue of a cold snap is that it also paralyzes the small boy.

Goods from Catalina.

The FOREST AND STREAM office in Chicago is in the same suite with that of McClure's Magazine, the Review of Reviews, etc., and the other day, as I glanced through a window opposite, I saw on the wall of the room inhabited by Mr. C. B. Hull, the Chicago representative of McClure's Magazine, the head of a goat of a sort not familiar to myself. Inquiry develops the fact that Mr. Hull is a red hot hunter, has a collection of rifles and guns and a record as a bad man with the same. The goat whose head adorns his quarters is one of four goats which Mr. Hull recently got in a trip to the Catalina Islands of California. He says that these animals are game worthy any sportsman's effort. They got to the goats only after a hard trip of some days, packing their camp stuff on their backs, and carrying guns, game and dunnage themselves when they came out to the coast. The head of this animal has a very wildish look to it, more like the chamois than the Halstead street gazelle.

Down in Texas the shooters are having to stand a raise in the price of ammunition, and this fact is due to politics. The State has passed some anti-trust legislation which has not yet been passed upon by the courts. Pending a better situation, the ammunition houses want cash in advance on Texas orders, not knowing just what the Texas mind may consider to be a trust.

Down in old Kentucky they are having political trouble also, and near to the center of affairs with the State militia is Col. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, fox hunter, dog fancier and breeder, one of the best-known sportsmen of his State. The writer first met Col. Williams out in Kansas years ago, when the latter was judge at a coursing meet. Years before that Col. Williams was a Black Hills argonaut, going into that country when there was an Indian fight at every twenty miles of the trail. His brother, George Williams, adjutant of his regiment, died some years ago at Lexington, from sunstroke, sustained while on drill, as was reported in these columns at the time. Col. Williams has an unwelcome task this week, but can handle it properly.

A Real Old-Timer.

A real old-timer—one of the genuine sort—is a most lovable and interesting personage, albeit rare, indeed, these days—such a man, for instance, as old Bill Hamilton, over whose cabin on the Yellowstone a tattered American flag is flying to-day, as it has for years. Now comes Mr. George Kennedy, of St. Louis, whose name is known, but all too rarely seen, in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and brings word of an old-timer of the genuine breed, whose home is at St. Louis—Major Doan, whom it has never been my fortune to meet, but whom one of these days we must interview for the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Of him Mr. Kennedy writes:

"I have been trying for some time to neglect my business long enough to write you about Major Doan, and now I am doing so. I saw him Saturday, for the first time in some months, and after we exchanged greetings I said: 'Major, a friend of mine (Huh! Didn't know that, did you?) in Chicago is reading up all the old books about the settlement of the West, Horace Kephart tells me. I guess he could get some information from you, couldn't he? You know you were out West in the early days.'

"Yes, George," he replied, reminiscently, 'you know, I went trading to Santa Fe in '43, and the next year, with a partner, took a stock of goods on a trading trip to the City of Mexico,' etc., etc; something about the Mexican War and a trip to California the year after—'45, or somewhere along in there.

"The value of the Major's story, I suspect, would be in the circumstance that he is a man who never talked about it much. I've known him fifteen years, and only heard him mention the above once before. He is a man of education and refinement—has always been one of 'us boys' around town. I suppose he is close to 75, and his spirit is as young as mine. He is the kind of man who, when an argonaut, must have found somewhere along the trail a spring of the water of perpetual youth. I would like to write his funeral sermon, except for the fact that we all want him to live forever."

The Tale of a Sternwheel Duck.

Dec. 20, 1899, was an ideal day for a quail shoot, but rather tantalizing in its way, since it was the last of the season. The air was clear and fresh, just warm enough and just cool enough. "We will bag at least a hundred quail to-day," said Mr. Powell; and Major La Rue thought that was within bounds for three guns. To make less horrible the slaughter, we concluded not to start out too soon in the day, but dallied about home till well on into the morning, to give the birds a chance, we being attended with something of the same reputation which General Buller took with him to South Africa, and which he has left there the same as us.

For the sternwheel duck, that fateful augur consulted of yore by Powell and La Rue, still remained unpropitious. He would quack, would eat, would even swim; but swim backward after his ancient fashion he absolutely and heartlessly refused to do. "Never mind, your dog'll be here to-day," said La Rue, "and that'll make you feel better." No dog at 11 o'clock, when we started; and, indeed, to cut short that part of the story, no dog at all had arrived when I left town. The hoodoo still worked.

We rode out six or eight miles into as lovely a quail country as ever lay out of doors, and we had two dogs as good as man ever shot over, and we had this great advantage, that my companions had hunted over this country for a month, and knew the life, adventures and personal character of every bevy and every member of every bevy in that whole countryside. Yet, what do you think happened? One hour, two hours, and not a bird put up, not a feather, not a track, not a place where a bird had been feeding, walking, flying or otherwise indulging in quail activities! Gloom overcast the ordinarily smiling face of Mr. Powell, and Major La Rue lagged sadly in his walk. They two gathered apart and held converse, muttering and pointing a mistrustful thumb at the man from Chicago who had wrought this ruin. Thus it was for many weary miles, till we had eaten our lunches and turned our faces homeward.

Powell wandered away in disgust, and at last, to our joy, we heard his gun, once, twice. We found him working hard and far over dry leaves, after a bevy he had raised on corn and followed in, but he got but two for all his labor. Then we tried the corn again, and both the dogs at last pointed, and we were easier in our minds. Two birds, only here, my friends shooting while I marked. We went after four singles, which dropped in the edge of the corn, and which proved to be runners. We picked up a couple more, and here it was that I had a very nice picture shown me, in one of the swift asides of the field which go into the panorama one rolls up in his mind. Win, the setter, caught scent of one of these running birds, and dropped just as it rose. It crossed over La Rue and headed for the timber. I saw in a little narrow field of vision the whole act of the shot. He swung his pump-gun over and forward, with a quick, startled movement, and I saw the gun go too far forward, itself, steady and stiffen, as it were, and then came the shot, and the bird fell far onward with its own momentum and that of the load, which struck it full. It was shot within 20 yards, which shows the speed of the shooter's mind and muscles.

Now the luck turned a bit, and we soon put up another bevy and marked it into woods, where they took to trees like grouse, and where the shooting was hard, though we slowly got together a half-dozen more. Here, while La

Rue and I sat on a log, we heard Powell's gun again deeper in the woods, and presently a single quail came flying directly toward us and dropped close by upon the leaves. We had no dog with us at the moment, and when we went to kick the bird out it would not start, nor did either of the dogs get a scent of it at the place when we brought them up, so we never saw the bird again; proof enough of the cunning of Bob White on the last days of the season.

Now we went on into the woods, and the dogs pointed a nice bunch which Mr. Powell thought might be the gathered band of one of the two bevies which he told us he had put up at the same time, and which he had not been able to mark at all in the dense cover. Out of these birds we took a little toll, and followed on till they came to the bank of a deep creek. Here two birds sprang and tried to get across, but La Rue's fatal pump stopped them, and Win very gallantly plunged into the ice water, swam across and brought in the game as handsomely as could be. Two more birds started back here, and La Rue and I shot into them, Powell standing by and telling us to have a good time. The round-up showed perhaps a dozen or more birds in storage now, so we began to take heart.

My friends showed me places where they had seen a hundred quail, where they had killed a dozen here, a couple of dozen there, etc. I preserved a high and scornful silence. It waxed late, and we sought the open fields, and here, with the usual bad luck, put up a big bevy at the top of a high timbered bluff at the edge of a stubble, which left us no chance to mark the flight. Not one of us could tell where the birds had gone, but each had a theory, and as a resultant of our different theories we got a quarter of a mile away from what at last proved to be the right place. A half-hour passed while we beat the stubble out, and then, at the top of a high knoll, we saw the dogs point nicely and knew they had a bevy. Here we began to show form, each stopping his pair except La Rue, who had one fall ahead a bit, which we failed to find, though I was more lucky with my second bird, which was badly cut up to go so far as it did. These birds went straight to the deep woods, and we did not follow them, as it meant a sharp climb and a problematical search, as they had a high start from the top of the bluff and seemed good for a quarter of a mile before stopping. So we swung off to the right and toward home.

Now we had another little picture or two, and this was the best part of the day so far as workmanlike shooting was concerned. We were walking along the edge of the stubble, near the woods from which came the big bevy that had not been able to mark down. All at once there was the whirr of a quail almost under La Rue's feet, and again I caught the act of the shot in a narrow vision field which made it beautifully distinct. I was directly behind him and thought with him exactly. I saw his gun come up into line, as his body leaned just a little forward, saw that he had not covered the bird exactly with the first movement, then noted the steadying and straightening which I think is almost unconscious to the shooter, and almost in the same flash the bird pitched forward, hit plum center and well cut up. The next instant Powell knocked down a bird which was frantically trying to get over the hill, and he and the Major doubled on another in the same direction. Yet another swung sharply around to the right, and I dropped it, and then Powell killed another on top of the knoll where he had gone after his first birds. I missed a bird which took through the wood at a quarter-horse gait, though I crippled it with the second and marked it down. La Rue and Powell, if I recollect correctly, got one more each before we left, and I killed the last bird here, over a point where my friends called me up to shoot. I think they would have given \$10 apiece if I had missed, so they could have wiped my eye. It was now getting toward evening, and we turned sharply for home, meeting en route a friend of Mr. Powell's, who had walked out from town and who had not had much better sport than we. It seemed to us that the storm had driven the birds, if not out of the country, on a general migration, as sometimes happens in lower Illinois, at least into cover different from that in which they had been using for the earlier portion of the season.

We had a nice walk home in the evening, all except Mr. Powell, who had unwisely engaged in rabbit shooting during the day and had a back load of cottontails which he said he intended to use in sweet charity. And now the wind fell into a mere breath, and the sun sank gloriously, and the air was soft and sweet. Thus the last day of the season ended.

My friend apologized to me for the poorness of the sport we had had, but really there had been no reason for complaint. We found that we had seventy-five quail hung up on our string for the three days. This does not figure out very big for three guns, three days, but it makes a pretty big pile of birds to get together and look at, and I hardly think any of us wanted it to be more. My friends are both splendid field shots, and, indeed, we all did fairly well on the average on this hunt, for we figured it out among us that we could only recollect six birds in the whole three days which had been missed by the three of us, though, of course, we had some bad luck in picking birds that had been knocked down. I am not apt to shoot so well again very soon, and wouldn't have done it then if it had not been so unpleasant to miss a bird in the society of these two fiends.

The next morning I left for home. No dog had arrived for me. The sternwheel duck still preserved a dignified neutrality. Powell asked me if I knew any way by which La Rue could be induced to go home too, but I could not suggest any. In fact, we both told Powell that we were going to spend next fall with him, and perhaps part of the summer.

The day after my arrival home I received the following letter:

"You Old Hoodoo: At 8:15 this A. M. your dog (Belle) was here, and at 8:30 the duck was swimming backward. Now you must admit it was all your fault. But you will find your dog on morning train, looking a trifle thin, but all there."

The dog was indeed "a trifle thin." She looked bigger than a yearling calf when she drove up in the express wagon, and weighed pretty near to 70 pounds. But she was a beauty, and no mistake, city fed as she had been

for her two years of pampered life. I took her out with one of my dead quail, and she could find it as nicely as one could ask, though she looked at it with curiosity. The city is no place for a pointer, so I sent her to Tom Divine at Memphis, and he sent her to his friend, Mr. Thompson, away down in Louisiana, and there she is being trained in the manner and custom of a perfect lady. Mr. Thompson had her taken out with his old dogs, and at the first point Belle walked over his dog and into the middle of the birds, and watched them fly with a look of joy on her face. She did this again and again, and then seemed to figure it out that it wasn't quite the thing, because the other dogs didn't do it. She tilted her head on one side, and thought it over, and at the fourth bevy fell to pointing singles as though she had done it all her life. Mr. Thompson is in love with her, and says she will make a great one, and indeed this does seem pretty well for a dog two and a half years old, that had never seen a quail before.

Next year I am going to have a dog to beat Win and Dorothy, to say nothing of the fact that Mr. Powell offers me a pup on the side out of his own kennels. Thus every cloud has a silver lining. Certainly I must meet Powell and La Rue again, and the only ill luck I can wish them is that they may both fall off just a little bit in their shooting between now and next year. As to the sternwheel duck, it remains to be seen whether it will swim backward for any but members of the family, though eventually it will recognize me as such, along with La Rue.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Management of Woodlands.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3.—Among the applicants for Government assistance in the management of woodlands is William Rockefeller. This gentleman owns a track of 60,000 acres at Bay Pond, Franklin county, New York, on which he has built a hunting and fishing lodge. Much of the land has been logged over, but there is a large tract of virgin timber which has passed the stage of greatest production in a natural state and is lying idle. Mr. Rockefeller has asked for a working plan by which the mature timber can be turned into revenue without injury to the forest as a game preserve.

The Section of Working Plans of the Division of Forestry, which gives assistance to owners of timber lands desirous of applying conservative methods of cutting, began the new year with applications representing nearly two million acres. This innovation was introduced in October, 1898, and has been exceedingly popular, not only with farmers owning small wood lots, but with large timber proprietors. The purpose of the Government in furnishing this assistance is chiefly to afford object lessons to wasteful timber owners who are now skeptical of scientific forest methods. Work has been done on several tracts in the following States: New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Iowa, Connecticut, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, West Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Tennessee.

The offer to give advice and furnish working plans to persons desirous to plant forest trees, made last August by the Division of Forestry, has received immediate response from farmers in every part of the country. Although but a few months have elapsed since the offer became generally known, one hundred and eighteen applications have been received, and plans for thirty-eight of these will be completed before the time for spring planting to begin. A still larger number have asked for written advice, which does not require field inspection by the forest officials. The treeless States have been quickest to avail themselves of assistance, the number of applications being as follows: Kansas, 38; Oklahoma, 19; Nebraska, 12; North Dakota, 9; Iowa, 6; Indiana, 5; Texas, 5; Minnesota, 4; Colorado, 3; Washington, 3; South Dakota, 2; California, 2; Illinois, 2; New York, 2; Ohio, 1; Missouri, 1; Delaware, 1.

The majority of plans are for tracts of five to ten acres, intended by prairie farmers to afford wind-breaks and fuel supplies. A few plantings of 1,000 and 2,000 acres are being made as experiments in raising forest crops for market in regions where such material is scarce. After considering these applications in order, the Division of Forestry has sent experts to study the conditions of as many as possible of localities which offered the best opportunities for object lessons to the public. Plans will be sent without delay to each owner, instructing him in detail how to plant, and recommending the species best adapted to his tract.

Game in Restaurants.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The article below is taken from the New York Times of Feb. 1, 1900. If you will publish it in your columns, I think it will speak for itself to the thousands of sportsmen who are your readers. If the article be the truth "tis pity," and from my knowledge of human nature, I am more than half-inclined to believe "pity 'tis, 'tis true":

"I assure you that both the venison and the birds are imported," said the head waiter at one of the Broadway restaurants when a patron protested against the service of game out of season. "It is brought over in the French steamers, and is not American game at all, though we do not tell our patrons of that unless they make objections, as you have done." So the man who would not have the game law violated, tried a French quail and found it to be wonderfully like the same sort of bird he has been in the habit of shooting at, at least, in this country. "How about that for an explanation?" asked the scribe of the steward, with whom he had had a sufficiently long acquaintance to warrant a familiar chat together. "Well, the waiter went the limit, I must confess. He had been told to say the game was imported, but the French business was a fancy of his own, and does not bear the official stamp of the house. Of course, it is an open secret that they are imported from no more distant point than the cold storage warehouses, where there is always a supply of most any sort of game for the right purchasers. Our patrons want it, and we have to give them what they ask for, or else lose their trade. We never ask too many questions about game out of season, for the whole business

is too ticklish to have much to do with, and of course it does not pay. Still, I don't see that we are any worse than the men who run the eating houses at Saratoga, particularly those along the shore of the lake that have such a reputation for their petite suppers for two. I was there during the racing last August, and had the most delicious chicken partridge I ever ate in my life. It was out of season, of course, and it was all wrong to serve the half-grown birds. But the patrons of the places demand that sort of fare and are willing to pay for it, and the partridges have to suffer. Eating one of those birds, and asking no question, I happened to see a gentleman from this city who is one of the most ardent advocates of the enforcement of the game laws of the State. I have no doubt he would prosecute us here if he knew where the game we have in winter came from. But he was with a jolly party then, and it would have been awkward to ask questions. I will say this in my own defense, that I will not buy and serve chicken partridges, though we have customers in the early fall who do not hesitate to ask for them, even though they know the law is on. And they say they are sportsmen, too."

DAN'L M. SIMPSON.

Deer In Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the session of the General Assembly on Thursday, Senator Kenyon, of Richmond, introduced an act that occasioned some surprise among the legislators at its first reading, but a short discussion by Senator Kenyon and others interested in its passage soon convinced them that it was not so nonsensical as at first appeared. The act provides that a penalty of \$500 be imposed for the killing of any deer, except a tamed or pet deer, in this State prior to Feb. 1, 1905, thus establishing a close season for five years. Senator Kenyon explained that in Washington county it was known that there were a number of deer, and several have been killed there within a few years. It was thought that if these deer were not molested they might increase and multiply, hence the introduction of the act.

Senator Luther, of Johnston, inquired what redress the farmer was to have if these deer invaded his farm and did damage to the crops.

Senator Kenyon replied that he had talked with a number of farmers, and they had favored the act, and asked him to introduce it. He said that the deer had been known to mingle with the cattle on the farm, and the farmers rather liked to see them.

The act was passed by the Senate without opposition.

Ice is good and firm on all the ponds throughout the State, and from all sections come reports of good catches of pickerel through the ice.

The Legislature now in session has been asked to make an appropriation of \$5,000 for the use of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries during the fiscal year ensuing.

An effort is being made for a passage by the Legislature of an act prohibiting the taking of quahaugs that are less than an inch and a half across. A quahaug was recently dug near Warren that measured $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter and weighed nearly 28 ounces.

Herbert Weeden recently caught a pickerel in Brown's Pond, North Kingston, that measured 25 inches in length, and upon opening the fish it was found that it had swallowed a 12-inch pickerel, which so filled up its interior that the tail of the second fish was lodged just back of the jaws of the captured pickerel.

W. H. M.

The Boston Market.

Boston, Feb. 3.—The receivers of game and game dealers in the markets here are a good deal wrought up concerning a bill just presented to the Legislature. It proposes to stop the sale of all game killed in this State. The Fish and Game Association has the bill in hand, and it has been presented to the Committee on Fisheries and Game. A hearing will be granted, when the game dealers will appear in full force. Money will not be spared to kill the measure, though it is whispered that some of the more reasonable of them have agreed that they will not work against the measure, provided no attempt is made to prevent their selling game from other States at any and all times. The hearing promises to be a very interesting one.

Of all ways to beat the game wardens, one of the most curious has just cropped out. It is well known that the Maine game wardens have been doing better work than ever before in the way of stopping the shipment of game out of that State. No deer are coming into the Boston markets, neither from Maine nor any other State, and venison is at a decided premium, against a flood of poor and worthless stuff a year ago, shipped in by underground railway. It seems that the commissions have made it a point involving the commission of the wardens that they must stop the shipment of deer out of Maine in close season, as well as partridges. As for the latter, there are none in the market, beyond a very few in cold storage, and very few are coming. But the other day one of the wardens had his attention called to a jug in the express office at Cherryfield. The jug did not smell just right, having stayed in the warm office for a number of days for want of a revenue stamp on the bill. He examined the jug more closely. Ah! The bottom had been nicely broken off and cemented on. It came off again without particular trouble. Behold a lot of partridges—the jug was a large one—directed to Boston. How long such shipments have been going on the wardens have no means of knowing, but hereafter even jugs will be sharply criticized, if going out of Maine. If coming in? Well, another set of officers will have to look after them.

SPECIAL.

Colorado Big Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Denver Republican, of Denver, Colo., recently says: "In ten years the elk will be but a memory in Colorado, so far as hunting is concerned. In twenty years the deer will be unknown in this State as a game animal. Mountain lion hunting will soon do away with those animals also."

EMERSON CARNEY.

New Jersey Squirrels.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 2.—The prospect for game, that is, for quail and rabbits, for next fall's shooting seems to be very poor. According to my own observations, coupled with those of local gunners and others, both quail and rabbits are very scarce. I have seen but one rabbit since the season closed, and only two or three quail. But I have seen a goodly number of gray squirrels. Last Saturday, while trying to get a shot at crows in the woods, I came across a big squirrel's nest up in a small tree, and wishing to ascertain whether they were nesting outside, or were living in hollow trees, I took my pocket axe—which I often carry in my hunting coat pocket—and hit the tree a few smart whacks and out came four big squirrels, all looking fat and sleek. They stayed on the surrounding trees for a few moments and then jumped back into the nest as soon as I had got a short distance away. Many other times since the season closed have I seen them, often one alone, and sometimes two or three playing on the trees together.

As there are yet many hickory nuts on the ground in the woods, the squirrels have had the best of feeding so far this winter, so it seems that the prospect for squirrel shooting next fall around here was never better.

A. L. L.

"When the Ducks Flew."

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 2.—That is a great duck article of Yo's this week! Wing motions, flights, checks and curves beautifully described. He tells it all. Must have been ideal weather for sport with comfort! Don't like raw, windy days myself. That was very funny about the little grebes sliding on the ice, and the ruddy stopping himself so suddenly that he fell on his back. I have seen the little prairie owls fall on their nose when they alighted, more blame to them.

C. HALLOCK.

Sea and River Fishing.

In the Sapphire Country.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not generally known, but nevertheless is a fact, that in the region of Sapphire, about sixty-five miles southeast of Asheville, N. C., one of the best trout fishing regions of the whole Eastern country exists. There are any number of small streams here where the speckled mountain trout are found in large numbers.

Particularly is this true of the Horsepasture River, Indian Creek and Toxaway Creek. These streams, all on

The stream fishing, of course, offers the most attraction to the sportsman, and truly he will find plenty here to try his mettle.

The streams are always overhung with laurel, rhododendron, and other forest growth, and as the streams only average from 20 to 30 feet across, considerable skill is required in handling the flies.

The stream beds are entirely of rock, with boulders galore, while waterfalls, cascades, ripples and deep pools follow one another in rapid succession. The only way the streams can be fished is to take the water and expect to go into the waist line at least, watching out not only for shelving rocks and deep pools, but also for a peculiarity of this region called "pot holes."

These holes vary in size from a few inches up to 2 feet in diameter, are generally almost perfectly round, with well-defined, sharp edges, and anywhere from a few inches to several feet in depth. One can easily avoid them where there is no water, but they offer a delightful trip for the unwary, when met in the bed of the stream.

I have seen these same circular holes in the rocks on the tops of some of the highest mountains of this region, and recall how, many times after climbing up the famous Chimney Rock on Broad River, a perpendicular needle 60 feet in diameter and 500 feet high on the precipice side, I have had a refreshing drink of sweet water from the holes found there. These holes probably mean soft places in the rocks worn out by the action of the water, and in the case of the mountain top, by the rain.

One of the most enjoyable trips I have ever made to Sapphire was made last January in company with Judge

——. The Judge was a new hand at trout fishing, and was skeptical as to his ability to catch any, but surprised himself as well as the rest of us by catching several fine trout on Indian Creek, where we stopped for dinner on the way up from Brevard.

It is a drive of 35 miles from Brevard (the railroad terminal) to Sapphire, and requires about six and a half hours going up, as the road is almost entirely up hill; but if the trip is made in June one does not tire of the drive, as the mountain scenery at this time of the year is beyond my description. To a lover of nature, the boundless view of the mountains at your feet, range upon range, valley after valley, all covered with forests never touched by man, is something, once seen, never to be forgotten.

To the botanist at this time of the year, the drive of thirty-three miles is one endless delight, as he is never out of sight of the bloom of the rhododendron, the laurel, the azalea and a thousand other mountain flowers.

To the geologist is offered a country where every known mineral has been found, while mica and corundum outcrop along the road.

To the amateur photographer—well, go see it, but be sure you take plenty of plates or films, for such a pro-



A TROUT OF THE SAPPHIRE COUNTRY.

the property of the Toxaway Company, are well stocked, patrolled and reserved for the use of the guests of the hotels of the Company. Besides these streams, there are two lakes as fine as any one could wish; the lakes are artificial, but, on account of the clear mountain streams feeding them, are ideal for fishing ground.

The lower lake, or Sapphire Lake as it is called, is in a narrow valley between the mountains and is about three miles long. The upper lake, or Lake Fairfield, is about one mile and a half mile wide. These two lakes are the only ones worthy the name in this whole range of mountains, and are peculiar in that, while they present a large surface of water, no fish are present except the speckled mountain trout.

The shores are lined with timber, and the original bed of the stream offers holes and pools where the water varies in depth up to 30 feet and in a few places over 60 feet, while the mountains for a background give a charm to the place that would be hard to beat anywhere. The great Hogback Mountain rises out of Lake Fairfield in a sheer precipice of 1,500 feet, while directly across the lake is situated Fairfield Inn.

The trout in these lakes grow much larger than in the streams, but are much less active and do not take the fly as readily. Many fishermen, however, prefer to fish in the lakes from the fact that it does not necessitate "taking the water," as there is an ample number of boats.

fusion of waterfalls, mountain views, picturesque cabins, flowers, cliffs, shady dells, immense timber, trails, precipices, cloud effects, thunder showers below you, and finally good roads it will rarely fall to your lot to see.

But I wanted to tell you about the fishing. The morning after our arrival I got up early and proceeded to the lake immediately below the inn. Was out two hours—you will see my catch hanging on the fence in the accompanying photograph, averaged about 11 inches long. The trout shown on the plate in another photograph was caught the same day by a lady. It measured $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and weighed 17 ounces.

The next morning we went down Horsepasture River, and in three hours' fishing every one of us caught his quota, viz., twenty-five for one day, keeping none under 7 inches.

"Old Man" Marshall accompanied us on this day, and if ever a perfect fly-caster lived he must have coached Marshall. The old man is a native, and fish—well, he can fish! Fond of the sport as I am myself, I enjoy even more to watch him standing in the water well up his legs, his old head bent down, his old back bent up, and with that simple wrist motion, every other muscle immovable, his flies fall gently on the water away off there just where he wants them, how far away, I would not dare say. And when he gets a strike, his old head a little lower, his old back a little higher, he bends his

knees now, every turn of the fish is anticipated, his line is never slack now, and when the fight is over, as he raises his fish in his landing net and remarks, "That professor fly of mine is the sarntest fly in the mountings"—the good old soul doesn't realize it's not the fly, it's he. May God bless him, and may I see him do it again.

By the way, I've said a good word for him, and some time I am going to tell you a wild turkey story on him.

Don't forget that it is in this very section of country, "weuns in North Carolina" are trying to have the Government establish a national park and forest reserve.

Push the Appalachian National Park.

CHESSETOAH.

Pickrel Fishing.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—I see in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM* a clipping from the Hartford Courant of Jan. 23. I agree with Mr. Phelps that some of the catches in Connecticut are most remarkable—three or four hundred pickerel with an average weight of 1 pound each.

On my fishing trip last summer I think my smallest pickerel would weigh not less than 3½ pounds, the largest weight was 18 pounds, and out of fifteen or twenty I think the average weight would be from 5 to 5½ pounds.

I also agree with the writer of the article in the Hartford Courant that there is little preference between a 1-pound pickerel and a pin cushion, and would also hate to express my opinion of a man who would catch pickerel so small.

In lake trolling I have been more successful with the nickel spoon or the copper variety, using the copper on bright days and the nickel on dark cloudy days. I have always found the largest sizes best even for small fish.

During the months of August and September, when the pickerel are on the grass and mud, I use a 6 or 8 ounce sinker on a leader, letting out just enough line to clear the grass. I find one of these ordinary frog spears, three tongued, a very handy thing, and a great help to land large fish. Give a well-aimed blow in the back and allow your fish to run with spear and line, and you are bound to get him in a very short time. In landing pickerel of from 3 to 7 pounds, nothing is better than your fingers between his eyes.

I wish the two men from Winsted, Conn., who caught fifty-two pickerel weighing 38 1-3 pounds would try Lake George, N. Y., that is, if they know enough to stop when they have caught enough, for people up there catch what they can eat and leave a few for another day.

GEO. V. WAKEMAN.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.—The ponds about Bridgton and Harrison are being pretty extensively fished this winter, with good catches of pickerel. After Feb. 1 it is legal to take trout and landlocked salmon from the same waters. The law specifies that one must be a citizen of the State to fish, and take fish for his own use, at his home only. But such a law seems to be easily "worked around," for there are many Boston fishermen who take occasion to fish in Maine waters every February and March. They are in charge of citizens of Maine, who ostensibly do all the fishing, while the sportsman from out of the State simply stands around and sees the fun go on. Rattlesnake Pond is a favorite for Mechanic Falls fishermen, as well as other ponds in Oxford and Poland. The week before the cold snap some good strings were brought to that village. I am constantly being asked where there is decent ice fishing for pickerel within twenty or thirty miles of Boston. This is a hard question to answer, and one feels forced to say that such fishing does not exist. By night trains more distant waters can be reached, and the return may be made in the night; hence, only one day from business. But arrangements must be perfected beforehand, and even then much will depend upon the weather.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The annual meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will be held a week from next Monday evening. There is every probability that the following officers will be elected: President, Mr. H. W. Perce; secretary, Geo. Murrell (re-election); captain, E. R. Letterman.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club will this coming season depart from its former plan of bi-weekly club tournaments, and will hold only two meets of this class next summer, one in early July and one in early August, to prepare the members for the big open tournament of August, of which mention has already been made. The season records will be made up on these two club events, but there will be informal meets every Saturday at the Garfield North Lagoon, where both bait and fly casting will be practiced. Really, this appears to be a very practical move. The competitive feature, if pushed too keenly, destroys eventually any purely amateur sport, and it is hard to think of anything more purely amateur and individual than the art of fly-casting. When forced to work off a certain programme at each meet, the club members found themselves tied down to score keeping, judging, squad hustling, etc., so that the actual time each member got for individual practice was much cut down. It is likely that more will be learned of the actual art and more hours put in at practicing it under this new arrangement than was the case under the tournament régime. A very pleasant body of enthusiasts, indeed, and very skillful, too, are these folk of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. They will have many guests next August, among these Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, with several of the Grand Rapids contingent.

About Bass and Muscallunge.

The other morning I was talking with Mr. C. R. Brandon, one of the hustling members of the big advertising machine of Lord & Thomas, this city, and by accident hit upon the fact that he is a very ardent fisherman, with a leaning to bait casting. Mr. Brandon told me that last season he went out fishing twenty-six times, on twenty-six different weeks, and that seems to me a pretty good example for any city man to follow. (Yet to-day I find this record beaten by Mr. Geo. Schmidt, of the

Chicago Rifle Club, who tells me that one year, not long since, he went out to the club range just fifty-two times, in fifty-two weeks, and sometimes when the thermometer was far below zero. Every man to his hobby.)

Mr. Brandon has fished the whole Fox Lake chain, beginning with the old Camp Lake Casting Club tours; has also fished upper Indiana, lower Wisconsin and lower Michigan, visiting such points as seemed to offer the best sport at bait-casting. He also has had a very good experience with muscallunge, and spoke of a little device of his own for muscallunge trolling. "Here," said he, "I've got my tackle box here in my office. I never took it home when I quit last fall." And verily, he did fish out his tackle box from behind his desk—a most seemly thing to find in a Chicago man's office. The device is a double hook gear, with a spoon above it, and is made by stripping the gang from a No. 8 spoon and snapping this appliance on instead. The upper hook is of shorter shank than the lower, and this top hook has wired to it an eye, which carries with free movement the eye of the longer shanked hook below, the two making a flying gang, one hook in line with the other and both playing loosely below the spoon. On this double hook gang a strip of pork is placed, the barbs of the hooks being buried in the soft meat, whose whiteness adds to the attractiveness of the lure. Thus, there is formed a practically weedless hook, which can be trolled over the weed beds where the 'lunge lie, without fouling, unless the spoon itself should get foul. Mr. Brandon says that he has found this device a very killing one, and it gives a fish a show for his life, as very often he is held by only one of the hooks.

Mr. Brandon told me of a weird brand of muscallunge, which the natives call "tiger 'lunge," and which he reports to be found in Pine Lake, Wis. He says that he made a trip up there especially for these fish, and found the residents angling for them with a piece of scantling for a float, with a wire fastened to the end of it and a pound perch for bait. This contrivance they turned loose and allowed to do its own work. Presently the scantling turned end up, and the fight began, the fish towing the heavy beam all over the lake. After a long spell of this the men got hold of the float and landed the fish by running him up on a shelving beach. This fish weighed close to 30 pounds. It was a flatter bodied fish than the 'lunge commonly is, with a flatter head. This, I thought, meant great Northern pike, but Mr. Brandon says the spots run in dark bands up and down across the body of the fish, and are not white spots, running along the body. This means muscallunge of some sort. Mr. Brandon says he tried for some time, and at last killed one of these fish on rod and reel, playing it for a long time. This fish weighed 15 pounds, and it went out time and again, giving him the best fight a 'lunge ever did. He did not classify this fish as a genuine muscallunge, and it remains a sort of angling puzzle in its local variety. In fighting powers, these fish remind one of Rolla Heikes' giant pike, of Dead Lake, Wis., where the fishing is customarily done in the same way—still fishing, with big perch for bait.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Rods and Hooks.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been some time since I inflicted on your readers my sporting experiences in the West. Having been "chained" pretty close for the last couple of years—so close, in fact, that I have not had time to wet a line or put my gun together for two years; and my only excuse for encroaching on your space now is the fact that I may possibly be of some assistance to Mr. V. E. Montague, of Traverse City, Mich., who writes in your issue of Jan. 20, anent his trials and tribulations with his rods and hooks.

I am such a crank on the subject that I have made most of my own rods for a number of years back, and have turned out several that will hang a fish fairly well, both in split bamboo and solid woods. Of the latter variety I like those made of Bethabara best, and would suggest that he give that wood a trial by all means. I have a number of them now, running from a 4-ounce fly rod to a heavy trolling rod of some 12 ounces, the latter built after my trip to Kabekona Camp. I intended it for mascallunge, having had more or less unsatisfactory results with those rods that I then possessed.

Now, in regard to joints getting set out of shape, I have found less set in Bethabara than in any other wood. However, a set joint is very easily straightened. If Mr. Montague will hold the joint over the flame of a gas jet or lamp, taking care, of course, not to hold it close enough to scorch or blister the wood or varnish, he will find that, when thoroughly heated, it can be moulded between the fingers very readily, and will retain, when cool, any curve he gives it.

Mr. Montague asks regarding winding a rod spirally. That is very good indeed. After breaking joints innumerable, I hit on the idea of doing just that. I now take a rod and wind each joint solid from tip to butt, laying the silk close together. I use white buttonhole twist, which takes up the varnish and becomes so transparent that the grain of the wood shows through; and with two or three coats of varnish on it, no one would ever suspect that there was a particle of silk on the rod. Care should be taken to lay on the first coat of varnish good and heavy, as the silk takes up a lot of it, and if the coating is too thin, white spots will show at those places.

The silk wrapping adds resiliency to the rod as well as strength, and an 8 ounce rod, so wrapped has the strength without the clumsiness and weight of a rod of double the weight.

I would like to suggest that Mr. Montague try the O'Shaughnessy pattern hook. They are flatted in the bend, just where a hook usually breaks. I have never had an O'Shaughnessy hook break, though I have had that misfortune with every other style hook I ever used. Aside from the stiffening given to the bend in the hooks, they are about the same general shape as a sprat hook.

If Mr. Montague will wrap his rods with silk, and use an O'Shaughnessy hook, I will guarantee that he will have no further trouble, and if the line holds he can handle his fish in any manner he pleases. I might add by way of parenthesis that the only point of difference between my old chum George, of whom I have frequently written in

years past, and myself, is this very subject of hooks. We agree on all points, from politics to the best brands of nitro powder and iced tea, until it comes to hooks—there is the parting of the ways. I swear by the O'Shaughnessy and George acknowledges allegiance to the sprat. On all other subjects he is amenable to reason; but on hooks—well, we have dropped the discussion to save our friendship.

Should Mr. Montague wish to communicate with me, you are, of course, at liberty to give him my address, and I shall be pleased to render him any assistance in my power. While I do not lay claim to any particular ability as an amateur rod maker, I have stumbled on a few wrinkles that may be of service to him.

W. R. HALL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Frost Fish in Raritan River.

A CORRESPONDENT in New York city writes me a letter containing a query as follows:

"Can you tell me what the Raritan River 'frost fish' is? It is not the tomcod. It is a fish greatly like the smelt, but with firmer and more delicate meat. Those who catch them say that when newly caught they have an odor like cucumbers, which smelt have not. They are esteemed as an especial delicacy, and there is a well-known down town restaurant which sends particular notice to a few favored patrons of the infrequent consignments of frost fish. I send this to you through *FOREST AND STREAM* for answer in its columns."

This letter I found in my mail on my return from Lake Champlain, where I had noticed the fishermen's huts in position on the ice ready for the occupants to catch "ice fish" when they made their appearance, and at once upon reading it I was reminded that I once made a memorandum to write a note upon this very subject, for the "frost fish" of the Raritan River and the "ice fish" of Lake Champlain are the same fish, and that fish is the common smelt. The reason that I made the memorandum was that I had chanced to open a book containing Frank Forester's "Memoir on the Smelt of the Passaic." He claimed that the smelt of the Raritan and Passaic rivers was a different fish from the common Eastern smelt, and he prepared specimens to submit them to Agassiz for identification, believing that they were identical with the smelt of Europe, but his specimens never reached the distinguished scientist who would have told him, doubtless, as our modern ichthyologists have declared, that we have but one species of smelt in Atlantic Coast waters. Forester's conclusions were based upon observations, showing that the Passaic smelt was inferior in size to the Eastern fish; the brilliant, pearly silver coloring and the lack of greenish colored back, and "the peculiar cucumber odor, in the freshly caught fish, and the extreme delicacy of the flesh, both of which are so far superior in the fish of the Passaic, as to be obvious to the least inquisitive observer."

It may be of interest to quote a paragraph or two from Forester's memoir to give in his own words his reasons for believing the Passaic smelt to be distinct from the common smelt as we now know *Osmerus mordax*: "I early suspected this Passaic smelt to be identical with the European fish, with which I am very familiar, from its being largely taken in the Yorkshire River, the lovely and romantic Wharfe, on whose sylvan banks the happiest of my years were spent. But in the spring of 1852, when the run up the Passaic was far above the average, I examined above a thousand specimens, made accurate drawings of several of the finest, one a fac-simile, by accurate measurement of every part, even to the number of fin rays, and dissected at least twenty individuals."

"In every particular I found the smelt of the Passaic to agree with Yarrel's and Richardson's description of the European smelt, the form of the opercula, or gill covers, the number of rays in every fin, the form and system of teeth; the number of scales on the lateral line, the length of the intestines, the number of caeca, and above all, the attachment of the sharply toothed tongue to the fauces by a short bone margined with small recurved teeth, being precisely the same."

"I at the same time dissected several of the large Eastern fish, procured from Miederst's well-known restaurant in New York, and found them to agree on all the distinctive points on which the classification and nomenclature of the American smelt are made to depend, with that fish of the American authors, and to differ in all of them equally from the British fish of Yarrel and from the fish of the Passaic and Raritan."

What Scientists Say.

Jordan and Evermann say of the American smelt: "Very close to the European, but the latter has larger scales (60), shorter gill rakers and rather weaker teeth."

There are two varieties of American smelt in Atlantic waters, both small, both landlocked in fresh water in Kennebec county, Maine. Forester says of the inferior size of the New Jersey smelt: "Of five hundred specimens of this fish, closely examined, and accurately measured, whenever one presented itself of magnitude at all unusual, but one was found which came up to 10, and only five to 9 inches in length; a majority were under 6 inches, many not exceeding 5 and even 4 inches, and 7 would certainly be above a liberal average. * * *

"Observe, in this particular, that the Eastern smelt, which certainly averages 11 or 12 inches, rarely falls short of 9 or 10, and is often found up to 16 and even 18."

Jordan and Evermann place the maximum length of the common or American smelt at 12 inches. I have seen smelt from Lake Champlain that would measure 16 inches, and but a single fish of that length. When some of these fish were sent to the National Museum they were pronounced the largest ever seen in that institution.

A few years ago I was walking on the shore of Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, with Dr. John D. Quackenbos, late in the autumn. There had been a heavy storm and the waves had rolled up on the shelving sand beach, bringing smelt with them, and some of the fish were left high and dry as the waves receded. I picked up a number of specimens, and they were of two sizes, each size fairly uniform as to length. The larger fish were about 4 inches long and contained immature eggs that would have been cast the following spring. The smaller ones were about 2 inches long (both of these measure-

ments as to length are from memory, as I cannot put my hand on the preserved specimens at this midnight hour of writing), and apparently the two sizes of fish were of two succeeding seasons' hatching. In catching smelt in the lake with hook and line to be used as fair for landlocked salmon, I have taken some that were (estimated) 10 inches long. These are what are called the landlocked smelt that are classed as small, but I think Forester was in error in crediting the common smelt with the length that I have quoted. The State of New York hatches millions of smelts, and I will mention this later, but I never saw one at the station that would measure 12 inches. That, however, does not prove that they do not grow larger in Long Island Sound, where the breeding fish come from. In Lake Champlain larger smelt are caught at West Port than at Port Henry, and the two places are only a few miles apart on the lake shore. Forester says the smelt disappeared almost entirely from the rivers he mentions in 1853 and '54, and of their disappearance he says: "Scarcely any of these delicious fish ran up the rivers, owing, I am satisfied, to the establishment of a chain ferry at the *embouchure* of the river, about a mile above the opening of Newark Bay. The apparatus of this ferry consists of three parallel chains reaching from shore to shore, the two on the outside acting as guides to the boat, that in the center working on a draw and acting as the propelling power of the boat. This boat crosses the river, on an average, once in ten minutes, from 4 o'clock A. M. until 10 P. M., so that these chains are kept in a constant state of vibration." Apparently he forgot that smelt ran up to spawn in the night, and the chains in the water would deter the fish about as much as the birds flying overhead in the air; but at Sunapee Lake I heard a complaint of a similar nature, only it was the passage of steamboats that the fishermen claimed drove the Sunapee trout from their accustomed haunts. Netting and illegal fishing generally has more to do with driving fish away than chain ferries or steamboats, and when impurities are added to the water the two agencies work destruction to fish life. Once more I quote from Forester: "I may here add that it is an established fact that both these species" (that is the fish he thinks to be the European smelt found in New Jersey streams, and the common American smelt), "may be taken with the scarlet ibis fly; that capital sportsman and scientific angler, Moses H. Pesley, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, having experienced grand sport with them in the Gulf and of Prince Edward Island; and I myself have killed them thus on the Passaic."

I have recently noticed an illustrated article, descriptive of the taking of the Eastern smelt with bait through the ice. This I believe to be an error, originating in a confusion of the smelt with the frost fish, since I never have heard or read of an authenticated instance of a smelt being taken with a bait. If, however, it prove to be correct, it will be another distinction between the American and European or Passaic smelt, which not only never takes bait through the ice, but is known never to run under the ice."

Frank Forester is entitled to much credit for arousing an interest in fishing and shooting in this country, and he was a graceful and interesting writer, but I believe he made no pretense of being a scientist, or perhaps I should say, an ichthyologist, and he was at times inaccurate, but perhaps never more so than in calling the smelt of the New Jersey rivers the European smelt, and in saying they would not take bait, and would not run under ice. He wrote according to his convictions from the best obtainable information of his day, and it is not for me to criticize him in the light of more recent investigations, for he was a pioneer in a comparatively new field in this country and had not the means which exist at this day to determine species, and information which came to him was not always reliable from a scientific point of view.

Catching Smelts.

The catching of smelts in Lake Champlain is practiced in winter alone through the ice, and the fish are caught with hook and line. After taking one smelt, the fisherman is provided with bait, for he takes a narrow strip of flesh from the body of the fish near the tail, which is white and glistening in the water on the hook. The local name of "ice fish" is given to the smelt because it is taken only through the ice. When I was at Port Henry on Jan. 14 the smelt were just beginning to bite, and certainly they are to me as delicious for the table as any fish that is found in fresh water, and quite a business has sprung up at Port Henry and West Port in buying "ice fish" and shipping them "green," i. e., not frozen, to clubs and hotels in the city. At two hotels in New York I have found "Lake Champlain ice fish" on the bill of fare. In one case the fish were evidently what was claimed for them, as the cut near the tail told that a piece had been removed for bait, but the flavor of the fresh fish was lacking, as they had been too long from the water. In the other case, I was satisfied the "Lake Champlain ice fish" were Eastern smelt frozen. A great many buyers of the Champlain fish select the small ones, and I did until I was once forced to take big ones, and now I select big ones from choice.

Breeding Smelt.

One of the pioneers in hatching smelt artificially was George Ricardo, of New Jersey, and I would be very glad now to get a copy of a paper I once read written by him on this subject. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York hatch smelt at the Long Island station. Since smelt operations were commenced at this station various streams flowing into Long Island Sound have been stocked with the fish. The spawning season is March, and the average number of eggs per fish is forty to fifty thousand, and with water at 40 to 45 degrees, the eggs hatch in from thirty to thirty-five days, and the yolk sac is absorbed in about six days.

Of the early trials and disappointments in smelt hatching, I will say nothing, but the method now employed by the State is to place a lot of fish in one of the hatching troughs of the station and cover them to exclude the light, and the fish are allowed to spawn undisturbed. The spawn is glutinous, and it sticks to the trough and to the fish themselves. The eggs, 1-20 inch in diameter, are connected with a fine thread, and they are scraped from the trough and passed through a wire meshed sieve to

separate them and then they are hatched in McDonald automatic hatching jars.

Smelt for Fish Food.

The small landlocked smelt of Maine which make such excellent food for trout and salmon have been introduced into New York waters, chiefly in Adirondack lakes. While I have been writing this note, a letter has come to me in the mail asking how the New England smelt may be obtained. The query comes from the owner of one of the largest preserves in the Adirondacks, and I had previously informed his agent that the State of New York could not furnish smelt fry for private waters, although the smelt were to provide food for trout and salmon. If the conditions are favorable at spawning time, Mr. Stanley, one of the Fish Commissioners of Maine, may be able to put those seeking them in the way of obtaining smelt eggs. The eggs do not have to be hatched in hatching jars when procured for this purpose, as they adhere to twigs thrown into the spawning streams, are packed in moss and shipped. At their destination the twigs are placed in the water it is desired to stock and left to hatch without further attention. Any water in which smelt will thrive is suitable water for trout and salmon, particularly for the latter, as the smelt loves pure, cold water, and as members of the salmon family are to be provided with fish for food, there can be no better fish than the smelt, as it also furnishes food for mankind.

A Mounted Black Bass.

Last week I received a letter from Commodore John Bolton Simpson, of New York, who has a summer residence on Green Island, Lake George, informing me that he was about to send me a small-mouth black bass, mounted and framed, and that it was the largest black bass that had ever been caught in Lake George. A few days later the mounted fish arrived, and it is a particularly fine specimen, and is handsomely mounted. The bass was caught on Aug. 14 last, near the Sagamore Hotel, by Mr. Frank L. Sommer, manager of the National Biscuit Company, New York, and weighed when caught 7 pounds 8 ounces. Too often mounted fish are monstrosities, no matter how well meaning the man may be who does the mounting, but it is not so with this black bass, and Thomas Rowland, who did the mounting, has apparently served an apprenticeship as a taxidermist long before he took this fish in hand. It is the first mounted fish that has ever hung in my house, and I have had a leaning toward fish for more years than it is necessary to specify. When Commodore Simpson wrote me that he intended sending me the fish, I drew one long breath, for a big fish of any kind that is not well mounted is not pleasant to live with, but my friend added, "I think it is very well mounted," and I was well aware that he knew good mounting from bad, and now I know I have a prize, and I am proud to show it in my dining room, where it occupies a conspicuous place on the wall. In mounting the fish there has been no attempt to add accessories in the way of property bait or fly, the oval background against which the fish rests is painted to represent water and water grasses, but this is simply suggestive, and the fish stands out boldly in natural coloring. The oval is squared with a mat of crimson velvet, and the whole mounted in a handsome oak frame and half-spherical glass front.

Three times each day that I am home I take pleasure in looking at this fish, and I can feel that I have seen the maximum weight of the bass in Lake George grow from 6½ to 7½ pounds, and that through the kindness of my good friend I can point my guests to the fish that heads the list as the record breaker. It is the exact length, 22 inches, of a black bass that I caught myself that was three-quarters of a pound heavier, but it is not so deep. I have at times regretted that I did not have my Glen Lake bass mounted (this lake being stocked with bass from Lake George), but I no longer have regrets, and it is more pleasure to me to say, "This fish was presented to me," than to say I caught it. A. N. CHENEY.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

JACK FALSTAFF said: "I am not only witty myself, but the cause of wit in others." I cannot lay claim to the first part of his assertion, but may assert a moderate credit in causing the wit of others to flow. And the way it flows, if it does flow and is really wit, may be gathered from the following replies, which, by the way, are all from personal acquaintances, some of whom I have fished with.

The 20th century will begin at a certain spot out in the Pacific Ocean where nobody lives, at precisely the second when the 19th century ends. Much has been written on this subject, but my conclusions are based on facts which cannot be refuted and are absolutely correct. No argument, whether the first year was the year 0 or the year 1, can controvert my assertion; this will comfort several anxious friends who are waiting, with more or less patience, for a reply. To them I will say that personally the new century will probably come and go to join preceeding centuries just the same as if it were all known to us just when it began, but as it begins away out in the Pacific where officially the traveler gains or loses a day, as he happens to be going east or west, it seems as if we might be content to wait until it comes to us, unless it came on Jan. 1 and we never felt the shock. What is time to a man who thoroughly enjoys life when free from physical ills? Not more than to a setting hen or a hummingbird when the rain cometh not. Let the century come when it will and end when it may, we have but few years to enjoy life, be we ever so young. Does the ephemeral May-fly trouble itself to consider when the century begins? If not, why should we? We are ephemera.

Dry-Fly Fishing.

Nemo writes from Whitepine, Pa., as follows: "I have read with much interest the explanations of the Taylor system of fly-fishing, and yet I find that it is not really new, having seen it used years ago—I, e., it

was the same system, so far as I am able to judge. But there is another little trick with the fly that never fails on big trout, and which has never to my knowledge appeared in print. No fisherman with any originality about him ever fishes just as all others do, and he who has a trick or two up his sleeve which is not known to every fisherman is ever more successful because of it. I know a successful fly-fisher who uses six distinct and separate methods of fly-fishing in the same day if necessary. The trick I spoke of is his strong hold for big trout under right conditions. I would explain, but I started out to tell of an old habit of our common chipmunk."

Now, Nemo, as you are "nobody," if my smattering of Latin is correct, I can take you under the shed and talk to you for the benefit of others who write rambling letters which never come to a point. You "find" that the so-called Taylor system of fly-fishing is not new, and claim to have seen it used years ago, but give neither names nor dates. These are essential when one wishes to put on record a claim such as you make.

Again you refer to a "trick" in fishing which will take "big trout under right conditions," but there you stop and switch off on a chipmunk yarn, which I will reserve until I have occasion to write of that pretty little rodent. Under ordinary circumstances, your vagrant remarks would be considered as having no claim to attention, but as I get a few letters in this same style I insert your notes as a "horrible example" of a style to be avoided, at the same time giving the editor your address, etc. Your chipmunk notes contain an item of value.

Wood and Mandarin Ducks.

P. T. O., of the Florida Ostrich Farm, asks: "Who keeps wood and Mandarin ducks? What would a pair cost? How often do they breed? What should they be fed on? How many eggs do they lay? Do Mandarins lay eggs on the ground or where? Does the drake set as well as the duck?"

Consult the advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM; I no longer breed these birds because I have no place suitable. The cost I cannot give. They breed once a year, but a duck will often lay two litters if deprived of the first; they lay six to seven eggs at a year old and increase to twelve or fifteen. I had one wood duck that once laid seventeen eggs before sitting, but that was the largest clutch I know of. Feed grain in winter, with green stuff, cabbage, celery tops, etc., and in spring feed a little grain, but give plenty of green stuff and plenty of animal food. Try to get as near the natural food of a wood duck as possible, and a Mandarin is similar to them in structure and habits; in fact, it is the Chinese wood duck, differing from our bird mainly in color, handsomer to some eyes and not so beautiful to others. When wild, these birds eat seeds of many plants, water weeds, especially the so-called duck weed, and tadpoles, frogs and insects. The drakes do not sit, as a rule, although I have seen them on the nest occasionally; but they mount guard near by while the mother is sitting, and when wild, leave her soon after hatching. It is as well to remove the drake before the hatching; he does the young no good. Make nests in boxes a foot or two from the ground, with a 3 inch hole for the bird to get in, and as the birds you buy will be pinioned, or should be, they will need a sloping walk from ground to nest.

Salmon in Lake Ontario.

Mr. John Townson, Globe Office, Toronto, writes under date of June 5, 1899, as follows: "Having an idea that anything uncommon in connection with fish would interest you, I wish to state the fact that when one of the fishermen, who ply their vocation in Lake Ontario, off Toronto Harbor, lifted his whitefish net last Thursday (June 1), he found therein a young salmon (not salmon trout) of about 2 pounds weight. I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago a few lines stating that they would like to have information about some salmon fry that were deposited in the lower end of Lake Ontario, so that is my excuse for writing to you."

Such items need no excuse for sending, because we are all interested in them, but the "excuse" for not printing this devolves upon me, and in the last haul of the net I gave a hint why there has been a delay. The fact is that when I left New York city for the wildest corner of Wisconsin I escaped in such quick time that there was much confusion in the baggage trains, and the box containing these things from the "pound net" was not opened until after Christmas, because of the enthusiasm of youth in new and interesting surroundings, hopping over miles of trails to gangs of workmen by day and "that tired feeling" by night, which forbade all writing, even to the neglect of private correspondence. This is expected to be received as an apology for all shortcomings in the way of neglect to those to whom I am indebted, and there you are.

A Record Bass.

Through the kindness of Mr. James Nevin, superintendent of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, I have received a life-size reproduction in half-tone from a photograph taken from life, of a small-mouth black bass, which is claimed to be the largest of its kind ever caught. This is accompanied by affidavits of eight good men and true, with the seal of Notary C. F. Spensley, of Dane county, Wis., to the effect that they saw the bass weighed on Nov. 28, 1898, and it tipped the scales at 8 pounds 10 ounces. The fish was taken by Isaac Palmer, of Madison, Wis., off Governor's Island, in Lake Mendota, Madison, with rod and reel. It measured 24¾ inches in length, and 17¾ inches in girth. As I have never paid much attention to "record" fish—that is, to the extent of keeping a memoranda of them—I can't say if this is really the king s. m. b. b. or not.

A Trout-Perch.

Mr. John Moore sends the dried skin of a fish which is 4 inches long, and writes: "What kind of a trout is this? I caught it in a little brook in Oneida county, N. Y., and it seems to be a hybrid trout of some kind, having the red spots and little fat second dorsal fin of

the trout, but with the first dorsal furnished with sharp rays and the mouth and teeth, as well as the scales, perch-like. No one here has ever seen the like."

It is a common error of anglers to consider most strange fishes as hybrids. Fish are not known to hybridize when wild. Mr. Moore has observed the main characters of the "trout perch" closer than is customary with the average angler. This is a fish found in cold lakes and streams, and rarely exceeds the length of this specimen. To scientists it is known as *Percopsis guttatus*, from *Perca*, a perch; *opsis*, appearance and *guttatus*, spotted, and there you are. I have seen them in Monroe county, N. Y., but the books do not give their range as covering western New York, unless their being credited to the Great Lakes may include that region. Jordan and Evermann, "Fishes of North and Middle America," give them the popular name of "sand roller," and say, "Spawns in spring," but "trout perch" seems to be more common, as far as I have heard.

Percopsis is a most interesting fish to the student as it presents characters of extinct fishes of two different epochs, and Agassiz, who first described it, says: "It is what an ichthyologist at present would scarcely think possible; a true intermediate type between *Percoids* and *Salmonidae*."

An angler may well imagine the fish to be a hybrid, but the salmon and the perches spawn at different seasons, and are so structurally different that they could not be crossed if they did spawn at the same time, notwithstanding the fact that many years ago a fishculturist thought he had interbred the striped bass and the shad.

Possibly his shad eggs were fertilized by stray shad milt in the water. He never had any hybrids to show for his experiment.

Reels and Rods.

In a recent haul of the "Pound Net" it was stated that it had not been lifted since last April, until a few weeks ago, and has been fishing since. Among the catches are eleven letters, asking for my objections to automatic reels and steel rods, of which I once wrote.

Now, such subjects are largely matters of individual preference. I dislike the articles named, and others seem to like them. Perhaps it is well that men do not all think alike in this world, for, said the old Indian, "If they did they would all want my squaw." On the other hand, Bobbie Burns valued the wife of Willie Wastle, who "dwelt on Tweed" so lightly that the refrain of one of his poems ran:

"Sic' a wife as Willie had,
I would na gie a button for her."

I have used the automatic reels, of different makes, and the objections are based on the fundamental principles of the reels. The first objection is entirely sentimental; there is no click to sing its cheery song in rattling jig or hornpipe time when a big 'un runs off with the fly or bait, and then slow down to an adagio as he resists attempts to bring him to creel. This, in itself, would be a fatal objection to an old foggy like me, who has always associated the taking of a trout with the song of the reel, which is not unlike that of our feathered brother of the angle, although he does not angle, who dives for his fish and chatters away afterward. A younger angler might not miss this song; this whirring, which stirs the blood of older ones who have grown to regard it as an essential part of the sport of fly-fishing. And what are all field sports if we exclude the sentiment? Few of us would spend a day on lake or stream for the value of the prospective catch, and we do not in cold blood compare the cost of the fishing with its results, and if one chooses to fish with a reel that has no music in its soul no man may say him nay, only this: I don't care to do it, because for years the merry song of the reel has become interwoven with the ripple of the stream, the echo of the kingfisher and the rise, strike and capture of the trout.

So much for sentiment in the matter of the singing reel, and now to other objections. The principle of these reels is the same as that of the Hartshorn window shade rollers, which is all right for shades which have but a short distance to roll, and in that distance the spring is stronger the further it is drawn out and weaker as it is relaxed. In the reel this is a fault that is exaggerated, and is very evident when the fish is reeled in and the spring is so weak that the angler must help it by stripping the line through the rings with his hand, an awkward performance at best. A careless grip of the rod may release the spring and take the line at the wrong time; this has happened to me many times while learning to use it. Practice and watchfulness will overcome this difficulty.

Personally, I do not want any machine to bring a trout to me; if I did I would have it where I could press a button while lying in a hammock and the machine would do the rest. The reels in question are labor-saving devices, if one cares to save the exquisite labor of fighting a trout. Speaking of saving labor in angling, I will tell you a story.

In 1865, after my regiment was mustered out by reason of "services no longer required," my chum and bunkie, Capt. Samuel E. Jones, and I found ourselves with "occupation gone," like Othello, and nothing in prospect. So we wore our uniforms to shabbiness in playing the Wilkins Micawber part. I had never spoken of fishing to the Captain until one day I said: "Sammy, let's get a boat and go down the river and fish."

"What for?"

"Why, to fish; for fun, sport, or whatever you may call it."

He looked at me curiously, as if he thought I had rats in my garret, and said: "Hum! If I want any fish I can buy them!"

Here is the labor-saving principle reduced to its lowest dimensions. A row down and back, and an angling outing was a waste of labor when there was a market at hand, where just what he needed could be had without labor for less than the price of boat hire and bait. Now who shall say that Capt. Sammy did not take a philosophical view of angling? In these columns I once recorded that while fishing in the Black Forest of Germany the natives thought that my friend and I

wasted much time with rod and line, when a net would bring greater results in less time. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of angling.

Deprived of sentiment, all field sports degenerate into supplying food for man and may be viewed as Capt. Jones looked at fishing. He had no taste for it, and that was sufficient for him. Again, referring to the click of the reel, which the automatics lack, I once wrote a mess of verses on this subject. I use "mess" deliberately, because it seems to fit the verses, but is a word that I dislike when otherwise connected with fish. The whole mess is not at hand, but it was some guff about the "song of the reel," and one verse said:

"I dreamed a dream of a tumbling stream,
And a pool where some great trout lie;
Where I cast a line, far off and fine,
And the eddies toss'd round the fly.
A leap and a flash, then off with a dash,
As the trout felt the sting of the steel,
And mem'ry to-day oft brings up the fray
With the sweet whirring song of the reel."

Of course this is not poetry, but it is as near as I can come to it; it may perhaps just get near the inner edge of the outer bubble of poetry, which will fill the bill and try to express what I formerly failed to say, but now have the idea, which is: "Without a click-reel half the charm of trout fishing is lost."

In England they make a split-bamboo rod with a steel center. Just why they do it is beyond my knowledge, for a first-class American-made split-bamboo rod has no equal. There are rods of this kind sold in the department stores as low as 90 cents, but the ferrules on a first-class rod are worth as much, and here I must tell another story.

Old Unc' Johnson was a man who was highly colored in his youth, but time had put much white in his wool and a little ashy gray over his face, as he had grown old at his little oyster stand near Washington Market, New York. As a merchant of long experience, he kept goods to suit all conditions of men and purses. To him came a colored "dock rat," who said: "Miss'r Johnson, has yo' got any cheap oysters?"

"Yass'r; I'se got 'isters fo' free cents a dozen. Does yo' want some?"

"Is dat de lowes'?"

"Ain't got none lower'n dat."

"Gimme a dozen," laying down the coin. Then, after a few that were highly flavored, he struck a real rare-ripe one and splutteringly remarked: "Miss'r Johnson, I t'ink some o' dese 'isters is a leetle teched!"

The merchant looked at him over his glasses and replied: "A leetle teched! A leetle teched! Now, w'at you 'spect fo' free cents a dozen?"

And when I see a split-bamboo rod advertised for 90 cents I recall the remark of Miss'r Johnson.

Food for Maskalunge Fry.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to ask your readers some information which I hope will be of value to all. Before putting my question, however, I want to make a brief statement.

In the State of New York, as in other States and countries, large sums of money are annually expended in the artificial propagation of food and game fish. As is well known, this generally is done by planting fingerlings and fry. The first method is highly efficient, but the point of this communication has reference to the planting of fry.

I believe that every application for fry which is allowed and furnished by the State, should be first deposited, not in the great body of water desired to be stocked and there left a prey to predatory spawn-eaters and numerous other dangers, but in a suitable rearing pond. It should there be nurtured, until the young and helpless fish attain fingerlings, at least, then when planted they are much better able to care for themselves.

Precisely this plan our local fish and game club is going to adopt this year, as applied to maskalunge. We are going to build a pond, supply it with water of the same nature as that of the lake, where the fish will finally be liberated, which we can obtain from the water company, and we are going to try to make it as nearly like the lake as possible with regard to bottom and aquatic plants.

The chief difficulty confronting us (and I may say that it is the one which prompts me to write this letter) is, What are we going to feed the young fish? Mr. James Annin, Jr., State Superintendent of Hatcheries in this State of New York, states that the great trouble seems to be, "To provide them with proper food which is natural. Last year our experiments in breeding young fish, such as suckers, etc., for them to feed on failed to produce the desired result. They will not take food like other fish." So the problem is what can we feed young maskalunge?

If, Mr. Editor, you will kindly invite your readers to suggest anything on this plan of experiment, as to the construction of a pond, its dimensions (per thousand fry), its plants, equipment or any other matter, but more especially as to the food for young maskalunge, it will be of assistance to us, of information to your readers and of possible value to the country; for, I believe, that protection and preservation of game and food fish depends as much upon the naturalist as the Legislator.

ERNEST G. GOULD,

Sec'y of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

Connecticut Highways to Ponds.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 3.—The citizens of the town of Hartland, Litchfield county, expect to take a holiday next Saturday and go to Hartford in a body to urge Judge S. Oscar Prentiss of the Superior Court to favor the laying out of a highway to West Hartland Pond.

About a year ago a syndicate of Connecticut and New York capitalists bought a strip of land around the pond for the purpose of establishing a game and fish preserve, intending to control the pond. The residents of Hartland and the surrounding country, who have shot game in the vicinity and fished in the pond from their boyhood, were opposed to such exclusiveness, maintaining that it was a public pond, and they brought about the passage of an act by the Legislature last winter giving the Selectmen the right to lay out a highway leading to the pond and along the shores, the damage done to the owners to be paid by the town. Accordingly the Selectmen laid out the road and the plan was accepted by the town at a meeting held Nov. 9 last.

Since then the property through which the highway was run has been sold to the Colonial Forestry Company, which also owns about one-third of the land in the town of Tolland, Mass. The company would come to no agreement as to the damages, so the Superior Court was petitioned to act in the matter. Andrew F. Brownell, of New York, is the president of the Colonial Forestry Company, and he has been notified to appear in court and show cause why the petition should not be granted. The Colonial Forestry Company claims that the town had no right to lay out the highway through the land, and that the special act of the Legislature granting the right to do so is unconstitutional. The company has had similar trouble in an attempt to control Norris Pond, in Tolland, Mass.—New York Times.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Big Dogs.

From the London Field.

THE weights and dimensions of big dogs are, from some cause or other, subject to great exaggeration, almost as much as is the case with the captures of certain anglers who desire to obtain the credit of exceeding what has been accomplished by some fellow disciple of the gentle craft. It is not easy to understand why the dog should be made the victim of such methods, for, not being such a perishable commodity as the fisher's prize, the opportunity is always there to arrive at the truth of the statement. "A dog as big as a donkey" is quite a usual term to use when an owner or admirer of some St. Bernard or Great Dane is expatiating upon the merits of his favorites, and travelers have repeatedly told us in similar words of gigantic dogs they have seen during their peregrinations in foreign countries. We need scarcely point out here that no dog has yet been produced which is as big as an ordinary sized ass, whose measurement at the shoulders would be from ten to twelve hands, which means from 40 inches to 48 inches.

So far as is known, the dog has not yet been born which stands even 36 inches at the shoulders, and many animals whose owners have claimed for them a height of a yard have, when put through careful measurement, been proved to be nearly half a foot below the standard which had been made for them. This was especially marked at the first show held by the Great Dane Club in 1885 in the grounds of the Ranelagh Club, near London. Sundry great dogs exhibited here, which bore the reputation of being a yard or more in height, under fair measurement dwindled away terribly, even to less than 30 inches, while the biggest hounds in the lot were Mr. Reginald Herbert's Leal and Mr. M. Riego's Cid Campeador, which were 33¼ inches and 33½ inches in height at the shoulders respectively. Since that time we have seen a bigger Great Dane than either, and possibly the heaviest, too, of his race which has appeared in this country. This was a dog belonging to Mr. Woodruffe Hill, called Morro, his height, carefully measured, being 34 inches, and he weighed 190 pounds.

The Great Dane must not, however, be taken as the tallest and heaviest variety of the canine race, an honor which undoubtedly rests with the dog of St. Bernard. Some writers in the olden days, about the Irish wolfhound, have claimed for him extraordinary height, but hitherto they have failed to produce proof of their statements, and it is extremely probable that the Irish wolfhound of to-day is a bigger and even more powerful dog than the historical creature usually coupled with Ireland when she had a king of her own to rule her. There are, we believe, at the present time, three or four Irish wolfhounds which in height exceed by a trifle the measurements given in connection with Great Danes. Mr. Angelo's Goth II. stood 34 inches at the shoulders; Mr. Trainer's Thuggum Thu was of equal height, and we fancy that Mrs. Williams' handsome couple of hounds, Dermot Ashore and Wargrave, within a trifle approach that figure, while Mr. G. E. Crisp's O'Leary, benched at the latest Kennel Club's show, went close up to 34¾ inches at the shoulders. Perhaps the finest, if not actually the tallest, Irish wolfhound seen during the present generation appeared at Islington in 1888—Col. Garner's Merlin—which, though not fully furnished, weighed 150 pounds and stood 34 inches at the shoulders. The chances are he would have grown had he lived, but, like so many other good young dogs, he fell a victim to disease developed at the exhibition in question. Owing to his somewhat graceful and slim build, the Irish hound is not a heavy dog, seldom exceeding the weight of Merlin.

The bloodhound and the Newfoundland are sometimes placed under the category of big dogs, but both fall short in height and weight when placed alongside other equally popular varieties. Then we have repeatedly been told

stories of the great size of the mastiffs of Thibet, the height and weight of which were, it was said, only exceeded by their ferocity. Specimens have been occasionally imported to this country and did not reach even 100 pounds in weight, and travelers who have seen them in their native country have told us that the biggest specimens are inferior in size to our Newfoundlanders. The borzois or Russian wolfhounds are, as a rule, pretty tall, the largest of them coming up to about 30 inches at the shoulder; but in weight they are far behind many other varieties, about seven stones of 14 pounds each being the extreme the best hounds reach, and the Scottish deerhounds are some few pounds lighter and smaller generally.

There is a crossbred Continental dog known as the Leonberg, which bears a reputation for bigness, but any specimens seen in this country are almost diminutive when placed alongside our biggest St. Bernards. Some of the Pyrenean so-called "sheepdogs," so far as size is concerned, compare favorably with our largest dogs, and a few years ago—in 1891—the well-known London dealer, Willson, brought a splendid specimen of what he called an Afghan sheep dog for us to see. It stood hard on to 35 inches at the shoulders, and looked what it actually was, pretty well the tallest dog we ever saw; but it was by no means the heaviest.

Our English mastiffs take but a secondary place with regard to height, but their massive bodies and big bones enable them to come out better, so far as weight is concerned, and dogs up to 150 pounds, and even 170 pounds, are not unknown, although we imagine that of late years this variety has, by interbreeding and other causes, somewhat deteriorated in size, as it has certainly done in general excellence.

Although when the St. Bernard was first introduced to this country, the best specimens were not of abnormal dimensions, they were large dogs, though the best of them were certainly not more than from 140 pounds to 150 pounds in weight. The famous Barry, of the hospice, who, by reason of his saving the lives of so many travelers lost in the snow, made the breed famous, did not weigh more than 130 pounds; and Albert Smith's pair of dogs, which he brought from Switzerland about 1850 to assist him in his popular entertainments, seemed to be little, if any, heavier. However, by a special process, which is worked out by selection of the fittest, and by extra care in rearing and feeding, the St. Bernard has waxed and increased greatly in size, until he stands well out from all other varieties as the giant of the canine race—i. e., taking height and weight into consideration, for there are and have been taller dogs than he. As the Goliath of dogs, in 1884 the Rev. A. Carter introduced Plinlimmon, who towered high above any of his strain. Fairly and carefully measured, he stood 33½ inches high at the shoulders, and weighed in his natural and not too obese state, 210 pounds. This fine specimen of the St. Bernard was eventually purchased for about £800 by the late Mr. J. K. Emmett, a well-known American actor, in whose possession the great dog died. But a bigger St. Bernard than Plinlimmon was introduced three years later, this being Mr. T. H. Green's Sir Bedivere, who, besides being his equal in height, exceeded him by 2 or 3 pounds in weight. Lord Bute was even half an inch higher at the shoulders than Sir Bedivere; when with us he weighed but 200 pounds, though after he had sojourned a few weeks in America he was said to scale 220 pounds—a statement which, to say the least, was of doubtful truth. Later there did come a heavier dog, or, rather, two heavier dogs, than either Plinlimmon or Sir Bedivere, and in 1897 Mr. Sant's Lord Brassey scaled the immense weight of 234 pounds, while Mr. Ralph's Duke of Firmont, who flourished about the same period, was but some half a dozen pounds less. It is not often the females of the large varieties of the dog approach the males in size, but a notable exception is the case of the celebrated Princess Florence, who weighed 212 pounds, and she obtained her enormous size and height, length of back and great frame generally. The late Mr. H. J. Betterton's smooth dog Watch was a little over 200 pounds in weight, but he did not look nearly so big, and we imagine that the biggest dog of the present day is Messrs. Inman and Walmsley's smooth dog Parsival, who must scale well over the 200-pound. He is of great height and possesses enormous bone and unusual depth of ribs.

Perhaps there may be owners who will claim for their dogs equality or maybe excess in weight over such as have been mentioned in this article. Our examples have, however, obtained more or less celebrity in their line, and, having done so, thus become more or less public characters, and therein the interest lies. Moreover, they enable us to tell what big dogs are, of their weights and heights, and to draw attention to the fact that dogs "more than a yard high" are as mythical as such as are said to be "as big as donkeys," and our readers are assured that when they are mentioned the romancist is at work, and allusions to such fabulous specimens of the canine race must be taken as travelers' tales and as examples of exaggeration.

Points and Flushes.

The Kansas City Kennel Club has claimed March 14 to 17, inclusive, for a bench show, under A. K. C. rules, and will hang up liberal premiums (\$2,000) or over, exclusive of specials. American Kennel rules will be strictly adhered to, and James Mortimer has been invited to act as principal judge. The show will be held in the new convention hall, the finest and largest building in the West.

CLAY CENTER, Kan.—My wife and I always look forward eagerly to the appearance of FOREST AND STREAM, and it is closely scanned from beginning to end, even the advertisements. My wife is as enthusiastic in field sports as I, and is a much better shot than I am. E. J. L.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Yachting.

GLORIA, cutter, designed in 1898 by Mr. Arthur E. Payne to meet the French yacht Esterel in the competition for the Coupe de France, has just been purchased by Mr. H. C. McLeod, of Halifax, N. S. Mr. McLeod will make his home in Toronto in the future, and Gloria will be enrolled in the fleet of the Royal Canadian Y. C. on Lake Ontario. She will be sailed across early in the season. Though necessarily built to race under the French rule, she is practically identical with the Y. R. A. 20-rater Penitent.

GENESTA, the famous 80-ton cutter which, in her second season, 1885, raced against Puritan for the America Cup, is now hauled out at Gosport, Eng., to be broken up. She was designed by J. Beaver Webb for the late Sir Richard Sutton, and is of composite construction. Of late years she has sailed under the yawl rig.

Measurement Rules and the Y. R. U.

CLINTON, Ont., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial remarks in your issue of Jan. 27 regarding the question of a measurement rule remind me of a chorus in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" which runs as follows: "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us!" I do not know, however, that we should be seriously cast down by the failure of the Yacht Racing Union of North America to establish a good working rule according to its original intentions. I should be sorry to say anything that would appear like criticism of the work of the organizers of the Union, all of whom are my seniors in yachting, but I must confess that at the time they undertook to provide a universal rule for the whole continent of America, I had serious doubts of the feasibility of the scheme. The first difficulty was encountered in the form of the New York Y. C., which decided, if I remember right, that it did not care to have its racing governed by any outside organization. While this opinion was somewhat sharply criticized at the time, I think it was reflected to a greater or lesser extent by other yachting organizations in Canada and the United States. It is not so much a question of resenting outside interference as the fact that the circumstances of various yacht clubs differ greatly, and a rule which might be practicable for a large and wealthy institution like the New York Y. C. might be utterly impracticable for a small club. The fact that British yacht clubs accept the rules as laid down, amended, and tinkered from time to time by the Yacht Racing Association, does not prove that any such system would be workable on the Continent of North America. Great Britain is a compact country, and the yachting centers are nothing like so far apart as on this continent. Moreover, the climatic and weather conditions do not vary greatly, and there is no reason why a rule which is good in the Channel should not be good on the Clyde. Another point to be considered is that the work of measurement is performed by official measurers, a few of whom, resident in various parts of England and Scotland, are able conveniently to attend to a great deal of work. Here the conditions are very different. We have to deal with a great variety of local and climatic conditions, some of which require radically different types of yachts. Instead of our yachting centers being close together, some of them are separated by thousands of miles. Official measurers who receive fees are the exception rather than the rule, and supposing for a moment that the girth rule or one equally complicated were adopted, at the present time, throughout North America, there would instantly arise a very troublesome, and, I am afraid, expensive question, before all the yachts were properly measured for the first season.

An examination of proposed formulæ for new rules almost invariably shows that they are more complicated than the old length and sail area rules, and require measurements and calculations which can only be made by a man who has some knowledge of naval architecture and mathematics. If yachtsmen could be sure that a rule was intrinsically good they might be willing, either as individuals or clubs, to go to great trouble and expense to have their yachts measured by some complicated system, which would involve ascertaining displacement, especially if the work when done would stand good for several seasons. But unfortunately the proposer of the most complicated rule cannot guarantee results; he can only give his opinion as to its probable effect, and it is little wonder that owners of small yachts, and sailing committees of small yacht clubs, are found to be very shy of complicated innovations which they do not profess to understand.

I know for a fact that there has been some difficulty in applying the girth rule during the last season on Lake Ontario. In the case of the Royal Hamilton and Royal Canadian Yacht Clubs, the difficulty has been overcome because they both fortunately enjoy the services of honorary measurers who were willing to take a great deal of trouble, extending over several months, in order to get the yachts measured. Some of the smaller yacht clubs were not so fortunate, and their boats came to the annual regatta at Toronto last summer with incomplete measurements. This fault could hardly be charged to the owners, who in some cases hardly knew what were the requirements of the new rule. In fact they knew very little about it except that it was causing an awful lot of bother. I may say that the worst of the trouble is now over, and I do not expect any permanent difficulty in applying the girth rule on Lake Ontario.

I have simply mentioned these facts in order to show that in my opinion small yacht clubs must, if possible, have a rule which can be applied by any yachtsman of ordinary education and common sense, and if possible without measuring the boat both in and out of the water. I feel rather strongly on this question, viewing it altogether from a practical standpoint, and would go so far as to say that a small yacht club would be quite justified in adhering to the simple length and sail area rule, even if it were proved that the more complicated rule would give better results. Representative yachtsmen are very apt at times to demand the adoption of a rule which appears to be good, regardless of the difficulties in applying it. This attitude is well enough if only large clubs are to

be considered, who are prepared to employ measurers at any expense necessary in order to insure that the work will be thoroughly and accurately done. But so long as the interests of smaller yacht clubs have to be regarded, practical considerations must always govern to a large extent in framing rules. In the event of a very complicated rule being accepted by all the clubs in North America without due provision for putting it into effect, it would result in a year or two of faulty measurements and dissatisfied yachtsmen, followed by wholesale secession and a worse chaos than at present exists.

While it must be admitted that the Yacht Racing Union of North America has received a temporary check in its efforts to further the interests of yacht racing, I do not think that its possibilities of usefulness are by any means exhausted, even although it should not be possible for some considerable time to come to carry out its original intentions of framing a rule of universal application among the yacht clubs of North America. It appears to me that before this can be brought about it is necessary to make a very careful and comprehensive study of the whole subject, and I think that the Union might do much toward this end by holding annual meetings to which the various clubs could send delegates, and where a programme covering two or three days would be provided consisting of papers and addresses by well-posted, practical men, on a great variety of subjects connected with the sport which will easily suggest themselves. At present the means of communication between yachtsmen are not so good as to further that free interchange of ideas and information which is a very necessary preliminary to the consideration of rules. Yachtsmen meet each other in the summer generally on occasions of important races, when there is so much to be seen and done, and so much hospitality going, that there is neither time nor inclination for the discussion of the serious problems of the sport. Outside of this there are the yachting magazines, and while they are good in their way, the information and opinions they contain is confined to what the editor can get together, and as you pointed out very truthfully in connection with the canoeing news, it is by no means possible for any one man to collect the news and the opinions of sailormen spread over the whole continent. Of course, yachtsmen might write to the papers, but many of the men whose opinions are well worth having have neither the time nor the inclination. I think, however, that if the Union could arrange something in the nature of an international convention, together with reduced railway fares for long distances, that there are many yachtsmen who would go to some trouble to attend, knowing that they would meet the representative men engaged in the sport; and that under circumstances specially designed for the formation of personal acquaintance and the interchange of opinions. A few meetings of this character should go a long way toward providing data for another and a better rule.

WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

THE scheme for a city club house for the yachtsmen of the vicinity of New York, which has been under discussion for several years, has at last taken definite shape, as outlined in the following circular:

No. 108 Fulton Street, New York, Jan. 25.—Dear Sir: The proposition to establish in New York city a social club for yachtsmen, as outlined in a circular issued recently by the Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, has been so favorably received by yachtsmen in general that the committee has considered it advisable to take the preliminary steps toward the organization of such a club. To that end it has secured an option on a suite of apartments in the Royalton, a bachelor apartment hotel at No. 47 West Forty-third street, in the heart of the club house section of the city. The suite is on the ground floor, and has a private entrance. It consists of four rooms, with large hall and ample toilet facilities. The rooms are completely furnished, handsomely decorated and are lighted by electricity. Full telephone connection is already established.

Opening directly from these apartments is a well-appointed dining room. The management of the hotel will undertake to serve meals a la carte, liquid refreshments, etc., at club prices: thus the club may enjoy in the fullest degree all the advantages of restaurant, café and buffet, with none of the responsibility therefor. The committee believes it desirable and practicable to establish the Yachtsmen's Club for the time being in these quarters.

To that end you are earnestly requested to be present at a meeting of yachtsmen interested in the matter to be held in the apartments, it is proposed to occupy the Royalton, 47 West Forty-third street, New York city, on Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8 P. M., at which time the apartments may be inspected. The plan and scope of the proposed club will be freely discussed and measures toward effecting an organization will be taken.

While it has been suggested that the dues be fixed at \$25 per year for resident members and \$15 per year for those living beyond a radius of fifty miles, it should be remembered that these details are at present simply suggestions, and with all others will be subject to the approval of those who attend the meeting.

If you are not able to be present, please communicate to the secretary your views on the proposition as herein outlined. Yours very truly,

CHAS. T. PIERCE, Chairman, Riverside Y. C.
FRANK BOWNE JONES, Indian Harbor Y. C.
STUYVESANT WAINWRIGHT, American Y. C.
FREDERICK M. HOYT, Stamford Y. C.
C. H. CRANE, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
E. M. MACLELLAN, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
CHAS. P. TOWER, Sec'y, No. 108 Fulton street, New York, New Rochelle Y. C.

A number of yachtsmen from the Sound and New York clubs were present on Feb. 1, and the club was formally organized with Mr. C. T. Pierce as chairman, and Mr. C. P. Towers as secretary. A temporary house committee, consisting of Hazen L. Hoyt, Larchmont Y. C.; E. A. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C., and Paul A. Meyrowitz, of the New Rochelle Y. C., was appointed to arrange for the lease of the rooms. A membership

committee was appointed, including Messrs. Frank Bowen Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; A. F. Aldridge, Atlantic Y. C., and Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C. Messrs. E. Burton Hart, Jr., Huguenot Y. C.; Ward Dixon, Hempstead Harbor Y. C., and J. S. Appleby, were appointed a nominating committee. On Feb. 13 the first annual meeting will be held for the election of officers, a permanent president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and six trustees.

Minota.

THE class of yachts constructed last year on the Great Lakes for the international matches for the Canada cup is one of the most interesting and instructive yet produced in America. It included twelve yachts of the same measurement, racing without time allowance, and of all modern types, the moderate keel boat, the semi-fin, the extreme fin both wide and narrow, the shoal centerboard and the scow type in several varieties. The rule under which these yachts were designed is a new one in America, the girth being taken as a factor in addition to the beam, waterline and sail area. While, as is usually the case, the fleet as a whole was not put in perfect form and thoroughly tested, and probably all of the yachts are capable of improvement on further racing, the results of the double trials of the challenge and defense and of the final cup races are well worthy of careful study.

The two fleets numbered six each, the challenging fleet including one of the scow type, two of the keel type and three fin-keels. The final choice of a defender after a very satisfactory series of trials was a matter of considerable difficulty, there being very little difference between the two keel boats, Minota and Beaver. The Minota proved a little faster in extremely light weather, but was not quite equal to Beaver in a moderate breeze, and the latter was ultimately chosen. Minota was designed by H. C. McLeod, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., an amateur designer and Corinthian yachtsman, through whose courtesy we are enabled to publish her lines. Her leading dimensions are 30ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 10½ in. beam and 6ft. draft.

The design is worthy of attention as a remarkable one in these days of freaks. In the proportions of the four factors of measurement and of the other dimensions and elements, as well as in the actual form of hull and fairness of lines, Minota is a piece of clean, skillful and scientific designing. There is no attempt to gain advantage by an excess of any one crude quantity, but all the elements are harmoniously fitted to each other. There is not the slightest indication of freak form in the midship section, or where it is almost invariably found in modern yachts, in the overhangs and about the ends of the waterlines. There is not a line in the design which is not only fair in itself and free from any cramping or snubbing, but which in addition harmonizes with all other lines. It is a pleasure to inspect and study such a design in these days when more than half the lines of a design cannot be drawn with the most flexible battens, but require the smallest set curves.

Mr. McLeod has for some years past resided in Chicago, and his sailing and designing has been confined entirely to Lake Minnetonka and the modern shoal skimming dish. Though he has in the past designed various keel yachts of cruising type for Nova Scotia, including the Royal Nova Scotia One-Design Class, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 14, 1898, he had no experience in anything of the nature of a 35ft. racing yacht under the girth rule, and only his judgment to guide him in the selection of dimensions. The trial of the yacht disclosed several points in which improvement was possible, but it was then too late to make any important changes. The final measurements would have permitted an increase of ballast which would have improved the boat in moderate and heavy weather. The design shows this added ballast and the original curve of stability has also been revised to include it. The sail plan will follow next week.

Length—		
Over all	40ft. 6 in.	
L.W.L.	30ft.	
Overhang—		
Bow	4ft. 4 in.	
Counter	6ft. 2 in.	
Beam—		
Extreme	8ft. 11 in.	
L.W.L.	8ft. 1 in.	
Draft		
Freeboard—	6ft.	
Bow	2ft. 11 in.	
Least	1ft. 9½ in.	
Counter	2ft. 4 in.	
Displacement	6 tons	
Ballast—Lead keel	3 tons	
Ratio of ballast to displacement—		
Coefficient50	
Areas—		
Midship section	12.45 sq. ft.	
Coefficient31	
Lateral plane—		
Without rudder	89.00	
Coefficient42	
With rudder	96.20	
Coefficient53	
Netted surface	299.00	
Station O to—		
Midship section	17.00ft.	
Coefficient57	
C. B.	16.50	
Coefficient55	
C. L. R.—		
Without rudder	17.00	
Coefficient57	
With rudder	16.25	
Coefficient54	
C. E.	16.00	
Coefficient53	
Sail area	1,416 sq. ft.	
Girth	16.48ft.	

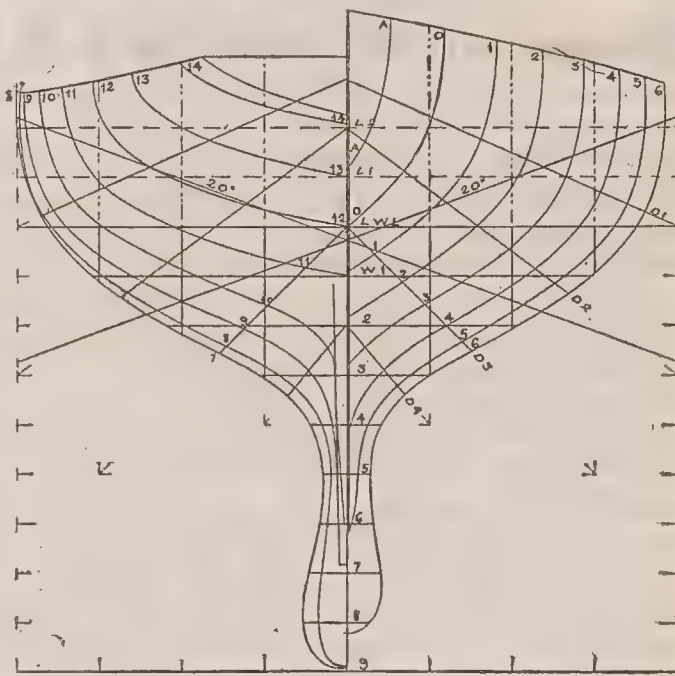
Coon, yawl, W. H. Langley, arrived at Beaufort, N. C., on Jan. 27 from New York.

Yacht Models for Paris.

STOWED snugly away among other United States exhibits for the Paris Exposition in the hold of the United States steamship Prairie is the most interesting and expensive collection of models of famous American yachts ever shipped for the purpose of exhibition.

It has taken Lieut. Rutherford Buchanan, of the New York Y. C., nearly a year to collect this exhibit. There are thirty-three full-rigged models of famous yachts, thirty-one half models, three models of fishing schooners, two of pilot boats, four of whale-back steamers and ten others, including a Pennsylvania Railroad ferryboat, a tug, a railroad float for carrying cars, and several of the old-time down East fishing craft, which were loaned by the State of Massachusetts.

Handsome paintings of the schooners Colonia, by Cozzens; of Quissetta, by Tyler, and of Amorita, by the same



artist, have been loaned by their owners. Very complete collections of photographs of yachts were loaned by local photographers and by a Detroit company.

The exterior scheme of decoration for the façade of the exhibit will be remarkably unique and beautiful. The interior of the exhibit, the walls of which are to be covered with sea green burlap, and which will show on the sides and rear half models of such famous yachts as Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Vigilant and Defender, will have a remarkably handsome frieze around its upper edge, showing the seals in bas-relief of the New York, Larchmont, Atlantic, Seawanhaka and Eastern yacht clubs, each flanked by its club signal and its commodore's flag. These seals are made by Albert Weinert, the sculptor, and are fashioned in papier maché to represent sealing wax.

It was necessary to build and rig many of the full models of the yachts, and some of the larger ones cost \$1,000. They will be exhibited in glass cases, each model bearing a silver plate, with the name of the yacht, her

owner, and the person who either loaned or had it built. Following is a complete list of all the models shipped in the Prairie for this exhibit. Lieut. Buchanan will install them and have entire charge of that portion of the Exposition:

FULL RIGGED MODELS.		
Name.	Exhibitor.	
America.....	N. Y. State Commission.	
Ellide.....	E. B. Warren..	
Columbia.....	E. B. Warren..	
Viper.....	F. P. Magoun.	
Madeleine.....	E. B. Warren..	
Fox.....	C. D. Mosher.	
Magic.....	T. N. Motley.	
Pocahontas.....	C. D. Mosher.	
Sappho.....	New York Y. C.	
Utopian.....	J. J. Astor.	
Mischief.....	Mrs. J. R. Busk.	
Norota.....	George Bullock.	
Puritan.....	J. M. Forbes.	
Constellation.....	E. D. Morgan.	
Mayflower.....	E. D. Morgan.	
Volunteer.....	C. J. Paine.	
Vigilant.....	New York Y. C.	
Defender.....	New York Y. C.	
Corsair.....	J. P. Morgan.	
Kanawha.....	J. P. Duncan.	
Sachem.....	Mrs. W. A. Arnold.	
Mohegan.....	C. A. Miller.	
Amorita.....	W. G. Brokaw.	
Intrepid (S).....	L. Phoenix.	
Intrepid (A).....	L. Phoenix.	
Center.....	Mrs. J. R. Busk.	
Harlequin.....	Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.	
Yampa.....	New York Y. C.	
Jack Frost.....	Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.	
Georgie.....	C. P. Irwin.	
Cold Wave.....	H. C. Higginson.	
Titina.....	C. M. Stebbins.	
Presto.....	J. Adolph Mollenhauer.	

Jack Frost, Georgie, Cold Wave and Titina are ice boats.

The half models loaned by the New York Y. C. are: Corsair III., Uncas, Katonah, Emerald, Hildegard, Mira, Gossoon, Quickstep, Eleanor, Niagara, Colonia, Navahoe, Ingomar, Latona, Hera and Liris. The model of Columbia was not loaned, for obvious reasons.

Those loaned by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. are: Titania, Utowanna, Ariel, Yampa, Wasp, a club catboat, Nymph, Iroquois, Katrina, Sea Fox, Ethelwynn, Audax and Aloha.—New York Herald.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The South Boston Mosquito Fleet elected the following officers on Jan. 30: Com., Charles P. Mooney; Vice-Com., Clement J. Moriarty; Sec'y, John M. Sullivan; Treas., C. J. Driscoll; Meas., Fred H. Borden; Directors, James Bertram, Thomas W. Flood and John A. DeLeire. After the meeting the annual banquet took place at the United States Hotel, Boston.

Sapphire III., A. L. Barber, under charter to Capt. H. L. B. McCalmont, sailed on Jan. 16 from Marseilles for Cape Town.

Glendoveer, schr., has been sold by Clifford B. Hendricks to a New York yachtsman.

Endymion, schr., George Lord Day, sailed from New York for a West India cruise on Jan. 31, with Capt. James Loesch in command. Mr. Day has as guests Messrs. Seymour L. Husted, Jr.; A. C. Hoyt and C. H. Crane. The yacht will call first at Bermuda.

Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey have designed an auxiliary schooner for Mr. James Sibley Watson, of Rochester, former owner of Lasca, schr. The yacht will be 147ft. 6in. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., built of steel, at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth.

On Jan. 25 the West Lynn Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Frank Vallandry; Vice-Com., H. C. Sparks; Sec'y, J. P. Linehan; Treas., F. G. Olin; Fleet Capt., William Forsyth; Meas., Barclay Spurr; Directors, E. F. Davis, Lewis A. Cann, William Eastman; Regatta Committee, William Eastman, H. W. Foster, John McNeil, F. T. Philbrick, A. W. Forsyth. After the election supper was served in the large meeting hall.

Acushla II., sloop, has been sold by Messrs. Hanan to Wm. T. Rainey, of Philadelphia, who will use her for cruising.

Black Pearl, steam yacht, recently purchased by Evans R. Dick, of Philadelphia, has been renamed Elsa.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has closed a contract with the Davis Dry Dock Co., of Kingston, Ont., for a 65ft. steam yacht.

The German Emperor has decided to offer a gold cup, to be raced for at the Kiel regatta in June, open to boats of all nationalities, which have been built since Oct. 1, last year. His idea in offering this prize is to establish a class of boats in German waters similar to the re-

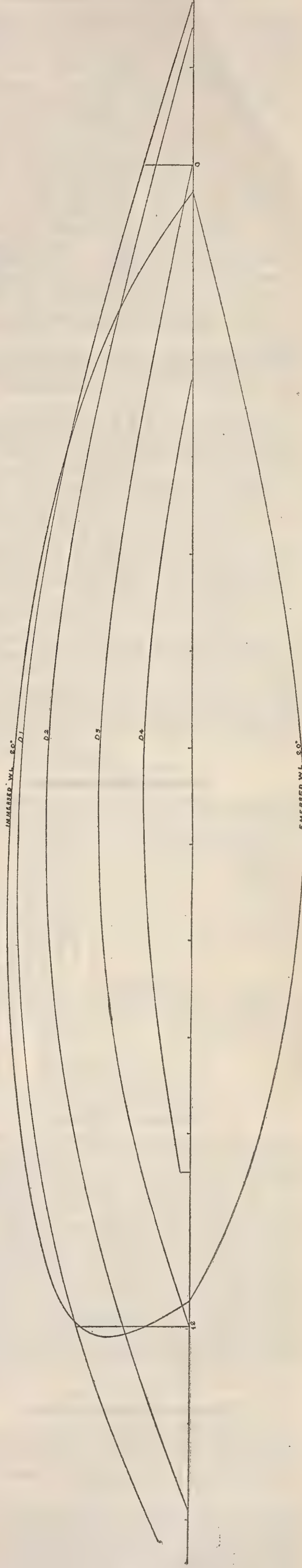
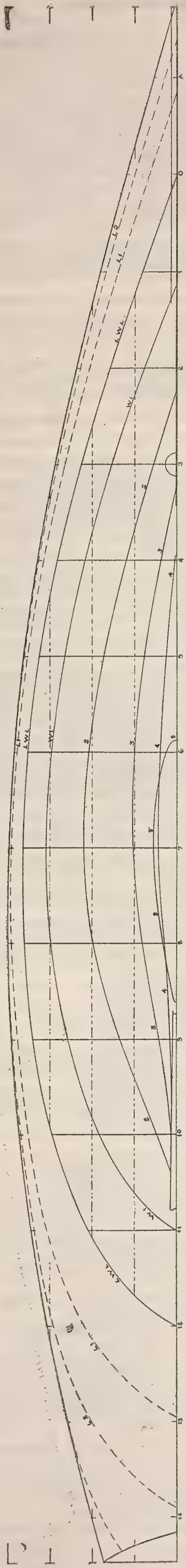
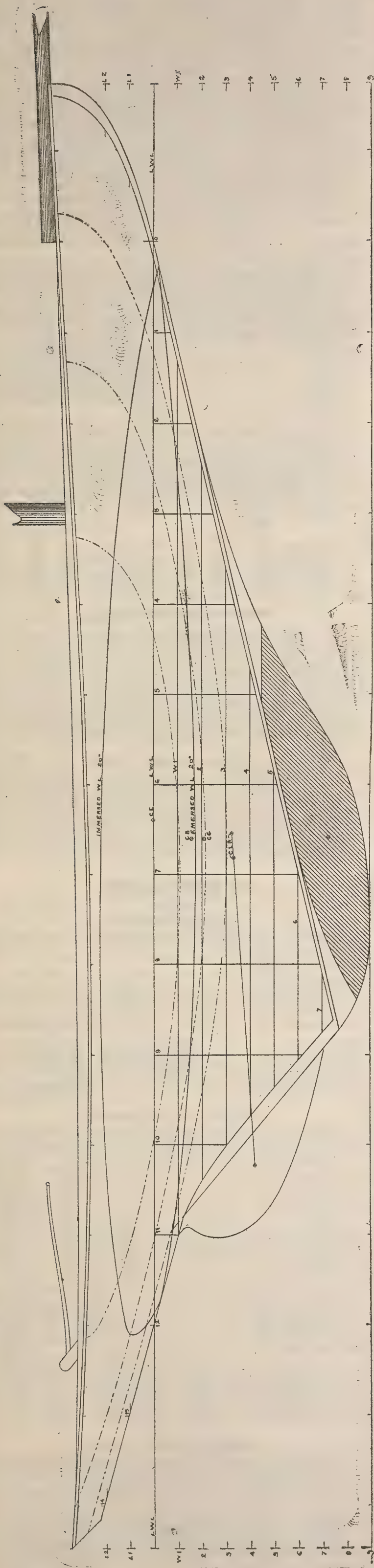
stricted 24-footers of the Royal Corinthian Y. C., which have proved so successful on the Thames and the east coast. Half a dozen of them have already been ordered in Germany, and one for the Emperor himself. Mr. Cecil Quentin, who won the Dover to Heligoland race in 1898, will be one of the English owners represented in the race, his boat, which will be built in Southampton, being constructed to Mr. A. E. Payne's design.

Oriente, steam yacht, has been sold by E. R. Ladew to Edwin T. Trowbridge.

Com. Harry Rareshide, the "father of yachting" in Gulf waters, died on Jan. 31 in New Orleans, aged eighty-two. He was a native of New Orleans. Sixty years ago he was one of the organizers of the Stingaree Club, the first yachting club in Louisiana. The club had a fine fleet, which made an annual cruise along the Gulf coast. Mr. Rareshide subsequently organized the Crescent City Y. C., of which he was first commodore, and, finally, the Southern Y. C., the present New Orleans organization, of which he was vice-commodore. In 1856 he went to Nicaragua in the Walker filibustering expedition, and during the Civil War he served as an officer in the Confederate army.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Seawanhaka Co. is the name of a new organization, formed for the purpose of providing a new city club house for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. It is proposed to erect a ten-story bachelor apartment house near Fifth avenue, and between Forty-fourth and Fifty-ninth streets, the two lower floors to be specially fitted up for the use of the club, and the remainder to be leased in apartments. The incorporators are Messrs. H. C. Rouse, E. C. Benedict, Colgate Hoyt, Alfred Ely, Arthur C. James, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Henry C. Eno, J. F. Tams, Walther Luttgen and C. J. Stevens. The officers are: Pres., H. C. Rouse; Vice-Prest., Colgate Hoyt; Sec'y, Alfred Ely; Treas., Walther Luttgen.

The second of the one-design 70-footers is now about read for launching at Bristol, with her steam tender. The pair are for E. D. Morgan, former owner of Vindex. Amy, Catarina, Ituna, Gloriana, Tomahawk, May, Constellation, Moccasin and Puck.



MINGTA, 35FT. CLASS, Y. R. U. OF G. L., DESIGNED BY H. C. MCLEOD, ESQ., 1899.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle and Revolver Championships.

JUDGING by the programme arranged for the revolver and rifle tournaments at the coming Sportsmen's show, devotees of the range and gallery will enjoy a veritable "Schuetzenfest" between the dates of March 1 and 17 next. The ranges will be ready for shooting at 7 o'clock on Thursday, March 1, the opening night of the show, and shooting will continue from 3 P. M. to 11 P. M. on each succeeding day and evening.

The programme for the rifle tournament as announced by the tournament committee, Messrs. H. D. Muller, Gus Zimmermann and C. G. Zettler, is as follows: Individual Championship match—Open to all, 100 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance \$5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's show. Only one entry allowed each competitor. To be shot in strings of 10 shots. Competitors can shoot their 10 scores during the tournament as they desire. Prizes: First prize, championship trophy and \$20. Fourteen additional prizes will be awarded, varying from \$25 to \$4. Winners may take their prizes in cash or the value thereof in trophies.

Continuous Match.—Open to all, off-hand on 25-ring target. Distance 100ft. exact, any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed, entrance fee 50 cents for ticket of 3 shots. Re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. Two best tickets to count for prizes. The prizes are 30 in number, varying from \$50 to \$2 each, with premiums for the first, second and third best five tickets.

Point Target or Practice Target.—Open to all, off-hand; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance 25 cents per ticket of 5 shots. Re-entries unlimited. The target is a 2in. bullseye, dividing into 3 rings, counting 3, 2 and 1 point respectively. Shooters will be entitled to a fine trophy for every 60 points scored. Trophies will be delivered immediately on completion of score, and will be on exhibition at the range during the tournament.

Bullseye Target.—Open to all, off-hand on 4in. bullseye; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance 50 cents for tickets of 3 shots. Re-entries unlimited. The best single shot by measurement to count. Prizes are 25 in number, varying from \$25 to \$2 each.

The revolver and pistol programme embraces a championship event for each of these styles of arm, and continuous matches for various classes of revolver as well as a continuous pistol match. Conditions for the championship events are as follows:

Revolver Championship Match.—Any revolver with open sights allowed, trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Strictly off-hand. Entrance fee \$5. No re-entry. Fifty shots in 10 strings of 5 shots each. Distance 20yds. Cleaning allowed between scores. Competitors can shoot their 10 strings during the tournament as they desire. Sportsmen's Association target. Prizes: Three handsome trophies, which will be on exhibition during the tournament.

Pistol Championship Match.—Any pistol with open sights and 2lbs. trigger pull allowed. Strictly off-hand. Entrance fee \$5. No re-entry. Fifty shots in 10 strings of 5 shots each. Distance 20yds. Cleaning allowed between scores. Competitors can shoot their 10 strings during the tournament as they desire. Sportsmen's Association target. Prizes: Three handsome trophies, which will be on exhibition during the tournament.

Ties: In both events will be decided by the greater number of 10s, 9s, 8s, etc., and competitors can win only one prize in each event.

The classes for the continuous matches are Match A, any revolver; Match B, military revolvers; Match C, .22cal. pistols; match D, Police revolvers. The prizes vary from \$30 to \$2, and as in the rifle events, winners may take either cash or trophies as prizes.

Zettler Brothers will have full charge of the ranges, both rifle and revolver. Programmes containing full information and conditions governing the different events will be furnished on application to Zettler Brothers, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city, or to the Sportsmen's Association, 280 Broadway, New York city.

CHAS. SAWYER,
Press Agent Sportsmen's Show.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE above Association held its regular shoot Feb. 4, at 200yds. off-hand, standard American target. Capt. Gindele was high on the king target and special target. Mr. Uckotter broke his record by making a score of 87. Weather conditions were very poor. Following are the scores:

King target:									
Capt Gindele	9	6	10	7	8	10	8	8	9-84
Weinheimer	9	7	7	6	6	4	4	5	6-59
Uckotter	7	5	8	9	4	5	6	6	6-61
Payne	8	7	6	8	7	9	7	8	7-72
Nesler	9	7	4	5	9	8	7	10	8-75
Drube	5	6	6	10	3	10	8	10	9-72
Roberts	9	6	8	8	5	9	9	7	7-74
Topf	9	6	6	8	8	6	4	10	2-69
Jouscher	9	8	6	7	7	6	7	5	6-68
Bruns	6	9	8	9	8	9	4	8	7-72

Practice Score.									
Capt Gindele	7	10	10	9	8	10	8	8	8-87
Weinheimer	8	6	5	9	7	10	8	9	5-74
Uckotter	10	7	8	9	8	10	7	8	10-87
Payne	10	8	10	6	9	6	9	7	10-82
Nesler	9	10	8	7	8	6	10	10	10-87
Drube	8	8	8	6	6	5	7	7	8-73
Roberts	8	10	10	8	7	8	6	10	7-82
Topf	9	7	7	7	5	10	6	6	6-67
Jouscher	5	6	10	8	10	10	6	8	7-80
Bruns	10	10	8	5	8	7	9	7	9-82

Special Target.									
Capt Gindele	8	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8-82
Weinheimer	4	10	6	10	8	8	8	8	8-38
Uckotter	6	8	8	7	6	35	6	8	7-35
Payne	5	7	8	9	6	35	5	7	8-35
Nesler	9	8	6	10	8	8	7	8	8-41
Drube	7	6	7	8	7	35	7	6	7-35
Roberts	6	9	8	9	7	35	6	9	8-39
Topf	7	4	8	8	0	27	7	4	8-27
Jouscher	6	10	6	5	9	36	6	10	6-36
Bruns	7	10	9	8	4	38	7	10	9-38

St. Louis vs. Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 3.—To-morrow there will be shot a telegraph race between the Central Sharpshooters of St. Louis and the Chicago Sharpshooters, the latter body meeting for this purpose at its pleasant grounds at Palos Park, on the Wabash Railroad. The match will be between ten-men teams, and the personnel of the Chicago team will be as follows: Messrs. Schmidt, Brindeman, Hoff, Schurz, Palm, Malana, Helms, Starr, Roth and Focke. The names of the St. Louis team are not at hand. This contest has been pending for a couple of weeks, Messrs. Kephart and McBean, of St. Louis, and Messrs. Geo. Schmidt, of this city, seeming to have been the chief conspirators. Ten signed targets have been exchanged between the teams, and the counter exchange will be made to-morrow evening. Should there be delay at the St. Louis grounds, the score will be telephoned uptown and telegraphed from there to Chicago. The Chicago men will arrive in the city after their shoot about 6 P. M. Mr. S. O. Wade, of A. G. Spalding & Brothers' gun department, will serve as referee for the St. Louis men. The day here will be a pleasant affair, and doubtless equally so at St. Louis grounds. Mr. McBean writes Mr. Schmidt the cheerful announcement that the St. Louis Club expects about an average of 230, though Mr. Schmidt has his certain conservative opinions in regard to Mr. McBean's skill as a prognosticator.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Smokeless Powders in Rifles.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Although my name is not on your subscription list, I have taken your paper through my local newsdealer for the past nineteen years, and each year finds it more indispensable to me.

Would like to hear from some riflemen in regard to smokeless powder for target shooting, using .38-55 shell. J. B. H.

In the latter part of January the Maysville Schuetzen Verein, an Iowa organization, elected officers as follows: President, August Meyer; Vice-President, Henry Meintz; Recording Secretary, Henry Schultz; Corresponding Secretary, Ernest Runde; Treasurer, Peter Wamser; First Shooting Master, Peter Meyer; Second Shooting Master, Hugo Meyer; Society Flag Bearer, Henry P. Meyer; United States Flag Bearer, Louis Wunder; Prize Committee, Peter Wamser, August Buege, William Meyer; Trustees, August Meyer, Claus Koberg, F. Tetzner; Ticket Committee, F. Rock, August Buege, Henry Neuwerk and J. Steinbock; Entertainment Committee, Herman Wiess, Ernest Runde, M. Buttenob, August Meyer, W. H. Meyer and B. Otto. Treasurer Peter Wamser, of the organization, said that the king shoot of the society will be held at Maysville, Ia.

In the telegraph match between Henry M. Olney, of the Brooklyn Revolver Club, and W. S. Gilbert, of the Louisville Revolver Gun Club, the latter won by 24 points. The conditions were 30 shots per man, standard target. The scores were: Gilbert 547, Olney 513.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 8.—Newark, N. J.—E C cup contest for championship of New Jersey, on Smith Brothers' grounds, at 2 o'clock, between Mr. George Piercy, holder, Jersey City, and Mr. J. J. Fleming, of Newark.

Feb. 12.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Forester Gun Club, J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; \$1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Kose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

Feb. 14.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—On grounds of Brooklyn Gun Club—first contest for Greater New York challenge trophy.

Feb. 14-15.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Winter tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Feb. 15.—Baltimore, Md.—Monumental Shooting Park Association's tournament. H. M. Gilbert, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—Rock Island, Ill.—Two-day tournament; targets and live birds.

Feb. 17-18.—Davenport, Ia.—Two-day tournament of the West End Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Feb. 20-22.—Oskaloosa, Ia.—First annual amateur tournament of the Oskaloosa Gun Club; live birds and targets. Jos. Stumps, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Tournament of the Keystone Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Providence, R. I.—Holiday shoot of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird shoot for the benefit of Mr. W. Mills.

Feb. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Yonkers, N. Y.—Target and live-bird shoot of the Yonkers Gun Club at Hollywood Inn, Dunwoodie. G. C. Stengel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Rochester Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur pigeon shooting championship of the Carteret Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Forester Gun Club. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Brookton, Mass.—Brookton Gun Club shoot.

Feb. 22.—Trenton, N. J.—Walsrode Gun Club tournament. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-23.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Team contest for Shooting and Fishing trophy between Passaic Rod and Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 28.—Newark, N. J.—Contest between C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and J. S. S. Remsen, challenger, for Greater New York and vicinity medal.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.

March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.

April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular Spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 14.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 14, St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleson, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's Trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month, at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Trap at Yonkers, N. Y.

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan. 30.—There was a 10-bird match for \$25 shoot here to-day between Mr. W. G. Rosevelt, who had never shot at the traps before to-day, and Mr. M. R. Wightman. They tied on 6, and in the shoot-off at 5 birds Rosevelt won. Each stood at 28yds. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

W G Rosevelt.....*010021212-6 22101-4

M R Wightman.....1*0210121*-6 2100*-2

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

Rosevelt.....*2120-3 *02121-4

Greiff.....121*2-4 11212-6 2111-4

Langran.....01212-4 210221-5 121*-3

Engels.....20012-3 12210*-4

Paulson.....11112-5 212012-5

No. 1. was 5 birds, \$2.50, 28yds. No. 2, 6 birds, \$2.50. No. 3, miss-and-out, \$2.

G. Greiff was the most successful, killing 14 out of 15 birds, which he shot at.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 20.—That tie contest between John J. Sumpter and A. D. Mermod for the Busch trophy, was shot to an issue at Dupont Park to-day, and resulted in another win for Sumpter, who has now five to his credit, and in this respect is tied with H. C. Griesedeick.

The race proved interesting from the fact that first one and then the other would assume the lead. Mermod missed his first and Sumpter his third, and thus they remained until the 13th, when Sumpter lost again. Both dropped their 19th, but Mermod followed this by missing the next, so that they were once more tied. Sumpter was enabled to assume the lead, when Mermod missed his 24th, and finally won the match by one bird, though he only gathered his 25th by skillful retrieving, as this bird, an incomer, was only slightly slobbered. The quality of the birds, rated good.

It is generally conceded by the St. Louis shooters that Sumpter and Griesedeick who each have won the trophy five times, shoot off for the ultimate possession of it, as it only requires a win by either to retire the emblem. Under the circumstances, these shooters will probably contest for the medal on Feb. 3, and the winner of course will become the permanent possessor.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Mermod.....02122121212122222120020202-20

Sumpter.....22022122221202222120210122-21

The day following the Sumpter-Mermod match, there was a 30-bird sweep shot. The conditions of this were \$15 entrance, two moneys. Seven qualified for the contest, and of them Ed Prendergast ran his 30 straight, and won first money. Sumpter was second alone with 28. First money was \$37.50 and second was \$25.

Prendergast has lately acquired a new Winchester pump, and with this he has been setting a pace that none of the other Mound City shooters can keep abreast of. As Ed is one of St. Louis' most popular shooters, there are none that envy his success.

Prendergast.....221121211111112222212212222-30

Sumpter.....110111212111211121212121212-28

Chase.....20222222002222222122222122-27

Blake.....21212210121221220212222122120-27

Mermod.....21122121011120111111212122120-26

J. Cabanne.....02202222222212122211202102102-25

The birds in this race were only fair.

While in Omaha Mr. T. R. Kimball very kindly supplied me with a list of the prize winners in the target contest of the Omaha Gun Club. In order to qualify for these, each of the principals must participate in ten or more contests. Mr. Kimball has only recently assumed the position of secretary, but he at once set about compiling this list. No record is given those who failed to participate in the required number of contests. T. R. Kimball won high average prize and Frank Parmelee second high average prize. These were the only members of the club to average 90 per cent. for the season:

Shot			Shot		
at.	Broke.	Av.	at.	Broke.	Av.
T R Kimball.....260	241	.926	J P Smead.....200	166	.830
F S Parmelee.....260	238	.915	C E Johannes.....260	214	.823
R R Kimball.....240	212	.883	F W Fogg.....200	161	.805
W Townsend.....340	295	.867	D Burgess.....280	224	.800
G W Loomis.....240	205	.854	J C Read.....340	258	.758
G F Brucker.....240	201	.837			

Omaha—Kansas City Banquet.

In the role of entertainers the Omaha sportsmen showed even a greater ability than that displayed by them at the trap in the contest with the Kansas City men. The elegant banquet tendered the Kansas City team and other visiting sportsmen was an elaborate and princely affair, which lacked nothing in finish and completeness. The spread was such as would satisfy the palate of the most epicurian, while the charming music discoursed by a full string band lent additional enchantment to the occasion. There was an abundance of flowers and an unlimited supply of champagne to round up the feast, so that, viewed from any standpoint whatever, there was nothing lacking that would add to the enjoyment of the evening.

Judge W. D. McHugh, who was toastmaster of the occasion, introduced each of the orators in turn, prefacing each introduction with a few select words.

Mr. W. W. Bingham delivered the address of welcome, and this was received with much applause. Capt. G. M. Walden responded in behalf of the visitors. He was followed by Judge B. E. B. Kennedy, a venerable Nebraska sportsman, whose reminiscence of early shooting in that State was highly interesting. Capt. A. W. Money, W. H. Binder, G. C. Towe and J. E. Kelby were the other orators. This took up the greater part of the evening, and it was 11:30 when the gathering disbanded.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Outwater's.

Carlstadt, N. J., Feb. 5.—The first event was 5 birds, \$5, two moneys; the second was a match between Messrs. Outwater and Schoonmaker; the third and fourth were at 15 birds, \$10. The birds were a good lot.

No. 1.		No. 2.	
Morfe, 30.....	22202-4		
Outwater, 31.....	20111-4	012212212122211-14	

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The New Haven Gun Club, of New Haven, Conn., has announced a grand holiday shoot, to be held on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Shooting begins at 9:30. There are twelve target events, of which five are at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; two at 10, 75 cents entrance; two at 15, \$1, and one at 15, \$1.50 entrance; one at 20, \$2 entrance, and a merchandise race at 30 targets, 60 cents entrance. In this there are twenty merchandise prizes, which go to the highest scores, high guns, and a prize will be given to the shooter making the lowest score. Optional sweep, \$1. Interstate rules govern. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent. Price of targets included in entrance. Any one who so wishes may shoot for targets only. Take Schuetzen Park car on Chapel street. Cars run every twelve minutes. Refreshments served in club house. The officers of the club are: President, B. W. Claridge; Directors, E. J. Potter, C. B. Bristol and C. H. Stevenson; Secretary and Treasurer, John E. Bassett.

A copy of the programme of the Illinois Gun Club has been received by us, but indorsed thereon is the following: "Subject to amendment as to terms before printing." The first and fourth days—that is, May 1 and 4—are devoted to targets, and have a programme as follows: Ten events each day, eight of which are at 20 targets, with entrance as follows: \$3, \$10, \$5, \$10, \$2 (amateurs only), \$3 (amateurs only), \$20 and \$5; also one at 50 targets, \$15, and one at 10 singles and 5 doubles, \$5. This makes a total of \$63 for the day. The second and third days will be devoted to live birds only. The events are 10 birds, \$10; 7 birds, \$7; 15 birds, \$15; 7 birds, \$7. If time permits sweepstakes will be shot. The third day's programme is the Grand Handicap sweepstake, 25 birds, \$25. And \$100 in gold is added to the high gun in this event.

In the first of the three matches between the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., and the Hillside Gun Club, of West Hill, Pa., held on the grounds of the latter, Feb. 3, was won by Penn on a margin of one target. The Penn team was short a man and the Hillside very generously loaned them Mr. Hamill. Each shot at 25 targets. The scores were: Penn—J. R. Yost 19, Scheetz 13, Newton 16, Gross 19, Hamill 18, Nyce 15, Penn 17, Dotterer 19, Castle 14, Smith 18, P. Yost 18, Jenkins 20; total 206. Hillside—Burton 17, Carlisle 16, M. Bisbing 16, Everett 17, Laurent 15, Aimen 21, Cale 19, W. Hayward 19, Snyder 19, J. B. Hayward 17, Conway 15, R. Bisbing 21; total 205.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, of which Mr. J. M. Runk, of Chambersburg, Pa., is the corresponding secretary, has resolved to limit competition for all added moneys to its own State shooters; therefore the paid expert and professional shooter will have a very limited field in the competition. The management will endeavor to make the forthcoming tournament, to be held at Chambersburg, May 15 to 18, inclusive, the best of all. It is reported that a number of new clubs will join the Association this year, and a large and active attendance and support is expected.

On the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Jan. 31, in a field of twenty-nine competitors, four of whom were probably ineligible from being without the fifty-mile radius from the New York Court House, Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, N. J., won the Greater New York and vicinity championship, easily defeating all competitors. He broke 119 out of a possible 150—100 singles and 25 pairs—his nearest competitor being Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, with 108.

Under date of Feb. 3 Mr. Paul R. Litzke writes us as follows: "What I wanted to convey in the mention I made of future matches between Messrs. Parmelee and Elliott is that they have agreed to shoot three 100-bird matches, not a 300-bird match. This at Carteret grounds, if the use of them can be obtained. These races are to occur the week after the Grand American Handicap, and are to be for \$100 a side, and an additional \$100 will also be averaged on the series. Thus, if either man wins all the matches he will win \$400. The matches are to be shot on a 30yd. boundary."

Dr. A. A. Webber, of Brooklyn, famous in the annals of shooting, has declared his willingness to accept a challenge the events of which will require a week of time, one or two events each day. The competition to be one day at the traps, targets and live birds; one day with pistol and rifle target shoot; one day to have a sculling race; one day sprinting and long-distance racing, swimming, etc.

We learn that Mr. H. P. Collins, general agent of the Dupont Powder Co., Baltimore, Md., accompanied by his wife, left for a sojourn in the South on Feb. 1. They will proceed as far as Florida before returning. After the energetic and good work of the past months, a few weeks of deserved recreation is due Mr. Collins. We wish them a pleasant and safe journey.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., held its annual election recently and elected officers as follows: President, Albert Henry; Vice-President, Fred Lambach; Secretary and Treasurer, Christ. Ehlard. Board of Directors: L. B. Westphall, H. H. Buerger, Wm. Kay, William Fischer, Al Henry, Fred Lambach, Christ. Ehlard.

The circular club letter, appended to the account of the shoot of the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, is worthy the consideration of other clubs, for it provides shooting at a reasonable expenditure. The greatest obstacle to regular shooting of club members is that in many instances the shooting costs too much. High-priced sweepstakes in club shoots are particularly harmful.

A contemporary, in reply to a query, imparts the information that pigeons fly from 60 to 75ft. per second when about 15yds. from the trap. In England selected "bluebirds" were used to test the matter of speed in the open, with the result that their speed was a trifle under 37ft. per second. This information is presented in Lancaster's Art of Shooting, page 176.

The Mt. Kisco Gun Club, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., will hold a two-day shoot on March 21 and 22. The first day will be devoted to targets, the programme of which will be announced later. The second day will be live birds, with a programme probably as follows: Five birds, \$3, birds included; 7 birds, \$5, birds extra, and 15 birds, \$10, birds extra.

In the report of the Omaha-Kansas City team contest last week some of the powder given as being used by the contestants was called Schultze Rifleite. This was an error. E. C. Schultze and Rifleite are three distinct kinds of powder, though handled by the same firm of manufacturers, the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co. Our reporter probably meant that the two kinds were used in one barrel.

On Wednesday of next week, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Brooklyn, L. I., the first contest for the Greater New York challenge trophy will take place. If the students increase much more in numbers John Wright will need to build an extension to his temple of shooting.

Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Deimold, returned early last week from a shooting trip in North Carolina, where he had some excellent quail shooting. His clear eye and healthy look indicate that he had benefited from the wholesome recreation.

Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., objects to being designated as the inventor of the magatrap, as appeared in a clipping from a Sioux City daily, which we published last week. He states that he had nothing to do with its invention. He refuses very properly to accept any honors which are not justly his.

FOREST AND STREAM.

In the contest for the special cup, presented by Mr. Dan Bradley, at the Carteret Gun Club's shoot Jan. 30, Mr. L. T. Duryea won. He and Mr. Bradley tied on 23, but in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, the former won on the fourth round.

Feb. 28, at Newark, N. J., has been fixed upon as time and place for the next contest for the Greater New York and vicinity championship between Messrs. C. W. Feigenspan, holder and Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, challenger.

The Crescent Athletic Club will hold an all-day shoot on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, at Bay Ridge, L. I. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. There will be a trophy event at 25 targets.

On Feb. 24 there will be a team contest between the Passaic Rod and Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club on the grounds of the latter, for the Shooting and Fishing trophy.

It is possible that the match between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. R. Crosby for the Republic cup may be shot in the vicinity of New York within the next few weeks.

On Feb. 3 the Aqueduct Gun Club defeated the Minneola Gun Club at Aqueduct, L. I., in a return match at 25 targets, nine-men teams, by the score of 162 to 141.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., has accepted Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge for the Review cup. Time and place are to be arranged later.

The Catchpole Gun Club, Walcott, N. Y., will hold a tournament on Feb. 14 and 15. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 3.—Chicago has this week been treated to a spell of genuine cold weather, a sharp contrast to the mild weather which has hitherto prevailed this winter. For several days the thermometer has been below zero, and there has been a strong wind, which made life somewhat of a burden to the pedestrian on the streets. The cold and the wind prevailed yesterday at Watson's Park, though the sky was clear. The wind was stiff, blowing from right to left across the score. All in all, the conditions were excellent for the composition of a stiff pigeon game, and really the afternoon showed better sport than has been seen here for some time. The birds were for the most part strong starters, and the wind gave them much help.

There were fifteen contestants, and out of the first two squads only two men landed straight, Leffingwell and Odell, both needing handicap birds. The finish of the last squad was made on No. 2 set of traps, and great was the surprise when it was discovered that five out of those 6 men had gone straight. Of these but one, Jo Barto, had killed straight without calling on his handicap, this giving Barto the high average medal for the day. It seemed a toss-up for the trophy, since Barto, O'Brien, White, Steck, Wells, Leffingwell and Odell all had followers, and all were shooting in good form. In the ties on 15, Odell was the only man allowed a handicap bird, and as he was shooting a slashing gait, it was predicted that he would win the trophy. The first string of 5 left in only three men, Odell, Steck and White, and they were drawing hard birds, and all shooting in splendid form. They all killed their next 10 birds straight, excepting White, who missed his 9th. In the last string of 5 Steck missed his 2d bird and Odell killed out far enough to assure him of a victory. Odell's longest run was 15 birds. White made the longest run of the day, 23 straight, but he missed his 5th bird in his first 5 in the contest, which put him out of the race. Barto for a time stood to win both medals, but dropped out on his 5th bird in the first frame. So also did Wells and Leffingwell, the latter killing his bird dead out. Leffingwell was doing some great second-barrel work in the wind on long stops, using 7s in his new Smith gun. Once as he turned from the score after killing a bird, he saw a straggler flying far off to the side of the field, and raising the gun, fired at it, the bird falling directly down wind, but at a very great distance. All thought it to be about 100yds. The bird was picked up at a distance of 245ft., and was very likely struck at a distance of over 70yds.

The Chicago boys had a visitor yesterday, who shot along in the trophy contest, Mr. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J. In the morning Mr. Budd shot a little race with Mr. Maxon, the score being Budd 14 to his opponent's 11. The following are the scores of the contest.

Clempson, 31, 0.....	12222	*21222202	—12
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....	12121	*1210122022	—13
H Levi, 29, 3.....	21011	2212020092212	—13
Eaton, 28, 3.....	12212	2100002102210	—12
Odell, 29, 3.....	12012	222111*21112	—15
C S Wilcox, 30, 2.....	02202	22001222*112	—11
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2.....	02222	2222220212212	—15
J M Gillis, 30, 2.....	00112	0111201111201211	—13
I W Budd, 30, 0.....	21011	21111211212	—14
H E Lee, 28, 3.....	22*	20120002110000	—8
Wells, 30, 2.....	2201*	21222111111	—15
E M Steck, 30, 2.....	12122	210111011012222	—15
J L White, 30, 2.....	220*	2212222222222	—19
J B Barto, 30, 1.....	22111	12212222222	—15
S E Young, 29, 3.....	21200	01112201201211	—13
O'Brien, 30, 2.....	22122	21122222221	—15

Ties on 15:				
Odell, 1.....	111012	12122	12212	12222
Leffingwell, 0.....	2221*			
Wells, 0.....	1210			
Steck, 0.....	21222	21222	22212	1*
White, 0.....	22222	22222	2220	
Barto, 0.....	22120			
O'Brien, 0.....	21002			

Ties on 13:				
Dr Shaw.....	021	211	121	121
H Levi.....	011	111	110	
J M Gillis.....	210	221	111	112
S E Young.....	022	111	121	200

Ties on 12:				
Clempson.....	212	222	022	
Eaton.....	211	111	122	

Odell won trophy. Shaw and Gillis divided second. Eaton won third. Barto won high average medal.

Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield.

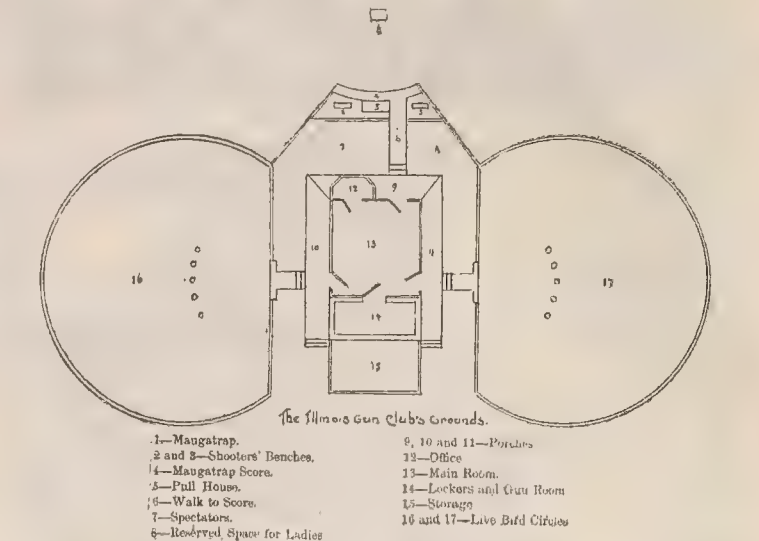
There is no gun club in the State of Illinois, which for its age has made so much history as the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, the capital of this State. The Illinois Gun Club holds in its membership some of the most prominent political men of the State, including Gov. Tanner, Hon. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday, etc. Its officers are as follows: Hal. M. Smith, President; Chas. T. Stickle, Secretary; Geo. E. Day, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, Chairman, John M. Striffler, Jr., A. W. Butler, J. Klingensmith, Joseph-Reisch.

Illinois Gun Club claims dates of May 1, 2, 3 and 4 for its tournament, which will be one of the very best of the Western circuit. Regarding this, Mr. Van Cleave writes under date of Jan. 29:

"I have sent you under another cover in this mail a copy of the proposed programme for the tournament of the Illinois Gun Club, which will be held here in Springfield, May 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1900, being the week previous to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association meeting, and two weeks in advance of the St. Louis meeting. This date has not yet been taken by any club or association in the West, and we felt that by taking it we could secure some of the high class shooters that will attend the more important shoots the two weeks following ours. Our club has just rented forty-eight acres of accessible land, and will at once put up new club house and grounds. I send you a cut showing the plan of our grounds. I would greatly appreciate it if you would aid our new organization (now nine months old) in any way you can with the shooters of the country. My last copy of FOREST AND STREAM gives the dates of all the other shoots, leaving a date in May blank for Memphis Association. This, I hope, will not interfere with our announcement."

The programme is a good one in respect of its money attractions, as well as its natural interest, with two days of live-bird shooting

and abundance of targets. While one does not like to be disloyal to Chicago, there is apt to be in the Springfield shoot a close rival to our State shoot, since it thus emphasizes the live-bird feature so strongly, and that at a time of year when the birds will



ILLINOIS GUN CLUB.

Plan of Club House and Grounds.

be pretty good. It is an easy guess that this shoot will call out the best of our Western talent, and it is a certainty that all who go to Springfield will feel for the time that they are at least senators or better, for the local men are entertainers from away yonder.

Eureka, of Chicago.

Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, shoots to-day at Watson's. The weather has moderated very much, but there will be good flying to-day, and the scores will not all be straight by a good majority.

Weather.

Chicago weather this week is keen, cold and clear. We ought to be having some shooting here, but it seems monopolized by our friends along the Missouri River.

Lost—One Town.

Does any reader of FOREST AND STREAM know a town which holds the following gentlemen: Messrs. A. J. Huff, A. Cumber, Al Marrow, Ed Mumma, Milt Mumma? Under date of Jan. 28 Mr. A. J. Huff writes as below: "Please send me some copies of FOREST AND STREAM. We have a gun club here and want a good sporting paper. Send copies to above names, and rules, etc."

It would be the easiest thing in the world to send Mr. Huff some copies of the best sporting paper on earth, if it were not for the fact that he forgets to mention the name of his town or State, and the post mark is illegible on his communication. Let us do a little detective work, and get this gentleman his papers, should he even fail to see this notice in the FOREST AND STREAM. The name of Mumma is, I think, rather an unusual one. There used to be an Andy Mumma who shot with the Dayton Gun Club, of Dayton, O., and he was the only Mumma I ever heard of. It is likely he may know of other Mummus, such as Ed and Milt. If so, and if he will tell what town they live in, he will do a favor to them.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Eureka Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, Feb. 3.—There was a good attendance. Mr. I. W. Budd was a visitor, and killed straight in both events. The scores:

Felton, 29.....	121010121	—8	C W Budd, 30.....	1210222222	—9
J L Jones, 28.....	111222021	—9	F Gilbert, 30.....	2222222022	—9
C W Adams, 29.....	012122121	—9	Dr. Miller, 30.....	2202222212	—9
L E Willard, 29.....	1212002021	—7	Mrs. Carson, 26.....	0102212111	—8
L C Willard, 31.....	221201212	—9	Dr Carson, 30.....	1022222021	—8
Mack, 28.....	122120100	—7	Milliken, 28.....	2212222020	—8
Antoine, 30.....	2021112222	—9	Ed Steck, 31.....	221220120	—8
Mitchell, 28.....	222120110	—8	Morton, 30.....	111101101	—8
Sundermeier, 28.....	2010120202	—6	Goodrich, 30.....	2202222222	—9
Houston, 31.....	2222222222	—10	C E Morton, 28.....	2221210212	—9
W D Stannard, 29.....	2212202222	—9	A A Walters, 28.....	2022001022	—6
I W Budd, 30.....	111112212	—10			

Ten-bird sweep:					
Mattox.....	1121111021	— 9	Dr Miller.....	2022101212	— 8
L C Willard.....	1111111111	—10	Houston.....	2222202021	— 8
I W Budd.....	2122222222	—10	Dr Carson.....	0201212222	— 8
C W Budd.....	2012122122	— 9	Steck.....	2101201122	— 8
Gilbert.....	2221112202	— 9	Morton.....	1200122222	— 8

RAVELRIGG.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 2.—Eight shooters remained undaunted by the weather outlook Wednesday last, and were rewarded with a perfect afternoon for their hobby, this referring to the Boston Gun Club's fourth shoot at Wellington, the last of January.

A leaden sky and a light snow, but no wind, evidently formed a good combination, for there were some very good scores made under these conditions.

It was actually warm (for January), and the 10 or 15 target events were none too long for comfort.

The representatives from Brockton did themselves proud, Leroy for continuous good work and Baker for a starring finish—i. e., 48 out of 50, counting a final 5 at practice not mentioned in events.

Just to prove that the weather alone was not accountable for this excellent work, some of the other shooters missed their targets as usual. After a scratchy six out of ten, one of the unfortunates opined that "anyway, there is little more sense in our trying to find out why we miss these targets than in the case of a lady friend of mine who is always trying to find out where she caught her last cold." After the laughter had subsided, he explained that this friend insisted on solving the mystery of where she had annexed the sore throat or the nasal affliction, whichever it happened to be, and positively the cold bothered her none if she only found its origin. As the case of the lady friend was brought immediately home to a shooter present of the opposite sex the joke was on him, but it was voted that success in the end was more liable to benefit the shooter hunting for a target than the individual hunting for the cold.

The scores follow:

Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Events:	10	10	5p	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	15	10	10	10
Gordon, 17.....	7	10	6	9	4	9	6	6	7	12	8	8	..	
Miskay, 18.....	10	9	6	8	4	5	7	7	7	10	..	9	..	
Leroy, 21.....	9	10	8	9	10	8	9	10	6	14	10	
Baker, 16.....	9	7	5	8	5	10	7	8	5	10	10	..	9	
Harlow, 16.....	6	7	4	6	6	4	5	
Williams, 15.....	8	..	3	7	9	6	5	6	4	
Spencer, 18.....	10	10	4	7	5	14	9	6	9
Woodruff, 17.....	9	9	6	7	12	6	6	8	

All events from magatrap, unknown angles.

Fourth contest in 1900 Prize series, 30 targets—20 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Leroy, 21.....	1111011111110111111	—18	11	11	11	11	11	—10	—28
Spencer, 18.....	1111111111111111111	—20	10	11	10	00	—4	—24	
Woodruff, 17.....	0111111111111111111	—18	00	10	01	11	11	—6	—24
Gordon, 17.....	1110111111111111111	—18	10	10	11	00	—4	—22	
Williams, 15.....	1110100111111111111	—16	10	10	11	10	—6	—22	
Baker, 16.....	1111110110101010111	—16	10	00	10	11	—5	—21	
Miskay, 18.....	1001011011111011011	—14	11	00	00	10	—4	—18	
Harlow, 16.....	0100116010101001111	—10	11	11	10	00	—6	—16	

The latest fish story: A North Pomona man went up the cañon on Sunday and fell into a big eddy, the water sweeping him down over the falls. He was fished out by his friends not hurt a bit, and when he felt in his pockets he found three trout. each 7in. long.—San Francisco Bulletin.

"Why is it that women live longer than men?" "Men break down their constitutions trying to manage women."—Chicago Record.

One of the most attractive angling catalogues we have seen for a long time comes to us from the well-known firm of Wm. Read & Sons, of 107 Washington street, Boston, Mass. It is a remarkable combination of beauty and simplicity. The handsome cover cut in half-tone has been carefully worked out by hand so as to give a beautiful effect of moving water. The many other cuts printed on the heavy coated paper give the effect of richness not often seen in such catalogues. It is, of course understood that fishing tackle of all sorts and descriptions is described and figured here; rods, reels, lines, hooks, flies and all their adjuncts are fully described.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SPORTSMAN AND FARMER.

THAT is a suggestive letter from Mr. George Kennedy. He would have the sportsman an apostle of sweetness and light in regions of darkness, to which he penetrates on his hunting and fishing forays or canoe cruising expeditions. This is something much broader in scope than the "previous question" of the shooting privileges of the sportsman on the land of the farmer, and yet it is a not an unnatural outgrowth from that discussion. We have more than once pointed out that the pursuits of rod and gun are enlightening, broadening and liberalizing in their influences upon those who engage in them, because they take a man out from the every day humdrum rut of his conventional surroundings and show him the larger world as it is. Many specific instances as well are known to all of us where the relations between the visiting sportsman and his host have been such as to bring to the entertainer certain of the amenities of life to which otherwise he would have remained a stranger. Doubtless these instances which have come under the personal notice of each of us might be multiplied by ten thousand, so that the actual effect of the agency of sport as an amelioration of the condition of life would be incalculable.

Mr. Kennedy's plea is really for something much more than the benefit which any number of sportsmen could bring to the people among whom they find themselves as guests when hunting or fishing. It is a plea for the taking up of recreation by the farmer himself.

It is a gospel which should be preached. Why, for instance, should the farm work go on on the Fourth of July as on other days? Would not the farmer and the farmer's boy and the farmer's wife and the farmer's daughter get as much good from their holiday as is found in a day off by persons engaged in other pursuits? Why should not the farmer give as much attention to recreation—not necessarily physical recreation of the character which comes as a relief to others—as is devoted to sport by professional men and tradesmen and mechanics?

The fact is that the farmer is constituted on the same plan as other men, and it is just as true of him as of all the rest of the world that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. There are hosts of fishing and shooting farmers, but farmers as a class do not shoot nor fish, nor play golf; nor take to the other modes of play which might interest, amuse and lighten their life.

TO SAVE MASSACHUSETTS GROUSE.

THE king of New England game birds is the ruffed grouse. No other can begin to compare with him in game qualities. No other has lured so many sportsmen afield, no other has excited in the heart of the man with the gun such ambition, hope and striving, such exultation and triumph, such arduous exertion and despair. No other has caused such baffling chagrin on the part of its followers, wearied with such fatigue, crowned the pursuit with more satisfying results. The partridge is of all New England game the gamest; its pursuit is the most taxing, and the rewards of that pursuit the most generous and abiding. More hunters hunt ruffed grouse than any other game bird. More grouse hunts are rehearsed around the fire at night and listened to with attentive hearing than any other game. In a word, the grouse is the New England bird.

And in the opinion of men who are qualified to form an intelligent estimate of the present supply, no game of New England stands in more urgent need of better protection. Throughout large areas where the bird was once abundant it is in danger of extermination, unless the agencies which are making for its destruction shall be checked. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, a sportsman known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, expresses, as a result of his personal, thorough and long pursued investigation, the conviction that in the covers with which he has been familiar, not one grouse may be found to-day

where there were twenty ten years ago. Mr. Jas. H. Bennett, who is president of the Boston game dealers' association, stood up in the sportsman's conference in that city the other day and testified that as a dealer in game he knew that the grouse supply was diminishing, and had now decreased to such a point that very serious and determined measures must be adopted to save it from extinction. Mr. Kinney, the sportsman, and Mr. Bennett, the game dealer, both recognize as the agency which menaces the grouse, the killing for market, and both of them urge the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank—"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons," in so far as it relates to this particular species. When the situation is such that representatives of the sportsmen and of the game dealers unite in urging such a step, we may be assured that the conditions are in all respects as grave as we have painted them.

Accordingly, the sportsmen of Massachusetts, as represented by the Central Committee, an outgrowth of the Massachusetts Association, and the game dealers, as represented by Mr. Bennett, have caused to be introduced into the Legislature a bill designed to provide an absolute all the year round close season for the sale of ruffed grouse. Its text is as follows:

HOUSE NO. 549.

Bill accompanying the petition of James H. Bennett. Fisheries and Game. Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In the year 1900.

An Act to provide for the better protection and to regulate the sale of game birds:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. Whoever takes or kills, or has in his possession, a woodcock, or a ruffed grouse, commonly called a partridge, or a quail between the 1st day of December and the 1st day of October shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so taken or killed, or had in possession, whenever or wherever the said birds may have been taken or killed; and whoever buys, sells, offers for sale or has in possession for the purpose of sale, a woodcock, or a ruffed grouse, commonly called a partridge, at any time, whenever or wherever the said birds may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so bought, sold, offered for sale or had in possession for the purpose of sale.

Section 2. Whoever takes or kills a pinnated grouse at any time, or a wood or summer duck, black duck or teal, or any of the so-called duck species, except the scoters, commonly called coots, between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of September, or any of the scoters, commonly called coots, between the 20th day of May and the 1st day of September; and whoever buys, sells or has in his possession any of the birds named in this section and protected thereby during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever the said birds may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so taken or killed, or had in possession; provided, however, that any person, firm or corporation dealing in game or engaged in the cold storage business may buy, sell, or have in possession, and any person may buy from such person, firm or corporation, and have in possession, if so bought, quail from the 1st day of October to the first day of May; and any such person, firm or corporation may have in possession on cold storage, quail and may buy, sell and have in possession pinnated grouse, wild pigeons, and any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, or any of the so-called duck species, at any season, if said quail, grouse or other birds have not been taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act.

Section 3. Section 1 of Chapter 205 of the acts of the year 1894, and Chapter 195 of the acts of the year 1898, are hereby repealed, but such repeal shall not affect any forfeiture incurred, suit or proceeding pending or action accrued under said section and chapter.

Section 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

This is by all means the most important piece of legislation that has been proposed at Boston in recent years. To its advocacy the good faith of the sportsmen and of the game dealers is pledged, and under these circumstances there should be no question of the enactment of the measure by the Legislature. In taking this step, Massachusetts will be following the example of her neighbors, for Vermont and New Hampshire and Connecticut all have statutes forbidding the taking of ruffed grouse for export; that is to say, for shipment to the markets of Boston and New York.

Every sportsman of Massachusetts owes it to himself and his fellows to exert all his influence to secure the adoption of Bill No. 549. The introduction of foreign game birds, whether from abroad or from distant quarters of our own country may or may not succeed; at best, such enterprises are experimental and uncertain. But there is not the slightest question of the persistence of the ruffed grouse if the bird shall be given a fair chance. Let us look first to preserving our native game. After that end has been assured, enterprise may be directed to the introduction of new species.

SNAP SHOTS.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association, which was organized in Montreal the other day, contains the promise of decided benefit to the game interests of Canada and the States contiguous. While possibly the title is an expansive one, there can be no question that the work done by the Association will have an influence extending over the entire continent. The promoters of the new movement are men who have public confidence, because it is manifest that they have undertaken the work out of a real interest in it and from worthy motives, and are not seeking in it an advertisement of themselves or their business enterprises. We invite a careful reading of the report of the proceedings of the second day, as given in another page. The Association deserves, and we are confident will receive, the hearty support of individuals and sportsmen's clubs who are within the range of its influence. The topics discussed at its first meeting were among the most important of those which have to do with the interests of our game and fish. The views expressed are entitled to consideration because coming from men of experience and mature thought.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner has entirely severed his connection with the Fish and Game Protector service of New Jersey. His resignation was sent to the Commissioners last Saturday. It was brought about by the continued opposition and animosity of Governor Voorhees. The Governor told the Commissioners that to retain Mr. Shriner in any capacity whatever he regarded as an insult to him; and on this ground he demanded that the protector should go. By Mr. Shriner's resignation New Jersey loses the services of the man who has done more for game and fish protection than any other one person since game and fish protection was thought of. If any one of the remaining protectors shall manifest undue zeal in the discharge of his official duty, he too may look for the enmity of the Governor.

A correspondent inquires as to the effect upon our domestic game supply of the sale of foreign game. The effect of the sale of game actually imported would, of course, not affect the domestic supply in any way whatever, unless it might be possibly if the imported stock were so plentiful and so cheap as to lessen the demand for native species. That is something which would not be likely to happen. The actual conditions are these, that while there is in the market some actually imported foreign game, by far the greater proportion of the game labeled as foreign is American, and is sold illicitly under a foreign name. Brazil birds are American quail; French pheasants are American ruffed grouse.

A Brooklyn duck shooter, who was shooting off Westhampton, one day last week, upon landing on the beach drew his gun from the boat toward him, muzzle first. He slipped, the gun was discharged, and the full charge of duck shot entered the left arm at the wrist and tore it away to the elbow. Three columns of pertinent comment might be written on this incident; but three thousand columns would not restore the arm. We do make a paragraph of it, because this brief mention, if heeded, may save some one else's arm. The usual casualty with a gun is one which is due wholly to neglect of the common sense rules of handling firearms.

Mr. Frank H. Risteen, whose lamented death, at the early age of thirty-seven, occurred at Riverside, Cal., last week, had made his name familiar by his letters in our columns on Canadian game topics. His reports of New Brunswick hunting countries were the means of attracting many Americans to the Province, and by his ever ready assistance and willingness to give information he had put a multitude of sportsmen under lasting obligations to him. Mr. Frederic Irland writes with loving appreciation of his friend, and pays a fitting tribute to his life and character.

James A. Bell, of the Connecticut Fish Commission, who died at his home in Lynn, last week, at the age of eighty-two, was one of the veterans among the fish commissioners of the country. He was first appointed in 1867, and had served continuously with the exception of one year. Mr. Bell was a public spirited citizen and prominent in many public affairs.

John Fannin, Naturalist.

WE take pleasure in presenting this week a most admirable portrait of Mr. John Fannin the founder and curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, B. C., who is well known to ornithologists and big game hunters through his frequent contributions to the literature of these subjects.

Mr. Fannin was born in the year 1839 in the backwoods of Kempville, Ont., where he passed his boyhood. From early life he was fond of the woods and wilds, and cared more for the lessons to be learned from the book of nature than for those taught in the country schools. By the time he had attained manhood, he was not only well acquainted with the ways of the birds and beasts of his native country, but was also a good practical woodsman.

In the year 1862 came the news of the discovery of gold in the wonderful Caribou region, which drew to northern British Columbia so great a number of old miners and of young men who were wooing fortune. One of these was Fannin, who that year joined a party which proposed to make on foot the journey across the great plains and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. They left Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—which was then the last white settlement, and from there the party made its slow way over the vast unexplored Northwest. They crossed the Rocky Mountains at the Tete Jaune Pass and proceeded down the west slope to a point near Fort George, on the Fraser River. The long journey had not been without its dangers, its difficulties and its hardships, but at last, after four months, it was safely completed, and the pioneers felt that now the fortunes that they longed for were really within their grasp.

In Fannin's judgment the season was then too late to start in to the mines, and while some members decided to go thither at once, he, with five companions, proceeded to Fort Kamloops, on the Thompson River, which they reached Oct. 11. The following spring he went to the mines, and cast in his lot with the gold seekers of Williams Creek, the richness of which made fortunes for many during the next two years. Mr. Fannin was not one of these, but nevertheless for nearly ten years he mined and prospected through the Province, coming out at the last as poor as he had gone in.

All these journeyings, however, had given him a great knowledge of the Province, and on more than one occasion he was sent into the interior by the Government on exploring expeditions to acquire information on particular subjects. More than twenty years ago he settled down on Burrard Inlet, where is now the town of Hastings. At that time Hastings consisted of a hotel and three cabins, while Vancouver was not. Here Fannin hunted and fished and collected birds and mammals, and in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* he has left many delightful memorials of the years spent on Burrard Inlet. He was a remarkably skillful hunter and a particularly good shot, and as this came to be known, little by little, he was often asked by sportsmen from a distance to take them into the mountains and hunt with them. As a hunter he was extremely successful; yet from the point of view of the mere hunter not always so, for sometimes when looking for game he would become interested in some fact in natural history in which a bird, or a frog, or a bug, was concerned, and would become so absorbed in the doings of the small creatures that he would pay no attention to the game which he was supposed to be following.

Twelve years ago the Government of British Columbia decided to establish a Provincial museum, and for the enterprise secured the services of Mr. Fannin. He started at work in a small apartment in the Provincial buildings, and the first year made such a showing as necessitated an enlargement of the quarters. The third year the collections were removed to larger premises, and began to assume such proportions that in 1897 a large wing of the new and magnificent public buildings was fitted up solely as a museum, which is now considered one of the finest of its size in America.

Here may be seen the workmanship of Mr. Fannin, which is acknowledged to be equal, if not in some respects superior to others perhaps claiming greater pretensions. Five years ago the Government, in recognition of his services, paid the deserved compliment of sending him to Europe and the United States, to inform himself as to anything new in his art, as well as to the working of modern museums.

Mr. Fannin has been for twelve years a valued associate member of the American Ornithologists' Union. He is now in his sixtieth year, hale and hearty. He is devoted to the institution of his own creation, of which he may be justly proud.

Personally, Mr. Fannin is one of the very salt of the earth, full of interest and enthusiasm in his chosen line of work, an admirable story teller, and possessed of a keen sense of humor. No more delightful companion than he can be imagined either for the hunting camp, or for the museum laboratory, which it is hoped that he may long adorn.

The Sportsman Tourist.

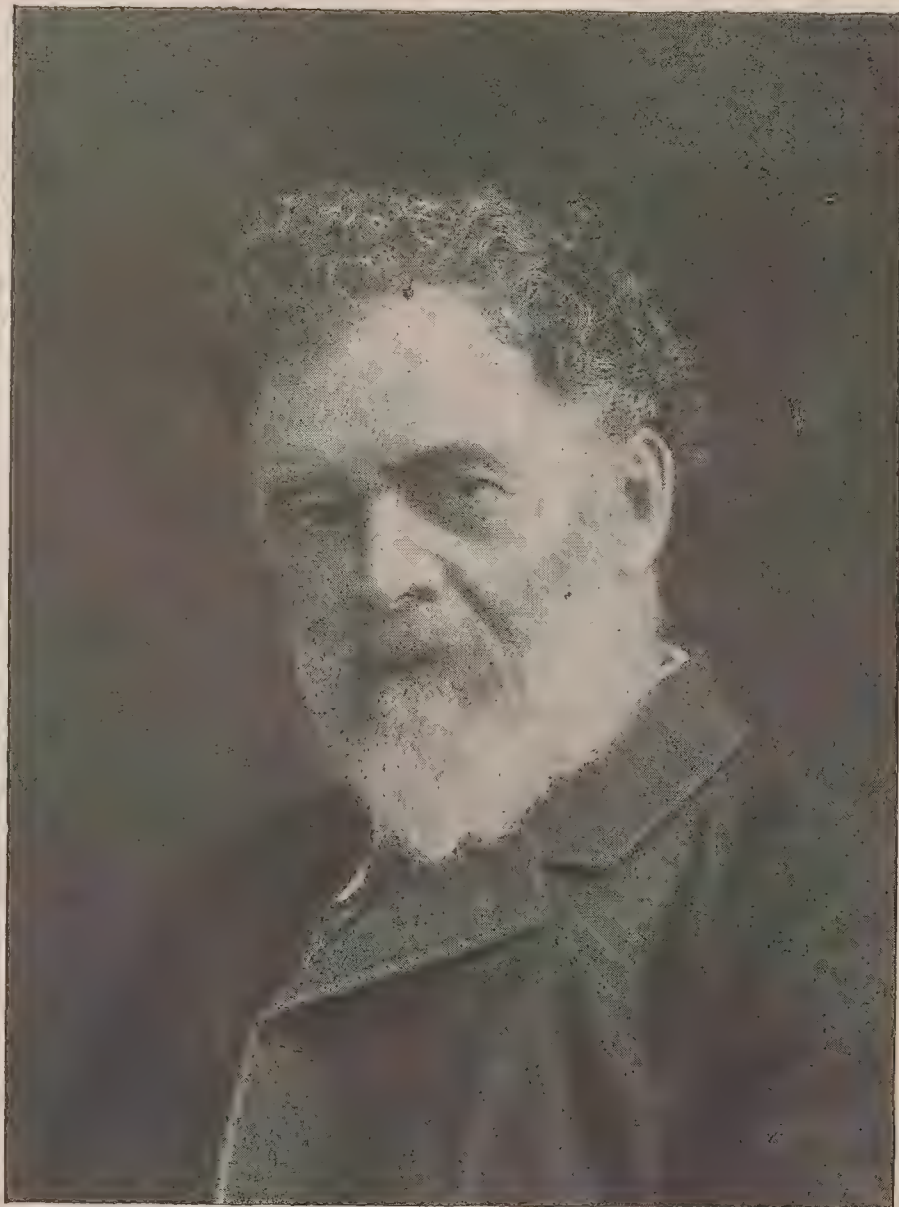
The Chase of Rats.

TALOLO said rats.

Now, that may seem in one aspect trite, and in another it may seem slangy. The slang is easily removed, for my gentle companion of forest and mountain side made his remark in Samoan, and in that most courteous speech there is no such thing as slang, and even if there had been, Talolo, ranking as the son of a chief, would never have so derogated his natural grace as to use it. As to its being trite, that Talolo should say anything, that is another matter. Many of my memories of that far kingdom in the South Sea, which has just become half American, are really based on what Talolo said in the shattered English, which was the best I could teach him, or in his own more liquid speech. He was always keen to accompany the "shoot gun" into the bush, even if it did involve my company, for he had learned that we were inseparable, and must be taken together. Yet had it not been for Talolo there are few mysteries of the Samoan slopes which I should have encompassed. Therefore, it is only fair to give passing credit to the living faun in bronze who taught me the haunts of the crayfish in the mountain streams, and the pigeon in the topmost boughs, and the snake that vocalizes like a hen, and the

ment as years of prosy diplomacy had not availed to accomplish. Instinct told me that Talolo was hungry, that and experience. In fact, so far as I was able to judge, Talolo was always hungry. In some occult way he seemed to know when there was likely to be something to eat in my cook house at the back of the compound. It was against all my rules and regulations for the government of what the diplomatic officers will insist on calling Samoan relations, but when there was the wan aspect of an empty stomach on Talolo's plump face all rules and regulations went overboard and Talolo was ordered to go to the cook house and seek such consolation as Tanoa might administer. That procedure accounted for the general smear of content and tinned beef which Talolo wore when he rejoined me on the veranda and borrowed (and as usual eventually annexed) a box of those matches of which only a half strike on the box. This was for the purpose of lighting the banana leaf cigarette, which he had bullied Tanoa into giving him. Tanoa, as good a soul as ever lived, was helpless in such a case, for Talolo ranked about one eighth of an inch above him in the intricacies of island precedence, and for that reason he had to yield to all of Talolo's demands.

Having incorporated into himself one whole tin of beef and another of mess salmon, plus whatever was going in my cook house in the way of baked bread fruit and taro, and not having any clear idea where he was likely to acquire another similar light luncheon for an hour or so, Talolo was quite willing to squat at my feet



JOHN FANNIN.

aitu demons to be afraid of, and the way of the fish in the sea, of the bonito that charges the fisherman in the canoe, and the mullet that ripples the quiet lagoon in the miracle of the dawn twilight, and all the other birds and beasts of Samoan nature, to which Talolo applied the epithet "good for eat for you, for me." That was his one fault; he was always thinking of something "good for eat." If the things he ate had only been commensurate with his anticipation of them, my Talolo would have been at least 17 feet tall, and then he must have been fully tattooed after the manner of Samoan men, and I should have had to take a chaperon on my trips with him afield. Sports for sport's sake was beyond Talolo's comprehension, but the result of sport he could well appreciate, particularly when baked with a stone in their insides. No matter where you find him, man is certainly the eating sex.

But, to start fair, we must return to Talolo's remark of rats and what led up to it.

Samoa was sunk in ignoble peace. King Malietoa Laupepa had just drawn his monthly wages of \$48.60, and there could be no vestige of political trouble until he had gone broke again. It took him eleven days to spend his civil list, and the next revolution was not due until the thirteenth of the month, and even then it might be postponed if we could be wheedled into lending him \$5 or \$10 to the next pay day, when long experience had been sufficient proof that he would forget it. Even the rebels, who were not in receipt of any "kupe" or money whatsoever, were now quiescent, the last great war feast that they had conducted had used up all their pigs and taro, and they could make no new demonstration until they had grown more taro in the ground and more pork on top, and as to the latter item my still small gun was doing daily execution on all the Vaiala shoats that crept through the Robinson Crusoe hedge and uprooted my cineraria maritima and frangipanni. I never did know what cineraria maritima really looked like, the pigs and the climate were against it; but I remember the name from the seed package as one of the Samoan mysteries.

After breakfast Talolo was discovered sitting in an attitude of placid hunger on the fragment of the wrecked mast of the Trenton, which lay at the foot of our flagstaff as a reminder of how the weather ten years ago took a hand in the Samoan question and gave it such a settle-

and continue his education in English, a language which at heart he despised because it drew so few distinctions between the chief and the common person.

We had reached the verb, and that is always a perilous passage in grammar. I had just taught Talolo to get himself straight on the first person, singular, of the verb "to be." But Talolo (oh, he had a great mind in some ways), had gone an unguided step in advance with the assistance of some sailor on the beach, and he surprised me with this conjugation, which I had never taught him: "I am." "You be dam." "To blazes with him!"

Really after that variant on Lindley Murray—for that is English as spoke on the Apia beach—it was advisable to postpone my efforts to educate the savage.

Talolo, like other boys the world over, was perfectly willing to give up his grammar and turn to natural history or some other really interesting topic. For about the one-thousandth time he suggested how nice it must be to live in my island of Niu Ioka, and to be able to go out after having breakfasted on two or three tins of things and back in the bush to employ the shoot gun in bringing down an elephant or a tiger. He knew there were such things on the island I came from, for Tonga had seen them there, and as Tonga had been in the circus, she knew. Now, when any inquirer pulls the Barnum & Bailey show on me, I have to yield as gracefully as may be.

Thus started, it was only a natural transition to the shoot gun, which Talolo knew was hanging on the wall of my own room, with a leather bandolier of cartridges. Here is where he was disappointed. Every shell was empty, and what was worse, there was not a drachm of nitro in the whole kingdom, and there would be none until the next mail boat renewed my personal supply. The Consuls held unpleasant opinions about powder—one can hardly blame them, when it is recalled that they were a feeble trio amid turbulent savages—and it was more than difficult to have powder on hand. Of course there was a scanty supply of black powder, but after the nitro, one does not much care to use the smoky stuff.

At once all of Talolo's plans fell to the ground. There was no chance of going after pigeons. The sky was overcast, and under Samoan clouds the fish will not bite. It was proclaimed as a great disappointment to the lad, for he swore that he knew just where we could count on

finding a wild bull in the bush. That was one of Talolo's perennial promises. He was always in the point of bringing me within shooting distance of that or some other one of the wild cattle, but I never did get a shot at anything with horns in all my days under the dripping boughs.

It was then that Talolo said rats. Now, I had a personal grievance against the Samoan rats. At night they invaded the house. They scampered over the floor mats, which magnified the scratching of their claws. They ran hurdle races over me as I slept, and if by any quick chance my fingers closed on their soft fur they squeaked. Worst of all, they got on the tin roof and held festive dances with complicated and noisy steps. That drove the sleep from the most drowsy. Really there was only one good thing to say in their favor, and that was that they were indefatigable hunters of cockroaches, also a nocturnal bird and a very annoying one.

When Talolo in Samoan, which I wish to repeat is not slangy, said rats, he used the word "imoa."

"Isumui?" I questioned in reply.

"Tole fo'i," was his response. "Same rat, three names: imoa and isumu and iole, all the same bird." That one has soon to recognize in the islands everything that is not a fish or a worm or some such minor creation is a bird, even a horse.

"But, Talolo," I said, "the rats are asleep in the day time. The only time we can get them is at night, and anyway my shoot gun is dead—no powder."

"Much cloud to-day, Tamaita'i," he promptly replied. "Night and day some thing. Day better, for no aitu. Rats wake up and walk about in the bush and we catch them. Gun no good. Gun big. Rats small. Kill them with throwing stick. Good for eat for you, for me."

The last item was really unnecessary. I never did get to the limit of the fish, flesh and fowl, and "birds" that were not in some way "good for eat for you for me," principally for him.

That is how I came to go on the hunt with Talolo for "mice and rats and such small deer." Our only weapons were throwing sticks, mere dried wands of the lightest kind of wood, each about as thick as my little finger and rather more than a yard in length. The chief use of these sticks is in a game over which the islanders spend many days at a time in the effort to see which can throw the greatest distance with one ricochet on the worn turf of the throwing green, which may be found in every village and where fierce contests are waged with the wands, to the accompaniment of barbaric feasts and dances.

The experience taught me one thing, and that is that it is no easy thing for a white woman to throw a 6-ounce stick with any hope of stunning or even hitting a field rat at the distance of 100 yards, and on the wing, as one may say. Total result: I confess ignominious failure. I did not myself kill a single rat, except one that doesn't count, for I squashed him by a backward step, not having the remotest idea that he was there. Talolo was more than disgusted, for he had given me the very straightest wand that he had in his collection. Therefore, if anybody wants to know how it seems to hit a rat with a stick at long range he is going to be disappointed, so far as my personal experience goes; but I did see how Talolo did it. Between us we brought home a fair string of game, including my squashed victim, and there can be no doubt that Talolo by himself would have done much better if it had not been for my company. A boy can't kill as many rats as he otherwise would if he has to spend a very considerable part of his time in hunting for a woman's throwing stick and never feeling quite certain whether it is in the deep lantana brush (a prickly pest, that), or up in the summit of some high tree. I really could not help it. After the stick left my hands I never could tell which way it was going. That it would not annoy the rat was certain; its ultimate destination was doubtful.

Talolo was right about the effect of the heavy clouds; but then Talolo was always right about his woodcraft except for some of his views about the aitu and snakes that cackle like a hen, and even as to those I am not entirely sure that he was lying. It was only in other matters that he gave full swing to his Samoan mendacity, questions as to who was his mother and such like unimportant trifles. The Samoan bush is always gloomy, even when the sun is at its torrid brightest above the leaves. On this day of lowering clouds, it was as dark as in the twilight which Northern nations know. Between the trunks of great trees and under the cordage of pendent lianas looking like the braces and halyards of some ship left to rot in the Sargasso sea, were long vistas through the undergrowth, where the long slabs of banana leaves arched over head and the near the ground the flat expanse of taro leaves simulated a green platform, and all tied together with the sturdy convolvulus out of which the Samoans believe the first women were created and then bore the first men and peopled the world—the whole world of the five islands. Every such vista was closely scanned by Talolo, as we made our dripping way over the soggy soil, where it has never ceased to rain since the world was young. Some were barren of guidance to him. In others he tried to show me the track of the scampering rails. Here and there he professed to find the course of the blue lizards, which flashed now and then on our sight, sharp-eyed creatures that sprang from under foot and gave a glimpse of their foot-long agility, dreadful things to have drop on you from overhead, for then your neck swells up and you die, and I always believed whatever Talolo told me in the bush, since that was his own country. At last the lad found a runway of the rats. I must confess that I could see little spoor, but to his eyes it was clear that he had found one of the paths which the woodland rats use.

We walked along this thin trail until we came upon a straightaway stretch of very nearly 200 yards, and there we took our stand in silence. Yet, still as we were, the jungle seemed filled with sound. There was the distant and melancholy cooing of the wood dove, the manutangi; the lizards scuttering through the grass gave vent to little squeaks; the vagrant hermit crabs fell in clumsy slumps, as their top-heavy borrowed shells overbalanced them. In our waiting we felt a sudden chill, and Talolo insisted that we should tie the fragrant leaves of ginger

about our heads in precaution, for those sudden chills mean the passage of some aitu on its hunt, and ginger may keep them off.

Suddenly there was a little beast on the runway ahead of us, a lump of blue fur sitting in its tracks erect upon its haunches and washing its face with its forepaws. That was the first rat. It seemed too pretty to kill, but Talolo had no scruples whatever. He signed to me with a wave of his hand, and we threw at once. My stick landed in an orchid half way up the trunk of a tamanu—that strange tree of the South Sea forests that grows boards. But Talolo directed his stick with a more acquainted aim, and rat the first fell to our bag. At least the rat was stunned, and Talolo gleefully running up broke the little animal's neck and brought it to me that I might see what dignified sport we were pursuing.

What I saw was a little animal no bigger than the chipmunks of our fences, gracefully shaped, covered with a thick fur of light slaty blue which might be ornamental when dressed and made up. Its eyes were almost as large and fine as those of our roadside squirrels, and entirely different from the sharp beads which we associate with our household rats. In fact, this rat is entirely indigenous to the islands, and drives out the foreign rats which escape from the ships in the harbor.

As was this first rat, so were the others that came to the runway on which we had taken our stand. Invariably I missed, except for the one that I inadvertently stepped on, and with very few exceptions Talolo was able to land his game at very considerable distances.

Talolo had assured me that the rats were "good for eat for you, for me." I took a few of the spoil and put them in Tanoa's hands for cooking. They had first to be skinned and wrapped in leaves, and then buried in the ground over night to season. In the morning Tanoa presented them fried for breakfast. Somehow or other I did not seem to hanker after fried rat. A junior member of the family swore positively that so long as there remained a can of any sort in the kingdom of Samoa, and a can-opener was available, he was going to draw the line at rats. Another member of the family, with past years of acquaintance with savage eating, welcomed the fried rats, and said that he was ready to eat the mess himself with no assistance. "What's a rat," he announced, "after you've had to feed on 'wums' and bugs?" With this encouragement, I nibbled gingerly at my first fried rat. Come to think of it, it is somewhat of a new sensation to an unaccustomed palate. But it was so fine and tasty a morsel that I insisted that as between myself and the other member of the household who had a liking for rat, there should be an equitable distribution of the game.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Sam's Boy.—XII.

The Lynx.

WHEN the Indian arrows were hopelessly lost and their place poorly supplied by clumsy substitutes, fashioned by Uncle Lisha, Timothy Lovel and Sam, Sammy began to desire a deadlier weapon than the bow, and cast longing eyes upon his father's guns. The ponderous rifle, popularly known as the Ore Bed, for its weight of metal, was quite beyond his hope of aiming for many a year to come, but when he was permitted to handle the longer, but lighter, smooth-bore, he was rejoiced to find he could raise it for an instant to an off-hand aim, and thereupon begged earnestly to be allowed to go hunting with it. This was, of course, refused for the present, but with a half promise that he might do so "one of these days." This was much pondered, and not forgotten by the boy.

In due course of time it happened one day that all the grown-up inmates of the Lovel homestead were abroad except Uncle Lisha, who was left in charge of the house and the two children. For the most part he sat on his bench, working at a pair of new shoes, answering as well as he could the children's endless questions, and doing his best to satisfy their insatiable appetite for stories of old times.

Now and then he would get upon his feet, and after brushing the scraps and shreds from his apron make an inspection of the kitchen, look out the door, up and down the road, and comment on the unusually infrequent "pass," note hour and minutes marked by the hands of the tall clock, and then go back to the shop, glad to retire from the oppressive, unwonted quiet of the room, made the more noticeable by the deliberate, muffled tick of the clock, and the drowsy buzzing of flies in the windows.

Now and then, when the children could not extract another tale from their story-teller, they ran out to play in the yard, and Polly's doll was captured by Indians over and over again, and rescued after seasons of savage captivity; was treed by hordes of wolves, followed by panthers, always to be saved just in the nick of time by the mighty hunter and Indian fighter, Sammy. When invention of adventures was exhausted, they went into the shop, with sharpened appetites for stories, but ashamed to ask for more. Uncle Lisha, fully expecting a fresh demand, cudgelled memory and wits for a way to meet it as he stared out abstractedly over the bright September landscape. Aftermath and woodland were as green as woods and meadows of June, yet of a riper tint, and a changed depth and slant of shadows.

"Wal, this 'ere's a neat time for younkets tu play aou' door, hain't it, naow?" he said, uttering the happy thought suggested by the beauty of the day.

"Ya-as," Sammy admitted.

"Yes, sir, this 'ere's one o' the days," Uncle Lisha said, with greater emphasis.

"Wha'd you say, Uncle Lisher?" the boy asked, pricking his ears; "one o' these days 'd you say it was?"

"Yes, sir, jest one o' these 'ere-days I'd be a playin' aou' door if I was a younket, or aout yonder in the woods a-huntin' pa'tridge, if I was twenty-year younger'n I be."

By some sign common to the free-masonry of childhood, Sammy signaled Polly out of doors and out of hearing of Uncle Lisha, and whispered loudly: "Say; 'd you hear him say that it's one o' these days?"

Polly nodded, though not comprehending the drift of it all.

"An' you know daddy tol' me I might go a-huntin' wi' his real, shootin' growed-up folks' gun 'one o' these days.'

Naow, le's me an' you git it an' go; 'cause you see, this day's one of 'em, an' he won't care!"

"You think Unc' Lisher let us?" Polly asked, a little scared by the audacious proposal.

"We hain't his children, an' he hain't got no business not to let us, 'long as daddy said we might when 'one o' these days' come. We won't ask. Come!"

The argument was convincing, and without further demur she followed his cautious footsteps to the kitchen door, which was opened and entered, a wooden-bottomed chair moved to position under the gun hook mounted, the gun, powder horn and shot bag taken from them, and out of doors, and all accomplished so noiselessly under favor of the fortune that no less frequently attends naughty children than it does their naughty elders, that Uncle Lisha's attention was not attracted.

Crouching as they ran, they got around the house until the rear of the woodshed was reached, and they were hidden from their guardian in the shop, and stopped a moment to regain the breath that had almost gone out of them in gasps of fear and painful repression. Sammy crawled through a hole in the back of the shed and secured a wasp nest for wadding, and then the pair laid a straight course for the woods, keeping in range of the barn. During the purloining of the gun the young hound, grown almost to his full height, but awkward and unbidable in puppyhood, was harrying a woodchuck in the pasture wall, to the great relief of Sammy, who was aware of the risk of betrayal by Drive's unrestrainable demonstrations. But, now they were safely out of Uncle Lisha's sight, the dog's company would be welcome enough, so when he desisted a moment from digging and discovered his young comrades crossing the field, the boy carrying the gun on his shoulder in such pride that he felt himself growing an inch a minute, he galloped after them with one reluctant look backward at the stronghold of the woodchuck. Drive had learned from the wise teaching of his master that the gun brought the reward of hunting, having already killed for him several squirrels, a treed woodchuck and a running hare, and now expressed his joy at going hunting with the children, careering madly about them and far before them, uttering a medley of yelps and deep-mouthed challenges, then tearing back at top speed and leaping up at the gun, to the impeding of Sammy's progress and imminent risk of knocking him over, and now, by many unmistakable signs, asking for help to dislodge the wood chuck from its stronghold.

"No, Drive, can't," Sammy declared, resolutely. "Daddy says we musn't pull down no wall for woo'chucks. Come on int' the woods an' git a pa'tridge or suthin'." Sammy did not know that a hound was not exactly suited to partridge hunting, and Drive was ready for the pursuit of anything by scent except cats, of which he had unpleasant recollection.

They had scarcely entered the woods before he scented game and began working up the trail, with Sammy following so close that his shins were rapped by the dog's slender tail at every step, and Polly, awed by the dark, mysterious interior that was opening before her, stuck as closely to her brother's heels.

Suddenly there was a roar of half a dozen pairs of wings as Drive ran into the midst of a company of grouse dusting in the powdered mold of a decayed tree trunk. The dog stared after them until the last one disappeared, and then looked inquiringly at his young master, as if to ask, "Didn't I do that in good style?" while Sammy stared as intently at the blurred forms vanishing among boughs and shadows, hoping that one might alight within sight and range. Then the dog trotted forward in quest of new achievements until out of sight, but still making his whereabouts known as he threshed brush and trunks with his busy tail and snapped dry twigs under foot.

Presently the sound of the tail beats ceased, and then the dog came skulking back with hackles bristling and tail lowered.

"Why, dawg!" Sammy said to him, searching the dark shade beyond for the cause of alarm, "you look as if ol' Maltee an' her hul' fam'ly was arter ye. What is 't?"

"Oh, Bub! See! See!" the little sister said, almost in a whisper, clutching at his sleeve and pointing eagerly upward at something crouching on a great branch of a tree just beyond the partridges' dusting place.

Following the direction of her finger, Sammy saw a pair of big, round, yellow eyes glaring at him out of a gray chucklehead, the pricked ears tipped with tufts of black hair, all of which, with a ruff flaring out behind the head, made such a fierce looking visage that the boy wished himself and his companions well out of the woods, and would have quickly betaken himself thence if the eyes of Polly had not been upon him. It would never do to show the white feather in her presence, so he sidled up to the nearest tree, with Polly sticking close to his side and Drive cowering behind, in which position only he dared utter a growl at the biggest cat he had ever seen crouched along the bough, eyeing the trio closely, yet with insolent indifference. It was a formidable looking beast, and Sammy was glad to remember that the gun was still loaded with the charge of BB shot that he had seen his father pour into the barrel. He cocked the gun and raised it to a rest against the great tree and got a steady aim right between the yellow eyes.

The beast seemed to recognize a menace in this, for it bared its sharp, white teeth with a gasping hiss and did not take its eyes off the boy, who pulled on the trigger without effect till he was sure the gun was only half cocked, and then, assuring himself that it was, put a second finger and all his strength on the trigger. It yielded and the striker, a clumsy bit of iron screwed into the place of the discarded flint, came down with a crack on the cap, the woods were filled with a far-echoing roar, pierced by a terrific scream, and through the slowly lifting cloud of smoke Sammy had a glimpse of a gray body curving down toward him. It struck the earth heavily, but went 3-feet in the air with a quick rebound, repeated after each fall, which, as the ground descended slightly, each rebound brought the beast, with all four big, talon-armed paws lashing out blindly, a little nearer to the dazed group, till Polly's skirt was caught in a sweeping stroke that cut it like knives. Then Sammy came to his wits, and, catching hold of his sister, ran pell-mell down the slope with her, preceded by Drive, whimpering and tucking his tail to its tightest between his legs. There was no halt till the brook was crossed.

Then, as they stood listening to the threshing of the

ground by the wounded beast and its growling and gasping growing fainter, till scarcely heard above the babble of the brook, and their own hard breathing, Sammy began reloading his gun.

"What be him?" Polly asked, when she found voice.

"Don't know," Sammy answered, intent upon pouring half his small palmful of powder into the long barrel, slanted at a gentle incline to get muzzle on a level with his shoulder. "'Tain't no painter, nor one o' Mr. Antwine's things 'at ketches naughty children, 'cause 't ain't got no tail tu speak on."

"Will he kill us, you s'pose?" she asked.

"He hain't, anyway, an' I guess he won't if I ever gi this ol' gun loaded."

"I guess he's dead or gone off, for I can't hear him no more," he continued, when the loading of the gun was accomplished and the cap on the nipple. "Come on; let's we go an' see."

Polly shook her head very decidedly, and ruefully regarded her torn frock.

"'Fraid cat!" Sammy said, scornfully. "Come on, Drive. Come! Sic 'em, s-s-sic 'em!" But Drive was as loath as Polly. "Wal, I'm goin', anyway." His courage was not to be put to the test, for at that moment he and Polly were startled by a voice roaring:

"Good airth an' seas! You little torments! What be you a-doin' here?"

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Deer Hunt in Old Virginia.

THE promise of rare sport in the way of a deer hunt always brings enjoyment and excitement to a sportsman. His imagination is at once brought into action, and he figures himself as being the hero of the hunt. He sees himself on the runway, the dogs are driving full cry toward him; nearer and nearer they come, and suddenly across the trail bounds an enormous buck, with head thrown back, so that the prongs of his antlers touch his back and sides; it is no time for hesitation, but with instinctive accuracy the gun bounds to the shoulder, the finger finds the trigger, a flash, report, and the buck with one terrific bound falls, its shoulder pierced by the shot, and a vital organ reached. He sees himself surrounded by the dogs, which have come up, and the admiring huntsmen who stand about listening attentively to the account of the wonderful shot that has been made. Then the return to the camp, the roast venison cooked over the open camp-fire, and later on the return to the city home, bringing with him the head, antlers and skin. Hosts of friends have called to hear how, when and where he obtained that most beautiful specimen, or perhaps he is waited upon by the curator of the museum of natural history, and he sees his name on the gold plate, "Presented by A. B., Esq., 1899." He takes his friend down town and shows him with pride his gun that hangs in the window labeled "This gun was used by Mr. A. B. during his hunt on which he made the longest shot on record, killing a 22-point buck at — rods." His reverie is brought to an abrupt ending by the good wife, who cares or knows nothing of deer, guns or runways, making the announcement that the cook is about to leave, and she wishes \$25 for the month's wages, and he awakes to find it was a dream.

It was while on my vacation late in the fall, when I was visiting my brother-in-law near Norfolk, Va., that the promise came from an old friend of his, living on a plantation near Waverly. The letter was characteristic of the Virginia planter, and the fact that it came from Brother Neddie was a sufficient guarantee that we were to have a great time. All was at once bustle and excitement. Guns were overhauled; shooting coats, vests, trousers, and leggins examined; buttons sewed on anew and cartridges obtained, with usual arguments relative to black or nitro powder, quantity per load, etc. What pleasure we took in these preparations, and what jollying we experienced from the women folks, cannot be described. At last all was ready, even to the box of cigars, and we found ourselves on board the Cannon Ball train, rushing away from the busy little city at the rate of fifty miles an hour, through pine forests, cutting across a part of the Dismal Swamp, never stopping until we arrived at Waverly, sixty miles distant. There we found Brother Neddie and his younger brother Waverly awaiting us. Brother Neddie took charge of our baggage, while Waverly mounted his horse and rode rapidly away to announce the fact of our arrival to some of the folks who were to take part in the hunt next day. After a few additional purchases, we were ready for our journey, some four miles into the country.

Brother Neddie had reckoned we'd have "right smart of baggage," and as he would be unable to tote them in the buggy, had come with the cart, "Little heavier, but likely we git there." The cart was a cart in reality—a dump-cart pure and simple. We climbed over the wheels, esconsed ourselves upon the sides, and the journey began, the horse never venturing to trot; for various reasons—she did not care to, and as there was no upholstery nor any springs upon that cart, naturally we did not care to have her do so. This horse, I learned, had been picked out for me during our stay, because she was gentle, and a good saddler. What passed through my mind upon the announcement of this fact I will not say; but I was most agreeably surprised when I did ride that mare. She was gentle, a good saddler, and knew her part in the play that was to be enacted during our stay. You all know how long it takes a horse to walk a mile, but none of you know how long it took that mare to walk those four miles over a rough clay road. We were entertained by accounts of innumerable hunts and adventures, our host having had many hairbreadth escapes. At last we discovered a light, and Brother Neddie informed us that it was the house. The light was not from a lamp, but from the blazing logs in the old-fashioned 6-foot fireplace.

We were backed up to and nearly fell out upon a broad porch and entered the house through great double doors into a wide hallway, at the end of which was the living room. In it was the most glorious fire I have ever seen. The room was large and the walls were decorated with carbines and swords, which had done service during

the Civil War. There were many souvenirs of the chase and the pieces of old mahogany furniture, ornamented with brass knobs, escutcheons and lion claws, which, with the darker hued oak floor, reflected the light from the fire, producing a most beautiful tone throughout the room. We had become warmed and refreshed by a hot toddy, when our friend Waverly arrived, and soon supper was announced by Aunt Sarah, an old "mammy," the last of the family servants. We entered the dining hall to find a table most bountifully spread with the products of the plantation. Such ham, broiled chicken, hot biscuits and hot bread, I have never tasted; they would have made some of our Northern housewives and cooks green with envy. After Aunt Sarah had received a unanimous vote of thanks, we adjourned to our great fire. Waverly had seen all the folks, and we were to start at daybreak.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill;
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlick's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint from further distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

Long before daybreak we were aroused by the sounding of the horn. How strangely wierd those mellow tones swelled upon the frosty atmosphere, echoing and re-echoing until lost in the distance. In a few moments, from an indescribable somewhere, came a soft melodious answer, drifting as, it were, toward us on the softly undulating waves of air, dying away in the distance, and again answered by horns from different quarters. The hounds bounded at the end of their leashes, and their deep baying made a weird chorus to the air of the horns, with a stage setting of vague outlines of trees and buildings against a starlit November sky, and fast receding hunter's moon. We had hurriedly finished our breakfast, and were buttoning our hunting coats, and giving a last look at our guns, each mentally addressing his own, and secretly hoping that they and theirs might be the honored ones, when Waverly announced that all was ready. Out into the still cold air we went and found, held by a negro boy, our horses, and here I became better acquainted with my Belle. I noticed a brass plate on the saddle inscribed "Springfield—Armory, 1863," and the saddle I learned was one that had been captured during the war by our host's father. Amid the baying of the hounds, now beside themselves with anticipation, and the winding of the horns, carried by Neddie and Waverly and the "Good luck, Massa," from Aunt Sarah, we vaulted into saddles and proceeded single file through the field and entered the wood just as the first ray of the rising sun illumined the distant horizon.

As we journeyed on an occasional rabbit would dart across our path, and one or two coveys of quail were flushed by the dogs. Frequently we would hear the blast of a distant horn, which would be answered by one of our party, and also from some of the others, proceeding to the rendezvous. At last we reached the point selected for the meet, and there found about twenty horsemen and as many dogs. After the usual exchange of morning greetings and some introductions, it was agreed that Waverly should be the master of the hunt. He was perhaps the youngest of our party, but, as I was told, was without doubt the best hunter in the region, and had a record to his credit of over a hundred deer. He decided that we should start and drive toward Nibblit's mill pond, some six miles distant. Brother Neddie was to place the members of the party on runways. As we rode at a lope, we crossed an old railroad track, which had been used as a lumber road in former years, from the pond to Waverly station. At the instant we heard Waverly's horn giving the signal that he had started, turning to me Brother Neddie almost yelled, "Ride along the track until you reach the trestle and stand. Call if he gets past you! Ride, ride like the devil!" I touched the rein on Belle's neck; she wheeled like a flash, and if she had suddenly become excited over the hunt, she broke into a run up the track, some of the sleepers gone, others way above the level, leaping culverts, always sure-footed. I was, to say the least, nervous, unused to such riding, trying to hold reins, gun and self in position. Suddenly I heard distinctly the hounds in full cry, and so did Belle, for she lowered her head and ran as if she were at stretch in the Futurity race. Ahead I saw the trestle which crossed the swamp. Would she stop or would she keep on in her mad race? For the moment I closed my eyes. Maybe I thought of the dear ones at home. But at that instant she lessened her pace and just at the trestle stopped. I dismounted hurriedly and she, after a thorough shake, which made the stirrups fly around like the arms of a windmill, leisurely turned to the opposite side of the track and began browsing.

Then I heard the entire pack in full cry coming nearer and nearer. Would the deer break here or there? The sound of the hounds died away a little. I drew a breath of relief. Again on they come, nearer and nearer. Shall I see him? Will I get him? Oh! if I can only turn him to Waverly, who will drive him to the others! Great beads of perspiration drop from my forehead. I feel my limbs shake. My hand trembles. I fear that I will be unable to see him. Suddenly I hear above the sound of the dogs a crack or the snap of a dry branch, and just ahead and to my right. It sounded so near that I jumped, and bounding from the thicket comes a fine buck, head well back, forelegs drawn up under him. How that gun found its way to my shoulder I am unable to say. That it did I have no doubt. In my excitement I pulled both triggers. That is all, until I hear a kindly voice say, "He's all right," and I wake to find myself surrounded by the party, each with an inquiring look. Oh, my shoulder and head! The deer, how about that? Well, it had fallen dead in about six rods. Waverly declared he could start again, and told us to go to our stands. By this time my head cracked, and I decided that I had had all the deer hunting I wanted for one day, so it was agreed that I should return to the house. I remounted, the carcass of the deer was placed across the saddle, and I started. When I reached the house the deer and horse were taken charge of by the boy, while Aunt Sarah attended to me. She bathed my

aching head with cold spring water and insisted upon my taking a potion of "sassa tea," which she had distilled from roots of her own gathering. It was not a palatable decoction, but under its soothing influence I fell asleep and did not awake until Waverly's pet dog Sabine thrust his cold nose into my face. I opened my eyes to find I was just in time to partake of a toddy which had been brewed by one of the party. My headache had gone, but my shoulder was very painful. I took a solemn vow then and there never again would I pull both triggers at once when I had a charge of 4½ drams of powder behind buckshot in a 12-gauge gun. The second chase, I was told, had been unsuccessful.

Several of the neighbors remained for supper, one of the courses being baked possum, for which Aunt Sarah was famous. Although rather fat, it was delicious and tender. The hunting adventures told about the fireplace that night would have done credit to Reid or Jules Verne. We were highly entertained by two negro boys—Billy and Densmore—who were introduced by our host. They accompanied themselves upon banjo and guitar, and gave some fine selections and examples of plantation melodies. At 10 our visitors departed, and again we sought our couches, with promises of another day's sport on the morrow.

"The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste,
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew drops from his flanks he shook."

Again at daybreak we found ourselves in the saddle. The hunt was to be over the same region as before, and we found our friends awaiting us at the meeting place. This time my station was near one of the culverts on the Norfolk & Western Railroad. Perhaps an hour had elapsed, when the note of a horn, which I knew to be Waverly's, was heard, and shortly after I could distinctly hear the baying of the dogs. What beautiful music, and what a tale it was telling. How different were the minds and the motives of the pursued and pursuers. Nearer and nearer it comes, when the sound of a shot breaks in upon the deep chorus of the hounds, and I knew by their gradually diminishing voices that the deer had been turned. Another shot was followed by the note of a horn sounding the news that the deer had gotten past some runway; and for a few moments all was silent. The dogs had lost their trail? No, again I heard them. This time comparatively in a new direction, and I rushed to the top of the bank, under which I had been standing, to obtain a better view, and perhaps get another shot. I could see away to the west, across a perfectly level country, a line of heavy pine woods, and in them and headed directly for me could be heard the dogs, all on again and in full cry. I threw myself flat upon the ground and anxiously awaited the termination of the chase. This time I did not tremble, nor was I excited. Suddenly I discovered coming directly at me a small but rapidly moving object, which I knew to be the deer, closely followed by the entire pack. And now that they see the object of their pursuit, they fairly yelled and began to gain rapidly, but only for an instant, for the deer had realized its position. So intent had I been on the mad race, that I had not observed two horsemen riding, one on either side of the pack and several rods from it. What a race it was. I doubt if any of my readers have ever witnessed such a one. They come—deer, dogs, horses, men. I am wondering how it will terminate, when, as if by one accord, both horsemen rise in their saddles and at the same instant I see a flash and hear a report; and the deer falls headlong forward. I run to the spot to find two breathless horsemen, two panting and exhausted horses, a pack of tired hounds—some footsore and bleeding from cut feet and with torn ears—and all, save old Sabine, who recognizes me with a faint wag of his tail, perfectly oblivious to the surroundings. The horsemen I recognize as Waverly and my brother; and to whom belong the honors will never be known, as both shots had reached vital organs. Another deer was placed to our credit.

The remainder of the day was spent in bird shooting, and many were the failures scored, although we succeeded in bringing down enough to make a respectable showing when we reached home.

That night we bade adieu to Aunt Sarah, Brother Neddie, Waverly and the folks, and with promises to meet again, we were soon speeding toward Norfolk. When we reached home and the spoils of the chase and hunt had been inspected by the neighbors and by our wives, some one innocently remarked, that "venison and quail had been very reasonable this fall." Alas, for all our greatness.

MAC.

The Guinea Fowl as Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading several articles in your paper relating to the adaptability of guinea fowl for game purposes, I have thought that a personal incident might add something to the general fund of information in regard to their game qualities. Several years ago a friend and myself hunted a certain strip of ground, just the right sort for fall woodcock and an occasional ruffed grouse; it was a birch hillside, with a pine here and there of stunted growth, the bottom covered with sweet fern and low blueberry bushes, lying favorably to the sun, even now an almost ideal place for a late woodcock—warm and sheltered. We always found birds here, and the dogs hunted it carefully, expecting to get a point. One fall day they roamed well, pointed stanchly, and their actions said quail. We stepped ahead of them and kicked the low brush. Out started what would have seemed surely a grouse except for the harsh note of the guinea fowl. Soon we had another point, with the same result, and during all that fall these birds gave us many a point, going off swiftly and lying finely. I made up my mind then that if a game bird should ever be needed able to take care of itself, lying well and being toothsome. When out this last fall my dogs roamed some guinea fowl. I thought at first it was quail, but their harsh cry told me what they were, and I whistled my dogs in. The guinea fowl of years ago certainly lay better—that is, closer—than any of the Mongolian pheasants I have ever seen, and I've seen quite a number this fall. They acted like runners.

DRY LAND.

Frank H. Risteen.

MR. FRANK H. RISTEEN, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, died at Riverside, California, on the morning of Friday, Feb. 9, aged thirty-seven years.

Mr. Risteen had been for many years one of the three official reporters of the Supreme Court of the Province where he was born, and the official reporter of its Legislature. No one can for a moment dispute the fact that he was the foremost member of his profession in New Brunswick. He had few equals anywhere in that respect.

He lived his life in a Province which, of all spots on earth, is particularly blessed of God. New Brunswick, one of the early settled places in Canada, is to this hour almost a virgin wilderness. The centuries of human occupation have little disturbed the forest. Though Fredericton has its capitol, its cathedral, its university, its ancient army post, and all that English civilization can confer, the dominating presence of the glorious primeval hovers over all. Out of the fair north the "countless springs of the St. John" pour down their accumulated flood, in the noble river that sweeps onward to the sea. Stemming that eternal tide, the salmon pursue untiried their vernal pilgrimages to their Tobique trysting places. Mr. Risteen has often shot deer within half an hour's walk of his own home in the city of Fredericton. And just a few miles away is the mighty Kingdom of the Moose.

Breathing from his infancy the air of this lovely paradise, Mr. Risteen was doubly fortunate, for he was, from boyhood, a most ardent lover of the woods and all that in them is. The man who wants the wilderness, and is a thousand miles from it, can understand this better than any one can tell him.

And Mr. Risteen, who could hear the hymn of the forest, was also gifted beyond most men in that, as all



FRANK H. RISTEEN.

readers of this paper know, he could transliterate that music into words, and his many contributions to the literature of sportsmanship have delighted multitudes of men less endowed and less happily situated. Mr. Risteen has undoubtedly done more than any other man to call the attention of the world of sportsmen to New Brunswick.

Perhaps Mr. Risteen won his greatest local reputation by his wonderful skill with the rifle. In a country where everybody is a born rifleman, it means something to be known from one end of one's country to the other as a great shot. He was nowhere more at home than on the range, and the record of the success he won in Provincial and Dominion military matches is a long one. He had a large collection of weapons, and took the keenest delight in everything pertaining to the rifle. He always said the stories of unerring shots were exaggerated, that there were no Fitzjames or Natty Bumpos in real life—no men who never missed. But his own record at the butts and in the woods was a wonderful example of steady excellence. In the last match in which he shot he only lacked one point of a "possible" at each of the long ranges.

It was my privilege to be with him before many campfires, and to share his blanket many times. I was with him last summer when he killed his last salmon, only a few days before he was stricken with the illness which has resulted in his death. I shall share with all his friends the memories of those times, as among the choicest treasures of the mind.

As this number of FOREST AND STREAM is read, his bereaved young wife and sorrowing friends are putting him away under the towering elms of his home city, to sleep till the mountains and the rivers are no more. It seems hard that we who love him shall read no more anew his words that sing and sentences that soar. He had much before him. He leaves behind a heritage of lovely memories. May we all meet him again in the country of another Miramichi.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

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FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed to its columns.

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Natural History.

The Wood Duck (*Aix sponsa*).

BY WILMOT TOWNSEND.

From the report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission.

Male.

"THE wood duck is 19 inches in length and 2 feet 4 inches in extent; bill red, margined with black; a spot of black lies between the nostrils, reaching nearly to the tip, which is also of the same color, and furnished with a large hooked nail; irides orange red; front, crown and pendent crest rich glossy bronze green, ending in violet, elegantly marked with a line of pure white running from the upper mandible over the eye, and with another band of white proceeding from behind the eye, both mingling their long pendent plumes with the green and violet ones, producing a rich effect; cheeks and sides of the upper neck violet; chin, throat and collar round the neck pure white, curving up in the form of a crescent nearly to the posterior part of the eye; the white collar is bounded below with black; breast dark violet brown, marked on the fore part with minute triangular spots of white, increasing in size until they spread into the white of the belly; each side of the breast is bounded by a large crescent of white, and that again by a broader one of deep black; sides under wings thickly and beautifully marked with fine undulating parallel lines of black, on a ground of yellowish drab; the flanks are ornamented with broad alternate semi-circular bands of black and white; sides of the vent rich light violet; tail coverts long, of a hair-like texture at the sides, over which they descend, and of a deep black, glossed with green; back dusky-bronze, reflecting green, scapulars black; tail tapering, dark glossy green above, below dusky; primaries dusky, silvery hoary without, tipped with violet blue; secondaries greenish blue, tipped with white; wing coverts violet blue, tipped with black; vent dusky; legs and feet yellowish red, claws strong and hooked."

Female.

"The female has the head slightly crested, crown dark purple, behind the eye a bar of white; chin and throat for 2 inches also white; head and neck dark drab; breast dusky brown, marked with large triangular spots of white; back dark glossy bronze brown, with gold and greenish reflections. Speculum of the wings nearly the same as in the male, but the fine penciling of the sides and the long hair-like tail coverts are wanting; the tail is also shorter."

Among the many beautiful water fowl we have with us the male wood duck in the full glow of his autumn plumage is the most brilliant.

Sharp contrast of superb tints, and a wonderful blending of rich, warm colors combine to produce in the plumage of the male the most gorgeous effects.

Taxidermy gives us the graceful carriage and coloring, but there is lacking that indescribable sheen, or more properly bloom, that we find in life, blending its warmth and greatly enhancing the splendor of this bird's appearance.

The female is a "dainty little beauty," to my thinking. Though lacking the gorgeous habiliments of her consort, she wears a most fascinating garb of modest duns, yellows, grays, whites and browns; is so shapely, and carries herself, withal, in so graceful a manner, as to steal right into the affections of those who have had opportunity of familiar acquaintanceship with the little woodsprite.

These birds are mated for life, and if undisturbed will return year after year to the same site for nest building in the hollow of some favorite old tree, or it may be a cosy angle in the fork of a limb that overhangs the water.

The nest is a primitive affair as to its exterior, but a downy coverlet protects the eggs within, "from eight to a dozen in number."

About the middle of May with us, the young brood is carried down to the still water, where they speedily accustom themselves to their surroundings, disappearing as if by magic on the slightest alarm; they scuttle under the drooping fronds of the ferns that border many of our inland creeks and runs, or, if it be a swamp where they have hatched, the tussocks of lush grass and weeds will instantly receive them out of sight.

Save as an occasional visitant I have never found this bird on salt meadows.

They love the silence and beauty of wooded streams, and the tangle of vine-canopies that spread over still, swamp waters.

When approaching the nest, one must needs be cautious if a glimpse of the male be desired. Should he happen on the water when you arrive it is more than likely an incautious rustle will betray you, and immediately you hear a startling rush as he springs in flight through the nodding alders. But, if above in the branches of his family tree, and your are adept in still-hunting, you may catch him unawares.

He dearly loves to perch on a dead limb in a full blaze of sunshine, to preen.

Fortunate you are if your careful approach be rewarded by a sight of this fairy creature at his toilet.

Only once have I had this opportunity. The nest was in a huge chestnut that hung over a pool in the midst of a tangled swamp. I had stolen up unobserved, and though I knew where to look, and felt positive the bird I sought was there, still it was many minutes before I could locate him in spite of the fact that he stood boldly out on a dead limb in the full glare of the sunshine. After I saw him, of course I could not lose him again, but though his plumage glistened and shone so fairly, he was in such close harmony with surroundings that a casual observer might pass and re-pass the tree without once seeing him, had the bird chosen to remain motionless.

Nature's ways are wonderful, and it is marvelous how even the most elaborately clad of her wild creatures will blend with their surroundings, often escaping discovery by this means. If the bird discovers you from his high perch as you approach, you will have to look sharp to see him, for he vanishes like a glimpse of some-

thing intangible, unreal, and your ear must be sharp to catch even the faint treble of his whistling wings.

The wood duck is a shy, silent bird, altogether unlike many of our water fowl, whose loquacity often betrays their whereabouts. Often the sportsman, while pushing his canoe along some favorite stream, carefully whipping the pools as he advances, is suddenly startled as a trio of wood duck whisk-sh up from the water just ahead as the canoe with the silence of thought, almost, rounds a bend. These sylvan sanctuaries are chosen retreats of these "bright-eyed woodfolk," and here one must go to find them with certainty. Here they rear their little ones and a charming sight it is to see the family cruising along the edge of such a stream, halting here and there to glean some especially dainty morsel that offers itself.

Life with the wood duck is not always one long, bright dream, however. The habit of basking in the sun indulged in by both male and female often gets them into trouble. In their paddling about the shallows during the early spring freshets they will mount every half-submerged tree or branch, every water-soaked log that comes in the way, stand erect, flip their wings and preen for an instant (they are always fussing with their plumage) before swimming on. These half-submerged limbs and logs make what the muskrat trappers call "likely places," and many a bright little wood duck has come to grief in the trap so carefully placed thereon.

That "Ishmael of the woods," the mink, also takes toll of them, while huge pike and pickerel are lurking below ready to engulf their fledglings with sudden swirl and splash among the lily pads.

Watching a happy family of these birds is a delightful way to pass the time. The tender concern shown by the female in the welfare of her young, the scraps of conversation carried on with her consort in soft, liquid tones, to which he replies with a quiet peet! peet! are in keeping with the wood life they lead. Like the rustle of the soft leaves and tendrils of the spring, they do not break the charm of their surroundings; on the contrary, they add a witchery that is in perfect accord.

The rapid growth of feathers makes a heavy drain on the strength of the youngsters; we find them therefore possessed of voracious appetites, always on the go after food, as an immense amount is absolutely necessary to sustain them. The supply is unlimited and varied, from bugs and beetles, to buds and berries, and those innumerable little nothings which defy your closest scrutiny. Autumn adds the acorns, mast and other dainties to their list. In perpetual motion the fuzzy little bodies wriggle and dart hither and yon, in one long, restless seeking and eating. Presently you will see one of the little puffs of down draw its head between its shoulders, give a gulp or two, and float motionless on the water as though that last morsel had been too much for it. With the glass you may see the sharp little eyes, like ink spots in the yellow fluff that covers its head. Should a luckless insect happen along just then, it will surprise you to see how quickly that "ducklet" will rouse and put after it. After some weeks of hearty feeding they have gained in size and strength, they take longer trips with their parents, and are finally piloted down to the marsh where the stream enters the lake. Should you come upon the family at this time in the open water, the old birds will take wing, while the youngsters, with prodigious flapping of wings and spattering of feet, make all speed for the shelter of the marsh. They make for cover in different directions, and the calm water is streaked with as many wakes as there are individuals in the family. Too fat and adolescent to fly they flap along, and hence the name they bear at this time of life is "flappers."

They breed throughout the States, though the New England and Middle States are perhaps more favored localities. Migrant with us they leave soon after the first frost pinches the woods, to return early in spring during March and April, and again take up their ideal life in familiar haunts.

The wood duck is inclined to be solitary, holding aloof from others of its kind. I have never seen them in company with other wild fowl, except in the rice beds, where one would occasionally spring with the feeding black ducks (*Anas obscura*). The flocks are small; rarely have I seen over seven or eight in company, three to five being the usual number. As the country becomes cleared, the ponds and streams are deserted by the wood duck, though I have known of an instance of their remaining in a certain locality while streets were being cut through a favored bit of swampy woodland, that had sheltered their nesting site for many years.

I have observed a curious habit of flight in these birds. Years ago there was a little company of some half-dozen individuals who sojourned in a swamp some three miles away from a small pond of open water some half-acre in extent, in which they were in the daily habit of disporting themselves. Regularly they took the same course back and forth, flying low across the open, swinging past the same corner of a patch of woods on the way, up over a stiff hill covered with second growth and into the swamp beyond. Many times I met them at various intervals on their course, but never did they vary fifty yards either way, nor fly at a greater height than, say, twenty yards above the ground. Contrary winds would hustle them at times, but with remarkable pertinacity they kept their original line of flight.

As a game bird for the table, the wood duck does not hold a high place. While its flesh is palatable, it lacks the wild tang of that of the teal. In the autumn I have found the birds fairly numerous in various of our fresh-water marshes on the borders of lakes, and would occasionally bag one or two, while hunting black duck in such localities. They do not decoy, so far as my own observation goes, and in this I am confirmed by others. In fact, I can hardly conceive of making a special hunt for them. Where one knows the haunt of a few on some secluded stream, he might be reasonably sure of having a shot.

In the Blooming Grove Park preserve, Pike county, Pa., is a small lake much frequented by these birds; the members often secure a few by pushing a boat into the reeds and firing at passing birds.

The flight of the wood duck is strong and steady, like that of the teal, though not nearly so swift. They spring as does the black duck, like a shot into the air from the reeds where they feed, affording a pretty chance for a snap shot.

As above, it may be said they do not rank high as a

game bird for the table. As an object of pursuit for the sportsman they are not numerous enough in any one locality to warrant special effort for their capture, although they are likely to be taken "*en passant*" wherever our fresh-water fowl are found in autumn. These birds breed readily in captivity and are easily reared and tamed.

Nesting and Seed Time in Piedmont.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am writing on Feb. 7 with the temperature at 62 degrees at noon, and four kinds of garden flowers in bloom, and as many more in bud. The crocuses, daffodils, jonquils, narcissus and Japan quince are due to bloom four days hence; the garden has been weeded and the walks are raked; the truck fields have been plowed and planted for a fortnight, and for greens we have lettuce, spinach and collards, and in ten days radishes will be a drug.

This is the entry of our Cumberland county spring under the warm selvedge of the Appalachian plateau.

Pickering and black bass take the hook and minnow bait on any warm day; the juncos are flocking for northward flight; bluejays and screech owls are nesting in the big oaks on posted premises, and the cheery voice of the sap sucker is heard in the woods wherever the gamin with his gun does not infest and devastate.

There is nothing which I deplore so much as the slaughter of the spring birds, but no magistrate seems confident of his jurisdiction, or disposed to intervene. All the forests are so destitute of life at this period that I can hardly be persuaded to join the coterie of quail shooters who go afield day by day and bring in bags of thirty quail on average. I am becoming more and more a disciple and imitator of John Burroughs, for even so late in the season as now, when leaflets are forming on all the deciduous trees and shrubs, there are quite a few gunners from the north who are sojourning here and promise to remain until March 1. I think, if February quail were spared, the annual output of birds would be double. So, it would gratify me more than it would the livery men and landlords to see these men in cloaks and buckram, fold their blankets now and silently depart.

I notice from year to year the increasing dearth of seed-eaters and song birds here. Mockers used to perch on our gable ends and warble in all the variations of the gamut, and red birds and orchard orioles were common; but now the only numerous residents are the carrion crows and turkey buzzards, and they fly high for fear of the insalubrious boy with the gun, lest he too forget—lest he forget and shoot them, contrary to law and custom, for lack of nobler game.

Time was when I would come back triumphant with a big bag from a day's hunt; but now I sneak in with my few sorry birds, and put my gun away with a compromise with conscience. Only exceptional conditions will induce me to join the chase with ardor, though I think I will always delight to walk the tote roads after timber grouse in October, down in Maine, and watch the old cocks dust. And who wouldn't?

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Captain Carver's Snake Story.

THE warm weather of the middle of last month seemed to promise us a premature crop of snake stories. As it was, the rural press gave notice that several garter snakes had been "seen."

Speaking of snake stories, perhaps the most remarkable one on record is that related in all good faith by Capt. Jonathan Carver in his "Three Years' Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America for More Than Five Thousand Miles," etc.

Captain Carver had served gallantly through the French and Indian War and was present at the massacre at Fort William Henry, in the year 1757. His account of that memorable affair is one of the best we have, and is referred to as authority by Parkman in his sketch of that thrilling episode. After the war, Carver traveled extensively through the Western country. His book of travels has been republished many times, though I imagine it has now become somewhat rare. My copy was published at Philadelphia by Key and Simpson in 1796. Carver was educated for the medical profession, and was well qualified to speak of the natural features and productions of the country. His book is one of the best of the time and kind; no doubt thoroughly reliable where he reports the results of his own observations, though he was perhaps too credulous in regard to matters received at second hand. But the reader may judge of this from the snake story, which we will allow the gallant captain to tell in his own words:

"I observed here (between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers) a great number of rattlesnakes. Mons. Pinnissance, a French trader, told me a remarkable story concerning one of these reptiles, of which he said he was an eye-witness. An Indian, belonging to the Menomonic Nation, having taken one of them, found means to tame it; and when he had done this, treated it as a deity, calling it his Great Father, and carrying it with him, in a box, wherever he went. This the Indian had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnissance accidentally met with him at his carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised, one day, to see the Indian place the box which contained his god on the ground, and, opening the door, give him his liberty, telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough when May arrived, for the arrival of his Great Father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again, when the Indian set down his box and called for his Great Father. The snake heard him not, and the time

being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet, if his Great Father came not within two days more. This was further agreed on, when, behold, on the second day, about 1 o'clock, the snake arrived, and, of his own accord, crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt his veracity."

Such is Carver's snake story. An irreverent friend at my elbow suggests that perhaps the two gallons of rum, while they were waiting, had something to do with the return of the snake.

INGRAM, Pa.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Farmer and the Sportsman.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent writer in *FOREST AND STREAM*, after telling about a shooting trip to one of the Southern States, described, in a subsequent chapter, the rural hotel accommodations, closing with the good-natured admonition to the man who keeps the hotel that "this is the nineteenth century," and to wake up, grasp his opportunities, better his service. It seemed to open up the question of the relation of the town man to the country man, and especially that of the sportsman to the country man, his countryman. For, while the tourist whizzes past the farm in his Pullman car, and the commercial traveler stops over at the village to sell his wares to the storekeeper, it is only the sportsman who goes out to the farmer and to the farm, and thus comes to know something of his life and surroundings. It is true that there is lacking in our governmental system a farmers' bureau, the duty of which would be, not to distribute seeds, but to disseminate information how to live comfortable and happy lives, though farmers; but could not the sportsmen do something in this direction, and at any rate would not the bare effort soften, somewhat, the asperity of the relations existing between the two classes?

I do not care much about the general nature of the relations between the two classes myself. It does not affect me personally. I love the farmer, and the farmer loves me. We dwell together in peace. He comes sometimes to drive me off, but he seldom makes the drive. About the nearest I ever came to a flat rebuff was out on the Platte River one goose shooting time.

"No," the man said, whom I accosted outside, "we can't keep you. (There was not another house within three miles, and I had just got off the train at the siding nearby.) There is something the matter with the stove, and my wife can't bake with it; the baby is sick, and she ain't well herself, and we have just turned away some hunters." And then, a little later, "Well, you might go and ask the 'woman'; but I know what she will say."

Well, I went in the house and took two bucketfuls of soot and dirt out of the under part of her stove by a means of ingress she did not know existed; then I found out what was the matter with the sick baby and cured that, after which a little two-year-old, who was crying pitifully with a burned hand, had the burn covered over with an airtight paste of flour and water, whereupon it fell asleep. I owned the house by that time, but I went on, and fixed her sewing machine, so she could use it once more after an idleness of several weeks.

Yes, there was one other time. I shot a farmer. He was out of range, but the shot landed there or thereabouts and stung him. His anger was magnificent, and for a little time I kept my thumb on one of the hammers, for I really thought I would have to stand him off. He had a hatchet. In a little while we made up, and he actually called out his wife and children to see me kill birds a-flyin'. It's funny, for I am not smooth, "that-away," with anybody but farmers. It is not exactly germane to the subject, but I went back there two or three years afterward and found the farmer out shucking corn. "John," said I to my brother, who was with me this time, "I believe this is the man I shot up here year before last; let's go up and speak to him." I soon discovered that he did not recognize me. After a while I asked him if I might shoot on his land, and he said I might. I had to prod him a little, so I said: "Some farmers don't like it, because so many hunters are careless about shooting into cattle and knocking down fence rails."

"Careless! Why, stranger, it wasn't two years ago that a blankety blank fool from St. Louis shot me right up yonder at the top of the hill."

"You don't say so," said I.

And we two indignant mortals stood there and abused the absent until my brother had to turn his face away and get behind a shock. You see, it isn't often I get a chance to abuse a man I know I can lick, so I gave it to him good and plenty.

But to return to the subject, it seems to me that the sportsman has a mission to fulfill to the farmer, especially if it be true, as many of us begin to suspect, as we grow old it is true, that it is not all of shooting to shoot. If we could gently persuade the farmer to live a little more like white folks, his improved lot would improve his temper. If we do not do it, who will? The only other man who goes out to the farm is the politician and the lightning rod man.

For Instance, Missouri.

A few generations ago, less than a century back, that magnificent commonwealth was a primitive wilderness; her forests and streams haunted only by the Indian and the voyageur; her rich soil unturned save here and there by the pioneer, who began then to venture so far westward. There she lay, new to the world, unsullied, untouched, unconquered, like unto a monstrous Leviathan, its ponderous length extending across the earth, the horny tail dragging but part way out of the southern swamps, the head basking on the prairies in the North, awakening at the sound of the axe and the crack of the

rifle from its sluggish, age-long dream. Alas! the world is thickening with fields and houses, and there are not many such spots left now. And the men, the men who have looked upon them in their virginity, clothed in the garb which nature wrapped them in when they were born to her, are fast passing away. The pioneer, the explorer, the land-clearer, the trapper, the immigrant, the primitive hardship-bearing, scantily equipped, few-utensiled settler—what will the world do without them and their moving tales, and how will the race do without their red blood and the strong hearts?

This country is not yet so old but that the marks of the pioneer class are still visible everywhere. The ruins of the old fort are here yet, and the log house of the great-grandfather is still standing down there by the spring. To this day the curious pick up arrow and spear-flints on the Indian battleground, and now and then the plowshare turns up a rusted tomahawk. But in most localities the ways of the pioneer have passed away with the passing of the generation, and the newer, softer amenities of civilization have taken their places. The log cabin has been turned into a storeroom, and the crane hanging in the fireplace has ceased to be the veritable pivot of housewifely industry it once was. The split-bottomed chair has dwindled into a dim memory, and even you, my brother, had well nigh forgotten the name of that old luxury. The crude concomitants of early housekeeping have given place to cook stoves and blue china, and the descendants of the pioneer are living up to the china and hiring "help" to attend to the cook-stove.

So, too, are the things of this day passing away, and yet do we not cling to them? Are we not the creatures of habit, cleaving to our old ways, even as the descendants of the early Missourians cleave, too fondly perhaps, to theirs? For this is true: that wherever I have wandered in Missouri, down stream in my skiff, along the ridge with my rifle, the hounds and the winter camp wagon, or among the settlements with my shotgun and pointer, I have seen that the life of the Missouri farmer is made harder than need be by this settlement, this cleaving unto habit. When he drives to market or to church, instead of a comfortable surrey, a nimble team and a good road, he, his wife and his daughters ride in the farm wagon, behind the plow horses, over the same road Kit Carson traveled. The old folks sit on the spring seat and the young folks on chairs in the rear, and all seem to ride by with an air of conscious dignity.

And on down the whole gamut of farm life, it is the same continuous round of discomfort. Plenty of lumber, but small and inconvenient houses. Abundance of fuel, but no such thing as a farmhouse heated throughout with a furnace, so that its inmates may not be subjected to a constant succession of colds and coughs. Good water, but it must all be "packed" up to the house in buckets. Numerous springs, but few spring houses where milk may be turned into good butter. Plenty of food, but horrible cookery; this last in itself enough to hopelessly damn any community less favored by nature. The only relaxation, an occasional dance or religious revival; the only intellectual uplifting, a political mass meeting. And they are so hungry for spiritual food that they even read the long murder trials in the papers, and can tell you more particulars of the last one, I dare say, than the judge who tried the case.

There are no circulating public school libraries in Missouri. The unavoidable inference is that the State law-makers have been too much taken up with strictly political business to take account of any such crying, pitiful need of the common people, for the State has the money. I happen to know of two or three such libraries now being sent about in Missouri by the Wednesday (Women's) Club of St. Louis; but the State should have them by the hundred.

But I must stop, else some one will torture a feeling of friendly solicitude for the Missouri farmer into a disposition to criticize and detract, and still I maintain that a missionary might travel a long way before he came to a country where he could so easily teach the people how to escape one-half of all the ills they suffer, absolutely without cost.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

NORTH FERRISBURGH, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very glad that Mr. John R. Allen has asked for a constitution and by-laws for the purpose of forming an association of farmers for the protection of game. It has brought out just what we have been looking for for the same purpose.

I am much in favor of this plan of protection, and think if properly managed such an association can accomplish much good.

The \$5 gun license spoken of by Lexden in the same issue I am not in favor of. Not that I would be obliged to lay Miss Smith one side on account of the tax, but I do not like the principal in free America. And I know of good honest sportsmen here who do not have the time to go shooting perhaps more than once each season, and I for one would much dislike to see any brother sportsman barred from one day of pleasure with the gun for the reason that he could not afford a \$5 gun license for one day of shooting.

The farmers and sportsmen here have formed just such an association as Mr. Allen speaks of, and we are looking forward to much good resulting from it.

Two so-called sportsmen from Boston, hunted on ground governed by the association last fall, and when warned off repaid the farmer for his shooting with a volley of abuse. Wardens Ramsey and Allen were immediately notified, but the Boston "gentlemen" had taken the first southbound train. However, they were followed to Bristol, a distance of fifteen miles. They gave bail in the sum of \$30 to appear for trial, but it is needless to say they did not appear.

This same party have tried to get exclusive shooting privilege from some of the farmers by paying taxes on the farm, etc., but have met with poor success.

Gentlemen in future, as in the past, will have no trouble in getting a permit from the farmer to visit his covers for game, and I am firm in the belief that if the farmer and sportsman will join, and can have the assistance of such a warden as Mr. Ramsey has proved to be in this section, we will see the supply of game increase and many of the shot-out covers again restocked.

FERRIS.

North American Fish and Game Protection Association.

MONTREAL, Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have much pleasure in inclosing herewith clippings from Montreal daily papers containing pretty full and complete reports of the work accomplished by those interested in the preservation of fish and game, met in convention in this city, 2d and 3d inst. Knowing the deep interest you take in protection matters, I know you will value them.

WM. J. CLEGHORN, Sec'y.

From the Montreal Gazette, Feb. 5.

The most important fish and game convention ever held in Canada came to a close on Saturday, with the last session of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association. The discussions indulged in cannot fail to produce much good for the cause advocated by all those present, the protection of the game in our forests, lakes and streams.

If once the people can be brought to see that a strict observance of the fish and game laws will be more profitable than poaching, all will be made easy.

Public Sentiment.

Mr. C. E. E. Ussher drew attention once more to the immense importance of having a healthy public sentiment back of the Association, and the greatest means of bringing this about was to enlist the aid of the press.

Mr. D. G. Smith concurred in these remarks. He would add that in many portions of the country, the local clergy could lend great aid by making the people understand that an observance of the fish and game laws was more profitable than poaching.

Mr. Titcomb, of Vermont, was of opinion that all laws were ineffective unless backed up by public opinion. He instanced the liquor prohibition laws in his own State and in Maine, which, in some districts, were altogether ineffective owing to the opposition of popular sentiment.

Mr. L. B. Knight, Game Commissioner of New Brunswick, took the same view, and others concurred in this sense.

The following motion was therefore proposed by Mr. Ussher, seconded by Mr. W. E. Cormier, and unanimously carried: That the following circular be sent to the press:

North American Fish and Game Protection Association:
Montreal, Can., Feb. 3.

To the Press:

Gentlemen—In giving effect to the following resolution, we solicit your hearty co-operation, feeling assured that not only will your assistance materially help forward a work of real urgency, a public necessity and of general benefit to the community at large, in the States and Provinces here represented, but redound to your credit as a public-spirited institution:

Proposed by C. E. E. Ussher, seconded by W. H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, N. Y., the following resolution:

"Whereas, the daily and weekly press wield great influence, and is the best means for reaching and informing the general public in matters of current interest, and

"Whereas, it is extremely desirable to create a universal sentiment in favor of the enforcement of game and fish laws, to disseminate correct information respecting the value of fish and game resources as a means of attracting non-residents, and consequent large disbursements of money among the people, much of it in the wilder and poorer sections, where its receipt is of the greatest value; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that a copy of this preamble and resolution, to be followed as soon as issued by the proceedings of this convention, be sent to every newspaper in the States and Provinces here represented, and that they be requested to give the subject of fish and game interests such editorial and other notice from time to time as its great importance warrants."

Election of Officers.

The following officers were then elected: Chairman, Hon. S. N. Parent; First Vice-President, G. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Commissioner of Fisheries, Vermont; Second Vice-President, S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries, Ontario; Third Vice-President, John Fottler, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Fourth Vice-President, Hon. A. T. Dunn, St. John, N. B., Surveyor-General, New Brunswick; Fifth Vice-President, Charles E. Oak, Caribou, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner, Maine; Sixth Vice-President, C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Joint Secretaries, L. Z. Joncas and Rene Dupont, Quebec, and D. J. Smith, Fishery Commissioner for New Brunswick, Chatham, N. B.

At the morning session, Hon. A. T. Dunn presided, as the president of the Association, Hon. S. N. Parent, was unavoidably detained by other business.

Sale of Game.

The first question up for consideration at this meeting was that of the imposition of a license on marketmen and dealers. Some of the members were in favor of prohibiting the sale of fish and game on markets altogether. Mr. D. G. Smith, of New Brunswick, however, opposed this, as many game fish, such as salmon, were of commercial value, and their sale could not be prohibited in this way. Besides, this would operate in favor of one class, and would exclude many unprotected animals and fish. It would, he considered, be wrong to say that because a man could not afford to take the time to go out and fish and hunt for himself he must be without game fish or other game.

After further discussion, the following resolution was carried:

Moved by W. G. Parish, seconded by Mr. Titcomb, "That in view of the large destruction of game, caused by market or pot hunters, that the convention would recommend the non-sale of game or the restriction of same as much as possible."

Preserves.

The question of leasing hunting and fishing territories caused a great deal of discussion. A resolution was presented by Mr. J. McCrombie, and seconded by Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, favoring the discontinuance of the leasing of large territories, but this was withdrawn after some discussion.

Mr. McCrombie was of the opinion that the wild lands should be properly looked after, and preserved for the people at large, who might use them on paying a fee.

Mr. C. H. Wilson took up the cudgels for the club men. He thought it was rather hard to try to keep them from the exclusive use of lands which they had to lease

at high prices and pay much to protect their lands from poachers.

Mr. Joncas agreed with the last speaker. The wardens employed by the clubmen did more to protect fish and game than did the Government officers.

Mr. Fottler opposed the McCrombie resolution. If men spent thousands to protect their leased territory, their rights should be respected. Besides, experience showed that Government control was not efficient. In the United States they were obliged to restock their streams, which had been protected only by Government officials. He gave as an instance the St. John River in Gaspe. He had taken the river in 1891. In 1890 there were no more salmon left. He and his associates had since spent \$30,000 in protecting this river, which was now one of the best salmon rivers in the country. They had also bought out the fishing rights of the net fishermen at the estuary, and had got these fishermen to sign a declaration that the granting of further licenses would injure the supply of salmon. Sir Charles H. Tupper had approved this declaration, and no further licenses were granted.

Mr. Shewan did not see who was benefited by this work of club men, except themselves. The people generally could have no access to the rivers owned or leased by the clubs.

Col. P. B. Laird strongly upheld the club men's rights. He gave instances of rivers under control of the Government which had been ruined, while others had been greatly benefited by the clubs which took care to replenish the fish in the rivers and protect them from extermination by net fishermen.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong favored throwing open the preserves to the people. He believed clubs should have only small tracts, where they build a home for themselves, but should not have a monopoly of large territories extending many miles. The Government should protect the game and allow the people of this country or others to enjoy the hunting and fishing on payment of a fee. He did not favor interference with the acquired rights of the present lessees, at least for some years, but would like to see the rule changed in the future. In the State of Maine they had been increasing their supply of salmon for years, and it was done by ten wardens in the employ of the Government. The clubs had only very limited areas. If the present system were continued, in a few years there would be no one but a favored few allowed to fish and hunt in our extensive territories. Many of the club men who came from the United States were gentlemen connected with railways, and traveled on passes. If there was a greater extent of territory open, more visitors would come, and the railway revenues would be increased and other revenues as well. Over 90 per cent. of railway revenues were divided among the people in salaries and for supplies, and everybody in the country would be benefited.

Mr. J. McCrombie regretted the absence of Mr. Oak, of Maine. In that State there were no lands leased except in small areas. If the Government would pay sufficient salaries to wardens thousands of sportsmen would come in to take advantage of the hunting and fishing territories. His motion had been intended to apply to the future, and not to the present leases to clubs.

Mr. C. H. Wilson knew of no club members who rode on passes. He belonged to the St. Bernard Club, and they paid for all they got. One of their members has built a club house and hatchery at a cost of \$100,000, and they were propagating salmon and trout in the territory they occupied. If they wanted to invite a guest they had to secure a license; if they wished to ship a deer home they had to pay \$2 for a tag. Then they had settled the country where their leased land was situated. They had their guides and wardens there, and these were the first settlers in that region. Even if one of their honorary members wanted to come on their grounds he had to secure a license. He thought it was rubbing it in to ask that they allow everybody to come in and enjoy the privileges which it cost them so much to secure.

Col. P. B. Laird wanted to know where you could find any one to pay license on rivers or territories that were not properly guarded.

Mr. W. E. Cormier was of opinion that it would be well to lease some territory to clubs, but it would be wise to reserve some tracts for those who would like to enjoy an occasional trip.

Mr. McCrombie having withdrawn his resolution, the following was moved by Dr. Brisson, seconded by L. O. Armstrong:

"Whereas, The object of this convention is also to make more accessible to sportsmen, either of this country or of any other country, the numerous fishing and shooting territories of this Province, it is therefore moved by Dr. Brisson, seconded by L. O. Armstrong:

"That it would be desirable to have on sale by the Department of Lands and Fisheries, lots from one-half to ten acres at ordinary conditions, excepting land clearing."

The mover explained that at present, to own property in this Province, it was necessary to settle upon it, clear a certain number of acres, and keep a domicile there six months in the year. Now, there were lands which were situated on the borders of rivers and lakes. Some of these lands were rocky and unfit for cultivation. These could be sold to parties who could erect a summer residence thereupon, and have a home of their own. This would not mean they had the exclusive use of the waters of the lakes on whose borders they were established.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong was very much in favor of such a provision. He numbered hundreds of friends among the Americans, and far from wanting to keep them out, would like to see them come in larger numbers. He thought a provision based on this law would have the effect of bringing many to the country to spend a few days in summer. This was the effect of a like system in Maine.

Mr. Fottler reminded the meeting that even in Maine the clubs had large tracts. The Megantic Club owned many miles in northern Maine, while other clubs owned large territories.

Mr. D. G. Smith told of the existing regulations in New Brunswick. Some rivers were leased, but any one could obtain the right to fish by paying a fee to the guide.

Mr. Brisson's motion finally passed by one majority. Mr. Joncas, of Quebec, and Mr. Bastedo, of Ontario, paired on this question, the latter favoring the motion.

Moved by C. E. E. Ussher, seconded by Dr. Porter: "Resolved, that the sense of this meeting is that the best interest of those States and Provinces which permit leases to clubs would not be served by leasing their entire wild lands, but that a considerable portion of such territory should be left open for shooting and fishing under proper restrictions."

Mr. Joncas pointed out that the Province of Quebec already had such reserved territories. The Laurentides, National Park and the Trembling Mountain Park were preserves containing thousands of acres. It was proposed to establish other such parks in the Metapedia Valley and in the Temiscouata district. By paying a license parties would be allowed to go in and kill a certain amount of game or take a certain quantity of fish. The motion was adopted.

Protection Clubs.

The next question up for consideration was the encouragement of fish and game protection clubs.

It was moved by I. H. Stearns, seconded by Dr. W. H. Drummond, and unanimously resolved: "That we believe the formation of fish and game protective associations is a very desirable feature in the enforcement of fish and game laws, and we therefore recommend to the Government of our respective States and Provinces that every reasonable encouragement be given to the formation of such associations."

Mr. L. Z. Joncas, speaking to this resolution, paid a high tribute to the Fish and Game Protection Club of this Province, which rendered great assistance to the Government in the enforcement of the game laws. The law of this Province allowed such an organization to prosecute offenders, and with this club political considerations did not count, and offenders were punished, regardless of their political leanings.

Mr. W. C. Parish also did justice to the Anglers' Association of Ontario, which was a terror to poachers.

Mr. Titcomb testified to the efficiency of the Vermont association, which was backed by the press of the State, and did excellent work.

Newspapers and Railroads.

At the afternoon session Hon. S. N. Parent took the chair. The first business before the meeting was the motion of Mr. Ussher, which is given at the beginning. All the speakers favored this measure. The question of how the press could be reached was answered by the chairman, who, amid the cheers of the members, announced that the Government of this Province would print and distribute the necessary circulars, as well as the report of the proceedings of this meeting.

It was moved by D. G. Smith, seconded by E. T. D. Chambers, and resolved: "That a committee of this association, to be called the promotion committee, be appointed for the purpose of furnishing data to and otherwise disseminating through the press and other public channels of communication with the people, information calculated to promote particularly our protective objects."

Col. P. B. Laird remarked that the Canadian press was already with them, while Mr. Titcomb, of Vermont, and Mr. Fottler, of Massachusetts, testified to the good work done by the press in their respective States.

Mr. W. E. Davis, of the Grand Trunk, said he was glad to see in the resolution that other channels besides the press were to be utilized. He thought transportation companies could do a good deal, and related an incident to show how much could be done. He had succeeded in having it made a rule on his road that when game was offered for transportation, the agent should inform the head office before he accepted it for transportation.

Mr. S. T. Bastedo said he had contemplated making it obligatory for carriers in Ontario to make a return of the amount of game carried, but he had found the railways perfectly willing to furnish such a return.

Mr. H. E. Welsh, of the Canada Atlantic, said every employee of their road was a volunteer game warden. They found the coupon system worked well. They were willing to do all they could to further the protection of fish and game, for it would preserve their freights for the future.

It was then proposed by Mr. John Fottler, Jr., seconded by Hon. A. T. Dunn, and carried:

"That the association request transportation companies to instruct their agents to render any assistance to the enforcement of the law in regard to shipments of game and fish."

Mr. P. W. Resseman, of the Ottawa & Gatineau, explained that his company had already taken steps in that direction, and issued such orders to their agents as to help the protection of fish and game.

The following motion by W. G. Parish, seconded by H. E. Welsh, was also passed:

"Resolved, That it is expedient for the proper authorities to instruct their wardens and officers to enforce laws, in all cases, with as much courtesy as possible, especially regarding foreign sportsmen."

Continuous Close Season.

Mr. Ussher brought up the question of a continuous close season. He did not think that the Ontario system, for instance, of closing a whole Province to moose hunters, produced the effect sought.

Mr. Titcomb was of contrary opinion. In Vermont, through such a system, they had propagated deer.

Hon. A. T. Dunn explained the New Brunswick method. They had made a close season west of the St. John River for moose, and this had proved a success.

Mr. Dickson maintained the wisdom and good effects of the Ontario close season for moose. Messrs. McCrombie and Ussher were of opinion that the law was not observed near the Quebec border.

After further discussion, the question of close season for fish came up, and it was moved by W. C. Parish, seconded by J. McCrombie:

"As many waters have not at present the right dates for close season for angling,

"Resolved, That it is the opinion of this convention that the authorities who have the naming of said dates should make more efforts to find out proper times for close seasons." This was carried.

As the committee appointed on harmonizing the laws had not been able to deal sufficiently with the subject, it was proposed by E. T. D. Chambers, seconded by D. G. Smith:

"That report of special committee on clause No. 1—harmonizing of laws of the Provinces and States—be deferred until next annual meeting of convention."

Some regret was expressed that more progress was not made in this direction, but the general feeling was that much had been done to promote this desirable end, and that the question was so great as to need further study. Mr. C. H. Wilson moved, seconded by D. G. Smith:

"That this Association form itself into a committee of the whole to promote membership and report to the joint secretaries whenever a member signifies his intention of joining."

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the new Association. All who attended the meeting wished to be entered as members, and they intend to get to work and bring in new members. Mr. W. H. Parker and Mr. Courier favored fixing a membership fee, but this question was left to the committee on the constitution and by-laws.

As the business of the meeting was finished, a motion was made that Hon. S. N. Parent leave the chair.

Mr. James Dickson, on the part of Ontario, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Hon. S. N. Parent for calling this meeting together, for the able manner in which he had presided, and for the hospitality and courtesy with which he had treated all present.

Mr. J. McCrombie also added his tribute to the merits of the honorable president.

Mr. D. G. Smith saw in this meeting a happy example of the harmony which should reign among all races and creeds in this country and the neighboring republic, and heartily seconded the motion.

Mr. J. W. Titcomb, on behalf of the Vermont delegates, wished to offer thanks to their chairman and other Canadian gentlemen for their kindness and courtesy in inviting representatives of the States and the hospitality extended by the President since they arrived.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., of Boston, on behalf of his grand old State, wished to reiterate the sentiments expressed by the other speakers.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Glen Falls, N. Y., said he had come as a Canadian clubman, but found himself resolved into the sole representative of the Empire State. Next year he pledged a full representation. He sincerely agreed with all said in praise of the president.

Mr. W. E. Davis, on behalf of the Grand Trunk, thanked the president for inviting the transportation companies. It would give them a new impetus, and they were ready to aid in the good work.

Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, on behalf of the C. P. R., thought the work of this convention would be of great assistance to the railways by preserving important freights for many years. He thanked the president for inviting so many representatives to meet and discuss.

Hon. A. T. Dunn, as a representative of New Brunswick, wished to thank the chairman for the opportunity afforded of meeting so many gentlemen interested in the preservation of fish and game, and for the splendid hospitality extended to all.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers paid a high tribute to the president, whom he knew as a man who respected not only the rights, but even the susceptibilities of all classes. The honorable gentlemen had also paid much attention to fish and game protection.

The vote of thanks was passed amid the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Hon. S. N. Parent, on rising to reply, said he hardly knew what to say. He considered his thanks were due to the gentlemen present for leaving their occupations to accept his invitation, and he considered they had done good work. He had done his best to make the meeting profitable and agreeable, and he was pleased to hear that they were satisfied. He wished to convey his thanks also to the press, which had given them great assistance already in making their work known to the public. The greatest work lay before them still, and he hoped to see them all again next year with many others.

The meeting was adjourned until next winter, to meet on two weeks' notice from the President. The next meeting will also take place in Montreal.

Before parting, "God Save the Queen" was sung by the audience, as was also "The Star Spangled Banner," and the meeting dispersed with cheers for the president.

Senator Teller's Game Bill.

We reprint the text of Senator Teller's game bill. It has been read twice and referred to the Interstate Commerce Committee:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that it shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company or other common carrier, or its officers, agents or servants, to receive for shipment, or for transportation, or for any person or corporation to ship or offer to any common carrier for shipment from any place within any of the States or Territories of the United States, or District of Columbia, to any place without any of the States or Territories of the United States or District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, for sale, or for market, or for storage, any moose, elk, deer, buffalo, or venison, caribou, antelope, mountain sheep or mountain goats, or any parts thereof, or any wild turkeys, prairie chickens, or pinnated grouse, sage hens, Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants, grouse, pheasant or partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, swan, woodcock, snipe, rail-plover or other water fowl: Provided that nothing within contained should prohibit the shipment of any wild game, animal or birds or parts of the same, that may be especially authorized or permitted by the laws of the State in and from which the shipment is made, if the same is conspicuously labelled wild game, animals or parts of same, and the date and place of shipment, and the name, or names, of both the consignor and consignee, a copy of which should be kept on file by the common carrier at the place from which said wild game, animal, or birds, or parts of the same, are shipped.

Section 2. That any person, or corporation, guilty of violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction, be punished as provided in Section 10 of the act to regulate interstate commerce, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is hereby given jurisdiction in the matter of the transportation of game as in other matters affecting traffic between States.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Feb. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The seventh annual convention of the Adirondack Guides' Association was held in this village last evening. The large hall was well filled with guides from nearly every portion of the Adirondack wilderness, while sportsmen representing many of the States of the Union were in the audience. Among the prominent speakers were Professor Moorhead, a sportsman of the old school, who has hunted much throughout the far West, in Maine and Canada, as well as in the Adirondacks; the Rev. Walter H. Lacom, the Rev. Mr. Corkran, from Virginia.

The meeting was called to order by President E. E. Summer, and after the secretary's report was heard, letters from the honorary president, Mr. J. J. Broome, of New York, and Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, were read by Seaver A. Miller. The honorary president's letter was heartily applauded, and was as follows:

"I sincerely regret that other engagements prevent my attendance at this season of the year, but I shall never cease to be in full sympathy with your organization, and particularly interested in the special object of this meeting, when a general canvass of all matters pertaining to the interests of the guides and their prospects and welfare are to constitute the principal object of your coming together.

"In taking a retrospect of the past year, we are led to a consideration of the efficacy of our legislation bearing upon the preservation of the forests, and the game and fish that heretofore have been, and even now (although not as they formerly existed), make up the fascination that has drawn the patronage and furnished the guide an opportunity to make his bread and meat, and provide for the maintenance and comfort of his household.

"While this is a matter for serious consideration to the guide, it strikes home with equal force to the sportsman in contrasting the conditions at present, and those existing a decade ago. The interests of the two are identical. The guide finds to a certain extent the field for his qualifications as to woodcraft, etc., has narrowed greatly on account of the apparent scarcity or remoteness of the game or the difficulty of running it down. The sportsman feels a disappointment in results that were obtainable under more favorable conditions, and both are upon inquiry as to what can be done about it, and a remedy found satisfactory to all concerned. At this stage it might be well to recognize to what extent other diversions have entered as factors of mountain life in the Adirondacks. Mighty few of the guides but what have noticed and commented upon the inroad of other pastimes than hunting and fishing, which formerly filled in the whole vacation time. In certain localities they have relentlessly crowded out the necessary knowledge of woodcraft the guide possessed and depended upon to secure congenial and remunerative employment, a great portion of his time, and called into requisition a much lower grade of service which he can certainly render, but not with the same self-respect or sense of manhood.

"It is not within the province of common sense to bewail this change of conditions, but all the same we cannot avoid a reference to them; especially in view of the fact that they have apparently come to stay, and we as every day men must confront the situation, and adapt ourselves to it and work out the best results we can, as to outlining the best methods to adopt in the future and suggest what would meet the requirements and needs of those personally interested as guides; frankly, I must say the present legislation does not supply the demand, and we are thrown back for further effort. To me and many others with whom I have conferred, the 'sense of your last meeting,' as embodied in the preamble and resolution offered by your worthy president, and unanimously adopted, would, if energetically persisted in, bring about a more satisfactory state of things.

"I am aware this involves time, tact and money, and as a nucleus of a fund to provide for the expense of repeating the efforts already made, I herewith inclose my contribution of one hundred dollars toward the expense—if such a movement is started and carried on with good judgment, it seems to me, it must tell in time.

"The allusion to further exhibits here in the coming spring, such as was made last year, is a most commendable one, and would reawaken and help maintain the interest of a large proportion of the great number who attended the last demonstration of that kind.

"It is evident the great need in carrying out these two projects is an adequate sum of money, and I would recommend an appeal to the generosity of your associate members or honorary trustees, for their contributions to help the cause along. There are able men among them, and a small sum from each one would provide such an amount that would go far in defraying the expenses of competent and economical men intrusted with the task of making it their business to see that your resources in that way were worked to the best advantage.

"With sincerest wishes for your prosperity and welfare, and regretting my inability to join you at this meeting, very truly yours,

"J. J. BROOME."

Hon. Verplanck Colvin's letter was then read. Mr. Colvin assisted in organizing this association, and was the honorary president from the time of its inception until last year.

"I do not know that I can add any suggestions, or offer any advice, in addition to the views already addressed to the Association in former letters on similar occasions. The old guides, so many of whom were with me in my first explorations of the remote sections of the wilderness over a quarter of a century ago, are nearly all gone—many of them upon that long journey which all must take—into a country from which none has yet returned. Those strong woodsmen, quick and vigorous, keen-eyed for the track of deer, bear or panther, quick-sighted for the rifle shots that brought bird or beast to earth—have most of them passed away. Civilization has thrown lines of railroads and highways across the wildest parts of the wilderness; and the whistle of the steamboat takes the place of the cry of the loon, the honk of the wild goose or the notes of the trumpeter

swan upon the lakes. Far up, close to the timber line, among the highest mountains, the lumberman's axe has felled the forest in so many places—and fire has so often swept afterward, destroying the very soil, that many of what were once the most beautiful sections of the forest are now tangled wastes of brush and dead wood—save where the State has held, in true preservation, great sections, or private clubs have inclosed preserves. These private parks are not open to the public. The ancient trails and waterways, which were in use by the Indian natives, and since by whites—from a time to which no man's memory runs—are now no longer thoroughfares, but are closed alike to guide and traveler, so that many of your number have wandered forth—like the ancient huntsman from Kentucky—westward into wilder lands.

"Some of the old guides went long since to the forests of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slopes. Many a grizzly or cinnamon of the snowy range has fallen before their deadly rifles. On the desert plains of the far West the bones of some of the old guides may be found with those of the bison; both fallen before Indian arrows. Others, I know, are ranchers of Colorado or New Mexico, or hunters still among the giant redwood trees of Oregon. Others have killed big game amid the ice and snows of Alaska—or have frozen beside the golden pebbles of its glacier brooks. They were brave men; men who fought their way to the front of civilization and with their rifles and their axes compelled obedience to a high command. Theirs was the privilege of being first everywhere. Theirs it was to see the secrets of the forests and mountains and to tell of their discoveries. They were the advance guards of the present great army—once so few. They took every hazard, every risk, dared every danger and conquered every difficulty. If savages opposed, they swept them away. If the forests had no paths, they made them. If rivers and lakes hindered, they built their own boats and went onward. Summer's heat did not stay them, or winter's cold stop them. Such were the pioneers; your ancestors; men of whom the nation has a right to be proud—ancestors whom you should honor. Throughout the vast forests of this Commonwealth they laid the foundation of the present empire. That is a word to conjure with; and there is an incantation in words, to those who understand them and take them into their souls; in true, profound meanings. The empire built by your ancestors was not—is not—a top; they made no play ground, they built no marble palaces, but they cleared farms, built homes and toiled like honest men for honest livings. This is something to be proud of; especially today, when the leaders of England's army cry aloud against the degenerate men who have wasted their lives in social follies and now, in the day of need and trial, are found wanting; wanting in true manhood—that combination of intellectual and physical strength which is the evidence of virility and worthiness.

"Be proud that you are the sons of guides; the pioneers of civilization and founders of this greatest nation which the earth has so far seen. Beware that you envy not—imitate not the luxury of weaklings; the vices of the worthless. Choose high aims; difficult marksmanship, which is worthy of you. Remember that stern courage and hard work alone, has won for this great nation the blessings it possesses, and honor work and workers as you do your parents. Be missionaries for good as opportunity offers; preserve the forests; preserve the game; take no life of even the humblest beast needlessly; let the forests teem with beasts and birds, and the streams and lakes with fish—unless you need them then and there for food, and remember that you are the pioneers, or children of pioneers; the founders of the State, that your descendants may proudly say, 'My father was a guide'—one of those from which the farmer, lumberman, lawyer and preacher of the present day descended—a founder of the United States."

The Rev. Mr. Lacom made an exceptionally strong speech, which was applauded frequently. He asked them to be absolutely loyal to the laws of the State, to their organization and to each other. He thought they should have an influence in the making of fish and game laws, and that the game wardens should be appointed from the membership of the Association—good, honorable, competent guides and woodsmen, and not, as is now the case in some portions of the mountains, men who scarcely know a "salt lick from a lily pad." Mr. Lacom was followed by the Rev. Mr. Corkran, late of Virginia, who was in turn succeeded by Professor Moorhead. Mr. Moorhead told some interesting experiences of his in different portions of the country, as a sportsman. He said he loved to be upon the track of deer and fox; to tramp through the forests; to cast his flies over the rapid waters for speckled trout or troll the lakes for larger ones, and then to sit around the blazing camp-fire at night, telling stories and enjoying his pipe with the guides. He said he had little patience with a man who came to a hotel with seven or eight packed trunks, and played golf and lawn tennis. Mr. Moorhead spoke about twenty minutes, and his remarks were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

The secretary's report was as follows:

To the Members of the Adirondack Guides' Association.

Gentlemen: As secretary of this organization, I respectfully report that, owing to various causes, the membership, both active and associate, has materially decreased during the past year. One of the causes is the difference of opinion which prevails in the different localities in regard to the method of hunting deer. In some sections hounding is denounced most emphatically, while in others it is advocated for thirty or sixty days, and in others yet, it is argued that the sportsmen and hunter should be permitted to hunt deer during certain portions of the year in any manner he chooses, with certain restrictions. This question undoubtedly has had the strongest influence in disuniting the guides of the Adirondack wilderness.

Another reason is that on account of bad roads and heavy hotel and traveling expenses, it has been impossible for all the localities to be fairly represented at the annual meetings, the far-away branches feeling that their views are disregarded and voted down by the members who can with little difficulty and expense, attend the annual conventions. All these things combined have resulted in the withdrawal from the organization of several of the branches, so that now it can scarcely

be called, in truth, the "Adirondack" Guides' Association, in respect to representing the entire territory. In my annual report last year I called your attention to the fact that only by working together in unison throughout the mountains, and abiding by the decision of the majority, could we hope to succeed, and I urged you at that time to rise above petty jealousies and to work in harmony for the good of the entire Association.

In regard to the game laws, I very much doubt if any law could be passed that would be entirely satisfactory to all of us, and I confidently believe that it is far better for every member of this Association to strictly obey the laws as passed by the Legislature, even though we may not agree with them in every respect. A partially good law, faithfully observed, is far better than an absolutely perfect law constantly and persistently violated. I am sincerely desirous that it should be known throughout the country that an Adirondack Association guide is at all times a man who respects and observes the fish and game laws of the State, even though they may not be strictly in accordance with his views. Let me remind you that each member in joining this Association agrees to do all in his power to preserve and propagate the fish and game of the Adirondacks and to enforce the fish and game laws of the State. It is my earnest desire that during the ensuing year we all may rise above the little things which threaten to disunite us; that by our united efforts in all parts of the mountains we make the Adirondacks so attractive by the increase of fish and game, and the Adirondacks Guides' Association so well and favorably known everywhere, that tourists and sportsmen may be influenced to visit this section in far greater numbers than ever before, and that we may be able to give them the expected pleasure and sport, and so receive for ourselves and our section of country the beneficial results for which we all are striving.

I have received in fees and dues during the past year \$191. I have received from our honorary president, Mr. J. J. Broome, his check for \$100. I have paid out for the benefit of the Association, as per vouchers herewith attached, \$249.51, leaving a balance of \$41.49. The balance from last year was \$228.05, leaving now in the hands of the treasurer, \$269.54.

Respectfully submitted,

FRED M. SHELDON, Sec'y.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Honorary President, Dr. Frank E. Kendall; President, Edwin E. Sumner; Secretary, Warren J. Slater; Treasurer, Oatman A. Covill.

The Saranac Lake Cornet Band was in attendance.

The next annual meeting will be held at Saranac Lake on the evening of the third Wednesday in January, 1901, and the convention adjourned to the banquet room, where two hundred guides and guests participated in a sumptuous repast.

SEAVER A. MILLER.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to call attention to a statement contained in your issue of Jan. 20, which will be found in your extract from the "Report of the Inland Fisheries and Game Commission" of Massachusetts, on page 49 of your paper. Speaking of the conference at the State House on Nov. 23, the Commissioners say: "This is the first convention of sportsmen in this State."

Now I beg to ask your readers to look at the article written by me and published in your issue of Dec. 10, 1898, which will be found in the last column of page 466. This is a detailed report of the first conference of sportsmen's clubs ever held in Massachusetts.

It was an enthusiastic meeting, and gave our honorable Commissioners the cue. It was held under the auspices of, and as the result of an invitation from, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and to that Association is due the honor of inaugurating such a movement.

In my observation of the various manifestations of human nature, covering a period of half a century, I have often noticed that the circumstances under which persons are wont to seek for honors that do not belong to them are very similar. But I will not enlarge on that point.

I wish to congratulate the Commissioners that, like the "man in Detroit," they knew a good thing when they saw it. I desire, also, to exonerate you, Mr. Editor, for certainly one has a right to expect that whatever goes out as a statement of fact under the seal of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts must be reliable.

In addition to the report in your issue of Dec. 10, 1898, I desire to add that every Boston morning paper of Nov. 17, 1898, contained a very interesting account of the conference of the evening previous, and the occasion was so indicative of promise that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association voted that such a meeting be held annually.

We now come to the second annual conference, which was held on Dec. 14, 1899.

The success of that meeting was very extraordinary. In attendance more representatives from forestry associations, the State Boards of Agriculture, Education, Fish and Game, agricultural societies, farmers' clubs, associations of farmers and mechanics, sportsmen's clubs and associations, representing every county of the State. From this meeting resulted the organization of a Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, which was elected at a delegate convention, each association sending one representative to the meeting held at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, on Jan. 4, 1900.

I inclose herewith the list of the Executive Committee of the Central Committee, which is now working in harmonious accord with the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State for the purpose of securing legislation for further restricting both the killing and selling of game birds.

Should other duties allow, I will go into further details in another letter. I inclose some of the documents we are sending out.

HENRY H. KIMBALL,

Secretary Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, No. 5 Park Square.

The members of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, as organized Jan.

4, are: A. B. F. Kinney, Chairman, Worcester; Henry H. Kimball, Secretary and Treasurer, 5 Park Square, Boston. Executive Committee—A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester; Geo. H. Palmer, New Bedford; Heman S. Fay, Marlboro; Dr. J. T. Herrick, Springfield; William B. Finney, Lynn; John S. Bleakie, Falmouth; H. A. Estabrook, Fitchburg; J. E. Tweedy, North Attleboro; Joseph H. Wood, Pittsfield; Herbert E. Tuck, Haverhill; Henry Hanson, Fall River; A. M. Lyman, Montague. The chairman and secretary are members of the Executive Committee, *ex officio*.

The Minnesota Park.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

The friends and advocates of the Minnesota National Park have been stirred up by a dispatch from Washington, which reads: "Senator Nelson's bill to restore the Nelson act (the opening up of the proposed National Minnesota Park territory to settlement) will not be incorporated into the Indian appropriation bill without a hard fight. The advocates of the park proposition are now keeping up a constant correspondence with Washington. Congressman Eddy may conclude to accept the proposition for selling the pine on bank scale."

Charles Cristadoro, speaking of the situation to-day, said:

"The time has come for the people of this State to thoroughly understand that our representatives at Washington, with perhaps an exception or two, are against the park, first, last and at all times. Why this is so, no one seems to clearly know, except that they are against it. I see no good reasons given in the public press for their being against it, yet they tell you they are against it, and that is all.

"They surely cannot be opposed to it, because its establishment means the turning out of house and home of settlers and whole villages—because there isn't a white man to-day who owns a foot of land in the reservation. They surely cannot object because the Government must go out and dicker with a lot of timber owners for the land and timber at treble its true value—because not an acre of ground asked for is owned otherwise than by the Government itself. They may conjure up the excuse that this reservation land is ideal settlers' land, and to keep for park purposes such a valuable tract of agricultural soil would be working untold hardships upon the hardy settler who is to come, and who, if deprived of this proposed park territory, will have no place whereon to lay his head.

"There are thousands upon thousands of acres of cut-over lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, equally valuable for agricultural purposes, abandoned for taxes to the State, and producing to-day a crop of scrub oak of somewhat questionable value. But the settler of this land, for some reason or other, after he proved up his homestead holding, immediately quit the vicinity after disposing of his rights to the lumberman. And this land, before the timber was cut, was just as promising for the settler as that in the Chippewa Indian reservation to-day. Let the Nelson bill go into effect, and imagine the proposed park territory being opened up for settlement. What does that mean? The 'Winchester farmer' will take possession. He will select his 160-acre tract under the homestead law, build his shack, live on the premises at intervals to make his holding good under the law, farm the adjacent woods by means of his Winchester, and, on the tick of the clock, when his proving time rolls around, turn the house and farm (?) over to the lumberman for a consideration. Now steps in the man with the axe, and saw, the trees are felled, here and there fire gets into the felled tops, and when the lumberman has cut the last tree and hauled the last log, he leaves behind him a train of stumps, sand and desolation.

"This is what it means to open up for settlement, under the Nelson bill, one of the grandest and most picturesque pieces of woodland in existence to-day on God's green footstool. You ask, Where, then, does all this opposition come? From the lumbermen in this State, men who to-day do not hold title to a single foot of the land in question, but who, under the beneficent workings of the Nelson bill, hope to some day. It is this influence, rich and powerful, that to-day stands between the citizens of this State, yes, of the United States, and the securing of the National Minnesota Park.

"I wish it to be understood clearly that this is not a State proposition, but a national one. Before we can secure that territory for a park, the Senators of other States must likewise vote for it. With our own Minnesota delegation adverse to the park, the citizens of this State may rest assured that no outside influence from other States, no matter how strong, will help one iota. The cause is lost and the park is a thing of the past, a mere memory, unless our own representatives of Congress cast their votes in favor of it. Unfortunately this is but too true.

"Now, what can be done? That the State of Minnesota desires this most magnificent project worked out to a proud and successful conclusion is evidenced by the hundreds of letters that are pouring into Washington to-day. That the park would be a monument for all time to the wisdom of its friends and promoters, and a thing of pride and joy forever to the State of Minnesota, no one who has looked into the proposition can deny.

"Its value to this State, to the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the adjacent towns to the west, and above all, to the city of Duluth, no one can question. It was opposed by Duluth some months ago, under an unfortunate misunderstanding of the scope of territory involved, but to-day Duluth realizes the immense benefit the establishment of that park, almost at her back door, would prove. It would be as a magnet for all the East, and Duluth is to-day heartily in favor of it. The development committee of Duluth passed upon the matter in open meeting a few days ago, and every man present, with one exception (he was, I think, interested in lumber in some way), voted enthusiastically for the idea.

"That not only the people of this State want the park, but the people of other States, who know anything of this region, as well, is without question. There is absolutely no sensible reason offered by any one against the park. The influence against it at home is rich and powerful, and is represented by the lumber interests of the State. They are going so far as to circulate petitions

among the very legislators who, at the request of the Federation of Women's Clubs of the State of Minnesota, voted for the memorial to Congress asking for this park, requesting them to recant their votes and play the 'baby act,' and say they didn't mean it when they so voted. And, surprising to say, the same influence which has turned our delegation, almost to a man, against this park at Washington, is inducing our own home legislators to stultify themselves and recant their votes because they didn't know when they were voting that they were stepping on the toes of their greedy lumbermen constituents.

"The women's clubs of Minnesota are the ones to be thanked for the inception of this park idea. They were the ones who secured the memorial from our State Legislature to Congress, asking for this park. This same band of intelligent and progressive women is to-day doing all that can be done to create favorable sentiment. I think that if the hands of those working against this park can by some means be stayed so that no precipitate and hostile action will be taken, the influence exerted by this band of faithful workers in the cause of humanity and posterity will in the end more than counterbalance the influences hostile to the park to-day, and bring about ultimate success.

"But no time must be lost. Influence must be brought to bear, and if it can be sufficiently widespread and powerful our representatives in Washington will seriously consider the question as to whether it is their best policy to work in the interests of a handful of lumbermen, or give heed to the wishes of the entire State. As long as Senator Nelson and others are fighting this park tooth and nail, its success is endangered. Its friends must make equally strong efforts, and the time to make them is now."

Spring Shooting.

CHARLESTON, N. H., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the copy of the Lacey bill in your columns, with your editorial comments thereupon, and believe it to be a wise project, though the separate States might accomplish the desired object individually, if they could be induced to work in harmony. It seems to be impossible to get them to do so, however, in another important matter, the prohibition of "spring shooting," which is, to the best of my belief, one of the great causes of the diminution of our migratory game birds, ducks, geese and swans, as well as the smaller game, such as woodcock and snipe. It is not a matter which affects us much here in New England, as our flight of migratory birds is small, at any rate; and spring shooting is generally prohibited, but if the Western States will not work together, in the question of prohibition, it seems perfectly legitimate for the General Government to interfere. It is held by law that the game is the property of the State, but where the birds breed in Montana, North Dakota and the British Provinces, and winter in Louisiana, Texas and Mexico, I do not see that any State can claim the right of possession. While it does seem that the United States, as the generally recognized agent and protector of all of them, might wisely and constitutionally pass a law prohibiting the shooting of all such migratory game, from the first of March to the first of September, or while the birds are on their northward passage to their breeding grounds and engaged in raising their young. I published a letter in a Western paper about a year ago, calling the attention of Western sportsmen, who are particularly interested, to this point, but it met with no response. I saw, however, quite recently, a letter from a Western sportsman, protesting against the merciless slaughter of ducks and geese in Texas, in the winter, by Northern shooters, I will not call them sportsmen, who go down there to kill for the market, and murder every bird they can. The only fault in the letter was that it revived the old "duck egg joke," and accused the Northern Pacific Railroad of shipping 18,000 barrels of duck eggs in a year over their road to the East for Albumen.

Now, if some patriotic member of Congress will take up the matter, it is probable that such a bill as I suggest might be easily passed, putting the whole matter into the hands of the United States authorities, but allowing the States to make such further restrictions and reductions of the open season, from September to March, as they choose, while the game is within their jurisdiction.

To return to the Lacey bill, our extent of territory is so great, and our climate so different, that judgment is necessary in introducing the species suitable for different latitudes. While New England and the Northwestern States might prove a proper home for the capercaillie (formerly a native of Scotland, where it got its name), and the black cock, or grouse, a native of Scotland and the north of England, it would seem that the European and Indian partridges might be fitted for the Middle States, and the guinea fowl, a native of Africa, but now acclimated in Cuba, might be introduced in the extreme Southern or Gulf States. The Mongolian pheasant is apparently succeeding in making a home wherever it has been tried, but the migratory quail of the old world has proved a failure, and we have hares enough of our own without importing them from Belgium. Let the European carp and sparrow be warnings.

"I enjoyed Mayne Reed's 'bear story,' and wish you would reprint Col. Thorpe's some time when you are short of matter, if ever.* Mayne Reed came in since my day, but 'my boys' enjoyed him hugely, particularly one giving adventures on the Amazon. 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Sinbad the Sailor' and 'Gulliver's Travels' were the delights of my boyhood, together with the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' the 'Pilgrims Progress' and the 'Tales of the Genii,' and I graduated from them to Izaak Walton, Salmonia and Christopher North's papers in Blackwood, which made me an angler for all time.

Permit me to correct an error in your notice of Henry Clay in this week's number. He got the name of the 'Mill Boy of the Slashes' from Hanover county, Virginia, his birth place, and not from Kentucky. He ran for President against Polk, the year I came of age, and I shall never forget my disappointment when he was beaten! I wish Kentucky would send us a few more like him now, instead of indulging in faction feuds.

VON W.

*It is given in the current number of Woodcraft Magazine.—Ed.

The Japanese Shooting License.

YOKOHAMA, Japan, Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov 25, 1899, I find an article headed "Will the License do It?" and thinking that while it might do some good, it can surely do no harm. I inclose a Japanese shooting license, which we have to take out at the commencement of every season, and which costs us yen. ten (\$10), Japanese and foreigners alike. It strikes me that it would be just the thing to keep the run of the rowdy element that you describe, if you can make a law of it.

The license sent by Mr. Weston is printed in English and French. We copy the conditions of its issue and the shooting regulations:

The license B is granted to those who take game by using a gun. No game shall be taken by means of an explosive substance, spring gun, or a dangerous trap or pitfall.

No shooting shall be allowed between sunset and sunrise, or in streets, or in places where dwelling-houses are numerous or a crowd of people is present, or in the direction of a building, vessel, or railway train at such distance as the shot or bullet may reach.

No shooting and hunting shall be allowed at the following places: Imperial Preserves; at places where notices prohibiting shooting and hunting are posted; public roads; public parks; within the precincts of shrines and temples; cemeteries; and on any land belonging to another person and having a fence, railing or enclosure, or planted with a crop, or on a common shooting ground of other persons who have obtained permission thereof unless the consent of the owner or person in charge thereof has been obtained.

This license shall be valid from the 15th day of the 10th month to the 15th day of the 4th month of the following year. The said period can be prolonged or shortened according to the conditions of the locality by the Local Governor with the approval of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce for the space of time not exceeding thirty days.

The use of every license is limited only to its owner. But in such method of shooting and hunting as requires assistance the holder of a license may be accompanied by persons having no license.

Every person shall, when in pursuit of game, carry his license. A Police, Gendarme, or Forest Officer and Chief of a city, town or village may inspect the licenses of persons in pursuit of game.

In the case provided in the preceding clause, no person in pursuit of game shall refuse the inspection of his license.

When a license has been lost, the fact shall be reported to the Police Office of the place where the loss occurred and to the Authorities who originally granted the license.

When a license has been lost or injured, its owner may apply for the grant of a new or duplicate license. In the case of such application, a fee of 25 sen shall be paid.

Every license shall be returned to the Authorities who originally granted it, within thirty days from the date on which it ceased to be valid.

It is prohibited to take or sell eggs or young of the birds which are prohibited to be taken.

The following birds shall be prohibited to be taken: Tsuru (Cranes); Tsubame except Iwa-tsubame (Swallows and Martins); Kogara (Marsh-tit); Higara (Cole-tit); Shijukara (Great-tit); Gokukara (Nuthatch); Enaga (Long-tailed tit); Misosazai (Wren); Hototogisu (Little cuckoo); Kwakko (Cuckoo); Sankocho (Paradise fly-catcher).

The following birds shall be prohibited to be taken during the close time from the 16th day of the 3d month to the 14th day of the 10th month: Kiji (Pheasants); Yamadori (Copper pheasants).

The following birds shall be prohibited to be taken during the close time from the 16th day of the 4th month to the 14th day of the eighth month: Sekirei (Wagtails); Mukudori (Grey staring); Hitaki (Fly-catchers, except Paradise fly-catcher; Red-start and Blue-tail); Raicho (Ptarmigan); Ezoyamadori (Hazelgrouse); Hibari (Lark); Hiyo (Bulbul); Mozu (Shrikes); Kogera (Pigmy woodpecker); Hato (Doves and pigeons), except Dobato (Domestic or half domestic pigeon).

The following birds shall be prohibited to be taken during the close time from the 1st day of the 5th month to the 30th day of the 9th month: Shigi (Snipes and Woodcocks); Wuzura (Quails).

Female deer shall be prohibited to be taken during the close time from the 1st day of the 10th month to the 15th day of the 7th month, and male deer during the close time from the 1st day of the 10th month to the 30th day of the 11th month.

In Hokkaido, it shall be prohibited to take deer even when it is not the close time mentioned in the preceding clause.

A Turkey-Call for Squirrels.

IRONTON, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number there was a note about the sharp eye of the wild turkey. I fully agree with Mr. Drane, and regard the wild turkey as the hardest game we have to get. Yet at times it will do things wholly at variance with its usual wildness. The last turkey I got came to me in an open spot. I was out still-hunting deer and sat down on a small log with my back against a tree in a place where I could see in all directions for a hundred yards. To amuse myself I began to try my turkey-call, not thinking to see anything, much less to get a shot in so open a place. In a few minutes I heard the "put, put" of a turkey very close and right behind. I whirled around on to my knees, and there were two. I killed one while flying. The other got the tree on me. Not so foolish after all.

Did it ever occur to you to use a turkey-call in squirrel hunting? I once had three gray squirrels up a large gum tree, and had tried to slip up on them, but they saw me and hid. I went up as close to the tree as I wanted and sat down to wait for them to come out. I sat there twenty or thirty minutes, and they did not move that I could see. I was in a fairly good turkey country, and so got out my turkey-call and made a few calls, and in less than two minutes all three squirrels were in sight; and in a good deal less time they were all mine on the ground. I take it that they thought that if it was safe for a turkey to be calling, they were in no danger. I would like to know if any one else ever had like experience, and if I ever get in like situation I will make experiments until I am satisfied.

I had a bunch of what I thought were petrified fish eggs, and were so pronounced by all who examined them. But now I don't know what they were after seeing the article on fish eggs in FOREST AND STREAM on petrified eggs.

JAMES DUPUY.

Getting Some Good Out of It.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice paragraph on the first page last paper, and would like one of your calendars.

I have been a constant subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for over thirty years; am past three score years of age; commenced shooting at ten years; paddling and sailing canoe at thirty-two; target rifle practice at thirty-five, with one of Billingham's best rifles, mounted with a Malcolm finest telescope, and later have used Maynard & Stevens, and now use a Winchester special, and still enjoy target practice. Bought a Parker Bros. fine gun, with two sets of barrels, in 1871, and it has never had a rust spot on it; later have contented myself with a Remington hammerless. Have run a steam launch since '91—all of this, and still am able to enjoy being in the forest and on stream.

H. W. S.

Protector Shriner Resigns.

As a result of the prolonged opposition to him by Governor Voorhees, Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner sent in his resignation last Saturday, as follows:

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 10, 1900.

To the Honorable, the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey:

When in August last I resigned my office as Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, I intended thereby to wholly sever my official connection with the cause of fish and game protection in the State. You, however, determined that my resignation applied only to the office of Fish and Game Protector, and that I still retained the office of Fish and Game Warden; you requested me to retain that office until my successor as Fish and Game Protector should have had some benefit from my experience and until some matters I had in charge should have been disposed of. That time has now arrived, for I have in charge only one matter, in connection with which it will be necessary for me to meet in conference with the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania; this will be done within a few days. I accordingly hereby tender you my resignation as Fish and Game Warden and trust that the same may be speedily accepted.

With many thanks for your uniform courtesy and the approval which my course in office has always met with at the hands of your honorable body, I am,

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

In a Carboy.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Speaking of partridges being shipped to this market in a jug, the bottom of which had been nicely removed and cemented on again, noted in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, an express man tells me that he knows of something as good as that. A car boy, or glass demijohn, encased in wood, has been backward and forward several times, loaded with Maine game on the trips this way, and empty going back. The carboy was really no carboy at all, except as to the glass neck, neatly fastened into the wood of the top of the case. Of course the top came off, glass carboy—neck and all, leaving a nice wooden box for game. In this case birds and even saddles of deer have been forwarded to this market. It came from Maine directly to a chemical concern. This concern was friendly to the shipper of the game in the imitation carboy. In the firm's storehouse the game would be taken out and put into another box, and sent, by the firm's own teamster, to some commission house in the market, for sale. The teamster was instructed to know nothing as to where the game came from, and doubtless he never saw it unpacked from the imitation carboy. That receptacle itself was immediately shipped back to the game shippers. One way it went free as "an empty" till the express people got on to the trick.

SPECIAL.

Fowl on the Eastern Shore.

PAINTER, Va., Feb. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this writing duck are very plentiful in Hog Island Bay, east shore of Virginia. Brant do not seem to be so plentiful as in former years, but for redhead and broad bill, the like has never been known before. Acres upon acres are covered by these ducks, in blocks of millions, so to speak.

No doubt the vigilant measurer of the Eastern Shore Game Association have done much in drawing these birds to our waters. A constant patrol is kept upon the grounds, and night shooting and shooting by lights has been totally suppressed. Besides, large swivel guns are in violation of the law. No gun that cannot be shot from the shoulder, at arm's length, is allowable.

T. G. E.

The Sale of Foreign Game.

NEW YORK STATE MUSEUM, Albany, N. Y., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I understand that some of the organizations for the protection of game are actively engaged in the prosecution of dealers who sell European game imported to this country, I would suggest that you open your columns to a discussion of the question, "To what extent does the importation of foreign game and its sale in our markets interfere with the protection of native species?"

F. J. H. MERRILL, Director.

South Florida.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., Feb. 2.—This is a favorite resort for sportsmen. Quail are abundant in the immediate vicinity. Wild turkey and deer are to be found not far away, while an occasional bear enlivens the chase. Dogs, guides and teams can be procured here. Fishing for trout, bass and Spanish mackerel is good now, and tarpon will, we are told, hunt these waters within a month, to the delight of all fishermen in search of real sport with rod and reel.

CALDWELL.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon Prospects.

For many years I carried on a correspondence with the late John Mowat, of Campbellton, N. B., who had been connected with the salmon fisheries of Canada for nearly half a century, and I considered him the best informed man regarding salmon habits and salmon fishing of any man of my acquaintance. He was one of two men that I knew who fished alone for salmon from a canoe, the other, Andrew Alford, once killed a salmon of 48 pounds on the Alford water of the Ristigouche River, now owned by Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn. I have fished from Mr. Mowat's little canoe, and every time I stood up in it I believed I took chances of going overboard while casting, and once when I hooked a black fish above Derside that was thought to be bright until it was brought to gaff, and the fish took us through the rapids, I was morally certain that the canoe would never live, for it once turned its owner over in the same rapids, but it went through right side up. After Mr. John Mowat's death on the Ristigouche, from being crushed by a log upon which he had been sitting with Mr. Mitchell discussing the fishing, his son, Mr. Alexander Mowat, also connected with the fisheries, became my correspondent, and has kept me posted as to the salmon rivers and salmon fishing about the Bay of Chaleur. Last year the salmon hatchery at Deeside was burned, a hatchery which turned out one to two million of young salmon annually.

Mr. Alexander Mowat writes me under date of Feb. 1 from Campbellton: "We have built a new hatchery twenty miles lower down on the Ristigouche, and we hope to prosecute the work of hatching salmon on a much larger scale than heretofore. We expect to retain a large number of salmon fry in rearing ponds until they are three and four years old, and will mark them before they are liberated, hoping it will result in valuable information."

* * * As to salmon fishing, I look for 1900 to be a big year on the Ristigouche, with early fishing. The late fishing last season was fine from July 15 to Aug. 15, pools full with water, high and cold. June was not good. I look for the reverse the coming season."

If this forecast proves to be correct, I hope to be able to write some notes from actual experience on the river of just how good the fishing proves to be, for, like every other man who goes to the Ristigouche River for salmon, I shall be looking for a fish of 40 pounds, such as I recently saw on the wall in the dining room of my friend, Jordan L. Mah, Jr., in New York city.

A Trout Pond.

A correspondent on Long Island sends the following query: "I have just read an article written by you in a report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission 'Concerning Brook Trout,' having discovered the volume in our village library, and it is the first that I knew of the publication of such a work, and as I am greatly interested in the propagation of trout and in trout fishing, would you kindly give me the necessary instructions as to where I can get an up-to-date work on the artificial propagation and rearing of trout. I have a pond on my grounds about 100 feet square with several boiling springs in the bottom of it. It is 4 feet deep at one end and about half that at the other end. The temperature of the water at the surface of the pond is 52 degrees in summer and 45 degrees now, although I have known the surface water to get as high as 65 degrees. There are fresh-water shrimps in the pond, and in the stream flowing from it. I could enlarge the pond to three or four times its present size. Do you think the above conditions are favorable to my raising brook trout in the pond? There are two ponds containing brook trout within two miles from where I live. Will you state when the trout season opens on Long Island, as both ponds are public waters."

The best American work on trout breeding is Livingston Stone's "Domesticated Trout," but a work that treats of rearing trout by modern methods is "An Angler's Paradise and How to Obtain It," by J. J. Armistead, published in Scotland, but both books can doubtless be obtained of FOREST AND STREAM book department. Your pond has the requisite temperature of water in which to rear trout, and it contains food, and if it affords hiding places and shade, or you provide it, your pond will sustain a limited number of trout, as it is a fair assumption that the water is frequently renewed, as the pond is made from boiling springs. That the pond does contain shrimps is evidence that it contains watercress or water weeds, in which insects and their larvæ may find lodgment and breed, and a close examination will probably disclose other crustacean food than the shrimps, and very likely insect food, for the waters of Long Island are rich in fish food.

If the idea of the last question is to stock this private pond with trout from public waters, it will be well to understand that this cannot be done under the law, as the fish and game law of the State especially forbids that fish shall be taken from public waters for the purpose of stocking private ponds, and if State fish or fish reared at the expense of the State shall be placed in a private pond, it by law opens the pond to public fishing. Trout can now be purchased so cheaply of private breeders for stocking private waters that there is no excuse for taking them from waters belonging to the public. The trout season on Long Island opens on the 29th day of March.

Eel Pots.

In the preliminary report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission to the New York Legislature, just submitted, I find what I call a wise and timely recommendation for a change to be made in the fish law. The language of the recommendation is as follows: "Section 143 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest law provides that 'eel pots of a form and character such as may be provided by the rules of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, may be used in any waters not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon.' We would recommend that this sec-

tion be so amended as to permit the use of eel pots of a form to be prescribed by the Commission in any waters, as it is in waters inhabited by various members of the salmon family—which includes all trout—that eels do the greatest injury by eating the spawn on the spawning beds as soon as the eggs are deposited. Take trout spawn in the autumn, at night, on shoals, and at such time as the trout are on the shoals for the purpose of spawning, the eels gather in large numbers and have been seen eating the spawn almost as soon as it is deposited and before it can be covered with gravel. Eel pots of a form to be prescribed by the Commission would not take trout of any kind."

It is a common idea that waters inhabited by trout must be hedged about with specific laws guarding the fish more carefully than fish of other species are guarded, and this law was doubtless conceived in the idea that if any engine of destruction is permitted in trout waters to take common fish, the trout will suffer. As a rule, this is good reasoning, for if permission is given in the law to catch perch through the ice of a trout lake, the fishermen avail themselves of the opportunity to catch trout, as has been proven over and over in this State, but eel pots will take nothing but eels, and there can be no danger that the trout will suffer. The eels are doing great injury in trout waters, more than they can possibly do in waters inhabited only by coarse fish, and a war must be waged against the eel in waters planted with the different species of trout, and fishermen will serve their own best interests if they desire to protect the trout, to advocate this amendment to the eel section. Trout waters have a peculiar fascination for the illegal fisherman, and too often it is the case that trout are, or have been, taken while the fisherman is ostensibly seeking other fish, as, for instance, bait fish with a net, but I fail to see how any objection can be urged to the use of eel pots, particularly as there is but one opinion in regard to the injury that eels are doing to trout waters.

"A Censored Address."

I have received from Hon. Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, a printed pamphlet with the heading I have quoted at the beginning of this note, and on the title page he prints over his signature this explanation for issuing the pamphlet: "At the last meeting of the American Fishing Society I took part in the discussion of the paper read by Mr. F. N. Clark. In the course of my remarks * * * I read from a report of Mr. Richard Rathburn, a special commissioner appointed by the U. S. Government a few years since, to investigate the question of the decay of the fisheries. The recommendations made in that report had an important bearing on the question under discussion, and were opposed to the views of Mr. Clark. The portions of the report read and referred to by me in my address were furnished afterward to the secretary, Mr. Bowers, to be printed, but he refused to allow them to be printed, as he differs from me on this question."

"As this is one of the most important questions that has come before the Society, and as I am denied the right of freedom of speech, though a member in good standing, I am compelled to print my address in full at my own expense."

The italics in the quoted matter are my own. As to the merits or demerits of the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Clark's paper, or of the views advanced by Mr. Clark, I know nothing, as I have not read any portion of paper on the discussion which followed, but Mr. Whitaker makes a serious charge against Mr. Bowers, the recording secretary of the American Fisheries Society, and on this point every member of the Society must be interested, for it touches upon the very life of the organization, and apparently, unless the secretary can satisfactorily explain his arrogant action, he should resign without loss of time; or, if he should be sustained in his position, which I cannot believe, the Society has outlived its usefulness and has come to be dominated by the opinions of one man. The charge is so astounding that I could scarcely believe that I had read it aright, but it is plain enough, and in Mr. Whitaker's well-known direct language. Whether Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Clark or Dr. Rathburn are right or wrong in their views on the decay of the fisheries is of no possible moment in comparison with the unwarranted action of the secretary in declining to print the address which was part of the transaction of the Society. The secretary of the American Fisheries Society has no more to do with views advanced by the members than he has with the direction of the Boer war, as he simply sends to the printer what the members taking part in a discussion may have said.

When I served as secretary of this Society I carefully sent to each speaker at a meeting the notes of his speech as taken down by the stenographer and written out long hand, for the speaker alone was responsible for his utterances, and he alone knew whether he was correctly reported. In this corrected form each speaker's remarks were sent to the printer, and there the duties of the secretary ended, so far as the speakers were concerned. The very object of the meeting is to discuss the views advanced by the members present, and scarcely a paper is read at a meeting that does not provoke a discussion, for if all were of one mind, the transactions when printed would be dull reading. The discussion following the reading of a paper is frequently of more value than the paper itself, for it brings out the views of the members from a dozen points of view, instead of from one, and the secretary has no more to do with these views than any other member. If his views do not agree with those of any member, he has ample opportunity to combat them on the floor, but he cannot by virtue of his office suppress or add to what may be said by others, for the constitution gives him no such power, and if he exceeds the power reposing in him, the Society, if it wishes to exist, should remove him summarily, if he does not previously resign. Let no one construe this as an attack upon Mr. Bowers, because for the moment he fills the office, my remarks are directed against the secretary of the American Fisheries Society, whoever he may be. It is the principle of the thing which is wrong, and it is that which I protest against. If any secretary is permitted, unrebuked, to suppress the views of a member, the Society should meet and disband, for it is of no further use on this earth. It seems to be up to the secretary to explain why Mr. Whitaker's address was not printed in the transactions of

the Society, as all addresses have been printed since the Society was created, whether they did or did not agree with the views of the secretary for the time being.

Angling of the Future.

A friend who writes me as I am preparing these notes gives utterance to such opinion in regard to the future of sport in this country, that I am tempted to quote from his letter:

"The sportsman as we, in our generation, know him, shall soon be merely a reminiscence. Men who love sports of the field are destined in the near future to acquire all of their knowledge in well-stocked preserves and streams, where the killing of game and taking of fish may be accomplished in a luxurious environment that men of our day would have despised as incompatible with the ethics of sport.

"However, each generation has its distinct ideal, and the pleasure that we know that comes from the surroundings of wild life, will not be acceptable to the present breed of sportsmen and anglers. Possibly I may be inclined to take too pessimistic a view of the situation. I am congratulating you on the skill and earnestness with which you are laboring to make angling of any character possible."

My friend does take a very blue, dark blue, view of the future of angling in public waters, and really I do not think the situation warrants it, for a generation or two any way, and there is a chance for conditions to improve instead of growing worse, but it is largely a matter of education to bring about improved conditions in angling. Fishculture can do much to improve fishing, and it has done along certain lines, and fish laws have played an important part also, but the people can assist both fishculture and the fish laws by discouraging immediate fishing during the breeding seasons, and by realizing that undersized fish are far better alive in the water to breed than dead in a creel. The nearest place to earthly paradise in a trout country is a beautiful stream running through a valley in a sparsely settled farming community, with enough of meadow and second growth forest to diversify its banks and afford opportunities for fly-casting without hanging up the back cast often enough to provoke strong language. The trout are not large, but they are quick, and it requires a heap of fishing of the finer sort to catch them, and they are not numerous or large enough to attract many foreign visitors. By common consent there was a 6-inch law on the stream before there was one in the statutes, and also by common consent the natives who fished the streams and fished it with a fly, too, ceased fishing for the day when they had creeled a "mess" of trout for a meal. Public opinion in the valley the length of the stream favored decent fishing; method and number of fish killed, and the stream without artificial stocking yielded about the same number of trout each year from the natural increase. It was Utopian in a large degree, for the trout fisherman who loved moderate fishing, and was not actuated by greed, and this state of affairs had been brought about by—I was about to say self-interest, but that does not seem to be just the expression for that hospitable valley, and perhaps it would be better to say the eternal fitness of things evolved by simple fly-fishers.

The planting of yearling or fingerling trout is having a most beneficial effect on some waters, and the intelligent planting of trout fry will bear fruit, too, but education must lend a hand and teach the fishermen moderation in their fishing. The much maligned pot-fisherman is not wholly to blame for decreasing the trout in our streams, and the pot-fisherman does not let this fish spoil. Nor does the man who nets the streams, but what can be said of alleged sportsmen who catch with fair tackle more trout than they can eat or properly dispose of and permit them to spoil. If I were to organize a new fishing club, it would be one in which the members could not, under the constitution, bring any trout home from the woods to their friends, or for any other purpose. The catching of trout to bring home at the end of an outing is responsible for the waste of more trout than is sometimes charged to a pot-fisherman. Take your friends to the forests and feed them trout fresh from the water, and they will never after thank you to bring any home. If the friends at home wish fresh fish go to the market and buy some sea fish, but do not pay them the poor compliment of taking to them half-spoiled trout that you would not eat yourself. Over and over have I been astounded to find that men who posed as sportsmen would catch trout where they were plentiful and leave them in their camp to rot. This has been done in waters far from transportation lines or the fish might have been sent to friends. In Canada several years ago some men were in camp near me, and one morning I saw them break camp and disappear in their canoes, with guides and camp outfit. During the day a friend who was fishing with me had occasion to pass the site of their camp and called to me to join him, and there festooned on a rude frame were trout enough to feed a dozen men several days, hung up apparently to be photographed. Then and there I resolved that some fishermen were princes beside some men who called themselves sportsmen, and from that day to this I have been very careful when writing about pot-fishermen for fear I might do them an injustice. On previous occasions I have aired my opinion that the camera was an engine destructive of fish and injurious to fishing, and I am more and more convinced of its destructive influences, for if big catches of fish could not be hung up and photographed in remote camps there would be less temptation to kill the fish and display them. If club members and their guests do this sort of thing on a club preserve, I think that is the place to inaugurate reforms before the case of the pot-fisher in public water is considered, for I confess my respect for the pot-fisher is increasing.

This is a good place for a personal explanation. A few years ago the newspapers stated that Mr. Wm. L. Rathbone and I killed at the Triton Club, in Canada, twenty-five trout weighing 101½ pounds. Not long after this was printed a friend wrote to me saying he was surprised that I should be a party to such slaughter, as I had always advocated moderation in trout fishing. I wrote him a full account of catching the fish, and he replied that he had been poking fun at me in his first letter. Several times since, that particular catch has been referred to, and other friends have thought they were

having some fun at my expense. The newspapers did not tell all the facts in regard to that catch, for together in eight days we caught with a fly thirty-five trout weighing 117½ pounds, and killed thirty-four of them, and twenty-five of them did weigh 101½ pounds. We had four guides in camp with us, so there were six mouths to feed, and we had lost our pork and had very little bacon, and was obliged to live on trout, for each of three meals per day for eight days. With heads, bones and viscera of the fish removed, we may have had 10 pounds of fish flesh per day for six men. We caught the trout fresh for each meal, and when we had enough for a meal we ceased to fish. We did return many small fish to the water alive, but we fished entirely for large trout, except on one day, we were glad to get anything that would rise, for it was a pound hog case. All the trout were eaten except one, and that had been taken from camp for our luncheon on a portage. A guide put it in the bushes as we carried around a fall in the river, and at the luncheon hour we had no fish, and made the meal of tea, marinalade and tobacco.

Shrimps in Hatching Troughs.

The last issue of the London Fishing Gazette, just received, has a reprint from a German newspaper, which is extremely interesting to those engaged in hatching fish eggs in trays or boxes, or on gravel in troughs, and here and now I wish to thank my friend Marston for translating and printing it:

"It may seem strange to make use of the fresh-water shrimp in the hatching tray; but it is done. For three years past they have helped me, and I would not like to be without them in future. Formerly, if one of these little animals was discovered among the eggs, he was hunted down remorselessly under the mistaken idea that he ate the eggs. But gradually it dawned on me that the shrimps do not attack healthy eggs at all, while, on the other hand, they do eat the dead ones. Now thousands of shrimps swarm in my egg trays, and when a dead egg appears, nine or ten shrimps settle round it, and in a very short time only the empty shell remains. But yet another and much more important service is rendered by the shrimps. Every fish breeder knows how sensitive the eggs are before the appearance of the embryo, and how carefully the uneyed ova must be protected from shocks of any kind and rough handling; and that further, even with the risk of killing some eggs, it is necessary to wash the eggs to get rid of slime deposits. In a hatchery tray containing a number of shrimps among the eggs, washing or rinsing them is unnecessary. The little crustaceans work about continually among the eggs, which are thus kept in continual, but hardly noticeable, motion, so that no slime deposit can take place.

"Since Nov. 10 I have had eggs in my hatchery trays. In one tray I have about a thousand fresh-water shrimps; in another, none. In the latter I have had to clean the eggs of slime at different times, losing some in consequence. In the tray containing the shrimps the eggs have required no attention, and they are as clean and fresh as when first spawned.

"It also seems to me that the gentle motion communicated to the eggs by the shrimps working about among them exerts a favorable influence on their development. It must not be supposed that I am printing this as a new discovery. * * * All the same, I have not seen anything in print on this point. In the spring when the young brook hatch out, the shrimps, which have bred considerably, are turned out with them into the rearing ponds as food."

The writer of the quoted article, Herr Schumacher-Kruff, suggests that shrimps may exercise a favorable influence over fish eggs deposited naturally in wild waters by eating dead eggs, and preventing mould growth, etc., but, as he says, these suggestions are mere suppositions and may be valueless. The introduction of shrimps into hatching troughs is, I believe, a new idea, at least I never heard of it before, and I spend a good part of my life in a field where it would have come under my eye had anything been printed on the subject. The German fisheries paper in which the article first appeared comments upon it thus: "Our correspondent's original idea of putting shrimp in the egg trays with the eggs is in any case well worthy of further trial, especially as high authorities have advised against the use of ordinary filtering apparatus for purifying water used for hatching eggs."

The eggs referred to in this article are trout eggs, but what is said will apply to all eggs of the salmon family. That shrimps are scavengers we all know, and I believe that the discovery of the German fish breeder is of considerable value. Some of our fish breeders on this side may read this and pass it by, for it is hard to get out of a rut if the rut is very deep and well worn, but there are enough of the progressive sort to give the shrimps a trial in the hatching boxes, and the turning out of the shrimps with the fry into the rearing boxes is a most commendable move if it proves that they in no wise do injury to the fry, and fry boxes require scavaging quite as much as the hatching trays, if not more, for the fry will not eat all the prepared food given to them, and it lodges in the rearing boxes, and they have to be cleaned to insure the health of the fry. At our breeding establishment that I visited last year the owner, for it was a private enterprise, was a stickler for clean rearing boxes, and once each day the boxes were scraped, as I thought to the injury of the fry, and when I suggested this to the owner, he said: "Quite likely, but those that escape will have clean boxes to live in." Here is a great field for the shrimp after serving time in the hatching house, and the increase of the shrimp tribe will furnish food for the trout. Food and plenty of it is what makes big, strong trout, and in the paper from which I have already quoted, is a statement that some rainbow trout which weighed about ½ pound each in the spring of 1890, and were fed on specially rich food, weighed this winter on an average, 2 pounds each.

A. N. CHENEY.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Fishways for New York Rivers.

WALTER S. MACGREGOR, as chairman of the Legislative Committee of the New York State Fish and Game League, has prepared a bill for introduction in the Legislature the coming week which will be of vital importance to the fishermen of central New York.

It provides for building fishways in the several dams in the Oswego River known as the Oswego, High, Minetto, Braddock's, Oswego Falls, Fulton and Phoenix dams, the Oak Orchard Dam in the Oneida River and the Baldwinsville Dam in the Seneca River. For this purpose the sum of \$25,000 is asked as an appropriation. In discussing the proposed measure yesterday Mr. MacGregor said:

"The great results in the increase of food and game fish which can be achieved by the building of fishways is not popularly realized. I believe that if proper fishways were constructed in the dams suggested in this act it would increase the number of food and game fish in Seneca, Cayuga and Skaneateles Lakes and the Seneca and Oneida rivers one hundred fold.

"During the high water period a large number of salmon, trout, pike and bass pass down over the dams and cannot return. These fish are isolated from their spawning beds, and the waters where they can thrive and after vainly trying to fight their way back give up and fall victims to the pot-hunter or are so situated as to be unable to successfully propagate their kind. I am assured on good authority that a few Atlantic salmon this year worked their way up as far as the Baldwinsville Dam.

"Build the fishways and in a few years the great watersheds of central New York will be well stocked with fish. Atlantic salmon used to crowd up the Oneida River in large numbers. With the building of the dams the forced migration of the fish is all the wrong way.

Proved a Success.

"In Pennsylvania the building of fishways has increased the shad fishing value of the Delaware River ten fold. Fishways have been built in the upper Hudson with results of a kindred character. The investment required for the fishways is a trifling one when compared with its results."

The bill will be strongly espoused by a considerable number of legislators from the counties which it affects in this part of the State, and has an excellent chance of becoming a law. If such is the case, the building of fishways will be a great boon to the sportsmen of Onondaga and neighboring counties.

Asked by a Post-Standard reporter regarding his views on the recommendations of the State, Fish and Game Commission to the Legislature, Mr. MacGregor said: "I am strongly in favor of uniform fish and game laws for the entire State, with the possible exception of Long Island, where they claim with apparent justice that the season is somewhat earlier. I believe that the trout season should be shortened. It should open not earlier than May 1, instead of April 16, as at present. In the cold streams of this northern region the trout are sluggish prior to May 1, and furnish the angler with real sport. They are then in the process of cleaning off. Trout are such free biters that to preserve them the season should be made as short as reasonable.

"I believe spring shooting should be absolutely prohibited, as the birds are then on their way to their hatching grounds.

"Woodcock and partridges are rapidly disappearing in this State and something should be done to make up the loss. The State Commission has begun to experiment in the breeding of Mongolian pheasants at the Pleasant Valley hatchery in a small way, and the plan may be prolific of fine results. The Mongolian pheasant, which is a handsome game bird, has been successfully introduced into Massachusetts and Connecticut, where the climate is as cold as here. A few years ago this species was introduced on the coast of Oregon and has multiplied with such rapidity that the coast States now have the Mongolian pheasant in great abundance."—Syracuse Post-Standard, Feb. 4.

Salt-Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Accompanying this is the proposed amendment to Section 139 of the fisheries, game and forest law of 1899, now in the hands of John F. Maher, at Albany, and which will be presented in the Assembly before this reaches you.

Proposed Amendment to Section 139 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law of 1899.

Nets not to be used in the Harlem River.—Nets, set nets, pounds or lykes shall not be used in the Atlantic Ocean, so far as it is controlled by the State of New York, from ten miles east and southeast of the boundary line of the present city of New York, nor in the New York Bay, nor in Raritan Bay, nor in the Hudson River south of the northern boundary line of the present city of New York, nor in the Harlem River, nor in the East River, nor in Long Island Sound from Hell Gate to ten miles east and northeast of the boundary line of the present city of New York, including all adjacent bays, inlets, channels, narrows, kills, creeks and contiguous brooks within said limits.

This section shall not apply to nets used especially for catching lobsters or crabs; nor to the catching of eels by the use of eel pots; nor the capture of minnows, killies, spearing or shrimp for bait by means of hand nets, which shall not exceed forty feet in length and four feet in depth, in said waters.

Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each violation thereof and two dollars for each fish so caught.

There are more than one hundred thousand rod and reel and hook and line fishermen in the city of Greater New York, and more than ten thousand of these have signed a petition asking that this amendment to the present law be made. Its passage would, for various reasons, do more to give good fishing in and about our city than anything suggested in late years. The curse of the army of New York rod and reel fishermen to-day is the menhaden (moss bunker) fishermen with their mile-long purse seines, who keep the approaches to the mouth of the Hudson River depleted. With their headquarters on Barren Island, they hover over the south shore of Long Island and over New York Bay, and woe betide the school of menhaden that ventures in our neighborhood. The menhaden are the attraction that draw the bluefish, weakfish and schools of many other varieties of fish to

our waters, furnishing sport, amusement, recreation and fish to thousands of amateurs, and fish and money to hundreds of others who dispose of their catches in the markets. Last year there were few bluefish and weakfish caught "outside" (which is the accepted term for the water from Sandy Hook to Long Beach), simply for the reason that the menhaden had all been caught by the Barren Island Fertilizing Company. These menhaden fishermen do not confine their catch to menhaden; everything that comes into their immense nets is good enough for fertilizer, and thousands of tons of food fish are annually used by them for that purpose. It is a shame, a disgrace, an outrage, that such a business is permitted to exist in New York city. A lawyer of high standing in this city informed me not long since that he saw more than forty tons of weakfish rotting at one time on the dock of this fertilizing company at Barren Island.

One-half of the fishermen of New York State reside in this city, and yet not a single Commissioner belongs here. Not a member of the Commission has taken any interest in our fishing, nor made any effort to improve existing conditions. Every member of it knows that the few hundred net fishermen ruin the fishing of thousands of citizens, and yet they make no effort to aid us. We only know of two game protectors in our district—one on Long Island, who was notified that some parties were illegally using nets in Long Island Sound within the boundaries of the city of New York, and who failed to find the nets, although we know they are still being used, and one other in Staten Island, who never did anything to our knowledge, except to cause the arrest of a preacher for shooting robins. We should have at least one dozen fish and game protectors in our New York city district.

The menhaden fishermen under Chapter 138 of the law of 1898 possess the exclusive right (excepting shad fishermen) to use nets in Raritan Bay or New York Bay, and in the waters of Richmond county, which they fish so thoroughly that even a porgy or a tomcod does not have a fair chance to exist.

The passage of this proposed amendment will not only be of incalculable benefit to the residents of New York city, but will greatly increase the catches of every fisherman on the Hudson River, whether he fishes with net, or whether he fishes with rod and reel.

Instead of keeping the fish away from our coast, or landing them on the dock at Barren Island, as is done at present, they will have an opportunity to swim up the beautiful Hudson and reach the steamboat landing at Albany.

JAMES FOSTER MILLIKEN,
Director Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

Rods.

MERENTIO, Pittsburg, Pa., asks: "Is the Henshall bass casting rod the standard rod to-day, or has it been improved upon? I see that some of the first-class makers are getting out rods for bass casting that are 7½ feet in length and which weigh 7 ounces. Are these preferable to the regular Henshall rod? For brook trout fishing would you advise a 9½-foot, 5-ounce; a 9-foot, 5-ounce or a 10-foot, 6-ounce rod, or some other size and weight in preference to either?"

The Henshall pattern is one of the standard black bass bait rods to-day, and is made in both wood and split bamboo. There are also other standard bass rods, because anglers will always differ in their preferences. A rod which just suits one man as to length, weight and action will not suit another. Men get accustomed to a certain style of rod and want no other. It is impossible to say what style of rod would be right for you; in trout rods much depends on the size of the fish and character of the water; on a small, crooked stream overhung with bushes, a 9-foot rod might be too long and keep one in trouble, as long casts cannot be made in such a place. On open water a trout rod should not be less than 9 nor more than 10½ feet.

The weight of a rod is a matter of individual preference. The tendency has been toward extreme lightness in the past dozen years, and marvels of delicacy have been made, largely, I think, to see what can be done in this direction and to brag of. A rod of less than 6 ounces to be serviceable, must be of the very best workmanship, and is therefore expensive. I have seen 4½-ounce rods do wonderful work when casting for distance in tournaments, but they were carefully made by men of reputation, and cost accordingly. Personally, I prefer a heavier rod, one that at the end of a day's fishing has tired the arm and gives one the advantage of swinging Indian clubs when he would not take such exercise for its own sake. It compels the angler to change hands, and so teaches him to cast with both. Fly-casting is an exercise that is good for the muscles of the arm, and therefore a man who is not strong in his arms may become so in time by its practice, but he needs a light rod to begin with. There is no length and weight of rod that is the best for all men and all fishing.

Of course, a beginner naturally wishes to have advice before buying a rod, and he should, if possible, get it from an expert, who knows the physique of the novice, or from a reliable dealer who is himself an angler. If there was a rod for either trout or bass fishing which would exactly suit every man and all waters, there would be but one style made.

Resuscitating Frozen Fish.

George Monteith, Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is true that fish that were frozen, or partly frozen, have been brought to life and a few have lived without apparent injury, while others have died soon after. It may be doubted if a fish which is so thoroughly frozen that it can be broken like an icicle will live, for water expands in freezing, and if the fish is frozen as solid as ice it seems as if all its tissues must be ruptured by expansion, and if thawed out alive must die soon after. This is a general statement based on the theory of the expansion of water in becoming solid, as is shown in the breaking of the pitcher.

The case of the fish and the pitcher are parallel, as both begin freezing from the outside, and the expansion

does not gain much force until all is nearly solid. A fish thrown out on the ice or snow on a cloudy cold day and has its circulation suspended at once by the freezing of the gills has been known to live after thawing, but, if the fish flops around and is exhausted and partly suffocated before freezing, it cannot live. There are well-authenticated instances of fish coming to life after freezing, and I once wrote of a smelt that came to the Bromfield House, Boston, and, showing signs of life, the proprietor put it in his aquarium, and it lived for a week or more, when it died from fungus. I saw this fish and noticed it from the day it was placed in the aquarium until it died. In this case no care had been taken to preserve the fish from injury; it had been taken by a hook in Boston harbor and was shoved into a box with others and sent to market.

To speak of "a frozen fish" is using a general term that might be answered differently if different fishes were specified, as they differ greatly in vitality. Such delicate, easy-dying fish as most cyprinoids, chubs, shiners, dace, etc., which die soon when caught in summer and which in severe cold weather feed little or not at all, might not stand much freezing. Then comes a second class in hardiness: The goldfish, carp, suckers, pike, perch, smelt and perhaps the trout; these will stand more exposure to air in warm weather and should stand more freezing, if done quickly, and if I were to guess which of the fishes named would come out of the frozen state in best condition, I would back the sucker. The catfish and eel are not behind in standing exposure to summer air, but the eel does not seem to bear freezing as well as some others.

Please consider these as imperfect observations and the conclusions mainly theoretical. I have thawed out pike, *Esox lucius*, and they came to life, but they were only thawed for the purpose of dressing for the cook, and that ended the observation. In youthful days, when this was done, the microscope of scientific investigation, the pursuit of knowledge for knowledge sake, had not infected my system.

Writing of these things brings a regret that fifty years ago I did not know enough to notice things more closely; opportunity was plenty, more so than now, for I had time as well as opportunity. I cannot think that I am alone with the author who sang:

"Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life."

Not that my life has been wasted, for I've had lots of fun; but in the riotous time of youth there were not only opportunities for learning much of things that I would like to know now, but also a lack of desire to know them. I often wish that I had a son to train. Of course, he would rebel at being trained and would break away after the accumulating of wealth, or some other foolishness, but I'd like to have him begin where I leave off, if he would.

Such dreaming is of no use, but it is pleasing to the dreamer. The advanced students and high-daddy fellows who graduate from the biological laboratories tell us in their books all the anatomical differences in beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes and insects, but few of them, except the bug sharps, condescend to mention the food and habits of the life they laboriously describe. The late Dr. G. Brown Goode did something of this in his "American Fishes"; Dr. Coues did more in his "Birds of the Northwest," and Dr. Jordan exceeds them in his popular articles in different magazines, showing that he knows more of the life history of animals than he hints at in his technical works.

That I have departed from my text is evident; to get off the track is easy on some roads, but this one seems especially so, and after reading what has been said, I merely sigh and think: If this world was so constituted that the question of bread and oleomargarine did not enter into it, how much fun we would have in finding out the things which a favored few are studying in their own chosen fields, but the fields are numerous enough for all whose tastes run that way.

Clams.

To understand just what animal a man refers to when he speaks of clams, one must know where the speaker lives, just as he must if he hears the name "partridge," although in the latter case something may be inferred from the pronunciation, or omission of the third letter. "Clam," east of New York, means only one thing—the mannosse (*Mya arenaria*), while from New York and down the coast it may mean this or the *Venus mercenaria*, just as it happens, unless the prefix "hard" or "soft" is used, the hard clam, *Venus*, being known by the Indian name of Quahog, or Quohog, east of New York.

Now cometh an inquiry from Mystic, Conn., as follows: "Will you please inform me as to the authorities by which some knowledge may be obtained of the clams that abound on our coast—the soft, or round, clam—the Quohog—and the sea clam. I can get no natural history of these bivalves, even from old clammers—men who in their lives must have dug and gathered in thousands of bushels—and yet they seem to possess no more information concerning the propagation and life of these creatures than the late Lord Dunsyre did of shrimps."

The so-called "sea clam," or "skimmer," is allied to the soft clam, but grows in deeper water, is much larger, and being tougher is seldom eaten, but is taken in great quantities for bait by the cod and other fishermen. I hardly know just what the correspondent wishes to know, but to-night the logs are blazing brightly and I feel that I can exude information from every pore, so here goes at him.

The soft clam, so excellent in fries and stews, is to most people unpalatable in a raw state. It lives in the sand with its long neck stretched out above the mud which conceals it, and in this neck are two tubes, or siphons, one to take water to the gills and food to the stomach, and the other to expel. When the neck is extended it affords a chance for some fishes and birds to take hold of it and either nip it off or drag the owner out of its bed, shell and all; and as the shells of this species do not close tightly, it is helpless when out of the mud. At low tide, if above low water mark, the siphons are withdrawn from observation and the clam takes a rest, refrains from feeding and devotes its time to wishing that the flood tide would begin to "get a move on it"; hence the expression, "Happy as a clam at high tide." This clam spawns in

summer and requires three years to be of good marketable size.

The hard clam, or quohaug, is also called "round clam," to distinguish it from the "long," or soft, clam. It is very close-mouthed, and shuts up tightly at the least alarm. It is fonder of attending clam-bakes than the soft-shelled fellow, and can usually be found at those convivial gatherings. It does not bury itself, as the other does, but has a very hard and indigestible "foot," which it protrudes, extends and retracts, and so travels on its edge when looking for a clam-bake. When larger than a silver dollar they are tough, but are eaten by some who have as good leather in their stomachs as there is in the clams. The so-called "Little Necks" are used for half-shell raws, and got the name, not from any part of the clam, but from a place of that name on Long Island, where for one or two years the clams were particularly tender; but now it means any clam whose shell is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches or less. In Philadelphia these are called "cherrystones." This clam reaches the "little neck" stage in a year if the season is good. Its specific name of *Mercenaria* comes from the fact that the Indians used the dark purple parts of the shell for currency, or wampum. This clam does not range further north than Quohaug Bay, Me. If I know anything more about clams, except the cooking of them, and whether lemon or vinegar is the proper thing to acidulate Little Necks, it does not bob it just now.

There are many other clams, including the "razor clam," which is never found in a barber shop, but whose shells resemble the handle of a razor, and this fellow can dig in the sand about as fast as the man with the hoe.

A Globe Traveling Fish.

THERE is a fish which must by this time have made the circumnavigation of the globe. We printed the tale, from the pen of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, and with the title "The Herring that Learned to Live out of Water," in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 29, 1890, away back before the World's Fair. From that time to this we have noted the travels of the imperishable yarn, and the progress and transformations of the herring. It has been converted into trout, salmon, bass, pickerel and various other species, according to the fancy or the theft-concealing endeavor of each successive story-teller, who has worked the story off as original and has given it a new location. We quote this latest republication coming to our notice:

Here is an extraordinary story, and one which persons of a skeptical turn of mind will naturally refuse to believe. Yet it comes from no less an authority than the dignified and conservative *Journal des Debats*:

There lives near Christiania a distinguished Scandinavian naturalist named Dahl, who is noted for his advocacy of the Darwinian theory of evolution. He caught a herring the other day and straightway resolved to use this fish to prove the truth of the doctrine of evolution. He believes firmly in the theory, but of what use is theory unless it can be proved by practice?

So Professor Dahl shut the herring up in an aquarium and then, little by little, diminished the supply of water. A fish out of water is popularly supposed to be the most disconcerted thing in existence, but this wonderful herring soon proved itself an exception to the rule. True, at first, when it saw the water was disappearing, it appeared worried, but it quickly adapted itself to the changed conditions and thus was very soon metamorphosed into an amphibious animal.

Delighted at his success, its master then placed it on ground entirely dry and began to give it food which, it is safe to say, no fish has heretofore eaten. Yet this fish, we are assured, ate the food gladly, and when hungry would follow its master in search of more. It apparently grew to love the human being who had so thoroughly raised it to the dignity of a quadruped, for no sooner would he appear than the transformed herring would nimbly run to meet him, and in its own dumb way fawn upon him like a dog.

The naturalist was now confident that he could easily prove the truth of evolution, but in order to insure himself against disappointment and the mockery of less ingenious scientists he determined to elevate the herring to a still higher plane of animal life. While he was preparing the new experiment, however, a terrible thing happened. The herring, which was allowed to wander where it pleased, happened to stray over a wooden bridge, the planks of which were not very close together, and in stepping from one plank to another it missed its footing and fell into the water.

Its master saw the herring disappear, and at once made a search for it. The water into which it fell was not naturally suited for a herring, and he felt sure he would have little difficulty in recovering his pet. In vain, however, was his search; gone forever was his highly educated herring. He told the story to his friends, and they assured him the fish must have been drowned, since, having been so long out of water, it was naturally unaccustomed to its native element.

That fish have more intelligence than we generally give them credit for is the firm belief of ichthyologists and other scientists who have given any study to the question, but never before has the world heard of any fish one-half as wonderful as Prof. Dahl's herring.

Demand for Fish Scales In France.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Consul Covert writes from Lyons, under date of Dec. 27, 1899: "A call has been made at this consulate for fish scales, to be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls and other ornaments by the recently discovered method of a French chemist. The supply is much less than the demand, and it is said that large quantities will be used and a good price paid for them. The scales should be sprinkled with salt as soon as they are removed from the fish and packed in tin cans. Any specimens sent to this consulate will receive careful examination, and the results, with any suggestions that may be made and particulars of prices offered, will be duly reported. It is believed here that the sale of these scales may result in establishing an important business in an article that now has no commercial value."

Senator Frye and Professor Agassiz.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Another point in regard to the alleged letter from Prof. Agassiz to Senator Frye, about the size of Rangeley Lake trout, as published in your issue of the 3d inst. Prof. Agassiz died on Dec. 14, 1873, whereas Mr. Frye was not elected to the Senate—or at least did not take his seat in that body until March 18, 1881, eight years later. It is safe to assume, therefore, that the former never addressed the latter as "My dear Senator," as represented in the letter in question. ANGLER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

A Chat About Dogs.

What Many People Eminent in Literature and the Sciences have said of Man's Faithful Friend.

Love Me, Love my Dog.

"With eye upraised, his master's look to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."

The dog has probably received greater attention at the hands of antiquaries, scientists, historians, naturalists and writers of all classes, ancient and modern, than any other of the domestic animals; volumes upon volumes have been written lauding the intelligence, faithfulness and courage of this interesting digitigrade. If all the well-authenticated anecdotes illustrating the devotion and the achievements of the dog in saving life, and in rendering succor to man in time of distress, were collected and put in book form, these alone would form a good sized library. The dog has been popular as a domestic pet for thousands of years, and as the companion of man is found under all circumstances of human existence. Frequent mention is made of the dog in the Bible, and it was even at the time the Old Testament was written the humble friend and servant of man. Job makes reference to this "humble friend" as the "dog of my flock." The indomitable Scot, who can trace his lineage away back to prehistoric times, who claims that Adam and Eve spoke "the Gaelic," that the kilt immediately followed the fig leaf as an article of dress, and that the pipes, the musical instrument referred to in the Bible, were the bagpipes, will have little trouble in assigning Job's dog to the Scotch collie class. The monuments of Egypt make it clear that dogs, like men, were as distinct in their races thousands of years ago as at the present time. No satisfactory classification of the different kinds of dog has ever been made, and what some naturalists regard as types, others pronounce to be mere mixtures of races. Pope, in 1709, wrote: "Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." Homer's account, written 2,700 years ago, of Ulysses' dog Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable. Pope, in his translation of this story, depicts the return of Ulysses to his native coast after long years of war and buffeting, and so changed that even his queen did not recognize him, but

"His faithful dog his rightful master knew,
Him, when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet;
'Twas all he could do, and fawned, and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy; then, falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up and died."

It is not my intention to write a history of the dog, or to attempt any elaborate treatise on his antiquity or ancestral descent, but rather to pay a slight tribute to his worth as an old "friend and companion." The true lover of the dog has no particular type that he admires more than another, but can see something attractive and much to esteem in all the different species. The writer has at various times during the past forty-five years owned a representative of nearly all the numerous breeds of dogs common to Canada, and it would be difficult for him to say which he really admired most. The two best of the terrier class that he ever owned were an English Black and Tan and a fox terrier. The Black and Tan came of an excellent strain, the late James Beswick, a well-known dog fancier, having imported his father. The mother also came of good stock. This Black and Tan was a rare dog. He was an inveterate enemy of rats and mice, and, in fact, as a destroyer of all sorts of vermin, nothing in the shape of a dog could excel him. He displayed a surprisingly dignified and intelligent grasp of his surroundings, and appeared ever to be able to conform himself to one's moods or feelings; and this adaptability and shrewdness made him a splendid companion, particularly for long tramps into the country, which he evidently enjoyed fully as much as did his master. When fox terriers first came into vogue, twenty-five years ago or thereabouts, I was the happy recipient of one as a present from a friend in Lachine. This, I believe, was one of the gamiest dogs that ever lived. He was tri-color, weighing about 25 pounds, well muscled up all around, and his flesh was as hard as nails. He was not so keen to kill rats or mice as the Black and Tan, but as a cat killer he was a terror. He would attack a cat wherever and whenever he came across one, and it must needs be a very agile and strategical feline to escape him with a whole skin. He became so enterprising in this respect that I had reluctantly to part with him. He would draw a coon, make short work with the largest ground hog, and more than hold his own in a rough and tumble scrimmage with any dog of his size that cared to try conclusions with him. With all these gallant qualities he was quiet and well behaved about the house and exceedingly fond of children. Pepys, in 1661, writes: "Dr. Williams did show me a dog that he hath that do kill all the cats that come hither to kill his pigeons—and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats." My fox terrier and Dr. Williams' dog would have

made a great team. I believe my fellow was responsible for the rude taking off of fully as many cats as the doctor's dog. In a litter of pups, although strictly all of one parentage, there is often a great diversity in the character, intelligence and courage of the dogs when they grow up. The Black and Tan already referred to had a full brother, who was an arrant sneak, and although much the handsomer dog of the two, and possessing some good qualities, had no "sand," and was afraid of a rat.

Mr. J. T. Townsend, a capital judge of sporting dogs, and genuine all around sportsman, who has fished in company with that enthusiastic and intrepid sportsman, Mr. H. P. Dwight, in all the best trout streams in the country and hunted deer in Muskoka, at the proper season, for the last thirty-five or forty years, and at a time, too, when to reach the Dwight hunting grounds in Muskoka meant a three of four days' journey—once gave me a very fine Black and Tan fox hound pup. To have got a dog from Townsend was a sufficient guarantee that its pedigree was beyond reproach, and I knew that I had a prize. I would like to be permitted to remark, en passant, that before the Northern R'y was extended north of Barre, one of the few available routes into the interior of Muskoka was via the Toronto & Nipissing Narrow Gauge Railway—of which the late Mr. William Gooderham was general manager—to Cobocok, Cobocok to Moore's Lake by wagon, thence up Moore's Lake and Gull River to Minden by scow, Minden to Carnarvon by wagon; here guides and canoes were obtained, and after traversing Cushog, St. Norah's Wren, Raven, Gun and Rock lakes, Hollow Lake, in the interior of the Muskoka country, was reached, and at the upper end of the lake was Mr. Dwight's shanty. At that time it was permissible to shoot deer in September, the season opening on the 15th of that month. Deer were very plentiful, but it was impossible, owing to the distance and difficulties of transportation, to bring them out of the woods, and one, at most, was all the hunters were able to bring back to the city. Mr. Townsend, as I said, about this time, gave me a splendid fox hound pup. This pup came of choice stock and had a dash of bloodhound in him. When he was between four and five months old, I took him out for a long walk, going as far as Eglinton. It was Hallowe'en, and becoming dark, and, as we approached the hill leading up to Eglinton, a motley crowd of youths suddenly appeared, carrying blazing torches, tooting horns and making an unearthly noise. This so frightened the pup that he bolted across the fields, striking a concession line leading east to the Don. He was awfully frightened, and the more I called and whistled the faster he ran, finally disappearing in the woods away off toward Elgie's farm. I remained in the neighborhood some time, using all the means at my command to recover the little animal, but to no purpose, and was compelled sadly to retrace my steps to the city without him. Of course, I never expected to see him again, but imagine my surprise to find this precocious young canine sitting at the door of my house in the center of the city, at daylight next morning, waiting to get in. Be it remembered that he was not yet five months old, and yet this little baby hound had, when all was still and in the dead of night, stealthily followed his tracks back to the city and to his home, a distance of about six miles. The sense of scent must have been exquisite and of abnormal development in this young dog, to have enabled him to find his way back over the devious road we followed in going out. Nor did he disappoint me when he got out of his puppyhood. I had him thoroughly broken and trained, and he emerged from the process one of the noblest, truest, trustiest dogs that ever tracked a deer in the woods of Muskoka.

I have also owned several good field spaniels and cockers at different times. These were trained to a gun, but in hunting partridge I have found frequently in the country some young chap, fond of a gun, who had a partridge dog, generally a rank mongrel, which well-bred spaniels, trained to hunt partridge, as those birds are hunted here, could not begin to work with. Some of these country dogs of mixed breed are very clever and exhibit wonderful intuitive knowledge of the habits of birds, and with unerring instinct quickly discover the surest way to circumvent them in their efforts to escape the hunter.

I have found all dogs to be interesting. Some, of course, have greater intellectual faculties and are more easily trained than others, and they differ, too, in certain traits of character and disposition, but all are more or less affectionate and companionable—even the bull terriers and bull dogs—and if well treated become strongly attached to their master and place their courage, strength and talents at his command. If it is necessary—and it is sometimes—to chastise this "humble friend," he soon forgets, or only remembers it to make his attachment stronger, and this he will demonstrate by licking the hand that administered the chastisement.

Sheepdogs are said to have more brains than any other breed, the spaniel coming next, but we seldom see sheepdogs in circuses or traveling shows, trained as trick dogs—perhaps because the collie is too sensible a dog and has too much respect for himself to descend to the monkey business of a professional trick dog. On the other hand, we frequently see the greyhound, the spitz, the terrier and other dogs that are supposed to be not quite so tractable as the collie or spaniel, trained to perform in a wonderfully expert manner. A smallish black collie, with white markings, drove cattle through the city once or twice a month last summer from the cattle yards to Gooderham's sheds at the Don. This little dog was a past-master in his profession, and all who may have witnessed his performances must have been deeply impressed with the earnestness, celerity and skill with which he manipulated the drove, and conducted it through the busiest streets of the city. When the cattle came to a cross street an effort was invariably made by some of them to depart from the straight road. That they would attempt to do so the dog seemed by some subtle inward reasoning to know, and with human-like intelligence he was promptly on hand at the right time and the right spot to head them off. There was no confusion or mistake, but he was kept very busy, and seemed to fly from one part of the drove to another, heading a beast off at one point, nipping one in the heels at another point, threatening others, and with matchless dex-

terity and persuasive machinations, that would not be gainsaid, urged stragglers closer into the bunch, to keep it intact. It was an enlivening sight to watch for a few minutes this anxious, energetic, fleet-footed and gifted little cattle driver do his work. No one accompanied him to direct his efforts, he received no instructions, nor did he appear to require any, but all alone and unaided he continued with tireless perseverance, eagerness and snap to scurry hither and thither yelping, controlling and guiding, until he got his charge safely past the street crossing. All this to be repeated again and again at the many street crossings en route. It is no unusual thing for this dog to conduct a good-sized drove of cattle alone from the cattle yards to Gooderham's sheds—four or five miles—right through the city, and to bring them to their destination without any mishap. Those famous Scotch dogs Bob, Son of Battle, and Red Wull, could scarcely have managed sheep more adroitly than this little fellow managed cattle.

The Bedlington terrier is an excellent dog, and, although perhaps not so popular as he was a few years ago, he has yet many admirers. The Airedale terrier and Dachshund are very much in favor at present, and are displacing to some extent the fox terrier from the high position he has long occupied in the estimation of dog fanciers. The Airedale is a perfect "gentleman's dog." He has great strength, a rugged constitution, intelligence, docility, possesses unflinching courage, and will do almost anything that is expected of a dog.

Not the least interesting of the employments to which the dog has been trained is that of leading about the blind, which is often done with an intelligence and affectionate carefulness worthy of all praise. It was announced the other day that a brigade of dogs had been formed in London, England, for collecting funds for the widows and orphans of the men who have fallen in action in South Africa, one dog having collected \$415 in a few weeks. The article making the announcement says this dog will stand wagging his tail until he gets a subscription; he then ceases to wag and proceeds on his way.

Let us see what some of the great poets and prose writers have to say about the dog. We are told in a poem written by John Barbour, about 1395, that John of Lorne had "a sleuth hound sae guid, that change he wald for naething." This hound was once sent into the woods to track Bruce, who was hiding from his enemies. Bruce only escaped by entering a stream, thereby destroying the scent.

Blind Harry, the minstrel (about 1490), also tells of a hound. "Sicker of scent to follow them that fled," having been employed to track Sir William Wallace when he was fighting in defense of his country against the English, Wallace evading the dog by killing the tired horse he was riding. When the sleuth came to the bleeding carcass—

"She stoppit, nor further wald she gae frae the time she found the bluid."

About 1350 Chaucer wrote of "the Pitiful Prioress" who—

"Small hounds had, that she fed
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wasted bread,
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Or if men smote it with a yard smart,
And all was conscience and tender heart."

Wordsworth, Goldsmith and Cowper wrote appreciatingly and feelingly about the dog. Burns, in his "Two Dogs," describes the Newfoundland dog in this characteristic manner:

"His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

Where can a better description of a collie be found than this:

"His honest, soncie, bawsn't face,
Ay gat him freends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his tousie back;
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossie black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung ower his hurdles wi' a swirl."

Rogers dilates on the sagacity of the St. Bernard and its usefulness.

Spenser tells a pathetic tale of Llewellyn, King John's son-in-law, who, upon his return from a hunting expedition, found his dog Gelert covered with blood, and missing his child suspected the dog of having killed it:

"Hellhound, my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side."

Investigating further, Llewellyn found the child under a tumbled heap of rubbish, "all glowing and rosy and just awakened from a peaceful sleep," and near by—

"Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead.
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir."

Scott, than whom no one ever loved a dog more sincerely, said: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit." Southey said of the dog, that though—

"Lacking discourse of reason,
He, with uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith,
Puts lordly man to shame."

Byron said many complimentary and beautiful things of the dog, as did also Horne, Lytton, Browning, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hood—it was Hood who defined "dogmatism as puppyism arrived at maturity"—Dickens, Tennyson, Sir Edwin Arnold, Buchanan, Dean Swift, our own Goldwin Smith, as also the Khan.

Herriek's epitaph to the dead spaniel is most expressive:

"Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
For shape and service, spaniel like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million."

Shakespeare thoroughly understood and loved a dog. In Timon of Athens he says:

"I am misanthropos, and hate mankind
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee."

Blacklock causes his dog to utter this proud boast:

"I never barked when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wronged by force or fraud another.
Tho' brutes are placed a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so!"

Every one has read Campbell's "Poor Dog Tray," commencing, "On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh." Tray appears to be a favorite name for a dog. Any number of poems have been written in praise of dogs of that name. A popular song in this country fifty years ago was "Old Dog Tray," one verse of which runs:

"When thoughts recall the past, his eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say,
Although he cannot speak, I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray."

Gay thought so much of his dog that he copied him as nearly as he could.

"My dog, the truest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray."

Praed draws a picture that we have often seen in visiting friends who have a liking for a dog:

"Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the doorsteps collected,
Wagged their tails and seemed to say:
'Our master knows you; you're expected.'"

The large hearted Dr. Norman MacLeod paid a tribute to the dog in some facetious verses:

"Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
And scartit baith his lugs, O!
Quo' he: 'If folk had only tails,
They'd be maist as gude as dogs, O!'"

Matthew Arnold is the author of some humorous, yet pathetic verses styled "Kaiser Dead." Kaiser was purchased in London and "vouched by glorious renown as a Dachshund true," but as he advanced toward maturity it became evident that there had been a mistake somewhere, and to the astonishment of his owner, the pedigreed "Dachshund true" developed into half-collie. Mr. Arnold says:

"His mother, most majestic dame,
Of blood unmixed, from Potsdam came;
And Kaiser's race we deemed the same—
No lineage higher,
And so he bore the imperial name,
But, ah, his sire!"

"Soon, soon, the days conviction bring,
The collie hair, the collie swing,
The tail's indomitable ring;
The eyes' unrest—
The case was clear; a mongrel thing
Kai stood confest."

But notwithstanding the unfortunate blemish in Kaiser's breeding, he had many admirable qualities, and the gentle Matthew loved him none the less and sadly mourned his loss.

Many writers, in lamenting the death of their canine friends, write as if they expected to meet them in the other world. Horsfield closes some beautiful verses on the death of a Gordon setter by asking:

"Is a man a hopeless heathen if he dreams of one fair day,
When, with spirit free from shadows gray and cold,
He may wander through the heather in the 'unknown far away,'
With his good dog before him as of old?"

Pope writes:

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind,
Hopes that, transplanted to yonder azure sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company."

Barry Cornwall closes some touching verses to his bloodhound thus:

"Well, Herod—go tell them whatever may be,
I'll hope I may ever be found by thee;
If in sleep, then in sleep; if with skies around,
May thou follow e'en thither—my dear bloodhound."

A writer in Punch a few weeks ago bemoans in some verses full of tenderness and pathos, the death of his dog, and closes thus:

"Such was my dog, who now, without my aid,
Hunts through the shadow land, himself a shade;
Or, crouched intent before some ghostly gate,
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait."

Southey, writing on the death of an old dog, gives his ideas of canine immortality after this fashion:

"Farè thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man! There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee!"

A gentleman going through the streets of a Western city the other day took a fancy to a dog belonging to a German laborer. "Look, here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog anyway, but I'll give you \$5 for him."

"Yaas," said the German, "I know he is a werry poor dog, and he ain't wort almost nothin', but dere ish von little ding mit dat dog vot I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

Ah, that's it! It was the mute, affectionate greeting and tender solicitude for his master's welfare, as expressed in the wag of the dog's tail, that the old German could not part with, and it is because the "humble friend and companion" of man seems as truly to know and sympathize with the sorrows and joys of his master that he is alike "the pampered minion of royalty, and the half-starved partaker of the beggar's crust." Cuvier, the celebrated scholar and naturalist, makes the strong assertion that the dog "is the most complete, the most singular and the most useful conquest ever made by man."

R. F. EASSON.

W. K. C.

THE entries for the Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fourth show, Feb. 20 to 23: St. Bernards, 126; Newfoundland, 3; mastiffs, 14; Great Danes, 89; bloodhounds, 18; Russian wolf hounds, 37; deerhounds, 25; greyhounds, 32; foxhounds, 9; pointers, 102; English setters, 116; Irish setters, 44; Gordon setters, 28; retrievers, 3; Chesapeake Bay dogs, 1; Irish water spaniels, 1; Clumber spaniels, 3; field spaniels, 35; cocker spaniels, 162; collies, 103; Old English sheep dogs, 8; Dalmatians, 5; poodles, 51; bull dogs, 100; bull terriers, 113; Airedale terriers, 34; Boston terriers, 141; French bull dogs, 49; beagles, 92; dachshunds, 48; fox terriers, 156; Irish terriers, 74; Scottish terriers, 22; Black and Tan terriers, 22; Skye terriers, 4; Bedlington terriers, 7; Yorkshire terriers, 25; other toy terriers, 13; pugs, 28; Pomeranians, 51; toy spaniels, 107; miscellaneous, 8. Total, 2,108.

J. A. D. MORTIMER, Supt.

Points and Flushes.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club held on the 5th, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Vice-President, S. Murray Mitchell; Treasurer, Dr. Alexander Glass; Secretary, Francis G. Taylor. It was decided to offer as a special prize a silver cup, valued at \$50, for the best setter or pointer owned by a citizen of Pennsylvania, to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on the 20th inst. Arrangements were made, looking to the leasing of field trial grounds for trials for the ensuing year.

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden during the New York Dog Show, on Thursday, Feb. 22, 1900, at 2 P. M.—L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary and Treasurer, No. 938 Prospect avenue, New York.

Yachting.

Minota.

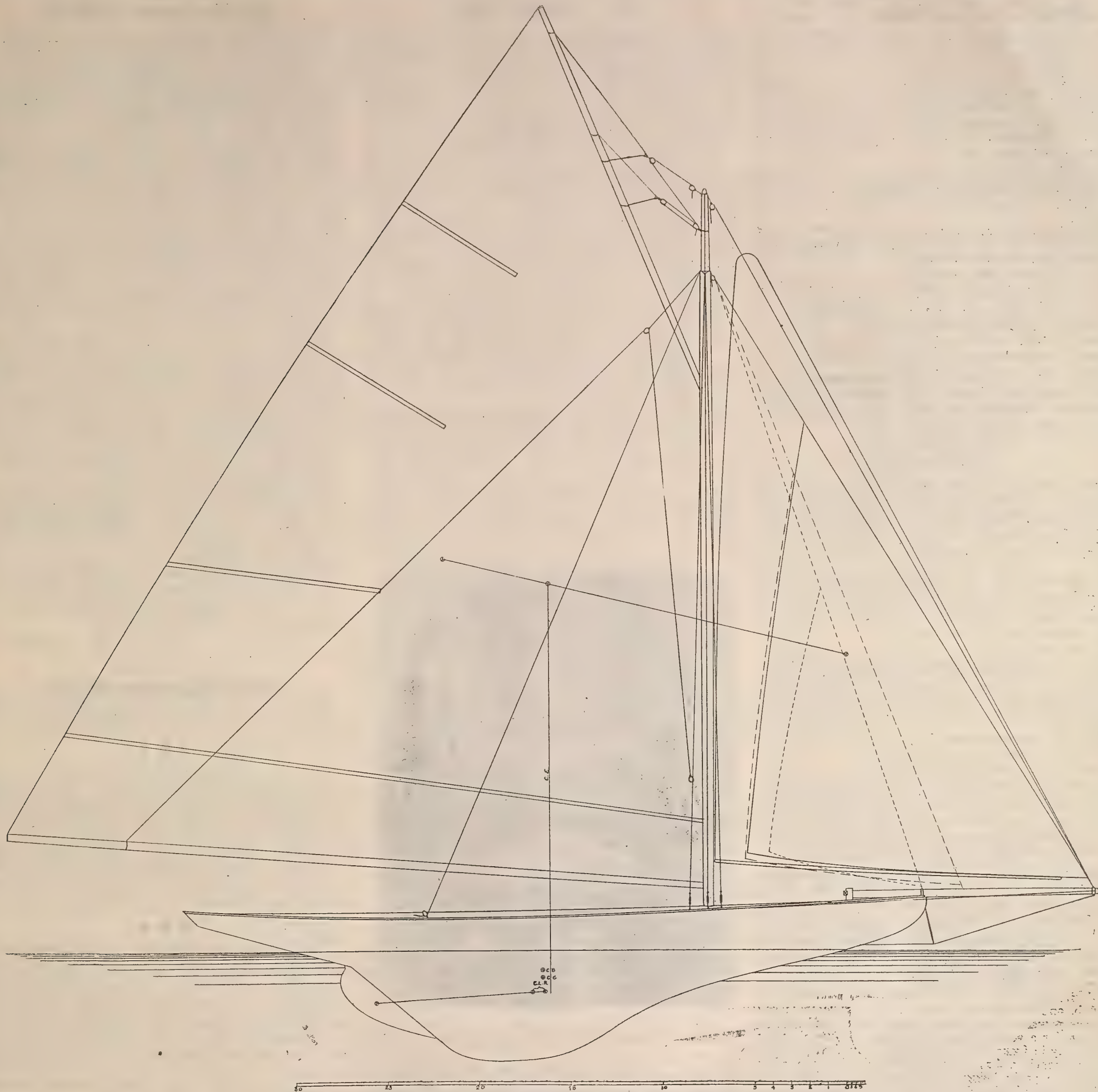
MINOTA, whose lines were given in the preceding number, was built by a syndicate of members of the Royal Canadian Y. C., which syndicate also built Beaver. Both yachts were constructed by James Andrews, at Oakville, on the lake a few miles west of Toronto, and were excellently put together, Mr. Andrews being noted for the care he bestows on this class of work. They were, of course, framed to the scantling table of the Y. R. U. The two were similarly arranged, with a large square open hatch amidships and a smaller one for the helmsman aft. They were open from end to end below, with a light shelf on each side for the crew to sit on and to stow the light sails. Owing to her very shoal body, Beaver's floor was necessarily quite high, but that of Minota was raised a little more than it would have been if she had been fitted with a cabin, in order that the crew standing below could easily reach the deck. There was no cockpit to the steering well, but a light floor for the helmsman to stand on.

At the mast a heavy thwart was fitted, of 3in. spruce plank, well fastened, at a height of about 1ft. above the floor. All halyards and other ropes led through the deck to this thwart, some being belayed on pins, while others such as the main and jib halyards were led through blocks on the thwart to purchases ranged along the floor. In this way the entire rig could be worked from below deck.

The fittings of the two were of the lightest and simplest description, the yachts being designed solely for racing in the neighborhood of Toronto. The dimensions of Minota's spars and sails were:

Mast—	
From stem at L.W.L.	7ft. 6in.
Deck to hounds	34ft. 4in.
Deck to truck	38ft. 6in.
Bowsprit—	
Beyond stem at L.W.L.	13ft. 6in.
Outboard	9ft. 3in.
Boom	38ft.
Gaff	22ft. 3in.
Club of jib	18ft. 9in.
Mainsail—	
Hoist	22ft. 9in.
Tack to peak	48ft.
Clew to throat	44ft. 9in.
Areas—	
Mainsail	999 sq. ft.
Jib	350 sq. ft.

Total 1,349 sq. ft.
The spars were hollow, the blocks were bronze, of a special pattern designed and made to order in Toronto for those boats, the wire rigging was imported from Scotland, and the sails, of a very fine imported material, were made by a local sailmaker, the mainsails being cross cut.



MINOTA, DESIGNED BY H. C. McLEOD, ESQ., 1899.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 8, with Com. J. P. Morgan in the chair. The reports of officers and committees showed a very prosperous condition, the membership being 1,474 and the fleet including 288 yachts. The financial reports showed an expenditure of about \$20,000 for the America Cup races and a balance of \$2,000 after an appropriation of \$25,000 had been made from the general treasury to the building fund, all apart from the invested funds.

After the report of the America Cup committee had been made, the following resolution was adopted:

The New York Y. C. desires to recognize the part taken by Com. J. Pierpont Morgan and Capt. C. Oliver Iselin in the defense of the America Cup upon the occasion of the challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C.

Upon the receipt of the challenge, Com. Morgan, with a generosity which the club deeply appreciates, offered to bear, not only the cost of building and racing Columbia, but also the expense of fitting out Defender and racing her in the trial races.

The keen interest taken by him in the contest is well known to all the members of the club, and it is to his liberality, enthusiasm and public spirit that the successful result of the contest is, in large measure, due.

Capt. Iselin for the third time assumed the responsible management of the vessel chosen to defend this trophy. His well-known skill and experience, his indomitable pluck, his love of fair play and keen sense of honor made him a most acceptable representative of the interests of the club.

It is with the utmost pleasure that the New York Y. C. acknowledges the obligation under which these gentlemen have placed the club and all lovers of the sport of yachting.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Corona (Colonio); Vice-Com., August Belmont, cutter Mineola II.;

Rear-Com., C. L. F. Robinson, cutter Syce; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M.D.; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and William Butler Duncan, Jr.; Committee on Admissions, C. Oliver Iselin, Henry C. Ward, James C. Bergen, Frederick Galatin and James A. Wright; House Committee, Harrison B. Moore, Thomas A. Bronson and Francis H. Davies; Library Committee, Theodore C. Zerega, Arthur H. Clark and Paul Eve Stevenson; Committee on Club Stations, William H. Thomas, Frederick H. Benedict, F.

August Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Charles Lane Poor, Frederick P. Sands, Harison B. Moore, John P. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber and Edward R. Ladew.

Lieutenant-Commander J. A. H. Nickels, U. S. N., was appointed an associate member of the library committee.

The date for the annual regatta was not set, being left until the next meeting, which will be held on March 22.

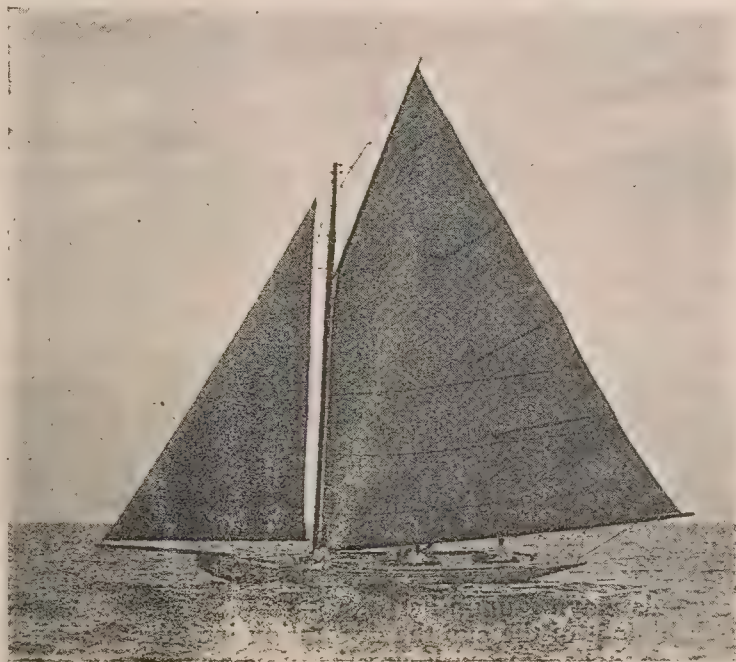
A special committee, consisting of the regatta committee and Messrs. E. D. Morgan, H. F. Lippitt and Archibald Rogers, was appointed to revise the racing rules and yacht routine, and to report to the club not later than the May meeting.

A letter was read from the Boston Sportsmen's Association asking the club to let the America Cup be placed on exhibition at the show to be held next month at Boston. The club decided to decline the request.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, and Capt. Robley D. Evans were elected honorary members, after proposal at a previous meeting.

The following new members were elected: Lieutenant-Commander William G. Cutler, U. S. N.; Wallace T. Foote, Jr., Morton W. Smith, Hugh Hill, J. B. M. Grosvenor, H. G. S. Noble, Lieut. Gregory C. Davison, U. S. N.; Samuel H. Griffith, U. S. N.; Charles Waldo Haskins, William Lawrence Green, Lieut. Irvin V. Gillis, U. S. N.; Commander Morris R. S. Mackenzie, U. S. N.; Frank Tilford, Herbert Livingston Satterlee, Lieut. William A. Moffett, U. S. N.; Frederick H. Röhl, John P. Elton, J. D. Probst, Jr., Commander Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N.; Allen C. Bakewell, Roland C. Nickerson, Joseph B. Bourne, George Callendine Heck, Theodore Berdell, Commander Abraham B. H. Lillie, U. S. N.

Com. Ledyard has decided to change the name of Colonia to Corona.



MINOTA.

From photo by George E. Webster, Esq.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, was held at the Windsor Hotel on Feb. 5, the following officers being elected:

Hon. Coms., Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, James Ross; Com., H. Markland Molson; Vice-Com., A. Haig Sims; Rear-Com., W. Kavanagh; Hon. Sec'y, J. J. Riley, Jr. Executive Committee, Messrs. G. Herrick Duggan, W. A. C. Hamilton, A. S. Finley, Piers Davidson, C. Routh, J. S. Buchan, Q. C.; A. C. Mitchell and W. S. Laflamme.

The club has now five members in or on the way to South Africa—Messrs. N. J. S. Leslie, A. T. Ogilvie, J. P. Rae, H. C. Woodhouse, G. R. Lightbound and F. H. Mitchell.

At the beginning of the meeting special mention was made of them and the national anthem was sung. The following letter was read and laid on the table, to be dealt with by the new executive committee:

Nov. 28, 1899.—Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Canada: Gentlemen.—We have to acknowledge receipt of a communication from your assistant secretary, under date of Nov. 17, 1899, acknowledging receipt of our letter of Nov. 1, 1899, and we beg to advise you that, at the November meeting of our club, the correspondence between us and your sailing committee, and the reports made to us concerning the match of 1899, were submitted and discussed, and a resolution was unanimously adopted ratifying and approving our letter of Nov. 1, 1899, and our action and the action of the representatives of the club in connection with the match of 1899.

Respectfully yours,
C. W. WETMORE, Ch'n S. C. Y. C.

It was announced that five yachts were building for the defense of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup in the coming match with the White Bear Y. C.; the owners being: Com. H. M. Molson, J. Malcolm McIntyre, Hon. Com. James Ross, Vice-Com. A. Haig Sims, Lakeside Syndicate and the Lake of Two Mountains Syndicate.

On motion of Mr. J. J. Riley, Jr., seconded by Mr. R. R. Stevenson, the absent club members in the Transvaal were granted an extension of full membership privileges for the next year.

The sailing committee and associate cup committee was announced as follows:

Messrs. G. Herrick Duggan (chairman), Prof. S. H. Capper (secretary); D. Hersey, Lachine; E. Boulton, Pointe Claire; D. Hemsley, Lakeside; T. Gillespie, Lake of Two Mountains, and S. A. Finley. Associate cup committee, Messrs. A. L. Drummond, A. Shearwood and J. J. Riley, Jr.

The following amendment, by Prof. S. H. Capper, seconded by Mr. James Paton, was adopted:

That the club membership consist of senior, intermediate and junior members; that the limits of age of intermediate members be twenty-one and twenty-five years, and that their annual subscription be \$5, and the entrance fee \$3; that intermediate members be entitled to serve upon the sailing committee, if so nominated, but otherwise to have only the privileges of junior members.

During the past few months a number of members of the club, including Vice-Com. Barclay W. Stephens, Prof. Capper, Messrs. Duggan, Riley, Kavanagh, Routh, Paton, Molson, Morris, the two Messrs. Hamilton and others, have organized a stock company with a capital of \$5,000 to manage the shop at the Dorval station. This company has contracted with the Davies Drydock Company, of Kingston, for a steam yacht of 65ft. length, 13ft. beam and 2ft. draft, which will be chartered to the club for a committee boat and steam tender to the fleet. The yacht was designed by Mr. Arthur Drummond, a member of the club, and designer of several 15 and 20-footers; she will have power to tow a fleet of small yachts and accommodation for a party of fifty. Owing to the shoal water immediately in front of the club station, the draft, including the propeller, has been limited to 30in., the after body of the yacht being divided to form a channel in which the screw is placed, the latter being only partly submerged. The yacht will be ready early in the summer.

Royal Kennebecasis Y. C.

St. JOHN, N. B.—The annual meeting of the Royal Kennebecasis Y. C. of St. John, N. B., was held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6.

The secretary's report fully covered all events of the previous year, and showed an increase in membership from 116 to 166 of members in good standing, the squadron list during the same period increasing from 33 to 49, a growth of nearly 50 per cent., and one auguring well for the future of the club.

The Lords Commissioners of Admiralty were graciously pleased to greet the club in February, 1899, permission to fly the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet, an honor possessed by only three other clubs on this continent.

A very large number of members were present at the annual meeting and the greatest enthusiasm exhibited over arrangements for the coming season.

An important step in advance was made by the club in deciding to have no time allowance in classes, the fleet now being strong enough to permit this action being taken, which, in addition to lending interest to racing events, will, it is hoped, cause yachtsmen intending to build to select their class and build to its limit.

The tax on spinakers and club topsails was also removed. The yachts are classed by the usual

$$\frac{\sqrt{S.A. + I.W.L.}}{2} = R.L.$$

The officers and committees elected were: Com., Fred S. Heans, yacht Canada; Vice-Com., Frank Whelpley, yacht Thetis; Rear-Com., Sydney L. Kerr, yacht Windward; Secretary, F. Herbert J. Ruel; Treasurer, Robert Jardine; Measurers, C. Fred Langan and Wm. Holden. Executive Committee—George B. Hegon, Harry Gilbert, Jr., W. J. Stratton, Peter Sinclair, R. S. Ritchie. Sailing Committee—Louis Munro, W. J. Wetmore, E. Harrington, A. B. Burns, F. S. Murdoch, George Heans.

The Lipton Cup.

THE idea of presenting a loving-cup to Sir Thomas J. Lipton seems to have sprung up so spontaneously that it is difficult to locate its origin. Upon the completion of the contest for the America's Cup, the press of New York, simultaneously with the announcement of the result, published a circular letter signed by fifty representative citizens proposing that a loving cup be presented to Sir Thomas in token of the high esteem in which he was held in this country. This letter read in part as follows:

"Sir Thomas J. Lipton has lost the race, but he has won the admiration of the American people. Both in his negotiations prior to his arrival in this country and in his conduct since he has been with us, he has shown himself to be a true lover of sport. Alive to every suggestion that promised to aid him in his cherished object, he was at the same time an open and candid competitor, devoid of jockeying and scornful of trickery. Having spent a lifetime in meeting success after success with equanimity, he has seized this opportunity of showing the world he can meet defeat with similar grace.

"He has a manly, frank way with him to which the American heart is quick to respond; and his oft-expressed wish that if he failed to carry back the cup he would at least take our esteem is more than realized.

"As an evidence of the comradeship and good feeling of the American people toward him and his country, it is proposed that a loving-cup be presented to him with all that the name implies."

This proposal met with a ready and hearty response, and the following named gentlemen were requested to act as a committee to take charge of the matter: William L. Strong, chairman; John N. Beach, vice-chairman; Frederick B. Schenck, secretary; Howard Carroll, John D. Crimmins, Cornelius N. Bliss, Fred W. Haynes, George Fred Victor, William F. King, Seth M. Milliken, Rufus B. Cowing, Horace Russell, James J. Belden, Edwin P. Benjamin, George M. Hard, Richard Deeves, Albert M. Thorburn, John Claffin, John U. Fraley, A. D. Julliard, Charles H. Webb, Chauncey M. Depew, Bourke



THE LIPTON CUP.
Copyright by the Gorham Company, 1899.

Cochran, Isaac Stern, Henry Siegel, Richard Harding Davis, John T. Terry, D. Le Roy Dresser, Elverton R. Chapman, Horace J. Morse, Francis C. Moore, Andrew H. Kellogg, Francis M. Bacon, Hugh O'Neil, J. H. Walbridge, Uzal H. McCarter, John E. Borne, Adrian Iselin, Jr.

Contributions, wholly voluntary, came pouring in so freely that the project was practically assured in a day. The chairman of the general committee, ex-Mayor Strong, appointed the following sub-committee, to make selection of the cup: J. N. Beach, John D. Crimmins, Edwin P. Benjamin, Howard Carroll, Fred W. Haynes.

The massive loving-cup, of 18-karat gold, is 14in. high, and stands on a green marble base of 5in. making a total height of 19in. It was made by the Gorham Co., at a cost of \$5,000.

The treatment throughout is in the modern Matelée fashion. Three graceful mermaids form the handles, from which run sprigs of shamrock, rose and golden-rod, emblems respectively of Ireland, England and the United States, these flowers being treated in green, red and yellow gold. There are three panels on the body, which are outlined by rich chased scrollwork.

The subject of the first panel is an allegorical seated figure of "Welcome" extending her arm toward a yacht approaching from the distant East, symbolized by the rising sun, whose rays, with the reflection on the water, form a decorative background. At the top is an Irish harp. At the lower edge of this panel is a ribbon bearing the appropriate inscription, "Amicus Amico" (friendly to a friend), the motto of the family of Bellingham.

In the second panel are the figures of Britannia and Columbia extending hands in the grasp of friendship, with a lion and eagle in attendance, while the sun in the zenith typifies the meeting of East and West.

The third panel bears the inscription chased in relief in flowing letters, as though floating in the water: "To Sir Thomas Lipton, from His American Friends, 1899," and supplies the motive for the whole treatment. The upper part of this panel is decorated with seaweed, with mermaids playing upon harps.

At the foot of the cup the decoration includes dolphins, seaweed, shells, etc., with wreaths of oak and ivy, and the arms of Great Britain, Ireland and the United States. Every detail unites to express the idea of friendship and cordiality.

The Measurement of Beam.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The rule of measurement proposed by Mr. Mills in your issue of Feb. 3, is a vast improvement over the one he considers the ideal rule, namely, sail area. His ideal rule would be an excellent one for racing canoes, but it would reduce yachts to the canoe type by leading the designer to think only of producing a body that could be driven with the least possible sail.

However, we need not consider that now, but may deal with his proposal to tax beam, one of the chief factors that gives power to carry canvas. I can speak on this with some experience as a basis, because the yacht club to which I belong, the Miramichi, has measured beam during all the years of its existence. The result, so far as can be judged from this experience, is good, as the yachts that win most of the races are of a wholesome all-round type that are safe in any weather—yachts of moderate beam, draft, ballast and sail spread. Light-draft beamy boats have been invariably beaten in our races. The two—Oriana and Maude—that have for three or four seasons monopolized first and second prizes are good cruising craft, fit to cross the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The rule that has worked so well with us is simpler than the one Mr. Mills proposes. The racing length is found by adding the extreme beam to two-thirds of the load line length. It is usually the broad, shallow boat that has excessive overhangs, and such boats have not been successful here under this rule. It does not seem necessary, therefore to tax overhangs, which are certainly not objectionable when not excessive. It would be better to allow moderate overhang—say an amount equal to the beam—to go untaxed, and tax the excess, than to take a percentage of the whole.

I am strongly under the impression that our rule would not stand the strain of a fin-keel test, but this has not been tried here. A boat of moderate beam, getting power from a fin-keel to carry a big sail spread, would probably beat the rule.

I have had experience which confirms Mr. Mills' dictum about sails and speed. The yacht I sail was very badly beaten in all the races of her first season, and I cut down her mast and sail 10 to 12 per cent. and have won a large percentage of the races since. The great improvement is in her windward work.

J. L. STEWART.

CHATHAM, N. B., Feb. 8.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Columbia II., steam yacht, E. R. Ladew, sailed from Jacksonville on Feb. 6 on a cruise through the West Indies.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C., was held on Feb. 5 at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles Pryer, sloop Eurybia; Vice-Com., William N. Bavier, yawl Possum; Rear-Com., W. Lopez Diaz, yawl Addie; Sec'y O. W. Meyrowitz; Treas., Charles M. Fletcher; Meas., F. R. Farrington. Trustees, for three years, George E. Edwards, R. M. Sayre and George W. Sutton; for two years, A. S. Cross. Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, W. E. Moore, J. D. Sparkman, C. A. Becker and F. M. Carpenter. Law Committee, C. E. Keene and John F. Lambden.

William Meyer, of Milwaukee, will sail in an aquatic novelty next summer, having ordered a yacht which will be built of aluminum. The new craft is now in process of construction at Racine, and will be completed in about two months, at a cost approximating \$600. Mr. Meyer is confident that he has solved the question of yacht construction for inland lake usage, and his experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest by yachtsmen. Mr. Meyer says he expects to have a yacht which will be considerably lighter than if constructed of wood, and will not increase in weight as the season progresses owing to an immersion in water.—Boston Globe.

The annual meeting of the Gravesend Bay Y. C. was held on Feb. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles W. Morgan; Vice-Com., Edward P. Morse; Rear-Com., George B. Waters; Meas., Alfred Mackey; Pres., Cornelius Fergusson; Vice-Pres., A. V. B. Voorhees, Jr.; Treas., Henry W. Pfalzgraf; Sec'y, James W. Wakelee; Fleet Surgeon, George G. Cochran, M.D.; Trustees, John E. De Mund, M.D., John A. Voorhees, M.D., W. C. Bolton, Charles P. Roseman, Sidney Grant, Charles W. Kennedy, F. A. Bolles, Robert H. Sherwood, William J. Berg, Nelson T. Cory, John L. Corish, M.D., and Richard W. Rummell.

The annual meeting of the Stamford Y. C. was held on Feb. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., Frederick M. Hoyt; Vice-Com., Walton Ferguson; Rear-Com., John T. Williams; Treas., Charles H. Leeds; Sec'y, Charles H. Leeds; Fleet Surgeon, Frederick Schavoir; Meas., Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, Richard H. H. Vail; Directors, Henry K. McHarg, Schuyler Merritt, Albert C. Hall, Edward C. Hoyt, George H. Hoyt, James D. Smith, E. E. Bruggerhoff, Stewart W. Smith, Alfred S. Pitt and Howard C. Smith.

Twelve hungry New Yorkers, representing the New York branch of the Yacht Masters and Engineers' Association, alighted from the Fall River train in the South Station this morning, shortly after 10 o'clock, and proceeded directly to the dining room of the station, to break their fast. It was the original intention of the Boston members of the Association to take the visitors by a special car for a trip through the subway, but owing to the lateness of the Fall River boat and the subsequent delay at this end of the line, the trip was postponed. After a light lunch the party proceeded directly to South Boston, where a bowling match on the Cogan alleys was on the programme. A handsome silver challenge cup was offered for the winning team. The three strings resulted in close scores. Boston's picked team captured the first string, but the tables were turned in the second, when

the New York contingent fairly carried the South Boston bowlers off their feet. Pruet, Kerr, Anderson, Wood and Smith, for New York, and Studley, Greenlaw, Neal, Lewis and Bailey, for South Boston, were then replaced by others for the roll-off. Amid great enthusiasm the New Yorkers won out by a close score. Thus they carry the cup to New York as a memento of their visit. After the bowling match the whole party repaired to the rooms of the association, in Lawley's ship yard, where, after inspecting the basin, they had a lobster chowder. This was followed by speeches from the home and visiting members and a business meeting. This evening the visitors will be taken to see the performance of "Princess Chic" at the Columbia Theater, and to-morrow they will return to New York.—Boston Transcript, Feb. 6.

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For three hours last night members of the Columbia Y. C. debated the question of changing the date of its open regatta, originally scheduled to be held July 4, and decided to let it stand. The arguments, pro and con, were extremely heated, particularly when the question was raised whether the regatta should be held under the auspices of the Lake Michigan Y. A. Barring last year, the annual regatta of the Association has always been held July 4, and the Milwaukee Y. C. has a bid in for this year's race on that date. The Columbia Y. C. declared to hold its own regatta, without regard to the L. M. Y. A., other than to request that the date of its event, which Milwaukee wants, be changed from the day mentioned. It was pointed out that the Jackson Park Y. C. and the boats of the Inland Lake Y. A. could not compete under the L. M. Y. A. rules, as they were not members of it. The Columbia Y. C. has no desire to antagonize the L. M. Y. A., and agrees to help it make its regatta a success, if it be held after July 4. The club is a member of the association and declines to be in the position of a house divided against itself. The nominating committee presented its report and placed in nomination for election next month, Frank Porter for commodore, De Witt C. Cregier for vice-commodore, F. H. Skinner for rear-commodore and W. S. Bougher for secretary. The regatta committee reported that money was being rapidly raised for the big club affair, and that exceptionally handsome prizes would be offered.—Chicago Chronicle, Feb. 4.

Canoeing.

Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Hudson River.

ARDSLEY, Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 3 Mr. E. Waldo asks for information about the Lake Champlain, Lake George and Hudson River country, and says he contemplates a canoe trip in those waters. I can tell him all about Lake Champlain. I was born on the shores of it, and I believe I know every foot of its surface and most of its bottom. I have been very near its bottom many times, and very near staying there permanently more than once.

Let me say, in the first place, that in my judgment Lake Champlain is not a suitable ground for a trip in canoes. It is a very tempestuous sheet of water. It is a kind of natural chimney, and seems to be under a continual forced draft. It will not be found navigable for canoes more than two days out of seven. The wind blows there pretty much all the time, and it blows a gale at that. The usual course of events is for the wind to blow from the south for three days, then there will be an interval of one day or perhaps two, with moderate weather, followed by two days of north winds. During the prevalence of south or north winds a canoe cannot live in the open lake, nor can any other form of small boat cruise in comfort. If it were not for this drawback Lake Champlain would be a paradise for the amateur sailor.

Having stated the chief difficulty, let me see if I can suggest a way to mitigate it. Wherever the open lake can be avoided and a route chosen leading behind islands or in back bays it will be possible to take your canoes. This is what I would do if I were in Mr. Waldo's place, and made up my mind to try the lake after this fair warning of its treacherous character. Do not ship your canoes to St. Albans. You would have to transport them a number of miles, about five, I think, to St. Albans Bay, and you will get there by water later. Ship them to Highgate Springs. You can then carry them from the station to the shore of Mississquoi Bay yourselves. It is only about a quarter of a mile. Before you do anything at all send \$2 to the Collector of the Port, Burlington, Vt., and ask him to forward you a chart of the Lake. Starting from the dock at Highgate, following the shore, going through the railroad bridge, you will get into Maquam Bay, then into St. Albans Bay, which adjoins it. St. Albans Bay is a wonderfully beautiful sheet of water, dotted with exquisite islands, and at times the bass fishing there is as good as it is anywhere in the world. There is a very fine fisherman's inn on its shore (Sampson's), and the facilities for camping, if you prefer that, are excellent. I would spend all the time possible in Maquam and St. Albans bays. That will be the cream of your trip, so far as Champlain is concerned. When you decide to go on do not go out through the Gut into the open lake, but keep on south in the bay to the sandbar bridge. You must carry your canoe over this—about 100 yards. Still keeping to the south, do not fail to visit Malletts Bay. You will not find a more beautiful spot anywhere. From Malletts Bay, paddle yourself around the shore line to Burlington. Put yourselves and your canoes on the steamboat there, and go to Ticonderoga, where you will transfer to Lake George. If you try to go in canoes from Burlington to Ticonderoga you will have no pleasure—nothing but danger.

I am quite sure that if you try to do more than I have indicated on Lake Champlain you will regret it; but so much as I have indicated is practicable and delightful. You will never be out of reach of farmhouses or inns, where supplies can be obtained. You will find the people hospitable and generous, the fish plenty, the

scenery glorious, the skies brilliant—nothing will mar you pleasure, but the confounded wind. In this connection, I quote some lines (I am not sure they are consecutive) from a song, which was a favorite croon of an old French-Canadian guide I used to have on my camping trips. As the fish sizzled in the frying pan and he busied himself about the fire, it would be this over and over again:

"The wind she blow like a hurricane;
Bimeby she blow some more;
Ye won't git drown on Lak Champlain
If ye only stay on shore."

My best wishes to Mr. Waldo and his party, if they try it. Will he let me know how it comes out?

HORACE H. CHITTENDEN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If E. Waldo is not particular, as he says, whether he sleeps under the stars or upturned canoes, then let him cruise from Albany to New York. I will guarantee that five nights of the six that it takes him to make the trip his canoe will be upturned by the swell of the river steamers. The railroads that line either bank have practically destroyed the charm of cruising on the river, and have made the available camps few and far between. The rise and fall of the tide, the wash of the passing steamers and proximity of the railroads make night a burden to the camping cruiser. If he must cruise and camp on the Hudson, let him do so with canoe safely housed—on a canal boat.

I have made the trip once, with a party of five. Have searched for hours for a spot to camp and have regretted not having remained on those two lakes that were made for canoeists—Champlain and Lake George. BAT.

A. C. A. Membership

Eastern Division.—Roderick M. Starkweather, J. B. Meisel.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—The various rifle clubs which patronize Shell Mound range, have begun shooting on their annual programme. Yesterday was chiefly bullseye day. Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club and Germania Schuetzen Club will have open competition for valuable trophies and cash prizes throughout the year. Scores of yesterday:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: F. Brandt 105, A. Bertelson 419, John Utschig 420, D. B. Faktor 502, Louis Haake 555, August Pape 628, August Jungblut 682, R. Stettin 658, S. Heine 673, W. Goetze 736, Fred Schuster 763, H. Zecher 861, J. C. Waller 935, William Morken 941, John Peters 1064, F. Koch 1117, D. Dunker 1125, N. Ahrens 1150, Herman Huber 1209, Otto Lemcke 1215.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: D. B. Faktor 247, David Salfeld 363, F. Brandt 473, R. Stettin 525, John Utschig 566, F. P. Schuster 571, H. Likendey 622, Louis Haake 745, F. C. Rust 814, J. F. Bridges 816, H. Zecher 823, H. Huber 907, John de Wit 1048, John Gefken 1096.

Competition for cash prizes: F. P. Schuster 71, J. Gefken 69. Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot: Club medal, F. E. Mason, 225, 229, 225; F. Belknap, 217; C. M. Henderson, 230, 210, 213, 205; D. W. McLaughlin, 221, 225, 216; J. Kullmann, 188. Bushnell trophy: F. E. Mason, 229, 232; D. W. McLaughlin, 229, 218, 216. Pistol score: J. E. Gorman, 92, 92, 91, 88. ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; \$1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

Feb. 14.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—On grounds of Brooklyn Gun Club—first contest for Greater New York challenge trophy.

Feb. 14-15.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Winter tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Feb. 15.—Baltimore, Md.—Monumental Shooting Park Association's tournament. H. M. Gilbert, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—Rock Island, Ill.—Two-day tournament; targets and live birds.

Feb. 16.—Newark, N. J.—Championship of New Jersey contest (E C cup) between George Piercy, holder, and C. W. Feigenspan, challenger, on grounds of East Side Gun Club.

Feb. 17-18.—Davenport, Ia.—Two-day tournament of the West End Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Feb. 20-22.—Oskaloosa, Ia.—First annual amateur tournament of the Oskaloosa Gun Club; live birds and targets. Jos. Stumps, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Tournament of the Keystone Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Providence, R. I.—Holiday shoot of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird shoot for the benefit of Mr. W. Mills.

Feb. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Yonkers, N. Y.—Target and live-bird shoot of the Yonkers Gun Club at Hollywood Inn, Dunwoodie. G. C. Stengel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Rochester Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur pigeon shooting championship of the Carteret Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Forester Gun Club. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Brocton, Mass.—Brocton Gun Club shoot.

Feb. 22.—Trenton, N. J.—Walsrode Gun Club tournament. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-23.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Team contest for Shooting and Fishing trophy between Passaic Rod and Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 28.—Newark, N. J.—Contest between C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and J. S. S. Remsen, challenger, for Greater New York and vicinity medal.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.

March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.

April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular Spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, N. Y.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus. O. Henderson, Treas.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Lefingwell, Sec'y.

May 14, St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month. Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month. Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's Trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month, at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Ansley H. Fox, on Feb. 3, won the championship medal, emblematic of the championship of Maryland and the District of Columbia. Concerning it, we quote the following, taken from a Baltimore paper: "The first time it was shot for it was won by Baltimore's expert, Mr. J. C. Hicks, who is unquestionably one of the best wing shots in America to-day. The second time it was shot for resulted in a tie between Mr. Penrose and Mr. Fox, who agreed to shoot the tie off in the next regular shoot for the medal. In this shoot Mr. Fox not only beat Mr. Penrose, but also beat the entire field of contestants, thereby winning the medal twice. By winning again yesterday, Mr. Fox won the medal for the third time, and is, therefore, justly entitled to the title of champion wing shot of Maryland and District of Columbia, which title the medal carries with it. Mr. Fox says, however, as there was some dispute about his winning the medal the second time, he is willing to shoot the tie off with Mr. Penrose again, in order to leave no room for doubt as to his right to the medal and title. But Mr. Penrose has admitted that he was fairly beaten in the shoot-off of the tie with Fox, and it is not probable that this matter will go any further. During the entire number of contests the medal was won once each by Hawkins, Malone and Linthicum; twice by Hicks, and three times by Fox."

Mr. G. H. Piercy, Jersey City, N. J., a member of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, still holds the E C cup and the inanimate target championship of New Jersey. On Thursday of last week, Feb. 8, he met and defeated Mr. J. J. Fleming, of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, who had challenged him for the trophy and honorable title. The weather was about as bad as it could be, and the scores were low, although the contest was a close one, viz., 42 to 41 in Mr. Piercy's favor. This made four consecutive wins for Mr. Piercy, who first won it in the open competition held by the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association last October. He has another contest on hand, having been challenged by Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, who also holds the inanimate target championship of Greater New York and vicinity, and has also been a contestant for the trophy under consideration.

The programme of the Catchpole Gun Club's winter tournament, Wolcott, N. Y., Feb. 14 and 15, provides six events for the first day, four at 10 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance, and two at 15 targets, \$1. The total entrance for these events is \$4.75. Shooting on the first day commences at 2:30. Ten dollars average to those who shoot through the programme, divided \$5, \$3 and \$2. Four money, 40, 30, 20 and 10. There are twelve events for the second day, alternately 10 and 15 targets, \$10 total for the day, 150 targets in all. Those who desire to do so may shoot for targets only. Every one is invited. Uncle Ben, president. E. A. Wadsworth, secretary.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, and Mr. J. J. Fleming, of Newark, contested for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. The afternoon was densely foggy, and the targets were dimly visible in consequence. The scores were good under the adverse conditions, 42 to 41. Mr. Piercy has now held this trophy against the efforts of several contestants. As yet he has received no challenge for another match.

Under date of Feb. 10 Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Park Association, writes us as follows: "To prevent any misunderstanding, we deem it advisable to make known that Interstate Park will be open to the public on and after March 19, as by that time sufficient progress will have been made to commence shooting. The Brooklyn Gun Club has secured one or two sets of traps for the first two days, and as there are two other sets of live-bird traps, it will give shooters generally a good opportunity to practice until the opening event, the Grand American Handicap, April 2."

The Interstate Association contemplates a novelty in the way of complete scoring at the forthcoming Grand American Handicap. The plan is to have a complete list of entries on a long sheet of tough paper, on rollers, after the manner in which a belt plays around pulleys. This will be so adjusted mechanically that the simple turning of a crank will roll the sheet up or down, so that the names can be turned in and out of sight as the shooters come and go. The scoring thus is in view of all.

We are informed by Mr. Gus O. Henderson, the treasurer of the Hingham Gun Club, of Hingham, Mass., that on April 19 his club will hold a target tournament. The principal event will be a 100-target handicap.

Should there be more than 210 and not exceeding 220 entries, all

money in the purse in excess of the \$1,000 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4,
3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2,
2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1,

1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent, to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d.

Should there be more than 220 and not exceeding 230 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the \$1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2.

2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1,
1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th,

9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, and 54th highest guns.

[illegible]

Should there be more than 240 and not exceeding 250 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the \$1,500 will be divided 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1.

1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th,

Should there be more than 250 and not exceeding 260 entries, all

money in the purse in excess of the \$1,500 will be divided 1, 6, 3, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1.

1,
1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent. to

the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th,

Should there be more than 260 entries, all money in excess of \$6,500—that is, 260 entries at \$25 each—will be divided into 63 equal parts and added to the different amounts due the 63 high guns.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received;

the three high guns receiving respectively \$600, \$500 and \$400. If this division three places are created for every 10 entries over 60. It is not possible for fourth money to exceed third, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all. For instance, if there are 70 entries, fourth high gun would be entitled to \$85, while sixth high gun would receive \$82.50. If 100 entries, fourth high gun would receive \$100 and the fifteenth high gun \$70. If 278 entries—the number last year—fourth high gun would receive \$357.15 and the sixty-third high gun \$37.15.

It should be remembered that the Grand American Handicap is

It should be remembered that the Grand American Handicap is not a close shooting, and high guns will win.

Entries for the Grand American Handicap will be received at the New York office, Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Handicap Committee.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the Interstate Association announces that it has secured the services of a handicap committee composed of seven men, each one of whom is thoroughly well qualified to judge of the individual merits of the shooter and to award handicaps accordingly.

With a single exception, the committee is the same as that which so ably discharged its arduous duties on Thursday, April 6, 1899. The exception is Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., a gentleman well known to and personally popular with the vast majority of shooters throughout the length and breadth of this continent.

The committee therefore stands as follows:
Jacob Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing.
Bernard Waters, of Forest and Stream.
W. R. Hobart, of American Field.
Will K. Park, of Sporting Life.
Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.
C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.
Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.

By accepting the arduous duties that are always attached to the office of handicapper, the committee as a whole, and each member of such committee as an individual, is entitled to the warmest thanks on behalf of the Interstate Association, and the same are hereby cheerfully and publicly tendered.

The handicap committee will meet at the Astor House, New York city, Wednesday morning, March 28, four days after the closing of regular entries on Saturday, March 24, but handicaps will not be announced until April 1.

All Events High Guns

The Interstate Association, being familiar with the requirements of such an event as the Grand American Handicap tournament, has deemed it best to make all events high guns to win. This method of dividing the purses has given such general satisfaction in the past that we feel confident the decision to again adopt it this year will meet with the hearty approval of a great majority of those who contemplate taking part in the tournament.

all A careful perusal of the condition governing each event will
4 show that everything has been prepared with great care.

DIVISION OF MONEYS IN 15 AND 16 BIRD EVENTS.
In the 15 and 16 bird handicap events a system will prevail somewhat similar to that adopted for the Grand American Handicap—the total amount of the purse being divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

One to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.; 11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.; 31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.; 41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.;

51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 10, 13, 10, 3, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and
2 per cent.; 61 to 70 entries, fourteen
moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7,
6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, and 2 per cent.; 71 to
80 entries, sixteen moneys—
16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2,
2 and 2 per cent.; 81 to 90
entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8,
8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2,
2 and 2 per cent.; 91 to 100 entries—
14, 12, 9, 8, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2,
2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 100.

DIVISION OF MONEYS IN 12-BIRD EVENTS.

In the 12-bird events it will be high-guns pure and simple, the total amount of the purse being divided into six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

DIVISION OF MONEYS IN 8-BIRD EVENTS.

In the 8-bird events it will also be high guns pure and simple, the total amount of the purse being divided into four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

To reach Interstate Park from New York city—up town—take Thirty-fourth Street Ferry to Long Island City; thence by Long Island Railroad to Interstate Park Station direct.

From New York city—down town—Brooklyn Bridge to Long Island Railroad, rapid transit, and express trains, direct to Interstate Park Station.

The train schedule has not yet been prepared. It will be ample, though, and will be announced in due season through the sportsmen's journals.

SHIPPING INSTRUCTIONS

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid, and sent to Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, New York.

Announcement.

Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp each day.

RULES.
 The Interstate Association's rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. Special attention is called to Rule 23, which does not permit a shooter to open his gun in case of a misfire.

All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired, and "shooting name" only will be used.

Carteret Gun Club.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Write for catalogue either at Elwood City, Pa., or 309 Broadway,
New York City.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Fred Mather.

FRED MATHER died at Cedar Island Lodge, on the Brule River, near Lake Nebagomai, Wis., on Wednesday of last week, February 14th. The sense of bereavement which the intelligence of his death has brought to those who knew him best will be shared by the wider circle, the unnumbered host, of those to whom he had endeared himself by the charm of his writings and the attractive personality which was revealed in those writings.

His illness was short, so brief, indeed, that the letter advising of its serious nature was not received until after the telegram announcing its fatal termination, and the dispatch came almost at the same time with a bundle of manuscript fresh from his pen for the FOREST AND STREAM. And in that manuscript, pathetically enough, was made the promise to write at some future time "of this Wisconsin Brule, which has flowed past my door for many months," the writer all unsuspecting and with no foreboding of his near approach to that great river which men call death.

Mr. Mather was born in Greenbush, then a small village, on the Hudson River opposite Albany, N. Y., August 2d, 1833. He was endowed with a full measure of a healthy-minded country boy's interest in the birds and beasts and fishes and the ways of nature, and his bent in this direction was encouraged and fixed for life by companions whose tastes were congenial with his own. His first visit to the West was in 1849, when he went to Michigan and became acquainted with the wild turkey, a game bird then not rare in the Michigan wilderness. Later, come to man's estate, we find him mining in Wisconsin, trapping in the Bad Ax country, now Vernon county, Minnesota, and with a surveying party in Crow Wing county, Minnesota.

Mr. Mather enlisted in the New York Volunteers as an orderly sergeant of the Seventh Artillery. It is told of him, by a friend who served in the same regiment, that being without the slightest knowledge of soldiering, and finding that he had to drill his company, he studied by night to conceal his ignorance, and next day exercised the men in what he had learned, and before six months had the reputation of being the best drill master in the regiment. When a vacant lieutenantcy occurred the colonel ordered an examination of the sergeants for promotion, and Mather got the prize. He was again promoted before his command left the defenses of Washington for the front in 1864. At Spotsylvania three captains of the Seventh were killed, and Col. Morris named Lieut. Mather for one vacancy "for gallant and meritorious conduct." At Cold Harbor, Col. Morris was killed, and Lieut.-Col. Hastings named Mather for major for capturing a battery and turning the guns upon the enemy. These commissions never reached him, because he was surrounded and captured while charging the works at Petersburg, Va., a few days later, while in command of the color company of the regiment. Although his command was surrounded, he personally saved the colors by burying them, and they were recovered after dark. He remained in the field under fire after burying the colors trying to bury his sword, but was driven in at the point of the bayonet, sword in hand. After twenty-five years the sword was returned to him, and he wore it on parades. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Loyal Legion.

Mr. Mather began fishculture in 1868, when the industry was still in its infancy, and everything connected with it was for the most part experimental. He bought a farm near Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., and

began the artificial culture of trout. The sale of eggs and fry was at that time the most profitable part of trout farming, and Mr. Mather, with A. S. Collins and Dr. J. H. Slack, of New Jersey, called a meeting to agree on a scale of prices. This meeting was held in New York in 1870, and a second one met in Albany in 1871, when the American Fishculturists' Association was formed with some twenty members. The new association discussed the desirability of action by the general Government, and appointed George Shepherd Page as a committee of one to go to Washington and lay the matter before Congress. Out of this action grew the establishment of the United States Fish Commission, to which Prof. Spencer F. Baird was appointed in 1871. Prof. Baird employed Mr. Mather in shad hatching on the Potomac and Hudson rivers, and in 1874 sent him to Germany with 100,000 shad eggs.

In 1875, with Charles F. Bell, he invented the Bell and Mather cone for hatching shad, out of which grew the Chase jar and the McDonald jar. In 1877 Prof. Baird appointed him to the charge of foreign exchanges of eggs and fish. There were then constant exchanges with Germany, and shipments of eggs of trout, quinnat salmon and lake whitefish to England, France and Holland. In 1877 and 1878 Mr. Mather accompanied shipments to Germany. He devised the first refrigerating box for shipping salmon eggs to Europe, and succeeded in taking 100,000 quinnat salmon eggs safely to Germany, in recognition of which achievement he received the thanks of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, a silver medal from the Societe d'Acclimation of Paris, and a handsome testimonial from the King of Holland, sent through the inspector of fisheries. Again in 1880 for his invention of a way of packing salmon eggs for export to Europe he received a bronze medal at the World's Fishery Exposition in Berlin in 1880. At Berlin he had charge of the American exhibit of angling and fishcultural apparatus.

Returning to this country he was entrusted by Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, one of the Fish Commissioners of New York, with the mission of selecting a site on Long Island for a State fish hatchery, and upon his recommendation the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery was established, and he was put in charge of it. This position was held by him until 1895. Here, in addition to his other practical services to fishculture, he learned how to hatch over 70 per cent. of the adhesive eggs of the smelt; and discovered that the lobster is a biennial spawner. Last year Mr. Mather went to the Wisconsin Brule to assume direction of the extensive trout breeding enterprise there established of Mr. Henry C. Pierce, of St. Louis. Always a valued writer on fishcultural topics, he had completed shortly before his death the task of seeing through the press a new book on "Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water." This is but a brief summary of the life work of one who in his chosen field has contributed no small measure of benefit to his age. In the history of fishculture the name of Fred Mather must always hold high place, and his achievements must be accorded recognition.

Mr. Mather was among the earliest writers for FOREST AND STREAM; in its first volumes he told of his experiences in fishculture; and from that time forth he was one of the journal's contributors, whose names are household words with its readers everywhere. Upon his return from the Berlin Fishery Exposition, he assumed the conduct of the angling columns, and held this post until his work at Cold Spring Harbor exacted all his attention. He was one of the organizers of the Rod and Reel Association, and one of the chief promoters of the fly-casting tournaments held under its direction.

As a writer he was at his best in the series of papers "Men I Have Fished With." Of these companions of his youth and maturity he wrote with loving pen. The wealth of material and the way in which it was used surprised and gratified his friends. It was perceived that this man who had been all his life studying the fishes and the birds and the animals, had been studying men too; if he knew nature he also knew human nature. He showed a wonderful insight into the characters of his fellows. The chapters are marked throughout by that sympathetic recognition which sees the best in one's companions; the sketches are surcharged with the philosophy of life; they are filled with humor—the kindest of humor it need not be said; and abound in the homely everyday practical wisdom which appeals to us all, and in

which we may all have share. There is never any straining after effect, nor anything of affectation. The charm is in the simplicity, the directness, the unaffected manner, and the feeling, which we gain as we read, that we have here something which is genuine and true. Into these chapters, thus written in commemoration of the friends of his days afield, the writer must of necessity have put much of his own personality; and as has been said, it was this personality as revealed in his writings that made for Fred Mather a place in the affections of his readers.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

WHEN the fish commissions of the various States were first established, they were for the most part made up of men who, of course, did not know much about fishculture—for the art was then in a rudimentary stage and no one knew very much about it—but were solid citizens who were thought to be so public spirited that the enterprise of restocking the waters might safely be entrusted to their hands. In this way it came about that the office of fish commissioner was one to which honor and public esteem were attached, but which was not necessarily of very decided practical benefit to the people. Afterward, as the fishculturists became educated and fishculture passed from an experimental stage to an art of known principles and approved practices, wherein success depended upon the information and experience possessed by those in charge, the old notion of a commissionership as an honorary office still persisted. When New York established a commission as a salaried board and the commissioners were given some political influence through their appointments, the office took on a political character, and men were appointed to it largely out of political consideration. For instance, Mr. Barnet H. Davis was made president of the Commission purely for the sake of giving him the salary attached to the office and for whatever political control he might exercise. This is as good an instance as occurs to us of an utterly incompetent individual being given an important place in fishculture as a bestowal of "something just as good" in place of another office upon which his ambition had been fixed.

It is reported that Governor Roosevelt's desire is to substitute for the present Commission of five members, which has charge of the fisheries, game and forests, three separate and distinct single-headed commissions.

This is a plan concerning the wisdom of which there can be no two opinions. As has already been urged in these columns, there is no more reason for combining in a joint commission these diverse interests than for uniting under one board of control the banking, the excise and the public works. Each department should be intrusted to a commissioner fitted by education, character and ability to conduct it; and he should do his work unhampered by connection with other departments.

It can not be insisted upon too strongly that the head of each commission should be a practical man in his field, one who can initiate and execute for himself. The head of the forestry department should be a practical forester, one who has been educated as a forester, who knows the subject thoroughly, and can perform his duties without going to others for advice. The fish commissioner should be one who is a practical fishculturist, who can tell for himself what fish are suited for what waters, and who shall not be compelled to piece out his ignorance by blustering, blundering, bungling pretense, or by recourse to some one else who does know something. What is needed is ability at first-hand.

Nor is there any reason whatever why the game and fish protector service should not be entrusted to one responsible head, and be not subject to consultation with a board, or to direction by a board. He should have personally the appointment of his deputies throughout the State, just as the commissioner of excise appoints his deputies; for the performance of their duty they should be responsible to him and to him alone, and in turn he should be held responsible for them and for the way in which they do their work or fail to do it. Until the State of New York shall have for the great interests involved in these several resources, the guidance, control and administration of competent single-headed commissions, it will simply be following on the blundering methods which have been imposed upon it as an outgrowth of the olden time honorary fish commission system.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Harriman Alaskan Expedition Itinerary.

It was early in 1899 that Mr. E. H. Harriman, of New York city, having determined to make a trip to Alaska, conceived the idea of combining with his pleasure excursion a contribution to science, and at the same time of giving a great amount of pleasure to a number of his fellows, by inviting a party of scientific men to accompany him on his journey.

In the selection of his party he was assisted by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.; and Dr. Lewis R. Morris, of New York. These two gentlemen have a large acquaintance among men of the character whom Mr. Harriman wished to ask, and by the early spring the list of guests was practically made up. There were of necessity some declinations of the invitations given, but as finally made up the party stood as follows:

Edward H. Harriman, host of the expedition.
Mrs. Harriman, Misses Mary and Cornelia and Carol, William Averell and Roland Harriman, of Arden, N. Y. W. H. Averell, Mrs. Averell and Miss Elizabeth Averell, of Rochester, N. Y.

William H. Brewer, Yale University, botanist and geologist.

John Burroughs, author, student of nature, West Park, N. Y.

Wesley R. Coe, Ph. D., assistant professor of comparative anatomy, Yale University; student of invertebrate life.

Leon J. Cole, collector of vertebrate and invertebrate life, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Fred V. Colville, botanist of the Department of Agriculture; authority on the flowering plants of western North America, Washington City.

Edward S. Curtis, official photographer, Seattle, Wash.

Dr. William H. Dall, honorary curator of mollusks in the National Museum, Washington City; one of the earliest American explorers of Alaska, familiar with it for thirty years, and probably better acquainted with its history, geography and resources than any one.

Fred S. Dellenbaugh, artist, Cragmore, N. Y.
W. B. Devereux, mining engineer, Glenwood Springs, Col.

Miss Dorothea Draper, New York city.

Daniel G. Elliott, curator of zoology in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, Ill.; ornithologist, mammalogist, explorer and author.

Benjamin K. Emerson, professor of geology in Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

B. E. Fernow, professor forestry of Cornell University. Formerly U. S. Forester, Department of Agriculture.

Dr. A. K. Fisher, ornithologist of the United States Biological Survey, Washington City.

Louis A. Fuertes, bird artist, Ithaca, New York.

Henry Gannett, chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey, Washington City.

R. Swain Gifford, artist, New York city.

G. K. Gilbert, geologist of the United States Geological Survey, Washington City.

Dr. George Bird Grinnell, New York city.

D. G. Inverarity, Seattle, Wash., assistant to the photographer.

Julian L. Johns, stenographer, Washington City.

Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., assistant botanist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington City.

Charles A. Keeler, ornithologist and author; director of the Museum of California, Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.

Capt. Luther S. Kelly, scout, Washington, D. C.

T. Kincaid, entomologist, Seattle.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the United States Biological Survey, Washington City.

Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, physician to the expedition, New York city.

John Muir, specialist on glaciers, and author, Martinez, Cal.

Rev. Dr. George F. Nelson, chaplain, New York city.

Dr. Charles Palache, geologist of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Robert Ridgway, curator of birds in National Museum, Washington City.

William E. Ritter, professor of biology in the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

De Alton Saunders, botanist of the South Dakota experiment station.

Edwin C. Starks, preparator of the United States Biological Survey, Washington City.

Louis F. Timmerman, New York city.

Dr. William Trelease, Director of Shaw Botanic Garden, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Jr., assistant physician to the expedition, New York.

The Harriman expedition left New York by special train May 23, and proceeded westward over the New York Central, Lake Shore, Chicago & Northwestern and Union Pacific Railroads, making no stops until Idaho was reached, where they visited the wonderful Shoshone Falls. Returning to the railroad, they continued the journey, spent a day on the swift steamer traveling down the Columbia River, left Portland May 30, and on May 31, at Seattle, embarked on the steamer George W. Elder for the North. All along the road they had been picking up different members of the party, and at Seattle the last of these joined them. The sail over Puget Sound occupied a night, and the morning found the ship at the wharf at Victoria, Vancouver Island. A few hours were spent here, and while some of the men collected marine invertebrates along the harbors, others visited the town, and the Provincial Museum, where the natural history exhibit, in charge of the curator, Mr. John Fannin, proved very interesting.

Sailing northward from Victoria, through the inside passage, the ship threaded the beautiful inlets, stopping at Wrangell and at Juneau, where the great Treadwell mine was inspected. This is one of the largest known bodies of ore, the Homestake, in the Black Hills, being

the only one as large. It does not look in the least like a gold mine, rather resembling a great open quarry. The ore body is 400 feet wide. The ore is of very low grade and pays only \$2.30 per ton. It can thus be profitably worked only on a very large scale. There are 800 stamps at work crushing 1,600 tons of ore each day.

From Juneau the party proceeded to the head of Lynn Canal, landing at Skagway. From this point a railway has been built over the White Pass, which is the gateway to the famed Klondyke. When the Harriman party reached Skagway in early June the road had been completed to the summit of the Pass, a distance of a little more than twenty miles, in which it climbed 2,864 feet above tide level. Since then the road has been completed twenty miles further to Lake Bennett, which is the head of steamboat navigation on this branch of the Yukon River.

The railway winds up along the hillside, steadily rising higher and higher above the narrow stream valley. It follows in a general way the trail up which the first miners struggled on their way to the gold fields, and evidences of their passage are still to be seen in the dead horses, rotting fragments of clothing, and rusty utensils—articles abandoned from time to time as the way grew harder and the loads relatively heavier. Of the horrors of that passage no adequate account has ever been written. For much of the distance the way was wide enough only for one, or at most two animals. Men were streaming up the valley as thickly as they could travel; others were coming down, returning for their loads; horses were falling, giving out or dying; at every

quite extensive trips were made, and parties who were studying the glaciers and making collections left the ship, spending two or three nights on the shore or on the ice.

Sitka was visited next, and three days were spent in this quaint old town. Some of the mountains were climbed, collections were made, the Sheldon Jackson Museum inspected, and on the last evening there, which happened to be Trinity Sunday of the Greek Church, a service was attended in the old Russian Church. From Sitka the party steamed to Yakutat Bay, going to the extreme head of the bay, making collections on its shores, and examining and mapping the glaciers about it. The ship had now gone beyond the region usually visited by tourists and treated of in the guide books, and from this point on much of what they were to see would be wholly new to a majority of the party.

After leaving Yakutat Bay, the next landing point was Orca, near the mouth of the Copper River, a region much heralded by the transportation companies during the Klondyke excitement, but reported by all who have visited it to be absolutely barren of gold. Orca is a very small settlement, consisting of a salmon cannery and its store. It has, however, a post office and is a stopping place for certain steamships which ply to the Bering Sea.

From Orca the ship proceeded to Prince William Sound, a body of water which has not been mapped and of which little is known. It is a region of deep fiords and tremendous glaciers, and so far as these ice rivers and their work goes, is perhaps the most interesting point in Alaska. Here many unexpected discoveries



SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS LOOKING WESTWARD, JUNE, 1899.

Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

step something happened to delay progress. Add to this the scarcity of food, the bitter temperature of an Arctic winter, and some slight notion may be had of the difficulties and discouragements of the way. Nothing save the actual experience, however, can make real to the imagination what the men suffered who struggled and fought along this trail.

The railroad is built with rare engineering skill, and the scenery from the car windows is wild and beautiful. Everywhere on either side of the valley are evidences of the action of the great glacier, which once filled this gorge, in the smoothing and rounding of the rocks on either side, and the manner in which a series of vertical steps are cut on both sides of the valley from the stream bed high up on the mountain side. These steps no doubt indicate the periods in which the size of the glacier was stationary, alternating with others when it was melting rapidly.

During much of the ascent the timber, where it grows, is of good size, but near the summit it becomes very small. In some places the mountain side has been burned over by forest fires. Owing to the great amount of precipitation here the hillsides are deep-covered with moss. Usually this is very wet, but in a time of great drought it may become dry, and then easily catches fire. A fire burning on these very steep hillsides rushes up the slope much as flames would rush up through an elevator shaft or along a burning match held flame downward. As the fire burns upward the draft helps it more and more. On the other hand, the fire progresses down the hill very slowly, creeping back much as on the prairie a fire works back against the wind. Reindeer moss was seen from shortly above the level of the town, and when the summit was approached a beautiful white-bellied heather grows over the hillside. At the summit the crowberry (*Empetrum*) was seen, still carrying last autumn's black berries, on which the geese and curlew feed. At the summit there were still heavy banks of snow, in many places hard enough to walk over, but now and then letting one slip through.

Here the bird collectors secured a number of Northern birds; and a party of the Biological Survey workers, on their way to the Yukon, met with near here, had taken some white-tail ptarmigan.

Going up the hill the climb had been long and slow, but going down, the train moved more rapidly. Shortly after Skagway was reached, the party assembled on the ship to sail for Muir Inlet.

In and about Glacier Bay, or Muir Inlet, nearly a week was spent in the neighborhood of the different glaciers, which here reach the sea. Over some of them

were made, which the geologists and geographers will in due time make public. After their study of this point a brief visit was made to Cook's Inlet, from which the ship steamed to Kodiak Island. On the way a party of collectors was left at Kukak Bay, on the Alaska Peninsula, in order to make collections at a point which up to that time had never been visited by naturalists. Some little time was spent at different points on Kodiak Island, and the Fourth of July was celebrated while the ship was in the harbor of Kodiak.

From Kodiak the route was westward. A party of naturalists was left at Unga, in the Shumagin Islands, to wait there until the ship returned from Bering Sea. Stops were made at Dutch Harbor in Unalaska, at Bogoslof Volcano, and again at Plover Bay in Siberia. From there the ship crossed to Port Clarence, spending a day or two there among the whalers, which were waiting for the ice to clear from the Arctic Ocean before starting on their cruise.

This was the most northerly point reached, and on leaving Port Clarence the course was to St. Lawrence Island, and later to Hall and St. Matthew's Islands; then back by much the same route followed on the journey northward, to Kodiak, Cook's Inlet, Yakutat Bay and Seattle.

Seattle was reached July 31, after an absence of sixty days, during which the vessel had steamed 9,000 miles and visited many strange places.

The members of the expedition, most of whom had heard stories of the almost continuous rain to be expected on the voyage, were very much astonished at the weather that they actually encountered. Much of the time the skies were clear and blue, and the sun warm. Now and then there was a rainy day, and sometimes foggy weather, but there was not a single storm, and hardly a day when the wind blew freshly.

It must be understood that at every stop made the scientific men of the party were busily employed in securing specimens of various kinds and in studying the local conditions. The result was that large collections were made in zoology, botany, geology and ethnology. Many birds, hitherto rare, were found in considerable numbers, and it is altogether probable that when the invertebrates collected shall have been worked up many new species will be found among them. Perhaps the most important results of the expedition were the additions to geographical knowledge. Waters hitherto unknown were entered and explored, and many new glaciers discovered and mapped. An extensive fiord, whose existence was not suspected, and a splendid glacier running into it at its head, were named by the

geographers of the expedition after Mr. Harriman. It was ascertained that most of the glaciers which have hitherto been known and explored are growing smaller. In Siberia and at Port Clarence interesting opportunities were had of seeing the Eskimo living in their primitive condition, in huts made from the bones of whales and covered with skins, and traveling in boats of skin, the kayaks and umiaks, of which all have read, but which so few have seen.

The wonderfully favorable weather enjoyed during this trip gave the travelers unusual opportunities for viewing the marvelous scenery of the Alaskan coast. They were especially fortunate in obtaining unobstructed views of the St. Elias and Fairweather Alps, as well as of the beautiful mountains of the Alaska Peninsula. This good weather was especially favorable also for the photographers, who, as a matter of fact, were perhaps the hardest worked people on the ship. Several thousand photographs were taken, which, while chiefly devoted to the magnificent scenery of the coast, include great numbers of natural history objects, as well as many views of the natives.

Much of the success of the expedition was due to the excellence of the ship and her equipment, and to the abler manner in which she was handled by Capt. Doran and his officers and crew. The selection of the ship and officers, and the preparations for the voyage were made

him, so he untied and shuffled it off as he ran. So, rejoicing to see them apparently unharmed, he came within sight and hail of the truants, who might have heard his loud panting before he called, if their ears had not been so intently turned elsewhere.

"Oh, Unc' Lisher! We seen—" Sammy cried, too full of his wonderful story to realize guiltiness, but the old man cut him short with an unwonted sharpness.

"Sammy Lovel! you deserve a-hidin', an' I guess you'll git it, tew, when your father gets hum an' comes tu know!"

"Don't care," Sammy resumed, not to be denied the telling of his story. "We seen the awfulest thing, an' I shot him right in the face an' eyes, an' he come daown ker-lummux, 'most onto us, an' tore Sissy's clo'es, an' we run an' I guess he's dead or gone, an' Sissy da'sn't go, nor Drive, an' le's we go an' see. My! if he didn't holler!"

"You be'n a-tellin' 'baout seein' critters consid'able, long back, an' I reckon you kinder dreamt 'em nights an' fixed 'em up daytimes 'till you be'lieved 'em, but I'm feared you're making up this 'ere, aouten a hul side o' luther," Uncle Lisha said, in a tone so severe that Sammy's heart was near breaking. "An' you hooked your daddy's gun, an' run away wi' Sis, wi'out askin'!"

"No, Unc' Lisher," the boy protested, swallowing first at a lump which would not go down. "Daddy tol' me I might go huntin' wi' his gun 'one o' these days,' an' you

"Pidjins, is 't, or pa'tridges? Wal, the's a snag on 'em."

"My sakes alive, I should say as much," Aunt Jerusha declared, polishing her glasses with a corner of her apron for a clearer observation. "Wal, I might 's well go 'long back in an' put on my ev'day gaownd an' apron, an' git ready for pickin'."

"I cal'late the pup got a coon treed, an' Uncle Lisher went an' shot him. By mighty, I hope so, it'll du 'em both a pile o' good!" said Sam, without withdrawing his intent gaze.

"An' Bub, tew! He feels as praoud as if he'd done it," said Huldah, glad fer her boy's gladness. "Jest see him stub an' brace, will ye? Oh, dear, next thing he'll hafter hev a gun," and she sighed gently.

"By the gre't horn spoon, it's a lynk!" Sam burst out. "I thought 't was cur'ous a coon hedn't no more tail! Hurrah for you, Uncle Lisher! Killed more'n you could fetch home alone, didn't ye? Say, did the pup tree him?"

"Not nary one," the old man panted, as he came up and let fall his end of the bulky, but light, burden. "This 'ere boy shot the crittur all hisself 'fore I come anigh! He'll hafter tell haow he got his gun, I guess, hisself. I told him I guessed you'd ortu lick him, but don't believe you will."

"Sis seen him fust!" the boy cried, in glow of magnanimity, and then for himself, "Unc' Lisher said 't was 'one o' these days'!"

"Never mind about that naow," said Sam. "You don't mean tu say Sammy shot the crittur, Uncle Lisher?"

"I du, sartain; naow haow was 't, Sammy?"

Then, while the two women purred over them, the two children began in one voice to tell the story, and Sam listened attentively and did his best to unravel the thread of it out of the babel of voices.

"Wal, Bub," he asked, when it was finished in a way and for that time, "does this 'ere lynk look consid'able like the one you was tellin' o' seein' down by the orchard?"

"No gre't, but I guess, mebbly, that wa'n't a reg'lar one," said Sammy, in some confusion.

The news of the Lovel's boy's exploit went like wild fire, and the townsfolk came flocking to the house to see the lynx and its youthful slayer, who was in some danger of being puffed up with his sudden fame, but on the whole carried himself with commendable modesty, and never failed to give his sister due credit for discovery of the beast.

Among the first visitors on the following day was Gran'ther Hill, stamping up the path in exceedingly grim good humor.

"Good mornin', Cap'n Hill. Come over tu see the lynk? Wal, he's right raound here in the woodshed," Sam said, going out to lead the way.

"Mornin'. No, I wouldn't give a sow-markee tu see no lynk—seen more on 'em 'an I wanted tu when I was a-trappin' saple. I want tu see that little devil o' yourn 'at shot him all by hisself, I hearn! Stole yer gun an' p'inted for the woods! By the Lord Harry, I didn't s'pose there was any o' that sort o' boys bein' raised naow-er-days. Joseph's boys wouldn't du no sech a thing, if they be my gran'sons. Josi'd tackle a lynk spunky 'nough if the lynk come tu him, but he wouldn't pick no quarrel with the crittur. But yourn pitched right in. S'pos'n' we take a squint at the tarnal crittur," he said, and moved toward the woodshed, where the lynx lay in state, stretched to full length on a work-bench.

It so happened that Sammy was under the bench, in search of a bit of board to make a toy table for Polly when the two entered, and remained there undiscovered by them, not at first with any thought of hiding nor eaves-dropping, and at last through sheer bashfulness.

"By the Lord Harry, he's a ol' buster!" Gran'ther Hill declared, in surprised admiration. "Tell ye what, he'd a-gin the young uns a tough one 'f he'd only be'n wounded, but that leetle scamp o' yourn took him plum in the head—put one eye clean aout! Double Bs, was the shot?"

"Yes, an' some threes—it was loaded for a coon," Sam answered.

"An' the tarnal leetle scamp hooked yer gun an' sneaked off huntin'! It's tew bad, layin' sech temptations afore a boy, Lovel! You'd orter git him a gun of his own 'at he wouldn't hafter steal."

"I be'n a-thinkin' mebbly," Sam said, and if the hidden listener could have quite believed his ears he could not have withheld some audible expression of joy.

"You see your gun's 'baout as long an' heavy as my ol' Deliverance, an' he can't hol' it arm's len'th, an' so long in the stock I don't see haow he can reach the trigger. You want'er git him one 'at he can handle, Lovel," and Sammy did not hear his father's reply, as the two went out and left him free to come forth. Presently he heard his father calling him, and went to him and the old veteran with a brightness in his eye and withal a shamefacedness whereof they did not guess the cause.

"Here's Cap'n Hill come tu see you, Sammy. He's be'n a-lookin' at your animil," Sam informed him.

"Yes, I want'er shake hands wi' ye an' tell ye 't I'm praoud on ye, if ye be sech a tarnal leetle fool as to go huntin' wi' beasts on yer own hook! But I like yer spunk, if ye did hook yer daddy's gun. Did he lick ye for that? No? Wal, you desaryed it, but ye won't du so agin."

Sammy's heart swelled with pride at the patriarch's qualified praise, and he felt that he ought to be very grateful that he was not whipped, as all seemed to agree he deserved, though he did not understand why.

"That 'ere Antwine Canuck's a-comin' tu see the show," Gran'ther remarked with disgust, intently scrutinizing an approaching figure. "I got enough o' his breed when I was in Canerdy along wi' Seth Warner, an' I guess I'll go in an' see Lisher," and with that entered the shop, attended by Sam.

"Well, seh, Bawb, Ah'll hear you ketch some pussy. Dat so, prob'ly?" Antoine asked, as he drew near Sammy.

"No, it's a lynk, Mr. Antwine, 'baout as big a one as ever I see," Sammy answered, resenting such belittling of his exploit. "Come an' look at him," and he led the way into the shed with the air of the owner of a menagerie.

"Huh!" Antoine ejaculated at the first sight of the formidable looking brute; then quickly reassuring himself, "Oh, dat was one leetly loupervier! Ah'll use for keel it in Canada jes' sem you mices. Oh, lot of it, Ah tol' you. Ah'll keel 'em on mah henroos' good many tam; jes'



ROUTE OF THE HARRIMAN ALASKA EXPEDITION.
By courtesy of the National Geographic Magazine.

under direction of Mr. A. L. Mohler, President of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

At different points during the voyage the party was increased by representatives of the great commercial companies in Alaska, each of whom accompanied the ship through regions of which he is especially familiar. These were Capt. Humphreys, of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company; Mr. Washburn, of the Alaska Commercial Company, and Mr. J. Stanley-Brown, of the N. A. Commercial Company. The presence of these gentlemen added much to the interest of the trip.

The journeyings of the Harriman Alaska Expedition were in all respects delightful, interesting, and instructive. The trip will remain through life a bright remembrance to all those who took part in it. Some of its phases, as witnessed by one of the members, will be described in subsequent chapters.

G. B. G.

Sam's Boy. - XIII.

CONGRATULATING himself on his success in escaping for awhile from story-telling, Uncle Lisha hammered and stitched in great contentment until at last he became aware that an unusual and protracted interval of silence was pervading the premises, and as he held it to be a sure sign that the children were asleep or in mischief if they were quiet, he thought it time to inform himself in which condition they were now, praying that it might be the first.

He went to the shop door and looked abroad, but they were nowhere to be seen. Then he looked into the kitchen, hoping to see the pair lying asleep on the settee, but it was empty and silent. As he cast a glance around the room, he noted the chair set out of place and the empty gunhooks above it, whereat he conjectured at once that mischief had been brewing, and hurried out of doors in great anxiety. The prodigious fuss he made in moving his fat body quickly on his short legs frightened the staid old hens from their songs of contentment and leisurely strolling, and sent them cackling and scampering; and his repeated stentorian calls, "Sam-mee! Children!" brought no response.

His first thought was to make at once for the nearest woods, whither the truants would naturally betake themselves; but before doing so he looked into the cistern, though the cover was in its proper place, and then he went behind the woodshed as a likely resort from observers. Before he got in sight of it, the roar of a gun struck his ear, coming from the woods in the very direction he was about to take, and now, took it without further delay, at the best pace he could hold.

The sun shone hot on his bare, bald pate, and the leathern apron flapping against his short legs, handicapped

said it was 'one o' these days,' an' so we went, an' we did see a awful big thing up a tree an' I shot him, an' daown he come, an' we run aout here. Didn't he an' didn't we, Sis?"

Polly nodded repeated emphatic affirmatives to his statement, and Uncle Lisha was so far convinced as to ask, "Where was 't?"

"Come on, an' I'll show ye!" cried Sammy, and led on across the brook, when he fell back to Uncle Lisha's side and pointed rather than led the way.

"Better gi' me the gun," said the latter, taking the weapon and carrying it at a ready for all his skepticism.

A few steps further brought them to the scene of the late encounter; and there in the midst of torn mold and scattered leaves lay a great Canadian lynx, outstretched as the last breath had left it, the half-open mouth displaying the sharp fangs and lolling tongue, one glazed yellow eye glaring blankly, the other pierced by a shot, oozing blood from its empty socket. Even stark dead it was a wicked looking brute, and the sudden, unexpected sight of it made the boy start, as it did the old man.

"Good airth an' seas, it's a lynk!" he shouted.

"A lynk?" Sammy repeated in great perplexity. "Why—why—he don't look a mite like them 'at I see behind the orchard!"

"Yes, sir, a lynk it is, as sure as guns," said Uncle Lisha. "You see he's a raal giniwine one, an' yourn wa'n't, ezackley. Wal, wal, you be a buster, Bub, an' I'm praoud on ye, an' so'll your daddy be; but you didn't orter hooked the gun, an' I s'pect you orter git a lickin'."

He lifted the animal by a hing leg and throwing it over his shoulder, led out of the woods, and then when Polly had her fill of wondering, fearful admiration over the grim trophy, the party set forth homeward, Sammy bearing a part of the burden by a forepaw. As they approached the house, Uncle Lisha and Sammy bearing the lynx, Polly walking behind, now regarding the dead beast with awed admiration, now casting rueful eyes upon her torn skirt, but for which she would have at once run home to brave a scolding for the honor of being the first to tell the story of the great adventure, and Drive now and then venturing a neck-stretching sniff at the terrible cat, and springing away in fresh accession of fear whenever the free forepaw swung toward him. Aunt Jerusha, Huldah and Sam came forth to meet them.

Finding the house deserted, they wondered greatly at the cause, as they scoured the premises for the tenants lately left in charge, and wondered more when they discovered the strange procession.

"What in time hes Uncle Lisher be'n a-shootin'?" Sam queried, walking very slowly and looking very intently at the burden borne by the old man and the boy.

"Looks ju' like a string o' suthin'," said Huldah.

touch hol' of hees hin' leg an' strack a stone wid hees head of it, sem any cats."

Sammy could not torbear expressing doubt as to this. "I don't b'lieve anyb'dy could kill our ol' brindle Tom so," he said.

"Oh, yas; dat jes' heasy lak ile," Antoine asserted, with perfect assurance. "Honly you got for be sure you keel it 'nough, 'cause cat gat nan life. Prob'ly dat loupcevier got for be keel 'baout height more tam, 'cause sech leetly boy hant be hable for keel it all up wid one shoot."

Sammy found little satisfaction in acting as showman to such an audience, and slipped out quite unceremoniously, whereupon Antoine went to the shop. Gran'ther Hill retreated to the kitchen, but was not left long in peace, for presently Mrs. Purington arrived, burdened with more than her usual "feelin's," which were not relieved when she heard a circumstantial account of the killing of the lynx.

Heaving deep sighs during the recital, when it ended she said, "So that's what's come to the gaound o' my own spinnin' an' weavin', which I colored it likewise wi' my own hands, tu be tore tu ribbons by wil' cats! An' that innocent child tu be led inter the jaws o' death, as it ware, by her own an' only brother arter him a-stealin' of his father's gun loaded dangerous! Oh, dear me, suzzy day! But it hain't no more'n was tu be nat'rally expected, not one mite more! What's goin' tu be become o' that 'ere boy is turrible tu think on!"

Sniffing hard at her smelling bottle, she fixed a steadfast, sorrowful gaze upon her grandson, who was beginning to realize that a hero's wreath is entwined with thorns. But Gran'ther Hill dulled their sharpness when glowering on Mrs. Purington, and emphasizing his words with a crescendo of thumps of his staff, he growled in his defense.

"I'll tell ye what, marm, won't be become on him. He won't grow up no puddin'-headed, chicken-hearted, tew-good-for-tu-live sorter chap. He'll known which end of a gun shoots, an' haow tu shoot it, an' he won't be afeared o' the devil, an' if the' comes a time endurin' of his life 'at his country needs a sojer, she'll know where to find one, an' a mighty good one, tew, if some blasted ol' fool don't turn tu an' spile him!" And he went stamping out doors and down the path.

The lynx was taken to the store where Clapham was glad to keep it as long as he could for the customers it attracted. One day a college professor came from Burlington, and offered five dollars for the animal to place in the museum of his institution, and this, with the five dollars bounty paid by the State, constituted wealth which seemed inexhaustible, until Sammy learned that such a gun as he wanted would cost ten dollars. Then he knew how to invest it, but he felt that his sister ought to share it, and a gun would do her no good.

Then one never-forgotten November day his father came home from Vergennes and brought from the old gunsmith Seavers a brand new fowling-piece with a percussion lock and a walnut stock and a silver sight—a beauty of a gun in those days. There was also a doll for Polly, with white and pink cheeks, cherry-red lips, real flaxen hair, and eyes as blue as the sky, and that could be made to shut in a way that was wonderful, if not life-like. She was clad in raiment which was a realization of Polly's dreams of Malviny's wardrobe, and brought with her a tea set of the brightest pewter.

Gun, doll and their outfits were the admiration of grown-up folk, and the happy owners made many of their young mates happy by sharing their use. Not that Sammy ever lent his gun to even his best friend, but going with it, for that was a rule his father taught him strict adherence to; nor that the new doll ever went abroad but in charge of her mistress; nor the tea set ever lent except in her care, though there was not another dish in Danvis that was not freely lent in case of necessity.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Bill's Luck.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

"SOME one writ it out long ago that the lame and the lazy are provided for," said the old backwoodsman as we took our seats on the rustic benches in the porch of his little cabin for our after-dinner smoke, "and its true as preachin'," he added, Not that Bill's lame, neither is he special lazy, but, somehow, things come his way, easy.

"Bill was born under a lucky star, and he's got so uset to good luck that, durn the critter, he takes it as natral as breathin'."

"Bill ain't shiftless, I'll say that for him ev'ry time, but he's easy goin' as 'twere, and he gits his share and more, too, without half tryin'. I dessay you've seen sich afore now."

"I could okkippy the hull arternoon tellin' 'bout Bill's luck"—Bill was the old man's nearest neighbor—"but you'd get tired listenin' to it."

"He had er line of traps last winter over on the North Branch and along the side of Ball Mountain; his line was in a good trappin' section, but it run only 'bout six or eight miled. I had line all er ten miled long and in a heap better fur kentry, but he got almost twicst as many pelts as I did, and without tryin' near as hard."

"Why, he harf the time left his traps to run theirselves, while I tended mine, proper, right along, and kept um cleaned out ev'ry time snow fell. I thought, some days, I was doin' big work if I brung in er mink or two, or a fisher cat or an otter, while Bill had ther critters rainin' down on him. I reckon he got all of er couple or three hundred dollars' wuth in the season. He trapped ten fisher cats, fer sure, and twicst as many mink, not to mention musquash, foxes, and er couple of lucivee" (*Loupcevier*) lynx.

"'Twas kind of aggravatin', too, to see him come in, ca'm like and smokin' his pipe, lookin' as if he didn't care what he got, and he totein' six or eight nice pelts."

"Bill and me was allers good friends; in fact, he was too easy goin' to make enemies or rub any one's fur the wrong way, but, all the same, I uset to kind'er feel as if I wasn't hardly gittin' my share, but 'twasn't any use kickin'."

"Yes, things come Bill's way easy. There's a farmer

over in Clifton who had a darter, or ruther an adopted darter, though she wasn't exactly adopted nither, only taken when she was a young one out of some charity home and given her clothes and keep and schoolin' fer what she could do around the house.

"She grew up inter as fine er gal as you'd see in er day's journey, and ev'ry young man in these parts tried his level best to spark with her. Oh, yes; she could have had her pick, and no mistake; but she wouldn't have any one of um; she acted just like a contrairy trout that won't rise to your best flies, but jumps for some home made, ornery fly that is dropped near it."

"Jess so with her. Bill got a'quainted with her at the county fair, and some how they seemed to hitch up tergether all 'twonst, and iust thing we knew, he was keepin' company wi' her, reglar, and, by gum, they wuz married in less than two months from the time they fust met. Yes, Bill's luck was allers thar, but that streak ain't ended yit, fur lately thar was er lawyer over to thar house askin' er lot er questions of the gal, and it looks now as if she will come into er heap of money afore long, fur she turns out to be the only livin' heir of an old aunt who died richern mud. They traced the gal to ther charity home and then 'twas easy to find her arter that. Lor there's no end to what I could tell yer 'bout Bill's luck. Last spring he went down ter York to sell what furs he had, and come to figger it up he had all of three hundred dollars' worth; and seein' he was goin', I let him take mine along to sell, too. My pelts was wuth about two hundred dollars, so he had clost onto five hundred dollars' wuth all told."

"When he got on ther train he went inter the 'smoker,' and 'twan't long afore he got a'quainted with two or three of the men in the car, and barnby they proposed a game er keards."

"What yer want ter play?" ast Bill.

"Oh, euchre, poker, high-low-jack, or any old game jest ter pass ther time," sez one of 'em who turned out ter be er drummer goin' back to the city.

"All right," sez Bill. "I don't mind, I kin play euchre sum, but never saw poker played, though I've heerd of it."

"Wall, it didn't take 'em long to make up thar party and git seated at one of the tables. Bill had ther drummer for his pard'ner, and the other two players was a couple er cattle dealers."

"They was a putty decent crowd to play keards with, and Bill allowed he was havin' er good time. Wall, they played euchre fer an hour or so, when the drummer said it was gittin' kind er tejus like, and he thought it would liven things up if they'd change ter poker."

"Oh," sez Bill, "I don't know the fust thing about poker. I told yer so afore."

"You can learn easy enuff," spoke up one of the cattle men. "All you've got to do is ter ketch on ter the valley of the keards yer hold, and bet they're stronger than the other hands."

"That's gamblin', ain't it?" sez Bill. "I never gambled in my life."

"Oh," sez the drummer, "a few little bets on yer hand ain't no great sin, and they make ther game more excitin', we'll make the limit a dollar, and that won't break any one."

"Bill in his easy goin' way felt sort er 'shamed to be offish, and, finally, he 'greed to jine 'em in poker if they'd explain the pints as they went along."

"Wall, they started in and 'twan't long afore he knew how much two pairs was wuth, or three of er kind, or four of er kind and so on. I ain't no poker player and I can't give yer all the pints. I reckon, however, yer know um yerself."

"Bill larned putty quick, and won and lost putty even. Barnby he got four kings and he thought he'd resk five dollars; for, though, Bill's generally putty cautious he got kind er excited at holdin' such keards. They played it out, but his hand wasn't good enough, fer the drummer held four aces. Bill sobered down sum at sich a bad set back, and said that after the next hand he gessed he'd stop."

"Wall, the keards was dealt agin, and Bill studied over his hand for a minit or two without sayin' nothin', then he arst ag'in about the valley of all the likely hands, and which one was the king pin of all."

"Wall," sez the drummer, "if this is to be yer last hand ternight, I s'pose yer think its wuth five dollars."

"Yes," sez Bill. "I'm putty green at poker I allow, but, as I'm to quit with this hand I'll say it's ten dollars the best in the lot."

"One of the cattle dealers said he'd draw out, but the other man thought that twenty dollars was about the proper caper, and he took out er big roll of bills and laid down two tens."

"The drummer dropped out at this, and then there warn't no one but the two in ther game."

"I hain't got much more money," sez Bill, arter he had studied out his hand agin, "but here's twenty-five dollars more."

"That was the time he ought ter have called, but he was a little rattled and fergot to, and quicker'n shot the cattle dealer laid down three one hundred dollar bills."

"Of course Bill couldn't cover the man's money nor anything like it."

"You've got too much money for me," sez he, putty sober, you may be sure, "and I allow I'm beat. I've five hundred dollars' wuth of fur in the baggage car, but I s'pose that can't go as money in this game."

"Now, as his luck would have it, there was a Clifton merchant in the smoker, who was goin' to York to buy some goods. He knew Bill and knew if he said the fur was wuth five hundred dollars it was all right."

"He came over to him and told him, arter he'd seen his hand, that he'd lend him enough on the furs to call the cattle man if he'd like, and that gave Bill his chance."

"Wall, to make the story short, he took the money and planked enough down to call the other man's hand."

"Here's what I've got," sez ther cattle dealer, "and I hope this will be a lesson to you, young man, to never play poker for money agin," and he laid down the ace of hearts, the king of clubs, the queen and jack of hearts and the ten of spades."

"You're right," sez Bill. "I've learned my lesson and you'll never ketch me bettin' on keards agin," and then he showed his hand; he held the ace, king, queen, jack and ten spot of diamonds. I think poker players call

such a hand er 'royal flush,' at any rate Bill raked in the entire pot.

"Yes, Bill's luck is allers thar. Last spring he had two or three traps set for bars; fer ther critters had been takin' some of his sheep, and he 'llowed it was time to stop ther pesky work. He tended the traps pretty well fer him, and one day, sure enuff, he found one of 'em gone. A bar had carried it off."

"I spose yer know that a bar trap is hitched with a chain to a log of wood that is called a hobble; the bar when his foot is caught in the trap can drag this along; not fast, of course, but he ken git away with it and he makes off the best he kin. But if the trap is chained fast to a tree the critter bites his paw off and leaves fer parts unknown, as the newspapers say about bank cashiers and slch like."

"The hobble leaves signs all along where it is dragged, and it's easy enuff to foller it."

"Bill lighted his pipe and started after the bar, though he had nothin' but his axe with him. I tell yer 'taint allers safe follerin a trapped bar unless yer have a rifle along; but Bill didn't mind and he kept goin'."

"The bar had traveled about er miled or more draggin' the hobble without bein' hung up, though thar was lots of places whar it had got hitched around saplins and sich before Bill come to the big windfall that it was hidin' under. Sure 'nuff the fust thing he knew the critter was out from cover and jumpin' fer him."

"Bill's plucky, fer sure, and he faced the bar and fetched it a good cut in the neck with his axe, but 'fore he knew it, the axe was knocked out of his hands and he was sent end over end in the scrub. Yer see the bar is putty middlin' lively with his paws, and he ken strike quicker'n a man ken, and it's allers been a mystery to me how it happened that Bill was fort'nit enuff to put in that lick with his axe."

"Wall, you can jest bet thar was some putty tall scramblin' about that time. Bill got on his feet quicker'n scat and started on the back track, but the bar had his hobble clear and he follered lively. It was nip-and tuck fer a minit or so, for the bar was a big one and mad clear through, and ther hobble was too small and light, as Bill allowed to me arter."

"As he was runnin' he saw er big spruce ahead of him, and, without thinkin', he jumped fer one of the limbs and began to climb the tree."

"Now, of course, yer know that the bar is a climber from 'way back, and hard to beat, and fer er man to try to git away from one by climbin' is foolishness, but with Bill 'twas all right, of course. He clumb higher and higher till he got to the top limbs, but the bar couldn't foller him 'way up on account of the hobble gittin' tangled 'round the limbs."

"Bill had roosted up thar fer an hour or more when he see a lot of bees flyin' in and out of a tall stub that stood clost to the spruce. 'Twas a big stub, forty or more foot high, and three foot thick at the butt fer sure."

"Thar he was treed by a bar, roostin' up thar all by his lonely, yet his luck stuck by him, and even in such a scrape as that he diskivered a bee tree, and a good one, too."

"Jest then he heerd a big crash below him, and lookin' down he saw the bar had fell to ther ground whar it was staggerin' around putty middlin' weak. In a little while it lay down, and when Bill had got out of the spruce the critter was dead; the lick it had got with the axe had tetchd a small artery and it had bled to death."

"The bar dressed at about four hundred pounds, so yer can see it was a buster. The bee tree, when Bill cut it down, yielded about two hundred pounds of prime honey. If that isn't luck, what in thunder do you call it?"

Through the Parsonage Window.

V.

A SPOTLESS spread of white prairie rolled out as far as the eye can follow the curved surface of the earth. Not an object, animate or inanimate, to cause a ripple on this billowless ocean of prairie. From above the sun shines softly down through haze which mellows its glare and imparts a yellowish cast to the white plain.

The winds of the west, which have won for themselves such a world-wide fame, were slumbering, and the air was as balmy as September, though, in fact, it was January. Taken east and west, the plain is quite as extended as its appearance would seem to indicate. North or south it is quite different. A mile either way takes one to the verge where one can look down on a tumbled mass of hills, hollows, streams, ravines and cañons. A hundred yards back from the verge the uninitiated would scarcely guess that such a panorama was so soon to unfold. This effect is caused by the fact that the great table lands are the highest levels of the country, so that looking across them one sees nothing of the rougher grounds below, just as one sees nothing of a city from the center of even an acre of flat roof.

It would be impossible for me to tell why I had climbed up there that afternoon, other than to say I must go somewhere to break the monotony of camp life, without incident except such as is afforded by a pack of cards. It would be equally impossible for me to tell why I had filled my belt to its full capacity with needle gun cartridges before starting out. I had been restless all morning, and even as I lay near the verge of the table on the soft grass, looking up at the stray flecks of clouds that were passing above, I felt a vague uneasiness as if the forerunner of some coming event might be trying to warn me of its approach.

The day was soothing in the perfectness of its weather, yet the slumberous condition of things seemed to have no effect on me. Several times I had started up nervously under the impression that I had heard the rumble of hoofs in the distance. At last the presentiment, as of something stealing upon me, became so great that I rose for the third or fourth time and looked all round, but there was nothing unusual in sight, and I walked out to the break away and looked down on the valley sleeping in the hazy sunshine below.

First there was the tumbled mass of hills, walls and cañons growing more and more indistinct as they fell rapidly away toward the more distant stream. Then there was the band of brush, willows and timber that follows closely the course of the water, now close under the

bluffs on my side, and again winding away to the opposing bluffs which rose in the same chaos of hills and cañons to the table lands on the other side again. I had climbed up there, and looked at it for hours, on more than one occasion. The picture still had its charms, and I stood looking down and across at it for some time, oblivious to all else, and then I was startled out of my reverie again by the unmistakable rumble of hoof, and turning saw the table land behind me black and swarming with buffalo.

There were not in compact mass, but scattered over a good deal of ground, and my position was in the center of the advancing column. Had they been in close rank I should have hesitated to do what I did, but straggling as they were, I felt no fear.

Taking a position at the end of the very last little break in the table, I lay flat on the prairie with my arms and gun resting on a rise of some six inches just in front, which rise included the depth of my rifle pit. The buffalo were half a mile away when first sighted, and were coming rather slowly, so that I had ample time to get composed, and my nerve well in hand before they came within gun shot.

There was an old bull well in front of the line just opposite of me. His course led slightly to the right of my position, and he came to the verge of the table some sixty yards away. He stopped to look about as he reached the crest, which was just what I wanted him to do, and which was fatal to his further reign as lord of the prairie.

I knew how the hunter was supposed to operate to get a stand on a herd of buffalo, but had never yet succeeded in doing it. The idea was to break the back of the leader without killing him, so that he might bellow and call the rest to his aid.

A retired buffalo hunter by the name of Hill, who kept a store at Stockton, Kan., some twenty-five years ago, told me he shot a bull in this way, and that the others gathered round the fallen bull and pawed and bellowed until he shot sixty-five of them. I never believed this story, but from what I have seen and heard, think the principle correct.

At the crack of my gun the old fellow went down in a heap, but after some little struggle regained his front feet and bellowed like a "mad bull." At the sound the buffalo in the long, straggling line for a couple of hundred yards, began to verge toward that point. Some of them passed within fifty yards of me, but I let them go, and watched to see what the result was going to be. When the first one arrived at the wounded bull it stopped and began to bellow, and seemed to be trying to help its wounded comrade to his feet with its horns. The next one did likewise, and so on until there was a dozen bellowing round the struggling bull. It was now time for me to begin operations, and I opened fire on a fat cow. The first shot brought her down, and then partially struggling to her feet she plunged forward over the breaks and rolled full two hundred feet to the bottom of a cañon, where the men found her in the evening when they came out to do the skinning and dressing.

The result of the shot was doubtless unfortunate in that it divided the attention of the buffalo, some of them following the cow, and by the time I had got in two more counters, the bull had ceased to bellow and was lying quiet. The buffalo that had gathered about him began to move on with the passing herd, and my stand was at an end.

It was an imposing sight to see that rolling mass of black hulks come sweeping up to the verge and plunge over like a gigantic water fall, for the line extended as far as I could see east and west. Their gait at first had been leisurely, but they broke into a rolling gallop one by one as I began shooting, until the whole plain seemed a tossing black mass. Not a compact mass by any means, as there were places where one, two and even three hundred yards separated one buffalo from another, but looked at horizontally they seemed a compact mass.

As the buffalo neared the break, they concentrated and went over in long, black lines to accommodate themselves to the grade just as water that has fallen on a common level gathers in streams as it flows down the hillside. Indeed, at that time all the rougher lands on the Western plains were scamed all over with buffalo paths following the easier grades from the highest tables down through the broken ground to the streams; and also up and down the streams. One need be at no trouble to find the easiest way if his course lead him from the upper table to the nearest stream, or vice versa, as the buffalo paths would take him the most direct and the most feasible route.

For fifteen minutes the buffalo were passing, and after the failure of my plot I directed my shots at favorable offerings from these, and when the last of them had gone over the break I found I had accounted for seven of them. The last of these was a grizzled old bull who, though of giant stature, had evidently been whipped into submission by the younger bulls, as he came loafing along far in the rear. He came along within easy range of my position, and as I swung the gun on him, his eye caught the motion, and he stopped to look, turning his head in my direction he gave me a fair shot at the curl in the center of his forehead.

I had always heard that a rifle ball would not penetrate the hair, sand and skull of a buffalo, yet I determined to try. I heard the bullet spat, as if it might have struck a pine board or even a sheet of paper, and then go yowling away into the further distance, while the bull dropped in his tracks. Investigation showed that the bullet had struck fair in the center of the bulge of the forehead, and came out along the neck, just back of the ear.

A needle gun would usually drive its lead entirely through the body of a buffalo, but two out of three would lodge against the hide opposite where they entered, just as one finds No. 6 shot lodged against the hide of a squirrel after having gone through the body. Now and then when a bullet came out at some part of the body where the skin is tightly drawn, it would cut its way through and again it would lodge in the flesh after having been flattened on some large bone, but the hunter usually got the greater part of his lead back on skinning his game. The same bullet would often lodge in the body of a deer in the same way when shot through some flexible part.

I have been much interested in the debate as to "What is the best gun for moose?" In some cases I have been amused at the evident belief of the writers that everything hinged on some particular brand of rifle, and nothing on

the placing of the lead. Now I can take any rifle made, between a .32-40 common, and a .30-40 nitro, and kill moose or grizzly with it at 50 to 100 yards' range, provided I have sufficient time for sighting and a fair shot. If my life depended on a single shot, however, I should prefer to make it with one of Capt. Clark's 13-inch cannon.

The best gun for big game is the one the shooter can place his lead to the best advantage with. Outside of this the advantage goes to the greater penetrative force and the greater weight of lead. I do not intend that all argument shall stop here by reason of this conclusive statement; I only make it as having occurred to me on reading some of the experiences with different rifles.

Some may wonder at the foolhardiness of lying down on the prairie in front of an advancing herd of buffalo, but there was nothing foolhardy about it. The lay of the land was my protection. The little hollow I occupied was the first break leading to a deep cañon. A few paces further on there was a sheer drop of twenty feet. Buffalo don't go over such places, but avoid them as a bird avoids any object in the line of its flight. The game paths led at least thirty yards to the right and left of me. Another thing that was a reliable protection is the fact that nothing outside of absolute force can drive buffalo or domestic animals over a man lying prostrate on the prairie.

For some time after all the buffalo had crossed near me, I could see them crossing the table land a mile to the west, and having a pony picketed at the foot of the bluffs, ran down and mounted him. Riding up stream as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, I crossed the south branch of the creek near the forks and got in ahead of the last of the herd.

The country between the forks of the creek was a sandy prairie, with low hills, over which one could ride at full speed without danger, there being no sharp breaks for a horse to stumble over, and only yielding sand to fall on in case of a tumble. Noting these conditions, I headed the pony for the nearest buffalo, dropped the reins on his neck and bade him go.

The pony had been recommended to me as a trained buffalo hunter, and proved to be just what he was recommended to be. The ease and grace with which he carried me alongside one after another of those buffalo was very gratifying. I had had but little practice at shooting from horseback, and could not hit a buffalo more than half the time at ten yards range, but when I got close enough so that I could burn the hair on their sides, I could usually place my shot right. When I had six down the rest were well scattered, and my pony beginning to breathe heavily, so I drew rein and rode back to camp.

I had a complete scoop on the rest of the hunters, as they had been so deeply absorbed in the seven-up that the buffalo had not been discovered until they were past the camp. This left them nothing to do but make a stern chase through the rough hills to the east of the north branch of the creek. Under such circumstances it was well nigh impossible to accomplish anything.

With thirteen buffalo down and five teams in waiting for a load, I was the hero of the camp until they were loaded and off for home.

THE PARSON.

Natural History.

A Tragedy of the Kipewa.

THE sight I witnessed some years ago is so unique that I think it will prove interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I was at the time stationed right in the moose country, having for its center the great Kipewa Lake. One day toward the end of November, when, as yet only the bays of the big lake were frozen, I started to visit some mink traps in my canoe, accompanied by a small little rat of a dog. It was still open water in the body of the lake, but as I have said, the bays were frozen a couple of inches thick. There is a long point of land jutting into the lake. Open water washed the beach on my side of this; but on the other side was a frozen bay. I landed about the middle of the point to fix up a mink trap. The little dog ran up into the timber, and a minute or two after I heard him giving tongue in a savage manner for so small a beast, and I knew he must have started up something extraordinary, possibly a bear. I ran down to the canoe for my gun, and started off in the direction of the barking, which by that time was becoming more remote. Pushing on, I came out to the shore on the opposite side of the point. Here I witnessed a sight never before nor after seen by me during a residence of over thirty years in the wilds of Canada.

A large cow moose was slipping about on the glare ice trying to make her way to the other side of the bay. I was so spellbound for a few moments that I let the opportunity pass to shoot. The ice was so glare that it was with difficulty the large animal could make headway at all.

My little dog had now come up with her, and very pluckily nipped her heels. The huge beast tried to turn in her headway to face the cur. In doing so, her four feet all slipped at once from under her, and her great weight coming down so suddenly on the thin ice caused it to break in fragments, and the moose was in the water.

To get out of that hole with no bottom to spring from was more than that moose, or any other, could do, but the poor beast did not realize this, and continued swimming around, and every now and again getting its front hoofs on the slippery edge, only to fall backward again into the ice waters.

The dog followed it about the opening, barking continually, but the moose had more pressing business than to bother with a small dog. I saw that the creature would never succeed in extracting itself, and thought to end its misery. From where I stood the distance from the shore was about two hundred yards. I therefore started to load my gun (it was before the days of breechloaders), but when I got to the final of putting on the percussion cap, there was none.

Although I was positively sure the moose would be frozen stiff in that hole in the morning, the fascination

of the sight kept me standing there on the rocks watching her struggles.

I must have stood there for two full hours, as the sun of the short November day began to get near the tree-tops, and a cold, cutting north wind began to blow.

The poor moose was now swimming about very slowly, and at times turning up on her side. This told me the end was not far off.

The last look I gave she had part of her head resting on the ice, and her body floating on its side. Then I recrossed the point and paddled home as fast as I could.

Next morning we got a large canoe out of winter quarters, and with my two men we paddled back to the point, supplied with ropes and axes. The night had been a cold one, and had increased the thickness of the ice sufficient for us to walk upon. We cut a couple of long pines, or levers, and went out to the hole. The head was frozen just in the position I had last seen it, and this kept the body from sinking. Our first precaution was to chop the ice away about the carcass and get ropes about it. Then we got another around the neck and chopped the head clear.

We dropped it as it was to the shore, and there cut it up in quarters. All of the breast, neck and front legs were quite useless, being a mass of congealed blood and bruised flesh, caused by the moose's contact with the ice. These condemned parts, however, were not altogether useless, because I used them to bait my traps. Besides the eatable part of the meat, I got twenty pairs of shoes out of the hide.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Just after the above account of the very unusual occurrence was received, a press dispatch telling of a somewhat similar happening appeared in the New York newspapers. There is no doubt that accidents of one sort and another are responsible for the death of large game much more frequently than we imagine. It is certain also that among the young of such animals there is a considerable mortality, although we do not know that any observations on this subject have been recorded. Every man who has hunted much, however, has probably seen something of this, and we should be glad to record any such experiences of this sort which our readers have had. We ourselves have not infrequently found young deer and antelope that had evidently died from disease, and more seldom have seen young elk, and on two occasions, young mountain sheep, dead, for whose taking off there seemed to be no reason to be advanced except sickness. It is well known that on the fur seal islands of the north Pacific and the Bering Sea, thousands of pups die annually from disease, in addition to the vastly greater number which starve to death through the killing of the mothers by pelagic sealing.

The Sun account above referred to reads as follows:

Captains Wisner, Verity and Ira Udall, who have been across the bay to Fire Island beach, arrived here to-day. They say that two deer, one a fine large six-year-old buck and the other a doe, had walked out on the ice and had broken through. They had been unable to get back to the mainland and were carried with the current. They drifted across the bay a distance of nearly ten miles and were being taken out into the ocean when seen by Captains Udall and Verity from the State wharf east of the light-house.

The two men put off in a lifeboat and succeeded in driving the buck ashore. The doe was almost dead by that time. Every effort was made to get her ashore and save her life. A rope was fastened around her body and she was soon on shore, although after no little effort. She soon, however, died of exhaustion. The buck ran off east on the beach, but unless its instinct is strong enough to teach it to follow the beach east to the mainland, seventy miles distant, it will soon starve, as the sand hills and meadows are now bare of vegetation.

The German Antarctic Expedition.

IN the autumn of 1901 the German Antarctic Expedition will leave Europe to endeavor to penetrate as far as possible the ice covering the Antarctic waters south of the Indian Ocean.

The expedition will consist of a single wooden ship, especially prepared to resist ice pressure, of model suitable for encountering the storms of the Antarctic Sea, and rigged as a three-masted schooner, provided with an engine and boilers of power sufficient to give a speed of seven knots an hour, or more. She has been especially designed to accommodate the force of the scientific men, the officers and the crew, and their supplies of various sort, for three years, although the intended absence of the expedition, however, is to be only two years.

It is proposed to enter the Antarctic from the direction of Kerguelen, and to make extended observations with regard to the boundaries and connections of various reported Antarctic lands. A scientific station is to be established, at which a year may be spent in geographical and biological work, and which will be the headquarters from which land journeys will be made. Besides work done by the five members of the scientific staff, the five officers of the ship, including captain and chief engineer, will be detailed during this year to perform astronomical work and to make topographical and hydrographical surveys.

Aside from the interesting results likely to be made in physics, the study of the ocean and the investigation of the geology and chemistry of the Antarctic, there promises much of interest in zoology and botany. There will be some dredging but chiefly in shallow waters—less than 500 fathoms deep.

While the German expedition is working on the Indian Ocean side of the Antarctic ice, the British will be working on the Pacific Ocean side. The British expedition already has in view the establishment of a scientific station in New Zealand, and observations taken on such a station would be of great interest in connection with those at the German station, which, if possible, will be established on the west side of Victoria land, where it is hoped that an extensive land surface will be found. Other branch stations may be established.

There is a general wish among the scientific men of the world to have international co-operation established among all the expeditions attacking the South Pole, and it is earnestly hoped that such co-operation might be had.

Colorado Bird Notes.

I MET with an unusual sight in bird life on Jan. 4. I was riding on the range and had reached the top of a ridge. The old saw mill road, which we were then following, makes several sharp curves in its steep descent to the bottom of the gulch below. We had just rounded the first bend, when I noticed some distance ahead an immense flock of birds setting in the quaking asps, through which the road takes its course.

My first thought was blackbirds, as they stay with us all winter in numbers. We soon approached near enough to hear their chattering, and I said to my companion, "Waxwings," supposing them to be cedar waxwings. As we rode nearer, they all rose and circled about, returning to nearly the same place, keeping up their chattering all the time.

Not being positive what they were, as they seemed larger than the common cedar waxwing, I dismounted, and walking closer, shot at the thinnest part of the flock. I secured one specimen, which lodged in the top of a tall aspen. As he dropped to the ground I discovered that it was a Bohemian waxwing. If the whole flock were of the same species, and I think they were, it occurred to me as unusual to see so many of this species together. There were 2,000 birds in the flock, at a very conservative estimate. The snow for some distance about was completely tracked over, where they had been feeding on the dwarf chokecherry and sarvis berries which grew among the quaking asps on the side hill.

When on the hills again, on Jan. 12, I saw several flocks of the same species, each containing several hundred specimens.

While riding home Aug. 3, in the morning, during a rain, I chanced to look up at the cottonwoods which line the river, and noticed several large birds. There were about twenty of them, and I crept up beneath them, under cover of some scrub oaks, watching them for some time, and am positive they were passenger pigeons.

I was on the range Aug. 19, and when near the top of Basalt Mountain, walking across an area of rim rock, among which stood a few scattering dead pines, we noticed a pair of birds. They acted queerly. One would fly away, circle about and return to his perch. Then the other would try it. Both together would then do the same. This was kept up for some time. When separated the one resting would utter a peculiar whistling call note, which was continued till the one doing the aerial act would return. We were within close range of them several times, and could distinctly see the beautiful colorings of the passenger pigeon. This was at an altitude of over 10,000 feet.

Mr. Wilbur F. Smith, in your issue of Jan. 13, speaks of an early and late record of the phoebe note. It is possible that the phoebe notes he heard were those made by the chickadee, as this is one of the many notes this sociable little busybody utters. In my winter walks through the woods I believe I have heard the phoebe notes of this species more on dark days than on days of bright sunshine.

I have seen the passenger pigeon on three occasions during the past season. July 20, as I was driving along a roadway, which lead through the willows and alders of the river bottom, five of these birds flew from a tree by the roadside. The day was bright, and I had a good look at them.

I was very careful to identify the specimens seen, as well as one could, without having the birds actually in hand. I am familiar with the characteristics of the passenger pigeon, although I have never met with the band-tailed pigeon, but very likely shall during the coming season.

The last specimens of *Ectopistes migratoria* which I had seen till last summer, were taken in 1891. My notes of Aug. 29, 1891, says: "Passenger pigeon had six acorns in its crop." As I was at Beaven Dam, Wis., visiting at the time, I failed to note any other data, and mounted the bird, which I still have in my collection. It was shot from the top of a large burr oak along the roadside, and was the only one to be seen.

Notes of Sept. 11, 1891, has this record: "Passenger pigeon (juv.). Len., 14½; ex., 23½; wing, 8; tail, 6; bill, ¾; tar., 1¼; toe, etc., 1½. Total len., 12½. Legs, reddish; eyes, hazel; bill, black. Had twenty seeds in its crop. Was found dead on the college campus." This bird was brought to me by the teacher of the sciences at Downer College, Fox Lake, Wis., for whom it was mounted.

GEO. A. MORRISON.

Old New York.

THERE are probably not a few sportsmen who remember the New York city of olden time. Perhaps there are men who have shot woodcock north of the Collect Pond, or have fished in the creek which ran through Canal street. Certainly there are still many men who have shot wild pigeons on what is now Riverside Drive, caught eels in brooks where now are paved streets, crabbled on the sites of great warehouses, and shot quail and woodcock near the Columbia College ground. A famous place for killing muskrats in winter used to be under a solid block of buildings now standing west of the 9th Avenue Elevated Railroad. The number of people who can recall such exploits is not great to-day, and is growing smaller each year. Only last year there died here a man who used to tell of how, when he was a little boy, he had wandered out into the country beyond the almshouse on Chambers street, and had got lost in the fields. He recalled how first, as a small boy, and later as a youth, it had been his highest ambition and delight to capture killies in the old canal. As a small boy too—and a bad one—he used to collect fragments of the marble when they were building the City Hall and offer them to younger children for lumps of sugar, for in those days sugar came in a huge loaf and was broken into irregular fragments before it could be used.

That wild ducks should be seen flying over the city is not strange, nor that they should be killed in adjacent waters, but that a ruffed grouse should have been seen on the island within forty years is more remarkable.

Persons who are interested in the history of old New York and in publications relating to it, look with interest on the Historical Index to Valentine's manuals of

the Corporation, which has recently been issued by Francis P. Harper, of this city. This index makes these manuals far more useful and more precious than they have ever been before.

Game Bag and Gun.

The White Man Against the Indian.

IN the fall of 1876, while engaged in the live-stock business, I was encamped in the valley of the Snake River, at a point where it receives the waters of the Assotin, in the extreme southeast corner of what was then Washington Territory, and at that time one of the principal camping places of the Joseph tribe of Indians, known as the "renegades" and "sun-worshippers" of the Nez Perces. They were "blanket," or wild, Indians, and were famed for their stealth and prowess in hunting.

Such was their reputation in this respect that the question of which was the most successful hunter, the white man or the Indian, was often discussed among the members of our company. In fact, it became an every-day topic, some contending that there was no white man who could hunt with anything like the success of an Indian, and going so far as to back up their opinion with the offer to pay for the best dinner they could procure as soon as we should return to civilization. They claimed that they could select one Indian from the tribe then encamped there, who could make more points than any four white men the opposite party might name.

"I will take you on that. Yes, I will go you one better," was the reply. "I will select one white man of our crowd who will make more counts than any four Indians you can find anywhere."

This was quickly taken, the selections were made, and the preliminaries arranged.

The count agreed upon was as follows: Blue grouse 1, fool-hen 1, fox 25, coyote 25, otter 50, beaver 50, fisher 75, wolverine 125, grey wolf 200, yellow wolf 250, black bear 300, brown bear 500, grizzly 1,000, cougar 700, mountain lion 800, mountain sheep 500, deer 100, elk 500, goat 500, moose elk 800.

The time was to extend over three days. The hunting ground was to begin at the mouth of the Grande Ronde River and extend south over a high range of mountains lying between the Imnaha, Grande Ronde, Snake and Willowa Rivers, embracing a stretch of territory sixty miles wide by one hundred in length, highly adapted to the habits of large game, which at that time was very abundant. This region was one of the principal hunting grounds of the Joseph tribe, but up to this time they had not commenced their fall hunts, consequently the game had not been disturbed.

The four Indians selected for the contest were Pokh Pokh Mamelouse Mowich, the man who kills all the deer.

Black Tail Eagle, the man who hunts elk; Nebbouse Testamena, the man of many horses, and Uses Ilpilp Metolt Pokh, Gray Three Feathers, the man who kills bear.

I had the honor to be selected as the champion of the pale faces, and was called Mox Mox Hihhi Suopo, or red-whiskered white man, also the man who climbs a tree when he sees a grizzly.

The referees were Noble Henry, a white man who had married a squaw, and Glen, his brother, the former acting for the Indians.

The rules governing the hunt were as follows: The hunters must be at the mouth of the Grande Ronde River on the following Monday night, must camp on the north side and not cross over until daylight Tuesday morning, when they would be at liberty to pursue the game, each in his own way.

The referees, with the squaws who were to take care of the game, must keep in as direct a line as possible from this camping ground to a spring located at the top of the range, some thirty-five miles distant, where the second camp would be located.

The game must be brought into camp, otherwise it would not be counted.

This contest created a great deal of excitement among the Indians, being something entirely new to them, and it is needless to say that they went into it with a grim determination to win. They each had a late improved Winchester with an abundance of ammunition.

All started early Monday morning for the rendezvous, except myself. I was at that time gathering a herd of stock to drive across the plains in the spring, and on that day I had to superintend the branding of some wild horses that had just come in. This detained me until two o'clock, when I hastily collected my hunting outfit, mounted my best hunting and mountain horse, and, with my "old reliable" across the pommel of my saddle, started alone to join the party at the mouth of the Grande Ronde River.

With thirty miles to travel over a rough range of mountains, and down the precipitous gorge into the great canyon of the Grande Ronde River, it was but natural that I should feel somewhat anxious to reach camp before dark. I reached the top of the range a little after sundown, and, in the early twilight, looked down from my lofty height into a chasm of dense darkness into which I must pursue my way to reach camp not less than six miles distant, and, possibly, many more.

In order to be as well prepared as possible, I hastily dismounted, tightened the saddle girth, placed the cantenos on the back of the saddle, reloaded my revolver, and placed a fresh cartridge in my "old reliable," then remounting, I was soon enveloped in the darkness of the canyon, trusting mainly to the sagacity of my faithful horse to keep the narrow trail which followed a sharp ridge or spur extending out from the main mountain, well knowing that there were places where the slightest deviation from the trail on either side would be fatal.

But I banished all thoughts of danger as signs of weakness, and soon was gladdened by the light of the camp-fire gleaming through the darkness far below. Our party had built a beacon fire to guide me on my dangerous way to a welcome camp and a sumptuous supper.

Half an hour more and I was in camp. My attendant took my horse, and, while I was enjoying the bountiful

repast of prairie chicken and blue grouse, cooked after the most approved camp fashion, my Indian competitors, one after another, came in to see me, for up to this time they had not known who had the nerve to make the contest against such odds.

"Totts, mox mox suopo," interpreted "Good evening, red-whiskered white man," was the salutation of Pokh Pokh Mamelouse Mowich, the leader of the party. After they had looked their opponent over and politely made a few complimentary remarks, they strode away to their tepees, possibly to felicitate themselves on the easy victory in store for them.

But, being well acquainted with the habits of all the game in this section, I felt confident that I could at least make it interesting for the red men, although they had an advantage in being familiar with every foot of the ground, while my knowledge of it was, of course, limited. However, with my plans for the following day all arranged, I retired early, after placing my "old reliable" along side of me and my ammunition under my head by way of caution, and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning I awoke at 4 o'clock and called the cook, who was out at a bound, and soon had the fire going with pots and frying pans filled with the food made ready the previous evening for the morning meal. By the time the breakfast was eaten, the first streaks of day appeared down the dark canyon. Then, all was bustle. Tents came down and were quickly packed, horses were brought in and saddled, lariats were coiled and securely tied, for use in case of emergency.

While this was being done, I selected an ample supply of ammunition, placed it in my cantenos with a small lunch of bread and meat, some salt and a generous supply of matches, in case I should be compelled to stay out over night, and stood leaning on my old reliable, waiting for the signal from the referees to cross the river.

It was soon light enough to see to shoot with accuracy, and the word to go was given. I was in the saddle at a bound, and, giving the horse the spurs, plunged into the water. It was a rapid mountain stream, but my steed was a good one and we were soon safe on the other side, followed closely by Pokh Pokh Mamelouse Mowich and the other three Indians. They turned to the left up a canyon, but I kept the trail up the steep ascent of 6,000 feet in the first six miles of the thirty-five we had to make before reaching our next camping place, for I knew that at this time of the year the game would be found in the thick undergrowth at the head of the canyons, and not lower down. So, when a little later, from the high position I had gained, I saw Pokh Pokh below and Uses Ilpilp Metolt Pokh hunting up another canyon, I was greatly encouraged, for I was sure that they did not know where to find the game.

I pushed my horse along as fast as possible, intending to follow the trail until within six or eight miles of where we were to camp. Then I turned abruptly to the right and went a short distance over the brow of a hill, now leading my horse, as the thickness of the willow underbrush made it impossible for me to keep my seat in the saddle. I had not traveled one hundred yards after dismounting, before I knew from the signs that I was among the game. Coming suddenly upon a little opening at the brow of the knoll I dropped the bridle rein, and cautiously approached the top and peered over, and, sure enough, as I had anticipated, there was a large herd of mule deer quietly grazing, coming directly toward me. They were soon in close gunshot, but to be sure of getting two, I waited for them to come a little nearer. I held in my left hand the usual number of cartridges, for old reliable was a single-shot rifle, and it took a quick motion to reload rapidly enough to get in more than one shot before the game would be out of reach in the dense woods.

When they had reached the middle of the little opening, I selected one of the finest, which was standing broadside toward me, with its head high up, eating some black moss from the trunks of a fir tree. At the crack of the gun he gave three or four bounds: stopped, and, in a few seconds, dropped to the ground. Then, quickly reloading, while the herd was bewildered, I dropped another and could have killed more, but did not, because two were all I could carry to camp that night.

It is always a hunter's desire to know where the ball strikes the game. In this case, both were shot directly through the heart, hence their quick death. The question now was how to get the deer to camp, so I brought up my horse and got the riata and tied one end of it to the trunk of a tree near the ground. Then I climbed a stiff sapling near and with the other end of the riata took a turn around it near the top, and by pulling with the help of my weight, I bent the sapling down and held it by means of the riata. Then I fastened one deer to the end of the sapling, loosened the riata, and by the springing back of the sapling was enabled to lift the deer on the horse. This I repeated with the other deer, placing one in the saddle and the other behind it, lashing them securely with a small rope which I always carried on hunting excursions.

As the combined weight of the two deer was something over four hundred pounds, the horse had all the load it could carry without the rider.

So, after a lively walk of five or six miles, I arrived at camp, finding tents all pitched, fires burning, and all hands waiting for some one to bring game in for the evening meal. So I received a warm welcome. The checkmen then took my horse, quickly unlashed the deer, and, letting them fall to the ground, liberated the tired animal from his heavy load. Then they dressed and quartered the deer and hung them up, taking some of the tenderest, juiciest parts to cook for supper. I was greatly surprised to see how neat they were, and with what dispatch they did the work. My previous experience with Indians had led me to believe that they were a filthy race, but here I found a tribe as cleanly as a large majority of white people, and I watched them with much interest.

In a short time they had the savory venison cooking in as many different ways as the most finished civilized cook could have done, boiling, frying, roasting in the ashes, and broiling upon long sticks held over the fire, this last being the favorite mode with the Indians.

It was now getting late in the evening, yet none of my competitors had appeared. I was not surprised at this, for I knew if they did meet with success, it would take night to drive them, and I did not expect to see them before, but I also knew that darkness would bring them, unless

they had lost their way, in which case they would not report before daylight next morning. They would simply camp where darkness overtook them. The Indian has such a superstitious nature that he will not travel after dark if he can avoid doing so.

At this stage the checkman, or wife, of Pokh Pokh Mamelouse Mowich reported that her husband was coming, walking, with his horse loaded, and soon he arrived. He had killed two deer, a small one which he had tied on the saddle and a large one which was dragging with a rope attached to the horn of the saddle and tied around the neck of the deer. Neither one was as large as the smaller of mine, yet he was not strong enough to load the larger one on the saddle, and did not know how to use the sapling to help him, so he used the only means he knew to get them to camp, for, unless brought in, they would not count.

While the checkmen were busy taking care of this cargo, Black Tail Eagle, the man who kills elk, rode up empty handed, merely gave an Indian grunt, tossed the riata to his checkman, and slunk away to his tent.

Uses Ilpilp Metott Pokh, the man who kills bear, followed, also empty handed, very much disgusted with his day's work.

When The Man of Many Horses, Nebbouse Testamena, reported without anything, I felt like throwing up my hat, but I knew it would not do. Indians possess, at least, one noble trait in never showing the least spirit of exultation over a vanquished rival in his presence.

Our camp was located at a flowing spring in a beautiful forest of yellow pine, tamarack and fir, with a dense growth of white pine, white willow, white birch and alder at the head of the gulches and on the highest points, most admirable conditions for a winter home for deer during the deep snows that fall at those high altitudes. We were between eight and nine thousand feet above sea level, almost at the highest point of the dividing ridge of the Imnaha mountains, between the Grande Ronde and the river from which the mountains take their name.

The first day's contest was over and we stood even. On this night there was no loud talking and laughing in the tepees of the Indians as on the previous evening, a sign of determination in the Indian character.

All interest now centered in the next day. At such a high altitude, these October nights were freezing cold, so I soon deserted the camp-fire for my tent, rolled myself in a goodly supply of warm blankets and was soon pursuing the chase in my dreams.

Next morning I awoke early, struck a match and found it to be 4 o'clock, so I called my cook. At half past 5 breakfast was over, the horses were brought in and saddled, and at 6 we were ready to start. The Indians appeared to be very anxious to get out ahead of me, which was just what I wanted. My plan was to follow them a short distance to get their range or the direction in which they intended to hunt, and then choose a different course. This was the day of big counts, and I did not propose to be beaten.

The ground was frozen quite hard, and the huntsman who would see the track of an elk or deer must look sharp. I followed the Indians, about 50 yards behind, watching the ground closely, for we were crossing the great divide now, the highway of all kinds of large game as they traveled north and south. When about half a mile from camp, I saw the print of half of the foot of an elk in the frozen ground. The elk was going south, and the track could not have been made more than an hour before we came. The Indians had not seen it, so I said nothing and kept on following until I was satisfied in regard to their course, when I turned abruptly to the right up a small gulch to get out of their sight as soon as possible. When there was no longer a possibility of their shadowing me, I returned to where I had crossed the elk's track, which, by dismounting and walking, I could follow though with great difficulty. I followed cautiously along until I came to a heavy growth of white pine which the elk had entered. I believed they would stay here during the day, but to be certain, made a circuit of the thicket, and on returning to the starting point found they had not left it. Then proceeding slowly along their trail, I had not gone 200 yards, when I saw the head and shoulders of a fine large elk. He was lying down, and the shrubbery was so thick that one could see but a short distance, consequently I was at close range. I took deliberate aim and fired, and fortunately accomplished my intention of breaking his neck. The others, for there were more of them, before I could reload, were running rapidly through the timber, which stood so thick it was a difficult matter to get a shot with any degree of certainty. However, I brought another down, but he rose almost immediately and rushed through that dense growth of timber, as only an elk could. I followed along as fast as possible, hoping soon to come to an opening, where I could get another shot, but when I reached open ground he was nowhere to be seen.

The direction the elk had taken in his mad rush was almost toward camp, and I was so near that I concluded to go and tell the checkmen where they could find the first one before following the one that was wounded.

The ground had thawed some during the day, and it was an easy matter to follow the trail in the openings, and I had not traveled far before it became evident that the elk was not badly wounded. After a distance of two miles he struck the trail of the others, and followed it so well that I knew he would not lie down soon, but I was out for elk, and determined to follow until dark.

About this time a deer walked directly across my path, and I soon had him hanging from a sapling, and hurriedly resumed the pursuit of the elk. I followed about five miles further, when the trail entered an impenetrable windfall, and I gave up the chase.

It was now sundown, and camp eight or ten miles away, and the greater part of the distance covered so thickly with brush and timber that I was obliged to ride very slowly, but I made the best of the situation, and crowded my horse along as fast as possible. When I had reached the deer and lashed it on the horse, it was as dark as it would be that night. I could not see the landmarks, so my safety lay in the north star and a sagacious horse for guides. Just after starting with the deer, I heard the scream of a panther. I knew what he wanted, but did not intend to lose my prize without a fight, so I struck a match, and saw that my gun was all right, then dis-

mounted and led my horse, so as not to get entangled with it in case of an attack by the hungry panther.

I traveled perhaps a mile in this way, but he kept a safe distance, though making a great deal of noise. He finally gave up the job as a bad one, of which I was heartily glad.

The rest of the way there was nothing to contend with except the trees and bushes, which the horse seemed to seek for the purpose of removing defenseless legs and eyes.

At last, however, with a few bruises and scratches, I reached camp and found for supper a bountiful supply of deer tongue and elk's heart.

All of my rivals were in with great stories to tell of their misfortunes. The game was wild, ammunition bad, the sight of Nebbouse's gun had got moved, and many others of a similar nature. Uses Ilpilp Metott Pokh had brought in one small deer. I sympathized with them, for I could afford to, as the count now, at the end of the second day, stood three hundred for the reds against eight hundred for the whites. But I did not dare to feel elated, for there was another day in which we must travel thirty-five miles back to our Grande Ronde camp.

This was Wednesday, and according to the rules, we must be in camp on Friday morning with all of our game. Before leaving that morning I had given orders to my attendant to find a place where my horse could get a bountiful supply of bunch grass during the coming night, as I intended to make my greatest ride the last day.

I arose early Thursday morning, to find it had clouded over and a little snow had fallen, with a prospect of much more. Breakfast was eaten long before daylight, and every one was anxious for the day to break. Everything was activity in the camp of my opponents, the checkmen tying great rolls of meat into bundles, preparatory to packing it for transportation on their ponies.

As daylight began to appear, I saw by the movements of the Indians that they intended to do something different from what they had done on the previous two days, for a young buck who was not one of the competitors, brought in his horse, saddled him, placed his riata on the saddle, wiped out his gun and filled the magazine with a fresh lot of cartridges.

The others had made no sign of getting ready, although I had my horse ready to mount as soon as it was light enough to see the sights of the gun. When this time came, I threw a fresh load in my gun, strapped a brace of revolvers on my cantenos and started, the young Indian following. It dawned upon me at once that the scheme was to have him follow me during the day as volunteer company. This did not please me, for I knew that if I should see any game and try to steal up on it, he would in all probability frighten it before I could get a shot. This was what he was sent along for, and the question was how to get rid of him without giving offense.

He was then about 50 yards behind me, and I called him up, intending to gain his confidence, and after awhile give him the slip, so he now joined me, following close behind in Indian file.

My plan for the day was to follow the trail we came out on fifteen or twenty miles, and then make a detour to the right and skirt the head of the cañons which faced the Grande Ronde River, for in these places there was sure to be a rich hunting ground.

We were now traveling over a level plateau, covered with a light growth of yellow pine timber, with just enough snow on the ground to hold the tracks of any game traveling. After a ride of two hours we came upon the track of a very large grizzly bear, which had crossed the trail but a few minutes before. I could see plainly that my Indian friend was scared, and when I told him that I was going to follow the track and try to kill the bear, he objected, saying: "Mica hui mamelouse," meaning he will kill you quickly, but he concluded to go, although I was in hopes that he would leave me.

We did not have to go far before my horse got scent of the grizzly, and gave a terrific snort, and it was all I could do to keep his head toward the enemy. The bear had entered a thick growth of young pine, fir and tamarack trees, which was so dense that we could not ride through it, so I told my companion to go around this to the right, while I would go to the left, and we would meet on the opposite side, and if the bear had left the thickets, his tracks would be seen.

We had separated but a few minutes when I heard most terrific yells. I was sure the bear had caught the fellow, so I turned my horse, put my spurs to him, and went flying over logs, through the brush toward the noise. When I reached a point where I could see the young bear, he was going toward camp as fast as his horse could carry him, his long, thick hair streaming behind, and laying on the whip for dear life, while giving the most frantic, blood-curdling Indian yells. The bear had got scent of me and stampeded toward the Indian, who was so badly scared that he forgot all about using his gun. I did not see him again that day, so I was alone, bear and Indian both gone.

I then went around the thicket until I came to the place where he had seen the grizzly, and from the leaps the latter had made, it was evident that he was as badly scared as the Indian. I followed the track as fast as possible, until it entered a great windfall, through which I could not ride, and it would have been a warm reception the bear would have given me if he had caught me in such a place on foot. It was always my practice not to shoot a grizzly unless I was up a tree or on the back of a horse, so I reluctantly gave him up. The Indian had probably prevented my obtaining the great prize, which would have scored 1,000 points.

It was getting late in the afternoon now, and I at once returned to my original plan.

In the second cañon after reaching the brow of the mountain, looking down into the Grande Ronde Valley, I came upon as fine a herd of black-tailed deer as I ever saw, containing at least a hundred head. They were below me on a bench which extended out from the main range. I took three cartridges in my hand, selected a good deer and dropped him in his tracks, and reloaded again as quickly as possible. The echo of the report of the gun seemed to confuse the deer, and they merely bounded around and then stopped. I dropped another, and then another, now having three—all I could carry. Although I could have killed as many more, I refrained, it being my practice never to kill more game than I

could use. When I emerged from my covert, the herd went bounding away, a magnificent sight.

I then walked down to where my prizes lay, took my sheath knife and cut off the heads, dressed the bodies, unjointed the legs at the knees, skinned the lower legs down to the feet, cut a slit through the hide just above the forefeet, and run the hind foot through the slit, making what hunters call saddle bags out of the deer. Then, with the aid of a sapling already described, I hung them on the saddle, one on each side hanging with the back down. The third I placed in the middle and then lashed the three as one around the horns of the saddle with the riata. The deer thus well secured, I shouldered my gun and started at sunset for camp, at least ten miles away. I made haste to reach the trail before dark, after which I felt easy. My horse, having such a heavy load, had to travel slowly down the mountain, and it was almost 9 o'clock when I reached camp.

Every one rushed out to see what I had, and when they looked at the horse by the dim light, they were amazed, as they could see nothing of him but head and tail, he was so completely covered with deer.

The checkmen soon had him uncovered, and while at work kept up a chatter of complimentary remarks about the white hunter, at the same time heaping ridicule upon their husbands, the red men, calling them "old women," which is the worst insult an Indian can receive.

My opponents had also brought in three deer, scoring in the three days 600 points, having brought into camp six deer.

My score was 1,100, consisting of six deer and one elk. A fine dinner was subsequently given in Kansas City by the defeated party, at which all the members of our company were present, except the white hunter who, on account of business demands, was not able to attend.

The young Indian had good cause for his frantic fear, for about two years before the events related, seven Indians of the same tribe had encountered a mammoth grizzly, and in the struggle with him, six of them were killed, their bodies being horribly mangled and dismembered. The one who escaped the great beast was badly wounded, but he crawled to camp and told the story. The next morning the great beast, with immense claws 6 inches long, was found in a dying condition. He was quickly dispatched, and his hide, which contained as many as fifty or sixty gashes from the knives of the luckless Indians, was preserved. It was for a long time, and is probably now, kept at the Laprairie Indian Agency.

G. W. WILLIAMS.

Moose Calling.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hand you herewith for publication, if you like, a letter I received two years ago from Frank H. Risteen.

Like many other American sportsmen, I valued Mr. Risteen's friendship and mourn his loss. Everywhere in this eastern country I meet men who are indebted to him, and his facile pen was always imparting information for the pleasure of his fellows. FRED TALCOTT.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 16.—Dear Mr. Talcott: I was much interested by the account of your efforts to hypnotize the expatriated bull moose. If you and I could have temporarily changed places that beautiful Friday evening I think we would both have enjoyed the experience, for while you were calling up or "calling down" (for he seems to have taken your remarks offensively) the moose at Providence, I was calling up a bull moose in his native wilds at a little pond on one of the branches of Bear Brook.

I am not certain that I told you when here that I was going out soon for a short trip to the Bear Brook and Little River region. At all events I left the following Wednesday and came back on the ensuing Saturday. Friday night, about sun-down, I called a few times at this pond-hole, and at last received an answer from a distant ridge. The woods were as still as death, and the grunts of the moose as he drew nigh could be heard with the utmost distinctness. I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that he grunted 200 times. Being somewhat inexperienced in such matters—for it was the first time in my life that I had ever heard a moose coming from a distance to the call—I could not figure out how far he was away, but think he must have been about a mile off when he started. Sometimes he would seem to pause and listen, and then, when I would call again, he would respond and open his throttle valve. It was a very exciting experience. My companion had a double-barrelled shotgun, loaded with ball, and (as he told me later), intended to give him both barrels at once! I had my old favorite Martini, and we crouched behind a bush so as to be ready the moment the moose hove in sight. I reckoned that moose just the same as dead. But, as usual, it was the unexpected that happened. Whether I made some blunder in the calling as he came close up which made him suspicious; or whether he was naturally a wary old customer; or whether he had been recently beaten in a fight; or whether he caught as he approached a vagrant whiff of human scent—at all events, when he came to the head of the pond, about 100 hundred yards away, he did not show himself, as we expected, but came down through the thicket of alders and ancient rampikes that flanked the right side of the pond. He came within 60 yards of us, and there remained some time, now and then snapping a stick, or brushing the twigs with his horns, and occasionally indulging in a grunt. After perhaps 15 minutes he turned and made back, still grunting at intervals, and crossing the brook above the pond (still keeping to the shelter of the bushes), he came down towards us on the left side of the pond, which was the side we were on.

We then shifted to the right side of the pond, as it gave us, we thought, a better chance to see his form against the background of the sky. But though he came fully as close as on the first occasion we could not catch a glimpse of him. It was then moonlight, and approaching 7 o'clock. I tried every scheme I could think of to bring him out, such as pouring water out of the horn, and also withdrawing to a distance and calling, while my companion remained behind with the fire-arms, but all without effect. We heard him take a long inward breath as though he had caught our scent, and that was the very

last sound we ever heard from him. Whether he remained there for half an hour or more motionless as a statue (which I think probable), or else stole away like a cat, we could not say. The camp was over a mile away; we were not certain that we could find it by moonlight, and so were obliged to leave him.

On our way out of the woods next day I met a guide named Allen and told him our experience. He and a moose caller, Ed. Church by name, went to the pond and called the next night without result, but on the following morning they called him up and shot him, greatly to my satisfaction, as I had a grudge, almost amounting to hatred, against that particular moose. I shall have the pleasure to-day of dining upon some of his steak.

Now, it seems to me that the logical result of my investigation this fall is that it is no trick for the amateur sportsman to call his moose when the moose is on deck and all the signs are right, but it may be that the moose will fool him in the end. I might add that a friend of mine, John Bodkin, of Fredericton, has killed a very big moose (said to measure 66 inches across the horns), which would break all the records for Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by three inches, which he called up himself on the Nepisiguit. All that Bodkin knows about calling he learned in a few lessons from me. His moose came right up like an express train, and as soon as the rifle cracked he charged right down upon the enemy, and Bodkin would have had a hard time of it had he not placed his second shot in the right place.

The horns of the moose I called up and which Allen subsequently shot, measured 42 inches—would have been much wider, but one of the horns had been greatly worn at the extremities when in the velvet.

I got quite a nice buck deer down river last Tuesday, but am going to lay the rifle on the rack now until the snow falls, and then am going to have a try for caribou.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

Through the Snow After Sheep.

ON a cold winter evening in the latter part of one December, I was outside of my log cabin in the Rockies "hustling" in firewood for the spacious fire-place, and preparing for a night of comfort. From force of habit I looked out over my meadow land, and scanned closely the edges, which were joined on three sides by timber, where, during the summer season, I commonly saw deer coming out to feed. The snow was deep, so deep that the snowshoes had become my favorite means of locomotion. I was accustomed to seeing the smooth, white surface of the snow unbroken in that direction, save where I had taken a tramp on snowshoes. To my astonishment I saw a distinct and heavy trail leading out of the woods into the meadow, where the drifting of the snow had made it indistinct. It was certainly the trail of some heavy animal, and as the deer and elk had all left the region for their winter quarters, my interest and curiosity were aroused. Getting on my snowshoes I sped across, the distance being about a half-mile, and there found where a fine bunch of mountain sheep had been traveling both ways, about two days before. Climbing up the side of the mountain through the woods for some distance to study the tracks, for the snow was deep and dry, making it difficult to determine which way they had gone last, I decided that they had made the last trip down into the meadow. Following out to a lick in the meadow, where the snow had nearly all blown off, I saw they had spent some time there, and by some searching found they had gone on across the meadow in the direction of Bull Cañon, a favorite resort for sheep, and about a mile below my place. Satisfying myself of the direction they had gone, I went back home, prepared an extra supply of wood, in anticipation of being tired the next evening, set the alarm clock for an early hour the next morning, and went to bed to dream of old rams and rocky cañons.

Never having hunted sheep any, I knew little of their habits, except of their rock-climbing propensities, but made up my mind to have a sheep before coming back, although they were three days ahead of me.

Striking out on snowshoes across the park at an early hour, I soon landed at the foot of a steep, bare mountain, up which their trail led. As they would enter the rocky cañon after getting to the top of that mountain, I left my snowshoes, and proceeded on foot.

I climbed to the top of the mountain and struck their trail on the other side, in a patch of green timber, then down into the steep, rocky cañon they went, where it was barely safe for man to go.

Threading my way among the rocks, finding the trail here and there, I followed to the bottom of the cañon, across the creek, up the other side almost to the top, then parallel with the course of the cañon for quite a distance. From the appearance of the tracks I was not expecting to find them yet, and was pushing along as fast as the deep snow would allow, when suddenly, about mid-day, I saw one 100 yards ahead of me, and it saw me at the same instant, and was off like the wind. Coming to where they had been, I found that the whole bunch, perhaps a dozen or more, had been together.

After following their trail along the brow of the bluff for half a mile, I found that the bunch had divided, about half going straight ahead, and the others turning square off, and going straight down the steep side of the cañon.

I stopped where the trails separated and could see the trail so far down the side of the cañon that I felt satisfied that they had crossed over to the other side.

The opposite side was in full view from top to bottom, and about a mile in length. I looked it all over carefully and at last made out their forms scattered among the rocks on the other side, perhaps a half-mile away on an air line, and a mile by land. Knowing better than to go down on their trail, I kept straight ahead on the trail of the others, until I was down over the mountain in the woods out of their sight, then turned square off, going straight down to the creek. And such traveling! It would have been considered impossible on bare ground, but the snow was waist deep, there being enough timber to hold it from blowing off.

I just rolled, tumbled, slid, any way so I got down, but I "got there just the same." As soon as I had crossed the creek I was in plain view of the game; there was no possible way of getting at them except by going directly

toward them, and I had at least 200 yards to go with nothing to protect me from sight, save an occasional log and clump of willows. I could only see one way of getting to them. Plugging up the muzzle of my gun, I wrapped the breach securely in my coat, to keep out the snow. I then got down in the deep snow and plowed my way through on my hands and knees, showing only my head and the top of my back above the snow, and leaving a trail which would have created a panic among a company of tenderfeet, had any such happened that way. The plan worked well, and brought me, unseen, around a point of rocks which hid me from view.

Then I commenced my climb up among the rocks, making my way to a rocky ledge which would shelter me and bring me within gun shot.

When I got within a few rods of the place I had selected from which to shoot, I began to realize that it was far past dinner time, and owing to very early breakfast and severe exertion, I was so hungry and tired that my nerves were becoming unsteady. I coolly sat down—at least sat down in a cool place—took out my lunch and proceeded to strengthen myself for the final act in my first sheep hunt. When I came up to the last rock which was shielding me, I found no way of getting to it, except by jumping several feet and landing on a large, round boulder, which was lying apparently on a balance on a flat, sloping rock. To overbalance or lose footing there meant a sudden drop of 50 feet.

I jumped on the rock, and then found I could not stand without clinging with one hand to the rock I was hiding behind. Holding on to it, I leaned out over the chasm, and saw a magnificent old ram with immense horns, standing on the high, sharp point of a rock, perhaps 100 yards or more from me and 50 feet above me, while the others were scattered about the base of the rock, some lying down, and all, apparently, resting in fancied security, while their leader was keeping watch. The sight was grand, and is stamped on my memory. The great ram with his immense horns, stood on a peak of rocks so high that the blue sky formed the background, and showed the outline to such perfection as I have never seen any other wild animal. Could I have a picture of that scene I would name it "The Sentinel." He stood still as a statue, watching for any danger that might come to his flock. That was early in my hunting experience, and I had not yet learned to calculate distance and shoot accordingly; and this, with the cramped and strained position in which I had to shoot caused me to make a clean miss of the first and only big ram with large horns I ever had a shot at. They all went up through the cañon in single file, being in sight only in spots, where they could be seen passing between rocks.

I shot at every glimpse I could get, being determined to waste all the ammunition I could. Just as they were going over the top of the cañon and were in sight for the last time, I fired a parting shot, at a distance of 300 yards, and I saw one, as I thought, drop from the ranks. On coming up I found a fine doe lying with the top of her head blown off. It was purely accidental, of course, but the meat was just as good as if killed by fine shooting. The skin made a beautiful rug, and has been doing service ever since in the home of my neighbor, Elick Hilton, of that locality.

The rug will wear out, and the old ram has very probably yielded to disease or rifle ball long e'er this, but the memory of him standing boldly on that lofty pinnacle affords me greater and more lasting pleasure than if I had his horns as trophies.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Our Hunting Club Stories.

TIMOTHY BURNS is the proprietor of a gun-shop in our town. He has everything in the way of arms, from a toy pistol to a magazine rifle. In the basement of his store he has nearly a carload of antiquated weapons, such as muskets, carbines, muzzle-loading shot guns and rifles, which are worthless as weapons at the present day, but which did good service many years ago, and which are now purchased as curiosities for the decoration of the rooms of sportsmen, and for other purposes. Now and then you can find in his stock an old flint-lock gun, but these are becoming rare. Tim keeps an assortment of all kinds of ammunition, fishing tackle, etc., and his place has become the resort of all the hunters of this locality, and the crack-shots with rifle or shotgun.

And afternoon between three and four o'clock, if you should wander into Tim's store, you will see from four to six, and possibly twelve, men leaning against the counters, listening to some hunting story told by one of the number. Tim seldom takes part in this story-telling, but occupies a seat rather to the rear of the office, at a desk, where he can see what is going on. Tim is a smooth-faced, white-haired, easy-mannered individual, rather given to fat than leanness. He has a happy, go-lucky way which has made him many friends. If you should happen to buy a box of cartridges at his store, the next time he would very likely address you as Charley, old boy, and put his hand affectionately on your shoulders. You would at once assume that Tim had known you since childhood, although, as a matter of fact, he had not known you at all. This was simply Tim's way, and it was a pleasant way, very agreeable to all who came in contact with this peculiar man.

When Tim does join the group of story-tellers, it is owing to something that has been said which called to mind reminiscences of his early days in hunting, and the story is bound to be a good one, but the proceedings of this hunting club are not entirely in the line of stories but rather conversations suggested by a member, thus the proceedings were varied.

Being something of a hunter myself, I know most of these men who frequent Tim's hunting club, as I will call it. At one time and another I have met these men in the woods, or along the streams, or waiting for the cars at some side switch on the railroad, returning after a day's hunt. One is a sturdy Englishman, six feet tall, red faced, with bushy black hair and full whiskers, a man sixty years of age, and yet one who can tramp all day without becoming weary. He is a crack shot on the wing, has an excellent bird-dog, and although partridge

and woodcock are scarce in this locality, I have never known him to come in after a day's hunt empty-handed. You will be surprised to hear that this man gets considerable of his living from game which he brings down with his gun. Another member is a smallish, bald-headed man, clean shaven, about fifty years old, one of the best shots on the wing in this locality. He has taken many prizes in trap-shoots, and seldom misses his bird even in the most tangled under-brush.

The attendance at this hunting club at the gun shop varies greatly as the days go by. The hunting cranks from the country, twelve or fifteen miles away, cannot be expected to drop in daily, as do the local members. They may not be in oftener than once a month, but when they do come they are made welcome, and they have their fund of incidents and stories to relate. Some of these rural hunters are characters worthy of the pen of a Dickens, or a Thackeray, often lank, lean, with sharp cut or otherwise abnormal features, and clothed in uncouth and ridiculous looking costumes. These men are kind-hearted and interesting companions.

"When I was a boy," remarked a gray-haired member one day when I called at the gun store to get a box of cartridges, "game was plentiful about Rochester, N. Y. I can remember back to the time when I was too small to carry a gun, but when I was permitted to tramp around with my brother, who was something of a hunter. One afternoon he and another man and myself started for a hunt. Along toward evening we reached a large piece of timber land, one corner of which bordered a field of corn. As we approached I saw several large squirrels scampering up trees and disappearing. We hid behind two large oaks some distance apart, and did not have to wait long before dozens of squirrels began to descend neighboring trees, and in a short time the ground, the fences and the trees were actually swarming with grey and black squirrels. We killed all the squirrels we could carry in a short time, and they were fat as butter.

"During the shooting my brother's friend became separated from us. After a while we heard him shooting quite a way back in the woods. He shot again and again from the same locality. Finally, out of curiosity to learn what he was doing, we started in his direction. We found him standing under a big oak tree, and just as we arrived a big coon dropped down at his feet from the highest branches. There was another coon in the same tree, but he did not get him.

"Wild pigeons in those days were as plentiful as mosquitoes. In the early spring and in the fall the sky was clouded with flocks of them. When these wild birds in their migrations reached the shore of Lake Ontario they would not attempt to cross the lake, but would skirt along the shore. Thus the lake shore was a great resort for hunters when pigeons were flying. I have seen hunters drive down to the lake shore at Charlotte, N. Y., in democrat wagons, and in a few hours return with bushels of wild pigeons which they had shot. Some days the birds flew too high to be reached with the gun, but when the wind blew they were compelled to fly close to the earth, and then the destruction by the hunters was something fearful to think of. The pigeons would fly lower in the morning than at any other time, therefore, just at sunrise was the favorite hour for hunting them; an hour or two later they would fly higher and higher until they were out of gunshot. When the wheat fields were sown in September, flocks of wild pigeons would settle down upon them in large numbers. When I was old enough to carry a gun I used to shoot large numbers of them on these fields. The woods, groves, and often the orchards were the abiding places of scattered lots of wild pigeons.

"I remember one day hearing wild pigeons coming into the adjacent woods where I was hunting. I approached cautiously and saw one pigeon far up in the top of a tall tree. I fired, and to my astonishment instead of one pigeon I had killed two, the other one being near by, but out of sight."

"Did you ever tackle pigeons in a pigeon roost?" asked the big Englishman.

"No, I never did," replied the gray-haired man who had been talking about pigeons.

"Well, of all gatherings of birds or animals, beasts or fishes, nothing beats a pigeon roost. You see they gather together in a big swamp where they build their nests and hatch their young. The woods are full of them, the branches break down with the weight of the birds. The sky is blackened with them when they go out to feed and when they return. The slaughter in these pigeon roosts is something awful. The rabble of all the surrounding district gathers there, and the men attack the birds at night with lanterns. The pigeons are clubbed out of the lower branches by the dozen, stuck into bags by the bushel, and carted off to distant cities for sale by the carload."

"It is no wonder then that wild pigeons are almost extinct," said the gray-haired man. "I hear that it is hardly possible to find a living specimen. The Smithsonian Institution has offered a prize for a living specimen of the wild pigeon, but thus far without success."

Tim Tells a Whopper.

At this moment Timothy strolled out from his den in the back part of the store, where he seemed to have been sleeping, and remarked: "I thought I heard some one telling about hunting squirrels a little while ago. Now, I have had some experience along that line which is hard to beat. When I was a boy there was a large piece of woods on my father's farm where every kind of food that squirrels fed upon was plentiful. There was a large cornfield near by, and in the woods were hickory, beech and chestnut trees. There were always squirrels in these woods, but this season, owing to the scarcity of squirrel food in other localities, the squirrels had migrated to this locality in large numbers. I do not think any of our people realize how many squirrels there were in these woods, since we had been very busy preparing ground for wheat, and also with other work.

"One afternoon I strolled down to those woods, with my single-barreled shotgun, thinking I would get a mess of squirrels for dinner next day. I entered the woods near the cornfield and seated myself upon a log. I had been there but a few moments when the squirrels began to appear on all sides. I kept perfectly quiet, desiring

to kill as many as possible at one shot. They continued to gather in great numbers, coming from all parts of the timber land. I will have difficulty in making you understand the quantity of squirrels that gathered about me on this occasion. If any of you have ever seen caterpillars clinging about the branches and bodies of apple trees, you can get an idea of the number of squirrels in these chestnuts over my head and scampering about the ground not far distant, and along the fence.

"Finally, I saw that my opportunity had arrived. On the branch of a chestnut tree over my head were perched seventeen black squirrels, in a direct line, so that I calculated that one discharge of my gun would place the whole number in my bag. You must remember that I am an old man, and in those days the flint-lock gun had just been supplanted by a gun discharged with a pill percussion. This percussion was round and about one-fourth as large as a small pea, which was deposited in a little cup in the tube, and the hammer discharged it as it does the cap which succeeded the pill percussion.

"As I raised my gun to take aim at this row of squirrels on the branch of the tree, the pill percussion rolled out of the tube, thus when I pulled the trigger the gun was not discharged. The squirrels seemed to take in the situation, and to realize that I was simply a boy. At this moment they made a dive for me in large numbers. Every one of the thousand squirrels seemed possessed with a common desire to cause my destruction. They crawled up my trousers legs, inside and out, they wiggled up my arms, over my shoulders, and around my neck. They nipped at my legs, at my arms and at my body with their sharp teeth. They tore my clothing, they pulled off my hat. In agony I fell upon the ground, rolling about in an effort to rid myself of my tormentors, but all in vain. Finally, I made a rush for the brook which ran near by, over which was a bridge. Reaching the water I plunged in, rolling over and over, then made a dive for the bridge, disappearing at the further side. This movement seemed to distract the squirrels, and I arrived at home in safety, but severely bitten in many places. If you do not believe this story, I can show you to-day the very farm upon which this incident occurred."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHARLES A. GREEN.

If Sir Thomas Browne were writing of the "vulgar errors" of these days, he would probably include among the other delusions the common and widely prevalent notion that the Smithsonian Institution is engaged in offering large prizes for rare specimens of birds, snakes and other animals.

Farmer and Sportsman.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read your admirable editorial in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, anent the farmer's rights in property and the status of sportsmen who desire to shoot on the farmer's lands.

To me the editorial seemed so fairly and justly to define the relations of the two classes that it was unanswerable.

Mr. M. Schenck, who did me the honor to debate with me some instructive points in your columns some months ago, has a sound, excellent article on the subject in your issue of Feb. 10, which will bear reading and rereading for the clear-cut grasp of the subject he displays, and the recognition he advances of what is right for all, rather than what voices the selfishness of a class against the rights of all men, as is set forth in the article on the "Sportsman and Farmer," subjoined to the communication of Mr. Schenck and written by C. F. B., of Danbury, Conn. With the ideas presented by the latter I will more particularly deal.

His premises are so entirely irrational that all consideration of property rights, as they concern the farmer, are lost.

Supposing that the farmers do combine, and charge \$2 a day for shooting on their grounds, have they not a perfect right to do so? I do not know what business C. F. B. is engaged in, but I warrant that, if a farmer, a stranger to him, were to call at his place of business and were to ask a privilege worth \$2 a day, with the picking up of unconsidered trifles therewith, C. F. B. would feel that he had a subject for a lunacy commission. If the farmer further were to manifest signs that he expected to be invited to dinner, he probably would receive a fiery exposition of the rights of man, defining in terse terms the difference between mine and thine. Yet the rights of the property owner in the city are not a whit more legal or worthy of respect than are the property rights of the farmer. Because the latter has generally permitted his property rights to lie dormant in the past, so far as shooters are concerned, this conferred no rights on them present or future.

Shooters have not on this point even a tenable ground for a complaint. Rather they should be thankful for the favors which they have enjoyed so lavishly for many years, than to be ill-spoken and ill-mannered for the same favors refused.

A farmer has quite as good a right as any one else to make his property as productive as possible. If some man will pay him for the privilege of shooting on his land, would he show a proper consideration for himself, his family, his business rights, or even the esteem of his fellows, if he were to spurn the payment offered, and reply: "No, sir! This is a free country, and I run my farm to illustrate principles of anarchistic freedom, and not as a business institution. My money comes by incessant toil, early and late. I have to deprive myself and family of all the luxuries of life. My wife toils as I do, and she cannot even take a needed rest on a holiday. A new dress to her is an event of the first order. My children can be spared but a few weeks in winter, to study in the common school; toil at all other times engages them too. We are all workers. I cannot even afford to buy a gun. But here comes a man with a gun and ammunition and money for carfare and an idle day. He can afford all these things. I cannot. But he believes that he should take all the privileges, with my land, needful to his pleasure. He bought his gun, his ammunition, his dog, his clothes and paid his car fare; all these things he bought because he needed them, and he had not been led by many years of free clothes, free guns, free ammunition, free travel, etc., to believe that those

things belonged to him by right. My farm has a commercial value now as a shooting ground, but because this man comes with the belief that the acts of courtesy of past years are personal rights in the present, I must let him do as he lists. He alleges that he is poor, and cannot afford to pay. Nevertheless, he can afford to buy a gun and take a holiday. He can thus do what I cannot. I am poorer than he is. If he cannot afford to pay, why does he beg? There is, mendicancy in this kind of plea, as there is in a plea for food and lodging *in forma pauperis*. Still, it is against the traditions of our free land to debar a man of the privileges of shooting. It is true that times have changed. When one or two shooters roamed over my land in years now past, I did not mind it much. There was an abundance of game then for all, and after the shooters had come and gone, they had not depleted my game supply to an appreciable extent. But now the game is much scarcer and the hunters come in hordes. If I were to let them all shoot on my property, my game birds would be exterminated, my stock constantly disturbed, and myself subjected to considerable annoyance. Still, it is a free country."

What he would say would probably be: "Yet, on second thought, it is as free to one to enjoy the privileges and profits of my own property, as is his to him who owns a factory, a store, a bank, or what not. I believe I will take the \$2 a day from a man who recommends himself thereby as a respecter of property rights, and who, I am sure, will not hurt my cattle, nor break down my fences, nor annoy me unnecessarily in any way. I learn that he has a \$200 gun, but that is no sign that he is an oppressor. Rather is it a sign that he is a benefactor if he pays me for the material advantages he obtains from me. If the man whose gun costs \$20 has thereby a just right to denounce the man whose gun cost \$200, then have I, who own no gun at all, a just right to denounce the man with cheap \$20 gun as being in oppressive affluence. But as an honest man, it seems to me that, because some man owns a fine yacht, or a stable of fine horses, or a kennel of fine dogs, or a collection of fine guns, he is not thereby deserving of any censure. Rather is he deserving of all praise, for his yacht gave employment to many men to build it, and gives employment to many men to man it; to obtain his horses required an outlay of money and an additional constant outlay to maintain them; and so with dogs and guns and what not. Now, if this wealthy man, and many more of his fellows throughout this great land, were to give thousands and thousands of dollars every year to the hard-worked class called farmers, which would be the greatest benefactors to mankind—they or the men who plead poverty and prescriptive rights to shoot as they list because a free flag floats over them, a flag which denotes freedom but not license."

And if the farmer would so speak, he would speak well. If the shooting privileges, once so free, are becoming too costly for the poor man's indulgence, it does not follow that the world is wrong because his pleasure is marred. If he attempts to visit the opera house and has not the \$3 or \$10, his plea of poverty avails naught. If he wishes to visit Europe for pleasure, the steamship company will exact payment, the hotels will show a friendly interest in his purse; and though his bosom may swell with the impulse of the greatest personal pleasure, in the eye of those of whom he asks something natural, the matter is purely one of business between them. To argue otherwise betrays a primitive knowledge of the world's manner of doing business, with a natural mental vision not properly adjusted as to *meum et tuum*. The pleasures and luxuries of life are the costliest features of living.

As to men with \$200 guns and money to secure a game preserve, they are entitled to use their money as pleases them best. The man whose wealth is but \$1, has no more rights than the man who has \$10, or nothing. All alike have the right to build up a fortune, and to enjoy it after it is obtained; but if any one should not have the business ability or the industry or the patience to amass wealth, then he should recognize the cause as it pertains to himself. If some men inherit wealth, let us rejoice thereat, and regret that our forebears were not equally considerate of us. Let us not confound envy with freedom.

LUCIUS ANDREWS CHILDRESS.

Guinea Fowl as Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen several articles in your paper referring to the value of guinea fowls as game birds, I am tempted to write you on the subject. The guinea fowl has always been found in a wild state all over this island, in greater or less quantities, but during the recent war their numbers have been greatly increased, owing to the abandonment of so many farms, where flocks of these birds were kept, and which flocks took to the manigna (bush).

I do not care for shooting them for sport, as they are so easy to hit on account of size and slow flight. The method of hunting them here is by the use of a cur dog, that will chase them into the trees, where it is but pot-hunting skill to bring them down. They do not lie well to dogs, and it is not considered sportsmanlike to shoot them, and the man who brings in guinea fowls from a hunting trip does so solely for the eating, and generally has to stand the gibes of his friends of the shooting fraternity.

When I say that the guinea fowl has always been found, I do not mean to say that they are native, but that for many years they have been found in a perfectly wild state. In terminating, it may be said that the wild guinea is most delicious when well cooked with wine sauce.

HAVANA, Cuba.

FOREST AND STREAM CALENDAR.

The Forest and Stream's little calendar goes wherever asked for. One will come to you if you wish it.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Among Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 17.—Several of our Western folk have this month betaken themselves to the Sunny South for a season of rest, relaxation and recuperation. We live a very fast gait out here in the Northwest, and ought by right to have eight or ten months of the year for the above pleasant occupations. It does not appear, however, that those who went South this last week or so were altogether pleased with the reception given them by the Southern weather man. A hard, cold spell followed a season of rain over a large area of the South the past week, and unless this sort of thing is stopped the Northern men will forswear Mardi Gras. A Mardi Gras pageant with ear muffs as a part of the grand tenue is hardly the correct thing.

Mr. W. W. MacFarland this afternoon returned from Mississippi, where he has spent a month in the neighborhood of Jackson, for the most part shooting quail and snipe, and eating four meals a day. Mr. MacFarland is one of the best known duck shots we have here in Chicago, and has long been president of the famous Hennepin shooting club on the Illinois River. He, however, says that much as he has shot game of all sorts, he can not get used to the buzz of a big bevy of close-bunched quail, and he found the singles easier meat for him and his choke bore. He fired 500 shells away during the month, and reports a splendid time. Like every one else who visits the South, he is enchanted with the place and the people, and wants to go again.

Billy Griggs, long time recognized as the king of the market-hunters, did not make any hunt this last fall, though the season preceding he went out into Dakota. Billy is now running a market fishing plant down near Greenville, Miss., having something like a thousand dollars invested in nets, etc. Billy Griggs is one of the few market-hunters who have saved their money and become fairly well fixed financially.

Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, Minn., is stopping at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago for a few days this week, and he is full as ever of enthusiasm for the Minnesota National Park, attention to which was called in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Cristadoro says that they are making a great fight for the park out in St. Paul. Senator Nelson is against the idea, and is working hand in glove with the lumber interests, which are after the reservation timber. The sportsmen of America should by no means lose sight of this park enterprise, nor allow it to relapse into the "We do earnestly resolve" stage which so often is the last of any sportsmen's movements. It needs only a knowledge of that magnificent region to be inspired with the determination to do something more than merely earnestly resolve. The action in Congress this winter ought to be something more than perfunctory, and the members of Congress who were with the Congressional expedition last October should be able to give of their information and enthusiasm to their fellow members. Mr. Cristadoro has done yeoman service in this park movement, and should be remembered if the project shall succeed, as it is to be hoped it ultimately will.

The desolation wrought by lumbering operations is something inconceivable to any person who has not seen the timber lands both before and after the destruction. This desolation is not confined to the Northern pine regions alone, but is going on, to an extent not fully recognized by all, in the Southern pine and hardwood forests. This week I was down in Mississippi, and though I did not get a chance for a hunt with him, I saw for a short time Capt. R. E. Bobo, the king of all bear hunters, whose story has been partly told in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Capt. Bobo says that it is well nigh past belief, the destruction that has gone on in his old bear country since the timber cutters have gone in there with the railroads and commenced their work upon the big forests. Bobo is heart broken over this, for it puts out of his power the best of that sport of which he was always so fond. He says there is but little of the old Delta wilderness left, though he opines he might perhaps get a bear, if he had to. Resourceful as are all the Americans, Bobo has turned his attention from bears to farms, and from deer to cotton. It may perhaps surprise some readers of FOREST AND STREAM who think of Bobo chiefly as a woodsman, to learn that he is really a very wealthy man, and wealthy by reason of his own exertions in the middle of the best bear country on earth. Who says that sport does not pay?

Dick Merrill this week came up to San Antonio from Rockport way, on the Texas Gulf coast, where he has spent the winter. He is reported to look like "a patos cabeza Colorado," and he has had grand sport.

Now comes Capt. Oscar Guessaz, of San Antonio, Tex., also, and reports himself present or accounted for. He has been trying to make all the money there is, since the Cuban war, and has not had time for shooting more than every other day.

Tom Divine is another of the faithful of the Southern cohorts. I saw Tom at Memphis this week, and he is the same Tom, full of business, full of fun, and short of time. He was down at Burnside, La., last Saturday, at a little live-bird event gotten up by Dr. W. W. Miles, of that city, and it is one of the regrets of my visit that I did not get a line on Burnside in time to meet Du Bray, Parker, Divine and a lot of other friends on that very wet day of wet weather.

At Memphis I met Irby Bennett, Southern representative of the Winchester Company, and Irby was smiling all over his smiling face. He has just been over to Wauponaca Club and killed the limit of fifty ducks, accompanied by Mr. Edrington, of Memphis. Irby says they have more duck at Wauponaca than they ever did, and he thinks the club will always have well-stocked waters there, so admirably are its plans carried out. When Mr. Bennett went up to New Haven to live, a few years ago, he parted with his membership in Wauponaca Club, and now regrets it very much, for shares are not to be had, even at the approximate price of \$2,000. So much for good management of a good club.

Mr. W. J. Spears, of Ingram's Mill, Miss., returned on Tuesday of this week from a three days' visit at Hickory Flat, Tenn., where he joined the "open luncheon hunt" which is given there each year on the preserves of Mr. H. Duryea, Mr. Whitney (son of ex-Secretary Whitney).

These gentlemen own a grand property there, and are putting in a great deal of money in keeping it up. They have fine bird shooting, but seem to lean to fox hunting. Their pack is a fine one, and they are in a region where they can get a good run on a red almost any time they like. Mr. Spears is well known in the South as one of the best breeders of fox hounds and most enthusiastic of fox hunters, so it may be supposed he was a proper guest at last week's sport at Hickory Flat meet. He was called home by a telegram, announcing his wife's illness. Later I shall wish to make some more extended mention of Mr. Spears' own place at Ingram's Mill, and his wide plans for a good, practical preserve for small game and a hunting country for red foxes. This is the same proposition which was briefly mentioned in these columns a couple of weeks ago, and from that brief mention Mr. Spears tells me he has had several inquiries and offers of participation. It will duly appear that he has in mind a limited membership. As to the country itself, I can now speak from personal observation, and shall take pleasure in doing so more at leisure.

Southern Hospitality.

Above I have spoken of Bobo, Tom Divine and others of our old and well-known friends of the Southern country, who are, I am sure, as well known to all the FOREST AND STREAM family as though each reader had had a personal introduction. Down at New Orleans, being a bit tired with hotel life in a rainy week, I wrote Bobo to look out for me and Another at his platform in the Delta below Memphis (Bobo has two main places of abode, at his big Delta plantation and his hill farm near Ingram's Mill, neighboring to Mr. Spears). We did not hear from Bobo, and supposing he was away from his Delta farm, did not go there, but went over to his hill farm. Here it came out that he was not yet back from his Delta place, and no one could tell where he was. I telegraphed him then that I was running his farm, and liked it pretty well, and he need not come home unless he felt like it, as we were very comfortable. No answer came to this either, and at last our time was up, and we had to start home via Memphis. Here, face to face at Gaston's (every Southern man knows where Gaston's is at Memphis), we met Bobo, and Bobo was mad.

"Where've you been?" he asked, with some asperity. "I've been wiring after you all over the South. I wired you at New Orleans to come on ahead to the Delta, and then I got word that you were over at my other place a-running it. I gave up trying to catch you, and concluded to come here to Memphis and lay for you when you started back North. Do you know what you've done?"

I told Bobo I wasn't aware of having done anything much, except eat up everything there was at his farm, but this did not mollify him.

"We postponed the wedding for you," he said. "Yes, sir, we put it off a whole day, and then you didn't come. What sort of way is that of doing?"

This left me a bit incoherent, and we sought light on both sides. The facts appeared to be as follows. Fincher Bobo, Capt. Bobo's oldest son, was to have been married at Bobo, Miss., on Feb. 13. My letter reached them Feb. 10, and Bobo's reply was wired at once to New Orleans, but was never received, through the gross stupidity of the most grossly stupid of all hotel clerks. "Now, Fincher," said Bobo, to one of the high contracting parties, "it's no use talking, you've got to postpone that wedding till Mr. and Mrs. Hough get here, and that's all there is about it. I've telegraphed him to come, and he'll be here the 14th, and then we can have the wedding just the same." Fincher knew me from our acquaintance on the last bear hunt down in that country, and he wanted to have me see him on the happiest day of his life, but he didn't exactly feel enthusiastic about putting off the wedding, when all preparations had been made for it. Still, he wanted to be polite, and he really and actually did postpone his wedding, and was not married until Feb. 14, instead of Feb. 13. Imagine how they all felt when they went to the train that day and did not find the anticipated guests! Imagine also our own feelings at learning of this state of affairs! I understand that Fincher thinks he has a ground of action against me, and I am sure I have one against the hotel. But I want to ask if anybody in the whole world ever heard of a better example of hospitality than that? These are actual facts. I believe they would have the whole wedding all over again if I asked them to. The bride has not been heard from, and I am not quite sure what she thinks of guests who do not come. The hotel clerk would better resign.

Planning for the Rockies.

Mr. W. Ed. Marsh, of Corry, Pa., writes regarding a trip to the Rocky Mountains next season: "Will you kindly give me some information as to the best locality you consider for a general hunt with elk, bear, antelope and sheep in mind, and the most desirable time. Our method has always been to take our tent and camp equipage and locate in some good game section and live on the fat of the land until we 'hiked home,' and this way we never employed a guide except so far as the party who located us and hauled in our luggage could be called a guide."

Answering letters like the above is a pleasure, but a risky sort of pleasure, because one does not like to give advice which may spoil another fellow's good time. In these days the game supply in any given locality is subject to sudden changes, so that it is next to impossible to tell from year to year what the opportunities may be, as based on the data of former supply. In general terms, it is not difficult to reply to Mr. Marsh's inquiry. A trip to the Rockies is a different matter now from what it was even ten years ago. It has become a more expensive and more elaborate affair, and big-game hunting has become a sort of a fad with some, as well as a sport with others. Some men go out for such hunts on a very wide scale and make a trip cost a great deal of money. Two gentlemen last fall told me their trip had cost them \$1,500, and they traveled modestly. In most parts of the Rockies a guide is a very necessary companion for the stranger, if the latter has but limited time at his disposal. This need not mean that one should take a vast outfit into the mountains with him. One is as good as fifty to show a party to the country, though it may very likely take several men to get a big outfit and supplies into a very rough region of the mountains. I hesitate naming any certain locality.

The mere publication of this letter is sure to bring very many letters to Mr. Marsh from men who know all about the very best game country on earth. If I had leisure to take a Rocky Mountain trip myself this coming season, I believe I should write out to Wm. Wells, at Wells' Post-Office, Uinta county, Wyo. This is near the Wind River range, which is very likely the best of the big-game regions of the Rockies now left and accessible to ordinary travel. The Jackson's Hole region is very popular, and any of several guides can be had there. I am disposed to believe that Mr. Wells would make almost any sort of arrangement this party would like, guiding them in much or little, as they liked, with some of his men, though perhaps he personally could not go with them. It would be very much worth while to write him, I should think. Mr. Marsh will have to answer several other answers, methinks, for there is no absolute cinch on hunting country or on guides to the same. He will like the Rockies more than any of the localities he has named, and will find them laid out on a rather large scale, with a fascination which will make it hard to turn back home again.

Ohio Sportsmen Organize.

The following call has been issued to the sportsmen of Ohio to unite in the fight against misjudged legislation which threatens in the current session of the Ohio Legislature:

"To the Sportsmen of Ohio: The Summit County Game and Fish Protective and Propagation Society, of Summit county, Ohio, realizing, in their efforts to prevent vicious legislation in the Legislature of this State, against the true interests of all sportsmen and property owners where game is harbored, the urgent necessity of a State organization, for the purpose of dealing with all subjects relating to sportsmen's interests, has assumed the initiative in calling a meeting for the purpose of forming such an organization.

"This meeting will be held in Columbus, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 26 and 27, the first session being held in the office of the Fish and Game Commissioners, in the State house, at 2 P. M., Monday, Feb. 26. Every county is requested to send five representatives. D. W. Holloway, Chairman; L. C. Miles, Vice-Chairman; J. M. Mackey, Secretary; George W. Brewster, C. E. Sheldon, P. T. McCourt, R. T. Dobson, Executive Committee of the Summit County Game and Fish Protective and Propagation Society."

The Ohio Legislature is largely made up of farmers, and the body has recently shown itself very hostile to the sportsmen of the land who like an occasional day afield. Against some marauding and criminal shooters there is a natural ill feeling, but this should not be visited upon the hands of the decent and lawabiding sportsmen properly to be so called. It is without likelihood that the Legislature will be unamenable to argument and to facts, and very probably the sportsmen of the grand State of Ohio will find themselves worse scared than hurt, but this action of the Summit county men is most praiseworthy and will no doubt result in securing the agitation which is all that will be necessary. The trend of game legislation is forward and upward, and Ohio will hardly forget this, jealous as she has always been of her reputation for enlightenment.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Boston Show.

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—The feature of interest in sporting circles just now is the Sportsmen's Show, to open Wednesday evening with a grand initial entertainment, tendered by the management to associate members and invited guests. This opening promises to be much of a society event, and will doubtless enlist the support of the Four Hundred throughout the show. Just at present the Mechanics' building is in much of a state of chaos, but later the scene will change to one of woodland, lake and stream. Hunting and fishing clubs are to be well represented with camps and guides. The Megantic Club is to have an actual log camp, built in Maine and transported. But the features of attraction have about all been enumerated in the FOREST AND STREAM, and need not be repeated. The management has had in view all the time the making of a real sportsmen's show. All now depends upon the weather, which is likely to be considerably Marchy just at this time of the year.

The many friends of Capt. F. C. Barker, of Bemis, and the Birches, Rangeley Lakes, will be glad to learn that he has lately passed through a rather difficult and dangerous operation safely, for relief of a glandular throat trouble, and is now mending rapidly, with every reason to expect restoration to perfect health. The operation was performed at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, and Capt. Fred hopes to be out to the Boston Sportsmen's Show.

The rain of last week was followed by terrible crusts in much of the New England forest territory. Grave fears are entertained that partridges and quail have suffered severely; the partridges especially, from burrowing under the snow at night, as is their want, and being frozen under. Up to Saturday night the Maine Commissioners are reported to have had reported to them four cases of deer exhausted and unable to move in the terrible sharp crust, not strong enough to bear them. In each case the finders of the deer have asked permission to feed the deer, with the promise not to molest them as soon as the weather conditions permit of their taking care of themselves. Doubtless the Commissioners are pleased with a sentiment so greatly changed; since only a few years ago the plan would have been to have quietly slaughtered the deer for the sake of their hides, if the meat was too thin to use, and the Commissioners would never have been the wiser.

SPECIAL.

The Massachusetts Grouse.

EVERY partridge in New England will drum his applause of FOREST AND STREAM's appeal to the sportsmen of Massachusetts. We have all read it as the right thing to do, and now we hope every man who has the love of the woods and birds in his make-up, will use his voice and influence to the making of the proposed righteous enactment of a law to stop the sale of game. What becomes of an amateur athlete who sells his prizes and medals won on the cinder path, or the wheelman who disposes of his

trophies for money? They become professionals, and are forbidden the company of their former friends. What are the birds to the man who loves his dog and gun and the use of them? Trophies of his skill, beautiful prizes of his day afield. And what shall we say of him who exchanges them for money? Is he not a professional pot-hunter?

Through the courtesy of these columns the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club express their entire satisfaction at the proposed bill, and their president, Mr. Harry A. Estabrook, has a petition signed by himself and members, and asks every gun club in Massachusetts to do the same and forward to their representative, that everything may be done to make this bill a law, and save our dear old friends, the ruffed grouse.

IRVING O. CONVERSE,

Sec'y Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Sea and River Fishing.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

Crappies and Black Bass.

FROM Wheeling, W. Va., Crappie writes: "From your remarks in FOREST AND STREAM of 15th inst., I am led to infer that you are of the opinion that Wheeling Creek contains no game fish. This is an ideal stream for black bass, and is inhabited by them now, and has been, I suppose, always. You will recall, no doubt, that it was from this stream that the Potomac River was originally stocked with black bass, as described by Dr. Henshall, in his 'Book of the Black Bass.' My description of the stream was based not only upon my knowledge of the first twelve miles up from its mouth, but also upon its comparison with streams upon which most of my fishing has been done, which are in Ohio, say within a radius of twelve miles from Columbus. Take the Big and Little Walnut, Big and Little Darby and Alum creeks, also the Scioto River. These are comparatively slow, quiet, sluggish streams when compared to Wheeling Creek. In these streams, ten to fifteen years ago, the black bass, also rock bass or goggle eye, used to be plentiful, but we never took any crappies. Hardly think Wheeling Creek suitable for trout, but could not say positively. Think temperature higher than you mention at the seasons named. There are, of course, other fish in the stream besides black bass, such as sunfish, carp, goggle-eyes, etc.

"I had my first trip up the creek on April 13, the water being quite high; three of us caught three black bass, small-mouths, one of which weighed a pound and the others half a pound each, all caught on minnows. On cleaning them we were surprised to find no spawn in them, although the larger one looked to be heavy in the abdomen. I found in the larger one three, in one of the other two, and in the last one, one crawfish. These crawfish were all very hard, but still perfect, so must have been bolted that day. I have never found hard-shelled crawfish a very good bait. How do you account for this? Perhaps the bass have not yet begun to move about much, owing to our late spring, and the crawfish were more easily obtained than minnows. I expect to go up the creek again before long, and if I succeed in locating any of the crappies, will let you know. None of them have been seen or heard of except those captured below, as previously advised."

In the article referred to, Crappie tells of the planting the crappies in Wheeling Creek, which is a rapid stream, by the United States Fish Commission in November, 1898. There were some 2,000 crappies of both kinds, large and small-mouth, and 900 black bass. About the middle of March, 1899, some men seining about the mouth of Fish Creek, which empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Wheeling, were reported to have taken some crappies, and as this was a new fish for that region, it was thought by my correspondent that the creek might not be a proper place for them, and that they had gone down to the Ohio in search of more congenial waters. (See FOREST AND STREAM, April 15, 1899, p. 292.)

It seems odd that all three black bass taken in April should have been barren. I am somewhat familiar with barren trout in confinement, and in a forthcoming book have taken up the question, giving the opinions of other fishculturists, but that wild black bass are barren opens up a new field for inquiry.

Eels and Black Bass.

If evidence were wanted that some missionary work is needed among those who intend to stock their waters, the following letter would prove it. I sometimes feel as if it might be doubted if I really receive such letters, and often send them entire to the editor, as I do this one, in order to show him that they are really written. Here it is with name and place suppressed:

"I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you for information. I was told that you could inform me regarding fish supplies. I am going to stock a fish pond with black bass. Would also like to put in some eels. Would they do together? If so, where can I get them, and at what cost. Any information you can give me will be kindly received. Please let me hear from you."

This correspondent is seeking for information, and sadly needs it. That a man who has a stream or pond which he wishes to stock has not had time nor inclination to study the habits of fishes is not to be wondered at. He has begun to realize that fishculture is a good thing, and should be pushed along. He gives no hint as to the size, flow nor temperature of his pond, but as he is in Kansas, no doubt the black bass may thrive there. It is a question of depth and character of bottom, as well as of area and temperature. But the eels! He knows that the eel is a good fish fried or stewed, but he does not know that all fishculturists kill every one, large or small, that are caught about their ponds. They prowl about at night when other fishes are asleep and bite into them; they are among the most destructive things that the fishculturist has to contend with. I cannot tell him where to get bass nor eels, nor what they would cost; he should write to his State Fish Commission, if there is one, or to the United States Fish Commission, but I can say that with the exception of a shipment of eels from the Hudson River to Michigan some twenty years ago, which fortunately all died in

transit, no attempt to transplant eels has been made by the different State fish commissions as far as I know.

Trout or Trot Line.

The Rev. Archibalds Holden, of East Aurora, N. Y., writes: "An article in an Alabama paper recently mentioned the taking of a large catfish on a trout line which had been set over night, and when in the South I remember hearing of the setting of trout lines in waters where the temperature was too high to sustain trout. We know that in many Southern States where there are no trout they call the black bass by that name, but does the black bass feed at night at the bottom where catfish are liable to be taken?"

Some printer is liable for this error, or perhaps many printers are equally guilty, for I have many times seen notices of fish caught on "trout lines" set at night. Trot line is the correct spelling, and it is derived from the fact that it is set and then overhauled at intervals, "trotted over." It is a long, stout line stretched across a stream or in the ocean, with baited hooks on snoods at intervals. This is called a "trawl" by the cod fishermen of America, although the "trawl" of Europe is a net dragged over the bottom by a boat; it also is called a "set line," "spiller" and "boulter," as well as a "trot line," in different places. It is not strange that some printer should set it up as a "trout line" if he did not happen to know, and that the proofreader should pass it if he did not also happen to be an angler. The name of "trot line" is one that has come to me in mature years by travel and reading. In youth, along the upper Hudson, we put out "set lines" for eels, turtles and such small deer, and knew the lines by no other name.

Memory in Fishes.

I have a pamphlet of thirty pages entitled, "Haben die Fische ein Gedächtniss?" By L. Edinger, Frankfurt am Main." Dr. Edinger is satisfied that fishes do remember, and cites many instances to prove it, and quotes several authorities. This is mentioned here to show that some persons must have doubted, or denied, memory to fishes, perhaps the same who deny that horses and dogs have reasoning powers, but to me all this is strange. What but memory, and perhaps reason, causes tame trout to follow a man carrying a pan of chopped liver? Surely the memory of former feelings, if not reasoning that, because the man fed them at other times, he will probably do so again.

What brings the migratory fishes back to the same feeding grounds, but memory? This might be carried out at great length, but enough has been said.

Popular Names of Fishes.

In eastern North America there is but one "salmon" and its varieties, the "sebago" and "winninish," but in districts named in the following letter from Mr. E. B. Burnham, the guides and some anglers, miscall the late trout "salmon trout," and often omit the last name, thereby causing confusion. Mr. Burnham writes:

"Among other fishes, I read of the capture of salmon from the inland lakes and ponds of New York, Maine, New Hampshire and latterly of Ontario, bodies of water which have no direct connection with the Atlantic, and consequently are not sea-going fish. I know something of Atlantic salmon, as found in Canadian rivers, viz., New Brunswick and Quebec, but of those first referred to I know nothing. If salmon, how did they get there? If not salmon, what are they, and where did they come from? If you enlighten me, this printed as a part of your contribution to FOREST AND STREAM, I shall see it."

Trout and Salmon.

Having replied to the above by mail, Mr. Burnham again writes:

"Your note of 22d received. Thanks. I infer you are at Brule, to endeavor to restock that stream with trout, for which it was once famous, but ex-Senator Vilas' log rafts badly demoralized the trout, and I am told substantially destroyed the fishing. Your explanation respecting salmon of the interior waters seems to cover the point of my inquiry, and now, when I read of salmon killing in such waters, I will know *Salmo salar* is 'not in it. Should your business or pleasure require you to visit New Brunswick, I suggest you arrange for a visit to the upper waters of the Nepissiquit River, which abounds in trout of goodly size, are unsophisticated and rise to almost any lure, so there is red in it. Red ant on No. 2 Sproat is very fetching, for quarter and half-pounders during the day, but at evening, when the big fellows feed, then a good cast is a royal coachman and an ibis."

What is said of the Brule is true, so far as scarcity of trout goes, but I do not know the cause of the depletion of this once famous trout stream. He refers to the river in Douglas county, Wis., and not to the Michigan Brule which flows into Green Bay on Lake Michigan.

Winninish.

In the North there is a small salmon which, like the Sebago salmon, is not structurally different from the great *Salmo salar*, but yet has a distinctive appearance, and never grows large. It may be doubted if it differs from variety. Sebago other than in size and habitat, and by the "Sebago" we mean that fish which has somehow been miscalled "landlocked salmon," but which has access to salt water if it desires to go.

Under the preceding heading I referred to the winninish, and used that spelling advisedly, because it is the good old English way of spelling the name. There is no reason why we should retain the French spelling of "ouananiche," for this fish simply because the French have no "w" in their language than that we should continue to spell Wisconsin "Ouisconsin," as the early French missionaries who first explored the region of the Great Lakes did. Not a bit of it. As English is destined to become the language of the world in a few more centuries, it is time to prepare for it now, when we who write in that language speak of American fishes.

In the great work of Jordan and Evermann, "Fishes of North America," 3 vols., 3,136 pages, they give, p. 487, "*Salmo salar* ouananiche, McCarthy, M. S., new subspecies," and quote FOREST AND STREAM, March 10, 1894. They say of it: "So far as known, not structurally

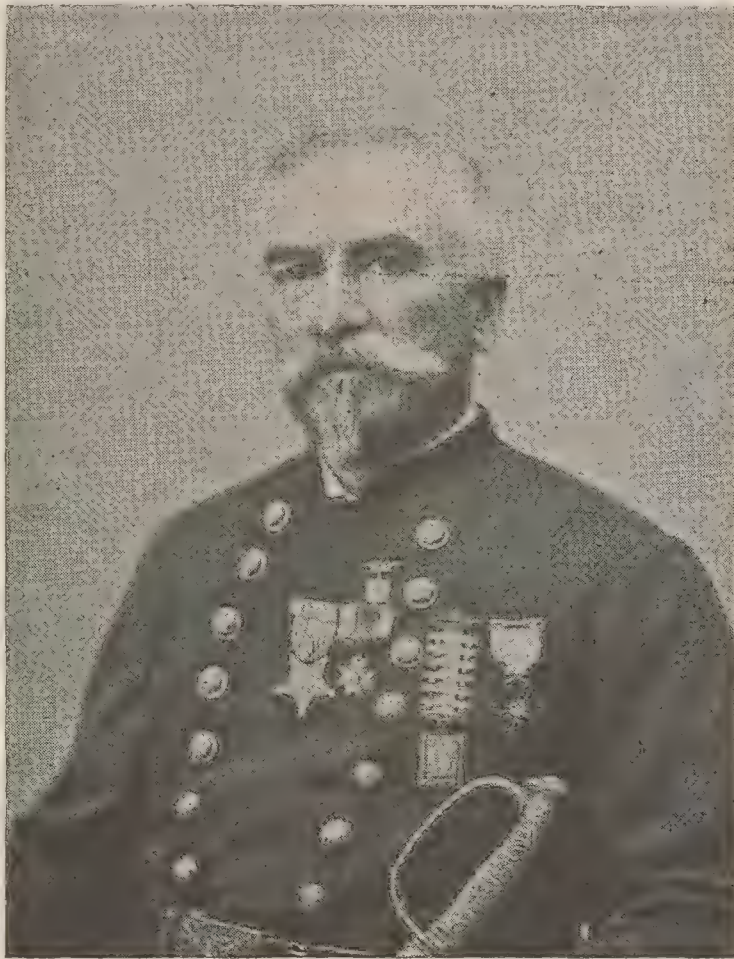
different," and give its habitat as "Saguenay River, Canada (outlet of Lake St. John), and neighboring waters." Referring to the popular name, the authors say, in a footnote: "The word ouananiche is from the dialect of the Montagnais Indians, who inhabit the country about Lake St. John. They have always been familiar with this fish, and understanding its deviation, have properly named it 'ouanan,' meaning salmon, and 'ichi,' the diminutive—the little salmon.—McCarthy."

While all this is true, I protest! And the reason of the protest has been partly given above. All this might have passed without any "kick" on my part if a child had not asked a question. Some time ago a boy at that most interesting age of eight to twelve, looked up from his paper and asked: "Unc' Fred, what is a oo-an-a-nitche?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, my boy; is it a beast, bird or fish; or is it some game that has been renamed, and is to replace our old one of shinny?"

"It's a fish, and you ought to know all about it, for you pretend to know all about fish and fishing."

This was one on the solar plexus; I "pretended" to know some things! I took the paper and thus expounded: "That word is pronounced winninish, because the French first wrote of it, and in their language oui is pronounced 'we,' and with no 'w' they could do no better than to



FRED MATHER.

spell it as they do. We have more of an alphabet and can express the name in better shape, if we will."

Then and there I resolved that if ever I wrote of this fish, its name should be spelt in the good Americo-English fashion, and as I thought of this I wrote the following lines of my young grandnephew to puzzle out:

O, ouananiche, how I do ouiche,
That with my rod and ouinche,
With line and reel, and ouillow creel,
You'd strike, and never flinch.
No matter how the ouind may blow,
To see your ouinsome form,
I'd ouieled my rod thro' wind or snow,
Regarding ouind nor storm.

If I could ouin you from the ouit,
In some Ouisconsin lake,
No beat of rain on ouindow pane,
That ouildest storm could fret,
Would hold me in, if you're ouithin
The distance that I ouish
To cast my fly; for you to try,
You ouilful ouananiche.

That was my hint to the boy that there was an irresistible movement going on for phonetic spelling, which will end in our absurd orthography of to-day being as unintelligible a century hence as the English of the sixteenth century, cited in introductions of dictionaries, are to us to-day. Perhaps this may be a century or so short, but it will come, and the angling antiquarian of the year 3000 may wonder why we spelled "winninish" as some now do when our alphabet is wealthy enough to afford a letter which the French lack. Perhaps a few who speak of the fish may pronounce the name "wananish," but I have not met them. "Oo-an-a-nitche" is not a serious blunder for either child or man to make.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Feb. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual dinner and meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was held at the Leland Hotel Feb. 12. President Bellows presided in his usual able manner.

After the dinner was finished and some good stories told, the election of officers for the ensuing year came up, with the following results. H. W. Perce, President; W. T. Church, Vice-President; Geo. A. Murrell, Secretary-Treasurer; E. R. Letterman, Captain, and Q. H. Bellows, member of Executive Committee. It was decided to hold an open-to-the-world tournament this coming August, and a committee was appointed to get up rules and events for it.

GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Smelt Fishing.

In your last issue I was pleased to read in Mr. Cheney's fine article a reference to smelts. This related particularly to the land locked smelt, and that of the Passaic. My experience extends only to the salt water smelt of New England. I like to fish and shoot, but can not find time or money to do so as much as I should like, and am, therefore, obliged to take my pleasure of this kind in reading of the exploits of others. So, when a man kills a big moose, and writes about it in our paper, far from envying him, I rather share his pleasure with him, and almost have a moose hunt right in my kitchen. I really believe that every man who has a good shooting or fishing story should be obliged by law to publish it, so that the stay-at-home hunters should share in his fun.

Mr. Cheney says: "The frost fish and smelt are the same." In the East the frost fish and the smelt are entirely different, the frost fish being almost identical with the tom cod. In the East, the smelt is practically the one fish that a man living in the cities can angle for without having a lot of time and money.

The Massachusetts law allows the smelt to be caught with only hook and line, and no seining is permitted. It also makes a close season during the spawning time, and on account of this law, the fish have increased in number and in size. I can't cast a fly, yet I have waded and cursed through a few trout brooks and tried my hand at bass and pickerel, and enjoyed every minute so spent; yet, for pure unadulterated bliss, just place me in a good roomy boat with Bucky Holmes, with a six-foot rod in each hand and the smelt abiding, then you can tell me all you please of the joys of hunting moose, deer or turkey. You couldn't get me to swap.

The bait principally used here is shrimp, which can be netted in the marshes or bought at fish stores. This should be placed on the hook tail first, the point of the hook almost coming out through the head. Some insist on breaking off the sharp little spike on the head of the shrimp, but this I consider unnecessary. Sea worms are good, also; they can be found on any beach or under the rocks. Another favorite is the bloodworm, a long thick almost white worm found near the salt water. It has a large vein filled with blood running through it, and is tough and lasting. Small minnows are sometimes used, and I have found them a good bait at night for large fish. Common garden worms are also used by some.

About July 1 you begin to get the smelt fever. About Aug. 15 to Sept. 1 you begin to get smelt. The flood tide is almost invariably the best for fishing, and in the ebb as a rule they seem to slack off, yet, like all rules, this is occasionally broken. Twenty years ago native smelts and those sent from Nova Scotia would run about 5 inches (to-day nearer 7), while those caught at night will run eight inches. I have caught one that was longer than a foot rule, and one evening in October last I saw Mr. Geo. Pratt, of Revere, catch one 15 inches long, and it weighed 14¾ ounces; but this was the largest I have ever seen and was an exception, although a size of 12 inches at night is common. This large fish proved very rank and oily on being cooked, and bore out the practice of fishermen here, who prefer the smaller to the larger fish for home use, claiming they are much sweeter.

One thing I have never seen in print about this fish, yet known by every initiated brother, is the manner in which it sometimes takes the bait. This is called sucking, and many a good fresh water fisherman has been perplexed on raising his line to find the hooks skinned when he had not felt even a nibble. If you should ever get a chance to see the fish at low water (if you look close), you may see a smelt advance to the bait in a leisurely manner; about an inch from it he will stop, then opening his mouth very wide he will make no offer to touch the bait, but by suction will draw it toward and into his mouth; and all this time the mouth has never closed. And now is the time to hook him, for if he is given a moment you will see your bare hook ejected from the still open mouth. Again, he may reject the bait after drawing it in, and the bait is often blown up on to the gut snell.

Forester's theory of that ferry having any effect on smelt can hardly be correct, as I have seen them caught under and over hawsers, and in places where tugs and steamers were constantly keeping the water in a turmoil. At a favorite spot for night fishing, a culvert runs under the road and the flow of water through is regulated by gates, and, until these close, and the water stops running through, you can't get a fish; yet 2 minutes after the gates close they may be biting all along the line. Whether it is because they are afraid of being drawn into the sluice or not I don't know, yet the fact is that they don't bite until then. At this place, while fish are frequently caught at night, it is, indeed, a rare thing to catch even one during the day.

I think there are two varieties or at least two sizes of smelts, and they do not school together; for instance, you will often catch a dozen of an almost even size, then the next lot will be of various sizes, which would almost lead one to think that schools of one size keep together. Then, again, in some of the large ones the nose will be thick and blunt, in others very much hooked. Again, in some small fish the tail has the appearance of having been burnt, and are called burnt tails. Why? Bucky Holmes and I have caught as high as 50 dozen in a day, using two rods each; another day three of us caught 70 dozen, and I have known market fishermen to go almost 100 dozen in a day. I do not touch on ice fishing, as some of your readers can undoubtedly do it a great deal better. Will some eastern smelters tell their little story? This is a part of mine. GRIF.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

ANGLING NOTES.

Winter Fishing.

To the man who fished only with the artificial fly, and never under any circumstances with bait, winter fishing is a sealed book, and he has my sympathy if he never experienced the pleasure of standing near a hole in the ice waiting for a bite of pike or perch or trout, though the law now forbids fishing through the ice for trout. It is a good many years since I stood on the ice and watched a lot of tip-ups, but when I came down the Champlain Division of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad recently and saw from the car window fishermen watching the baited holes in the ice of Lake Champlain, I confess that I would have been glad to have had some lines of my own in the water. There have been improvements in ice fishing, too, since I used an ice chisel to cut holes for fishing. The first fisherman that I noticed had his holes in a straight line at right angles to the shore, and as the car rolled on and passed another and another, I saw that all had the holes in a line as straight as though it had been marked out by a surveyor, and I wondered that I had not thought of doing the same when I was a boy. Some of the fishermen had two lines of holes equally straight, and not far apart, and all could be watched from one end, where, in most cases, there was a little shanty with a stove. The old way was to cut the holes most irregularly without the least regard to convenience of watching, and as no fisherman that I have met had eyes in the back of his head, the man or boy on duty had to be a sort of revolving fisherman to watch all the tip-ups, and even then one would go down behind him while he was looking out in front. In this new way the fishermen has to look but in one direction, and all his lines are under his eye.

The tip-ups used puzzled me, for apparently they were all alike, and made of a strip of pine or spruce sawed or shaped with a knife, and laid flat across the holes so evenly that the holes and sticks looked like soldiers on dress parade. How the tip-ups were operated I could not see from the moving train, but they were not the elaborate affairs I used for a season, and were like an old-fashioned well sweep with a long arm and a short one, and an upright on which it swung; nor were they the simple beech with the thick end frozen into the ice so the twigs projected over the hole to one of which the line was hung by a loop and a bit of red flannel attached near the loop, the disappearance of the flannel indicating that the bait had been taken and line and flannel drawn into the water through the hole in the ice. That was the signal for a rush for the line before too much of it was drawn by the fish into the water. Perhaps my æsthetic angling nature has been blunted, or it is possible that it never was highly developed, for I would like a little winter fishing right now to find if it would bring the pleasure it once did when I was a deal younger. If I should try winter fishing I might find that the pleasure in it was much less than it used to be. The streets in the town where I was born are much narrower than they were formerly, and the blocks are shorter; and last summer I had occasion to visit a pond that I had not seen since I was a boy (the last time I went to it, by the way, before last year, was on snowshoes to fish in it through the ice for trout), and it was a mere pool of water, though the shore line had not changed since I saw it as a fairly good-sized lake. Years in their passage do dwarf things so unpleasantly, and ice fishing may not have the charm that it once had, and it may be safer to recall the glamor of it in past years and wait for the season of fly-fishing and softer air and bluer sky.

When I saw the tip-up fishermen at work on Lake Champlain all pursuing the same method in their fishing, it occurred to me, as it has before, that fishermen of a locality followed a beaten path—what one does, all do. For twenty miles along the lake the fishermen had the same straight line of fishing holes in the ice, with the same style of tip-up.

Where I once fished much in the spring for lake trout by trolling, all the fishermen used gangs of No. 6 trebles hooks, tied on single gut, and it was heresy to use larger, for the man who introduced that style of fishing used No. 6 hooks on single gut. When I found that the trout smashed the hooks and twisted the gut to make it worthless faster than I could make the gangs for myself and my friends, I used heavier hooks on twisted gut, and was almost voted as without the pale. Slowly the larger hooks came in use, and now all use them. Nowhere except in the St. Lawrence are bells used on the end of short rods to indicate the bite of a mascalonge. At one black bass lake I found the fishermen all used a sinker at the end of the line, and the hooks above it, probably a style introduced by some salt-water fisherman. If one discovers a peculiarity in fishing tools in a locality, the peculiarity pervades the entire fishing community. The Long Lake model of boat does not pass current where the Saranac model is the vogue, and the St. Lawrence fishing skiff is as unlike the Champlain fishing boat as the West Virginia scow is unlike the Canadian birch or the Gaspe wooden canoe. The fishing tackle in use in one locality may differ entirely from that in use in another locality for local reasons, but each community adheres to the kind of tackle it was brought up on, and to the manner of using it, as firmly as it adheres to other family traditions or religious faith, and one who would advocate a change in either would better talk to the wind from the house top to change the location of the North Pole, as to hope to bring about a reform when a community has fished in a certain way through generations of fishermen. The men who fish for smelts in Lake Champlain cut a thin slice from the tail of the fish to bait the hook for the next fish. The perch fishermen in Lake George, the two lakes being only half a dozen miles apart, catch one perch with a grub, and use the eyes of the perch for future bait, and so on to the end of the chapter, each perch furnishing bait for two of its fellows. This never did seem to me to be a square deal, for a man who had lived amid the refining influences of civilization, to indulge in practices that would be condemned in a savage by any one but a perch fisherman. If one can overlook the methods by which yellow perch are reduced to possession by winter fishing, the fish are one of the finest of winter fishes for the table.

Economy of Water in Fishculture.

One of the first things to be obtained to successfully practice artificial fish propagation is water, and the next thing is plenty of water; and yet fish are hatched with very little water, as witness the experiments of a Russian fishculturist, Dr. Grimm, who placed the impregnated eggs on a bed of damp cotton and covered them with a layer of the same material and placed them in a chamber where the temperature was kept at 54.5 degrees Fahr., and the cotton containing moisture until the fish were hatched.

Too often this happens with eggs that the owner does not wish to hatch out until he can select the time and place. Eggs shipped a long distance get dry or the packing worn and the eggs hatch prematurely. This happened to a lot of choice eggs that I imported from Europe, and the comparatively few eggs that did not hatch produced weak fry; but this was not an experiment of hatching eggs in moistened cotton wool, such as Dr. Grimm succeeded in doing, but it came from poor packing and high temperature in the room on the steamer.

When Dr. Grimm had hatched the fry, Dr. Wiet took them, and he says: "I have noticed that many persons are deterred from taking up fishculture as a hobby from the fear that large aquarium or tanks would be required, and that the cost of a sufficient water supply would amount to almost a small fortune. This, however, is not the case. It is quite possible to rear 2,800 rainbow trout fry in a tank 3 feet by 1½ by 2 inches, through which a stream of water, running at the rate of 1¼ pints per minute is allowed to pass. I, myself, have tried this, and have proved it to be very successful, since I did not lose a single fish during the whole of the nine months that I kept the fish in the tank. I fed my young protégés upon very finely minced raw beef, and I may say they thrive excellently upon this diet. The quantity of water used per day of twenty-four hours, was, I found, one and one-half cubic feet, so that that would not be termed an extravagant use of water." The figures are given as I find them, and it was probably the intention to say that the water consumed was 1½ cubic feet per hour, for 1¼ pints per minute would be over thirteen gallons per hour, and while fish eggs may be hatched with a small quantity of water, it is much safer to have an abundance. For an experiment, just to see what may be accomplished in that direction, it is interesting, perhaps, to hatch fish eggs in moistened cotton, but where eggs are to be hatched by hundreds of thousands, running water will give better results, and until the Grimm-Wiet experiment is carried further to determine if the fry hatched in moistened cotton, are as vigorous and strong after they are hatched as fry hatched in the ordinary way, the fish breeder would better adhere to running water and plenty of it.

Some years ago Mr. C. T. Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., fitted up a hatchery in the laundry in the basement of his house, and used the water which came from a spring at the base of Equinox Mountain in pipes to his house for domestic purposes. In this hatchery he hatched, as I now remember, something like forty or fifty thousand eggs of trout in a season. The apparatus took up very little room, it was clean, and the room was dry and probably less disordered than when in summer it was used for laundry purposes, and the water used would have gone to waste had it not passed through the hatchery troughs. How much water was used I do not know, as Mr. Orvis could not now tell, but it was not more than I have seen running from pipes into the waste in some houses to keep them from freezing, and after I saw the little hatchery in operation, I wrote about it and described its construction, and advocated the construction of similar hatcheries where water and room were obtainable. Now I do not recall how many years Mr. Orvis maintained his hatchery under his own roof, but he turned out into the streams about Manchester a goodly number of young trout that, except for his personal efforts, the waters would not have had. I have fixed the time of my visit to Mr. Orvis' hatchery as the winter of 1889-90, from the fact that while I was there I received a cable from Mr. R. B. Marston, advising me that he had sent me a present of 10,000 Hampshire trout eggs, and I find that I planted the fry from these eggs in April, 1890. My impression is that Mr. Orvis maintained his hatchery for several years, and I know that he constructed ponds and reared the young trout to yearlings or older before they went down into the Battenkill, but I have no doubt but he would give information in detail to any one who may desire to erect a hatchery of a similar kind.

Pitched Out with Pole Hook.

A friend who frequently sends me newspaper clippings has sent me a fresh lot, which I find on my desk this evening. One is cut from a New York daily, and copies a story from Oregon, relating to Alaska salmon. A young man has been in Alaska for a year and returned to Oregon to visit his parents and entertain his friends with his adventures, and here is a small piece of one: "Fishing for salmon in the small creeks is immense. Sometimes they run up the streams so thickly that they actually dam up the water. I have stood on the banks of a little stream and pitched them out with a pole with a hook on the end until I was tired." There was no one present to pitch him in and drown him, so the facts of the murder got into the newspapers, and will be circulated until some other young man who desires to return to his parents and friends with tales of his wonderful destruction of fish ascending a stream to spawn, pitches them out with a pole hook until he is more tired than the first man. How far are the daily and weekly newspapers of the day responsible for wanton destruction of fish and game? If I belonged to a debating society I would propose the question for discussion.

Never since William Caxton invented printing in 1474 have I seen in a newspaper a good wholesome story about a man going out to fish and catching one big fish and taking it home to his family to eat of it prudently, and of giving what might remain to the poor, but let a man slaughter something, no matter what, of food and waste it, and it is printed with double heads, and the bigger the killing the greater the circulation of the story. Perhaps we are not sufficiently far removed from our aboriginal and savage ancestors, who lived by blood alone, to expect anything better of us than that we instinctively kill every-

thing in sight that has fins or fur or feathers, but possibly the people of a few centuries later may not have the killing instinct so highly developed, for there will be nothing for it to feed on.

Alaska Salmon.

It is but a few years, comparatively, that salmon swarmed in every stream in Alaska, as the young man with the pole hook states, but about the time that we might say they were discovered by the white man, the white man began the war of extermination in the way that the white man has a habit of doing when he discovers that buffalo skins, or seal skins, or salmon in cans, or pigeons in barrels, will bring money to his pocket, and then another discovery was made—that in order to preserve the newly discovered salmon, not in cans, but for the future, they must have a "National Salmon Park," where no white man would be permitted except as guards with guns in their hands to preserve the fish from extinction and keep a remnant from going to that bourne to which the dodo has gone and the brook trout had a ticket until artificial fishculture and stringent laws detained it yet a little longer.

In advocating a national salmon park by setting aside one of the Alaska islands in the waters of which to rear salmon, unfretted by nets of canner and pole hooks of adventurous young men, Livingston Stone said: "How is it with the salmon streams of Alaska? Not even there are the salmon safe. Countless myriads of salmon formerly filled all the rivers and streams of the long Alaska coast, and they were nearly 2,000 miles from the destroying hand of civilized man, but they were not safe even on these distant shores. * * * The Karluk River, or Kodiak, is probably the most wonderful salmon river in the world. On Aug. 2, 1889, the cannery nets caught on Karluk beach at the mouth of the river, 153,000 salmon by actual count. A short time after the writer went up the Karluk River in a bidarka—the skin boat of the natives—expecting to see myriads of salmon spawning and thousands on their journey to the spawning grounds, but instead of the wonderful sight we anticipated, our whole party, I think, saw less than a dozen in the river till we reached the lower spawning grounds, and then to our astonishment we saw only a few scattering fish spawning, such as one might see in the most commonplace salmon river in the world."

Another agent of the United States Fish Commission who went to Alaska reported seeing at one river where there was a cannery a net stretched entirely across the mouth of the river, so that no salmon could ascend to spawn, all were taken in the nets, and fine salmon trout taken with the salmon were thrown onto the beach to rot. It is a horrible story, but true, and the canneries seem to be succeeding very well in the work of extinction without the assistance of the young man who throws out salmon for exercise and to make himself tired so he can go home and tell his parents about it and make them sorry they ever raised him.

Another quotation from Livingston Stone and I am through for this time: "The salmon are obliged to come inland to breed. They are compelled from sheer necessity to come up the rivers into the very midst of their human enemies. They cannot stay in the ocean like other fishes of the sea, where they are safe from the hand of man, but they must necessarily come, one might say, into his very grasp, and, like the buffalo, whether they turn to the north, south, east or west, they go into the very jaws of death; for what hope is there for a salmon to escape after he has entered a river, if a man chooses to employ his most effective agencies for his capture. There is none. The salmon is doomed. There is no refuge for the salmon in this country any more than there was for the buffalo."

Frederick Cox.

I nearly forgot to say that the young man with the pole hook who destroyed salmon until he got tired, bears the name of Frederick Cox, according to the Morning Oregonian, and here I do my mite to hand his name down to fame, or shame.

"Ice Fish."

The common smelt of Lake Champlain are called "ice fish" because they are caught only through the ice, usually in February and March. A few weeks ago when I was in Port Henry, no smelts had been taken as the ice had not formed on that portion of the lake, where the smelts are generally caught, for they are caught only in certain localities. This week, on my way to New York, I met a gentleman from Port Henry, who told me that "ice fish" had not yet been caught at that place, but as he had promised some to friends, he thought they could be caught from a boat as well as from a shanty on the ice, and he had sent two men to the smelt grounds to fish for them, and they had caught but one fish, about six inches long, and he could not explain why it was so, for he was sure that within twenty-four hours after the ice had formed at the place where the men fished from boats, the ice fishermen would catch half a ton of "ice fish." This is very strange that, on the same ground with same bait and same tackle and method of using it, the smelts will not bite just before the ice forms, and will bite directly after it does, and there is no reasonable explanation why it should be so that I can advance.

The same evening of the day that the Port Henry gentleman told me of the failure of his fishermen to catch smelts in Lake Champlain, I saw on a bill of fare at a New York hotel, "Lake Champlain frost fish," and I asked the waiter to go to the steward and find what the fish really were, particularly if they were smelts from Lake Champlain, and if so where he got them. The steward said they were smelts, but not from Lake Champlain, and the name had been placed on the bill by mistake.

The Gut Crop.

Every year about this time the English angling papers have a report on the gut crop, issued by a tackle dealer and gun importer in Manchester. In last Fishing Gazette I see that his report is marked the eighteenth year, and I must have read it for that length of time, and now wish I had them all here together, for I seem to recall that there has been a sameness to these reports that would make one serve for all, and I would like to see them

together to see if I am correct. Here is an extract: "While the quantity is increased in the finer over last season, the reduced amount of the heavier grades more than counterbalances it; and, as I have had to repeat now for several years, the supply of very fine trout gut and the heaviest salmon gut will not meet half the demand. * * * It is therefore by no means improbable that as the season advances an increase in prices may take place." There is also a warning that care will have to be exercised in making selection of gut, because of a considerable admixture of inferior qualities. There is comparatively little of the very fine gut used in this country, such gut as is most common in England, and, of course, there is not great demand over here for the thickest salmon gut, because there is so little salmon fishing. In spite of the annual report of the gut crop which always seems to report about the same condition of affairs in the gut trade, the anglers of this country get about the same gut each year for about the same price. Salmon gut is always very high and scarce, and never, in my experience, of the very high quality to be obtained in England or Scotland, and the ordinary grades cheap enough and plentiful enough, with so little demand for the very fair natural gut, and not at all for the drawn gut, that the price, quantity, produce or the quality makes very little difference to American anglers.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Laurentian Club.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Laurentian Club was held on Feb. 10 at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

The report of Mr. William H. Parker, the managing director, showed that the past year was one of the most successful, in the attendance of members and financially, in the history of the club, now in the fifteenth year of its incorporation.

Mr. Parker's report was of general interest in showing the success attained in the transplanting large, square-tailed, speckled trout from one lake to another system of lakes hitherto without trout.

The fish were taken by guides in the autumn from their natural habitat, Lac Fou, a secluded, rarely visited lake in the forest, where they abounded, and deposited in a few hours in their new home, Lac Edouard and Lac Foin, both apparently adapted to trout life and reproduction, but which nature had mysteriously ignored when the original fish distribution took place in the Laurentian waters.

The transfer of the trout was made about four years ago, and Mr. Parker states in his report that one hundred or more trout, running from 1½ to 4½ pounds, were taken from Lac Edouard the past season. Mr. Parker might have added as matter of fact that these trout were only fished for experimentally; for the purpose of ascertaining the result of the planting.

His report also states that red deer are gradually increasing in the club territory. It is a curious fact that until within a very few years red deer have been virtually unknown in that section of Canada.

Jean Pierre McGill, a well-known Indian guide and trapper, a man of superior intelligence, who was my guide for several summers, and whose recent decease is deplored by many a sportsman, stated to me that he was once on a special service for the Hudson Bay Company to the Indians in that country to induce them to bring their furs to the company's post for sale, that while on that service he talked with some of the old Indians about red deer, and they told him there was no tradition among them of the existence of any red deer in that country, nor could they give any sufficient reason for their absence. Moose and caribou have always been, and continue to be, denizens of the forests there, and the red deer are plentiful in the adjoining Ontario, and also south of the St. Lawrence River.

J. W. H.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.

Fred Mather.

NEW YORK.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I am very sad to-night, for I have just seen the report of the death of Eko-Kay, Major Fred Mather, at Lake Nebagomay, Wis.

There were many traits of character, and especially our early experiences that bound us together as closely as brothers. He was a lover of wild life in all its various phases, could build a comfortable camp, drop a deer, or lure a *fontinalis* equal to any, and he knew how to prepare them to perfection by the camp-fire. I say our experiences were singularly alike, for while he was knocking around in Bad Axe county, now Vernam county, Wis., laying the foundation for much of that wood lore that he could and did so well and graphically depict in *FOREST AND STREAM*, I was building deadfalls for martin and mink away up on the headwaters of the Black River in the same State.

We did not know that then, but we have often compared notes since. Last year toward the close of the Sportsmen's Exposition, we shook hands (he was then holding in his mind his western trip), and agreed to meet at the fish department of the exposition the present year. But if I am there I shall be alone, and I shall miss his cheery voice and quaint humor. He had a rich vein of it, and it was always harmless, a keen appreciation of the grotesque, loved a good story and could tell one, and tell it well, and he had bags full, and was an astonishing delineator of character, as seen so often in his "Men I Have Fished With." I think his article on Chas. Raymond was very felicitous, and so true to the life.

His work as a fishcultivist, to which he devoted his later years, attracted attention and gave him a front rank among the ichthyologists of the country and the world, as the compliments bestowed at Berlin will amply show. But other and abler heads will do justice to his many virtues and nobility of character. He has left us, and another of the distinguished contributors who have made *FOREST AND STREAM* what it is to-day—the foremost sportsman's exponent of the world—has gone to the long list of departed sportsmen; and I have bidden a long farewell to a dear friend.

Good-by, Ego-Kay! There are but a few like you left.

JACOBSTAFF.

The New York Protector Service.

IN reply to the fantastic statements put out by the officials of the League of American Sportsmen, Chief Protector Pond writes to the New York Sun as quoted below. If the League officers made those misrepresentations, Major Pond is quite right in exposing their untruth; he owes it to himself and to his force. There is, however, in these wild assertions of the League's "warden" nothing so grotesque as some of the impudent misstatements indorsed in a recent official annual report of the League's president:

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir.—In your issue of Feb. 15 you give a report of the second annual meeting of the League of American Sportsmen, which was held in New York city Feb. 14. If the report of the proceedings, as published by you, was a fair one, Mr. A. E. Pond, the league's chief warden in this State, is either densely ignorant of the matters he speaks of, or else willing to misrepresent.

In his statement he says that the game wardens of the State receive \$1,200 per year and mileage. There is no such office in this state as game warden. We have a number of fire wardens in the Adirondack districts, but instead of their being paid \$1,200 per year they are paid \$2.50 per day while actually on duty at a forest fire or in connection with the prevention of fires, and their bills are audited and paid by the town where they reside, and a rebate of one-half of such bills is afterward refunded to the town by the State.

The fish and game protectors and Foresters of this State are paid \$500 per year, and they are allowed traveling expenses not to exceed \$450 per year.

The assertion of the League's warden that one member of the Forest Commission is a lumber dealer, who cuts 600,000 feet of spruce annually, is simply untrue.

His assertion that any member of the Commission has a brother in the Legislature is also unfounded.

His statement that he knows of a game warden who is drawing his \$1,200 a year and mileage, who deliberately got out of the way that a friend of his might hunt with dogs is also false. There was one of the protectors in Hamilton county who had been receiving a salary of \$500 per year, who was charged with this offense, and as soon as the charges were filed, on Oct. 26, the protector was suspended, and on proof of the charges being produced the protector was dismissed from the force. His dismissal took effect on Nov. 15.

In regard to the statement that the protectors and foresters failed to perform their duties, I can only refer to the report of this department for the last fiscal year. This report shows, according to the sworn statement of the protectors, that 1,708 nets and illegal devices, valued at \$17,168, were seized and destroyed by them; that 328 persons were prosecuted for violations of the law during the year, resulting in the conviction of 305 persons and the impositions of fines and costs to the amount of \$9,539.28, of which \$8,148.47 was collected and has been turned into the State treasury. The balance, \$1,390.71, was disbursed to attorneys, justices, constables in cases where recovery was had and fees deducted before remitting to the department. These figures speak for themselves.

As to the efficiency of fish and game protectors, the statement of Mr. Pond that the League warden in Essex county had arrested nine men for killing game out of season, who were convicted and fined \$545, is, I believe, absolutely unfounded, as all justices are bound by law to report such cases and turn over money so collected to this department. But no money has been received and no information whatever has been given to this department of any such cases. The State protector in Essex county, however, F. S. Beede, has prosecuted several cases since Nov. 1, and has secured judgment amounting to \$655, of which \$543.10 has been turned into the State treasury, and \$111.90 is in a judgment pending an appeal.

I cannot believe that the gentlemen who are members of the League of American Sportsmen would intentionally say or publish anything that would be unjust or unfair to this department or to any of its employees; but it is evident to me that the League has been imposed upon.

J. WARREN POND,

Chief Fish and Game Protector.

Balloons, Kites and Lights for the Lost.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Much has been written about getting lost in the woods, and many ways of extricating oneself from such a predicament have been advocated. Now, I was lost a few hours in the Maine woods in December, and there is no fun in it.

Mr. Charles Hallock, whose wide experience in camping entitles him to a place in the front rank when he speaks on things connected with camping, says: "Make a smoke," and this is sound advice. But in the case of those permanent camps which are patronized by many sportsmen, it would seem there should be little need of getting lost.

Mr. Hallock rightly says that one is apt to misjudge distance in the woods, and think he is further from camp than he really is. Therefore, if each permanent camp was provided with a large box kite, or small balloon, to be flown 1,000 feet in the air, that camp could be located from a tree top for miles. Then, colored lanterns could be attached at night, or rockets sent up at camp could guide the lost one home. Such signs should guide the Nimrod, as the lighthouse guides the marines, provided there is no fog or the weather too thick.

W. H. AVIS.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—Ice fishing has been almost entirely suspended lately, first by the deep snows that fell in northern New England a couple of weeks ago, and later by the rain and freshets in many sections. All the Maine and New Hampshire ponds and streams have been swollen to freshet pitch this week, while the larger lakes in both States have been greatly raised. This has kept the ice fishermen at home. Fishing parties had been planned here for the present week, but were given up. Later the fishermen may go to Winnepesaukee, and some of the ponds in New Hampshire. A fishing excursion is planned for Newfoundland Lake some time this spring, and Dan Hole

Pond is also mentioned. According to the Maine papers, the Commissioners of that State have lately opened several ponds to ice fishing that have been closed, either by direct statute, or edict of the Commission. Among them may be noted Harmony Lake, with several ponds in that vicinity. Fishing through the ice on Sabatis Lake and the ponds in that section, is popular with Lewiston and Auburn fishermen. The other day a party of four were on Sabatis Lake with five traps apiece—all the law allows—and, though the men were harvesting ice not many rods away, the boys took some very handsome strings of bass and pickerel.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

The Kansas City Kennel Club, of Kansas City, Mo., calls attention to the closing of entries on Thursday, March 8, of its third annual dog show to be held in Convention Hall, March 14 to 17, inclusive. For premium lists, etc., address the superintendent, Mr. S. H. Slifer, 1604 Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

"The Beagle" is the subject of No. 1 Volume of "Popular Dogs of the Day," and is by the eminent authority, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass. It gives a quite complete history of the beagle in America, the organization of clubs, the beagle trials, field work, etc., with sixteen illustrations. There are 102 pages in all.

Dr. S. K. Johnson, 117 West Twenty-fifth street, New York, in our business columns calls attention to his "Book on Dogs," in health and disease, management, feeding, etc., which is mailed free on application.

Canoeing.

The Canoe Exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show.

EVERY canoeist who visits the coming Sportsmen's Show will discover one spot in the amphitheater that will appeal especially to lovers of the paddle. For the first time, the Sportsmen's Association will give well-deserved prominence to the sport of canoeing and to all that contributes to the comfort and pleasure of the canoeist, both in the water and in camp.

To those who have not closely watched the conditions prevailing in canoeing during the last three or four years, the progress which has been made in canoe models, tents and camping equipments will be in the nature of a revelation. Many of the old canoeists who dropped the sport years ago, as well as those unfortunates who have never experienced the pleasures which accompany the ownership of the little craft, will find much to interest them at this exhibit.

The particular interest which attaches itself to this portion of the show comes from the fact that it is not a trade exhibit of one or more dealers who are endeavoring to sell goods, but is an actual bona fide loan collection of boats, tents, rigs, cooking and heating utensils, firearms, etc., that have been tried during the past years by their owners, and have been found to be about as close to perfection for their specific needs as it is possible to procure at the present time.

There will be four different models of boats, the Flirt, a little 13 x 26 smooth streak paddling canoe, fitted with a moderate rig to take advantage of favoring winds; a 15.6 x 31 double centerboard cruising sailer, whose size makes her seaworthy in the rough chop of the Hudson or in the Lower Bay, and gives plenty of room for tandem sailing and stowage of duffle for two. There will also be a 16 x 30 smooth streak boat, the Bee, with a moderately large rig. This boat illustrates the type of the fast sailing cruiser, in which the stowage and sleeping facilities have been somewhat sacrificed to meet the requirements of speed. There will be one of the 17ft. open paddling canvas-covered canoes which have been so popular during the last couple of years, and in which a crew of two may make a long cruise, with camp equipment, which would pretty nearly furnish a moderate size flat.

Each of these boats is accompanied by the tent of its owner, with the exception of the double centerboard canoe, the owner of which sleeps aboard in a canvas canoe tent, which will be pitched, and the bed made up, for the purpose of illustrating how a boat of this model may serve as craft by day and house by night.

The exhibit, which is the idea of the Amateur Sportsman of New York city, will be under the charge of its canoeing editor, Mr. E. T. Keyser, who believes that it will do more to make canoeing popular in this section than any amount of books that have been published on the subject.

A large attendance has been promised by the officers of the American Canoe Association, the Atlantic Division of which will hold its executive meeting in a room loaned them by the managers of the show, and it is to be hoped that all the canoeists within traveling distance of New York will be able to attend the show, making the camp their headquarters.

A. C. A. Membership

Eastern Division—Samuel H. Capen, Edwin Esterbrook, F. N. West, Frederic H. French, Edward S. Baker, Reginald E. Daniels, Robert K. Rodgers, Fred W. Notman, Edgar Ward, John Ward, Henry M. S. Aiken, Harry A. Ames.

Atlantic Division—Fred Furman, Trenton, N. J.; W. P. Kent, Trenton, N. J.

Western Division—Joseph A. Toppin



SHOAL DRAFT CRUISER—SAIL PLAN.

Yachting.

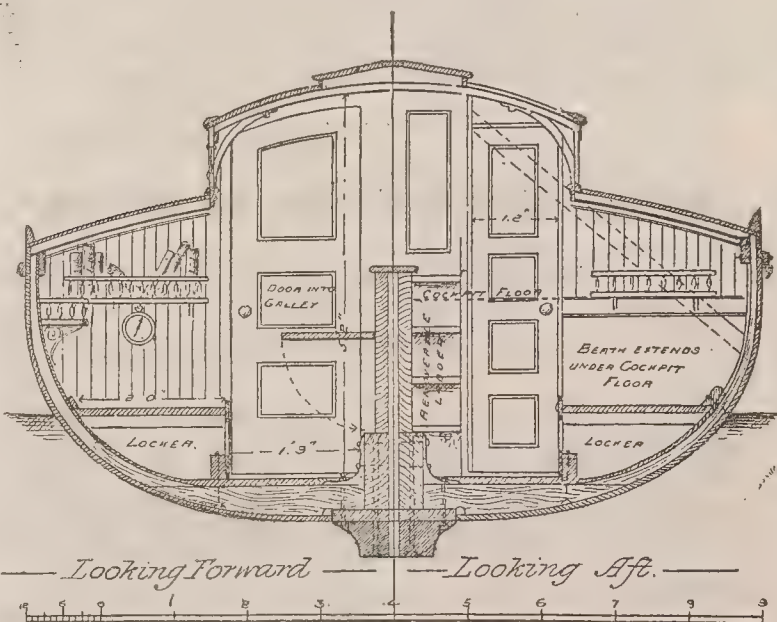
A Light Draft Cruising Yacht.

We have frequently had occasion to mention the series of designing competitions instituted a couple of years since by the Yachtsman, and continued at intervals, the result being the production of many excellent designs by amateurs. The design here presented was submitted by Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, of Coburg, Canada, well known to our readers, in the ninth series, of March, 1899, receiving honorable mention. It was criticised by the judge as excellent for American waters, but rather too full for the rougher British waters, and with too large a sail plan. The conditions of the design, originally suggested by Mr. Albert Strange, were that the yacht should be specially suited for cruising about the shoal waters of the Thames estuary and parts of the east coast, with a limit of 25 ft. l.w.l. and 2 ft. extreme draft of hull. The winning design, Oyster, was the work of Mr. George F. Holmes, of Hull, Eng.

Mr. Wicksteed's design certainly merits the approbation bestowed by the judge, as well suited to American waters, and would make a very fine cruising yacht where draft is limited.

The design shows a very able and roomy boat, with 5 ft. 4 in. in the cabins, and well divided. The dimensions are:

Length—
Over all 35 ft. 8 in.
L.W.L. 25 ft.



Overhang—
Bow 4 ft.
Counter 6 ft. 8 in.
Beam—
Extreme 10 ft.
L.W.L. 9 ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—
Bow 3 ft. 9 in.

HALF-BREADTHS.										
Frame.....	A	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
—1 ft. 6 in.	0	0 3	0 7 1/2	0 12	0 12	0 6	0 2 1/2	0 2 1/2	0 2 1/2	0 2 1/2
—1 ft.	0	1 5 1/2	2 9 1/2	3 3 1/2	3 6	3 0	2 10 1/2	2 10 1/2	2 10 1/2	2 10 1/2
—6 in.	0	1 10 1/2	2 7 1/2	3 7 1/2	4 1 1/2	4 8	4 0	3 9 1/2	3 9 1/2	3 9 1/2
L.W.L.	0	1 10 1/2	3 8 1/2	4 1 1/2	4 6 1/2	4 7 1/2	4 5 1/2	4 5 1/2	4 5 1/2	4 5 1/2
+1 1/2 in.	0	7 1/2	2 10 1/2	3 11 1/2	4 7 1/2	4 11 1/2	4 10 1/2	4 5 1/2	3 8 1/2	3 8 1/2
Deck 7	2	2	3 4 1/2	4 2	4 8	4 11 1/2	5	4 11	4 7 1/2	4 1
BUTTOCKS.										
	Stem.	A	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Center +3 9	+1 5 1/2	0 9	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6
1 ft. 8 in. out.	0 10 3/4	-0 4	-1 0 1/2	-1 4 1/2	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6	-1 6
2 ft. 6 in. out.	0 6 1/2	-0 6 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2	-1 1 1/2
8 ft. 9 in. out.	0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2	-0 7 1/2
Deck +3 9	+8 7 1/2	+3 4 1/2	+3 1 1/2	+2 10 1/2	+2 7 1/2	+2 5 1/2	+2 4	+2 3	+2 3	+2 3 1/2
Transom.										
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Center +2 2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2
1 ft. 8 in. out.	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2
2 ft. 6 in. out.	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2
8 ft. 9 in. out.	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2	+2 2 1/2
Deck +3 9	+8 7 1/2	+3 4 1/2	+3 1 1/2	+2 10 1/2	+2 7 1/2	+2 5 1/2	+2 4	+2 3	+2 3	+2 3 1/2

Lowest 2 ft. 3 in.
Counter 2 ft. 10 in.
Draft—
Hull 2 ft.
With board 5 ft. 9 in.
Displacement 11,450 lbs.
Ballast in keel 2,900 lbs.

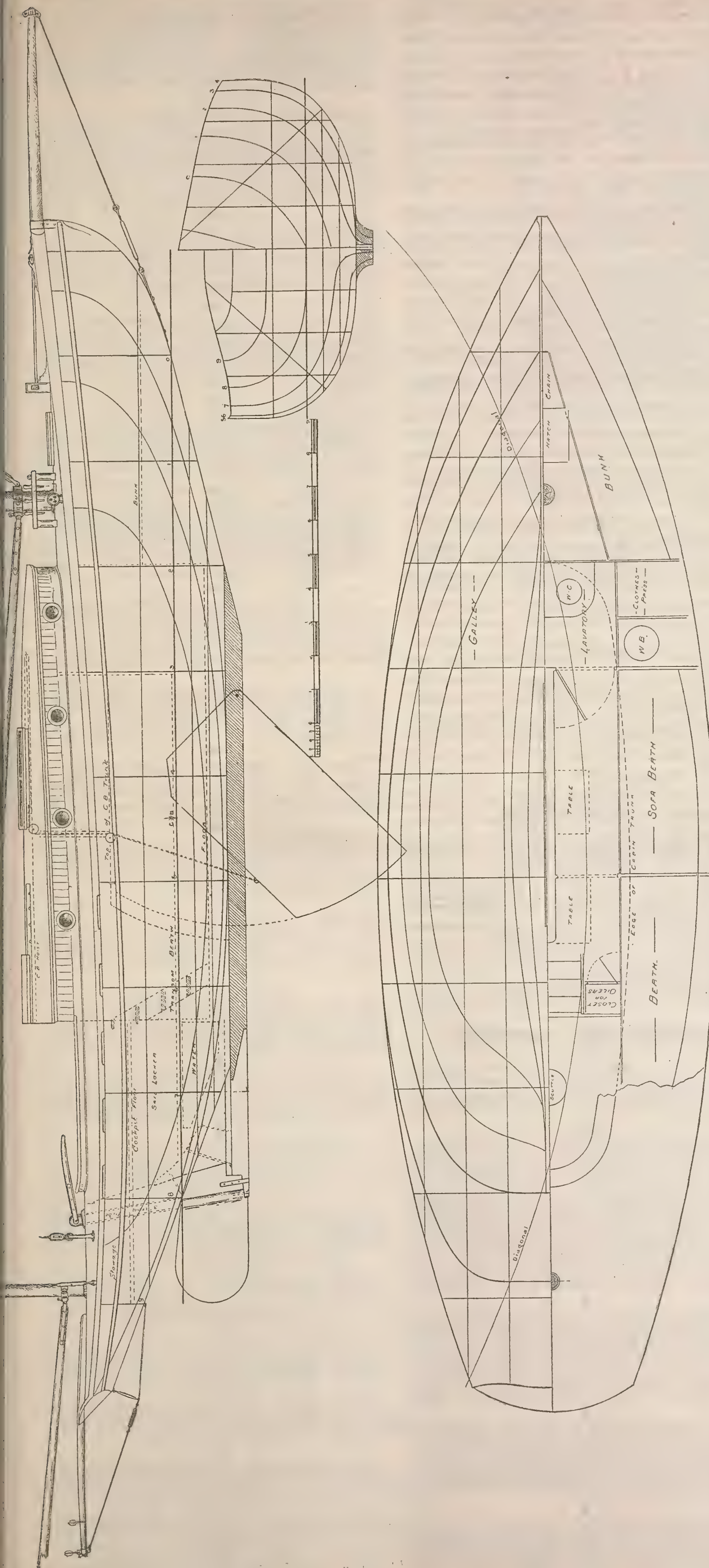
Atlantic Y. C.

THE annual election of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 13, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., David Banks, schr. Water Witch; Vice-Com., Robert P. Doremus, cutter Uvira; Rear-Com., Stephen Loines, cutter Swanana; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., Edward B. Havens; Meas., George Hill; Board of Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell (chairman), Philip G. Sanford, J. Fred Ackerman, Harrison B. Moore, J. Adolf Mollenhauer and Edmund Dwight, Jr.; Regatta Committee, Charles T. Pierce (chairman), George W. McNulty and A. F. Aldridge; Library Committee, J. M. Foote (chairman), Arthur G. Allen and J. Wallace Morrell; Membership Committee, Spencer Swain (chairman), Frank Sperry and Henry W. Baird; Entertainment Committee, Edwin Hollis Low (chairman), J. M. Tappan and Calvin Tomkins; Nominating Committee, Frank C. Swan (chairman), J. Lawrence Marcellus, Edmund Fish, J. D. Barrett, Frederick G. Corning and J. H. Hallock.

Prior to the meeting a complimentary dinner was given to Com. Adams, on his retirement from office, and he was presented with a silver punch bowl costing \$1,000. The club has now a membership of 609 and a fleet of 252 yachts. The treasurer's report showed that the club had started the fiscal year of 1899 with a floating debt of \$11,000; that during the year, besides paying this off, it had added, by way of repairs and betterments to the house, \$7,000, and had a balance of cash in hand of \$7,586, beside other assets, which were perfectly good, of over \$1,000; that the value of the club's property was \$139,798, which left an equity over and above the mortgage of \$41,737, or a total surplus of about \$50,000.

It was decided to hold the annual club cruise in July, the place of rendezvous, date and other details being left for the commodore to fix.

The annual spring regatta was fixed for June, but the



date and details were left to the regatta committee. An appropriation of \$1,500 was made to the regatta committee to be used in the purchase of prizes and for other legitimate expenses. This sum was increased by ex-Com. Watson, who donated \$1,000 more to the committee. Retiring Com. Adams also offered his usual donation of cups, known as the Adams cups. The racing rules of the club will be revised to conform with those of the other New York organizations.

The Yachtsman's Club.

THE first regular meeting of the new Yachtsman's Club was held on Feb. 13 at the club rooms in the Hotel Royalton, West Forty-third street, New York, with Mr. C. T. Pierce, the temporary chairman, in the chair. The first board of officers was elected, as follows: Pres., Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Hazen L. Hoyt, Larchmont Y. C.; Treas., Philip G. Sanford, Atlantic Y. C.; Sec'y, Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; Trustees to serve for three years, Edward M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C., and Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C. To serve for two years, Newbury D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C., and Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle. To serve for one year, Hazen L. Hoyt, Larchmont Y. C., and Ward Dickson, Hempstead Harbor Y. C. The trustees appointed the following committees: House E. M. MacLellan, Chairman; Alfred Peats, Jr., and C. T. Pierce. Membership, C. P. Tower, Chairman; Edward Bunney and R. Jacobs. On Lines and Models, Frank Bowne Jones, Chairman; C. D. Mower and W. P. Stephens. Entertainment, Hazen L. Hoyt, Chairman, and T. A. Ireland. Art and Library, Ward Dickson, Chairman; Charles Pryer and T. Fleming Day. Law, Newberry D. Lawton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Park City Y. C., of Bridgeport, Conn., was held on Feb. 2, the following officers being elected: Com., Rodney S. Bassett; Vice-Com., Capt. Daniel M. Sprague; Rear-Com., Hercules Smith, of Northport, L. I.; Sec'y, Charles Neubauer; Treas., R. B. Stiles. Board of Governors—For three years, R. H. Brown, F. W. Peck; for two years, A. L. Eugene, W. M. Reeves; for one year, L. M. Turner, A. H. Lowden.

The Philadelphia Y. C. held its twenty-seventh annual meeting at the club station, Tinicum, on the Delaware River, on Feb. 7, the following officers being elected: Com., Abraham L. English; Vice-Com., Warren Webster; Rear-Com., William H. Bromley; Trustees, Col. J. Lewis Good, Robert P. Thompson, Sylvester W. Bookhammer; Sec'y, C. Carroll Cook; Harbor Master, Charles S. Warfield; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. Joseph Hearn; Meas., Philip H. Johnson; Race Committee, Capt. John S. Muckle, Robert C. Clarkson, C. Carroll Cook.

In taking office, Com. English laid before the members a plan for a new club house, already prepared, and the sum of \$4,000 being subscribed toward its completion. The plan was accepted and the work was ordered to begin immediately, the detail plans having been completed in advance and the contract ready for signing. A loving cup was presented to the retiring Com. J. R. Adams. With the new club house and the handsome grounds the club will have a model yacht station.

The Brooklyn Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 13, electing the following officers: Com., Francis S. Turner; Vice-Com., C. F. Larzelere; Rear-Com., C. H. Oliver; Meas., R. C. Hopkins; Sec'y, William Cagger; Treas., Willard Graham; Trustees (to serve three years), C. H. Humphreys, James Riley; Race Committee, P. H. Jeannot, F. W. Kearney, F. C. Tossberg; Membership Committee, A. S. Richoffer, C. H. Frost, Joseph N. Gans; Nominating Committee, S. S. Golding, M. J. Hanly, William Cagger, G. C. Shaffer, Christian Bahr, R. L. Neville.

On Feb. 6 the Wollaston Y. C., of Quincy, Mass., held its annual meeting, electing the following officers: Com., J. A. Fenno; Vice-Com., E. J. Merrill; Sec'y, W. M. Chase; Treas., H. A. Smith; House Committee (for three years), E. J. Merrill. On Feb. 12 the club's headquarters, a portion of the building occupied by John L. Stewart, the yacht builder, was entirely destroyed by fire. The loss to the club is estimated at about \$500, but that of Mr. Stewart is much heavier. The naphtha launch Antoinette, owned by Mr. Currier, of Boston, was destroyed and the yacht Muriel, Mr. John Smith, was badly damaged. Mr. Stewart had a contract for a number of boats for Government vessels building at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J. Six boats were shipped a short time prior to the fire, but four were destroyed, with all the plans.

The annual meeting of the Canarsie Y. C. was held on Feb. 11 at Sand Point, L. I. The following officers were elected: Com., Charles J. Neilson; Vice-Com., Dr. F. H. Northbridge; Treas., J. K. Alexandre; Rec. Sec'y, John E. Heinemann; Fin. Sec'y, P. W. Lyons; Board of Trustees, Charles O. Herx, E. X. Karr, Frank T. Herx, T. J. Gardiner and Stewart G. B. Gourley; Meas., F. A. Meissner.

Elsa, steam yacht, formerly Black Pearl, recently purchased and renamed by Evans R. Dick, of Philadelphia, was badly damaged by fire at Tebo's Dock, Brooklyn, on Feb. 3. The fire caught from the open grate or its chimney in the saloon, a fire having been built to warm the yacht, as Mr. and Mrs. Dick were coming to inspect her. It was proposed to sail in a short time on a cruise to the West Indies. The damage is estimated at \$5,000.

Constellation, schr., is fitting out at Lawley's for a cruise to Bermuda and the West Indies. Capt. Nat Watson will be in command.

The Hartford Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 8, electing the following officers: Com., E. W. Hooker; Vice-Com., Walter Pierce; Rear-Com., Samuel A. Miner;

Sec'y, H. L. Maercklein; Treas., C. H. Way; Meas., A. M. Lone; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. F. Axtelle; Regatta Committee, A. M. Lewis, G. W. Hubbard, E. W. Smith; Delegates to Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, A. M. Lane and John McFadyen. The club will lease ground at Folly Point and erect a club house.

Vesta, schr., Rev. James D. Dougherty, has been sold to J. F. Ackerman, of the Atlantic Y. C., who will refit and use her. The old craft, one of the contestants in the historic ocean race of 1866, has been laid up for some years.

The Riverside Y. C. held its annual meeting at the Arena, New York, on Feb. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., George G. Tyson, schr. Nirvana; Vice-Com., James D. Smith, schr. Viking; Rear-Com., E. Hope Norton, sloop Memory; Treas., Charles F. Buxton; Sec'y, J. G. Porter; Meas., T. E. Ferris; Trustees (for term ending February, 1903), Frederick Beltz and W. A. Hamilton (for unexpired term of George Lowther, resigned), W. J. L. Davids; Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower (chairman), W. A. Huffington and F. S. Doremus; Membership Committee, Robert Rutter, J. H. McKenna and George E. Marks; Entertainment Committee, J. Arthur Oatwell, S. L. Lindeman and E. H. Brinley, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; Chaplains, Rev. Dr. George C. Houghton, Rev. Rufus Putney and Rev. Charles F. Boylston.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has just shipped on the U. S. ship Prairie, to the coming Paris Exposition, two very handsome craft—a St. Lawrence River skiff and a paddling canoe—both being built of mahogany and perfect specimens of their types. The skiff is 18 ft. 6 in. long by 42 in. beam, elaborately fitted up, and the canoe is 16 ft. by 32 in. This exhibit is made by the United States Government, which occupies a certain space at the Exposition to show representative products of America, selected by a specially appointed commission.

The auxiliary sloop Ida Belle Lowndes, Capt. Thos. Madge, of Greenwich, Conn., which sailed from New York on Dec. 19 for Cuba, was spoken on Feb. 8 off Cape Fear by the Spanish steamer Niceto. The sloop was flying distress signals, having lost her bearings and being out of oil for the side lights, though with a good supply of naphtha for the engine. Owing to continued fog no observations were possible for some days. The steamer gave the position and also some stores, and the yacht continued on her way.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, has appointed the following officers and committees: Capt., Chas. H. Brock; Fleet Surgeon, R. G. Le Conte, M.D.; Board of Trustees, Com. Alexander Van Rensselaer (chairman), A. F. Bancroft (secretary), R. J. W. Koons, Robert M. Riddle, Alfred C. Harrison, Robert K. Neff, George E. Kirkpatrick, James M. Dodge, Charles H. Brock, Dr. R. H. Harte and F. H. Rosengarten; Race Committee, A. F. Bancroft (chairman), Isaac W. Jeanes and H. S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock (chairman), Com. Van Rensselaer, G. H. Millett, Brereton Pratt and F. H. Rosengarten; House Committee, James M. Dodge, Brereton Pratt and C. Barton Keen; Library Committee, Dr. R. H. Harte, Joseph Y. Jeanes and Robert Barrie.

Persimmon, raceabout, has been sold through F. Bowne Jones to Devere H. Warner, of Bridgeport, who will race her on the Sound. Nerita, steam yacht, formerly Narwhal, has also been sold through Mr. Jones to W. E. Cox, of Boston.

Courier, steam yacht, B. F. Keith, arrived at Havana on Feb. 7, from Boston and Southern ports.

The Eastern Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 13, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry S. Hovey; Vice-Com., Ralph E. Forbes; Rear Com., Albert S. Bigelow; Sec'y, George Atkinson, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Members of Council-at-Large, George A. Goddard, William S. Eaton, Jr.; Regatta Committee, Henry H. Buck, Henry Howard, Odin B. Roberts, Henry B. Bennett, Frederic O. North; Committee on Admissions, Gordon Dexter, Theophilus Parsons, Charles S. Rackemann, Robert Saltonstall, the Secretary (ex-officio); House Committee, J. Prince Loud, Harry K. White, Frank Brewster, George Atkinson, Jr., John A. Jennings; Eastern Challenge Cup Committee, Frank E. Peabody, Henry H. Buck, Ralph E. Forbes.

The Gloucester Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 10, electing the following officers: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Rear-Coms., John Graham, Sr., Gilbert Taylor; Treas., John Casnett; Sec'y, F. Smith; Trustees, William Lowrey, R. Murray, L. Moran; Steward, H. Quinn; Measurers, John Minaghan, John Rihle and F. Smith.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 20-22.—Oskaloosa, Ia.—First annual amateur tournament of the Oskaloosa Gun Club; live birds and targets. Jos. Stumps, Sec'y.
Feb. 21-22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Tournament of the Keystone Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Stamford, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the Stamford Gun Club. Geo. B. Bliss, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Providence, R. I.—Holiday shoot of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird shoot for the benefit of Mr. W. Milla.
Feb. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Yonkers, N. Y.—Target and live-bird shoot of the Yonkers Gun Club at Hollywood Inn, Dunwoodie. G. C. Stengel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Rochester Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur pigeon shooting championship of the Carteret Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Forester Gun Club. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Brockton, Mass.—Brockton Gun Club shoot.

Feb. 22.—Trenton, N. J.—Walsrode Gun Club tournament. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-23.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Team contest for Shooting and Fishing trophy between Passaic Rod and Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 28.—Newark, N. J.—Contest between C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and J. S. S. Remsen, challenger, for Greater New York and vicinity championship trophy.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.

March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

March 19.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.

March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.

April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular Spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, N. Y.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus. O. Henderson, Treas.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 14, St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's Trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month, at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Concerning the contemplated matches to be shot on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Garden City, L. I., after the Grand American Handicap, between some of the crack professionals, Mr. W. Watrous is quoted as saying that "the Carteret Gun Club is purely an amateur organization, and no professionals can shoot on the club grounds. There is no truth either in the report that the shooting box and traps are to be moved from their present location, unless the golf club makes it worth our while to move. The golf club, so it is said, have had longing eyes on our property. Of course that club may think that it would be a good thing to buy our property, and if it meets us in price we will sell, and in that event will build a large club house in the vicinity of the present house, move the shooting box and have two sets of traps on the grounds." It is rumored that R. A. Welch, Daniel I. Bradley, J. W. P. Stuart, W. W. Watrous and William S. Edey have decided to sail on April 25, and will shoot in the Grand Prix de Paris.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week are noteworthy days in the trapshooting world, the amateur championship of the Carteret Gun Club, a battle of the giants, which evokes the highest degree of skill, being the prize for which the shooters will contest. Among those who are expected to engage in this contest are Messrs. Robert A. Welch, Daniel I. Bradley, Louis T. Duryea, G. S. Guthrie, Capt. A. W. Money, W. W. Watrous, J. B. Ellison, Clarence Dolan, William S. Edey, H. G. Gilbert, D. Elliott and Chas. H. Stanley. Each man will shoot at 100 live birds, \$100 entrance, 30 yds. mark.

Thomas W. Morfe, a skillful trap shot himself and famous for his skill in providing good birds for trap shoots, many of which have been held on his grounds at Lyndhurst, has accepted an engagement with the Interstate Park Association, and besides other branches, will have charge of birds. Every one used in the forthcoming Grand American Handicap and the associated events will be passed upon by him. The Association is fortunate in securing this able and popular expert.

The old Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., underwent reorganization recently, and after several years of inaction will resume its functions. Feb. 22 was fixed upon for a live-bird and target shoot. Officers elected were: President, David W. Porter; Captain, Eugene A. Walker; Secretary-Treasurer, George L. Rollins. A magautrap has been installed.

We are informed that Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., sailed on Wednesday of this week for England, where he will sojourn two or three months. Last year, besides possessing many pleasant features and a tour in a foreign land, he was eminently successful in establishing the worth of the magautrap and Blue Rocks, besides teaching the good sportsmen of England the up-to-date methods of target shooting. Mr. North informs us that his company has orders for targets from Russia, and recently filled a large order for New Zealand.

The Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., has moved its club house to new grounds, west and across the road from its former site. The club house, marker's station and shooting platform are close by the road. Shooters now face toward the north. A 500 yds. rifle range will be fitted up in such a manner that any desired range may be obtained. The club has been thoroughly reorganized, and contemplates full activity during the coming season. The officers of the club are: President, Wm. Stanbrough; Secretary, Wm. Hoppenstead; Treasurer, Rufus Hobbs.

A telegram from Mr. Paul R. Litzke informs us that the E C cup contest, between Messrs. Fred Gilbert and J. A. R. Elliott, which took place at Hot Springs, Ark., on Monday of this week, was won by the former. The scores were: Gilbert 47 at unknown angles, 48 at experts, 38 at doubles; total 133. Elliott 44 at unknown angles, 44 at experts, 36 at doubles; total 124. The conditions were 50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert rules and 25 pairs.

Keep in mind the all-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the contest for the Greater New York and vicinity championship between Messrs. C. W. Feigenspan and J. S. S. Remsen, which takes place on Feb. 28. This is the first individual contest for the trophy, and as both contestants are shooting in fine form a great race may be expected. The conditions are 100 singles and 25 pairs. Take S. Broad street cars to the end of the line.

Mr. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., has been sojourning in the West, and incidentally has been doing some live-bird shooting in Chicago. John Watson's birds had some new problems to solve, both in respect to the best and quickest way to die gracefully, or to avoid dying at all. If a bird was not in his usual good form, he suffered. New Jersey abounds with skillful masters of the gun, of whom Mr. Budd is which.

It is regrettable that the shooters do not respond more promptly and materially to the proposition of building a shooting park at Chicago. In such a great shooting center as Chicago there should be ample support for such an institution. There is plenty of room for all in this great land, and the more development there is locally the greater will be the interest and support toward the sum total. Mr. Rice's letter in another column should be heeded by shooters and all who are interested in the sport.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, informs us that he will manage Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament, given by Mr. Lebohner, at the park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, and claims the dates May 2, 3 and 4. There will be target and live-bird events. The main target event will be at 100 targets, the prizes of which will be valuable and useful merchandise, and trophies within the reach of the 60 per cent. amateur.

The performance of Mr. Fred Gilbert in the three days of target shooting last week at Hot Springs, Ark., was phenomenal. Out of 480 shot at he broke 466, a fraction over 97 per cent. Mr. Rolla O. Heikes was close up with .947 per cent., while Charlie Young had .945 to his credit, and Elliott .920 per cent., all excellent performances.

The Stamford Gun Club announces a Holiday shoot for February 22. There are twelve target events, 10, 15 and one at 20 targets, a total of 145, with a total entrance of \$7.15. Four moneys in all events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Price of targets included in entrance. Any one may shoot for targets only. Mr. George B. Bliss, secretary.

In the first contest for the trophy of the championship of Greater New York, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Feb. 14, Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, scored the first win in a closely contested race. He and Mr. W. Hopkins, of Jamaica, L. I., tied on the excellent score of 47 out of a possible 50. The shoot-off also was close—20 to 19 in favor of Mr. Remsen.

The Walsrode Gun Club, of Trenton, N. J., is of the active, energetic class, which lives up to its mission of shooting. It took six more shooters within its membership last week. For Washington's Birthday a pigeon shoot was arranged, to be held for members only. It contemplates a number of team contests with other clubs in the near future.

The Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., contemplates giving a shoot the first week in May, and will endeavor to give a good programme. Uncle Ben Catchpole, who is nearly eighty years of age, but whose spirit is untouched by the passing years, scored 9 out of 10 targets in one event, notwithstanding that he was then convalescing from a severe cold.

In a contest at Charter Oak Park, Gloucester City, Pa., between Felix and E. Martin, both of Philadelphia, the former won by a score of 39 to 38. The conditions were 50 live birds, 50 yds. boundary, Rhode Island rules. A heavy rain, driven in the shooters' faces, made most unfavorable conditions for good scores.

In the match for the championship of New Jersey, and the trophy, the E C cup, which goes with the title, Mr. George H. Fiercy, the holder, succeeded in again defeating Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, the challenger, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Friday of last week.

The great target tournament under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, commences on Thursday of next week and continues to March 17. Rifle and pistol competition also have interesting programmes, for which apply to Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer, 280 Broadway, New York.

Those who contemplate entering in the Grand American Handicap should bear in mind that entries close on March 24. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, will furnish programmes and blank form of entry on application. Forfeit \$10.

In the cup shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, McPherson won the loving cup in the main event, at 15 birds, standing at 27 yds. Five tied on straight scores, but in the tie at 5 McPherson killed straight and won.

On Wednesday of this week Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the famous manager of the Interstate Association, takes charge of the preparations for the tournament on the roof of Madison Square Garden, which begins on March 1.

By a typographical error in the Grand American Handicap programme, which we published in full last week, the admission fee was stated to be 5 cents, whereas it should have been 50 cents.

In the matter of grounds for shooting any matches after the Grand American Handicap, the grounds of the Interstate Association will afford every facility needed.

Feb. 27 has been fixed upon by the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., for its championship shoot.

The back mark man had the sympathies of many present, not all, for there were some who considered he was no more handicapped at 21yds. than they were at 15 and 18. The elements are strictly impartial, whatever else may be said to their detriment, and the more expert and quicker shot is with his varied experience better able to circumvent a tricky wind than the slower, poorer shot, who is at still more of a disadvantage.

The club omits next Wednesday, it preceding Washington's Birthday. Wednesday, Feb. 28, a team shoot is scheduled.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	10	10	5p	10	10
Gordon, 17.....	4	5	5	2	5	4	3	4	2	3	8	7
Miskay, 18.....	8	6	7	6	8	9	7	9	7	5	6	1
Leroy, 21.....	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	8	4	9	8	9
Howe, 19.....	6	8	7	8	7	6	8	9	8	3	10	9
Woodruff, 17.....	6	5	10	5	6	6	6	8	9	3	10	9
Baker, 16.....	8	8	6	6	4	6	6	5	8	10	6	8
Sheffield, 16.....	4	6	5	4	2	6	4	7	3	4	5	1
Worthing, 16.....	3	5	6	7	7	3	7	4	7	3	6	7
Williams, 15.....	1	3	5	5	5	3	2	1	4	4	4	4
Edgerton, 16.....	5	4	6	8	0	6	3	4	5	5	5	1
Poor, 15.....	6	4	7	7	9	5	8	5	5	5	5	1
Spencer, 18.....	4	7	7	9	5	8	5	5	5	5	5	1

Extra, 10 singles: Gordon and Baker 6, Henry 3.

All events unknown angles from magautrap.

Merchandise match, 30 targets—20 singles and 5 pairs; distance handicap:

Miskay, 18.....	111110110111111110-17	10	11	00	11	11-7-24
Howe, 19.....	111010110110101011-13	11	11	11	10	8-21
Spencer, 18.....	011001111011111111-16	10	10	10	00	11-5-21
Leroy, 21.....	110110011000110111-13	10	10	10	11	01-6-19
Woodruff, 17.....	010110110101101010-12	11	11	10	00	10-6-18
Worthing, 16.....	0011011110000110010-13	10	10	10	11	11-7-17
Baker, 16.....	1001011000101101001-10	10	11	10	10	10-6-16
Edgerton, 16.....	1011101000111010100-12	01	00	00	10	10-3-15
Williams, 15.....	1001100110100101010-10	10	11	00	00	00-3-13
Gordon, 17.....	1000010111010100010-9	00	10	00	01	10-3-12
Sheffield, 16.....	0000001100010101110-8	00	10	10	10	10-4-12
Poor, 15.....	0100000100000000010-4	00	00	00	00	00-4-4

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 17.—The unlucky number of thirteen shooters braved zero weather and a keen wind at Watson's yesterday in the eleventh contest of the series for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy. The wind sent the birds quivering to the score, but the cold was so severe that the birds could hardly be asked to fly so keenly as on a milder but equally bright day. Of the 13 entries, 9 went in the 15-hole, and all but one below there tied on 14, Eaton taking third alone with 11. J. L. White, whose good showing was commented upon in the last contest, two weeks ago, this time continued his run of good form and carried off the capital prize. J. M. Gillis, whose nom de fusil covers a prominent member of Tolleston Club, and an old-time duck shot, took second place and high average medal with best run straight. Eaton, third, is also a gentleman well advanced in years, but an enthusiastic shooter. The tie for first place was not settled without a long struggle, White being obliged to kill 15 straight in the frames of 5 to win. Gillis crowded him most closely with 13, but missed his first and last birds in the last string of 5 tie birds. The last shoot of the series is awaited with much interest, and this concluding contest will no doubt bring out a larger showing than any recent one. Following are the scores:

Dr Shaw, 30.....	2222222222222201	-14
Wells, 30, 2.....	121212121012*111-15	
Roll, 30, 1.....	221122212121212	-15
Gillis, 30, 2.....	1222121212121212	-15
Eaton, 25, 3.....	100212*02201211020-11	
Levi, 29, 3.....	211112002021102222-15	
Clemson, 31, 0.....	2222222222222222	-14
Odell, 28, 2.....	2111221111101222	-14
Barto, 30, 1.....	12221212122012*2	-14
Leffingwell, 30, 2.....	222222222122121	-15
White, 30, 2.....	222122221212222	-15
Steck, 30, 2.....	112212222111011	-15
O'Brien, 30, 2.....	12221221221*01211	-15

The shoot-off of the 15s was in frames of 5 birds. White shot out the bunch, killing straight. The scores:

Wells	21112	120w
Roll	2220w	
Gillis	12112	02210-13
Levi	21022	0w
Odell	0w	
Leffingwell	21211	220w
White	22222	22222-15
Steck	11112	1*W
O'Brien	12221	1120w

In the shoe-off of the 14s Clemson killed 6, Barto 4 and Shaw 3.

Opinions of an Outsider.

Mr. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., a member of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, and a well-known shooter in many events over the country, is still in these parts, and took part to-day in the Eureka Club shoot at Watson's, whose scores are given in another column. Mr. Budd was lucky enough to land high gun among about twenty shooters, no one running above 9 in the 10-bird event of the day. The weather continued cold as it was yesterday, and the birds could not be called very fast, being almost too much numbed to fly at their best. Mr. Budd says he would not mind getting on a little match with some shooter here, and indeed there is talk that he and Cap Anson will get together for a 100-bird race, though it is not settled as yet. The visitor rather feels surprised at the Chicago apathy in shooting matters, and says that down in his part of the world a man does not have to trail his coat very far before some one lands on it with both feet. He thinks we ought to have something here a bit more blooded than sweeps and club shoots, and in this he is no doubt joined by many others, though it remains the fact that we have hardly a man here just now who is looking for a pigeon race with anybody, even a stranger from the foreign country of New Jersey. Let us hope that Cap Anson will arise in his might and swat the alien, or mayhap get swatted.

Closing.

The winter season of live-bird shooting, comparatively uneventful as it has been, is now drawing to a close. The sportsmen's trophy is soon to see its finish, the Garfield and Eureka clubs bi-weekly contests also are coming toward the spring season, when shooters desert the live-bird traps. February and March were erstwhile the crack months here in Chicago, even as late as World's Fair times, yet the former month is almost departed and the latter offers nothing imminent. Soon we shall see the target season and the tournament circuit, which promises to be the best ever seen in the West. That Chicago will take any startling share in this prosperity remains to be proved. Our state shoot bids fair to break the monotony a bit, and President E. S. Rice may be relied upon to show a good tournament and a good entertainment for the local shooters and their visitors from all over the country.

Garden City Prizes to Illinois State Shoot.

Mr. H. Levi, secretary of the Garden City Gun Club, of this city, communicates this week the generous intention of his club to add to the interest of the Illinois State shoot this season by means of offering two special prizes, handsome gold medals, which will be put up to incite Garden City members to take part in the State shoot. The conditions governing are set forth as below by the secretary.

In order to assist the officers of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association to make the annual shoot a success, the Garden City Gun Club has decided to make it of more than ordinary interest to its members to take part in the shoots, and in addition to the regular prizes and the money purses offered by the Association, will give two handsome gold medals or valuable merchandise prizes. One to the members of their club who makes the best score in the making the best score on their teams. Ties, if any, are to be Board of Trade diamond badge shoot, and one to the member shot off on the first regular club shoot following the State shoot. The birds shot at in the regular club event to count also on the tie. The club will have three teams represent them. The club will also donate back to its members if any win in the Smith cup event. The 40 per cent., which the rules of this event says shall go to the club. Members who belong to the Garden City Gun Club can shoot for the diamond badge or Smith cup event with this club, even if they are on a team of another club. They must,

however, make it known that they represent the Garden City Club in these two events.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Feb. 17.—The scores made to-day in the main event of the Eureka Gun Club's shoot are given below. Col. C. E. Felton made the high average for the longest run of straight kills from the start, he scoring 7. Three tied on 9, and in the shoot-off miss-and-out O'Brien won in the fourth round. The scores:

R B Mack, 28.....	1022100112-7	A W Adams, 29.....	112021221*-8
Lovell, 29.....	2011110102-7	J L Jones, 29.....	1220222212-9
Dr Miller, 29.....	*21122112-9	Milleken, 28.....	2001221010-6
C E Felton, 28.....	221122*02-8	Goodrich, 30.....	2000022222-6
Dr Carson, 28.....	22211*2011-8	I W Budd, 30.....	111221211-10
Holliday, 31.....	2222020222-8	O'Brien, 30.....	1122202222-9
Mrs Carson, 26.....	2022001122-7	Waters, 28.....	0012220212-7
L C Willard, 31.....	2201122101-8	E M Steck, 30.....	0222121210-8
Antoine, 30.....	011021*022-6		

Ties on 9:
Miller0 O'Brien1112
Jones112*

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 10.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. A rather stiff southwest breeze made the birds lively, and taken all together, they were an extra good lot, none of the shooters present being able to put up a straight score in the trophy event. Several members came out too late to enter the trophy event, which closed promptly at 3 o'clock, but engaged in the sweepstake events, which followed. Shooting was continued until dark, as usual on our grounds.

No. 1 was the seventh trophy contest. Nos. 2 and 3 were 6 birds, \$2, two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr. Meek, 31.....	1211101220-8	212221-6	222111-6
R Kuss, 31.....	22*2220222-8	202222-5	112202-5
K Thomas, 27.....	12210*0211-7		002101-5
C H Kehl, 26.....	*2120000*0-3	20*2*2-3	
Dr Matthews, 29.....	1012121121-9	212*21-5	
Dr Shaw, 31.....	222220*220-7	2*2122-5	222222-6
T W Eaton, 30.....	1221002*22-7	01*00*-1	
F Barnard, 31.....	2121022200-7	202122-5	220222-5
A Hellman, 27.....	2210112121-9	100122-4	
S E Young, 29.....	1111210111-9	202112-5	
G De Clercy, 26.....	1021110010-6	010221-5	212*01-4
C J Wolff, 26.....	2210110002-6	2*001*-2	
S Palmer, 31.....	1002110212-7	012122-5	220110-4
T P Hicks, 31.....	0111111111-9	111101-5	210111-5
F Fanning, 28.....		212112-6	11*001-3
C P Richards, 30.....		01*210-3	111w
J Wolf, 29.....		020111-4	
Wm Baker, 27.....		121111-6	221210-5
Dean			000110-2

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

BURNSIDE CROSSING, Watson's Park, Feb. 10.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Shoot No. 1:	
S Palmer, 30, 0.....	12121122211121-15
T E Adams, 30, 0.....	21122212212221-15
O'Brien, 30, 1.....	212112212220200-13
Wells, 30, 0.....	11121100212111-13
C L Day, 30, 3.....	222211011221212-15
A S Kleinman, 30, 0.....	122*2202111222-13
J H Amberg, 30, 0.....	110102102001002-8
M M Gillis, 31, 1.....	112212202201111-13
H Lee, 30, 2.....	010220122201202-10
J B Barto, 30, 0.....	212202212200222-12
H O'Dell, 30, 1.....	222021010112221-13
G King, 30, 0.....	20002002001222-7
S Thomas, 30, 0.....	00022002212120-9

Wells, 30, 0.....	21111-5	122	Gillis, 31, 0.....	12210-4	...
O'Brien, 30, 0.....	20011-3		Day, 30, 0.....	21210-4	...
Barto, 30, 0.....	22222-5	111	Kleinman, 30, 0.....	12121-5	210
Levi, 30, 0.....	10221-4	...			

Feb. 10.—At Watson's Park, to-day, Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 birds, one money:

No. 1:		
E C Allen.....	1220100212-7	J Brydon.....2110222220-8
J Gunther.....	0120221202-7	F H Mitchell.....0202002100-4
E Freeman.....	2221001102-7	F C Seelhoff.....2000002102-4
No. 2:		
E C Allen.....	2102010020-5	J Brydon.....1210121122-9
F H Mitchell.....	2001121002-6	F C Seelhoff.....2220202211-8

No. 3, 5 birds per man, ties miss and out:

E C Allen.....	02121-4	1	F H Mitchell.....	22110-4	0
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RAVELRIGG.

Florist Gun Club of Philadelphia.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 13.—A strong wind and rain were weather conditions which were encountered to-day by the shooters. This was the last shoot of the series of four, for the club trophy of the Florists' Gun Club. Notwithstanding the gale and the driving rain, Mr. Will K. Park, scored 22 out of 25 at known angles and 24 out of 25 at the magautrap, or 46 in all, a 92 per cent. gait. He won the series and the trophy with 9 points; Parsons second, with 8 points, and Bell third, with 7 points. The conditions of the shoot were 50 targets per man, 25 known and 25 unknown angles, handicap added to the score:

	K	U	H	T	P
Wescott.....	1101101100111111110111-19	7	10	37	0
Dorp.....	10111011111101011111011-20	16	12	47	2
*Haywood.....	1100111111011011011111-20	21	0	41	0
Coleman.....	11111001111110011110111-20	23	8	51	3
McKaraher.....	111101111111011111010011-20	16	14	50	3
Barrett.....	1101011101001010101111-16	18	11	45	0
Bell.....	1011111101111111111111-21	19	6	46	1
Parsons.....	1101101111110000111111-19	21	7	47	2
Park.....	1101101111111111111011-22	24	4	50	3

Twenty-five, magautrap:	
Wescott.....	0011100000010000110000010-7
Dorp.....	110011101111111000010101-16
Haywood.....	110110011111101111111111-21
Coleman.....	111111111111101110111110-23
McKaraher.....	101111101111010010000111-16
Barrett.....	101111111110101101101010-18
Bell.....	11011011111101011110101-19
Parsons.....	111110101111111111111101-21
Park.....	11111111111111111011111-24

*Visitor.

John F. Weller Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 6.—The following scores were made to-day. The first event was at 25 targets, and the scores were as follows:

S Erdman 15, Ad. Lester 6, B Keyser 11, L Straub 14, O Acker 16, M Snyder 9, O Griesemer 16, C Hobe 7, A Walker 11, C Miller 10, A Weller 9, C Kramlich 19, L Straub 7, B Keyser 5, C Miller 6, O Acker 13, C Hobe 12, Ad Lester 7, Sams 6.

Jno Weiler	00011111011-8	A Walker	011011-3
Bud Benincy	010011-3	C Hobe	011111-5
B Keyser	011111-5	C Miller	011111-5
L Straub	010011-3	Griesemer	011010-4
O Acker	111111-6	J Morrow	000111-3

C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

Distractions.

President of the French Court—You declare this on your honor as a gentleman?

French Officer—N-no, Monsieur le President! As an officer of le grand armee!—Philadelphia North American.

A Sharp Tongue.

"You gave Tungay a job in your office the other day, I understand. Hasn't he talked the arm off you?"
"No, but he talked his own head off. He's hunting another job."
—Chicago Tribune.

Hot Springs Tournament.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Feb. 17.—The tournament which has been in progress all week at Whittington Park came to a close to-day, and, while the attendance was not of the high-water order, it was, nevertheless, a very successful affair, for during the week over sixty shooters participated. Just how representative these were is shown by the list given elsewhere.

The affair was managed by Mr. Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and Kings Powder Co., and to him and Walter Little and Bob Price all the credit is due for the satisfactory manner in which everything was disposed of. Walter Little acted in the capacity of cashier, and conducted this department in banking-house style, and in addition he was also courteous and accommodating. Bob Price covered himself with glory in his roll of squad hustler, and to his indefatigable energy must be mainly attributed the feat of throwing 8,800 targets in about five hours, as was here the case on the first day. The shooting was usually begun at 9:30, and continued to 12:30, at which time adjournment of an hour and a half was taken for dinner, and it was never later than 4 o'clock when the last gun was shot.

The method of dividing the money at this tournament was a very satisfactory one, and there were many converts made for the Rose system, and FOREST AND STREAM was the recipient of many compliments for the manly stand it had taken in behalf of this system.

The high gun division used in the live-bird handicap was equally as satisfactory, and it is very probable that in the near future there will be other large tournaments conducted on these lines.

First Day, Tuesday, Feb. 13.

Fifty-seven shooters materialized for the opening day of the tournament, and of this number all but seven shot through the entire events, evidencing that those present were here to shoot and to stay. The

Rogers	12	14	15	18	13	15	14	15	15	13	160	144	.900
Marshall	15	14	14	17	15	13	14	17	15	10	160	144	.900
Kimball	14	14	14	19	14	14	14	14	13	13	160	144	.900
Apperson	15	14	14	16	14	12	14	16	14	15	160	144	.900
Linderman	13	13	14	18	13	12	14	17	15	14	160	143	.894
Ingraham	14	12	14	17	14	12	14	17	15	15	160	142	.888
Scott	13	13	14	17	14	12	14	17	15	13	160	142	.888
Townsend	11	14	13	18	15	14	10	18	15	14	160	142	.888
Tripp	13	10	13	17	14	15	15	17	13	13	160	140	.876
McDonald	14	13	15	16	15	9	15	16	13	14	160	140	.876
Diefenderfer	14	14	15	18	15	13	13	14	12	12	160	140	.876
Neal	11	14	14	15	14	14	14	17	13	13	160	139	.869
Crabill	14	14	15	18	15	13	13	17	14	14	160	139	.869
Blunt	15	14	14	15	13	12	12	18	12	14	160	139	.869
Vincent	13	12	13	17	14	15	11	18	12	13	160	138	.863
Norman	13	10	12	17	13	15	14	17	14	13	160	138	.863
Budd	14	13	14	15	14	10	14	16	14	14	160	138	.863
Parker	12	13	15	18	14	13	12	16	13	12	160	138	.863
Fletcher	14	13	11	17	14	11	15	18	13	12	160	138	.863
Sumpter	12	12	13	17	14	10	14	19	15	11	160	137	.856
Mathews	13	14	12	19	14	12	13	17	14	9	160	137	.856
Heiligenstein	14	12	15	14	13	14	14	18	11	12	160	137	.856
Wade	15	13	12	17	10	12	14	19	14	10	160	136	.850
Head	13	13	13	17	13	11	12	19	13	12	160	136	.850
Thiele	12	14	13	16	12	14	14	18	13	10	160	135	.844
Loftin	15	14	12	17	9	10	15	18	13	12	160	135	.844
Loomis	14	11	13	17	14	12	12	18	12	12	160	135	.844
Burnside	12	10	13	17	13	12	13	17	13	15	160	135	.844
Bailey	13	12	13	15	15	13	13	18	13	13	160	135	.844
Norton	13	11	12	18	15	13	13	15	12	12	160	134	.838
Shaw	13	11	12	17	14	13	14	18	13	8	160	134	.838
Bonebrake	14	9	13	16	12	11	14	19	14	12	160	134	.838
Egbert	14	13	12	12	14	11	11	17	15	9	160	128	.800
Jackson	12	14	10	17	12	9	12	17	12	12	160	127	.794
Leach	11	12	11	17	11	15	11	17	10	13	160	126	.788
Irwin	11	9	13	17	10	11	11	17	13	13	160	125	.781
Chase	9	12	11	13	11	11	11	16	12	12	160	121	.756
Miss King	11	10	10	10	11	7	11	12	12	12	160	106	.663
Smith	13	14	12	16	13	10	13	15	14	14	145	120	.828
Mrs Shattuck	13	13	11	19	11	11	11	12	13	11	110	92	.836
Mackie	14	13	12	16	11	10	8	11	10	8	110	84	.764
Terryberry	10	9	7	16	11	10	10	11	10	10	65	42	.646
Wells	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	60	52	.867
Hayseed	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	35	25	.714
Carmichael	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	12	.600

Third Day, Thursday, Feb 15.

Pep Heikes took a turn at setting the pace for the crowd to-day, and by shooting in something like the form that has so long kept his name prominently before the shooting public, he has a lead over Gilbert, his nearest competitor, of 5 birds, having missed but 4 targets, which gives him a percentage of .977. Gilbert lost 9 to-day, 4 more than on the previous two days; but this landed him second, with .943. Young is third, .931, and Elliott fourth, but a single break separating him from Young. V. C. and Sconce are the only others to make an average of 90 per cent.

The weather conditions were very trying to the contestants, as it was dark and gloomy, and the air was of a raw, penetrating nature, which necessitated plenty of outer garments, and the stove in the shooting booth was always well patronized. The bad light made it difficult to locate the targets promptly and properly, and consequently there was a marked falling off in the averages of most of the contestants. Probably the only exception was Heikes, as he did his best shooting to-day, and once more demonstrated he shoots best under the severest conditions. True, there was little wind, but nevertheless, every one agreed that the shooting was the hardest of the week, and the number of those who were shot out in each event will attest to this.

In each of the 20-target events there was but one straight score. Elliott did the trick in the first one, while in the other one the only lady participant showed her male competitors she was occasionally able of beating them all, and when Mrs. Shattuck accomplished this feat a hearty cheer went up from the contestants and spectators.

At the conclusion of the regular programme an extra double event was shot. This had twelve entries, and was at 10 pairs. Only four got into the money. Mr. Christopher Heiligenstein, from Hassenpfeffer Hollow, took first on 18, and as this was divided 5, 3, 2, Rose system, it paid very well.

The entries did not run quite as high as on the previous days, though there was no perceptible falling off in the contestants. Fifty-four participated, and of these, forty-three shot the entire programme.

The standing of all the principals is given in the scores appended:											Shot		
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	15	15	15	19	15	15	14	19	14	15	160	156	.977
Gilbert	15	14	15	18	13	13	15	18	15	15	160	151	.943
Young	12	15	15	19	15	15	15	16	15	12	160	149	.931
Elliott	13	12	14	20	13	15	14	18	14	15	160	148	.925
V C	11	14	15	18	15	14	15	16	13	13	160	144	.900
Sconce	13	14	12	19	14	14	12	17	14	15	160	144	.900
Norton	14	14	13	19	12	14	12	19	13	13	160	143	.893
Howard	14	14	14	16	13	13	13	18	14	14	160	143	.893
Blunt	14	14	13	17	13	13	15	18	14	11	160	142	.887
Vincent	13	14	13	19	14	15	12	16	14	11	160	141	.881
Marshall	13	15	13	17	13	13	14	18	13	12	160	141	.881
De Long	13	12	13	18	12	14	14	18	13	13	160	140	.875
Burnside	14	13	14	17	15	10	12	17	15	13	160	140	.875
Apperson	11	14	12	18	15	12	12	18	15	13	160	140	.875
Sumpter	14	12	12	18	13	13	15	17	12	13	160	139	.868
Budd	15	13	14	17	14	11	13	19	13	10	160	139	.868
Koehler	12	14	13	18	10	14	14	18	11	14	160	138	.862
Rogers	12	14	13	17	13	13	14	15	14	13	160	138	.862
Head	14	14	14	14	11	14	13	19	15	10	160	138	.862
Linderman	12	14	12	17	13	13	13	17	13	14	160	138	.862
Mrs Shattuck	14	13	13	16	13	12	13	20	10	13	160	137	.856
Kimball	13	13	14	19	12	12	12	17	13	11	160	136	.850
Neal	11	14	12	18	13	14	14	14	11	14	160	135	.843
Taylor	14	11	11	19	13	13	10	18	13	10	160	135	.843
Diefenderfer	14	11	13	13	12	12	14	16	15	15	160	135	.843
Ingraham	12	13	12	15	13	14	12	17	13	13	160	134	.837
Tripp	13	12	14	15	13	13	14	16	12	12	160	134	.837
Matthews	13	14	14	17	12	13	12	14	13	11	160	133	.831
Wade	13	11	14	18	12	11	14	14	13	12	160	132	.825
Parker	13	11	10	17	12	13	12	16	15	13	160	132	.825
Bailey	13	13	15	13	14	13	11	14	11	14	160	131	.819
Heiligenstein	11	10	14	18	12	12	13	14	13	13	160	130	.812
McDonald	14	12	12	10	14	13	13	17	10	15	160	130	.818
Crabill	12	11	10	15	14	15	12	16	9	15	160	129	.806
Jackson	12	12	13	13	12	12	13	14	13	13	160	127	.793
Townsend	11	14	13	15	14	10	15	12	10	10	160	124	.775
Norman	13	12	12	12	11	13	13	15	12	10	160	123	.768
Loomis	14	12	10	12	14	13	12	14	13	9	160	123	.768
Scott	14	13	12	15	9	12	13	16	7	12	160	123	.768
Loftin	14	10	13	16	10	10	13	14	10	13	160	123	.768
Shaw	9	11	12	17	12	10	14	15	11	9	160	120	.750
Leach	11	10	10	13	14	14	8	13	10	13	160	116	.725
Chase	9	12	9	17	10	11	11	13	9	10	160	111	.694
Irwin	14	12	11	11	12	15	13	15	12	12	140	116	.819
Smith	13	13	13	12	12	10	11	11	11	11	95	73	.768
Terryberry	12	12	9	12	10	9	11	11	10	10	95	64	.674
Collings	10	10	10	10	10	10	13	11	16	13	80	64	.800
Thiele	10	8	9	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	80	52	.636
Dwyer	12	8	9	13	10	10	13	15	12	12	65	52	.800
Wirt	10	9	8	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	65	42	.646
Mackie	10	9	8	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	65	38	.584
Fletcher	13	11	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	33	.733
Miss King	10	10	10	10	10	8	8	7	10	10	45	23	.511
Dobbins	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	13	15	13	.866
Moore	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	11	15	11	.733

Arkansas Championship.

For some time it has been understood that little Joe Matthews, of Fort Smith, had a hankering to once more assume this title, and he had no sooner struck town than he approached De Long, the present holder, in regard to giving him a race for the medal, providing the latter would agree to shoot it during the current week. This he readily did, and their little difference was settled early this morning. De Long successfully defended his title, and by defeating Matthews he has demonstrated that he is a shooter of no little ability, for, since John Sumpter has moved out of the State, Matthews is conceded to be the best of them all, he being especially strong in individual contests. However, in this race, De Long plainly showed that he was his master, for he showed abundant pluck, as he displayed both skill and judgment. On the other hand, Matthews did not display the time that usually characterizes his shooting, and at times he was woefully slow. In a measure his defeat can be attributed to this, though it is also well to bear in mind that 46 out of 50 is a very good score—one hard to beat on most occasions.

The match was shot at 9 o'clock, at which time there was no wind, but the light was bad, so that the scores of both principals

must be rated good. Heretofore De Long has never been able to approach his score of to-day. The best he had ever done in a race of this kind was 41. This is also the best score shot for the medal in an individual contest. R. O. Heikes was referee, and Charley Young was judge for Matthews, and Lou Epperly acted in the same capacity for De Long.

This is De Long's fourth victory, and he has defeated shooters from Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Fort Smith and Hot Springs, so that he will probably not be molested again for some time, and will remain in possession of the trophy until the annual meeting of the Association.

De Long shot a Winchester gun, Leader shell and Lafin & Rand powder, Matthews shot a Greener gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder. The scores:

De Long	101111101111111111011111—22
Mathews	111111111111111111111111—24-46
	011111111110101111111011—21
	111111111110111111111001—22-43

General Averages.

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In order to guard against contingencies the programme was arranged for three days instead of two, and, in order to give all an equal chance so far as light was concerned, only three rounds were shot on the first day. The birds were again very good, with, of course, a few exceptions, and just a third (thirty-three) of the ninety-eight competitors failed in the first round. Eleven of these and twenty-seven others were unsuccessful in the second round, while, with twenty-nine missing their third bird, at the end of the day only twenty-four shooters had killed all three. Had the usual course been adopted, a fourth round would have reduced still further the ranks of those who had not a single zero; but, as mentioned, this was deferred until the following day, when, of the twenty-four just mentioned, Signor Fiachetti, Mr. Laleham, Baron Leolino, Signor Villani, Mr. Southby Hewitt, Signor Grandi, Signor Quierolo and Mr. Mackintosh were unsuccessful. Although the regulation was that only 3 misses should disqualify, it was thought that with sixteen having killed four in succession, it would be a waste of time to call up those who had missed twice, their rights being, of course, reserved, should it be possible for them to come in again; but this seemed a very remote contingency at the close of the sixth round, when M. Dreya, Mr. Walter Blake, M. de la Chapelle, Signor Lazzaro, M. Poizat, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Rogers, Count O'Brien, M. Journu, Signor Benvenuti and M. Hudellet had killed all. It was from this point that the contest became interesting, and in the seventh round Signor Lazzaro was singularly unlucky, as the dog gathered the bird he had hit, and then let it go, while M. Dreya and M. Hudellet, both of whom had been shooting well, failed to kill. The eighth round reduced the number who had killed all to half a dozen, for Mr. Roberts, the champion of 1889, was beaten by a very twisting bird from the right-hand trap, and Signor Benvenuti succumbed to a fast bird from the left-hand trap. The pigeons in the ninth round were almost all very smart, and of those who had got this far without a miss, only M. Journu, Count O'Brien and M. Poizat retained their advantage. Mr. W. Blake and M. de la Chapelle being unsuccessful. However, as there were four prizes, those who had only one miss continued to shoot, as they would have the fourth prize to contend for, even if the three others did not miss up to the close of the twelfth and deciding round.

As a matter of fact, this consummation was not reached, and the ensuing notes will show how the complexion of the contest changed in the last few rounds. In the tenth round seventeen were left who had only missed 1 bird out of 9, including the veteran Signor Guidicini, who had missed his 5th bird, but had killed the others in good style. He made a good kill from the second trap with his second barrel, as did Mr. W. Blake from the left trap. Baron Leonino and M. Charrier then extinguished their chances by missing 2 fast-rising birds, while Mr. Watson, M. Poizat and Signor Lazzaro killed from the middle trap. Mr. H. Barker was successful in stopping with his second barrel a fast bird from trap four, whereas, M. Hudellet clean missed a bird that looked easy, Mr. Roberts making a clever kill from the left and Mr. Rogers from the right trap. Mr. Mackintosh, who had only missed 1 bird (his 4th), killed with the second barrel, but Count O'Brien hit, but failed to bring down, a fast riser from the right trap, whereas, M. Journu dropped an easy bird from the center, he and M. Poizat being the only two who had killed all. The round terminated by Signor Benvenuti making a clever kill from the left and Mr. Hill missing from the fourth trap. In the eleventh round the first to shoot was Herr Hans Marsch, who made a good kill from the left trap, followed by Signor Guidicini, who, after refusing a sitter, missed a twisting bird from the same, and was so put out of the contest, like Mr. Watson, who had a bird out of the right trap, which rose very high. He was followed by M. de la Chapelle and Signor Lazzaro, both of whom missed; but Mr. Blake and Mr. Barker killed in good style. Then came M. Poizat, who, like M. Journu, had killed 10, but he could not account for his 11th, Mr. Roberts making his second miss in this round. Mr. W. Rogers, upon the contrary, made a smart kill from the fourth trap, as did the four others in this round. Mr. Mackintosh, Count O'Brien, Signor Benvenuti and M. Journu. The last named brought down a fast bird in fine style, and as he had only to kill his next bird to be once more the winner, the opening of the twelfth round was awaited with no little interest. Nine were left to shoot in the twelfth round, namely, M. Journu, who had killed 11, and eight others with only 1 miss, and, to dispose at once of M. Journu, he clean missed a fast, but not, apparently, very difficult bird from the fourth trap. This let in the eight others, or, rather, seven of them, for Mr. Rogers was the only one who missed, something going wrong with his gun after he had fired the first barrel. Mr. Blake, Mr. Barker and Mr. Mackintosh all shot well in this round, the failure of M. Journu giving the contest as open an appearance as it had three rounds before. In the thirteenth round M. Journu again missed clean from the second trap, and this was the only failure. Mr. Blake and Mr. Barker both had to use their second barrels, and Count O'Brien brought down his bird from the right trap with the second barrel. Mr. Mackintosh got an easy bird from the middle trap, and M. Poizat killed with his first barrel a good bird from the left, while Signor Benvenuti had a rather awkward one from the middle trap. The seven competitors all got through the next round without a miss, and in the fifteenth round the odds were very much in favor of the gun, for there had been only 2 misses in 23 shots. The shooting was very deadly, the only failure being that of Mr. Barker, who was beaten by a swift bird from trap two. Upon the other hand, Herr Hans Marsch had an easy one from the fourth trap, and Mr. Blake's first barrel was enough to stop one from the second. Mr. Mackintosh's bird again favored him, but M. Poizat had a near escape, as the difficult pigeon from the fourth trap, which he brought down, fell just within the boundary. Count O'Brien killed in good style a quick bird. The sixteenth round reduced the contest to very narrow limits, for of the six who were still in it no fewer than four (Herr Hans Marsch, Mr. Blake, M. Poizat and Signor Benvenuti) missed, while Mr. Mackintosh killed from the second trap, and Count O'Brien's second barrel accounted for a good bird from the center. The four who had missed were left to compete for third and fourth prizes, and four more rounds had to be shot between Count O'Brien and Mr. Mackintosh before a definite result was reached. They both missed clean in the seventeenth round, but in the next Mr. Mackintosh killed a bird from the right trap, while Count O'Brien dropped a quick-flying one from the middle. Mr. Mackintosh got a sitter in the nineteenth round, but he accepted it, and managed to drop it within the boundary, while Count O'Brien was again equal to stopping a good bird from the middle. The middle trap seemed to be his portion, for in four out of the last five rounds it was from here that his pigeon came, such being the case in the twentieth and last round. Here Mr. Mackintosh was beaten by a bird rising quickly from the left trap, and Count O'Brien, killing smartly, was adjudged the winner, not only of the money (which they agreed to divide), but of a silver gilt tea service. Count O'Brien comes, as the name indicates, from an Irish family long since settled in Spain, and ennobled, and though he has won many prizes at Biarritz and other places, and has shot well here, this is his first victory of any note at Monte Carlo. Mr. Mackintosh shot very well, and did great credit to Australia; but so doubt, if M. Journu had been able to master his nerves, he would have repeated his victory of 1896. It was too dark to shoot off the ties for third and fourth money, but, as will be seen below, Mr. Blake, Signor Benvenuti, M. Poizat and Herr Hans Marsch met on Wednesday morning, all four of them, curiously, missing their 4th birds. After killing 3 more apiece, Mr. Blake and Signor Benvenuti then missed, and the two others agreed to divide. Scores:

The Grand Prix du Monaco, of £800, and a piece of plate, added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second receives £160 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, £80 and 25 per cent.; fourth, £40 and 15 per cent.; 3 pigeons at 26 meters, 9 at 27 meters; last year's winner to stand back 2 meters; any other winner of the prize, 1 meter; 3 miss to put out; 98 subscribers:

S.—Count O'Brien (Purdey), French powder S (first of £755 and a piece of plate).....	11111111011110111—18
A.—Mr Mackintosh (Greener), S (second of £356).....	111111111111110110—17
G.—Herr Hans Marsch (Rodson), B.....	101111111111111110—14
F.—M. Poizat (Purdey), F.....	1111111110111110—14
E.—Mr W Blake (Greener), A.....	1111111101111110—14
I.—Signor Benvenuti (Greener), W.....	1111111101111110—14
E.—Mr H Barker.....	1011111111111110—13
F.—M. Journu.....	1111111111111100—11
A.—Mr Rogers.....	1111111110111110—10
E.—Mr Roberts.....	1111111101111110—9
I.—Signor Lazzaro.....	1111111101111110—9
F.—Mr Watson.....	1011111111111110—9
E.—M. de la Chapelle.....	1111111110111110—9
I.—Signor Guidicini.....	1111111110111110—9
I.—Signor Soldi.....	1011111111111110—9
F.—Baron Leonino.....	1111111111111110—8
F.—Baron de Molembaix.....	0111111111111110—8
F.—M. Charrier.....	1111111111111110—8
F.—M. Hudellet.....	1111111101111110—8
E.—Mr Hill.....	1101111111111110—8
I.—Signor Fiachetti.....	1111111111111110—7
F.—M. Dreya.....	1111111111111110—7
F.—Count L. Gayolfi.....	0111111111111110—7

F.—M. Demonts.....	1101111110—7
I.—Signor Quierolo.....	1110111110—7
G.—Count Voss.....	0111111110—7
F.—M. Brasseur.....	0111111110—6
A.—Mr Robinson.....	1111111010—6
I.—Signor Brasco.....	0111111110—6
I.—Signor Perego.....	1101111110—6
E.—Mr Vernon Barker.....	1111111010—6

Killed 5 birds: Signor Della Torres, Signor Antinovi, Count Lambert, Signor Asti Cesare, Count Delfino, Mr Hannay.
Killed 4 birds: Signor Gheri, Mr Lyddite, Signor Borghi.
Killed 3 birds: Mr Horton, Mr Laleham, M. Ribollet, Signor E Villani, Signor Faravelli, Mr Southby Hewitt, Signor R Grandi, Signor Puccinelli, M. Sibrick, M. R Gourgaud, Signor Lanfranchi, Mr Wilder, Signor P Luro.

Killed 2 birds: Count de Robiano, Hon F Erskine, Vicomte d'Hauterive, M. Barry-Herfeldt, Count d'Havrincourt, Mr Ker, Earl of Portarlington, M. Lonhienne, Signor J. Grasselli, Signor Gregorini, M. Moncorgé, M. Maurice Faure, Signor Catenacci, M. de Pape, Signor Cavaleri, Van den Bosch, Mr Hodgson, Baron de Tavernost, Baron de Montpeller, Signor R Gallardo, M. Doris, Mr Hall, Signor Marconini, Vicomte E de Poncins, Mr Noel Fenwick, M. Roals, Signor Sani, Signor G Grasselli, M. d'Henripet, Signor Sormani, Signor Paganini, Count Minyady, Signor Zonda, Signor Fescari, Mr O Pennel.

Killed 1 bird: M. Paccard, Baron L. de Dorlodot, Count de Montesquieu, Signor Torrigiani, Signor Miolo, Count Delfino, Mr Harrison.

Missed 3 birds: Mr L Henry, Herr Langhandonck, Signor Anselmi, Signor Galetti.

Ties for Third and Fourth Prizes.

Herr Hans Marsch (divided third and fourth of £434)....	11101111—7
M. Poizat (ditto).....	11101111—7
Mr W Blake.....	11101110—6
Signor Benvenuti.....	11101110—6

The previous winners of the Grand Prix have been as follows:

1872. Mr. G. L. Lorillard (U. S.).	
1873. Mr. J. Lee, V.C., C.B. (England).	
1874. Sir W. Call, Bart. (England).	
1875. Capt. A. Patton (England).	
1876. Capt. A. Patton (England).	
1877. Mr. W. Arundell Yeo (England).	
1878. Mr. H. Colmondeley Pennell (England).	
1879. Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood (England).	
1880. Count M. Esterhazy (Austria).	
1881. M. Godefroy Camau (Belgium).	
1882. Count de St. Quentin (France).	
1883. Mr. J. Roberts (England).	
1884. Count di Caserta (Italy).	
1885. M. L. de Dorlodot (Belgium).	
1886. Signor Guidicini (Italy).	
1887. Signor Salina (Italy).	
1888. Mr. Seaton (England).	
1889. Mr. V. Dicks (England).	
1890. Signor Guidicini (Italy).	
1891. Count L. Gayoli (Italy).	
1892. Count Trauttmansdorff (Austria).	
1893. Signor Guidicini (Italy).	
1894. Count C. Zichy (Austria).	
1895. Signor Benvenuti (Italy).	
1896. M. H. Journu (France).	
1897. Signor G. Grasselli (Italy).	
1898. Mr. Curling (England).	
1899. M. R. Moncorgé (France).	
1900. Count O'Brien (Spain).	

It will be seen from the above table that the Grand Prix has been won eleven times by English, eight times by Italians, three each by French and Austrians, twice by Belgians, and once each by natives of the United States and Spain, and of the twenty-nine shooters whose names are engraved on the marble tablets at the Monte Carlo stand only one has gone over to the great majority, this being Mr. J. Lee, V.C., C.B. Of the previous winners, Mr. Roberts, M. de Dorlodot, Signor Guidicini (who alone can claim the distinction of three victories), Count Gayoli, Signor Benvenuti, M. Journu, Signor G. Grasselli and M. Moncorgé were among the competitors this week. M. Journu, Signor Benvenuti, Mr. Roberts and Signor Guidicini making the best show.

Wednesday, Jan. 31.—As the ties for the third and fourth places in the Grand Prix were got through so early, a special prize, with £12 added, was offered, and this brought out seventy-five shooters, and, after a very interesting contest, in which Count O'Brien, the winner of the big event, performed remarkably well, the prize was divided by the three who had killed 10 birds. Scores: Supplementary prize of £12 added to a handicap sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 25 per cent of the entries; third, 15 per cent.; 75 subscribers:

Mr Vernon Barker, 27 (Powell), B, (divided first, second and third of £154).....	11111111—10
Signor A Cesare, 27 (Greener), S (ditto).....	11111111—10
Signor Torrigiani, 24½ (Purdey), E C (ditto).....	11111111—10
M. Lonhienne, 26½.....	11111110—9
M. Doris, 23.....	11111110—9
Count O'Brien, 28.....	11111110—9
M. Charrier, 24.....	11111110—8
Mr Hannay, 26.....	11111110—7
Signor Galetti, 25½.....	11111110—7
Count Voss, 27.....	11111110—6
Mr Horton, 30.....	11111110—5
Signor Borghi, 27.....	11111110—5
Mr Houston, 25.....	11111110—5
Mr O Pennel, 24.....	11111110—5
Mr Harrison, 23½.....	11111110—5
M. Brasseur, 27½.....	11111110—4
Signor Sormani, 27.....	11111110—4
Mr W Blake, 24½.....	11111110—4

Missed 4th bird: M. Moncorgé, 29; Signor Grasselli, 28; Signor Grandi, 24; M. Sibrick, 23½; Mr Hodgson, 24; Mr W Rogers, 22½.
Missed 3d bird: Mr Riols, 27; Signor Catenacci, 25½; Signor Lazzaro, 24; Baron de Dorlodot, 24½; Mr Southby Hewitt, 24; M. de Pape, 23; M. Paccard, 24; Signor Gheri, 22; Signor Cavaleri, 22½; Baron de Tavernost, 22; Herr Hans Marsch, 25.

Missed 2d bird: Count d'Havrincourt, 26; Mr Ker, 26; Signor Favarelli, 26; Signor E. Villani, 27; Count L. Gayoli, 28; M. Maurice Faure, 23; M. Demonts, 25½; Mr Barker, Jr., 26; Signor Lanfranchi, 26½; Mr Mackintosh, 29; Capt Vernon, 22½; Signor Benvenuti, 25; Signor Sani, 24½; Count Minyady, 27; Mr Hill, 26; Señor Pedro Luro, 24½.

Missed 1st bird: Signor Soldi, 27; Hon F Erskine, 26½; Vicomte d'Hauterive, 25½; Signor Fiachetti, 24½; Count de Robiano, 22; M. Dreya, 28; Herr Langhandonck and Mr Laleham, 24½; Signor Gregorini and Baron Leonino, 25½; M. de la Chapelle, 25½; Mr Watson, 27; Signor Della Torres, 25; M. Van den Bosch, 25½; M. R. Gourgaud, 26; Baron de Montpeller, 24; Signor Gallardo, 24½; Signor G. Grasselli, 25½; M. d'Henripet, 24½; M. Zonda, 27; Signor Rossi, 24; Counts A. and D. Delfino, 24.—London Field.

Anent a Proposed American Shooting Park, Chicago.

1520-1524 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through your kindness I was permitted to address those interested in shooting matters, and in your issue of Aug. 5, 1899, I submitted a plan and sketches, exploiting at some length that which I then hoped would develop into a sportsman's park worthy of the location proposed for it—Chicago—and entitled to the support of the entire shooting public of the great West.

Discussing the plan, I asked for pledges from those willing to support the enterprise, and informed all interested that in my opinion 100 written pledges promising financial aid in each case to the extent of \$100 should be in hand before any general meeting should be called; that further effort on my part would depend entirely upon the promptness with which I received responses, and the degree of interest taken in the plan at that time submitted.

I, of course, expected a great awakening of shooting interest generally, and throughout the West and Northwest especially. I have received but eighty-eight \$100 subscriptions, thirty-two of which are from personal acquaintances known to me to have little or no interest in shooting matters, but who pledge financial support to the enterprise under consideration, out of compliment to me.

It may be proper for me to state that Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Indiana and Maryland offer each one subscription; Tennessee and Connecticut, two each; Wisconsin and Ohio, five each; Iowa, six; New York, nine; Delaware, ten; Illinois (including subscriptions from the city of Chicago), forty-four.

While I could doubtless by personal solicitation increase this number, it was not my purpose, nor did I promise to enter into a personal canvass; my interest being simply that of one sportsman willing to pledge himself as such, in a sum equal to that offered by any other gentleman in like circumstances, and proposing to

devote of my time two hours to one hour sacrificed by any other business man, I can do no more.

Finally, unless within a reasonable time I shall have heard from a sufficient number, urging further work and offering substantial support, I shall return to the eighty-eight gentlemen pledging themselves, each his individual pledge, and consider the matter no further. In conclusion, should no further reference to this matter be found necessary by me, I beg to thank most earnestly those who have had a good word to say for my project and those who have not only spoken kindly of the project, but given to it indorsement and pledges of financial backing.

E. S. KICE.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 14.—The third contest for the Shuler trophy took place to-day. Ackley and Schuler tied on 15 straight. In the Foucar challenge cup contest, between Messrs. Gambell and Waddell, the latter, with a handicap of 20, scored 94 and won Gambell had a handicap of 10 and scored 91. The scores:

Third contest, Schuler trophy:		10 Birds.
Ackley, 27.....	211222211221222—15	02221*2111—8
Schuler, 30.....	222222222222222—15	222*201222—8
Schreck, 28.....	22121221111112—14	
Jay Bee, 28.....	210211222222210—13	1020021221—7
Morris, 28.....	222120122112201—13	- 2 2*0222—8
Stone, 29.....	201121112120212—13	212*2221*2—8
Gambell, 30.....	2*022222222222—12	
Bauer, 28.....	2121222*0211210—11	2212020022—7
Waddell, 28.....	0000110122*1222—9	
Dick, 30.....	220*02*12222212—11	
Kohler, 26.....	0201020*011*20—6	1122111*22—9

Team race for birds:		Team No. 1.	Team No. 2.	Team No. 3.
Schuler.....	12222—5	0111—3	1211—5	1211—5
Stone.....	21*01—3	1221—5	21*12—4	21*12—4
Gambell.....	22*221—4	222*0—3	2*22—3	2*22—3
Gus.....	22*02—3—15	22012—4—15	12222—5—17	

Team No. 2.		Team No. 1.	Team No. 2.	Team No. 3.
Ackley.....	22220—4	10012—3	11211—5	
Jay Bee.....	22120—4	21020—3	10*20—2	
Bauer.....	11100—3	22121—5	2*222—4	
Kohler.....	1*220—3—14	11210—4—15	*0100—1—12	

Foucar challenge cup; handicap, birds to shoot at; 10:

Gambell, 10.....	11111111011001111011111—21
Waddell, 20.....	1000111010011111101011—17
	1011111110100111111111—21
	11011111111111110111101—22
	1111111111—10—91
	11101001101111111011001—17
	0110110111111111111111—22
	01101111111110011111011—20
	11000111101111011101110—18
	11101110111111111101—17—94

Yonkers Gun Club vs. Kingsbridge Gun Club.

YONKERS, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The team shoot, seven men to a team and 10 birds to each man, resulted in a victory for the Yonkers team by a score of 52, to 41 for the Kingsbridge Gun Club. All shot at 28yds. Following are the scores:

Yonkers Gun Club Team.	Kingsbridge Gun Club Team.
Thompson.....2100201111—7	O Brant.....000110120*—4
Welsh.....2202120111—8	Norton.....0222000102—5
Austin.....2202012221—8	Lentilhon.....2220002222—7
E Valentine.....0120010202—5	R Godwin.....2222222222—10
Engels.....1120222212—9	C Godwin.....022021200—5
Langran.....111011210—8	L Brant.....2020100020—4
D Valentine.....2210200122—7—52	Freese.....200212010—6—41

Sweepstakes, 4 birds, \$3: Freese 1, Lentilhon 4, Welsh 3, Norton 3, Roosevelt 3, Langran 3, O'Neil 2, Thomas 1, R Godwin 4, Thompson 4, Meyer 3, Connely 3, Greiff 4, Weightman 4, Roche 2, Engels 4.

Pater (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical schools, and still keeps at the foot of the class."

Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropodist of him."—Tid-Bits.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

B. C.—There is a letter for you here.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

SIX-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TOURISTS will find the Lenten season by far the most pleasant time of the year at Old Point Comfort, which gets the first breath of early spring, and enjoys a season at least three or four weeks nearer summer than the more northern cities. Washington and Richmond are also cities appearing at their best in the early spring time.

For the benefit of those wishing to visit these three points of great interest, the Pennsylvania Railroad will run the second of the present series of personally conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, leaving New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 3.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at the Hygeia, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to tickets agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

The shooting fraternity will be glad to learn that they can now get a low-priced nitro powder loaded shell, loaded by such a reliable house as the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The Winchester Repeater, the yellow-colored shell, with the Winchester patent corrugated head and primed with the Winchester No. 6 primer, celebrated for its quickness, is the shell the Winchester people now offer loaded, in addition to their Leader, Metal Lined and Pigeon shells. We are assured that the Repeater is cheap in price, but not in quality. The Winchester people offer the Repeater in 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauges, loaded with any of the standard brands of nitro powders; the maximum loads for this shell being: 10-gauge, 3½drs. powder, 14oz. shot; 12-gauge, 3drs. powder, 1½oz. shot; 16-gauge, 2½drs. powder, 1oz. shot; 20-gauge, 2drs. powder, ¾oz. shot. The Repeater will be loaded by the Winchester people with the same high quality of powder and shot, and with the same care which has made their Leader, Metal Lined and Pigeon shells so universally popular.—Adv.

Farmers and owners of country places, as well as other people, will hardly fail to be interested in the little booklet entitled "Seed Truth," by Jesse E. Northrup, of Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis, Minn. It is bright and very cleverly written, and deals with the weaknesses of those who sell seeds and of those who buy them. The booklet fairly bristles with truths of all sorts which usually are not too plainly put, and besides being very amusing, it is also wholesome reading. We understand that it will be sent free on application.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

VOL. LIV.—No. 9.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

THE New York Board of Trade and Transportation, by its special committee on forestry, consisting of Messrs. Edmund P. Martin, Simon Sterne, Wm. B. Boorum, John H. Washburn, Edwin S. Marston, Peter F. Schofield and James MacNaughton, has prepared a bill for submission to the Legislature to provide for the appointment of a superintendent of forests, fish and game, who shall take the place of the present board of five commissioners, which board the bill abolishes. To the superintendent is given all the duties now assigned to the board; and for an executive force he is empowered to appoint three deputies, a State fishculturist, who shall be an expert in fishculture, and shall have charge under the superintendent of the culture of all fish and the conduct of all the hatching stations; a State forester, who shall be an expert in forestry, and shall have charge under the superintendent, of all matters relating to the forests and game; and a supervisor of marine fisheries, to have charge of salt-water fish and shell fish and oyster protection. The existing system of chief fish and game protector and district protectors and foresters, it is provided, shall be continued. The term of the superintendent is fixed at five years, with an annual salary of \$5,000; the deputies to receive \$3,000, and to be subject to removal by the superintendent.

The full text of the bill is printed in another column and will repay careful reading. It is a notable step in the right direction. For one thing, it creates responsibility and makes possible the holding to accountability of a responsible head. With a single individual commissioner we shall be spared a spectacle like that one, when President Davis of the Commission advocated the iniquitous Section 249 to permit the sale of game the year around, and his fellow commissioners were compelled to disavow his act; and that again of 1896, when the same bumptious member spoke for the board as "officially recommending" the adoption of the amendment to nullify that section of the constitution which preserves to the State the forest lands.

The system here proposed is in many respects an improvement over the existing organization; but the reform does not go far enough. For one thing, no good reason offers for making the State fishculturist, who must be an expert, subject to the control of a superintendent, who, the probabilities are, will know nothing of fishculture, certainly not enough to direct the expert. The office of fishculturist should be an independent one; and this is the time to make it such.

THE BROADER HORIZON.

A MAN with a habit of life whose parts are made up of repetitions of acts day by day and year by year, may in time become almost automatic. He who so lives may have some powers of adaptation to new changes or may not, but in either case, the habit of life which cramps his thoughts, restricts his narrow field of action to certain places and acts through an indefinite time, and engenders prejudices against all else that is different, comes from living in a groove instead of living in the world.

All men are more or less subject to the dominion of habit, but there is a wide difference between the habits of thought and action which give men greater breadth of view mentally with greater usefulness in the material affairs of life, and those which reduce men to a life within a horizon limited by their homes and their business interests.

In an environment of life made up of repetitions of daily acts which are unchangeable, a man will necessarily become more or less automatic in thought and action. His standards of measurements and values are all within his own narrow world. Things outside his little horizon are seen through glasses which distort. The sailor, long at sea, has a supreme contempt for the landsman, and the older the sailor and the more he is at sea, the more firmly is he convinced that the landsman is an inferior creature worthy of nothing but contempt. The environment of the sailor has so engrossed his mind and his attention, and he has come to know his trade so well, with the immense benefits and value of ships constantly in his mind's eye, that the rest of the world suffers by the comparison, as he views it. On the other hand, the landsmen consider with amusement the whims of the sailor, though they may have equally ridiculous ideas concerning each other.

The farmer may believe that the dwellers in cities are effeminate and given to certain financial jugglings which are unjust to him. If he lives in a rut he will grow to believe that his prejudices are facts as immutable as the laws of matter.

Habit may become so strong after a time that it is beyond the power of the man to break it. He thinks in certain lines as he has been habituated to think, reasons after a certain habitual fashion, and reaches conclusions he has already established and believed from habit.

Nothing is more conducive to life in a rut than living in the same way day by day without change. A man rises, eats, works, returns home, sleeps, meets the same people and hears the same things said in the same way day after day, till there is no stimulus to thought or action. There is no novelty because there is no change.

There is no great breadth of mental horizon needed to the man who lives in a rut. He may be prejudiced in favor of so living because the rut is in evidence before him, while all other ruts must necessarily be worse because he does not use them and cannot see them.

Sections drift into a rut as men do. The West may, by self-communing, exalt itself above the East; the East may, by like process, consider that elsewhere all else is lacking in the essentials of civilization. The South may look upon the North as a section filled with men who swap jack knives and whittle out gimcracks, while the North, on the other hand, may be sure that the chief industry of the South is the making of mint juleps and the oppression of the humble black man.

The man in a rut and the section in a rut are lifted out of their narrowness by change of environment. Railroads and steamboats are breaking up the ruts of sectionalism and individualism. People go East and South and North and West, and find that there is no ground for prejudice, and that there was much that was misunderstood and much more to admire.

The growth of sport has in like manner served the purpose of broadening views, destroying prejudices, correcting opinions and cultivating a greater charity, for men and women who journey to waters where fish are caught, or cruise in yachts, or penetrate into the wild haunts of game, break away from the narrow lines which mature into narrow lives, and thus avoid the dwarfed life of him whose horizon never changes, and which bounds his own house and his own interests.

All that is to be said of travel as an agency of enlightenment, broadening and cultivation of tolerance may be said of the sports of rod and gun, and more. For the sportsman tourist gets much closer to the heart of the stranger community into which he penetrates on his expeditions than does the ordinary traveler, whether on business or pleasure bent; and this intimacy gives a sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of those with whom he mingles. The friendships which hold between visiting sportsman and host may appear individually of slight importance in this respect, but collectively they have a tremendous influence, and an influence which is for good.

WITCHES IN THE WOODS.

IN the Maine case of a man lost in the woods last autumn, after prolonged search by hundreds of men had proved futile, recourse was had to clairvoyants. A Boston woman went into a trance and described the spot where the body would be found. She described it very clearly; but the perplexing part of the proceeding was that the description was one which would fit forty-nine thousand different spots in the country; and although expeditions under her guidance were actually undertaken into the district where it was supposed that the unfortunate man had met his fate, no trace of him was found. The first Boston seeress was followed by other clairvoyants and professors of second-sight, male and female, but all to no effect. Where the skill and intelligence and woodcraft and perseverance of Maine guides and woodsmen had been baffled, the occult powers of city mediums likewise failed. Nevertheless, those good people of Maine who believed in the unerring certainty of the clairvoyant vision did not have their faith shaken. In all probability if other men were lost in other woods, other searchers would as confidently appeal to other clairvoyants, and other expeditions would follow them into the wilderness looking for "the spot." Belief in clairvoyant powers is one of the persistent phenomena of human credulity.

Clairvoyants are represented in advertising columns in the daily papers of all large cities, and presumably they thrive or they could not afford to advertise; and they will thrive so long as human nature shall remain the queer compound of sense and silliness it has been from the Witch Endor and is to-day.

Now that the clairvoyants have been given recognition in Maine as a factor in woods exploration, why should not the Commissioners take official cognizance of them and recommend for the game law special provisions calculated to protect game against clairvoyant pursuit? For if any considerable number of the Boston clairvoyants and trance mediums should take a notion to rest themselves from the fatigue of their business by running down to Maine for a moose or a deer, it is readily seen that the effect on the game supply would be simply ruinous. The stock could not withstand the onslaught by such hunters—though the term hunter in this application, by the way, is clearly incorrect, for a clairvoyant would not be obliged to hunt, he would simply see where the game was lying perdu and making up to the leeward would butcher it incontinently. Moose calling, jack-hunting, water-killing—no one of these could compare in certainty and effectiveness with the simple seeing of the armed seer. We talk about pitting human skill against that of the brute, but what possible chance would the game have against an eye that could see through a rock? The bear in its den, the coon in the hollow tree, the grouse beneath the snow crust, the woodchuck in its hole—even the angle worm which he might fancy for bait—all would be but waiting for benevolent assimilation by this new and improved sportsman from the Hub. Clearly, clairvoyant shooters should be barred altogether, or in States where non-resident license permits are exacted, the fee charged them should be at least five times that for the ordinary individual who has to see his game with his physical eye before he can pot it.

But while an alert game commission, jealous of the interests intrusted to it, would thus discriminate against the clairvoyant as a game killer, it should not fail to enlist his services as a warden. Once let it be published abroad that Maine had organized a staff of clairvoyant game wardens, and every possessor of illicit game would tremble in his boots or quake in his moccasins. Cold storage boxes whose sawdust now conceals the contraband trout would beneath the piercing gaze of these new detectives be as transparent as so many of those cakes of crystal in which lobsters and fish are encased for display on the counters of city restaurants. The trout jigger might not hope to jig undetected, for the trance warden would see him even in the act of jigging. Little would it suffice then to sink the September moose in the stream, for the all-seeing clairvoyant would behold it through the mud. In short, such a panic and sense of utter helplessness would seize upon all evildoers, that one single second-sight game warden would do the work where forty protectors fail now, and the great problem of protecting the wilderness would be solved.

CODIFICATION.

THE New York Legislature has adopted and the Governor has approved, so that it is now in force, Senator Brown's measure which codifies the forest, fish and game law. This is not an alteration of the provisions of the law as they were embodied in the former text, but is a rearrangement, simplification and in many respects a clearer statement of the statute. In so far as this result is achieved the new form is decidedly an improvement upon the old. All the more then is the pity that the codification is in so many respects bungling and clumsy.

There is no uniformity of statements of prohibition as to close season. "The close shall be," "there shall be no open season," certain game "shall not be taken" between certain dates, are the different formulas employed, when one form alone should have been adhered to throughout.

The grammatical construction and the punctuation are lame; and among the additions to the grotesque ornithology and ichthyology of the game law are "Wilsons (called English snipe)" and "lake trout," which it is explained on a subsequent page "includes landlocked salmon and ouananiche." The next Senator who shall undertake the revision of the fish and game law would find it to his advantage to confer with the Regents of the University for advice as to the elements of grammar and punctuation, and with the State Fishculturist for his help in the designation of fishes by their names.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Diamond Digging at Kimberley.

A ZULU always takes one month in the year to visit his home, and, if he wishes to retain his situation, leaves his brother, as he calls him, to keep his place until his return. I made up my mind to go to the Diamond Fields during the yearly absence of my body servant January, and, calling up his substitute, told him to go to January's kraal and tell him that the Man-Without-a-Mouth had started up the road for the Orange Free State, and if he wished to accompany me to cut his holiday short and hurry after me. The above sobriquet was my Kaffir title, from wearing a full beard and moustache, while the colonists generally were content with the simple moustache.

The only means of conveyance were ox teams, conveying supplies for the diggers, and I joined some loaded with sugar, which is the leading product of the coast districts of Natal. We were bound for Hebron, on the Orange River, and had reached the foot of Van Reenan's Pass, when I awoke one morning and found January curled up in the grass at my feet. He rose with the usual salutation of "Saka bono, n'kos" (Good day, boss), and rolled up my blankets, threw them on the wagon and took his place among the other Kaffirs as if he had been one of the party from the start. We jogged along until within a short distance of Harrismith, when we came upon the outspan of over fifty wagons, which were stopped by a freshet in a river, which forms the dividing line between Natal and the Orange Free State. The second night after our stoppage we were visited by a host of midges, which attacked the oxen, and instantly threw the whole camp into an uproar, far exceeding anything that I had ever witnessed. The bellowing of the oxen, the oaths and shouts of the drivers, the shrill whistles and yells of the Kaffirs, all combined, made a hubbub sufficient to drive one out of his wits. At dawn not an ox was in sight, and search parties were immediately formed to hunt them up. Taking January with me, I went to the ford, and stripping, made my clothing into two parcels, tied one on the top of my head, swam across, left it and returned for the other. I gave orders to January to return to the wagon, recrossed and early that afternoon walked into Harrismith. The next morning I purchased some sail cloth, a palm and needles, and busied myself making a small tent, 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 feet high. On the arrival of the wagons two days subsequently, I lashed it, with my luggage, on the back of a Basuto pony, which I had purchased, and started on foot for the banks of the Orange River.

My mode of procedure was to start at daybreak, January leading the pony, walk ahead for two or three hours, stop for breakfast and to allow the pony to graze, and again at noon; but in the afternoon my camp was always made in the vicinity of water, and ample time was allowed for the pony to get his fill of grass. Just before dark he was made fast to a stake, which I carried for the purpose, and a line was passed from it to the inside of the tent and made fast to my wrist, to prevent an escape. During the day, should a thunder shower pass over us, the tent was unfolded and thrown over the pony, when January and myself would crawl underneath him and remain until the rain ceased.

Matters went on swimmingly for some ten days, when I camped one afternoon at the foot of quite a hill, and during the night there was an invasion of midges, which drove me out of the tent to higher ground, in order to try and escape from their bloodthirsty attacks. I had to move several times before reaching an elevation sufficient to be rid of them, and the next morning on thrusting my hand into my hip pocket, I was startled to discover that I had lost £3 10s., which was every penny I possessed. A strict search failed to ferret out the missing coins, and I was puzzled to figure out by what means I was to obtain rations for the remainder of the journey. Carefully keeping the knowledge of my loss to myself, we tramped ahead for a couple of days, when January reported an empty provision bag, and I decided to put into execution a plan I had conceived to replenish it, without visiting a country store, as I had done previously. Arriving in sight of a Boer's house about noon, I handed a tin bucket to January and told him to go to the house and say that the Hyena man (my Boer name) was down in the road, on his way to the Diamond Fields, who begged the privilege of allowing his pony to graze, and the gift of a bucket of milk. Immediately after his arrival in front of the house I saw the entire family pour out of doors, while January gesticulated violently and pointed toward me. In a few minutes he started on his return, minus the bucket, but accompanied by the Boer, who grasped my hand and said that he was delighted to have a look at the man of whom he had heard so much, and who acted so differently from the cursed Englishmen, who turned their oxen loose to graze without asking leave, and acted as if the entire country belonged to them. Nothing would satisfy him except my going to the house to see his wife, and accepting a basket of figs, which she was then picking for my special delectation. He helped to rid the pony of his load, and knee-haltered and turned him loose to graze. Then I accompanied him to the house, which I left about an hour afterward, with January carrying enough Boer meal—i. e., unbolted flour—to last us several days. From that date forward there was no scarcity of bread, but meat was frequently lacking, and January's stomach began to turn against Boer meal porridge; for a Kaffir lives almost entirely on Indian meal, mush or porridge, and I willingly bear witness that their mode of preparation makes it a most palatable dish. In Natal there is a law which compels every one to furnish each Kaffir in his employ with three pints of Indian meal per diem. We pushed on until within about two days of Hebron, when the lack of meat proved a serious annoyance to both January and myself. We turned slightly away from the road, in order to make our camp near a diminutive pool of water. Into it, on our approach, two enormous frogs plunged. They were instantly followed by two meat-crazed bipeds, who finally captured them, after delving into every portion of the muddy bottom. They were instantly cooked, and I

shall never forget the gratification experienced while devouring that batrachian meal.

We reached the camp on the banks of the Orange River opposite Hebron early on a Sunday morning, and fortunately stumbled on the wagon of a lately arrived party, whom I knew. They pressed me to breakfast with them, and I willingly consented, as I saw a huge beef-steak in course of preparation. After breakfast I strolled down to the banks of the river, where the ferry man pointed out on the opposite side the tents of the party which I wished to join. As the ferriage was sixpence, for financial reasons I determined to wait until night and then swim across. On my return to the wagon I passed a butcher's tent, kept by a person whom I had known in Natal, and who informed me that my friend had left his party and come across the river, being about two miles further up on a prospecting trip. On arriving at the wagon I gave January orders to remain until my return and started in quest of my friend. After sundry inquiries, I managed to find his tent, and learned from his Kaffirs that he had gone fishing. On his return he found me fast asleep in his bunk, from which I was suddenly dislodged and ordered to relate the main incidents of my long tramp. At the conclusion of my story, the Kaffirs were summoned, and from the directions given them were told to go and find January. But a short time elapsed before he and the pony arrived, and I rejoiced at the happy termination of my journey. The next morning

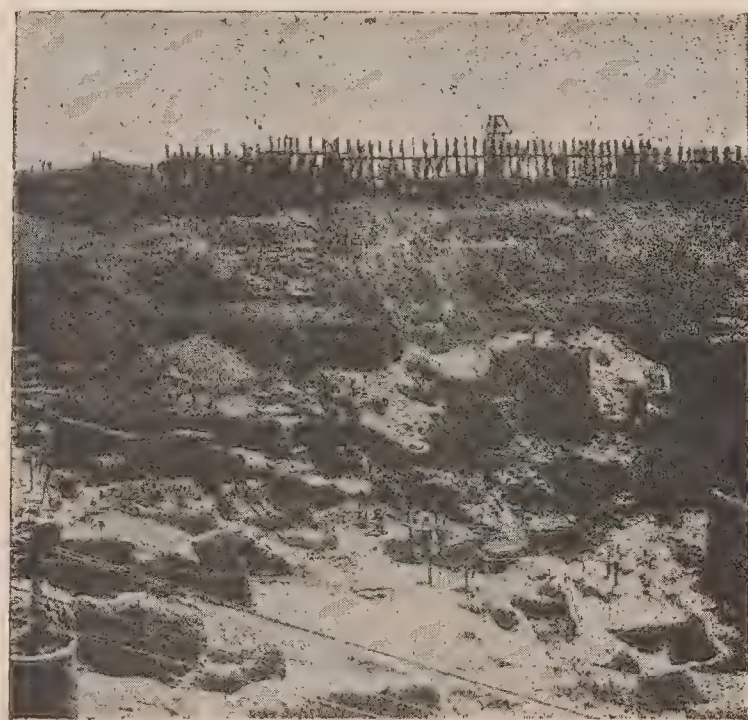


THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG RAISED AT KIMBERLEY.

I marked out a prospecting claim on a gravel bank, and with a pick and spade borrowed from my friend, commenced my diamond digging experiences.

The mode of procedure on all the river diggings very closely resembled that of primitive gold mining. The gravel was taken to the river bank, where it was passed through a cradle of identically the same build as the one generally used in alluvial gold mining. As I had no cradle, my friend and myself used by turns the one belonging to him; that is to say, while one was digging, the other was washing, the oxen serving each one alternately for hauling the gravel.

After some two weeks of persistent work, without a find, we concluded to return to Hebron, where we worked



SECTION OF KIMBERLEY MINE.

for over two months with a like result. In the meanwhile I had picked up two strange Kaffirs, whose wages and rations, added to those of January, amounted to quite a sum each week. In order to prevent any speculation, I had told January to keep a sharp lookout on the new hands, to watch the upper sieve of the cradle, and if he managed to pick out a diamond of the same size as that of a small pebble, which I showed him, I would make him a present of a cow. I always made it a point to give a Kaffir everything which I promised him, even if it were a thrashing, but I generally administered it in a different manner from the colonists, who usually used a switch or whip, which left its mark. I would step up in front of him, when he would catch what is generally known by the fistic fraternity as an "upper cut," which would throw him flat on his back, amid the shouts of his comrades, some of whom had perhaps been served in a similar manner. I had never used January in any such manner; but he knew that the cow, which is the standard of wealth with a Kaffir, would be surely forthcoming, should he be so lucky as to find the diamond. Some days subsequently, I saw a flash of pleasure dart across his countenance, as he thrust his hand into the upper sieve of the cradle. I instantly surmised that he had made a lucky find, when his pleasant look suddenly changed to

one of annoyance, and stepping up in front of me, he threw a small quartz crystal on my sorting board and said: "Boss, there's a diamond, but it is sick." Notwithstanding my disappointment, I enjoyed a hearty laugh at his curious and singular way of expressing himself, and urged him not to get despondent; but to keep a sharp lookout, and the cow would eventually turn up.

After working for over two months, without a find, we determined to try our luck at the dry diggings, flattering reports from which had been circulating through the camp for some weeks. We inspanned and trekked for Du Toit's Pan, where we arrived on the afternoon of the Queen's Birthday, finding all work suspended and the entire camp engaged in a huge jollification. During the night there was a continual roar of elephant guns, and we had to sleep underneath our wagon, as we did not consider it prudent to lie up in the body, which was twice splintered by huge bullets. The next morning, on looking around, we found that all the available ground, both at Du Toit's Pan and De Beers, was taken up by individual diggers, while that at Bultfontein had been rented by the owner to a firm, which refused to hire mining rights to single diggers. On knocking about the camp, we ran against numbers situated like ourselves, and in a short time ascertained that there was a scheme to rush Bultfontein. A few days subsequently, at a given signal, the entire Bultfontein mine was jumped by a crowd of diggers, who laid out their claims and commenced regular work, in spite of the protests and threats of the original lessees. We worked away without hindrance for several days, when suddenly one afternoon we were routed out by a strong party of mounted police from Bloemfontein, a detachment of whom remained, while the balance returned, accompanied by a committee of diggers, appointed to present a petition to the Raad, which was then in session. Some two weeks elapsed, when the committee returned with a code of mining laws—which, at their suggestion, had been passed during their visit. An epitome of it was, that whenever diamonds were discovered on any one's property, it should be immediately thrown open to all applicants, each one entitled to a claim of 30 feet square, Dutch measurement, equal to 31 feet English, for which a monthly rental of ten shillings was to be paid, while the discoverer should have the privilege of two claims, rent free. The different camps were to be governed by committees, duly elected by the diggers. Consequently, we again took possession of our old claims, elected a committee, and settled down regularly to work.

By some oversight, there was a claim adjoining mine which was not taken up, and for fear of getting a bad neighbor, I said nothing about it. I toiled away for nearly a month, without a find, when one afternoon a new arrival, whom I knew, came along, and I quietly put him onto the overlooked claim. He immediately took possession, and pledged himself to do the handsome thing with me, should he be so lucky as to grab out anything. About two weeks afterward, as I was passing through the business portion of the camp, he called me into a store and presented a bottle of brandy and a bundle of cigars with the remark: "I struck one yesterday which brought me £30," whereupon I mentally concluded that I had made an error in locating my claim. Still I struggled on, hoping to be called one of the fortunate ones at no very distant date. My neighbors kept on making lucky finds, and when one did so, it was customary to shout and hold aloft the prize, when there would be a rush of all roundabout, to have a look at it. Finally, I picked up my first diamond, a little bit of a half-carat stone, full of flaws and defects. Suddenly conceiving the idea of playing a prank on the boys, I held it up between my fingers and shouted with all my power. There was an immediate gathering around me, and when they saw the trick that had been played on them, it was unanimously voted that I should stand treat, in honor of my good luck. I tried to back out, but in vain, and the joke was turned on me, by being forced to pay over £1 for wetting my first find, which I afterward sold for 2s. 6d.

In the meanwhile a small lot of Yankees had arrived in camp by dribbles, and they very naturally inquired as to the location of any of their fellow countrymen. In a majority of instances they were directed to my tent, as I had been in South Africa for several years, and was known personally, or by reputation, by a number of colonists and Boers. The gang christened me "Dad," and one of them having a small American flag, it was duly raised in front of my tent, which, henceforth, was generally looked upon as the headquarters of the American settlement.

Time rolled on, and I did not make another find, when one night, as I was vigorously pulling at my pipe and grunting at my continued ill luck, two young New Yorkers dropped in, and informed me that three days previous there had been a new rush on the De Beer's farm, and one of them happening to be present, when the surveyor was laying out the diggings, stumbled on a triangular bit, which had been left when the diggers roughly stepped out their claims. Taking his stand on it, as was customary with all, when the surveyor was running his lines, the triangle was changed into a square and properly entered in his name. He had just received his certificate from the surveyor, when a party, who had been his partner digging on the river, happened to pass, and being informed by by-standers, of what had taken place, forthwith insisted in a half-interest in the claim. It seems that he had run a small grocery at the river diggings, and had kept several parties in grub stakes for a half-interest in their finds, among whom was the above mentioned youngster, who had quit and walked up to De Beer's, where he had met the friend who had brought him to my tent for advice. Knowing that the matter would have to come before the diggers' committee for trial, I recommended that he should have all his witnesses ready for the contest, which would take place in comparatively a short time, as the committee held weekly meetings. In addition to this, two of them acted daily on the diggings, relative to any dispute about boundary lines, etc., which were sure to spring up between individual diggers, as the variation of an inch or two would hold very large diamonds. On being notified, they would go immediately on to the claim, collect five shillings each from the contestants, hear the evidence, step aside and confer, return and give their verdict, from which there was no appeal, and return five shillings to the winner. Their course of action at their weekly meetings, which were held

at night, was identically the same, with this addition, they would never allow a lawyer to appear before them. Consequently, there was no pleading; nothing but the evidence allowed, and at its conclusion, a decision was given, with the distinct understanding that it was final.

Just as I expected, the trial came off within a week's time, and I accompanied my young friends up to De Beers new rush on the night it was to take place, but was not allowed to enter the committee's tent, as they only admitted the contestants and their witnesses. After patiently listening to a mass of evidence on both sides, the decision was rendered that the claim should be equally divided between the litigants. The tent was immediately cleared, in order to make room for the next party of disputants, while the youngster and myself started on our three-mile walk back to Du Toit's Pan. On our way I was offered the rental of one-half of the youngster's share, equal to one-fourth of the entire claim, at the usual price of 50 per cent. of my finds. I immediately accepted the proposition, and the next morning moved up to the New Rush, accompanied by my young friends, where the tent was pitched on the outer edge of the camp, and the American flag was duly raised. The surveyor was punctually on hand, to divide the claim, and a coin tossed for the choice. The boys won, and making their selection, measured off one-half of it, to be worked by myself. It took several days for January and myself to clear it of the rubbish, which had been thrown on it from the neighboring claims. We had to lug this in sacks nearly 200 yards. When it was finally ready for working I concluded to invest in a proper sieve, having hitherto worked with a common riddle. Paying £1 for a board 20 feet long by 8 inches wide, I used the half of it to construct a frame, on which was stretched wire netting fine enough to catch a half-carat stone. I was just in the act of finishing it, when a young Englishman came along and inquired my price for making a similar frame; as he had the netting on hand, I asked him £1, which proved satisfactory, whereupon it was delivered inside of half an hour, and I calculated that the cost of my frame was nil, and augured that my luck had changed suddenly to up-grade. Putting a couple of wheelbarrow-like handles to one end of my sieve, and sawing a couple of notches in the bottom of the sides at the other end, I figured, by planting a couple of stakes with a bit of rawhide loosely strung between them, to insert the hide into the notches, and working back and forth with the handles, save a deal of back-breaking labor. The first test proved that my conjecture was correct, and in comparatively a short time my idea was in general use throughout the diggings.

It was not long before it was discovered that the New Rush mine was surrounded by a well-defined reef, and all who had located their claims outside of it, drew blanks in the diamond lottery. Consequently, they were abandoned for mining purposes, but immediately reoccupied for sifting and sorting by parties working on the inner side of the reef. As every one had to leave 7 feet 6 inches of the fronts of their claims for roads, there were wagon or cart ways 15 feet wide, crossing the mine regularly at a little less than 50 feet apart. As I had not sufficient capital to invest in a cart and pair of mules, I selected a spot on the outside of the reef for sifting and sorting, to which all the dirt had to be carried in sacks on our backs, as hundreds of others were doing. We had been working in this way for several days, when one morning, just as we were beginning to sift and sort, one of the youngsters said to me:

"Dad, I'll bet you a cigar that you don't find a diamond to-day."

"Done, my boy."

The words had scarcely passed my lips when a sparkler rolled out on my sorting board which made me catch my breath. After gazing at it for a few seconds, I said: "Charley, I've won your cigar."

"Oh, that's too thin, Dad!"

"Very well! If I've found a diamond, can I have it without paying rental?"

This made him rise up and look over my shoulder, and catching sight of the diamond, he attempted to snatch it up, but I was too quick for him, and in a twinkling it was in my mouth. In less than an hour afterward, it had been weighed and sold, turning the scales at 113/8 carats and bringing me £180, one-half of which I had to pass over for rental, but the remaining £90 jingling in my pocket made me feel quite opulent, and I indulged in some pleasant anticipations of additional good luck in my little 31 feet by 7 feet 9 inch bit of rented ground. From that date forward I made it a rule to sell my diamonds as fast as I found them, reasoning that so long as I held the crystals I could not compute my wealth, but so soon as I had the sovereigns in hand, there was no difficulty in figuring my financial status. For some time after the opening of the mines, all diamonds were sold to speculators, who sent them to Cape Town, where they were sold at auction to other speculators, who forwarded them to Europe.

My faith in my wee bit of ground did not prove to be erroneous, as my finds kept running ahead of my expenses, and I was able to begin paying back to my friend the various amounts he had advanced, while I was fighting against the frowns of fortune. I was anxious to have a Kaffir or two, but native labor was so very scarce and costly that it was some time before I determined to risk it. I had been on the lookout for several days, when January came to me one morning with the information that he had given shelter during the night to a countryman, who had run away from his Boer employer on account of receiving a terrible thrashing for some trifling bungling. On calling him up I saw that he bore the marks of severe punishment, and I took him into my service from pure pity, and I never had occasion to regret it, as Giraffe proved to be one of the best and most trustworthy Kaffirs I ever employed.

As time progressed and our good luck continued, the boys and myself determined to join three other countrymen in forming a mess, instead of taking our meals at a tent restaurant, as we had been in the habit of doing. A Hindoo was hired to act as cook, and in a short time our bill of fare was changed for the better, at a less cost than we had been accustomed to pay. Bread and meat were comparatively cheap, but all vegetables were scarce and high priced. For instance, potatoes were worth £1 per bushel. Suddenly we became salad crazed, and I determined to try and produce the article, fresh and crisp,

As every Saturday afternoon was a holiday in camp, I determined to make it to the Kaffirs' interest, both bodily and financially, to work, instead of remaining idle. Laying off a piece of ground back of our tent, 30 by 50 feet, I had it surrounded by a ditch and bank, the top of which was crowned with a hedge of dry thorn bushes, in order to keep out the goats, of which there were quite a number in camp. While this work was in progress, I wrote down to Natal and had some garden seeds mailed to me, and by the time they arrived my garden was thoroughly broken up and ready to receive them. I purchased an old ale cask, knocked out one of the heads and used it as a reservoir of all the slops, etc., which would have been tossed away. From this source was obtained enough moisture to keep the vegetables in fair condition, so that in comparatively a short period I had the only green spot of ground in the whole camp, and our mess enjoyed salads, radishes and occasional dishes of dwarf beans and peas. We had numerous visitors, especially on Sunday afternoons, who came simply to feast their eyes. Among them were several old navvies who were in hard luck, and at my suggestion, went down on the banks of the Modder River, where they could irrigate, and started small vegetable gardens, which proved more profitable than many diamond claims, as the first cucumbers which they produced brought \$1.25 each, and other vegetables in like proportion.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Sam's Boy.—XIV.

School Days:

SAMMY'S school education was like that of most Danvis boys of his generation got in the district school, taught in summer by a mistress; in winter, by some college student, who took this way of earning his tuition fees.

As such Mr. Horace Mumpson first came to teach a winter term in "Deestric Thirteen," or the "Hill Deestric," as well known by one title as the other. He returned the next winter and the next, and again after his graduation, instead of beginning the study of what Solon Burroughs called a "puffession." Uncle Lisha explained this on the ground that "Mr. Mumpson wa'n't mean enough to be a lawyer, nor tough enough to be a darker or a minister, and luffed for to teach school." At any rate, he taught the same school term after term in the winter, until he became as regular a winter fixture of the battered old schoolhouse as its cracked and rusty old stove. The pale, soft-eyed, gentle-mannered young man was honored and respected by his pupils, though there was not a sixteen-year-old boy among them who could not throw him "arm's len'th" or "side holt," and he was such a favorite with the parents that each household in the district counted the weeks till he should become a member of it in "boardin' raoun'."

The summers brought changes and variety, when a female was employed on the base of economy. Sometimes it was a gaunt, sharp spinster, who was a "school marm" by profession or long habit of never doing anything else. She was always a zealous church member, and generally on the lookout for a bereaved deacon or class leader. Sometimes it was a fresh young girl who took this way to earn a little spending money or to help in the support of a large brood of younger children.

Sammy was seven years old when, with his face freshly scrubbed and clothes uncomfortably new and clean, his mother led him unwillingly to school and put him in charge of Miss Almira Skinner, a lady of many years' experience in life and school teaching, which had not sweetened her temper nor increased her love of children. By great good fortune he was assigned a seat from which he could reach the floor with his feet, and a desk that he could rest his new spelling book upon, and derived much satisfaction from scratching and carving various devices in addition to the countless ones it already bore. Huldah insinuated enough of her ample form into the space between the desks to maintain an uneasy hold, while Sammy's lesson of three-lettered words was given him and until his eyes wandered from it to watch the elfish tricks of Antoine's numerous progeny making defiant grimaces and shaking their fists at the school mistress when her back was turned, and instantly fixing their black eyes demurely on their books when she faced them; when his entranced gaze became held by the naughty pantomime, she violated the maternal instincts in withholding reproof, and in slipping stealthily from the seat and out of doors. Then, with her heart smiting her for deserting her boy, she sped guiltily homeward.

It was not long before Miss Skinner's sharp eyes discovered Sammy's neglect of his work, and she reprimanded him so sharply that it appalled him, being, as he supposed, in the presence of his mother. What might he expect when left to his own weak defense, and lo, when he might turn his head an instant from his book, she was gone! His heart sank from his body and left in its place the sickness of utter loneliness. The moment strength enough came back to his weak legs, he dashed wildly from his seat out of doors, and down the road at top speed, never heeding the imperative tattoo beat by Miss Skinner with her ferule on the shingles of the school-house wall, nor her shrill command, "Come back, this minute!"

On he went, like a wild bird escaped from a cage, nor ever checked his pace till, panting and sobbing, he burst into the shop and threw himself upon a pile of leather.

"Why, good airth an's seas, child alive! what is the matter of you? I s'posed you was tu school!" the old shoemaker cried in great surprise.

Sammy hung his head and made no answer.

"I hope aour man hain't been duin' naughty an' got a whippin' the very fast day he ever went tu school, an' in the mornin' tew," his old friend inquired, with a shade of reproach in his tone.

Sammy shook his head.

"Kinder lunsome, mebbey?"

The downcast head nodded.

"But I thought his mammy went 'long for tu wont him, an' sorter smooth off the paigs?"

"But she come off when I didn't know it," Sammy answered, coming to speech at last. "I was lookin' at Mr. Antoine's younguns cuttin' up shines, an' the school

marm gi' me a-scoldin', an' I couldn't help it. I hed tu come! Oh, dear! I hate the plaguey ol' school, an' do' want tu go!" The poor boy broke down, sobbing so loudly that Uncle Lisha was afraid he would be heard in the kitchen.

"S-s-s-sh! They'll hear us a-talkin' on in the other room!" he whispered, as audibly. "Le's us sneak off 'fore they du. I wish 't I hed me cut in here, but my shirt's tol'able clean—put 't on yist'day!" he remarked, inspecting the sleeves, as he slipped off his apron and drawing down his chin and the corners of his mouth in an odd grimace to assist him in getting a better view of his shirt front. Then carefully brushing his trousers and washing his hands as well as he could in the soaking tub, he put on his hat, and led Sammy out of doors, the little boy wondering silently what was to come of it; with a sickening dread in his heart of what might be the import.

They took a roundabout way, as much out of sight of the kitchen as possible, till the road was reached, and then conversation was resumed.

"Be you goin' tu take me back there, Uncle Lisher?" Sammy ventured to ask in a quavering tone.

"Why, yes, course I be! What would his folks say if they knowed he'd run away?"

"I'm goin' tu run funder nex' time, an' go tu sea on a ship, same as you tol' me your brother did. You see 'I don't!' said Sammy, desperately.

"He'd git awful tired o' runnin' so fur," Uncle Lisha said.

"Did you uster haf tu go tu school?" Sammy asked.

"In course. Everybody hes tu 't can, or we wouldn't know no more'n dumb beasts."

"They git along jes' as well as folks."

"They can't read no good books, nor write no letters tu one nuther."

"Did you luffter go, Uncle Lisher?" Sammy asked.

"No I didn't, more's the pity," the old man answered honestly. "Only for what fun I got aouten playin' noons an' re-cesses, an' cuttin' up in school time, not till the last winter 'fore I went tu larn my trade an' couldn't go no more. Then I duffed in like a good feller, an' luffed tu."

"Did you ever run away, Uncle Lisher?" Sammy asked, anxiously.

"More'n oncte, I'm feared I wa'n't none tew good," Uncle Lisha confessed.

"An' did you git licked fust?"

"Never missed on 't, an' as if that wa'n't 'nough, I ketched it ag'in when I got hum. That was the fashion them days."

"You s'pose she'll lick me?" Sammy made out to ask.

"I'm feared she'd 'most or tu. It's turrible for tu cut an' run the way you did," said the old man, sorrowfully, and poor Sammy's thoughts were too busy with the approaching ordeal for further questions.

"Mornin', marm," Uncle Lisha gave greeting, as he rapped on the casing of the open door.

Miss Skinner responded rather coldly, looking curiously at the elderly visitor, and glancing at his small companion with a tightening of her thin lips.

"We got took humsick sudden, so we cut stick for hum, but we're shamed on't naow, an' begs pardon, marm, an' won't du so ag'in." Uncle Lisha pushed Sammy gently before him, and made it plain to Miss Skinner in pantomime that he did not intend the apology to include himself.

"He was a very naughty boy," she remarked, with severity.

"Yes, marm," Uncle Lisha cheerfully admitted, "but it's the fast time we ever went tu school, an' everything's kinder odd an' mismated, which it bein' the case an' aour age bein' only seven, goin' on eight, we're a-hopes-in' you won't pinch aour toes tew hard a-gittin' broke in, but kinder give the luther a chance tu stretch gradwel."

Miss Skinner uttered a non-committal "M-m—hm," and asked, "Be you the child's payrent or guarden?" She taught grammar to her more advanced pupils, but otherwise had little use for it.

"Wal, no, marm, not any one. Me an' my ol' womern lives tu his father's, an' I shoemake for a livin'. My name is Lisher Paiggs, an' if you was a-wantin' any leetle job o' tappin' or patchin' done, I'd be more'n praud tu du it free-gratis-for-nothin', seein' you're aour schoolmarm."

A keen, professional first glance had shown him that Miss Skinner's footgear was in need of repair, and that frugality was one of her traits.

"Thank you, Mr. Peggs," she said, in a softer tone, "I was a-considerin' his youth, and don't want to punish him too severe, but at the same time the'd be an end of all discipline if such breakin' of rules wa'n't punished some."

"Sartinly, marm. We wa'n't expectin' not tu git punished some, but if you could gi a tol'able fit wi' suthin' besides whippin', we'd be turrible 'bleeged tu ye, marm."

"Samuel Timothy," said she, in a judicial tone, after some consideration, "you'll take your spellin' book an' stand in the middle of the floor and study your lesson diligent twenty minutes, and you're tu stay in when the boys go aout."

With the delivery of the sentence she placed the book in his passive hand, and with the ferule indicated the place where he was to stand, but his feet seemed powerless to move to place him there. How could he ever stand there along for all those long minutes to be stared at by so many eyes!

"Come, sir!" Miss Skinner commanded, sharply.

"Sulkin' won't help you a mite."

"Beg your pardon, marm, it hain't that; it's 'cause we're bashful," said Uncle Lisha, and with that took Sammy's hand and led him to the center of the room, where, stooping beside him, his big waxy forefinger sticking on the page as it went slowly down the column, he helped him go through his lesson.

"C-a-t—cat!" he spelled in a gusty whisper, louder than the buzzing of a bumblebee in the window, and then explained, "jest any cat, Polly's an' the ol' cat, an' ol' Tom, an' the hul bilin'. Bomeby you'll come tu kitten, an' it's harder, for all it's a leetle cat. D-o-g—dog, not aour Drive in partic'lar, nor a haoun' dawg, but any sort on 'em, an' there you be ag'in; a leetle dog's

harder to spell 'an a big one. Cur'ous, hain't it? Oh, I tell ye what, l'arnin' is mighty interestin'!"

If a scholar dared to giggle openly he was glowered upon so savagely that he was awed to silence and kept his eyes thereafter riveted as fixedly on his book as the culprit on his. Thus the old man lightened Sammy's punishment, and at the same time made the others apply themselves more closely.

When the little boy was permitted to take his seat Uncle Lisha got his stout short legs in alongside, and sat with him through the remaining study hours and the boisterous jolly recess of the boys.

During that quarter hour of indoor quiet they studied the hieroglyphics of the desk and found among them Sam Lovel's initials carved by his own hand fifteen years before, and Joseph Hill's name in full, bearing an earlier date and evidence of his characteristic indecision, the foot of one "I" being turned to the right, the other to the left. "Solon Briggs, Annus Dominus 1820," whereat Uncle Lisha racked his brain to recall to mind a Danvis girl bearing the latter name. Sammy missed scarcely a word of his spelling lesson, and when fortified at noon by a generous luncheon felt brave enough to undertake going through the afternoon alone.

So, bidding him good-by and to be a good boy, and reminding Miss Skinner to send her shoes over to him next day, Uncle Lisha trudged home in time for a late dinner with the plausible excuse that "he hed b'en on a taover for his health."

The summer of school that on its first day Sammy looked forward upon as an interminable season of tor-

ventured to suggest.

"We'll see 't this one is," said she, and began to lay on lustily.

Sammy feigned the keenest suffering, writhing and howling so that when Miss Skinner desisted from sheer exhaustion, she felt that she had never administered punishment with more satisfaction to herself, while if she could have but known it, her victim as fully shared her feeling. He hid his armour in a convenient hollow stump, and it served him again on more than one occasion.

Winter brought good Mr. Mumpson to preside over a larger school, and it brought the robust outdoor sports of snow-balling, sliding and skating that made the fifteen minutes of recess impatiently waited for, the nooning an hour of concentrated delight, when the happy owners of skates rushed whooping to the nearest ice patch, others slid down hill on their homemade sleds, with runners sawn from natural crooks and beams fastened to them with wooden pins, or simpler sleds with board runners and jumpers made of barrel staves. Another rabble of yelling young savages assailed a fort of snow, defended by as noisy a band of warriors. The master was now with one company, now with another, each proud to have him with it for the prestige he gave, and the plucky spirit that dwelt in so weak a body. Then there were the Saturday half-holidays that seemed long enough to do anything, almost everything, in, though they never did prove quite sufficient.

If Sammy could spend this half day with his bosom friend Joseph Hill's youngest son, Ben, he was satisfied.

At noon they had a daily picnic by the brookside over the tin pail of luncheon, yet did not long tarry over it, for there was a deal of playing to be done in that hour.

In winter they were as close comrades. Sammy's sled hauled the easier and slid down hill the faster when chubby little sister was on board, and without recognizing it, he felt a sort of heroism in shielding her from the fierce pelting of the snow storm, or in carrying her across the brook running a flood in a January thaw. After the killing of the lynx he was quite in danger of believing himself a hero indeed.

Sammy had a little sweetheart, as all boys do, though they never, never tell their love in words, even to the object of their affections. His was next to the youngest of Joseph Hill's daughters, the only dark-haired and dark-eyed one of the brood, and pretty enough to steal the heart of any discriminating boy. He divided with her the big red Seek-no-further that was part of his noon dessert. Polly had one to herself; he puzzled his un-mathematical brain more over her sums than his own; gave her a place on his sled between Polly and himself, when her brothers, who had contempt for girls in general and sisters in particular, begrudged her a seat on theirs; he brought her handfuls of Dutchman's breeches and honeysuckles, and great green and white sheaves of moose flowers, and as a mark of special trust he showed her the rarest bird's nests he found; and saved for her the choicest ambre-hued gum that he climbed the spruces to gather. There was a tacit understanding that when they were all grown up she and Sammy and Sis were to live together somewhere, when Sammy and Ben, who



HARVARD GLACIER AT HEAD OF COLLEGE FIORD, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND.

Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright by E. H. Harriman.

ture proved not nearly so bad, in actual experience. He was not an ambitious scholar; the study of his lessons was an irksome task, from which his thoughts would always be wandering out to the blue sky, the green woods and the flashing brooks.

Miss Almira Skinner was a strict disciplinarian, who seldom spared the rod and laid it on with no gentle hand. Once caught by her at their monkey tricks the Bissette children never repeated them. Sammy was not in danger of dying young through being too good, but merely a rough, noisy, mischievous boy, apt to play naughty pranks, yet too honest to escape punishment by lying. Once he achieved a triumph of invention in contriving to hold a long thorn between his naked first and second toes, so that he could secretly prod the boy who sat in front of him. The first—and last—was eminently successful; it brought forth a yell from the surprised victim that started the whole school. Suspicion at once fell on Sammy. Miss Skinner charged him with the crime, and when he would not deny it, she sent him out for a rod suitable for his chastisement. As he carefully searched the grove behind the school-house, a smooth-barked white birch caught his eye, and inspired him with a happy thought. On the instant he whipped out his jack-knife and peeled off a sheet from the trunk, which was about the same diameter as his body and as long as from his neck to his hips. He made a pair of armholes in the upper part, slipped off coat and vest and put on this primitive armor next his shirt. He had barely time to replace his clothing, when the impatient beat of the ferule summoned him to return. Hastily cutting the first stout switch at hand, and trimming as he ran, he presented himself for punishment.

"Was you waitin' for a switch to grow?" Miss Skinner demanded, with sharp sarcasm.

"No, marm," he answered, meekly.

"Well, if you was all this time a-looking for one you might have faound a better, I should think," she said, examining and testing the stick with critical eye and hand.

"They're most all used up, I guess, marm," Sammy

The next best use of it was to visit with Uncle Lisha, listening to tales of his adventures, his memorable Plattsburgh campaign, his journey to the far West, but most interesting perhaps in comparing their school experiences.

Uncle Lisha's school-house was built of logs, with a wide stone fireplace that made a great show of warming the big room, while the pupils in the far corners were half-frozen, the water pail quite so, and there was a continual clamor of appeal, "May I go t' the fire?"

Youngsters of Sammy's years were seated on rough slab benches, without desks, and their short legs sought in vain to reach the floor. Sammy counted himself fortunate in living in more luxurious times, though missing the thrilling experience of crossing wolf tracks on his way to school.

Though he continued to be an unambitious scholar when he came to study and heartily hated arithmetic, he liked geography a little better and history quite well for the stories, going to school grew less irksome as term after term went by without bringing Miss Skinner.

After two or three years Polly began going, and the renewal of their constant companionship was a great joy to both. What happy loitering along the road in pleasant weather, watching the minnows flashing like silver arrows shot into the black shadows of the bridge, or noting the coming of the swallows, and a little later the bobolinks, both faithful to date, almost to a day. Or in roadside fields they hunted for nests, just to know where they were—they rarely did know where those of bobolink and meadowlark were cunningly hid. But there were flowers in plenty; great tufts of blue violets ready to be picked by handfuls, only to be beheaded by scores by these sanguinary little gamesters, who would "fight roosters" till they were conscience-smitten to behold the heaps of slain. After all, they were no crueller than botanists. Then there was the triumph of finding the first ripe strawberry, then of stringing a herdsgrass stalk full of them for the school ma'am, if on the way to school, for mother or Aunt Jerusha if homeward bound; and later, gathering a basketful for supper.

were to be the nearest neighbors, would do nothing but hunt, trap or fish, while the women kept house, an arrangement quite satisfactory to all.

Alas! that it must be told. Sammy was fickle, and one summer made an Indian gift of his heart and bestowed it upon a tall, willowy, pink-and-white school-mistress, ten years his senior. For her now were the flowers, the handfuls of strawberries, the raspberries gathered out of the thorny thickets of fence corners, and amber jewels of the spruce; and as they walked to and from school while she boarded at Sam's, she squeezed his hand in hers, strong and long, yet very smooth, and he cast loving sheep's eyes up under his hat brim at her smiling pink face.

One Saturday forenoon a chipper young fellow came driving to the school-house in a spick and span new buggy, and Sammy's heart was righteously torn with jealousy, when he saw her feed this odious fop with berries he had given her that very morning, and the pair wagging their jaws in unison over the gum that was meant for no lips but hers. At noon they drove away together, and the poor boy spent the wretchedest of half-holidays. Sunday was no better, but on Monday the enchantress returned and beguiled him again with her smiles.

In the fall when school was ended the spell was broken, for it came out that the pretty school ma'am was to be married, and had been teaching to get her wedding finery.

Sammy thirsted for the blood of that little fop and was sure for a week that he could never be happy again, and was glad to have the family take notice that his appetite was poor, until Aunt Jerusha suggested "popple bark bitters." The winter school begun, he found himself fonder of little M'ri, and mortally afraid that she would pay him as he deserved for his faithlessness, but his treatment had not changed her faithful, loving heart one jot. She behaved just as if nothing had happened and their life flowed on again in the old course.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

II.—A Small Talk About Glaciers.

CHIEF among the objects of interest in Alaska are its stupendous glaciers. To more than one traveler the sight of these has made real for the first time all that he has read of the enormous power of such rivers of ice and the influence that they have exerted in earth sculpture.

We are accustomed to think of the world as changeless, of the hills and mountains as immutable, and of earth and sea as being of all things the most lasting. Yet in fact we know that this is not true, that all over the

certain extent plastic; in other words, it can be made by pressure to take certain forms, as wax does, though of course it is not soft like wax. Dr. Kane speaks of a table of ice 8 feet thick and 20 wide, supported only at the sides, which in two months' time, while the temperature was constantly below the freezing point, became by its own weight so deeply bent that its center was depressed 5 feet. By pressing ice through a round hole it may be made to take the shape of a long cylinder, or ice by pressure may be made to copy a seal or a mould. This being the case, we may understand how this great ice sheet moved forward, adapting itself to the inequalities of the land, filling up valleys, climbing mountain sides, overtopping them and then flowing down beyond them. The motion of the ice sheet was slow, but it was sure. It

America it no longer exists, except that on some high mountains and in the north, fragments of it are left in the glaciers found there and in ice masses now covered with soil, which often bear luxuriant vegetation. Such remnants are found only in high northern latitudes or on lofty mountains, where the melting of the ice in summer does not greatly exceed the snow fall of winter. The grandest well-known glaciers of the temperate zone are those of Switzerland, but one must travel to the Arctic to witness the most stupendous exhibitions of their work.

Glaciers are simply rivers of ice, of varying thickness and extent, having their origin above the level of the perpetual snows by which they are fed. Though in its origin a glacier consists merely of compacted snow, this snow, as it advances down the mountain side, is gradually changed by pressure into an ice-like mass, and as it reaches the point where there is alternate melting and freezing, it becomes true ice. The glacier tends constantly to move in the direction of the least resistance, and follows the inequalities of the ground, thus moving in a bed not unlike that of a river. Yet as the momentum of such an enormous mass is almost inconceivably great it acts as an enormous plow, which cuts a furrow both wide and deep. In its course, it scrapes away the surface soil and the loose stones, and reaches down to the bed rock, against which it continually grinds and wears itself away. In its course it picks up and carries away with it gravel, pebbles, boulders and sometimes great masses of rock, and these, whether torn away from the sides of its bed or dropping on the ice from overhanging cliffs, are likely at last to reach the bottom of the channel which it has made. Here they are rolled along, crushed beneath the mass of the ice against or into the rock over which it is passing, which is thus scratched and scored or has its irregularities of surface smoothed and planed off or sometimes is highly polished. In glacial regions such surfaces are frequently seen, as well as the smoothly rounded knolls of rock called sheep backs or roches moutonnees. Such surfaces exist over much of northern North America, though usually covered up by earth and vegetation.

The debris carried along in and against the glacier is constantly being ground up like the grain between two mill stones, and the water of the stream formed by the melting ice is charged with this pulverized rock. Such streams therefore are milky in color, and can often be recognized by this character far away from their source. On either side of the glacier and at its lower end—if it does not reach the sea—and often in the middle of it, are great heaps or windrows of sand, gravel, stone and great rocks, which have been pushed before it or to one side by the ice mass as it travels along. These accumulations of glacial debris are called moraines, lateral, terminal or medial, according to their positions.

Although a glacier is, in fact, a river of ice, it acts very differently from a river of water. Thus the cross profile of the stream valley is shaped like a V, while in the glacier valley the same profile is like a wide U. The curves of the stream's course are irregular, sharply bending from side to side, as any one may see who looks down from a height on the course of a river flowing through the valley. The curves of an ice river, on the other hand, are slow and sinuous, and the mass changes its direction very gradually.

It was about noon when the ship entered the Muir



FACE OF MUIR GLACIER, WITH BERGS AFLOAT AND AGROUND.
Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright by E. H. Harriman.

world change is constantly taking place, that volcanoes spout out lava, increasing the size of mountains; that snow and water and frost are constantly tearing off or breaking away fragments of other mountains and carrying them down toward the plain; that the thundering waves of the sea are continually breaking upon the shore, removing it in one place and adding to it in another; and that for the last few centuries man, with his axe and his grubbing hoe and his plow, is altering the face of the earth, enabling the rain and the brooks and the rivers to pick up and carry away the soil, which is at last transported to the ocean and tends to fill it up. Instead of being permanent, therefore, the earth which we inhabit is unstable. The elements in their ceaseless action, the earthquake at intervals, and man during the short time that he has inhabited it are changing its surface continually.

We know too that in very ancient times the face of the land which we inhabit was very different from what it is now. The mountains were higher, and so the valleys deeper. Great areas of the land, now mountain and plain, fertile farm, arid stock range, or peaks only traversed by the wild animals, were once the bottom of the salt sea. And in the earth or the rock over which we now pass are often seen the bones or shells of the marine animals which were born and lived and died and were covered up in these ancient times, to be seen by us to-day as stones which have the shape of animals.

These high mountains have been cut down by the action of the elements; the valleys in part have been filled up, and this ancient sea bottom covered by soil which was once a part of the tops and sides of these mountains. This work has been going on for all time; it is going on to-day, and it will continue to go on until it is going on to-day, and it will continue to go on.

One of the most potent agents of this denudation was ice, although the length of time during which this agent has acted is small by comparison with the age of the earth. Over much of this continent it has now almost ceased to act, yet in the furthest north it is still doing the work which once it did over the whole of the northern North America.

That division of geological time in which mammals had their greatest development is called the tertiary period. And it was during the ages which immediately followed the close of that period that the whole northern North America was covered with an enormous ice sheet thousands of feet in thickness. Beneath this frozen mass were deeply buried the whole of British America, all of New England, a very large portion of the Middle States and much of the Rocky Mountains. In northern New England the upper surface of this ice sheet was at least 6,000 feet above the sea level, while it is estimated that still further north it was not less than 13,000 feet in thickness. This vast mass was not, as might be thought, at rest. Instead, it had a general slow, but more or less constant motion southward. This was the only direction in which it could move, because to the south the ice was constantly melting and disappearing, while to the north it was always firm and unyielding, and tended constantly to increase in thickness, and to push away a portion of the mass in the direction of least resistance. This pressure was constant and ever increasing, and urged on by it, the ice sheet moved steadily southward, creeping up high mountain slopes, and then, when their summits were reached, overtopping them and pushing its way down on the other side.

It is a matter of common knowledge that ice is to a

flowed onward slowly, as molasses would flow on a cold day, but better still, is the illustration employed by Prof. Dana, who says: "If stiff pitch be gradually dropped over a horizontal surface it will spread and continue to do so so long as the supply is kept up, and if that surface rises at an angle in one direction and there is no escape in the other, it will first fill the space to the level of the edge and then drop over and continue onward its flow. So



BURIED FOREST NEAR MUIR GLACIER.
Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright by E. H. Harriman.

glaciers, if the accumulation is adequate, may go across valleys and over elevated ridges."

It may be asked where did all this ice come from and how did it accumulate to the enormous thickness already named? The answer is simple: It is the accumulated excess of the precipitation of many ages over the annual melting. The ice of the great ice sheet of the glacial period was merely compacted snow, and the climatic conditions were such that each season more snow fell than was melted, and so the ice sheet grew.

If the winter's snow fall is 60 inches and the summer is so cool that of this snow but 50 inches melts, the ice upon which the snow falls will receive an annual increase of thickness to the amount of 10 inches of uncompacted snow, a very slight thickness. If the ice sheet to-day does not cover any considerable portion of the country in which we live, it is because the summers are so long and warm that the snow and ice melt fast, and that for this reason the edge of the ice sheet has crept further and further to the north, so that now on the continent of

Inlet, and steamed along toward the great glacier at its head. Icebergs soon began to appear; at first small, later much larger. Some were pure white; others dirty; others white above where they were partially melted, and beneath a beautiful blue. The light falling through the ice gives this color, and it is reflected back from the water in the purest, most delicate sea green.

The Muir Glacier, which we were now approaching, is rapidly receding. Twenty years ago its front stood two miles further down the bay than now, so that to-day ships sail up over nearly two miles of water, which was formerly occupied by the ice. The front of the tremendous glacier, which was the first that we had seen near at hand, is two miles wide and perhaps 200 feet in height. From its face great bergs break off at frequent intervals, and fall with a tremendous roar into the water below. They are deeply submerged, spring out of the water again, so as almost to clear it, go down again, and so rise and fall many times, and at last, after reeling and bobbing about on the surface find a point of equilibrium and slowly,

float away, to travel back and forth with wind and tide until they melt. As the water melts them below faster than air and sun do above, they are dangerous to approach in a small boat, since one can never tell when they will turn over and split in two. As they grow small first beneath the water there is often considerable overhanging ice, which gives some indication of their age. The turning over of one of these bergs agitates the water, producing waves which may cause other bergs in the neighborhood to upset.

While the party were near the Muir Glacier an immense mass fell from its face, representing perhaps one-quarter the width of the glacier—that is to say, it was a mass of ice half a mile wide and from 200 to 250 feet in height above the water. How thick it may have been no one can tell. When this fell the wave caused was tremendous, and obliged members of the party who were on the beach to run to higher ground to escape being washed away. As the mass fell it split into three great pieces, one of which floated off, the other two remaining grounded. One of these masses sprang back out of the water, nearly or quite to the height of the glacier. The roar of the fall was appalling.

One day two of the party were close to the glacier in a canoe when a great mass of ice, coming apparently from under the glacier, shot up out of the water and raised a wave which nearly filled the canoe and ruined all their photographic plates. If they had not been expert canoeists the two men would very likely have been upset and drowned, for in this ice cold water a man would not long survive. This mass of ice was so close to them that fragments of the berg fell all about them, and any one of these, if it had struck the canoe, would have wrecked it. The experience was one of great danger.

From the midst of the Muir Glacier rises a huge nunatak or mountain of rock, a real island in the sea of ice. Many years ago, it is said, that only the point of this mountain was to be seen above the surface of the glacier, but now it is nearly 700 feet above the ice; in other words, the glacier was then 500 feet thicker than now, and its slope of course much more steep.

At various points on this glacier are found curious cones of ice, each capped by a number of hard quartz pebbles, spherical, or nearly so, and so smooth that they sometimes seem polished. Such pebbles have been ground in a glacial pothole, the softer rocks which were with them being ground to powder and carried away by the water, so that only the harder ones remain. The surface of the glacier gradually melts until the bottom of the pothole in which these pebbles lie is even with the top. Then the pebbles protect the ice immediately under them from the direct rays of the sun, and prevent it from melting, and as the surrounding surface melts they remain on this unmelted ice, which now forms a conical projection above the surface of the glacier, the top of the projection being what was formerly the bottom of the hole.

Not far below the Muir Glacier, and on its west side, a stream has cut its way through an enormous mass of morainal detritus, carrying away the gravel and revealing the still standing tree trunks of a long buried forest. At first thought it might be imagined that the sweeping down by the glacier of the enormous mass of coarse gravel would have uprooted or broken off and overthrown the trees of this ancient forest, and that when again revealed by the cutting away of the drift, all its trunks would have been found prostrate. The reverse of this is true, however. While there are many fallen trunks, most of them are still standing, though usually broken off at a height of from 10 to 25 feet above the present level of the stream valley. This, of course, shows that the forest was not in the direct path of the glacier, but was to one side, and that at first the encroachment of the morainal drift on the standing forest was very gradual, and the process of covering it up very slow. The gravel of the moraine was pushed over little by little into and upon the area covered by the forest, the glacier acting as a plow acts, and pushing out of its way and off to one side the loose material, which at length covered up the forest. Until the gravel had been deposited to a very considerable thickness the moraine's advance was not so rapid as to overwhelm the standing trees. Instead of that, as it was deposited about them gradually it soon became an absolute protection to the trunks, at least to the height to which they were wholly covered. The details of the burial and subsequent uncovering of this forest will no doubt ultimately be told by the geologists and botanists of the expedition.

The day after leaving Sitka the ship followed the coast, at first about twenty miles distant, but later it ran in much closer, in order to look at a great glacier which comes down from the Fairweather range to meet the sea, and which on the coast survey chart is called La Pouse.

This glacier has a front three miles wide. Its northern half seems white and new, and to be moving, while the southern half appears old, dirty from melting, and dead. Under the new ice for almost the whole width of the front, old dirty ice can be seen, and the impression is gained that a new and active glacier is flowing over one that is old and dead. On either side of the glacier's front the beach shows, and it is apparent that the ice here is moving over the more or less level ground, and not through a channel that it has cut out.

In one of the lifeboats a party landed through the surf, which was rather high, though not really bad, and in doing so got pretty well soaked by surf breaking behind the boat. A small skiff that was being towed was tossed about by a combing breaker and pounded on the beach so hard that one of its sides was split.

From the moraine at the side of the glacier a portion of its surface could be seen, split in every conceivable direction, and broken up into a bristling mass of sharp pinnacles from 15 to 40 feet high, over which it would be impossible to pass. At one point at the side of the glacier was a deep cavern under the ice, green and blue, and dripping from a thousand points so much water as to feed a small stream that flowed from it.

After an hour or two spent here, the party returned to the beach. It was determined that three men should go off in the skiff, to lighten the load of the ship's boat. The surf was passed without difficulty, but before the skiff had gone far it was seen that she leaked so that the men must return to the shore at once or sink. All had prepared for a swim by removing their boots, but the

beach was reached before the boat sank. Just as all hands were about to spring out and run the boat up beyond the waves, a breaker broke beneath the stern, lifted it high, struck the boat's nose into the sand, and unceremoniously dumped out the passengers. The large boat was then launched with no more serious disaster than shipping a few barrels of water, and the ship was reached again without trouble.

G. B. G.

Fred Mather.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received your issue of this week, and am pained beyond measure to learn of the death of my old friend Fred Mather, and I now realize how far I can look back over my angling days.

Some forty years ago I knew Thaddeus C. Norris very well, and spent many hours with him, and if I feel in the mood some time I think I will write a short article stating how Peter H. Christie, Thaddeus C. Norris and I were interested in what I think was the first trout hatchery in this State, although Norris and I had no pecuniary interest.

Christie hatched out the first trout in a little corn-shaker, and the next year adopted more modern methods, but the small fry produced in that corn-shaker were hatched out a year in advance of the efforts made by Seth Green.

Norris died years ago, and now Fred Mather is gone, and my old companions Fitch, Adams and Smedburgh, with whom I fished so often in the early sixties, are all dead, and the only persons living of those with whom I then fished are the Rev. Dr. Van Gieson, of this city, and Cornelius Van Brunt, of New York.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with stupefying surprise and the deepest sorrow that I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* of the death of good, kind, jovial Major Mather. It is almost impossible to realize that the distressful news is true, and time only can bring a full realization. Heavy, indeed, is the loss of his entertaining and instructive contributions to the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and to the thousands who read them; but heavier, a thousandfold, is the personal loss to those who have shot or fished with him, eaten at the same board with him, slept under the same roof with him, listened to his witty story and heard his jolly laugh and song.

I have cruised, camped, hunted and fished with different kinds of men, and liked most of them; but, somehow, the ten days passed at Sachem's Head, Conn., on a ducking trip, in the company of Major Mather, in November, 1898, stand out pre-eminently the brightest of all camping or cruising days. And this can be directly attributed to the Major's happy disposition to make a joke of everything. If it rained, it was a joke. If the wind blew and kicked up a nasty sea, and the drifting decoys snarled together, that was a joke, too. When it was bitter cold and the proprietor of the Sachem's Head House said, "Gentlemen, I don't like to see you go on those cold rocks to-day; there's pneumonia there," then the Major looked serious and told the man a funny story. Those were ten golden days of jollity—and days never to be forgotten.

The reaper has gathered one of the salt of the earth—the very choicest of the *FOREST AND STREAM* circle. And with his sorely afflicted family, all who knew him mourn, for to know him was, indeed, to love him.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Feb. 15.

The Major's Last Move.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your last issue contained a notice of the sudden and unexpected death of your long-time correspondent, Major Fred Mather.

A letter from his wife dated Feb. 14 says: "My beloved husband died at 2:15 this morning. Only ill a week to-day. I will lay him in the vault in Duluth for the present. It was his wish to be buried here."

A postal card from him dated Feb. 7 and received by me Feb. 10, says: "Yours with P. to Q. K's 4 3 at hand, and I defy you with Bp.—K.—3d. Expect to begin putting up ice to-morrow. Cold snap is over; winter here is better than summer; no hinsex to torment. Will write soon. Thanks for papers. Yours, F. M."

We had been having a game of chess by mail all winter. I made the first move, and he the last.

Tuesday night (Feb. 13) I wrote him a long letter, telling him of the death of a mutual friend, whose first name was Edmund, and who was very deaf. One early spring morning they were both at the railroad station when the train came in, and the engine gave a terrific shriek. Mr. Mather turned to some one near him and said: "Edmund says that is the first robin he has heard this spring." It was one of his ready jokes, and it soon was passed around. In allusion to this, I wrote him: "Edmund will not hear the early spring robin, but let us hope that the birds of Paradise will make melody in his opened ears."

My letter was posted Feb. 14, and on the same day he died I buried his friend Edmund.

On the following day I heard of his death, and the next day received a letter from Mrs. Mather. He must have been taken ill the very day he wrote me, but the wording of his postal shows no sign of approaching illness.

For twelve years we have been near neighbors, and he and his wife were my parishoners. I knew him very intimately, and in his serious mood better, perhaps, than almost any one else.

He was a very earnest, honest and conscientious man. Had I been asked to name a man for a trust which required absolute integrity, faithfulness and incorruptibility, his name would have come to my lips involuntarily.

His playfulness, his quaint humor, his felicitous storytelling, are familiar to all his friends.

Patience and courage and steadfastness were among his personal virtues.

As a writer, his style was unique and fascinating. His "Men I Have Fished With" is a book that will live.

His contributions to practical fishculture are very valuable, and in this department he had a world-wide reputation.

"Bishops to kings 3d" will always be associated in my mind with the memory of my lamented friend. It was the "Major's last move" and white resigns. E. F. B.

Natural History.

The Boston Show.

BOSTON, Feb. 26.—The Sportsmen's Show is a grand success. The opening night brought out between 12,000 and 15,000 people, associate members and invited guests. There was scarce an inch of standing room, and the reserved seats were all taken about as soon as they could be dealt out. The Four Hundred was there, in full dress, and this has given the affair a start off that is being remarkably well followed. Everybody is pleased, and nothing but praise of the exhibition is heard. Visitors are surprised at what has been done in the way of an exhibit of fish, game birds and animals; putting every other attempt of the kind considerably in the shade. Saturday drew 16,000 people through the doors of the big Mechanics' Building, and everybody seemed to be pleased with everything except the crowd. To get reserved seats one had to form into line with the satisfaction of knowing that a hundred others were ahead of him.

From a fish and game standpoint, the show is most remarkable, although amateur sports in the artificial lake are a great attraction to the multitude. The fisheries exhibit is certainly one of the best fetures. Under the guidance of Richard O. Harding, it was bound to be a success, but in this attempt Mr. Harding has eclipsed his former best efforts. Twelve large tanks are provided and placed along the front side of the building, so that all of the front light shines through the inch-thick plate glass fronts, putting the fish in the best possible light. The tanks hold several tons of water each, which is kept constantly in motion, with two air pumps forcing air into the water in a manner that is proving a great success. Not a fish has been lost so far, and Mr. Harding feels sure of no losses, till the deadly fungus, that always follows the bruises of transportation, gets in its work. The glass in front of each of the tanks is a dozen feet long, by three feet wide. The front of the tanks is rustic woodwork. The whole exhibit stretches nearly 150 feet along the front of the building. In the first tank are rainbow trout, brook trout; yearlings, U. S. Fish Commission. Second tank, Scotch trout, Atlantic salmon; yearlings, U. S. Fish Commission. Third tank, steelhead trout; yearlings, U. S. Fish Commission. Fourth tank, Albino landlocked salmon; two years old, U. S. Fish Commission. These fish attracting a great deal of attention. Fifth tank, landlocked salmon; two years old, U. S. Fish Commission. Sixth tank, golden tench (gold fish), green tench; three years old, U. S. Fish Commission. Seventh tank, large-mouth bass, U. S. Fish Commission; pickerel and cusk, N. H. Fish Commission. The fresh-water cusk are a great curiosity, and entirely new to most visitors. Eighth tank, rainbow trout, Dublin trout, N. H. Fish Commission. Ninth tank, brook trout, from Diamond Pond, N. H., N. H. Fish Commission. These trout are most welcome to those who have fished the Diamond Ponds. Tenth tank, Lock Leven trout, from Plymouth, N. H., hatcheries, N. H. Fish Commission. Eleventh tank, arduenous or golden trout, and landlocked salmon, from Sunapee Lake, N. H., N. H. Fish Commission. Twelfth tank, lake trout, from Newfound Lake, N. H., N. H. Fish Commission. These fish are very large, up to 16 and 18 pounds, doubtless the largest game fish ever shown in captivity, yet they are apparently in the best condition. Generally, the fish shown are large, though there is a good display of eggs and hatching fixtures, with fish in all stages of growth, from the youngster just hatched, with the sack still attached, up to the monsters in tank twelve.

The Maine Fisheries exhibit is a good one, but it does not attract the attention it would, were it in tanks next the light. It is a fish pond of good size, moss-bordered, in the middle of the building. In it are some 200 trout of varied sizes, and very beautiful. Just by the pond is a cage of five owls, from Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick, Me. Here are also two cages of mink, from the same park; curious little fellows, that excite considerable comment—most people exclaiming, "How small they are! How can they ever make mink capes from the skins of such little fellows?" A cage of muskrats from the same park is worthy of mention. But the white crow, in a cage with a couple of his shiny black fellows, is a singular feature of the exhibit. This crow is also from Merrymeeting Park. There is no question about the scarcity of white crows, as well as white blackbirds, but this one is plainly genuine albino.

The show of waterfowl, all game birds, is a striking feature of the exhibition. Here in very copious wire cages are green wing teal (Europe), blue wing teal, Garganey teal (Europe), gray bull, toy duck (Europe), brant, mallards, Mandarin ducks (China), widgeon (Europe), Canada geese, poachard (Europe), redhead canvasback, widgeon, shovelers, Gadwall, sprig tail, black ducks, wood duck. The wood ducks, with their beautiful plumage, especially the drake, are the delight of every visitor. The noble black ducks are the center of attraction for sportsmen. A pair of golden eagles seem to round out the bird exhibit and make it a beautiful natural history collection.

First in the game animal exhibit, in the way of a decided curiosity, comes the little sable, claimed to be the only one in captivity. His head closely resembles a miniature red fox, but his body is longer. Hunters tell us that the sables are fast disappearing from the backwoods of Maine, where they were formerly quite abundant. Hence, they say that red squirrels are on the increase, for the sable preys upon them. Then comes actual live beaver, gnawing wood and smiting the water with their powerful tails. Great logs of birch wood are shown, gnawed almost in twain, as the work of these industrious animals. The otter is a curiosity, but is inclined to keep much out of sight. A wildcat or two and a pair of Canada lynx, in contiguous cages, settle the identity or

difference between these two animals. Wildcats are frequently caught in Maine and Canada, and forwarded to Boston, and here they are termed lynx. The fisher is another feature of the show, known to but few except the hunters and trappers of the north woods. He, too, is said to be fond of a diet of red squirrels, partridges, and occasionally a fish. A pair of civet cats are shown; curious little fellows from North Africa. Opossums are here, and there is a tree with a dozen raccoons in it. They hang themselves up in the crotches of the limbs to sleep. Hundreds of grey squirrels in a tree, with trees of red squirrels, take one down into the Maine woods in imagination. Then there is a tree of flying squirrels.

Of the elk, two bulls have antlers still on at this writing, though hourly expected to drop; there are deer and four moose from Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick, Me. A live caribou is also shown from the Province of Quebec. A pair of Rocky Mountain goats, white and clean, are there. Mountain lions, a young cinnamon bear and a young grizzly bear are features of the show. All in all, there is more of natural history in the Boston Sportsmen's Show than has ever before been brought under one roof. I understand that the management is desirous of donating the animals to the Park Commissioners as the nucleus of a zoological garden. The city of Boston would be required only to provide suitable accommodations and make appropriations for maintaining the garden.

SPECIAL.

The New York Bird Plumage Bill.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the adverse comments which have appeared in your columns concerning the plumage bill introduced by Mr. Hallock, it may be of interest to know that at the last meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, the measure was discussed and referred to a special committee. A meeting of this special committee was held this afternoon at the office of Mr. J. C. O'Connor, the chairman, and the following amendments drawn by Mr. T. N. Cuthbert, counsel of the Association, were decided upon: To insert after the word "possessed" the words "for use or ornament, or for commercial purposes of any kind"; and after the words "provisions of this act," the words "or to the plumage, skins or any part of such birds lawfully possessed prior to the passage of this act." These amendments would, we think, help the measure considerably, and tend to disarm the criticism which the bill in its original form naturally aroused.

ROBT. B. LAWRENCE, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

On Eastern Waters.

THERE is a certain charm about shooting in a thickly settled region which one does not get anywhere else. The game is scarce and hard to circumvent, and when a pair or two of shy old black ducks are successfully brought to bag, the satisfaction is often greater than the killing of ten times the number in a more favorable locality.

The season is late October. For two days a north-wester has been doing its best to remove the few remaining leaves, until at last the wind has died away and the evening is calm and wonderfully clear. It is likely to be the coldest night of the season, and we go to bed in the best of spirits, almost certain of a shot in the morning.

It is just beginning to lighten a little as we close the farmhouse door behind us and emerge into the breathless stillness of the early morning. The watch-dog ambles up, then wags his tail, turns about and disappears in the gloom of the yard. How had the ground feels, and what a noise each leaf makes under our feet as we walk briskly toward the lake.

Long streaks of pink and gray appear in the east, but look closer and note that little speck against the sky as it glides downward across a bright band of orange light and drops lower and lower until it vanishes toward the lake. Ducks, twelve or fifteen at least, and we set our teeth and walk harder.

Down toward the woods the path leads. Nothing has been heard save the distant crowing of sleepy cocks, but now a new sound greets us, the cheerful quacking of my faithful decoy ducks.

We hasten into the pines and over a noiseless carpet of dry needles. How dark it is. A rustle in the brush and a faint streak of which shows we have waked a rabbit, and a belated flock of robins make the air hum as they spring from a birch tree above our heads.

Cautiously we creep out on to the point, sheltered on both sides by walls of brush. Ahead of us is the stand and coops, and as we come in sight, a watchful old drake sees us and sends out a ringing call. Instantly a chorus of duck music from out on the water fills the whole air, and we walk boldly ahead, past the coops and into the stand, knowing that no wild birds can hear us through all that racket.

Remove your hat and peer between the branches. Out there on the dark water float the bunches of wooden ducks, while in the shallow water along the beach the live decoys swim and quack. Count them all carefully. To the left there is a flock of fourteen, where there should be but nine, and even as you look five silent shapes detach themselves from the rest and glide out in front without a ripple, and as if moved by some mysterious power.

Caution is now the word. Against the paling lean three grim sentinels; one an 8 gauge, one a 10 and one a Winchester pump. But do not reach so nervously for your gun. It is always ready loaded, and moreover there is plenty of time, for the game is still two gunshots distant.

Suddenly, with hardly a moment's warning, the wild birds rise in the air with one accord, and vanish against the dark background of the pines on the opposite shore. We feel almost ready to cry. "What frightened them?" you ask. Nothing; it is only a way these shy black fellows have, and we could have done no better.

And now we have time to note the surroundings, the great looming shapes of the distant ice houses, the tall

chimneys of the pumping stations, all loosing much of their artificial ugliness in the glom of early sunrise. Behind us runs a high oak bluff, the tree trunks just beginning to catch the rosy eastern glow. A few teams are heard rumbling over frozen roads, and across the lake we mark a night-watchman trudging homeward, his lantern still lighted and swinging by his side. Slowly and solemnly comes the sound of the Wenham bell. Six times the message is sent out over the still water, and so loud it sounds that you can scarcely believe the church is a mile away.

All this time I am sweeping the lake with the glass, and at last I make out three little specks. They look as if they were drawing toward us. Yes, they are coming, as fast as they can swim. But they are small ducks, and a moving like this we should certainly get a better shot.

Ah, I thought so. There is the bunch we saw drop in earlier. They haven't noticed us yet, but we will see what we can do.

Softly one after another of the flyers is lifted from the coop, and sent sailing out over the line of ducks, which reply in a deafening chorus. Some of them waddle back to the expected corn, and are again scaled.

The small ducks, buffleheads they are, have approached to within 15 yards of the beach, and are resting in a little knot, their heads tucked under their feathers. It would be easy to kill all three with one barrel, but we must wait.

The big bunch have made up their minds, and slowly, ever so slowly, they begin to push toward us. You would scarcely believe they were moving, but every time you look they are a bit closer. Unless the unforeseen occurs, as it sometimes does, we are pretty certain of a fine shot.

They have reached a bunch of block decoys and stop, puzzled for a moment. Quickly hand me that little drake. See! he has done the work, and watch how eagerly they follow him, as he swims toward the beach.

Take the 10-gauge and be very careful you do not show yourself. I will count three, and we must shoot together at exactly the same moment. Let them get as near as we want them, about 25 yards will be the most effective range for the open barrels of our big guns. I see you would pull now if I were not here to stop you, but above all things don't get excited or we are sure to make a mess of things.

One, two, hold! They have spread again, and we must wait for a better chance. One, two, three—we pull well together, and a deafening roar, a great splashing of ducks and a chorus of squawks from frightened decoys is the result. Lucky is the man who can single out his bird and kill with the left barrel. I missed clean, and am too busy shooting at cripples with the pump gun to see what you are about.

The fusillade is over, and we count eight dead ducks. Two only have flown away, besides the three buffleheads, while one is swimming some 200 yards out.

Slaughter, mere butchery, I hear some one say. But come with me and watch them, possibly four mornings, your eyes glued to sky and water, with nothing but a meager ruddy duck to reward your patience. Then, when the longed-for moment arrives, you will grasp your trusty 8-gauge with as much pride as a quail shooter his light 16.

We have collected in all nine plump black ducks, fresh from their summer home, and with few exceptions as finely flavored as any bird that swims.

You will scarcely believe that we have been in the stand two hours. Game was in sight nearly all the time, and now that the excitement is over we remember that we are hungry, and shouldering our game tramp proudly back to breakfast.

J. O. PHILLIPS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Canvasbacks in Chicago.

The outer basin of the Chicago Harbor is now full of great flocks of ducks, among them many sprigs and mallards. Mostly these lake ducks are blue bills. This morning, as I was coming down town on the Illinois Central suburban train, I distinctly saw a long line of birds among the blue bills, whose outline in head and neck had a very peculiar look. They took wing, and I saw at once that they were genuine canvasbacks. This certainly settles all claims rival cities may have against Chicago. What other city has a Chicago River and also has canvasback ducks?

Gulls in the River.

By the way, speaking of the Chicago River, or, as we should call it, the new drainage canal, there appears to be some mystic change taking place in its waters. The gulls are now following its course in large flocks, whereas they formerly declined it with thanks.

The Breeding of Jacksnipe.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, one of our most prominent Western naturalists, writes in a number of the Auk of the breeding of the jacksnipe at this latitude. He says that at English Lake club house, Ind., on Aug. 7, 1893, Mr. J. M. Mackay and friend killed sixty-nine jacks, and on one morning in late July, 1897, forty-two jacks were killed. These birds must have been local birds, as no migration takes place so early as those dates. Mr. Deane cites discoveries of nests of jacksnipe by John Watson (as was reported in FOREST AND STREAM at an earlier date), on Maksawba Club grounds, April 24, 1898. A set of eggs was collected on the same grounds by G. F. Norcom. Mr. F. R. Bissell saw a snipe nest near Waukegan, Ill., April 24, 1896.

As Canvasbacks Once Were.

It is Mr. Deane, by the way, who sends me the following letter from his friend, Mr. S. S. Foster: "I send you copy of a letter from Governor Tompkins, of New York, to Gen. Macomb, of New York city, which I saw yesterday. It is dated early in the century, and canvasbacks must have been common then." The letter reads: "ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1814.—Ducks are horribly scarce here. Bring up 100 canvasbacks."

"D. D. TOMPKINS."

Let us hope the Governor got his birds and had the dinner.

For the Minnesota National Park.

The Pioneer Press has the following good news about the Minnesota National Park:

"MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 20.—National Forest Park stock went up several points in public confidence to-day, as the result of the announcement that Mrs. Lydia Phillips Williams, president of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, and Prof. Maria L. Sanford, of the University of Minnesota, are going to Washington to take personal charge of the interests of the project. These influential and enthusiastic women left to-night over the Burlington. Prof. Sanford will remain about two weeks, while Mrs. Williams' stay will be prolonged into May, by which time it is hoped the interests of the bill may be safe to leave."

These ladies will be well received in Washington, and they are there upon a dignified and important mission.

"The Rescue of Helen."

Speaking of the Minnesota National Park movement, one is pleasantly obliged to bring into memory the unique tour of last October made by the Congressional party into upper Minnesota. It was said at the time that some better record should be made of that expedition than the bald newspaper stories. Here, then, is that record, most felicitously and handsomely done, in the form of the "Rescue of Helen," as fine a specimen of book craft as the famous Roycrofters of East Aurora, N. Y., ever turned out, soft and velvety to touch of hand and touch of eye. This little work, telling how certain knights of old did make rescue of the little lake known and baptised as "Helen," is beautifully done, and makes a souvenir which methinks will be jealously guarded by every one who was upon that journey, or had part in the quest. It is said for Col. Cooper that this work was done by his "Armour bearers" (Messrs. J. A. Campbell, Everett Sisson, H. Williams, of Chicago, and Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y.). The armour bearers have certainly done their part faithfully and well.

Got Geese with a Rifle.

Mr. J. N. Sterling, of Dixon, Ill., has this winter killed forty-nine wild geese with a .25-25 rifle, using nitro powder, getting all the birds along the open water in the Rock River at that point. He says that he often got one as the birds were sitting, and one out of the flock as they rose. This statement comes from a gentleman just in from Dixon, and is reliable.

Wild geese have appeared in Lake Michigan along our north shore drive territory and near Evanston, our northern suburb. It is no doubt time for Mr. Townsend Smith, who does a good business with these birds each spring, to get out his gun.

Sues the English Lake Club.

Mr. Hall Green, postmaster at English Lake, Ind., brings suit this week against the English Lake Club, a body of Chicago gentlemen owning land which they use as a sporting preserve, at that point, which is on the Kankakee River. Green wants \$10,000 for unlawful arrest as a trespasser on the grounds. Other suits have been brought against the club, and it seems much a matter of Tolleton troubles all over again. The Indiana soul seems not to love a legal game preserve.

Gone South.

Mr. C. C. Jones, of Sandwich, Ill., finding himself broken down in health by over work, had dropped everything and gone South. He writes from Bay St. Louis, Miss., on the Gulf Coast, that he is having a rather dismal time of it there for sport just now, all alone and a stranger. He contemplates a trip to the Rockies later.

Gone to California.

One of the best known sportsmen of Chicago is Charlie Mears, an old-time member of Maksawba Club, and of great experience in fishing and shooting in our North woods. Mr. Mears has made money here in Chicago, but now he says he is going to leave this climate for one more congenial. He has put up a fine residence at Pasadena, Cal., and moved out there to live. He will be missed here by many friends.

Death of Washakie.

Old Washakie, chief of the Shoshone Indians, is dead, at the age of ninety-three. Washakie was always the friend of the white men. He seems not to have been able to stop the butchering raids of his young men into the country below the National Park, but it does not appear that he ever encouraged them. His life ran back into times far different from these.

Kabekona Club.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, of this city, owner of the Kabekona Camp in Minnesota, which has been patronized by many of our best sportsmen, says that there is a possibility that this resort may this season be turned into a club and become a private institution.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Guinea Fowl as Game.

PUERTO PRINCE, Cuba, Feb. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Robt. B. White asks regarding the guinea fowl as a game bird. In Cuba the guinea fowl seem to have demonstrated their fitness for that purpose themselves, as they are abundant as game all over the province. I suppose that, of course, they have descended from domesticated guinea fowl, but to-day they are entirely wild and make excellent game. There is but one objection to them, and this is that they frequent localities where the grass is so thick and tall—called guinea grass, very likely on their account—that it is exceedingly difficult to find a dead or wounded bird, even with a good dog, and without the good dog it is next to impossible. Of course, this objection would not be serious in the United States, as such tall grass does not grow there to any considerable extent; and from my experience with them in this island, I believe the experiment of propagating them as game in the United States well worth the trial.

WM. F. FLYNN.

Georgia Dove Shooting.

At the height of the season, in midwinter, a number of hunters agree on the time and locality for the shooting. The place selected is some open space near Tivoli, carefully baited with grain. The doves are quick to scent, for at this time of year they find little to feed on in the bare fields, and flock from all sides to this plentiful supply of corn and oats. When they have covered the ground in large numbers the hunters, with a full equipment of shells, come on the scene at the appointed time and begin operations. Stealthily approaching, they gradually surround the field in a large circle. When every man is stationed, some one shoots in the air, the birds fly up from the ground, and volley after volley is poured from the breech-loaders into the ranks of the bewildered doves, which instead of trying to escape, seem to be so dazed that they fly in mad circles directly overhead.

A problem at these dove shoots is, what shall be done with so much game? Such a large number of sportsmen, even if they are but fair shots and shoot at random, can count up many birds at a day's end. In most cases each man eats and gives to friends what he can, and the rest are often sent to some institution where the inmates are glad enough to taste such a delicacy. But such wholesale slaughter of birds that are becoming fewer and fewer every year is causing much anxiety among the true lovers of sport. To be sure, the State has its game laws which prohibit the destruction of game between March and September, but no provision is made against what might be called the dove syndicates, which do so much execution in the regular season. While no act has been passed as yet to prohibit this practice, prominent sportsmen are unanimous in condemning it, and have formed associations to do all in their power to stop it. In time doves bid fair to share the fate of the wild turkey and wild pigeon, that used to be so plentiful in the South. Occasionally, even now, you may hear of a wild turkey hunt or of a flock of pigeons, but in Georgia, at any rate, they are almost as scarce as the buffalo at Bronx Park.—New York Evening Post.

Farmers and Sportsmen.

DANBURY, Conn., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must beg your kind indulgence for a few more lines on a pretty well-thrashed-out subject. I seem to have stepped on somebody's toes pretty hard by bawling the change (that is to come) between farmer and sportsmen.

A Philadelphia gentleman gave me, and no doubt many others, a treat in propounding an able essay on farmers' property rights; but how in the world he connects the same with the lines written by my humble pen, is a riddle to me, as neither I nor anybody else ever questioned such rights, especially in your columns? I have not the least doubt that the Philadelphia gentleman's natural mental vision is very properly adjusted, etc., to *meum et tuum*, but many men I know of stayed poor because of it; for this adjustment works both ways. The whole article written by him is true enough as a defense for farmers combining, rights, etc., but is entirely out of place as an answer to my few lines. Nevertheless it confirms my view of the situation, that within a very short space of time a man of moderate means will not be able to indulge in the sport of hunting and fishing. C. F. B.

The Massachusetts Grouse.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—Isn't it good to learn that that part of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform is being put through in our Legislature—"Prohibit the sale of ruffed grouse." It's a grand step—and eventually we hope to carry through the entire Platform. Keep banging away at it. H. S. A.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Those Old Stories.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial concerning the bear story of long ago, you mention the bears which "came down from the mountains and devoured the children who had mocked 'Go up, thou bald head.'" Brush the dust from the office Bible and turn to Kings II., 2:24.

I am not a scholar, Hebrew or English, yet if "t-a-r-e" spells, or means, "devour," I have learned something—new to me at least. As dear old Alva Dunning said to Fred Mather, "Don't you put a meanin' into my words that I didn't mean," so let me ask of you not to put a "sayin'" into the old Book that it doesn't say. How hard it appears for us to forget the legends which the old book never taught. ORIN BELKNAP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Blessings on the head of the member of FOREST AND STREAM family who first began to agitate the question of old stories and books.

Youth looks forward, age looks backward. Some of us are on the line, looking both ways. The bear story that your boys have, for the past few weeks, so persistently besought you to tell, was to some of us, who heard it for the first time, a real treat.

While old memories are stirred, please let me suggest the very vague recollections I have of a book read in youth, the reading of which was both to my pleasure and profit, the name and author of which is entirely forgotten; that I hope some of the boys of the late sixties and early seventies can recall and identify for me.

It is the story of a strong, manly boy, in a family in a comparatively new country, who has ambitions to acquire an education. His family is poor, but he wins his way into some institution of learning, and works in a most interesting manner with head and hands. The only distinguishing points remembered are these: Many interesting and instructive experiments in iron welding, and steel tempering.

An escapade in which he paints a fellow student's body a deep blue-black with a compound, one part of which is

some silver coin, dissolved in an acid, the use of which he decides on only after a long struggle; in which the poverty of his family on the one side, and his love of mischief and desire to humiliate an overbearing and presumptuous fellow, on the other, wage an interesting contest.

This is a very slight clue, and I fear will not be sufficient to call to mind the excellent story, unless some of the "boys" have chanced to read the book in these later days, and can identify it. It is more than a quarter of a century since the book was read, and now it is my sincere desire to renew acquaintance with the manly young fellow whose career is narrated, provided any of the boys can take the slight clue offered and discover him for me. LEWIS HOPKINS.

Around the Stove.

"Can we bear this?"—Shakespeare.

As a picture of comfort nothing could well exceed this little "Dutch" interior, with its shining, well-stocked bar, its old-fashioned settle-bed, with the bearskin thrown over it, its stout, roomy armchairs, its collection of curious little prints, its neat window hangings, and last, but by no means least, its great, round stove glowing with heat.

Around the latter sat three persons. The first, Jacob Kummelwasser, the proprietor, a ponderous man of forty-five or fifty, with a jolly rubicund face. The second, Tim Mulcahy, a little lusty Irishman, with side whiskers and twinkling gray eyes, which bespoke his native humor. The third, Wirt Zaender, a native of those parts, of long and lanky build, and with an expression of mingled shrewdness and simplicity.

The three men by an almost simultaneous movement drew closer to the stove, until they might almost have been said to embrace it. The cause of this movement would have been obvious to the reader had he been present and listened to the noises out of doors.

It was indeed a wild night. From the northeast the gray squadrons of the blizzard had been let loose in all their untamed fierceness. Encountering the Kummelwasser abode (which stood apart at the side of a little pine grove), they cavorted and snorted around it, swishing the gables with their tails, kicked at the doors and windows, then jumped on the roof and whinnied down the chimney. Passing on, they were succeeded by others and still others, whose wild antics ever seemed to increase.

"It's a turrible night," said Tim Mulcahy, "and reminds me of the night I got lost on the mountains." "How vas dot, Tim?" asked Mr. Kummelwasser. "I nefer heard notings about dot."

"It's a subject I don't like to refer to offen, for why it gives me the could shivers. Ghee! There, ye see I've got them now. Say, Jake, is that a bottle av Jamaica rum I see beyand there?"

"Ya—somet'ings fine."

"Suppose ye mix a little av it hot. Eh, Wirt—fwat do ye say?"

Wirt smiled complacently in token of assent, and removed his beloved quid in anticipation of the still more beloved dram.

The rum was mixed and passed around, and drunk by each after his own particular manner, but by all with every evidence of appreciation.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tim, smacking his lips, "but that tasted good. Now I feel less like a man that was lost."

"More as if you founded vas—hem?" queried Mr. Kummelwasser.

"'Found dead?' did ye say. 'Brought to life,' ye mane, man!"

Mr. Kummelwasser accepted the correction good-humoredly.

Wirt Zaender said nothing, but his expression spoke volumes, as he restored his quid to his mouth.

For awhile perfect silence reigned around the stove, as if the convives were giving the rum an opportunity to work, or were devoting all their attention to a living analysis of its workings.

At length Mr. Kummelwasser said:

"How about dot story, Tim?"

Tim thus appealed to, heaved a sigh, and began as follows:

"It's a wondher t' me I'm a live man this day, so it is. Indade, I sometimes shtop as I'm walkin' along and ax meself: 'Is this ye, Tim Mulcahy, or only yer ghost?' I've hurd tell av min bein' in tight places, but I niver yit hurd tell av a man—but I must'n't anticypate, as they say in the story papers.

"Well, to begin at the beginnin': Ye see I was out gunnin' for bear and wandhered away up the mountains. I'd been tould there was a big black spalpeen lurkin' around near the two rocks, so there I went. I was undher a disadvantage in havin' no dog (Garryowen, the Jooh, was sick), but I thought I might get a chance shot, as they say. The day was fine, wid a nice bright sun, so I hung about—sittin' here—shtandin' there—but always on the alert. Howsomever, I got niver a sight av Bruin. The rogue's ashleep, I thought, though I'd been tould he'd been seen prowlin' in the day time. I was goin' to give it up for a bad job, when I hurd a suddin crashin' av bushes right ahead av me, so I got up in haste and made in that diriction. But afther pokin' about for near an hour, I had me labor for me pains; nary a glimpse of fur could I get. 'To the devil wid him!' says I. 'I'll go home.' Asier said than done. For, ye see, while I was bint on me hunt a fog had come up unbeknownst to me, as I may say, and I couldn't tell which way to take. Every minute it grew colder and colder, and by and by it began to snow. 'I'm in for it!' thinks I, but I didn't give up, but kept gropin' me way here and there, thryin' to find a familiar path. It was like thryin' to find a friend in adversity, only harder. To the right—to the left—back—'ards—farr—ards—'twas all wan—all shtrange. At lin'th, tired out, I sat down on the thrunk av a fallen tree. 'Tim Mulcahy,' says I, 'ye're lost, ye poor babe in the woods!' B' this time it was dark and a rig'lar, tearin' blizzard had set in. Fwhat was to be done? I sat pondherin' there for near an hour, till me bones began to get shuff wid the could. Thin I shook meself and got up. 'I must keep movin',' says I. But fwat wid the dark and the snow and the fallen timber, this was no aisy matther; so, afther

I'd come down a few times and barked me shins, I decided I'd better go into camp somewhere. Not far from where I stood was a pile av rocks, wid some firs growin' purty thick about them. 'I'll pitch me tint there,' says I, 'wid God's blessin'!' Well, I bruck off some fir boughs and made me bed, thinkin' it might be me last, for ye see, I was very low in sperrit, from the could and hunger. Before turnin' in I tried to make a fire, but the shucks was damp and wouldn't light. Howsomever, I had a pull av the pipe, and this consoled me a bit. 'Now,' says I, 'to bed. Little use in sittin' up late here.' Well, I threw meself down and pulled the blanket over me—the fir boughs, I mane. Thin I said a prayer and thried to shleep. But the could froze the shleep in me eyes. O, boys! but it was mortal could! All me jint's grew shtiff, I lost me sinse of feelin' (so that I couldn't tell whether I had lamb's wool or a dale boord over me), me mind was shwimmin' about as if in a throubled dhrum. The last thing I remimber sayin' or thinkin' was: 'Tim, me poor man, ye're near ridy for the big box!' Afther that I must have fell into a thrance. How long this lasted I don't know, but I awoke from it feelin' better, and, exthraord'nary to relate, almost warrum. As it was shstill dark I took no pains to invistigate, but closin' me eyes ag'in, fell into a sound shleep, and shlept as if I was in a feather bed, till mornin'. But whin I opened me eyes the sicond time—hivins! fwat do yez suppose I saw?"

"Vat?" "W'at?" exclaimed Mr. Kummelwasser and Wirt in a breath.

"A big, black bear lyin' right alongside av me! 'Twas the hate av him that kept the life in me. Well, me heart was in me mouth, to be sure, but I could have hugged 'that bear!'"

"You poot a knife in him insteat, I supposition?" said Mr. Kummelwasser.

"Fwhat! I'd as soon have put a knife in me own father. Jake Kummelwasser, you insult me. Do you think I have no feelin's av gratitude? Fwhat! Kill the friend that saved me from bein' turned into an iceberg! But ye said it widout thinkin', I suppose, so I'll forgive ye. Well, to go on: Although I was just full up to the throat of gratitude toward me shaggy friend, I'll confess I was wishin' meself a little further away from him. He was to all appearances shstill fast ashleep, so I thought I'd vinture on a move. Gettin' up gintly, I crept away on all fours. Peepin' back I see his majesty lift his head and eye on me, but he never attempted to folly, for, ye see, I wore me bearskin coat, and he thought I was wan av the family. Good luck and long life to him, anyway!"

"I supposition he seen the femly likenesses in your face too, Tim?" said Mr. Kummelwasser, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"He'd have seen it in your's, Jake," retorted Tim.

Wirt Zaender smiled and took another chew of tobacco. F. MOONAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Taylor System of Fly-Fishing.

DENVER, Colo., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his "In the Pound Net" columns, page 113 of FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 10, Mr. Fred Mather uses the sub-head "Dry Fly-Fishing" over a paragraph in which he gives and very justly criticizes the letter of one Nemo on Mr. Taylor's system of fishing with the fly; and Mr. Hough, in treating of Mr. Taylor's method, has used, more than once, I think, the name "semi-dry fly." Now, I trust that Mr. Hough will not consider it unduly presumptuous if I take exception to his use of the phrase "dry fly" in connection with Mr. Taylor's ingenious and remarkably successful system.

"Dry fly-fishing" is a name coined in England at least fifteen years ago to particularize, and, in a measure, to describe, a mode of fly-fishing found best suited to the capture of the (relatively) large and abnormally shy trout of the south-country streams—streams as clear as gin, even when in spate from recent rains, abounding in bottom and mid-water food, but especially remarkably for the almost daily hatches of ephemerideæ, which, with a few flies like the alder (*Sialis lutaria*) and grannom (*Brachycentrus subnubilus*), in their seasons, and the various sedges (*Trichoptera*), in the summer evenings, provide an amount of strictly surface food unequaled in quantity and continuous regularity of production anywhere else in the world. On typical dry fly streams, like Test and Itchen, in Hampshire, one will hardly find anywhere a riffle in the true sense of the word. In most reaches the depth of the water and the comparative slowness of the current leave the surface of the stream as smooth as glass, except for the action of the wind, which, for the perfection of dry fly-fishing, should not be strong enough to raise more than a wimple. Such, briefly, are conditions to meet which dry fly-fishing was devised and perfected. The metropolis, possibly the birthplace, of the art, is Winchester, on the Itchen, and on the Old Barge waters, just below the city, a spot hallowed by the footsteps of Francis and of Marryat. I received my initiation into its mysteries. For some time I rented and fished a stretch of water beginning at the foot of the Old Barge and extending down as far as Shawford, and during this Elysian period I did nothing but fish, superintend the care of my water and study the arcana of dry fly worship, especially in the classic books of Mr. Halford, the great authority, whose personal acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at the Fly-Fishers' Club in London. Wherever I have roamed flies suited for dry fly work have always been part of my fishing outfit since that first June evening on the Old Barge, and whenever local conditions made it at all possible I have fished dry fly in preference to everything else—not always, nor even often, because it killed more fish, but because I enjoyed it more. In New Zealand and in this country I have hunted out those streams, or parts of streams, where I could fish dry, even when elsewhere I knew I could kill more fish and larger with wet fly, worm or minnow.

On such a hunt as this last spring, Mr. Hough, that guiding star of wandering sportsmen, turned me toward the Prairie River, in Wisconsin. "There is fishing on the Prairie," said he; "good fishing. Moreover, if you

go up there you will see Taylor, and have a chance to study a system of fly-fishing he has worked out—and that alone is worth the trip." Then he gave me a general description of Mr. Taylor's method, which, so far as I could remember, was a distinct novelty, and I left for Dudley, but, as it happened, without the remotest notion of Mr. Taylor's personal appearance. Two days later I was working up stream with wet fly, a mile or so below Dudley's house, when a waving rod appeared over the bushes on a point some little distance above, its wielder evidently coming down the stream. Instantly I stopped fishing and took such cover as afforded behind some bushes overhanging the water, from which coign of vantage I proposed to take a few lessons. Men familiar with a stream, as I presumed the approaching fisherman to be, almost always have learned, and, when they fish alone, put in practice certain wrinkles they have found useful on that particular water, which wrinkles they are by no means always ready to impart to the first asker. These wrinkles I am always keen to learn, not so much with the idea of adopting them myself, unless they chance to fit in with the style of fishing I employ (and enjoy most), as because I would like to know, for the pleasure such knowledge brings, everything every fisherman knows, or thinks he knows, about the art and practice of angling. So, when it can be done, I observe first and ask afterward; and of my many observations on many streams, probably the most interesting of all was this one on the Prairie. If I had only known it, there was no need to play peek-a-boo in this case, for, when I stepped out, the fisherman, now not 20 yards above me, and on the same side of the stream, made no change in his fishing tactics. When he came to where I stood I said: "What sport, Mr. Taylor—for I presume you are Mr. Taylor, from Mr. Hough's description of your way of fishing?" Nor did the little man in the big straw hat deny it. He was very courteous, even under the heavy fire of questions about the water, the fish, and especially about his method of fishing, which he was good enough to explain and demonstrate, showing then and whenever I met him afterward a friendly willingness to satisfy the desire for information and further the sport of a brother angler—all of which was the more pleasant, because one does not too often meet fishermen of Mr. Taylor's generous candor.

So I was fortunate enough to add to such a knowledge of the English system of dry-fishing as may have come from some years of experience and careful study, what is probably a very fair idea of Mr. Taylor's system. Comparing these two systems, and noting their many points of absolute divergence, I cannot help feeling that to call Mr. Taylor's system "dry fly-fishing," as did Mr. Mather, or "semi-dry fly-fishing," as has Mr. Hough, is (1) an injustice to Mr. Taylor, who has, I believe, discovered or invented (Nemo to the contrary notwithstanding), or, at any rate, promulgated, a distinct and valuable novelty in fly-fishing; (2) a needless and confusing misapplication of a phrase which, by priority of adoption and years of unquestioned use, means to every English and to a growing number of American fishermen a system of fly-fishing almost wholly different to Mr. Taylor's in its technical details, and absolutely different in its fundamental hypothesis. With regard to dry fly-fishing, I speak by the card of my own experience, reinforced by thorough knowledge of Mr. Halford's standard works on the subject, which are all on my desk as I write. With regard to the Taylor System I speak always subject to correction by Mr. Taylor himself. My sources of information I have already detailed. Moreover, I have from time to time, as the spirit moved me, practiced the Taylor System with such measure of success as leads me to believe I cannot have very grossly mistaken the precepts and examples of its originator. To compare, now, the two systems and to show how they differ.

The fundamental hypothesis of dry fly-fishing is: Given a rising fish—i. e., a fish in the act of feeding on flies floating on the surface of the water. Mr. Halford, in the second edition of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them," page 117, says: "To define dry fly-fishing, I should describe it as presenting to the rising fish the best possible imitation of the insect on which he is feeding in its natural position." On page 118 he says: "The first point, viz., to find a fish rising at the winged insect, may not, at the first glance, appear difficult; but it is astonishing to how great a degree the success of the angler depends on his judgment in this particular respect." In "Dry fly-fishing in Theory and Practice," revised edition (1899), pages 103-4, after describing likely places in which to look for rising fish, Mr. Halford says: "And some of the cleverest fishermen occasionally float a dry fly on spec over the best looking of such places, if even they fail to see a sign of a rise, knowing that if a fish is there, it must be in a position and ready and likely to take advantage of any unexpected treat provided for it. It is, however, questionable whether fishing on spec is not a mistake on a dry fly water, unless a fish be seen in position. As it is successful only in a small proportion of cases and tends to make the fish shy, it should be avoided by the unselfish fisherman." One might go on indefinitely with further quotations to the same purport, but I think my rendition of the fundamental hypothesis of dry fly-fishing is sufficiently established by those already cited.

The fundamental hypothesis of the Taylor System is: Given a fish either feeding on mid-water or bottom food, or not feeding at all, whose location is only approximately known, or is only suspected (all of which might be summed up as: Given a likely spot for a fish to be lying). Mr. Taylor would not, of course, hesitate to use his system on a rising fish, or on a fish which he actually saw at any given point in the water; but it is claimed for his system that all this is not essential to its success. Mr. Taylor is especially successful at enticing a fish lying far under a log jam, or an overhanging bank, or under bushes which touch the water; and he fishes such places with especial care. If they are so situated as to be likely to harbor a trout. This, I must contend, makes his system fundamentally different to dry fly-fishing, and as radical a difference is notable in the manner of presenting the fly. In Mr. Halford's "Dry Fly-Fishing," before quoted, he says, on page 132: "If the first throw over a rising fish, before it has caught sight of the angler or the reflected wave of his rod, is accurately and delicately made, and if the fly floats in its natural position, without drag or curl

in the gut, you will probably rise, and possibly kill, the most highly educated trout or grayling in the clearest water, while the slightest mistake will as probably set the fish down for the next half hour." "Drag" means any (even the slightest) ripple made on the surface by the fly as it floats down. Drag is usually caused by some inequality in the current affecting the cast or the line floating on it, and thus causing the fly to travel faster than or out of line with the direction of the water on which it floats. "Delicately" in the quotation means dropping the fly so lightly on the water that not the faintest suspicion of a ripple shall be made by its fall. Perfect delicacy and absence of drag as insisted throughout Mr. Halford's books as a *sine qua non* to success. I have caught Itchen trout, and so, probably, has Mr. Halford, when my fly had quite a perceptible drag on, but they have always been small fish, and even those very, very seldom. And I have once in a great while had Itchen trout rise to a fly which was not delicately cast—generally during the evening rise at sedges, and generally the fish came very short. Contrast this with the Taylor System, which I have heard both its originator and Mr. Hough call by the very apt name of "teazing." Having selected that spot in the stream which he knows or believes contains a fish, the Taylor System practitioner lands his fly repeatedly, by successive casts made as quickly as may be, on the water in the fish's presumed or known vicinity, at the end of which preliminary he finally casts his fly a little above and lets it go well down past the spot he has been previously hitting. The number of the preliminary casts may vary from three or four to eight or nine. No human skill could attain in these preliminary casts any thing like what Mr. Halford means by "delicacy," nor is it necessary. Mr. Taylor uses and advises an amount of force which causes a very decided spat on the water. The fly in the final cast of the Taylor System is not, and need not be, dry in the sense Mr. Halford uses the word. It may (but need not of necessity) "float" in the dry fly sense, and its position (wings up, sideways or down) is of no moment. Mr. Halford warns against a "curl in the gut," and his warning against "drag" presupposes that not only the cast, but a good many yards of line as well are floating on the water. In the Taylor System the fly alone should touch the water during the preliminary casts, though a few inches of gut do not much matter; and in the final cast only the fly and the gut should touch the water, though a little line as well will be by no means fatal to success. Mr. Taylor explains his preliminary casts as designed to attract the trout's attention to the fly, to rouse his curiosity so that he may desire to make a closer investigation of its nature and (or) to excite his anger, so that he may attack it—"I tease him," says Mr. Taylor. But the dry fly-fisherman's whole idea is, avoid anything in the nature of "teazing." The Taylor System works best with a very short line, but the dry fly-fisherman does not want to get too close to his fish—12 yards is the ideal distance, and 25 can be handily negotiated under ordinary conditions. Mr. Taylor will stand up to his knees in the water and rise and kill a fish not 10 yards away from him, either directly across the stream, or even a little below where he stands. (His system will work equally well fished up, but, like the dry fly in this, it is hard to work straight down stream.) But "Dry Fly-Fishing," page 133, says: "Suppose the angler catches sight of a fish rising fairly well (selecting for choice one under his own bank), the first problem is to get within throwing distance without betraying his presence. Starting at 300 yards below, and keeping well back, so as not to scare other fish on your journey, crouch down as low as possible, and creep up, still in the crouching position, until within about 12 yards of the place."

The two systems demand that only one fly shall be used at a time, but there is a vast deal of difference in the flies used—a difference in size, in color (but some few patterns are nearly identical), and in shape. A dry fly is made small to conform to the size of the natural insect (except in the case of the May fly, where both natural and artificial are rather large); it is made of such colored materials as come closest to the tints of the natural it is intended to copy (except in a few such trout patterns as the governor and coachman, and such grayling flies as the tags and bumbles, which are "fancy" flies); and its shape is such that it will readily float, and, when floated in the proper position, will resemble the shape of the natural. Double, and sometimes treble, the ordinary amount of hackle is used, as hackle helps more than any other material employed to make the fly float. When wings are used, each wing is made of two pieces of feather, to give it strength. The wings are mostly tied on so as to stand upright, and separated from one another at the top, which assists in "cocking" the fly (making it land wings up on the water), and gives the fly when floating a more lifelike look. The dry fly-fisherman begins by using the closest imitation he has of the fly on the water, mounting a fancy pattern in its stead only after several shades of the imitation have proved unsuccessful.

The Taylor System calls for nothing more than such ordinary wet fly patterns as have been found to kill well. As is usual with wet flies, both here, and, generally, in England, these flies do not attempt to closely copy any natural insect in size, shape or color. Mr. Taylor, on beginning to fish a new stream, would either ask what flies had good local reputations, fished in the ordinary way, and mount one of these in a size suitable to the size and clearness of the stream and the probable size of the fish, or he would try several patterns he had found to kill well on other streams until he hit the right one. He kills all the fish he wants with a comparatively few flies—not, I think, over two dozen patterns in all; whereas, the average dry fly-fisherman carries with him to the river side from fifty to one hundred and fifty patterns and variants of patterns. Mr. Halford, in "Dry Fly Entomology," figures one hundred standard flies.

I have tried to avoid any comparisons of merits between the Taylor System and the dry fly, because comparisons, *crede* Mrs. Malaprop, are always "odorous," and in this case neither necessary nor possible. I am a dry fly devotee (Had you guessed it?), but I have killed fish in this country by the Taylor System when and where the dry fly had pulled up back of the flag, dead lame. I have fished the Taylor System in this country with success and hope to try it again when I trade the duck gun for the fly rod this year and hit the trail for Dudley's, but I honestly doubt if it would work on Test or Itchen.

Each system is the better under conditions best suited to each, and just what those conditions are every fisherman must find out for himself. I am glad I have both weapons in my angling battery—I shall be still more pleased if I have made out to your satisfaction the case I started to prove, and most pleased of all if you can secure the co-operation of your contributors to give Mr. Taylor the credit he deserves by teaching the angling public through your paper to call his discovery by his name—the Taylor System of fly-fishing.

SILVER SEDGE.

ANGLING NOTES.

Frank Forester.

THE reference that I made to Frank Forester in a recent note in this column has caused my old friend Mr. Charles Hallock to write me a letter, which I have pleasure in quoting in its entirety, as it is a warm tribute to a man to whom we owe much, and one who is at times criticised, as I believe, unfairly, by modern sportsmen, because they do not appear to understand fully the conditions which existed when Herbert was at the zenith of his fame as a writer upon sport. Mr. Hallock's review of those conditions and his analysis of the man will be read with much interest:

"Dear Cheney: I was very glad to read your estimate of Frank Forester's (Henry William Herbert's) scientific work in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 10. It was dispassionate and very just. As a sportsman and naturalist, Herbert was an advanced writer and observer for his period; and those who criticise adversely have had the advantage of fifty years of added knowledge and opportunity for comparative study. It is impossible for such to detract from the credit and honor which belong to him by right of having earned them, because they are universally admitted. He was certainly popular at a time when the literature of sport and natural history in this country was in what might be called its transition state. He was fully up with the times. His proficiency in woodcraft was remarkable; his wing shooting was new and marvelous, and his scientific knowledge quite beyond the comprehension of those who had not trained or studied. But Herbert's English ideas and practice did not always meet and accord with American wants, as experience came in course of time to convince us. At the very hour when Herbert was at his zenith, and for the very reason that he had himself opened our eyes to the new education, our ideas began to expand. We came to think more, and contrive more, and invent more for ourselves. American practices and progress began to assume the impress of the natural character. We gradually drew out of the English school of sport, or adapted its teachings to our changed conditions; while our species began to differentiate and our fishes, birds and animals appeared more and more dissimilar in size, traits, plumage and pelage as we began to know and compare them.

"So, in due season, we came to manufacture our own guns and cartridges, and fishing rods and reels, and our own sportsmen, forsooth, as well as our sporting books and periodicals. Later, the Civil War made us still more self-reliant and independent, and stronger in our muscles and our hardihood; and hence it has come to pass that the writings of Herbert, whom I, with others, once regarded as the embellishment of high art in the field and on the stream, are practically obsolete; and if Cheney and Hallock, or any other literary or scientific mugwumps, seem to thoughtless critics to be prosaic, unpatriotic, or ungrateful in laying him on the shelf, why, that is the 'English of it,' and nothing more.

"And this is why I agree with the progressive writer of fifty years later, when he says that:

"Frank Forester is entitled to much credit for arousing interest in fishing and shooting in this country. He was a graceful and interesting writer, but, at times, inaccurate. He wrote according to his convictions from the best obtainable information of his day, and it is not for me to criticise him in the light of more recent investigations, for he was a pioneer in a comparatively new field in this country, and had not the means which exist at this day to determine species, and information which came to him was not always reliable from a scientific point of view."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Ice Fish Through the Ice.

One evening last week I wrote a note about the ice fish of Lake Champlain, as the smelt is there called, saying that none had been taken, as the ice had not formed on that part of the lake where the fish are usually caught, and that they would not take the hook when fished for from a boat. The next morning after writing the note I was called suddenly to Lake Champlain, and spent Sunday at Port Henry. Friday the ice had frozen sufficiently hard for the fishermen to commence work on Saturday, and that evening there were ice fish to be had, and the next day my friend and host, Hon. Walter C. Witherbee, who, with local pride in the fish, insists that they are ice fish and not smelts, had served at his table smelts from a Boston market at one meal and ice fish from the lake at another. That the ice fish were immeasurably superior to the smelts goes without saying, for the first were green and fresh from the water the day before, and the last had been frozen and had come from Maine, perhaps, before they came from Boston; but that the so-called ice fish are more delicate and sweeter of flavor and otherwise superior to the smelts there can be but little doubt, and yet both are smelts, and identical in species.

It is not difficult to explain why Lake Champlain ice fish are far better when cooked soon after they are taken from the water, than smelts that have been frozen and shipped a long distance; but it is most difficult to explain why the ice fish will not bite one day, when the fisherman fishes from a boat in open water, and, two days later, will bite when the same fisherman, with the same tackle, fishes through a hole in the ice. It is not at all likely that the ice fish appear in the water only when the ice forms, for there is good reason for knowing that they are there before ice forms; but all agree that they will not bite until the ice covers the surface of the water. In speaking of ice-fish fishing last week, I forgot to say that when the fish run just under the ice in schools they will take a hook on which a bit of red flannel is tied.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Gen. John C. McNulta.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23.—In the death of Gen. John C. McNulta, which occurred at Washington, D. C., the sportsmen of the West sustained an irreparable loss. It is no doubt true of him that he was Chicago's most scholarly and expert fly-fisherman, and the country at large never produced a more ardent disciple of the art of the fly.

A few weeks ago these columns contained a report of Gen. McNulta's address at the dinner of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and most interesting indeed were his remarks. Little did his friends think on that evening, but a little time ago, that he would so soon join the vast and silent majority. As he stood there before the assembly he appeared a stout, rugged, somewhat portly gentleman, showing the trace of years, but animated with the enthusiasm and fire of youth. He told then, with pride and satisfaction, of his trout preserve, Waldruh, over in Michigan, and of the good times he expected to have there.

It was one of the constant delights of this typical fly-fisherman to tell and write of his experiences with the rod, and his "Forty Years with the Fly" is an example of his style. He had fished all over the known world, and was an authority and an original observer, not hesitating to take issue with accepted facts when they differed from the results of his own observations.

Gen. McNulta was a man of attainments, a man of affairs, and a man of prominence. He was a warm friend of President McKinley, and the latter expressed great grief at hearing of his death. He was born in New York city in 1837, and twenty years later moved to Bloomington, Ill. In the Civil War he attained the rank of Colonel. In 1868 he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1872 he was a member of the Forty-third Congress of the United States. In 1886 he was appointed receiver for Toledo, St. Louis & Kansas Railroad, and he built it up into a paying property. He was later receiver for the Wabash Railroad, and he did much to make that road what it now is. He was yet later receiver for what is known as the Whisky Trust, and in 1898 he became receiver of the Illinois National Bank, among whose properties was the Calumet Electric Railway, with other matters running up to more than a million dollars. Gen. McNulta was a politician of the broad and clean sort. In all ways he was what we call a big man. He was a warm friend in the family of Gen. Grant during military times. He belonged to all the prominent Chicago clubs. He leaves a wife, one daughter and three sons, one of whom, Donald McNulta, is now serving as lieutenant in the United States Army in the Philippines. Stalwart, clean brained and clean hearted, successful and generous and kind, he was well suited to the part of sportsman, and as a sportsman he will long be mourned.

A 12½ Pounds Black Bass.

This afternoon there came into my office Dr. C. H. Wright, of the Henrietta Building, Chicago, and asked me how large a black bass I had ever seen, and whether I had ever seen one weighing over 12 pounds. I told him I never had, and had never heard of one in this country, though larger were reported from Florida.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you two that weigh more than 12 pounds each."

"Where is that?" I asked him, and he replied:

"Down at A. Booth & Co.'s fish market."

We went to this market together, and there I saw the biggest lot of big bass I ever laid eyes upon. Dr. Wright had purchased, at 18 cents per pound, the market price, one of the bass, and we put it on the scales. It weighed 12 pounds 4 ounces. We then went over to the other fish, and a second bass was weighed, which recorded 12 pounds even. Yet another weighed 8 pounds, and two others were over 6 pounds each. They were so big that one lost all sort of proportion when guessing at their weights. Dr. Wright asked me what one bass weighed, as I stood looking at them before I had seen any of them weighed. I guessed 8 pounds. It was the one that weighed 12 pounds.

We took the biggest bass with us over to A. G. Spalding & Bros., to arrange for the mounting of it, and there laid it out and carefully made outlines and measurements. From end to end of the tracing on the paper, taken from the bass as it lay flat on the sheet, the length was 26 inches. Measured from nose to tail over the body of the fish, it measured 27 inches. Around the belly, where it was much distended, apparently with spawn, it measured 20¾ inches; around the shoulders, 19½ inches. Across the open mouth the width was ¾ inches up and down, 5 inches from side to side. Measured along my arm I find that the tracing of this fish reached from the shoulder to the knuckles of the hand, and this will enable any one to get a good idea of a bass actually "as long as your arm."

The firm handling this shipment of bass said at first that they came from Tennessee. Later they contradicted this and said they came from Ohio. Then they told me they would look up the matter and tell the exact point from which they came. There may have been very good business reasons why they did not wish to make a statement. As to the fish themselves, they are here in town to-day, and are not to be evaded as giant specimens. At this writing, in the late evening, no sportsmen seem as yet to have heard of the fish, but as the remaining 12-pounder is to be kept over till to-morrow, it is likely they will draw a crowd. The like of this showing of bass was never before seen in Chicago. As they lay there in a row it was really hard to believe one's eyes, they seemed so grotesquely large. They were the regular rusty, dark-backed, lumpish-looking big-mouth bass. The books tell us that in the big-mouth bass the angle of the mouth comes back of the eye. I have often seen big bass of this species where the mouth did not so extend back, indeed, I think that all the big bass from Mendota Lake, Wis., are so to be described, the mouth angling forward of the eye. In the specimens to-night measured, the mouth does not come so far back as even with the eye. Yet it would be a big fist which would not go down his mouth. I will show a tracing of this fish to any anglers who care to come into my office to see it. The like of the fish itself is not apt to be seen soon again. One thinks with longing of

the capacity for live frogs which the bass of this locality, wherever it is, must surely have.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—Boston sportsmen are pained to learn of the sudden death of Mr. L. E. Pierce. For many seasons Mr. Pierce has been the organizer of what has been termed the "Pierce Party," a jolly party of Boston trout fishermen to Moosehead. Mr. Pierce himself always delighted in calling the party the Moosehead Total Abstinence Society. He was suddenly stricken down while on a business trip in the far West. He left Boston in apparently good health, having arranged his business so as to make the trip something of a vacation, of which he was somewhat in need. By Boston merchants he will be greatly missed, and more especially so by the dozen or more of his business associates and friends with whom he has made the spring fishing trip to Moosehead so many times. When that trip comes around again, his genial smile and kindly practical joke will be greatly missed.

The other day a party of ice fishermen from Mechanic Falls, Me., drove to a pond not very far from that town with ice chisels, traps and all the fishing paraphernalia. The fishing was good, and it did not take them long to take a fine string of pickerel, though the weather was so cold that the ice froze the lines so that the little red flags could not go up. They were obliged to give the lines constant attention. At dusk they reluctantly pulled up their traps and started for home. As they drove into the main road they noticed a team coming down upon them at a good rate of speed. They whipped up their nag, if possible to keep out of the way. They noticed that the man in the sleigh behind them swayed from side to side, as though trying to see who they were. This made them whip up their horse all the harder, especially when one of the boys whispered: "Do you know if that pond we've been fishing on is closed?" The other boys were not certain. It might be one of those ponds the Commissioners had lately closed. "That's a warden after us, sure. See how he is looking out after us; first one side, then the other. Whip up the horse for all he is worth. Don't let him catch us!" But it was no use. The oncoming team, with the big man squinting on either side of his horse, was rapidly gaining. At last, in sheer desperation they reined their horse out of the main road, with a view of dashing down a cross road, and escaping that way. But the pursuer passed them without a word, and as he passed they saw that something was the matter. His horse stopped short, and as he stopped, the man in the sleigh, with the rolling motion, rolled completely out of it and into the soft snow. The boys thought best to investigate. The man was dead drunk. They left him, team and all, at the next farmhouse. Here they learned that the pond they had been fishing was open to everybody. Next time they will be certain about a pond before they fish it.

Capt. Fred C. Barker is out and at the Sportsmen's Show. He is feeling better than ever, the operation on his throat having been a perfect success. He says that the doctors could keep him in only a day or two.

SPECIAL.

The New York Commission.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article last week in relation to the present Fish Commission has the right ring, and its criticism is just. A term of five years should be sufficient to show the fitness of the Commissioners for their positions, and it has proved quite long enough to show their unfitness also.

The Governor evidently desires a change and wants to be assured that his judgment is correct, and it is therefore the duty of any one who has anything to say to speak.

I do not know how others have been treated, and can only state how I have been.

When the fish law was revised in 1895 there was some provision relating to fishing through the ice which was changed or stricken out a year or two later. Soon after my attention was called to this change I wrote to the Commissioners stating the injury which, in my judgment, would result from it and suggesting that the section be restored to its former shape.

To this letter I received a prompt reply, in which it was stated that the amendment was proposed by the Commissioners themselves and passed at their especial request. I was further told in this reply, in substance, that I must concede that the Commissioners, by reason of their position and superior knowledge, know more as to the needs of the State and popular opinion than any one else.

I should have heeded the "implied sequitur," but did not. At whose suggestion it was done I know not, but the section in question was restored to its original shape in the following year.

The mountain range in the Catskills lying between the Beaverkill on the south and Dry Brook and Mill Brook on the north is largely included in Great Lot No. 9 of the old Hardenburgh Patent, which was seventeen miles long, one mile wide, and contains 10,000 acres.

Many years ago I bought something over 4,000 acres of this lot, being a tract about seven miles long, and after retaining Balsam and Thomas lakes sold the balance for what the whole tract cost me.

This ownership made me familiar with the titles to the adjacent lands, and I thus learned (a fact known, I think, to but two or three of us) that there is a large tract near or adjoining which has never been conveyed, never assessed, has no apparent owner, and which really belongs to the State.

As the State was acquiring lands in this vicinity for a forest preserve, I proposed to give the Commissioners the benefit of my knowledge and put them on the track for locating this land, and therefore wrote a letter for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had any knowledge of such a tract, in which I suggested that I could probably give them some information of value to the State, to which I received a frigid reply, entirely ignoring my offer and suggesting, as I remember, that if I wanted any information I could probably get what I wanted by searching the records in the proper county.

I was not told in this letter that I must concede that the Commissioners knew all that there is worth knowing, for I had been practically told that already. I have never been told so since. I have never given them another opportunity to "slam the door in my face."

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

A bill to provide for the reorganization of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. The text is as follows:

An act to provide for the appointment of a superintendent of forests, fish and game, to fix his salary, to confer upon him the powers and duties of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, and to abolish the office of Commissioner of Fisheries, Game and Forest.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Within thirty days after the passage of this act, the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint a Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game, who shall hold his office for a term of five years, and until his successor is appointed and has qualified. A Superintendent shall be appointed in like manner upon the expiration of the term. Any vacancy in the office, from any cause whatsoever, shall be filled in like manner, provided that if the Senate is not in session the Governor may appoint a superintendent whose term of office shall expire at the end of the next succeeding session of the Senate.

Sec. 2. The duties of the Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game shall be the enforcement of all laws heretofore passed for the propagation and protection of fish and game, and for the protection and preservation of the forests of the State. He shall possess all of the powers and perform all of the duties given and imposed by law upon the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest at the time of the passage of this act, and he shall perform such other duties as may from time to time be imposed upon him by law. The office of Commissioner of Fisheries, Game and Forest is hereby abolished from and after the appointment and qualification of the Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game, as herein provided, and all appointees of such Commissioners whose powers are hereunder vested in the Superintendent shall hold his or their office during the pleasure of such Superintendent, and such Superintendent shall have power to appoint his or their successors.

Sec. 3. The Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game shall receive an annual compensation of \$5,000, payable in equal monthly installments, together with his actual and necessary traveling expenses. He shall execute and file with the Comptroller a bond to the people of the State in the sum of \$5,000, with sureties to be approved by the Comptroller, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties and for the due accounting for all moneys received by him as such Superintendent. He shall annually in the month of January make a full report to the Legislature of all the proceedings of his office for the year ending on Oct. 13, previous, with such suggestions and recommendations as he may deem useful and appropriate. All income, including receipts for trespass, shall be paid over to the State Treasurer, and a strict account shall be kept of all receipts and expenses, which account shall be audited by the Comptroller and included in the annual report to the Legislature.

Sec. 4. The Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game shall appoint three deputies, one of whom shall be known as the State Forester, one of whom shall be known as the State Fishcultivist, and one of whom shall be known as the State Supervisor of Marine Fisheries. The State Forester shall be an expert in forestry, and shall have charge under the Superintendent of all matters relating to the forests and game of the State. The State Fishcultivist shall be an expert in fish culture, and shall have charge under the Superintendent of the culture of all fish and the conduct of all hatchery stations owned or controlled by the State. The State Supervisor of Marine Fisheries shall have charge under the Superintendent of all salt-water fish and shell fish, and shall act as State oyster protector. The deputies appointed pursuant to this act shall each receive an annual salary of \$3,000, together with their actual and necessary traveling expenses. They shall each execute and file with the Superintendent a bond to the people of the State in the sum of \$2,000, with sureties to be approved by the Superintendent, conditioned for the faithful performance of their respective duties.

Sec. 5. The Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game shall have an office in the Capitol at Albany. He may, with the consent of the Governor, have a branch office in the City of New York. He shall be allowed a chief clerk at a salary of \$2,000 per annum, and such other clerical assistants as shall be actually needed, together with necessary contingent office expenses. All persons employed in the office or in the care and management of the forests, fish and game shall be appointed by the Superintendent, and be subject to suspension or removal by him; provided, that in the event of the suspension or removal of either of the deputies herein provided for the Superintendent shall at once report to the Governor in writing the reasons for such suspension or removal.

Sec. 6. The Governor may suspend or remove from office the said Superintendent of Forests, Fish and Game whenever in his judgment the public interests shall so require, but in the case of such suspension or removal the Governor shall file with the Secretary of State a statement of the cause or reasons for such action, and shall report such suspension or removal and the cause therefor to the Legislature at its next session.

Sec. 7. All acts relating to the duties of Commissioners of Fish, Game and Forests are retained in full form and effect, except as provided in this act, and all provisions of acts inconsistent with the foregoing are hereby repealed, and the duties heretofore performed by the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest from the time that this act shall take effect and the Superintendent appointed thereunder has been duly appointed and qualified shall devolve upon and be exercised by the Superintendent so appointed, and whenever any duties under existing laws are imposed upon or rights to be exercised by persons called Commissioners, such laws shall be read as though the Superintendent to be appointed under this act instead of Commissioners had been referred to in such laws, and such laws shall be deemed to be inconsistent with this act only in so far as the personnel of their enforcement is concerned.

Sec. 8. This act shall take effect immediately.

Pickerel Near Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 10, Special says there is no good pickerel fishing within twenty or thirty miles of Boston. Now if he will turn to your issue of Feb. 4, 1899, he will find an item of one catch of seventy-five pickerel, averaging 1½ pounds. This is only one stray trip of the Hobbs that by chance has got into your paper. The smallest day's catch last winter was of twenty-five pickerel; and as to last summer's fishing, on the morning of June 17, from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock, sixty-eight pickerel were landed in the boat by two men. In the open season for black bass, my brother and I caught eighty-four large-mouth black bass. The smallest bass taken was 2½ pounds. All this fishing was done within ten and fifteen miles of Boston.

HOBBS, JR.

Protection for Mussels.

ON Feb. 8 Representative Prince introduced a bill in Congress (H. R. 8,246), the purpose of which is to regulate the fishery for mussels in the fresh waters of the United States. The object of the proposed legislation is to save the mussel from extinction by commercial fishing, and it will, if enacted into law, prohibit the taking of mussels under 2½, 3½ and 4 inches in length, according to kind; a close season from Jan. 1 to April 1 is provided. This move to protect even so lowly an animal as the mussel is a wise one, if the great beds of Mississippi Valley are to be saved from sure destruction. The shell of the mussel has given to the West quite a button manufacturing industry, and legislation that will preserve the mollusk until of a useful size is most desirable and necessary.

B. A. B.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

New York Dog Show.

THE twenty-fourth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club was a record breaker in point of numbers, and probably was higher in the average quality than was any of its predecessors. The dates were Feb. 20 to 23, inclusive, Washington's Birthday as usual being included in the days fixed upon.

The show was managed with great skill. Every part of it was kept neat and clean, and to those who know the executive ability necessary to manage the infinity of detail without friction, it was apparent that the superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, managed the record-breaking show of this year with the same ease and efficiency which he has always displayed.

Dr. H. Clay Glover, the well-known veterinary, had charge of the veterinary welfare of the dogs, and aside from the ill incident from a high state of nervousness of a few dogs, he reported a remarkable general good health of the dogs as a whole.

The judges were: Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., St. Bernards and Newfoundlands; Mr. James A. Lawrence, of Columbus, O., Great Danes; Mr. R. Forsyth Little, Jr., New York, Russian wolfhounds and greyhounds; Major J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J., fox hounds, pointers, setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. James Luckwell, Woodstock, Ont., Irish water, Chumbers, field and cocker spaniels; Mr. Chas. D. Bernheimer, New York, poodles; Mr. Tyler Morse, Boston, bull dogs; Mr. Bulkeley Wells, Boston, Boston terriers; Mr. E. D. Faulkner, New York, French bull dogs; Mr. A. J. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn., beagles; Mr. L. P. C. Astley, Southport, England, mastiffs, bloodhounds, deerhounds, retrievers, collies, old English sheep dogs, Dalmatians, all terriers except Boston terriers, dachshunds, pugs, Pomeranians, toy spaniels and miscellaneous.

The total number of dogs entered was 1,516, though the total number of entries, from one dog being entered in two or more classes, ran the entries up much higher.

Bloodhounds were ten in number, and averaged fairly good in quality. First prize in the open bitch class and special for the best bloodhound of either sex was won by George E. Finnigan's Fanstina (Champion Bardolph—Bracken). Ripple Blucher won first in novice, open dogs and limit classes; in the limit class, Dr. Knox's Imperial (Happy Valley—Keep's Queen) was third.

There were eight American fox hounds, and of these several showed an English outcross. In the open dog class, Bragdon was first, while in the corresponding class for bitches, Carmen won over her two competitors.

Pointers were in good numbers and quality. Champion Lad of Kent, in good condition, won first in heavy weights, and won the special for the best pointer, and also the special for the best dog shown with two of his get. Geo. S. Mott's kennel won the special for the breeder of the best four pointers. This was the President's Challenge Breeders' Cup, value \$200, presented by W. G. Brokaw, Esq. There were eight pointers, dogs and bitches, in the puppy classes, and they were of fair average quality. In the novice class, dogs, there were thirteen. Mott Regent, first, has a good body, legs and feet; he is somewhat heavy in shoulders and coarse in head. Veer of Vent was a good second, and third and reserve went to Ightfield Mentor and Marshdand Don, respectively, both owned by C. H. Mackay, whose Telegram won in the corresponding class for bitches, twelve entries; May Hobson, narrow in head, was second, while third went to Fairview Folly, heavy in shoulders, ears set high; she had a good body, well ribbed. There were twelve entries in the limit class, dogs, under 55 pounds. First was won by King William, a good pointer, though he was a bit throaty and light in muzzle, but he was well built otherwise. Sir Frank, his kennel companion, took second; he is light in bone and body and might be better ribbed. The limit class, bitches under 50 pounds, had eleven entries, and first was won by Fairview Meally, a good bitch with a somewhat plain head; second went to Lass o' Yoko, light in bone, while third went to Telegram. Limit dogs, 55 pounds and over, had nine entries. Mott Regent, aforementioned, was first; Prince's Lad, coarse in head and heavy in shoulders, though showing good pointer character, won second, third going to Veer of Vent. There were four entries in the corresponding bitch class. Belle Westlake won first, Trixie II. second, and Vandalia II., a loose built bitch, heavy in skull and pinched in muzzle, won third. Open dogs, under 55 pounds, had seven entries. King William and Sir Frank won in a previous class; third went to Hempstead Jim, a commonplace pointer. Light weight bitches, open class, had five entries, and of these, a well-built bitch with a coarse head won first, second going to Fairview Meally, and third to Lady Lal, an ordinary good bitch. Fay Templeton was reserve. Heavy weight dogs, open class, had seven entries. Champion Lad of Kent, in good condition, took first, second and third going to Mott Regent and Prince's Lad, respectively. Sir Walter had reserve. There were six in the open class for bitches, 50 pounds and over, Champion Urada winning first, Belle Westlake second and Trixie II., third. Champion Kent's Kate, reserve. In the field trial class for dogs, Hempstead Jim was first and Ightfield Mentor was second. In the winners' class, dogs, Champion Lad of Kent took the honor, with King William reserve. In the like class for bitches, Champion Urada was first, Belle Westlake reserve. George Mott's team took first in the team class over C. H. Mackay's, W. Gould Brokaw's and Westlake Pointer Kennels' teams.

English setters were in good numbers, and of fair quality, though variable in this respect from excellent to very ordinary. Champion Cincinnatus Pride took the special for the best English setter dog, while Selkirk Freda carried off a similar honor for the best bitch. Blue

Wed won the special for the best puppy. He was quite a good puppy, though a short, light muzzle marred the symmetry of his head. Egemark's Glad, second, had a similar fault, while Banner, third, was light built and plain in head. There were six bitch puppies, and of these, Lady Washington, a symmetrical bitch, good in body, quarters, legs, feet, neck, but somewhat light in muzzle, won first, while Meda and Marvel, both light in body and bone, took second and third. There were twenty-one dogs in the novice class. First was won by Knight Errant, a well-built dog, good in development and symmetry; he is a trifle heavy in flews and a bit of throatiness, but these are trifles when compared to his general excellence. Heath Gladstone, a coarse-headed dog, took second, and third was won by Prince Rea, light in muzzle and short ribs; good back, quarters, shoulders and setter character. Novice bitches had twelve entries. Rosalind, first, might easily be better in head; Lady Jane Gray, second, and Blade's Ruby were both good bitches. Limit, dogs, were twenty-two, and Knight Errant again was first; Selkirk Dan, plain in head, but sound and shapely in body, good in legs and feet, neck well set on good shoulders, won second, third going to Heath Gladstone, while reserve went to Montell. Dash Antonio, a very sound, big dog, was vhc. There were eighteen bitches in the limit class. Selkirk Freda, a good bitch, though light in body, took first, Rosalind took second, and third was won by Lady Washington II. Lady Jane Gray was reserve. Nine dogs faced the judge in the open class, and of these all but four had competed in previous classes. Cincinnatus Pride won easily, Selkirk Dan was second and Montell was third, reserve going to Dash Antonio. There were nine in the open bitch class, and Selkirk Freda, Lady Washington II., and Albert's Juno, were placed in the order named; the latter is narrow in skull, but good otherwise. Maid Marian was reserve. W. B. Wells' dogs won in the team class.

Irish setters were in good numbers. O'Shaughnessey took first in novice dogs, eleven entries. He is quite a good sound dog; Lad, second, though somewhat coarse in head, is a good dog; Dick S. also is coarse in head. There were seven bitches in the limit class, and Miss Meta was first. She is quite a good bitch in every way, though light in color. Belle of Nelson was second, and Red Bud, good color, light built, was third. Limit, dogs, had six, O'Shaughnessey was again first; St. Michael, narrow in muzzle, was second, and Tuppenny, snipey and poor in head was third. There were five in the class for limit bitches. Red Bess II. won first; Red Rose III., plain in head, good back, body and color, took second; Miss Meta won third. In open dogs there were seven, and Lord Linsmore, first, in good condition and good in quality, was the best in his class; second went to a very superior dog, Ben Law; Fred Elcho was third, and O'Shaughnessey this time was reserve. Open bitches had eight entries. Red Rose III., Miss Meta and Blanche Finnmore were placed in the order mentioned.

The Gordon setter classes were not heavily filled. There were four novice dogs and six novice bitches. In dogs Lady Gordon's Sport, first, was thin in flesh and his head was rather coarse, but he is well built and symmetrical. There were four dogs in the open class, Doc, a well-known dog taking first, and Dell Noble in the corresponding bitch class winning first over five competitors.

In the field trial class for English, Irish and Gordon setters, which has been placed in any public field trial in the United States or Canada, there were ten entries, namely, Cincinnatus Pride (first), Joe Cummings (second), Heath Gladstone (third), Dash Antonio, War Song, Lucy Rogers, Montell, Selkirk Milo, Selkirk Bretta and Marie's Sport.

But one Chesapeake Bay dog was entered, Duchess, and she took first. It is to be regretted that this eminently useful breed is suffered to remain in obscurity and neglect.

There were three retrievers, all owned by C. H. Mackay, and they were placed in the following order: Scruton Belle, Alnwick Bonny and Blue Black.

GREYHOUNDS.—Novice.—Dogs: 1st, R. Scoville's Ticonderoga; 2d, G. Parker's Langley Squire; 3d, Pembroke Kenne's Pembroke Silver. Bitches: 1st, Pembroke Kennels' Pembroke Roquette; 2d, A. Chasseaud's Sister May of Maybrook; 3d, M. J. Sullivan's Beauty. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, San Gabriel Kennels' Royal Fabric; 2d, Robert Scoville's Ticonderoga; 3d, Geo. A. Parker's Langley Squire. Bitches: 1st, Pembroke Kennels' Gem's Beauty; 2d, J. E. Denton's Betsy; 3d, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Francis Willard. Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, San Gabriel Kennels' Royal Fabric; 2d, Robert Scoville's Ticonderoga; 3d, Geo. A. Parker's Langley Squire. Winners.—Bitches: 1st, Pembroke Kennels' Gem's Beauty; 2d, J. E. Denton's Betsy; 3d, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Maid Marion. Winners' Class.—1st, Gem's Beauty. Reserve, Betsy.

FOXHOUNDS.—English.—No entries. American.—Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Hagan's Bragdon; 2d, Harry Taylor's Hanks Jimcrack; 3d, Dr. A. C. Heflinger's Romance. Reserve, J. Gibbs' Legal. Bitches: 1st, N. T. Harris' Carmen; 2d, J. Gibbs' Veracity; 3d, Harry Taylor's Hank's Merry Girl.

POINTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, George Jarvis' Vesta of Kent; 2d and 3d, Geo. P. Hill's Flash H. II. and Reuben, Jr. 1st, C. H. Mackay's Mars Chan; 2d, S. Willett's Willett's Carret. Novice Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. S. Mott's Mott Regent; 2d, S. C. Keim's Veer of Kent; 3d and reserve, C. H. Mackay's Ightfield Mentor and Marshdand Don. Bitches: 1st, C. H. Mackay's Telegram; 2d, Geo. S. Mott's May Hobson; 3d, Wilcox & Davenport's Fairview Polly. Limit.—Dogs under 55lbs.: 1st and 2d, Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, King William and Sir Frank; 3d, Wm. C. Root's John of Kent. Reserve, C. H. Mackay's Mars Chan. Bitches under 50lbs.: 1st Wilcox & Burtis' Fairview Meally; 2d, R. A. Fairbairn's Lass o' Yoko; 3d, C. H. Mackay's Telegram. Reserve, Geo. S. Mott's May Hobson. Dogs 55lbs. and over: 1st and 2d, Geo. S. Mott's Mott's Regent and Prince's Lad; 3d, S. C. Keim's Veer of Kent. Reserve, L. Johnson's Johnson's Jed. Bitches 50lbs. and over: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Belle Westlake; 2d, H. A. Colby's Trixie II.; 3d, C. P. Wilcox's Vandalia II. Open Classes.—Dogs under 55lbs.: 1st and 2d, Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, King William and Sir Frank; 3d, W. Neil's Hempstead Jim. Reserve, H. W. Richardson, Jr.'s, Roswell's Bang. Bitches under 50lbs.: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Startle; 2d, Wilcox & Curtis' Fairview Meally; 3d, W. Ferguson, Jr.'s Lady Lal. Dogs 55lbs. and over: 1st, G. Jarvis' champion Lad of Kent; 2d and 3d, G. S. Mott's Mott's Regent and Prince's Lad. Reserve, W. G. Brokaw's Sir Walter. Bitches 50lbs. and over: 1st and reserve, F. J. Lenoir's champion Urada and champion Kent's Kate; 2d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Belle Westlake; 3d, H. A. Colby's Trixie II. Field Trial Class.—1st, W. Neil's Hempstead Jim; 2d, C. H. Mackay's Ightfield Mentor. Winners' Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Lad of Kent. Reserve, King William. Bitches: 1st, Urada. Reserve, Belle Westlake. Team Class.—Geo. S. Mott's team.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, H. A. Belcher's Ned; 2d, H. L. Walker's Edgemark's Glad; 3d, A. W. Martin's Banner. Reserve, A. C. Fao's Glen Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, H. A. Belcher's Lady Washington; 2d and 3d, A. W. Martin's Meda and Marvel. Reserve, Mrs. V. Hansen's Lady Golden Rod. Novice Classes.—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Knight Errant; 2d, S. E. Thurston's Heath Gladstone; 3d, R. B. Budd's Prince Kea. Reserve, American Kennels' American Boy. Bitches: 1st, W. S. Knott's Rosalind; 2d, W. Predhomme & Co.'s Lady Jane Gray; 3d, American Kennels' Blade's Ruby. Reserve, W. B. Wells'

Selkirk Bretta. Limit Classes.—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Knight Errant; 2d, W. B. Wells' Selkirk Dan; 3d, S. E. Thurston's Heath Gladstone. Reserve, H. L. Keyes' Montell. Bitches: 1st, W. B. Wells' Selkirk Freda; 2d, Wm. S. Knott's Rosalind; 3d, H. A. Belcher's Lady Washington II. Reserve, W. Predhomme & Co.'s Lady Jane Gray. Limit Classes.—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Knight Errant; 2d, W. B. Wells' Selkirk Dan; 3d, S. E. Thurston's Heath Gladstone. Reserve, H. L. Keyes' Montell. Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Edw. A. Burdette's champion Cincinnatus Pride; 2d, W. B. Wells' Selkirk Dan; 3d, H. L. Keyes' Montell. Reserve, Eldred Kennels' Dash Antonio. Bitches: 1st, W. B. Wells' Selkirk Freda; 2d, H. A. Belcher's Lady Washington; 3d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Juno. Reserve, H. Pape's Maid Marion. Winners' Class.—Bitches: 1st, Selkirk Freda. Reserve, Rosalind. Team Class, W. B. Wells' team.

IRISH SETTERS.—Novice Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Miss G. Shippen's O'Shaughnessey; 2d, H. D. Ogden's Lad; 3d, J. N. Simnock's Dick S. Reserve, B. L. Clement's Iceberg. Bitches: 1st, H. P. Kirby's Miss Meta; 2d, F. P. Kernan's Belle of Nelson; 3d, B. F. Lewis' Red Bud. Reserve, F. G. Goodridge's Burton Judy. Limit Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Miss G. Shippen's O'Shaughnessey; 2d, G. Bell's St. Michael; 3d, J. M. Claxton's Tuppenny. Reserve, P. F. O'Neill's Hunter. Bitches: 1st, C. H. Snodgrass' Red Bess II.; 2d, J. Lewis' Red Rose III.; 3d, H. P. Kirby's Miss Meta. Reserve, B. F. Lewis' Red Bud. Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Wall's Lord Linsmore; 2d, Dr. Chas. A. Gale's Ben Law; 3d, Dr. J. Stewart Lacock's Fred Elcho. Reserve, O'Shaughnessey. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis' Red Rose III.; 2d, H. P. Kirby's Miss Meta; 3d, J. W. Ogden's Blanche Finnmore. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Delphinne. Winners' Class.—Dogs: 1st, Lord Linsmore. Reserve, Ben Law. Bitches: 1st, Red Bess II. Reserve, Red Rose III.

GORDON SETTERS.—Novice Classes.—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Booth's Lady Gordon's Sport; 2d, Mrs. C. R. Forbes' Lad Noble; 3d, M. A. Boettcher's Jack M. B. Bitches: 1st, B. W. Andrews' Wenonah; 2d, W. G. Kugler's Winona Clinton; 3d, Luck Kennels' Juno. Reserve, A. Spratt's Lady R. Limit Classes.—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Booth's Lady Gordon's Sport; 2d, J. B. Blossom's Wallace; 3d, Luck Kennels' Heather Luck. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Graham's Lady Gordon's Rose; 2d, B. W. Andrews' Wenonah; 3d, C. E. Squire's Lassie. Reserve, L. P. Higgins' Princess Vieve. Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Blossom's Doc; 2d, W. L. Booth's Lady Gordon's Sport; 3d, T. M. Gollin's Don B. Bitches: 1st, C. R. Taylor's Dell Noble; 2d, J. W. Graham's Lady Gordon's Rose; 3d, B. W. Andrews' Wenonah. Reserve, C. E. Squire's Lassie. Winners' Class.—Dogs: 1st, Doc. Reserve, Lady Gordon's Sport. Bitches: 1st, Dell Noble. Reserve, Lady Gordon's Rose.

RETRIEVERS.—Open Class.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, C. H. Mackay's Scruton Belle; 2d, Alnwick Bonny; 3d, Blue Black.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Open Class.—1st, Thos. J. Clap-pear's Duchess.

BEAGLES.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Wharton Beagles' Wharton's Lonsdale; 2d, G. F. Reed's Dan D.; 3d, Round Plain Beagles' Fido. Reserve, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Rock. Bitches: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels' Rock Ridge Blanche; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Wanda. Novice Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Dalesman; 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Foreman; 3d, Round Plain Beagles' Rhymster. Reserve, Middlesex Beagles' Warrior. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Fearless; 2d, S. E. Thurston's Belle of Mt. Vernon; 3d, Round Plain Beagles' Rebellious. Reserve, G. F. Reed's Elta. Limit Class (not exceeding 13in.).—Dogs: 1st, The Wharton Beagles' Leader III.; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Hector; 3d, Waddingfield Beagles' Orator. Reserve, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's War Cry. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Beafull; 2d, S. E. Thurston's Belle of Mt. Vernon; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Dauntless. Reserve, Wm. Saxby's Fury. Limit Classes (over 13in. and not exceeding 15in.).—Dogs: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Primate; 2d, Wm. Saxby's Turpin; 3d, Hempstead Beagles' Foreman. Reserve, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Litol. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Tragedy; 2d, Fearless; 3d, S. E. Thurston's Topsy O. Reserve, G. F. Reed's Nell R. Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Primate; 2d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Robino III.; 3d, W. Saxby's Turpin. Reserve, Hempstead Beagles' Foreman. Bitches: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels' Lucky L.; 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Tragedy and (3) Fearless. Reserve, S. E. Thurston's Topsy O. Field Trial Class.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels' Lucy L.; 2d, Hempstead Kennels' Fearless; 3d, G. F. Reed's Nell R. Reserve, Whitmarsh Beagles' imported Nimrod. Winners' Class.—Dogs: 1st, Primate. Reserve, Windholme's Robino II. Bitches: 1st, Lucy L. Reserve, Tragedy.

Irish Setter Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 4 P. M. The president, Dr. G. G. Davis, in the chair. There were present Dr. G. G. Davis, Messrs. James B. Blossum, J. Stewart Lacock, B. L. Clements and Geo. H. Thomson, and by proxy, Miss G. Shippen, Mrs. Katherine Salisbury and Messrs. William Shippen and F. G. Goodridge.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The report of the treasurer, showing a balance of \$148.96, was read and approved. The report of the Bench Show Committee, showing an expenditure of \$50, was read and approved. The report of the Field Trial Committee, showing expenditure of \$10 for field trial prizes, leaving \$40 of appropriation unexpended, was read and approved.

Moved and seconded that the expenditure of \$10 by the Bench Show Committee over last year's appropriation be approved. Carried. The club authorized the payment of \$20 to the Westminster Kennel Club and \$10 to New England Kennel Club shows of 1900.

Moved and seconded that the club expend \$50 for bench show and \$50 for field trials during the ensuing year, the manner of the distribution of same to be left to the Executive Committee.

The following members were elected: Mr. Charles Wassman, Bellaire, O.; Mr. Charles H. Snodgrass, Youngstown, O.

The following gentlemen were then elected to hold office during the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia; Vice-President, James B. Blossum, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. H. Thomson, Philadelphia.

Executive Committee—William Shippen, F. G. Goodridge, Woodruff Sutton, Robt. H. McCurdy, B. L. Clements, all of New York, and Dr. J. Stewart Lacock, Allegheny, Pa. GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

American Spaniel Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Spaniel Club was held at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 21, 1900. The following members were present: Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, Dr. S. T. Bradbury, Mrs. S. T. Bradbury, Mrs. F. Henwood, Messrs. Geo. Douglas, Geo. Dunn, Geo. Greer, R. P. Keasbey, Wm. H. Churchman, E. M. Oldham, W. T. Payne, R. Richardson, Jr., Jesse Riggs, George Taylor, Marcel A. Viti and W. E. Warner.

The president, Rowland P. Keasbey, in the chair. The Executive Committee report showed that the leading shows adopted the club's classification as usual, and asked a club judge to officiate, and in many instances additional classes were opened. During the fiscal year over 1,200 entries of spaniels were made at the different shows.

Six silver challenge prizes were given to the club during the year; the Brookside trophy for best stud dog with

two of his get, presented by Geo. Greer; the Saybrook cocker trophy, for best cocker other than black, and the Saybrook trophy for best American-bred field spaniel bitch, presented by Rowland Keasbey; the Mason size souvenir for the best cocker spaniel under 24 pounds, and the Mason front souvenir for the cocker with the best legs and feet, presented by Chas. H. Mason; the Midkiff trophy for the best cocker spaniel brood bitch and two of her produce, presented by Wm. T. Payne.

Eight new members were added to the list.

The balance on hand is \$200.

Club certificates commemorative of awards of challenge prizes were mailed by the society to all members winning such prizes during the year.

The matter of certain proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws was brought before the meeting and unanimously carried, that it was the sense of the meeting that these amendments were repugnant to the club.

It was unanimously carried, that a committee of five be appointed to draft a new cocker spaniel standard, to send a copy of their report to the members and report to the Executive Committee, and at the expiration of thirty days for the sending of the report to the members, the Executive Committee to have full power to act thereon and adopt the standard.

The following Executive Committee was elected to serve for the ensuing year: Rowland P. Keasbey, S. T. Bradbury, Marcel H. Viti, H. K. Bloodgood, Wm. T. Payne, George Greer and Francis Henwood.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, H. K. Bloodgood was elected president, to succeed Mr. Keasbey, who declined a re-election; Geo. Greer, secretary, and Dr. S. T. Bradbury, treasurer.

George Richards.

A BRIEF letter from Mr. Frank Richards gives us the sad information that his brother, George Richards, the famous trainer and field trial handler, died at Sparta, Miss., on Feb. 19. He was the trainer for the Verona Kennels, of California, and came East during the field trial season last year, to run some of their dogs in the trials. Quiet, unassuming, courteous and industrious, he won the friendship of all, and had the full confidence of his employers. In his profession he was of those who are at the head, whether skill, industry or fairness is considered.

Great Dane Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—At the annual meeting of the Great Dane Club of America, held at the Garden Hotel on Feb. 22, the following officers were elected: Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, President; Mr. T. D. M. Cardeza, Vice-President; Mr. C. H. Mantler, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Delegate to the A. K. C.

The Executive Committee to consist of the above officers and Messrs. J. A. P. Ramsdell, B. H. Stevenson and R. T. Harrison. C. H. MANTLER, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the Kansas City Kennel Club's third annual dog show, March 14 to 17, inclusive, can be obtained by applying to Mr. S. H. Slifer, superintendent, 1604 Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Entries close on March 7.

Yachting.

It is proposed by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound to adopt the new rule of the Knockabout Association of Massachusetts for both raceabouts and knockabouts. The owners of these boats on the Sound will hold a meeting shortly to discuss the proposed rules, prior to their adoption by the Association at the March meeting.

At a recent meeting the Quincy Y. C., of Quincy, Mass., decided by a vote of 47 to 7 to withdraw from the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. This action has provoked a great deal of discussion, both among Boston yachtsmen and in the Boston papers, a number of letters having appeared. The alleged reason for the withdrawal, the real fact being that serious differences have arisen on several points between members of the Quincy Y. C. and the Association. Thus far in the published letters several club members have made statements which have been publicly denied over their signatures by different officers of the Association. The question is largely a local one, which we are not in a position to discuss fairly on its merits, being unacquainted with all the facts; but we can see no good reason for the withdrawal of any club from the Association.

The conditions of yachting about New York and Boston to-day are such that a union of the clubs is an absolute necessity for all but a few of the largest clubs, such as the New York, Larchmont, Atlantic and the Corinthian, of Marblehead, which are able to control a certain amount of racing without outside aid. Whatever its faults may be, the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is already established and has the support of the majority of the clubs about Massachusetts Bay, and it has done much good work. If the action of the Quincy Y. C. were endorsed by any number of the other clubs, the Association would be destroyed and one of two conditions would prevail; either a new association would be formed or all concerted and harmonious action of the clubs would cease and there would be the same conflict of rules, dates, etc., as existed prior to the formation of the present organization. As to a new association, there is no good reason why such should be any better than the present one; some improvements might be made in the general constitution and some of the mistakes of the present Association might possibly be avoided; but there is no reason to believe that the net result would be in any way more satisfactory.

We can hardly believe that the present Association is

so hopelessly bad that nothing can be done to improve it and the only course is to break it up without regard to further consequences. It is a most difficult matter to organize a body of this kind on a proper basis and to conduct it satisfactorily, in fact, in very few cases in this country or abroad has this been done for any length of time. To be of any use at all, such an organization must hold and exercise considerable authority; and yet it must not abuse this authority. Both the Massachusetts and the Sound associations are experiments, with little to guide them, and with strong opposition from various quarters, so that the work of their organizers and subsequent officers has been by no means easy. We know as a fact that in both organizations one source of trouble has been the apathy and lack of interest of both clubs and delegates; the clubs either failing to elect good men or to instruct them as to their wishes; and the delegates either failing to attend the meetings or if present sitting around and taking no part in the proceedings. In such a case, which is by no means a rare one, the entire work and responsibility are thrown on the officers and a few leading members, who are in the end blamed by some one or other for everything they may do.

It is quite possible that at times the officers attempt to run matters in their own way, without regard to the wishes of the majority; but the remedy for this lies entirely with the clubs. Let them select as delegates men who, whether yacht owners or not, are known to have ideas, and the power to express them, who will not on the one hand sit around without attempting to take part in the proceedings and on the other will not take up valuable time in useless discussion and the exploitation of impossible schemes. If this matter is dealt with at the club meetings in the way that its importance warrants, there are very few clubs which cannot find the right kind of a representative, whose opinions will be listened to with respect even by those who disagree with them, and who will receive all the consideration which he deserves from his fellow delegates. After a delegate is selected, let the club watch his work at the meetings, the members keeping themselves posted on all proposed legislation, discussing it among themselves and advising their delegate of their wishes. Work of this kind, beginning with the individual yacht owners, then in the club meetings and with the club delegate, and finally in the Association meetings, will not only be effectual in restraining over-zealous officers, but will be of the greatest aid to those officers who are really working for the general good.

THE latest report as to future Cup matches is that Sir Thomas Lipton will visit New York next July, in company with other officers of the Royal Ulster Y. C., and will tender a challenge for 1901.

THE international cup of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, to which attention is called by a correspondent, offers a chance of good sport at a small outlay to ambitious American yachtsmen. The cup is raced for by a type of small yacht which has of late years been developed to a high degree in this country, quite as much so as in France or England. We will be glad to obtain full particulars for any yachtsman who may be interested. As many Americans will visit Paris this year, the opportunity to secure some good racing as a part of the trip may tempt some one to challenge.

ACCORDING to a foreign correspondent of the New York Times, "Mr. A. Weaver, commodore of the New York Y. C., is at present negotiating for the purchase of 10,000 acres of land in Samoa, with the idea of establishing plantations of cocoa, vanilla and rubber." It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Weaver, whose proper initials are N. J., is not and never has been an officer of the New York Y. C., nor, in fact, of any American yacht club. Mr. Weaver is a speculator whose adventures have at times brought him into very close relationship with the courts. He was at one time a few years ago a member of the Atlantic Y. C., and he owns the schooner Norna, now on a cruise of a doubtful nature, to judge from the reports which reach New York from time to time. He has not been a member of the Atlantic Y. C. for some time.

SINCE her preliminary trials, which were publicly heralded as most successful, a great many rumors have been current about the radical defects of the new royal yacht, Victoria and Albert. Thus far no full and reliable statement of the facts has been published, but it is now said that Queen Victoria has refused to go on board the vessel. It seems probable that this costly toy is a complete failure.

FOR various reasons the old time yacht yards of New York have in the past five years disappeared, just as the great shipyards of the East River disappeared over a generation ago. In the case of the shipyards the work went to the eastward, to the Maine and Nova Scotia coasts, and in the case of the yacht yards, they have by degrees succumbed to the competition of Greenport and Port Jefferson, where labor conditions are different and work can be done more cheaply. Within a couple of weeks past, two attempts have been inaugurated to re-establish the once well-known yards at Bay Ridge and City Island. At the former, established by John Mumm, were built Atlantic, Shamrock, Chispa, Yama, Nautilus and many yachts of moderate size. At the latter, removed from Greenport by Mr. Piegrass in 1885, were built Titania, Constellation, Lasca, Katrina, Tomahawk, Quickstep, Moccasin and other yachts, mostly of steel.

With such a fleet of yachts, large and small, as New York boasts, good building and repair yards are an absolute necessity, and yet the only facilities are those afforded by the yards devoted to commercial work and not specially fitted for yacht work. While it is an open question whether one or more yacht yards can be made to pay in the city of New York, there is a large amount of trade ready at hand if it can be handled at prices that will compare with those at distant points and away from large cities. If the work, whether of construction or repair, can be done at a reasonable figure about New York, most yachtsmen will readily pay a higher price rather than

to send their yachts to Boston, the Delaware River or even Port Jefferson and Greenport. With adequate capital, a modern plant, good business management and the requisite technical skill on the part of the yard superintendence, it is probable that work can be done at a figure that though necessarily somewhat higher than at distant points, will still attract the patronage of New York yachtsmen.

Larchmont Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on Feb. 21, the following officers being elected: Com., Clarence A. Postley, steam yacht Colonia; Vice-Com., Edward S. Hatch, yawl Huron; Rear-Com., Philip T. Dodge; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees (to serve three years), Augustin Monroe and Oswald Sanderson. A number of amendments were made in the constitution, by-laws and racing rules, as follows:

Racing Rules.

Rule II.—Change to read, after sloops, cutters, etc.: Class G, all over 80ft. racing length; Class H, not over 80 and over 70ft. racing length; Class I, not over 70 and over 60ft. racing length.

After Class N, to read: Class P, not over 25 and over 21ft. racing length; Class Q, not over 21 and over 18ft. racing length; Class R, not over 18ft. racing length.

Rule III.—Change to read, after sloops, cutters and yawls: Class G, over 80ft. racing length, draft no limit; Class H, not over 80ft. racing length, draft 14ft.; Class I, not over 70ft. racing length, draft 13ft.

After Class P to read: Class Q, not over 21ft., draft 5ft.; Class R, not over 18ft., draft 4ft.

Rule VIII.—Change the second line of this rule to read, Classes of schooners, and G, H, I, J, and K of sloops.

Rule XII.—Section 2 in the first line, after the words, "schooners and," substitute Classes G and H of sloops, and on the fifth line substitute the capital letter I in the place of the capital letter H.

Rule XIII.—Change under Series A to read: Includes Classes A, B, C and D of schooners; Classes G, H, I and J of sloops, cutters and yawls.

Series B.—Includes Class F of schooners; Classes K, L, M and N of sloops, cutters and yachts.

Series C.—Includes Classes P, Q, R, S, T and V of sloops, cutters, yawls and mainsail yachts.

Courses.—On the first line of Course Nos. 1 and 2, change to read: For Classes A, B, C, D of schooners, and Classes G, H, I and J, and the first line of Courses 3 and 4 to read, Class F of schooners and Class K, L, M and N; and in Courses Nos. 5 and 6, insert the capital letter "I" between the capital letters "H" and "J" on the first line, and the last three lines of both sections changed to read, Class A, B, C, D of schooners, and Classes G, H, I and J over and around the above course three times. In Courses Nos. 7, 8, 9, between the capital letters "Q" and "S" in the first line insert the letter "R."

Rule XIV.—Sails.—Section 1 to read: The carrying of sails in regattas shall be restricted as follows: Except that in Classes A, B, C and D of schooners and Classes G, H, I and J of sloops, club topsails may be carried. In Section 2 in the second line omit the words "club topsail." Omit Section 9 and make present Section 10 Section 9.

Rule XVI.—Section 1, third line, between the capital letters "H" and "J" insert the capital letter "I," and after "J" insert "K," and in the third line, between the capital letters "Q" and "S," insert "R." Section 3, third line, insert the capital letter "R" between the capital letters "Q" and "S." Under single-masted vessels and yawls, commencing with Class H, to read: Class H, 80ft. racing length, 25 men; Class I, 70ft. racing length, 20 men; Class J, 60ft. racing length, 15 men, and as at present down to Class Q, 21ft. racing length, 3 men; Class R, 18ft. racing length, 3 men.

Amendments to the by-laws and constitution were adopted by which the officers of the United States Navy who become members of the club shall not be liable for dues. They will be charged an initiation fee of \$25. It was also decided to change the by-laws, making the yearly dues \$50, payable annually or semi-annually. If a member be absent from the United States an entire fiscal year his dues shall be suspended in the future.

On motion of Mr. Hyslop a special committee was appointed to consider the subject of a new measurement rule, to report in the fall.

The new flagship of the club is the steam yacht Alberta, designed last year by Gardner & Cox for Mr. A. E. Tower, and recently purchased by Com. Postley, who has renamed her Colonia II. The former flagship, Com. Postley's schooner Colonia, is now the flagship of the New York Y. C. under the new name of Corona.

The Raceabout Class.

IN the absence of new yachts in the larger classes, the main promise of racing on the Sound lies in the new 21ft. knockabout class. The Seawanhaka knockabout class has practically followed the 15ft. and 20ft. racing classes and disappeared from the Sound, and the new class with the regular 21ft. knockabout class will be the best filled of all the classes. Of the old raceabouts, Persimmon has been sold to De Ver H. Warner, of Bridgeport, and Indianola to Rear-Com. J. Nelson Gould, Huguenot Y. C.; Colleen, L. R. Alberger, Spindrift and Robin Hood will also be raced. Thus far four new boats have been ordered; one by Johnston de Forest, who raced the cat Volsung so successfully for several seasons, from a design by B. B. Crowninshield; one by H. R. Maxwell, owner of Possum, from a design by J. R. Pardon, and one by Sherman Hoyt, former owner of Paprika and Shark, from a design by C. H. Crane. All of these are keel boats, but Mr. Crane has also designed a centerboard boat for his brother, H. M. Crane.

Mr. F. B. Jones, who has done much to introduce the knockabout and raceabout on the Sound, is now working up a small class of 15ft. l.w.l., to be built by some members of the Riverside Y. C. from designs by C. D. Mower. The boats will be about 24ft. over all, 5ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 3in. draft, with a displacement of 2,300 lbs. and about 1,000lbs. in lead keel.

The Cercle de la Voile de Paris.

WE have received from Mr. Harry A. von Bergen, of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris and the New York Y. C., owner of the steam yacht Luna, the following letter:

PARIS, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you spare a little space in the columns of your universally read paper, for some account of an international challenge cup, open for yachts of over one ton, French measurement, to be raced for always in France, either at Meulan, on the Seine, or at Trouville.

The conditions governing the challenge are very simple. The challenge must be forwarded by a recognized club before the end of November, to be raced before the end of May if at Meulan, or in July or August if at Trouville; dates to be arranged between the committees of the two clubs.

Yachts to be designed and built in the country challenging, and only one challenge accepted from each country.

Sailing rules of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris to gov-



BELOUGA.

ern the race, and in case of appeal to any protest, the Union des Yachts Français decision to be considered final.

The cup, I may add, is a very handsome one, presented to the C. V. P. by several of the members last year.

The first challenge forwarded by the Island Racing Club of Cowes was raced for last May, the French boat winning. For this year, there is an accepted challenge from the Royal Temple Yacht Club, the races to take place in May, and for next year, there is every prospect, if not actually promise, of challenges from Italy, England, Belgium and perhaps Germany.

Perhaps through the medium of your valuable paper and your assistance an American challenge might be considered; it would greatly increase the interest, if possible.

Inclosed I forward you photographs of the two competing boats last year, for publication, if possible.

Vectis, the English boat, was owned by Mr. Lyman Popham; the French boat, Belouga, was owned by Mr. Marcou.

I am at your disposal to forward you any further particulars you might care for, providing I have been able to interest you, which I sincerely hope.

You may be sure that any American yachtsmen coming over would receive a warm and hearty welcome.

HARRY A. VON BERGEN.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—The race committee intends during the coming season to make a special effort to revive interest in "Corinthianism," or the handling of yachts by amateurs; and in this connection take pleasure in announcing that a "Founders' Fund" has lately been established, the income of which is to be applied for the purpose of "encouraging racing in small yachts manned by amateurs, and of encouraging the attainment of proficiency in all other matters relating to seamanship."

It is believed that, especially among the younger members of the club, there are many who will be glad to participate in the handling of racing yachts, if the opportunities therefor are properly organized. To this end the race committee will re-establish what used to be known as the Corinthian List, viz: A record or list of amateurs who may desire to act as members of crews of racing yachts during the coming season and who will be willing to commit themselves to attendance at races and for practice purposes with as much regularity as may be practicable. If you desire to have your name entered on this record, will you kindly fill out the inclosed postal card and mail the same to the secretary of the committee as soon as possible, specifying as far as may be convenient the time and the approximate dates which you will be able to devote to racing and preliminary practice. It is the intention of the committee, when the list is made up, to send a copy to the owners of racing yachts, and invite them to organize their crews from the persons appearing on this list. The club has had an enviable record for amateur racing in the past, and we hope that the junior members especially will co-operate with us in this renewed effort to revive the old spirit.

JOHNSTON DE FOREST, Sec'y Race Com.

The Greenport Basin and Construction Company has been reorganized by C. P. Brigham, S. Brigham and F. M. Hoyt, and the plant will be much improved. A new basin will be built, with a railway capable of hauling a yacht of 20ft. or more draft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Piegrass yard at City Island, on the site of the late David Carll yard, after lying idle for several years, has been purchased by a syndicate of yachtsmen whose names are not yet made known, Mr. Robert Jacob acting as the manager. It is proposed to put the plant in first-class condition for yacht work of all kinds, with new railways and a larger basin. The location is in many respects the best on Long Island Sound, and it will be greatly to the advantage of New York yachting if the yard can be permanently re-established on a paying basis.

Another change in yacht building is noted as follows by the New York Sun of Feb. 20:

The old property of the Atlantic Y. C. in the Bay Ridge district of Brooklyn was sold to the Moss Iron Works and Dry Dock Company yesterday for \$300,000. It extends from Fifty-fifth to Fifty-seventh street, has a frontage of 360ft. on First avenue, and runs back to the water front 330ft. Extending out into the water 700ft. is a bulkhead basin, where stand the old club house, now being used as headquarters of the Brooklyn Naval Reserves, and the buildings and floats of the Brooklyn C. C. The riparian rights extend 1,480ft. from the shore front. Title to the property will be taken about April 15 and immediately afterward, it is said, the company will begin building a dry dock capable of taking the largest ships that come into the harbor, as well as providing for the heaviest vessels in the navy.

The Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, held its annual meeting on Feb. 17 at the Arena, a dinner preceding the business. The following officers were elected: Com., Henry E. Jane; Vice-Com., William B. Greeley; Rear-Com., J. Nelson Gould; Sec'y, G. C. Allen; Treas., L. C. Ketchum.

The racing prizes for last year were given out as follows: Thirty-six-foot yawl class, Sultan, S. C. Somerville, Seawanhaka; knockabout Thelga, A. P. Thaper; 30ft. sloop Marguerite, John F. Dingee; 25ft. sloop Wahnetta, T. B. Aldrich; 30ft. yawl Possum, W. N. Bavier; raceabout Mongoose, Simeon Ford; Haydee, A. D. Morstadt; Windera, W. L. Ward; Elsie, W. H. Gillespie; Kittie, Hazen Morse; Nora, Lewis Iselin; Crawler, Robert Jacob; Nike, G. L. Forbes; Miriam, J. M. Price; Spunk, C. E. Silkworth; Scat, G. Paulding; Dud, George A. Cory. Mr. J. M. Wright offered a \$100 cup for an open race to be arranged by the race committee. The club is in a very prosperous condition.

The Riverside Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 2 at the Arena, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., George G. Tyson; Vice-Com., James D. Smith; Rear-Com., E. Hope Norton; Treas., Charles F. Buxton; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Meas., T. E. Ferris. Trustees, term ending February, 1903—Fred Beltz and

nual club regatta; June 16, race for Wallace trophy; June 30, July 1, Paradise Cove and return; July 4, special orders from commodore; July 14, annual cruise up Sacramento River; July 22, return from river cruise; Aug. 11-12, Angel Island and return, and clambake; Sept. 8, 9, 10, three-day cruise to Suisun; Sept. 22-23, Martinez and return; Oct. 6-7, Vallejo and return; Oct. 20, closing day; Oct. 21, final cruise in squadron.

Lauretta, steam yacht, Vice-Com. O. M. Lipton, Jamaica Bay Y. C., is being lengthened 20ft. amidships under the direction of C. D. Mower, and her gasoline engines will be replaced by steam.

Columbia II., steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on Feb. 20, from Cuba.

The Jeffries Y. C., of East Boston, held its annual meeting on Feb. 19, the following officers being elected: Com., Fred H. Seavey; Vice-Com., W. S. McLauthlin; Fleet Capt., Herbert F. Vaughn; Meas., Ambrose A. Martin; Sec'y, Alfred E. Wellington; Treas., W. S. McLauthlin; Regatta Committee, Ambrose A. Martin, Jacob Rood, Charles L. Joy; Directors, Fred H. Seavey, Elmer E. Gray, William B. Pigeon, Charles L. Joy, W. B. Starkweather, Ambrose A. Martin, Jacob Rood, Alfred E. Wellington, Walter S. McLauthlin, Herbert F. Vaughn, John Marno, Frank H. Tilton, H. H. Smith, E. A. Skinner. The club voted to remain in the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and Chas. L. Joy was elected an association delegate.

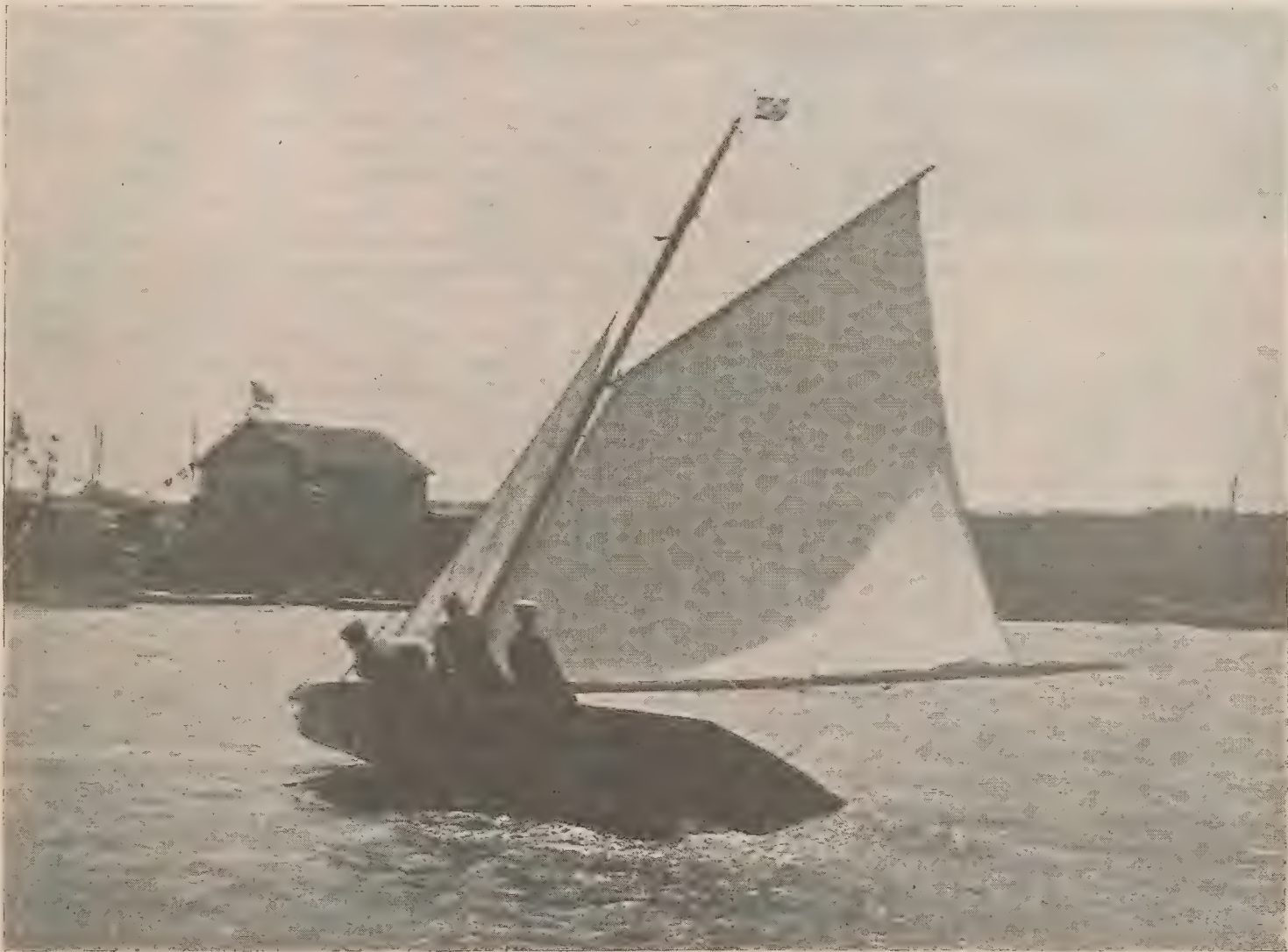
The yacht Mayflower, which rendered such valuable services during the war, is not to be converted into a cruiser. A board that examined her recently recommended that she be altered in some respects and fitted out as a cruising vessel.

The Bureau of Construction has notified Secretary Long that if it was proposed to order any alterations in the Mayflower this was a good time to have the work done, as the mechanics at the Brooklyn yard could be employed for this purpose without interfering with other work.

It was then decided not to expend any money on the Mayflower, and orders were issued to keep her as she is, with sufficient care to prevent deterioration. The Mayflower is now in ordinary at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

San Francisco, Feb. 16.—From the mainmast of the ship Shenandoah, lying at anchor in the bay, the ashes of Walter S. Blanchard, founder of the Corinthian Y. C., were scattered over the waters Tuesday at dusk. The ceremony was witnessed by two women in mourning, the widow of the dead man, and her friend and the members of the crew.

Tuesday evening two women clad in black boarded the



VECTIS.

W. A. Hamilton; Trustee for unexpired term of George Lowther, resigned, W. J. L. Davids. Regatta Committee—C. P. Tower, W. A. Huffington and F. S. Doremus. Membership Committee—Robert Rutter, J. H. McKenna and George E. Marks. Entertainment Committee—Ernst H. Brandt, S. L. Lindeman and E. H. Brinley, Jr. Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; Chaplains, Rev. George C. Houghton, D. D.; Rev. Rufus S. Putney and Rev. Charles F. Boylston. A committee was appointed to arrange for a club dinner to be held at the Arena the latter part of this month.

Erl King, steam yacht, A. J. Moxham, arrived at New York on Feb. 18 from a Southern cruise.

At a meeting of the yacht owners of the California Y. C. on Feb. 3 at the club house on the Oakland estuary, a sailing programme for the coming season was adopted as follows: April 28, opening day; April 29, cruise in squadron; May 12-13, Vallejo and return; May 30, an-

Shenandoah and told their mission to the captain, who called members of his crew, to whom he repeated the desire of the women, but each shook his head.

Edward Eddy, steward, finally agreed to comply with the request. Taking from the hands of one of the women a black box, wrapped in crepe, he ascended the mainmast of the ship. When he reached the top he opened the box and scattered the ashes to the winds.

Mr. Blanchard expressed the desire before dying that his body be incinerated and that the ashes be scattered to the four winds from the mast of some American ship.—Exchange.

Sapphire II., steam yacht, H. I. Drummond, was at Charleston, S. C., on Feb. 20, from Savannah, on her way to New York.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 405 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

March.

10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

THE discussion of the question of the most desirable type of canoe and fittings has brought out a number of different opinions on both sides of the subject, one of the racing men being heard from this week in behalf of the long slide and the bath-tub cockpit. As long ago as 1886, when the sliding seat was hardly more than an individual experiment and the bath-tub cockpit was unknown, we took up a position on this question which, after watching carefully the course of canoeing for fifteen years, we still adhere to with but little change. At that time and for several years previous the FOREST AND STREAM resolutely opposed the surrender of the best part of the canoe, the middle third of the length, to the centerboard trunk, unfitting the canoe for other use than match sailing; and from the same point of view we opposed the standing rig and the sliding seat, as mere machine features, which were detrimental to the interests of canoeing. The abandonment of the well, the building of canoes so shallow that they have neither displacement, internal room nor reasonable freeboard, but are mere shells to float a minimum weight of crew, rig, sliding seat and centerboard, and the general uselessness of the resulting machine that with its big standing rig and long seat projecting far beyond the sides cannot be left afloat for a moment or handled conveniently near a dock, has cut the list of racing canoeists down to half a dozen men. That a gain has been made in absolute speed is in dispute, but we believe that this is of no account whatever when weighed against the serious damage to a noble sport.

Our contention has always been that the essential features of the useable canoe, that is, room below for the crew to sleep, a rig that can be hoisted and lowered from the cockpit, a model of good sea-going qualities and fittings that are compact and appropriate, such as a centerboard that will house completely within the limits of keel and deck, and a rudder that can be lifted in shoal water, should be rigidly guarded under the rules. If this had been done by timely and judicious legislation in 1885-6, when the all-round canoe such as Vesper and Notus was still winning a generous share of the prizes, there would still have been a wide field for the ingenuity of inventors in the creation of centerboards to be used elsewhere than in the center of the well, of shipshape and efficient hoisting rigs, and of numerous other auxiliaries. While the resulting canoe at the present time would probably have been slower by a material amount than Mab and her kind, there would be many more of them in use and far more canoeing done, but racing and general work. We fully believe that there is sufficient ingenuity in the circle of canoeists to produce a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the problem of a fast canoe with wholesome dimensions, full sleeping room and hoisting rig.

The actual course of development during the time indicated and under the expressed policy of the Association, to legislate against no undesirable features until they had proved their quality by such general prevalence that legislation was impossible, has produced little that canoeing may be proud of. It represents no advance in designing when additional speed under certain conditions is obtained by the sacrifice of displacement, freeboard, sea-going qualities, and the construction of a shell of veneering that demands the most delicate handling. It is a mere evasion of an interesting problem to give up the entire useful part of the canoe to the centerboard, and in the same way the work of improving the rig, once one of the attractive features of canoeing, as in the early days of the Mohican C. C., has been entirely abandoned by the adoption of the standing sail.

The one point in which our opinions have changed since 1886 is in relation to the sliding seat, which at one time we opposed as an unshipshape and undesirable machine. The experience of many years seems to show that whatever may be said against the seat on these grounds, it has made of the canoe a better and more effective sailing craft than was otherwise possible, giving a man a new power over his boat and making him dryer and more comfortable than if on or below deck. At the same time it is beyond dispute that a slide of 5 to 6 ft. length, as

used to-day, makes of the canoe a most awkward and clumsy machine; and that the hull which is designed merely as an auxiliary to float such a seat and a big rig, is a pretty poor type of craft. As between the two extremes suggested by various correspondents, of abolishing the sliding seat entirely and on the other hand of leaving it as at present, the controlling feature of canoe design, we are inclined to think that a middle course is best, retaining the seat but limiting it to such a length as will make the canoe as whole more compact and manageable when not under way.

The Foggy Dew, as shown by the lines published last month, shows how much has actually been accomplished, in the direction we have indicated; had the ingenuity of canoeists been concentrated on the same problem for the past fifteen years, a still more satisfactory canoe might be expected. For one detail, the arrangement of the canvas bag seems to solve satisfactorily the question of the bucket cockpit in a cruising canoe.

One of our correspondents makes a suggestion this week of a one-design canoe of the old all-around type. If there is any general demand for such a canoe, or in fact for any one type of wider canoe, we will be glad to prepare and publish a design, for criticism and suggestion, all canoeists being at liberty to build from it after it is perfected. It would not pay to do this in the racing machine type, but if canoeists will make known any general desire for such a craft as a modernized and improved Foggy Dew, and will suggest what they consider to be the main requirements and most desirable features, we will provide a design.

THE letter which we publish this week from Mr. Linton Hope gives a very complete and interesting account of the recent development and present condition of canoeing in England. Owing to the lack of full descriptions of new canoes and the numerous changes of names and repetitions of the same name, it is very difficult for a stranger to keep fully informed of the progress of canoeing from the reports of races in the various English papers, but Mr. Hope has put the whole canoeing history of the last few seasons, during which some important changes have taken place and a marked revival has been evident, into a very compact form. It will be seen that the English "canoe" of to-day is much like what has been called at times the Class C or unlimited canoe in this country, with greater beam and some of the details of the small racing yachts. How such a canoe would succeed here as a substitute for the regular 16 by 30 boat, is an open question. Though best known as a yacht designer and a skillful handler of racing yachts, Mr. Hope was originally a canoeist, and has of late taken up the sport in earnest, sailing regularly in the R. C. C. races.

On the Revival of Canoe Sailing.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a constant reader of your charming paper, I have for several years missed very greatly the space and matter given in time past to the Canoeing Department. I therefore cannot refrain from assuring you of my great delight upon the receipt of the last few numbers, containing "lots of canoe talk," and a promise of "lots" more to come. I have for the last few years been unable to actively indulge in canoeing, but my love for it has in no way lessened, and I live in the hopes that I may again take it up at an early date. I am particularly interested in cruising and cruising canoes (sailable-paddling), and I would like to suggest one method of popularizing this type of canoe, which in my opinion would be to publish a design and working drawings, with sail plans, etc., for a canoe, say, 15 feet by 31½ inches or 16 feet by 30 inches, with plate board so placed as to give at least 5 feet 6 inches between after end of box and after bulkhead (giving sleeping room for the 6-footer), with simplest form of sail plan of moderate area, etc. Then get a number of reputable builders to state at what price they will agree to furnish the plain hull, primed, with C. B. box and two bulkheads, ready for the amateur of modest means and some mechanical ability to complete. This would enable many to become active canoeists and enthusiastic cruisers who now feel that they are debarred by reason of the excessive cost of the complete cruising canoe. Of course, any one wishing to purchase the canoe complete could readily do so; but they also would be benefited by being able to secure the "one-design," plain, simple, substantial "Forest and Stream" cruising canoe at a reasonable cost.

I sincerely hope that you will be able to act upon my suggestion, as I am firmly of the opinion that it will help to revive the interest in canoe cruising, which the over-sparred, sliding-seated, bucket-well, small-displacement racer has seriously injured.

With great faith in you and the FOREST AND STREAM, I remain, most truly,

JOHN BACON HUTCHINGS,
Capt. Louisville Boat Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the year 1890, if I remember aright, there were forty-eight canoes in one race, and several, if not most, of them had sliding seats. There was every kind of sail used.

The only difference that I can see between the canoes of that date and this is that the canoe now in use for racing has a deeper centerboard, making the canoe more stable; the so-called bathtub cockpit, which is a great element of safety in a seaway, and the longer sliding seat, which I claim has not only added safety, but comfort to the canoeist.

I remember the canoe trip I took with Mr. G. back in 1893, or thereabouts, along the south side of Long Island, the Connecticut shore and up the Connecticut River to Essex, Conn. Mr. G. had a canoe with a plate centerboard, a 4-foot sliding seat and a comparatively small cockpit. He could not sleep in his boat, but carried all the necessary articles for camping. On that trip my canoe was one with bilge boards and a cockpit about 8 feet long. I had a very short sliding seat—one of 30 inches. I remember well how I wished my sliding seat had been longer, and I am sure if I had had a 5-foot one I should have been far more comfortable than I was. With no sliding seat at all I should have been much more fatigued, and also wetter. Mr. G., with his long seat and shorter cockpit, was far more comfortable than I, and his canoe shipped less water.

In case of an upset it is much easier to right a sailing canoe with a sliding seat than one without.

No; I cannot blame the sliding seat for the falling off in racing. As for taking an expert to sail the modern canoe, I do not agree with those who allege this. I have a case in mind of a young lawyer, Mr. R. T., who had never been in a sailing canoe before. He started from the New York C. C. float in a so-called racing machine, was out four hours off Coney Island Point, and never upset once, although there was quite a sea on and a stiff southerly wind. Of course, he knew the principles of sailing pretty well.

As to the standing rig, it has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. One would hardly go on a cruise with a standing rig, but in racing the standing sail is simpler and safer, in some respects. There are no reef lines or hal-yards to tangle up one's feet and perhaps cause a drowning accident. There are no blocks to stick, jam or give way in an emergency. The sail is up in its place and cannot slip down, as the hoisting rig sometimes does, unexpectedly. The standing sail is cheaper and simpler, but, of course, could not be used for cruising.

Mr. Butler's canoe, the Wasp, if I am not mistaken, took part in the races at Jessup's Neck, 1890. The same boat to-day is, with few exceptions as successful as she was then; but she has been improved slightly by having that safety appliance, the bathtub cockpit, added, and a longer seat. Does the addition of a bathtub cockpit and long sliding seat make the said canoe a racing machine? Is this the cause of the falling off in canoe sailing? Can it be that the putting in of a safety appliance—a bathtub cockpit—and adding a foot or so to the seat, also for safety—can it be that these are the causes of the lack of interest in canoe racing at the present time?

A large number of the canoes at Jessup's Neck in 1890 had a sail area greater than 130 feet, the present limit. Were not the canoes then more dangerous and more extreme racing machines, with their big rigs, than those of the present time? Yet we had more entries then.

No; I cannot blame the sliding seat, the bathtub cockpit or any of the modern appliances for the falling off in entries. The trouble, I think, is that dimensions, weight, etc., have not been limited enough. For instance, in 1895, the sailing rules were changed to limit the sail area to 130 square feet. That was all right, as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. At that time few canoeists had time, money or inclination to build a new boat. In spite of this, the limiting of the sail area brought a larger number of entries into the races than for some years before. One canoeist, taking advantage of the new conditions, built a canoe extremely light, but strong enough to carry 130 square feet. No one can blame him for doing this. He had a perfect right to build a new boat if he so wished, and to take advantage of every rule or condition. The result was that the other canoes were so outclassed that the entries the following year fell off greatly.

A limit was put on one part of the canoe—the sail—and that caused an extremely light canoe to be built. If at the same time the weight of the sailing canoe had been limited to a certain figure, as the paddling canoes are, the result of the racing might not have been so unequal, and more interest would have been shown. There are few canoeists who have time or money to build a new canoe every year to suit new conditions, and to get new rigs and appliances, and most men, if they go into a race with their old boat and are very much outclassed, are loath to enter again, and drop out of racing. If a man thinks he has a fair show of winning a race he will enter; but if he knows that his boat is almost sure to be beaten he will not enter. That is human nature.

I remember when the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held the trial races for 15-footers at Oyster Bay in 1896. In the first race there were over thirty entries. Every man thought his boat had as a good chance to win as any other; but when he found himself outclassed he withdrew from the subsequent races. The loose rules allowed men to build some most remarkable freaks in the way of 15-footers. The racing rapidly died out on account of expense and because the rules were not strict enough or comprehensive enough. The 20-foot races suffered from the same cause, and also from their enormous cost and general uselessness.

My remedy for canoe racing would be, first, to leave the limit of sail area as it stands (130 square feet), or reduce it slightly. Second, limit the weight of the canoe, so that the hull and fittings (not including sails) shall not weigh less than a certain figure, without ballast. I would put no limit on excess weight. Let a man build his canoe as heavy as he pleases. The sail area limit (130 square feet) would prevent his building a too heavy boat. Third, limit the planking of the canoe to a certain thickness. These limits would do away with the extremely light, fragile and costly canoe. If necessary, I would also place a minimum limit on the height of bow and stern of the canoe, as well as depth amidships. This rule would allow of a more seaworthy boat and less of a diver.

The one-design idea is productive of good results in increasing the interest in racing, but is not practicable in such a large organization as the A. C. A.

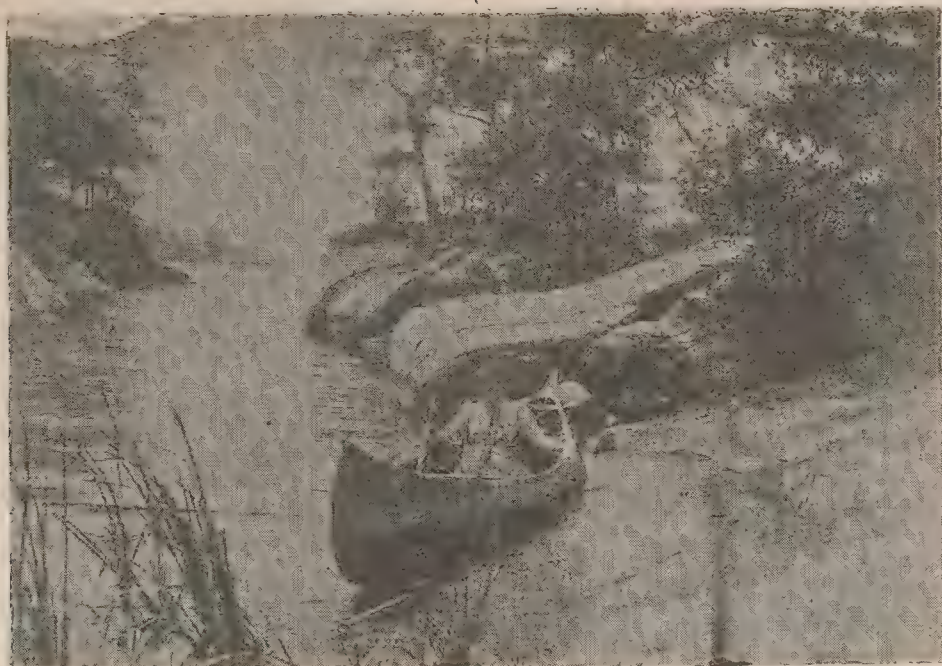
If thought practicable, do away with the standing rig. I should not, however, abolish those safety appliances, the sliding seat and self-bailing cockpit. If one wants to do without them, let him; but do not make a rule about it.

PIONEER.

The team of the Ottawa C. C. at the Boston Sportsman's Show will include Messrs. W. J. Johnstone, R. W. Nichols, E. R. McNeil, R. W. Patterson, H. B. Cowan, H. W. Crouch, A. de M. Bell, J. B. Duford, A. Ballantyne.

The Knickerbocker C. C. has elected the following officers: Com., John Maler; Vice-Com., M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.; Sec'y, L. S. Stockwell; Treas., William R. Farrell, Jr.

The annual meeting of the Yonkers C. C. was held on Feb. 1, the following officers being elected: Com., Geo. I. Eddy; Vice-Com., Robt. Edgar; Sec'y, Louis Hunter; Treas., E. M. Underhill; Capt., Arthur Reese; Custodian, Louis Simpson. The flag of the club was changed, the new one having a red dolphin on a white field. The annual dinner of the club took place on Feb. 17.



A QUIET CORNER—HAY ISLAND.
Photo by Dr. Upham.

The Revival of Canoeing in England

PROBABLY canoe sailing in England, at any rate under the Royal C. C. burgee, has never been in such a flourishing condition as it is at present. This is almost entirely due to the formation of the present R. C. C. cruising canoe class, on lines suggested by Mr. Baden-Powell, and adopted by the club in 1896.

In 1895 only four canoes were at the challenge cup meet at Greenhithe, and they were decidedly a scratch



THE TORONTO WAR CANOE ON THE WAY TO THE START.
Photo by M. D. Wilt.

lot, only one being in any way an up-to-date boat, and she usually was unable to finish, owing to too frequent capsize. The others were all sharpies, one, a really fast boat off the wind, was in such bad repair that she could hardly be kept afloat; another was an amateur's maiden effort at both designing and sailing on open water, while the third, Mr. C. C. Lynam's Viper I., by no means a racing machine, won the cup simply because none of the others could complete the course in such bad weather. She was splendidly handled, and well deserved the cup, as it was by no means canoe weather.

The following year saw the first boats built to the new class, and they were then, except in very light airs, quite unable to compete with the sliding-seat division. These boats were Solitaire, Mr. A. E. Wale, designed by the owner, and Vanessa, Mr. B. de Q. Quincy, designed by me. Both boats distinguished themselves chiefly by capsizing in anything like a sailing breeze, though Vanessa, after sundry alterations to plate and gear, turned out a very fair heavy weather boat.

The challenge cup was won by Mr. W. Willard Howard, of New York C. C., in Yankee, a straight-keeled, ketch-rigged, sliding-seat canoe. She was a perfect demon to reach, but did not like short boards to windward, taking an enormous time in stays, owing to her want of rocker.

Two new machines came out in 1897—Flotsam, Mr. Guy Ellington, designed by the owner, and winner of the cup, and Jetsam, a round-bottomed canoe, designed by me for Mr. R. F. Lawson. Flotsam was a splendid hard weather boat, with a low ketch rig, and was probably the fastest reacher (if she got wind enough) ever built in this country.

That autumn I sailed Vanessa once or twice, and fancied she might be tuned up; so I bought her and put in a heavier plate, lighter gear and a new suit of sails. This made quite a different boat of her, and I won all the hard-weather races in the spring of 1898, till I sold her. I renamed her Bubble, and she has done fairly well ever since in several different owners' hands.

Rani II., a very smart sliding-seat canoe, designed by the owner, Mr. J. Paine Clark, and his first attempt at a design, was undoubtedly the best canoe in 1898. She was a beautiful model, with a fairly hard bilge and lots of rocker. She had three rigs—Gunter lug sloop, single balance lug and ketch with leg-o'-mutton sails. She did best with the sloop rig, as long as the wind was not too strong for the owner to work so much gear and jib sheets; but in really hard winds, especially in narrow

waters, or puffy winds, she was too much of a handful under this rig and had to be sailed either as a single lug, if on the river, or a ketch, in open waters.

She won both the challenge cup and also the cup for the best average during the year up to the summer meet. She was sold just after the meet to Mr. O. F. Gason, who took her to Ireland and did equally well against the 1-raters there.

Five or six new boats were built to the cruiser class in 1898, the best of which was the new Vanessa, practically a slightly modified 1896 Vanessa, with a heavier plate than the original design, and not quite such a round bottom. Porpoise, an extreme rule-cheater, designed by me for Mr. Stanley Young (then a novice), came out too late to do any good, only arriving at the meet just before the challenge cup races. She was a very tricky boat to get speed out of, but has shown great speed at times, both in light and hard winds. Among the others were the new Nautilus, designed and owned by Mr. Baden-Powell, a powerful hard-weather boat, with a heavy lifting bulb, and Viper II., a modified sharpie, designed for Mr. C. C. Lynam by H. C. Smith. She is the only sharpie so far in the class, and though she can reach fast in hard winds has done no good as a prize winner.

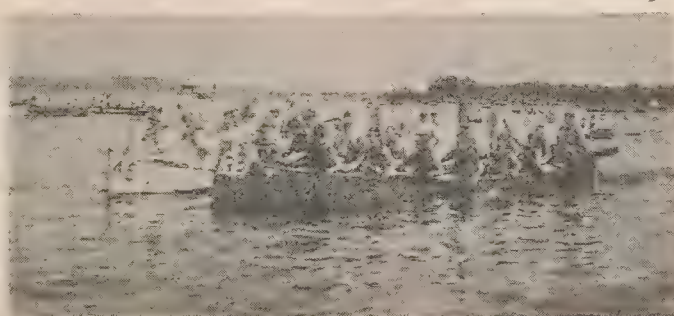
A new sliding-seat canoe was Mr. G. W. Laws' Prucas IV., also a semi-sharpie, and like Viper II., a fast reacher in a blow, but no good to windward.

The cruiser class now began to attract a good deal of attention, and canoeists became more and more sick of the acrobatic business, especially when they saw what fine little ships the new boats were for general sailing, and at the same time quite able to beat the machine, except in certain weathers.

Chiefly owing to the light construction of Porpoise and her rule-cheating, it was now decided to slightly alter the cruiser class rules and add a scantling limit, though even Porpoise, a perfect egg-shell, built solely for racing, proved herself a very able sea boat, and was used by her owner on the Welsh coast to learn sailing on the open sea. The rule was fixed for a term of years, and a lot of new men decided to build, besides some of the owners of the existing boats who sold to new men, and built up to the altered rule, which now gave another foot of over all length.

The new boats were Nautilus, designed and owned as before by Mr. Baden-Powell, a bulb boat; Vanessa, designed by me for Mr. B. de Q. Quincy, and though not very successful up river, she won the challenge cup at Bembridge very easily. Slaney, Mr. A. H. Cooper; Eft, the late Mr. W. H. May, and now in my possession, and Gadfly, Mr. Hemingway, all designed by me. The latter boat was not out till after the challenge cup races, and is almost a sister ship to Eft. A new sliding-seat boat was built for Mr. Farrar to his own design, and though only raced once or twice seemed a fast boat in a dead crawl.

Turk designed and built two bulb boats, Rambler, Mr. Cox, and Bowstring, Mr. Hastie, but neither boat has



THE WAR CANOE RACE—HAY ISLAND.
Photo by John S. Wright.

done any good so far, chiefly through want of tuning up and good sails and gear.

Snapper, formerly the 1898 Vanessa, and now owned by Mr. Ellington (probably our best canoe sailor) made far the best record of the year, starting 39 times and winning 36 prizes. She was almost invincible in light winds on the Upper Thames, and always in the first flight in a breeze, both up river and also in open water.

Rani, now Nana, still did very well in the hands of her owner, Mr. Gason, but only in whole sail breezes, as Snapper usually beat her in light winds, and Eft beat her in a blow. The old Dragon, now owned by Mr. Walter Stewart, an expert sliding-seat man, came out in the early spring races renamed Flutter, and won several times, and the old join, beam Stella, also did well once or twice; but there were very few of the new boats out against them. Practically, Snapper, Nana and Eft won the bulk of the races during the year, Eft being a certain

winner in hard winds, especially in a short sea in open water.

The present year promises to be even better than 1899, as there are not less than five boats building for the new class, and one of the best proofs of its popularity is that Mr. Gason, in spite of his success with Nana, has just built a new Nana for the cruising class, and so far there is no sign of any one building to the machine class. This is not to be wondered at, when the cruisers can be used for comfortable day sailing, paddle easily if becalmed, have plenty of room to stow provisions and kit, and will comfortably carry two, and in many cases are sailed by ladies. In addition to these points they can beat the sliding-seat boat as often as she can beat them in ordinary weather, and in a heavy thrash to windward in open water, or turning up a narrow channel, the sliding seat has a very poor show.

While at Bembridge the cruising class boats used to make trips to various places in the Solent when not racing, and often after a race several of them would go out in company (many with two aboard), and anchor outside the harbor for a bath, no one having any difficulty in getting aboard or dressing even in a bit of a jump.

Another great pull the new style of boat has over the old is that any decent boat sailor can sail one, and need not be an acrobat, while the boats can face any ordinary weather in open water in which one would care to sail a small boat.

One of the most extraordinary things about these canoes, is, that they can hold their own (often without time allowance) against the unballasted Upper Thames raters, and on the Solent can compete with the seagoing raters in moderate weather. Eft saved her time against the Bembridge 22 linear rating class by over three minutes in a class of eight or ten, among which was the Wee Winn, Herreshoff's crack 1/2-rater, still one of the fastest boats of her size on the Solent.

That they can stand heavy weather was proved by the Whitsuntide cruise, made in a gale from Teddington Reach to Greenhithe, about 45 miles, the last 20 being in very open water on the Lower Thames below London. Four canoes took part in this trip—Snapper, the light weather crack; Porpoise, Viper II., and Eft. Not a single accident occurred, and none of them even parted a rope yarn, though it blew so hard that none of the few barges under way (big craft of 80 tons) could show more than a scrap of close-brailed mainsail and staysail.

The accompanying sketch gives a general idea of one



SALUTING THE COMMODORE AFTER THE WAR CANOE RACE.
Photo by M. D. Wilt.

of the latest boats, but the rule is elastic enough to give every one a chance to try experiments in design, sail plan or fittings, while it prevents any one boat from sweeping the board; in fact, though the boats vary very much in both design and sail plan, they all get a chance to pick up some prizes during the year, and with such a large class, there is always excellent sport, often ten boats starting last season, both up river and on the Solent. There are now twenty-one boats built or building for the class. Though one is in Australia and three of the others are not on the R. C. C. station and seldom take part in the races. The following is a list of the boats, owners, and designers:

	Designer.
1. Bubble (Vanessa, 1896-97), A. James.....	Linton Hope.
2. Solitaire, A. E. Wale.....	A. E. Wale.
3. Snapper (Vanessa, 1898), G. Ellington....	Adapted from Bubble.
4. Arethusa.....	
5. Lyme? (Nautilus, 1897-98), Sir E. Lechmere..	W. Baden-Powell.
6. Porpoise, Stanley Young.....	Linton Hope.
7. Viper II., C. C. Lynam.....	H. C. Smith.
8. Rambler, Horace Cox.....	R. J. Turk.
9. Earwig, A. Streatfield.....	W. Baden-Powell.
10. Violet (Australia), J. Cumings.....	Linton Hope.
11. Eft, Linton Hope.....	Linton Hope.
12. Vanessa, B. de Q. Quincy.....	Linton Hope.
13. Slavey, C. H. Cooper.....	Linton Hope.
14. Gadfly, C. Hemingway.....	Linton Hope.
15. Bowstring, Hastie.....	R. J. Turk.
16. Nana II. (building), O. F. Gason.....	Linton Hope.
17. — (building), W. Hodges.....	Linton Hope.
18. — (building), H. Drew.....	Linton Hope.
19. Nautilus (building), W. Baden-Powell.....	W. Baden-Powell.
20. — owner not known.....	R. J. Turk.
21. Nautilus (1899), W. Baden-Powell.....	W. Baden-Powell.

There are only four boats left in the machine class—Flutter; the late Nana, now owned by Mr. Costin; Prucas, and Mr. Farrar's new boat Picquet, and there are seldom more than two of these out at once, but with such a class as the above list shows there should be an average of ten starters and often fourteen or fifteen. This, with some forty or fifty races given by the Royal C. C., should satisfy even the most inveterate growler, and no one can say the sport is dead.

By the way, I noticed a slight error has been made in the article in The Field, which was reprinted in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 13, 1900. I am said to have stated that my canoe's new-lifting bulb enabled me to save 22 per cent. area. This should have read sectional area.

LINTON HOPE.

Conditions for the Royal C. C.

Sailing Challenge Cup, 1899.

"The sailing challenge cup shall be subject to com-

petition in two or more races in each year, the course for which shall be as near 10 miles as practicable, and if the race is not finished by the winning canoe within four hours it shall be resailed. The cup shall be held for the year by the competitor who first wins two races in the same canoe. In the event of a third race being necessary, it shall be sailed between the winners only of the two previous competitions. Challenges or entries from a foreign non-member or member nominated by another club in relation to either of the challenge cups shall only be accepted if received by the secretary over sixty days before the day appointed for the cup races, and the challenger must be nominated at the time of the challenge in writing by a recognized canoe or sailing club of which the challenger must be a member."

"The committee shall in all cases have power to require security to be given to their satisfaction before any challenge cup is delivered to the winner. The races for them shall always be held in England, under the management of the club committee, and at a time and place fixed by them. Each challenge cup shall be delivered up to the secretary one clear week before the date fixed for the competition for such cup."

Cruising Canoes.

"A cruising canoe shall, for racing purposes, comply with all the following dimensions and requirements. She shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern; any metal keel, centerplate, or ballast shall be detachable from her."

"Dimensions.—Maximum.—Length over all shall not exceed 17ft. Beam not over 42in. No seat shall be extended beyond the side of the canoe. Fixed draft, including keel or drop keel when hauled up, shall not exceed 14in. Extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load line or rating length of the canoe; in respect of a mast, such length of spar will be measured from waterline to extreme top of mast."

"Minimum.—The depth inside from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 3ft. of mid-overall length and at not less than 10in. out from middle line) shall not be less than 12in. Depth outside from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 2ft. from either end of the canoe) shall not be less than 12in."

"Construction.—There shall be a sleeping compartment between two fixed complete transverse bulkheads of wood, which are to be not less than 5ft. 6in. nor more than 8ft. apart, and not more than 5ft. from mid-overall length, and of such compartment a length of 3ft. on the flooring shall be clear of centerplate case and shall extend from side to side of the canoe, to such portion of the compartment there shall be a direct hatchway above it of not less than 16in. in width, extending 3ft. in length; and any bucket well or covering of any kind fitted in or over such hatchway or any part of such hatchway, shall be detachable from the canoe. To each compartment forward or aft of the above-mentioned bulkheads there shall be a door or hatchway of not less than 80 sq. in. opening."

"Scantling.—The substance of the skin or planking shall not be less than 1/4in., and of the deck shall not be less than 3-16in. in its finished state, and the substance of the bulkheads above mentioned shall not be less than 3-8in. in its finished state."

"Rudder.—Where an under body is fitted, it shall be liftable through the body of the canoe, until it is above the lower edge of the keel at such place, and also shall be removable from the canoe."

"Rating.—The rating of the canoe
(Length L.W.L. X sail area)
6000

shall not exceed 0.3."

"Sails.—The certificate of rating shall be given in respect of one type of rig or suit of sails only, and under such certified sails or sail only shall a canoe be qualified to compete except that a smaller suit may be used. Only one certificate shall be granted to, or held at a time by any canoe."

This rule is fixed till the end of 1903, unless altered by nine-tenths majority.

Racing Canoes.

"A sailing canoe for racing purposes shall be sharp at each end, no transom or counter or flat stern shall be allowed. The rudder may be under-body if liftable through the canoe."

"Dimensions.—Length over all unlimited. Beam shall not exceed 36in. Sliding seats allowed. Rating (Length L.W.L. X sail area) not to exceed 0.3. Each sailing canoe shall be fitted with fixed bulkheads to be approved of by the sailing committee, but in no case to be more than 8ft. or less than 5ft. 6in. apart."

Rules Applying to Both Classes.

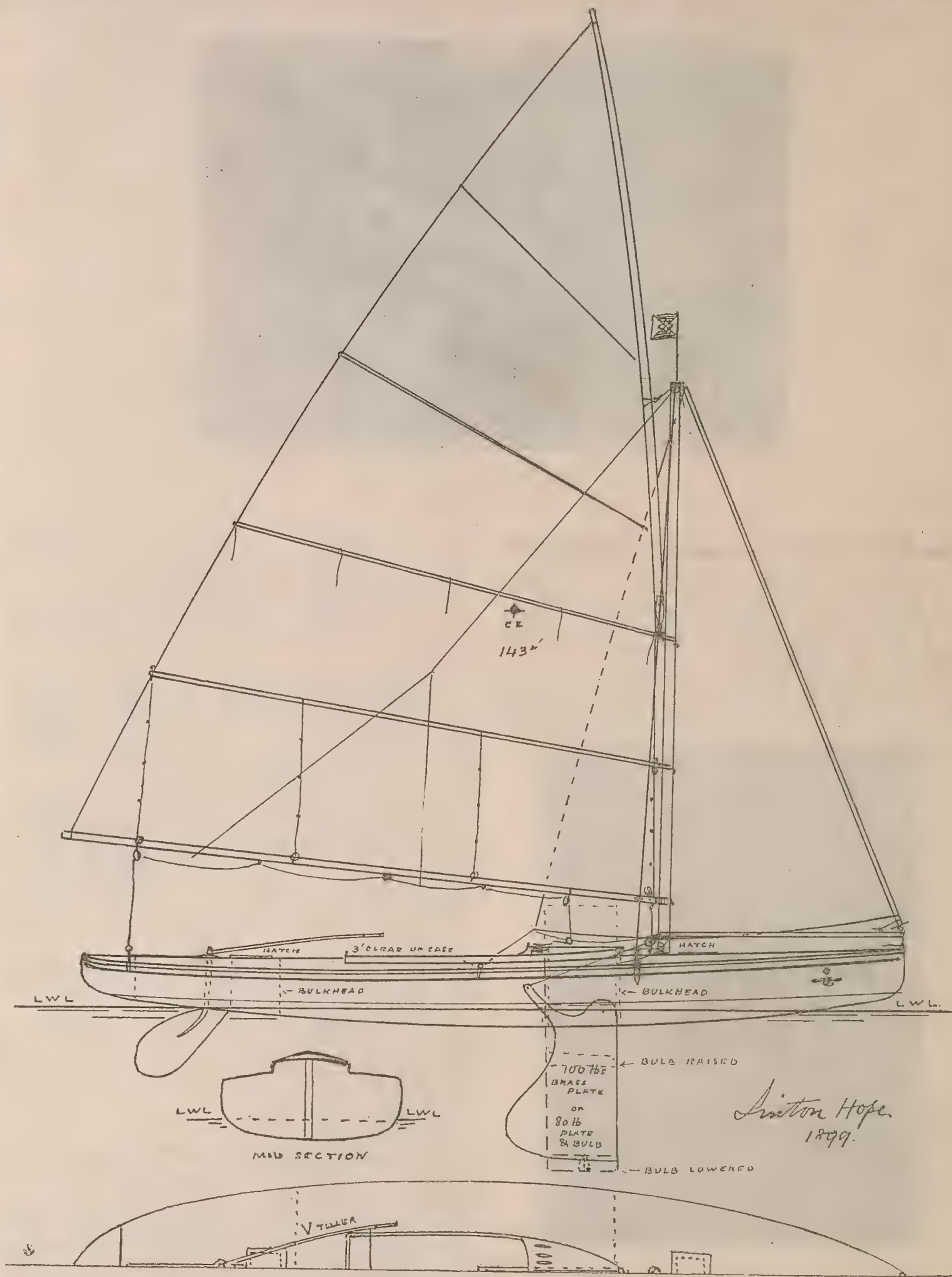
"No boat shall be allowed to start in a race until her certificate of rating has been produced to the sailing committee or officer of the day."

"The L.W.L. length shall be marked at each end, and such marks shall be above water, when the canoe is lying in smooth water in complete and usual racing trim (with owner on board)."

Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Hudson.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The several letters which you published recently in reply to E. Waldo, who seeks information regarding a canoe trip from St. Albans, Vt., to New York city, are interesting, and if agreeable I should like to add a link to the chain of information sought. Mr. Waldo can easily make the trip from Glens Falls to Waterford, via canal, which would necessitate a carry of ten miles from Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, to the former place. The locks are numerous from Glens Falls to Fort Edward, but are easily passed, and there is one level of twelve miles. At Waterford, thirty-seven miles from Fort Edward, the canal enters the junction of the North Branch of the Mohawk with the Hudson, with a fine stretch of navigable water to the State dam, at Troy, this point being the head of tide-water, 152 miles from New York.

There is a large sloop lock here for the passage of



ROYAL C. C. CRUISING CLASS CANOE, 1899.

boats, but canoes can easily be carried across the dam during low water. The scenery along the canal is interesting and is through a historic country. The Hudson is navigable for small boats to five miles north of Waterford; but I would advise any one not familiar with the this part of the river not to attempt the passage, owing to the rifts and shoals, although the scenery is charming. The writer has cruised a great deal in the waters hereabouts, using an open Adirondack boat for the purpose, and is familiar with the proposed cruise of Mr. Waldo.

EDWARD F. POWERS.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I spent two very happy weeks in paddling from New York to Albany last summer, I am very much interested in Bat's answer to E. Waldo's inquiry about camping places, etc., on the Hudson. My experience was so different from that of Brother Bat that I am led to believe that he could not have looked up his trip very carefully beforehand. There are many good camping places, with good, fresh water, on the Hudson, and they are not too far apart for an easy day's paddle.

Of course, on tide-water on a river where large steams are passing frequently, Bat would have rested better at night had he taken care to pitch his camp above high-tide mark. There are also some reasonable precautions which would have to be taken in the daytime by one venturesome enough to stick to his canoe rather than take to a canal boat.

The left bank, going up, abounds in good camping places.

The Hudson River Guide Book gives a first-class working map, and all the boat clubs on the river are more than hospitable to A. C. A. canoeists.

THEODORIC,
Knickerbocker C. C.

[Other letters on this subject appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 17.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 3, E. Waldo asks for information relative to Lake Champlain, Lake George and Hudson River country. He, in company with some friends, contemplates making a canoe trip in that locality next summer. He seems to think St. Albans, Vt., might be a desirable point to leave the railroad for the water trip on Lake Champlain. Now, it would be much better to run on a little further north to Swanton, Vt., and enter

the waters of the Missisquoi River there, the river being only a few feet from the railroad station, while at St. Albans the canoes would have to be carted three miles to reach the lake.

From Swanton down the Missisquoi River is very interesting, the lower portion being especially wild, and quite thickly wooded on its banks, and if the gentlemen are given to fishing there is a possibility of taking a fine muskallonge trolling with spoon bait on the run down the river. I would advise that the gentlemen run out of the river at the east branch (there being three of them), then across the bay to Highgate Springs, where there are excellent hotel accommodations. The water trip to this point is about eight miles from their starting point. From Highgate Springs to the village of Philipsburg, Province of Quebec, is four miles, and the scenery along the shore of the lake is lovely. In the latter village are two hotels, both comfortable places to put up.

From Philipsburg to Alburgh Springs (Vt.) railroad station, around Missisquoi Bay, is about ten miles. At the latter place are two little hotels; fair accommodations, I'm told. Skirting the west shore of the lake from here south, past Alburgh Center to the highway bridge between North Hero and Alburgh, is eight miles. John and James O'Neil, brothers, live at the west end of the bridge in Alburgh. These gentlemen are old lake sailors and can tell you all you would wish to know about the trip south to Fort Ticonderoga. The gentlemen will find some lovely bays on the west shore of North Hero. If they desire to do so they can carry across North Hero at the "carrying place" and run into North Island City, so called. Here also they will find hotel accommodations; or they can run into the "Back Bay," on the west side of the island, and reach North Island City (the county seat of Grand Isle county) by a half mile walk across the island.

From the "carrying place" on North Hero around Hen, Nights, Damey and Butler's islands to St. Albans Bay and Point is four miles. This latter would be a side trip. As I said before, James or John O'Neil will gladly furnish Mr. Waldo and his friends all the information desired about their trip south from their place, and I will leave them with these congenial gentlemen.

CHAS. R. WHEELER.

F. C. Bloomfield, who paddled at A. C. A. meets in '89-'90, has returned from the West and is now located in Hamilton, Ont. He will attend camp and bring his two brothers, who are stalwart paddlers.

Why Not?

GOOD old Bob. It is like the rhythm of gurgling waters to list to your omnipresent "kicks." It seems like old times, when we used to listen to your golden oratory around the camp-fire. And yet—you are right, too. My voice can raise its accents to second your views heartily.

My old Imp was such a boat as is now being sat upon. Musing before the fire the other night, I looked over her half model on the wall and soliloquized somewhat like this: "I do not wonder that you are the cause of 'kicks,' You were strong; that was your only redeeming trait. You would not stand alone with sail set unless your skipper was on board. Your bucket cockpit was no use unless your captain was a tailor, which he wasn't. Your standing sails required cat-on-the-fence acrobatics to take them off. Your long, sliding seat always caught under the edge of the float, or, by parting company with its bottom part, caused a neat circular orifice to be made in the face of the bay. You were a regular bottle, and after a race your skipper required at least two more (many will vouch for that). No wonder I tired of you. Others have tired of the same type, and that is where Bob Wilkin is right. So many have tired of your kind that they gave up racing rather than keep up the farce of competing against others like you."

But enough of fireside musing. If the sliding seat is necessary to obtain stability, why not obtain that quality by the use of the element of design that brings it—beam. Any one who has ever used a canoe with a bit more beam than the law allows can vouch for its comfort, safety, utility and speed. The canoe yawls in the Puritan C. C. fleet are ideal boats for either cruising or racing. They are 16 feet and 16½ feet in length, by 36 inches beam, and are not a bit more difficult to transport than the 16-foot by 30-inch canoe. What a tidy craft one of these would make, fitted with bilge boards.

The element of speed is comparative, and if all work under the same restrictions the racing is as keen a pleasure as if such regulations were not imposed. There will be plenty of racing if the proper boat be used. There is more racing to-day among the knockabout yachts than there has ever been in racing machines, and who shall say that an able knockabout will not chain a man more securely to the sport than sailing a modern racing bathtub.

My plea is for beam. "Why not?" Maybe it is because the gray is shooting its silver through my erstwhile raven tresses; but a stable boat makes a solid sport. My Imp is a stable boat now—in fact, she has not been out of it these three years, and the hayseed only needs a bit of water to make her some use as a hay field. The experience of the A. C. A. has proved the converse of the above—that an unstable boat makes an unstable sport, and the lessening number of competitors each year clinches the statement.

No sailing canoe in Maine to-day, and there are probably more canoes used here than in any other State, few are built with less than 33 inches beam, and one may safely state that 75 per cent. of the guiding canoes are 18 or 19 feet by 34 to 36 inches beam. They weigh anywhere from 75 to 100 pounds, and are transported by train, by wagon, by water and by man without a murmur. Can we of the A. C. A. not handle such as these, even though of different style? My old Ilex, of ten years back, weighed 125 pounds, yet Mac and I had a pretty fast paddle at Stave Island in '89, and we were but two of thirty or more starters. She was a beamy canoe, too, and has comfortably cruised from New York to Mount Desert. A fellow could put on his coat in her without receiving the plaudits of an admiring and expectant populace. There is spice in racing a machine, too: spice is all right, but it dries up the blood. There is a lot of good congealed beef extract in the A. C. A. A little liquid is needed to make it run. Well, let's take some. Why not?

ILEX, 1484.

BANGOR, ME.

P. S.—No! Jimmy isn't dead yet, only a long way from the old stamping ground.

Our Plenipotentiary's Report.

SINCE Mr. Jesse Armstrong, of Rome, was appointed traveling plenipotentiary for the A. C. A., he has covered considerable ground, as is shown by a recent report, a copy of which we have secured. We do not know what the L. B. T. C. Society is, but we can assure our members that it must be all right or Messrs. Forbush, Hubble and Armstrong would not be executive officers of same.

My Dear Commodore: While in Albany last week I saw a number of the old Mohicans—General Oliver, Billy Wack and Dr. Nellis, and did what I could to boom the Muskoka meet. Dr. Nellis wanted to know if there was a hotel near camp, as, if there was, he would bring up a party of Albanians with him to camp next summer. I said I would write you about it. Will you drop him a line and let him know?

I was in Rochester yesterday and to-day and met a lot of canoe boys there. Had to decline a very pressing invitation to go ice boating with them this afternoon. Charlie Wolters said "he was planning to spend the whole two weeks in camp at the meet this year."

Was in Buffalo about two weeks ago and met a large bunch of the Buffalo canoe boys. Struck their annual election of officers, the same as I did in Toronto. Was relieved, however, that they did not call on me to dis-course on the subject of canoeing.

Charlie Forbush, Hubble Bubble and I held a short session of the L. B. T. C. Society after the meeting.

I expect to be in Pittsburg by the middle of the coming week, and will see Dr. Blair. Hope you have written him in regard to this year's meet.

Met Palmer, of the New York C. C., just before Christmas. He had just returned that day from the Caribbean Sea and was in New York to get a coasting schooner for trading in Central America ports, and was to sail her down himself. He said he never had a better time in his life than he did last summer at the A. C. A. camp at Hay Island. It was his first meet. He regretted that this year he will probably be somewhere in Southern waters during the meet.

Huntington, Stryker and Wardwell are all well. I think I have about exhausted my stock of news. Re-

member me kindly to the Toronto boys. Sincerely yours, JESSE ARMSTRONG.

ROME, Feb. 2.

Atlantic Division.

THE Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association will hold a reunion and dinner at the Arena, in New York city, on Saturday, March 10. The Arena is situated at Nos. 39 and 41 West Thirty-first street, half a block east of Broadway. The room set apart for the purpose of the dinner is known as "College Hall." Dinner will take place at 6:30, and is to be a very informal affair. We wish to make this a reunion in fact, as well as in name, and trust that the majority, at least, of our Division will make it convenient to be with us. Kindly signify your intention as early as possible to Rear-Com. Louis H. May, No. 85 Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, N. Y., inclosing check for \$1.50, price of dinner.

The Sportsman's Show will be held at Madison Square Garden early in March, and the Saturday of our dinner is the mid-Saturday of the show. For the first time the Sportsman's Association will give well-deserved prominence to the sport of canoeing, and all that contributes to the comfort and pleasure of the canocist, both in water and in camp. The particular interest which attaches itself to this portion of the show comes from the fact that it is not a trade exhibit of one or more dealers who are endeavoring to sell goods, but is an actual bona fide loan collection of boats, tents, rigs, cooking and heating utensils, firearms, etc., that have been tried during the past years by their owners, and have been found to be about as close to perfection, for their specific needs, as it is possible to procure at the present time. There will be four different models of canoes. Each of these canoes is accompanied by the tent of its owner. We particularly mention the Sportsman's Show and canoe exhibit, as it may prove an additional attraction and inducement for those of our members who reside at some distance to visit New York and attend the dinner.

We sincerely trust that we may have the pleasure of meeting you at our dinner. Yours very truly,

H. C. ALLEN, Vice-Com.

A. C. A. Membership

Atlantic Division—

Henry B. Fort, Burlington, N. J.
Emmons Bryant, Newark, N. J.
M. Ohlmeyer, New York.
*Fred Freeman, Trenton, N. J.
*W. P. Kent, Trenton, N. J.

Eastern Division—

George W. Freeman.
Hervey E. Lamb.
George W. Cauldwell.
*Harry A. Ames.
*Samuel H. Capen.
*Edwin Esterbrook.
*F. N. West.
*Frederick H. French.
*Edward S. Baker.
*Reginald E. Daniels.
*Robert K. Rodgers.
*Fred W. Notman.
*Edgar Ward.
*John Ward.
*Henry M. S. Aiken.
*Roderick M. Starkweather.

Northern Division—

*J. B. Meisel.
Adam Ballantyne.

Western Division—

*Joseph A. Topping.
*Published since Feb. 3.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Toronto C. C. is taking an active interest in the A. C. A. meet. Forty-three names are on the list of members who are going to camp next August.

Com. Wathlington is expected back from Bermuda on Feb. 20.

The crew are training in the Y. M. C. A. tank for the Boston mid-winter meet, and are getting into good condition.

H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers Club, is booming A. C. A. matters. He has sent in seven subscribers to the special canoe numbers of FOREST AND STREAM and also two new members to A. C. A.

Mr. John S. Wright, of Rochester, vice-commodore of the Central Division, celebrated his thirtieth birthday on Feb. 13. He is a hard worker for one so young.

E. Bryant, of the Knickerbocker Club, is going to cruise the Muskoka lakes from July 1 to Sept. 1.

Members will miss Lucien Walsin, of Cincinnati, from this year's camp. He will be in Paris for four or five months, looking after the interests of his business at the Exposition.

Vice-Com. Jupp, of the Western Division, is working up an active interest in canoeing in the West. He expects to increase his membership by 50 per cent. before July.

The Chicago C. C. proposes to have a large room in its new club house for members' canoes.

The annual meet of the Eastern Division will be held on Lake Quinsigamund, Worcester, Mass., on June 16-19.

We recently found on our desk a visiting card inscribed as follows:

"Sorry to miss you. I just stopped in for a chat. Am

leaving for South America to-morrow 'for keeps,' but I won't forget the A. C. A. Faithfully yours,

"J. K. HAND, A. C. A. 464."

PANAMA R. R.

We sincerely hope that No. 464 may find his new venture a successful one; we know that the A. C. A. will not soon forget Jimmy.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.

March 5.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Match between Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and E. Blaisdell, 100 birds, \$100 a side.

March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

March 8.—West Chester, Pa.—Seventh annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

March 19.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.

March 17.—Yardville, N. J.—Contest for the cast iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.

March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.

March 24.—New York.—Contest for Dupont trophy between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

March 31.—Vicinity of New York.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, holder and J. A. Elliott, challenger.

April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular Spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, N. Y.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus. O. Henderson, Treas.

April 24-26.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 14, St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's Trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month, at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A very interesting 50-live-bird match was that between the veteran warhorse, Capt. A. H. Bogardus, and Mr. W. T. Irwin, at Hot Springs, Ark., on Feb. 22, it being after the manner which the Captain favors, and which all shooters find extreme difficulty in executing—that is, gun below the elbow till the bird is on the wing; one barrel only; bird must not fall within 10 yds. of the trap. The scores were 45 to 40 in favor of Capt. Bogardus.

Last Saturday the postponed event of the Grand American Handicap free entry of last month, and this month's contest for the same, resulted in Mr. W. Hopkins, of Jamaica, scoring the limit of 10 points twice, thereby tying Mr. N. J. Lane, their scores being 69 points. This now will make an interesting race, though it is possible for others to come forward and make the pace.

The competition for the final possession of the February cup of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 24, resulted in a victory for Mr. Charles A. Sykes, chairman of the shooting committee, his scores being: 18, 21 and 20—59 in all. Mr. Donald G. Geddes was second to him with a score of 59, and Mr. Grant Notman was third with 56.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Roselle Casino Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—I append herewith scores of the live-bird shoot held at Oakwood Inn, N. J., to-day by the Roselle Casino. The birds were furnished by the proprietor, Mr. Nolke, and were first class, as they always are:

W J Simpson.....	02202022122211101222212202002210022	—26
G D W Smith.....	02122022212121212102212202112021	—30
G R Pope.....	02122022112120100121201221102122202	—27
A F Compson.....	1012011100	—6
J D Berdan.....	1012011221112112221010221211211	—31

J. D. R.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 22.—The Holiday shoot of the Forester Gun Club resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Whit Head.....	7	7	4	7	8	9	..	8	12
Stanton.....	3	6	5	8
Weller.....	2	1	5	1	4	4	1
Fredricks.....	5	9	6	8	8	7	10	9	9	10	15
Jesse.....	4	7	5	6	9	7
J H Cummings.....	..	8	8	8	8
Wm Smith.....	..	8	8	9	6	7	7	12
Herrington.....	9	8
Chas Smith.....
Winans.....	7	3
Events:	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	
Stanton.....	..	7	4	8	6	8	7	7	
Weller.....	..	6	6	7	4	7	
Jesse.....	..	7	5	7	14	
J H Cummings.....	6	7	5	7	11	
Herrington.....	7	10	8	6	10	12	9	11	9	11	
Chas Smith.....	7	8	4	6	8	
Winans.....	4	

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 22.—The target scores made to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	25	15	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Feigenspan.....	17	7
Taylorson.....	16
Jacques.....	23	19	8	7	6	6
Jasper.....	16	5
Widmann.....	18	29	9	6
Harding.....	16	..	7	6
Thomas.....	13	18	9	..	9	..	9	8	8
Ellis.....	7	..	3
Stillwell.....	9	..	4	3
Hall.....	13	7	8	6	5	7	..	7	6
Farlee.....	13	8	7	8	7	..	7
Smith.....	8	8	8	7	3	..	6	8	7
Applegate.....	7	6	7	6	6	..	5
Taylor.....	6	7	..	7	6	..	5
Mickel.....	7	5	..	7	7
Lutes.....	9	..	7	..	8
Francis.....	1	5
Warner.....	8	5	8

Live birds, match at 10 birds, Bower 4yds., Widmann 28yds.: Bower, 4.....2012122102—8 Widmann, 28.....2111100220—7

Sweeps:	No. 1	No. 2
Feigenspan.....	1122212222—10	222222222—10
Kuser.....	1111121221—10	1122011122—9
Thomas.....	1111121221—10	..
Widmann.....	122*121*21—8	110111212—9
Francis.....	110211122—9	..
Poge.....	111112111—10	212111111—10
Zwirlein.....	..	2022111102—8
Lutes.....	..	1210211122—9
Ellis.....	..	2220121002—7
Jasper.....	..	002021002—4
Jacques.....	..	2100111112—8
Mickel.....	..	1111112121—10
Dickson.....	..	2120112011—8

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 21.—The shoot to-day had as a chief feature the scores of Messrs. Remsen and Feigenspan, who contest on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club on Feb. 28. A close race is expected:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Feigenspan.....	9	8	6	18	19	21	16
Smith.....	9	6	6	6	7	5	8
Dawson.....	5	6	5	6	4	5	18	6
Carter.....	6	8	7	7	9	6	5	7	8
Terrill.....	..	5	9	7	5
Wilson.....	7
Remsen.....	6	15	20	21	12
Gardner.....	5

*15 singles and 5 pairs. No. 14 was 10 pairs.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 22.—No. 2, at 7 birds, was the club handicap. There was a light wind. The morning was darkly cloudy, but the afternoon was favorable for good scores. The birds were good, as will be noted by the number dead out of bounds:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
H C Koegel, 29.....	222*202222—8	1122122—7
H Raiboldt, 27.....	210022*22—6	222222*—6
Dr Hudson, 27.....	0220122*21—7	111112—7
J Fischer, 27.....	111*210102—7	..
F Harrison, 29.....	0211111101—8	111101—6
Dr Davis, 25.....	122212121—10	..
R Schrafft, 25.....	1211*2111—9	..
*R Heinisch, 28.....	002*1111—5	1220121—6
F W Moffett, 29.....	222222222—9	2222222—7
T H Leuthauser, 27.....	00122*11*1—6	..
*P H Johnson, 28.....	1*0210*112—6	1201*11—3
Dr Mulvaney, 27.....	12*1211*12—8	2221102—6
W Hassinger, 29.....	211112*212—9	2012122—6
W J Ferguson, Jr, 27.....	2222222*0—7	1112122—7
*W N Smith, 27.....	12*1102122—8	2210122—6
F S Sinnock, 29.....	122222*220—8	2221222—7
F Perment, 29.....	2*22*21110—7	..
B Clinchard, 27.....	2*20110222—7	..

*Guests.

Hudson Gun Club.

East Harrison, N. J., Feb. 22.—The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	25
G Piercy.....	10	15	14	13	13	24	14	12	11	14	14	19	12	7	22
L Piercy.....	9	11	11	9	9
Banta.....	8	9	8	11	11	8	18	12	12	11	12	10	14
Schields.....	7	7	13	11	12	10	20	14	10	N	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Van Dyne.....	5	8	13	..	12	..	14	13	11	15	13	9
Altz.....	8	12	..	11	..	11	..	10	10
G Hughes.....	3	7	5	4	..	7	11	10	..	6	7
Fee.....	7	8	..	10	..	8
Hunsmann.....	7	14	..	11	11	10	10	..	7	10	8	12	12
Dudley.....	13	12	10	15	24	15	14	14	14	14	14	19	14	9	25
Schoverling.....	13	12	10	12	19	11	12	12	13	11	9	13	7	22
Banks.....	12	..	15	14	22	15	14	15	14	15	12	16
Beveridge.....	12	..	13	13	22	14	12	12	13	8	12	13
Scheubal.....	..	9	14	21	13	9	12	10	10	12	13	14	8	24
O'Raw.....	..	6	..	5	..	8	7	3
Bock.....	9	4	11	..	6	8	14	11	7	22
Jensen.....	6	8	10	9	8	10	9	3	20
O'Brien.....	8	7
D Long.....	6	15
Nagle.....

In Nos. 12, 13 and 14, team, 50 targets: Banks 43, Beveridge 33; total 76. Piercy 47, Dudley 47; total 94.

In Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, 100 birds: Banks 94, Dudley 96.

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J., Feb. 22.—Shoot of the Rahway Gun Club at live birds:

Team race at 25yds. First team:

J N Brown.....	2002102202—6	G Chadek.....	0122000010—4
J Housmann.....	211222202—9	Brackhausen.....	1210012011—7
M Hermas.....	211*101000—5	M H Acken.....	0001020112—5—44
J Umstoh.....	2211022021—8

Second team:

G Wilson.....	0200001121—6	F Abbott.....	2110012122—8
H Blare.....	1212220102—8	N Slater.....	1212020222—8
F Hone.....	0221020222—8	G Vett.....	0200102000—3—49
F Acken.....	0211220222—8

Match, 10 pigeons, 28yds. rise, Long Island rules:

F Howe.....	11011111—9	F Abbott.....	1011000010—4
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WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Burns Crossing, Ill., Feb. 21.—The main event, at 20 live birds, was won by Mr. H. Odell, by a score of 14. In the 10-bird sweep, Von Lengerke and Amberg divided second, first going to Wells. The scores:

H Odell, 29, 1.....	11110111122101—13—1—14
O Von Lengerke, 30, 0.....	2202222*222220—12—0—12
Wells, 29, 1.....	210202*01002221—9—1—10
Jim Crow, 30, 1.....	122221*00021121—11—1—12
J H Amberg, 29, 1.....	112210211020112—12—1—13

Ten-Bird sweep, \$5 entrance, two moneys:

Von Lengerke.....	220202222—8	O'Brien.....	***11111*2—6
Amberg.....	122202*122—8	Wells.....	1022111122—9
Odell.....	211*111*20—7

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, the occasion of the tenth shoot of the trophy series. Owing to the extreme cold (below zero) and a howling blizzard of wind and sharp-cutting snow, we had an unusually small attendance, only seven members braving the storm and participating in the event. Of these, only one was able to put up a straight score. The birds were a good, strong lot; a little slow about taking wing, but hot ones when started. The winning of high score to-day again puts Dr. Meek well in the lead of his competitors in the trophy race.

No. 1	No. 2
J H Workman, 29.....	100010*000—2
Dr Shaw, 31.....	202222*222—8
Dr Meek, 31.....	1212111222—10
S Palmer, 31.....	02221222*1—8
L Thomas, 28.....	1221101122—

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	20	10	15	H	10	20	H
A Woods, 6.....	5	21	8	12	4	6	18	8
P May, 4.....	7	17	3	16	4	7	19	5
Wm Hunt.....	7	16	6
E Montour, Jr, 5.....	4	14	5	16	5	..	18	2
S Giles, 4.....	4	15	8	19	4
W Woods, 4.....	..	17	7	16	4	5	20	3
Edwards.....	..	17	8	13	..	6	20	..
J Blake, 4.....	..	16	6	13	4	9	19	3
J Woods, 8.....	..	18	6	12	5	5	18	8
C Arthur.....	9	7	18	5
C Ferguson.....	8	8

Ties on No. 4: May 4, Montour 5, W. Woods 2.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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NEW YORK GAME SHOOTING STOPPED.

IN our reference last week to the New York game law, which is ostensibly a codification of the old law by Senator Brown, we said that the provisions of the former statute had not been altered. In this we were in error. A more careful examination discloses the fact that, in addition to several changes of minor importance, the new law contains the most radical and revolutionary provision that has ever been put into the game law of this State. It is nothing less than an absolute prohibition of the killing of game birds, except under authority of a certificate, and then only for scientific purposes. Section 33 of the new law reads:

"Section 33. Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird and kingfisher, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act." A subsequent section prescribes that the certificate may be issued by a natural history society, to any person upward of eighteen years of age, permitting the holder to collect birds for scientific purposes. The fee is one dollar and the bond required is \$200.

The term "wild birds" of course includes all game birds as well as other species. In the old law the same term was used, but there was a specific exception as to game birds. The law as it stands exempts nothing except those named in the text. It means, if it means anything, the prohibition of all game bird shooting except for scientific purposes. It is true that the law provides close seasons for game birds; but these close seasons now mean that within the dates prescribed for them the game may not be taken even for the sake of science.

The Legislature having adopted Senator Brown's codification, has already set about the necessary task of tinkering it up. If the sportsmen of New York are to have any game bird shooting next autumn, they should bestir themselves to have some of the tinkering done with this Section 33.

THE GULLS.

THE war upon the gulls goes steadily on despite the discussion of the subject in the papers, the activity of bird protective associations and the adoption of laws to suppress it. The industry of gull slaughter for feathers is prosecuted all along the Atlantic coast and on the Gulf of Mexico. The feather-hunters have practically exterminated the herring gulls in the eastern part of Long Island Sound. Correspondents writing from Florida report a like condition of things in the waters of the west coast.

In New York, as has been reported in these columns, the Audubon Society has been engaged in an endeavor to amend the wild bird protective law so that the prohibition of possession would apply to parts of the birds. The purpose was to make practicable the suppression of the factories on Long Island, and the birds in which these factories deal most extensively are the gulls. But now an amendment has been incorporated into Mr. Hallock's bill in the Assembly, which expressly exempts gulls and terns from the operation of the law. Such an exemption, if it should be adopted, would defeat all the good purposes of the Audubon Society, and the existence of such a law on the statute books of New York would be a scandal and a disgrace. The bill Assembly 142 should be killed.

There is no special call for moderation of terms in designating the promoters of the plume bird industry in this country. They are public thieves. He will find it a hard task who shall seek to show that this designation is not accurate and does not fit them precisely. They are impudent thieves, how impudent is well illustrated by a

card which has recently been sent out by a New York bird skin dealer to the postmasters along the Gulf of Mexico, soliciting them to ship to New York the skins of gulls, terns, grebes and other birds whose feathers are used for millinery purposes, and for these a scale of prices is given, ranging from eight to fifty cents. The States lying on the Gulf have laws protecting these birds and forbidding their taking. As part of the wild game the birds belong to the State and are its public property. To take the game contrary to the statute is equivalent to thievery. To seek to enlist as agents in this thievery officials of the United States and to make them participants in the illicit traffic is an exhibition of gross impudence and insolence.

There is reason to believe that the postmasters concerned will not lend themselves to any such enterprise. The scheme of the New York feather dealers having come to the attention of Mr. Wilmer Stone, of Philadelphia, chairman of the committee on bird protection of the American Ornithologists' Union, that gentleman has laid it before Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who in turn has transmitted to Postmaster-General Smith a letter pointing out that "an attempt is apparently being made to enlist the services of postmasters in a trade which is in direct violation of law in several of the Southern States." And he adds:

Wholesale dealers in New York are accustomed to employ men during the winter and spring to slaughter plume birds in the Gulf States, and apparently are utilizing the Post Office Department in conducting a trade which is carried on largely in defiance of State laws. So great has become the demand for birds to supply the millinery trade that several native species have been threatened with extinction. In view of the importance of birds to the agricultural interests of the country, it is both desirable and necessary to adopt every possible means to protect useful species, particularly in the South, where so many of our Northern birds pass the winter. I have the honor to request that this matter be investigated, and that postmasters be warned against aiding or engaging in the slaughter of birds.

The response to this by the Postmaster-General is the publication of the correspondence in the Postal Guide supplement and an order to the 75,000 postmasters of the country that "they are expressly enjoined against being parties to any transaction that violates State law."

GAME AND DIAMONDS.

THERE have been many romantic, notable and eventful finds by sportsmen, but of all the long catalogue none surely more momentous than that of the Irishman, O'Reiley, who, while hunting big game in South Africa, observed in a native hut a white pebble, and because it pleased his fancy made it a pocket piece. Returned to England he showed the pretty stone to his friends, and on a sudden found that he had in it a diamond, which he sold for \$2,500. From this chance find by a sportsman came the discovery and development of the Kimberley diamond fields, the contribution to the world's wealth of hundreds of millions of dollars, far reaching political transformations, and the terrible war now waging.

Mr. Frank J. Thompson writes with a winning unaffectedness of his experiences as a diamond hunter in the early days of the Kimberley fields; and he has sent us some photographs which are among his most prized mementos of a life of adventure. We count it a happy circumstance that we are thus enabled to present such an intimate account of the beginning of the Kimberley diamond mining. Mr. Thompson, it will be remembered, had gone to South Africa in quest of live wild animals for European and American menageries; and he has thus had a share in the hunting stage and the mining stage of South African development. These are days of tremendous strides in history making; and here is a man who has seen the game fields of a continent swept of those hosts of wild creatures which, it was imagined, were limitless and inexhaustible. To-day one might with more reasonable hope seek for a diamond as large as the one we picture than for one single specimen of the game species then so plenty, and game then so heedlessly and needlessly slaughtered. The extermination of big game in South Africa has been astonishingly rapid as to time and extensive as to territory. For its parallel we must turn to our own country. Men are living to-day—and not old men—who have heard their elders tell of wolves on the mountain ranges of the Eastern States; and there are men—not old men—who have chased the buffalo on the plains of the West, in company with the wild Indian hunters—the Indian who had never heard of a reservation.

Nowhere in all the world has a transformation been wrought more swift in its progress nor more complete and irrevocable than here in our own land. Those who took part in that old life and now have part in the new, whether in South Africa or in North America, have spanned in their lives two distinct epochs as wide apart as savagery and civilization. The experience is one which in the very nature of things cannot be repeated. It belonged to an age, and the age has passed.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

THE movement to substitute a single-headed forest, game and fish commission having failed, Governor Roosevelt has named five new commissioners to take the place of those now in office, and whose terms will expire by limitation in April. The appointees are Maj. W. Austin Wadsworth, of Geneseo, named to be president; Percy Landsdowne, of Buffalo; Delos H. Mackey, of Delaware; B. Frank Woods, of Queens; De Witt C. Middleton, of Watertown. Mr. Landsdowne is known for his interest in song bird protection; he is said to be a member of the Erie Republican machine. Mr. Mackey is a Republican politician who was defeated for the nomination which Senator Thornton got two years ago. Mr. Woods is a lawyer and a Republican politician who has been an unsuccessful candidate for a judicial office. His appointment is said to have been urged by Col. Young, the Governor's private secretary, whose first choice, by the way, was for Senator Higby, the representative in the Legislature of the cold storage interests. Mr. Middleton is a Republican politician of Watertown, and is said to be president of a Black River water power company. Mr. Wadsworth is the only member who appears not to have been selected with regard to politics. He is sufficiently well known, and his friends claim for him that the Governor could not have found a better man for the office. He has been interested in game and game protection for many years, is a hunter of large game and small, a master of fox hounds, the founder of a game protective club in Livingston county, President of the Boone and Crockett Club, and has shown by his whole life in recent years his interest in game protection and kindred subjects. More than that, he is a man of great decision of character, and if Governor Roosevelt's nominations are confirmed, it is safe to predict that if the game laws are not enforced under Mr. Wadsworth's presidency, Mr. Wadsworth will take pains to know the reason why. Certain newspaper attacks have been made on Mr. Wadsworth for violating the game laws. We are not informed as to the facts in regard to this matter, further than the explanation given by a correspondent in another column, which explanation does not seem to explain. Of one thing, however, we feel certain, and this is that Mr. Wadsworth would not wittingly have broken a game law.

It is reported that the plan of changing the constitution of the commission to such a one as was contemplated in the bill prepared by the Board of Trade and Transportation has simply been deferred.

CONGRESS AND THE GAME.

THE House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has reported favorably Congressman Lacey's bill, which enlarges the powers of the Department of Agriculture to introduce game birds; and under the authority of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, forbids the transportation of game shipped in violation of a State law. The report, printed in another column, concludes with the recommendation of an important amendment which engrafts the principles of the Wilson Act, and provides that when any game may be brought into a State, whether in the original package or otherwise, it shall immediately become subject to the operation of the laws of the State. In the lower courts of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, in certain prosecutions for having game in possession in close time, the defense has been set up that the game having been received from out of the State and being still in the original package, was not subject to the operation of the local law. The enactment of the Lacey bill as thus amended would effectually block this plea and go far to clarify the game problem.

Every citizen who is concerned to have the game protected should give unstinting support to the Lacey bill (H. R. 6634), and every sportsman should communicate to his representative in the House of Representatives and in the Senate endorsement of this important measure.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Diamond Digging at Kimberley.

(Concluded from last week.)

SEVERAL months after the opening of the new rush Cobb & Co., the American coach owners, started to open a line from Port Elizabeth to the diggings. They came up at first with a couple of coaches, in order to locate places for stables on the road and open an office at the mines. They stopped with the Yankee colony on their first visit. I became acquainted with all the drivers when the line came into operation, and on the afternoons they were due I was generally in front of the office to get the late Cape Colony papers, which they brought in their pockets and tossed to me immediately on their arrival. One afternoon, after getting hold of the papers, my attention was attracted by a party of young colonials, who were evidently having some fun with one of the recently alighted passengers. One of them happening to pass near me, I asked him the cause of the fun. He answered: "Oh, dad! Just step over and have a look at the craziest Frenchman you ever saw. He can't speak a word of English, and the boys are having lots of sport

if he was a Canadian, and he acknowledged that he was a native of Quebec. I took him to the Parisian, and he was immediately hired at decent wages. Several weeks subsequent I was told that a crazy Frenchman had opened an office and was buying nothing but "splints," which the boys were unloading on him at a rapid rate. Splints was the local name for pieces of diamonds, for which heretofore there had been no sale, as there were no expert diamond buyers. On knocking off work that afternoon I strolled past the lunatic's office, who, happening to catch sight of me, rushed out, laid violent hands on and dragged me into the rear portion of the tent, where he showed me over 10 pounds avoirdupois weight of pieces of diamonds, which he had purchased at his own price. He forced me to disgorge my lot, which had been an eyesore for some time, paying therefor a price largely in excess of what he had been doing.

In the meantime, January's time for returning to his kraal had passed, and I finally started him for Natal with some returning freight wagons, and his regular wages, augmented by enough to buy two cows. He promised to start two or three boys so soon as he arrived at home. Giraffe and myself pegged away until the committee issued orders for the immediate lowering of all the roads. As many of them had become huge banks of earth 15 feet wide by 30 or 40 in height, they were constantly caving in, and accidents were of daily occurrence. As I had

excess of his regular wages to purchase a gun, which the height of his ambition.

As my means increased, I determined to invest more comfortable abode than a tent, and roughly made the plans for a sectional house, American style, moving them to Durban with directions to forward as soon as possible. On its arrival I stuck it together, with a corrugated iron roof, making it the first decent domicile erected at the camp. My landlords and myself occupied it, dormitory and living room, turning the tent over to care of the Hindoo cook for eating purposes. The was immediately copied in a number of instances, particularly for diamond buyers' offices.

In the meanwhile the event, reports of which had current for some time, of hoisting the English flag at the mines seemed about to take place. The party who had been my landlords' former antagonist in the law boasted that he would reopen the case as soon as the went into effect. This caused the youngsters to become uneasy, and they offered the claim for sale, but could find a purchaser, as all were unwilling to invest in a piece of property, the title to which promised to be the cause of a lawsuit. I took them to a lawyer for advice, and told them that although their opponent might give them some trouble, when the case came to be submitted to judge it would certainly be decided in their favor. They continued depressed and anxious to get away,



THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES SIX MONTHS AFTER OPENING.

with him." On going over to the knot of teasers, I found they were annoying a party who showed all the outward signs of a gentleman, but unfortunately was unable to express his wants intelligibly to those around him. Stepping up to him, I asked, in broken French, if I could be of any assistance to him. He immediately informed me that he had not an acquaintance in the camp and would like to go to the nearest hotel. On being told that there was not one in the camp, he said he was completely at a loss what to do, as he was willing and able to pay for accommodations. I told him that he was perfectly welcome to a shake-down in my tent until he could find better shelter. Instantly he sprang toward me, and it was only by exercising some agility that I prevented him from embracing me. Shouldering one of his valises, while he carried the other, I guided him to my tent, and endeavored to make him as comfortable as possible. For several days he wandered about the diggings, seeming to take great interest in the mode of mining, but made no attempt to get an interest in a claim. Finally, one night, as we were going to bed, he informed me that he did not come

a piece 7 feet 6 inches square to remove, with only Giraffe for an assistant, my progress was slow. On returning to my tent one afternoon I found three Zulus squatted in front of it. Instantly divining who they were I passed in, seemingly without seeing them. In a few minutes I stepped forth and said: "What do you want?"

"The Man-Without-a-Mouth."

"Who sent you?"

"January."

Giraffe was called and ordered to take care of them, and I afterward found out that they had been in the camp for two days trying to find me, and had refused several offers at more wages than I was to pay them. Having plenty of help, I invested in a cart and a pair of mules, hauling all my dirt up in the vicinity of my tent and sorting it there.

With this taking down of the roads the system of mining changed. The entire reef surrounding the mine was occupied by a series of platforms, several tiers in height. From these were stretched cables of wire rope, which were anchored to posts in the claims, the dirt being conveyed to the platforms, generally in oxcide buckets attached to travelers on the cable worked from the platforms. On each platform was a chute, which conveyed the dirt into the bodies of the carts, which were backed underneath. The mine now presented the appearance of a mighty spider's web, and on the occurrence of a thunder shower there was an immediate cessation of all work. As a sheaf of oats usually cost about 25 cents, the keep of my mules amounted to quite a sum each week; but not being able to keep them constantly at work myself, I contracted to haul dirt for my landlords and one or two of the neighboring claims. One of the greatest drawbacks with which we had to contend was the scarcity of water. For a short time after the opening of the new rush every drop of it had to be hauled in casks from Da Foit's Pan, which was three miles. But this burden was relieved by several parties, who had laid out claims which proved to be worthless on account of being outside the reef. They sank until water was reached, and their wells proved to be worth more than many claims on the inner side, as every cask of water brought 5 shillings, or about \$1.25. It was customary to roll up the empty casks to the wells in the morning, while on the way to work, and in the afternoon, after knocking off, pass by the wells and roll the recently filled casks to the various tents. Such a thing as a bath was unheard of, and the amount of dirt which would accumulate on one's person was something fearful, as we were compelled to work all the time in a cloud of dust. Our only relief was a Sunday drive down to Klip Drift, on the Orange River, to enjoy a regular soak.

After my purchase of the mules I was in the habit of doubling up with a neighbor and flourishing over the road with a four-in-hand. One Sunday afternoon, on my return from a souse, Sam Edwards, one of my neighbors, inquired if I had seen Giraffe since my return, as he had been asking when I would get back, and seemed quite anxious to see me. Sam was a native born Afrikaner, being the son of a missionary, and one of the best and most unpretending men that I ever met. He crossed and recrossed Africa before Livingstone ever thought of doing it, and never made any noise about it. He advised me to hunt up Giraffe, as he was sure, from his actions, that he had something important to communicate to me. I therefore at once sought Giraffe, who quietly took me aside and produced a diamond which he said he had found lying in the last cartload of dirt which had been hauled up on Saturday afternoon. I sold it the next day for £60. Giraffe remained with me until I quit the diggings, when he also started for his kraal, with enough sovereigns in

failing to get a tender from outside parties, they offered to let me have the claim for £600, which I accepted under the following conditions: I would pay them £100 down, but the remainder must be left in my hands to pay law expenses. They immediately transferred the claim to me and started for New York, while I worked on with extra activity in order to get back the £300 which I had paid down and enough to meet law expenses, providing the suit went against me. Over a month passed before the English flag was raised, and another went by prior matters moving according to the ideas of the new rule during which time I worked like a beaver, in order to provide against any possible ill luck.

During the administration of the diggers' committee there had been only some three or four parties in the camp licensed to retail liquors, and they were under heavy bonds; but immediately after the change of government shops abounded and drinks were openly furnished to natives, an act positively prohibited by the former authorities.



288½ CARAT DIAMOND.

Found at Waldek's Plant, Vaal River, South Africa, March 6, 1872, by Mr. Robert Spalding's party.

to the diggings for the purpose of mining diamonds, but to buy them, as his father was one of the largest cutters in Paris. He proved his assertion by producing from a belt Rothschild letters of credit for £20,000. Although the camp was free from the rough and criminal element generally common in all mining communities, I did not feel at ease, and the next morning persuaded him to go with me to the bank and open an account. I did not know who was the most surprised—he, at the rough appearance of the bank, which was simply a corrugated iron structure, with a calico partition separating the manager's office from the teller's desk, or the manager, who was astounded at the magnitude of his new customer's first deposit. As soon as possible I made arrangements for the erection of a tent for him, but was bothered about securing an interpreter, when my uneasiness was relieved by a young man who applied for a job at working on my claim. Detecting a peculiar accent in his speech, I asked



KIMBERLEY SIX MONTHS OLD.

ities. This action excited the wrath of the diggers, and it was but a short time before it found vent in a decided proceeding, which forced the governing powers to step back somewhat. A digger from the Cape Colony, suspecting a party of illicit diamond buying, gave one of the Kaffirs whom he could trust a splint, with directions to take it to a certain tent and see if he could get a bottle of rum for it. The native soon returned with the splint and the digger, calling up his neighbors, related the transaction. A crowd immediately assembled and made for the rascal's tent, which was set on fire, and he was ordered to leave the camp instantly. The neighboring tents were carefully protected from the flames, and when the newly appointed corps of police made their appearance they were ordered by such a determined and overwhelming crowd to make themselves scarce that they thought it prudent to retire. This was the first and only clash between the diggers and the police of Kimberley, as the new rush was renamed. This affair caused me to water

my recently arrived Kaffirs very closely, and I took Giraffe into my confidence, but he reported, after several weeks of sharp vigilance, that he was unable to detect the slightest dishonesty.

Matters had gone along quietly for so long a time that I began to fancy the lawsuit threats would prove to be bluster, when I was enlightened one afternoon by an official serving me with an injunction to cease work on the claim until the title was properly established by the judicial authorities. Taking the notification to the lawyer who had been consulted by the boys, he laughed and said that he had been expecting such a proceeding and was prepared to meet it. In three or four days he handed me a paper which lifted the injunction, and I started to pick, shovel, sift and sort again. Within a fortnight a second decree was handed to me, which, on being passed to the lawyer, he enjoyed another laugh over it and said that it was one of the tricks of the trade, which he would undo in a trice. He was as good as his word, and I again went to work after a short lapse of time. I was allowed to labor for about a month when I received a third notice to quit, which I took from the officer's hand, struck a match, set it in a blaze and lighted my pipe with it. He laughed and said that he had merely done his duty, to which I agreed, and continued shoveling. That ended my troubles about working on the claim, but I soon received papers ordering me to appear at Klip Drift, duly provided with legal vouchers, witnesses, etc., to prove my title to a half claim at Kimberley. This forced me to call on my legal adviser, who said that as he was only an attorney his business would be to collect all the evidence, etc., while the pleading would have to be done by a counselor. This was a new wrinkle to me, but bowing to the inevitable, I told him to engage one to suit himself, while I would scurry around and hunt up the witnesses who had given evidence for the boys before the diggers' committee. Fortunately, none of them had left the camp, and on the day before the one appointed for the trial I carted them all down to Klip Drift in a make-shift four-in-hand. On the next morning, at the hour of opening, I was promptly at the court house; and to my dismay the judge announced that on account of the indisposition of my attorney the case was postponed until the following day. Investigation proved that the illness was simply intoxication, and before the day ended I learned that on account of the delay I was charged one guinea by each lawyer as a refreshing fee. I had to stand the jokes of the attendant crowd and the unpleasant knowledge of having to put up two guineas each morning, besides witnesses' expenses for three days. Finally the attorney managed to sober up, and on the fourth morning the case was opened. As it was the first one which questioned the title granted by the diggers' committee, there was a large attendance, and great interest was manifested. I was the last witness examined, and it was late in the afternoon when my evidence was concluded. Just then a dispute sprang up between the two counselors about some law point, and I was left standing in the witness box, while they bandied words. Feeling worn out, I leaned over the rail and addressed the attorney opposed to me, who sat just under me, and said: "Won't you allow me to go out and have a refresher?" The judge overhead me and said: "Certainly, Mr. Thompson. Go on and get what you must surely need. These gentlemen should never have allowed you to stand and suffer as you have done." I stepped down, amid a universal titter, and took one of my opponents out to a bottle of wine. On our return we found court adjourning, the judge postponing giving a verdict until the next morning. The following day every portion of the court house was crowded, and a summary of the judge's decision was that the committee had simply acted as arbitrators, and he always made a rule never to reopen a case which had been settled in this manner. Therefore my title to 31 feet by 15 feet 6 inches in the Kimberley mine was absolute and incontestible. After receiving a mass of congratulations, which had to be wet, I lost no time in getting off for Kimberley, where I had to undergo a like experience. There seemed to be a general feeling of satisfaction with the judge's verdict, as the titles to a very large number of claims had been decided by the diggers' committee. Consequently, if I had been ousted, it would have thrown a very large number of claims into litigation. A few days subsequent the Diamond News came out with a leading editorial, topped by a cut of the American flag, and the head lines, "The American Flag Triumphant." About ten days subsequent I met the opposition attorney, who stopped me with the remark:

"I'm very sorry, old fellow, but our client has run away, and we shall be forced to come on you for our costs, etc."

"All right. I did not know much about law when you commenced at me, but since I've managed to learn some of it. That case had not been decided in my favor twenty-four hours before I sold everything belonging to me except what I have on my back. Now, if you can make your costs out of that you are perfectly welcome to do so."

"That's a devilish good joke, and as I had the last refresher at your expense, come and have one at mine."

I did so, and thus ended my first and only lawsuit.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Elbert S. Carman.

THE death of Elbert S. Carman removes one who many years ago was well known as a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Carman died in New York city Feb. 28, after a short illness. He was born in Hempstead, L. I., in 1838, and after graduating from Brown University in 1858, went into business in New York. For a number of years he occupied his leisure time in writing for the daily papers and other periodicals, and was a frequent contributor to FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Carman had, however, had a decided bent toward horticulture, and he gradually devoted himself more and more to this until he became associate editor of Moore's Rural New Yorker, and subsequently its editor-in-chief.

Mr. Carman's work in recent years was altogether in horticulture, and he was well known as an experimenter and voluminous writer on this topic, but he will be kindly remembered by an earlier generation of sportsmen for his attractive writings relating to dog and gun.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

III.—Big Game Hunters.

THERE were big game hunters on the George W. Elder. Quite without intention, and in fact much against their own will, they developed as a body into rather amusing persons, and their adventures and misadventures afforded as much entertainment to the other members of the party as any group of individuals on the ship.

Their leader, officially and in fact, was one whom all delighted to honor and to follow; a man of mighty frame, prodigious strength, deep voice and unflagging energy. When arrayed in his hunting costume, and armed with his .577 rifle, it would have been a bold bear that would have faced him without a sinking heart. The others of the committee, with one or two exceptions, were relatively unimportant, and were chiefly cooks, camp followers and parlor boarders.

On this expedition the big game committee and its members did a variety of things. Its first trip was made over the Muir Glacier, to a hunting ground strongly recommended by the glacier's owner, who declared that in years past he had seen there the fresh tracks of bears, wolves, caribou, mountain goats and other desirable animals.

"It's a fine place," declared the proprietor, "and it's so easy to get at; that's the beauty of it. Ye just saunter up to the crest of the glacier, a matter of seven or eight or ten miles, and then ye saunter down into the Howling Valley about half as far. When ye're there, all ye have to do is to hunt."

This sounded well. It was but June 8, and bear and wolf hides would be in splendid condition. It would hardly do to shoot any of the hoofed game, but if they killed a bear or two apiece, none of them would care to

traveling, it was hoped that some extended view might be had, but when that crest was reached, it was seen that beyond was another, still higher, toward which they plodded with renewed hope. Toward the left was a great nunatak, or mountain of rock, rising out of the glacier; to the right, but several miles away, the barren moraine.

Not long after starting it began to rain hard, and before long the surface of the ice had a covering of snow, which grew constantly deeper. By 8 o'clock it was up to one's knees, and the walking became laborious. Some of the packers began to lag behind, and from time to time it was necessary to stop in order to let them come up. As the snow covered the ice everywhere, and concealed the crevasses, it was thought best to rope the six leading men together and to sound the ice with poles. The snow grew deeper and deeper, and the going harder and harder, and at length the packers were halted on a crest of the ice and told to wait there while the hunters went forward to the next ridge. This proved to be really the summit of the glacier, and from it the looked-for valley could be seen. It was all white with snow—still winter there—and as the prospects for hunting in this snow were poor, and the chance of the packers getting through with their loads was very doubtful, it was determined to give up the trip and to turn back.

They consoled themselves perhaps with the thought that after all their achievement was at least that of a certain royal personage of France, who once, but with a larger company, did precisely the same thing.

The retreat began, but soon they stopped for an hour in the rain to cook and rest. Again the Chairman of the big game committee presided over the camp, and turned out some delicious pea soup, but the halt had chilled everybody and they were glad to take up their loads and the return march again. As they went on the weather improved—the rain stopped and the sun came



THE GEO. W. ELDER.

Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

wade in the blood of caribou or of goats. So, after dinner, say about 7:30 in the evening on June 8, six members of the party, with seven packers to carry tents, blankets, cooking utensils and food, were landed at the foot of the glacier. Besides his gun and ammunition, each member of the party carried a pack containing three days' provisions. For an hour or two before reaching the ice, they clambered over the steep slopes of the morainal detritus and the Dirt Glacier, but when the smoother surface of the ice was reached, they marched steadily along. The packers had been sent forward two or three hours earlier on the theory that being loaded they would go more slowly than the hunting contingent.

The surface of the glacier, where the party reached it, was smooth and fairly good walking. Now and then a crevasse would appear, around which a detour must be made, but on the whole it was straight and easy going, the slope of the ice being very gradual. The surface of the glacier was not white, as had been expected, for it was everywhere covered with a very thin layer of mud. This mud, no doubt, was the accumulation of dust deposited by the wind on the glacier's surface during a long period of time. When once deposited on the moist surface of the melting ice it is never carried away by the wind, and its only loss is the small quantity swept away by rivulets which run over the glacier's surface, and at last pour into some crevasse. Thus this thin coating of mud is the accumulation of many centuries.

It was about 11 o'clock at night when we overtook the packers, who, instead of having made camp as they had been told to do, were calmly sitting on their packs waiting for orders. Not far from here was a little lake of ice water, and near this the tents were put up, tea was cooked over a lamp, a little food was eaten, and at midnight all spread their blankets on the ice and lay down to sleep.

The night was a short one. Although all slept fairly well at first, before long the chill of the ice penetrated the sleeping bags, and made hips and shoulders cold, so that the last hour or two in bed was not restful. By 3 o'clock in the morning people were walking and talking about the camp, and sleep was no longer possible, so that after a breakfast of bacon, hardtack and tea, at which the Chairman of the big game committee presided most efficiently, the march was taken up at 4:30.

The morning air was cold and raw, but the exercise soon warmed all hands, and they walked steadily toward the crest of the ice. The march was somewhat deceptive, and reminded one of traveling over the rolling prairie. The glacier flowed in a series of great waves. From the crest of ice, toward which they were always

out. By this time all were pretty tired, and the party was widely scattered over the ice, each man going at his own pace without regard to the others.

Though the slopes of the glacier were very easy, and the crevasses narrow, and in no respect dangerous, the walking, even on the return march, where it was all down hill, after a while became very laborious. The unequal melting of the ice made its surface rough, with small projections or pinnacles, which were felt through the soles of the shoes, and at length became very tiresome to the feet. On the return trip one of the party, who years before had hurt his knee, quite gave out, and got in with great difficulty, helped by a man on either side.

The different men reached the beach opposite the ship by ones and twos between 2 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and each one acknowledged that he was about as tired as he ever had been. As they came on board they were received with derisive shouts and laughter, and for days afterward the ship's company made themselves merry at the expense of the hunters.

Better success than this met another member of the big game committee, who was not of the glacier party, on her first hunting trip. The place of the hunt was on Biorka Island, near Sitka, and the game—needed as a natural history specimen—was the Sitka deer. With half a dozen of the men she landed on the island to try to secure the desired specimen. One of the party had gone along as an assistant, not carrying a gun, and he remained with her to watch a narrow neck of land which joined two portions of the island.

After watching for a couple of hours, about noon an old doe walked into view, about 40 yards from the man and 30 from his companion. The deer's head, neck and shoulders were visible to him, and he whistled to call her attention to it, but it walked away without being shot at, for a great standing dead tree hid the deer from her. She changed her position, and came up to where her companion had been sitting, a point which commanded a better view of the whole neck. An hour later a deer was seen sneaking by on the beach to the east of them. She shot at it and missed, and the deer did not heed the report. A second shot caused the deer to raise its head and look about. Then a watcher, stationed southeast of them, fired a shot and the deer turned and ran, quartering toward the girl, who fired again, and the deer dropped to the report. On looking it over it was clear that the animal had been hit only once, the ball breaking its shoulder and killing it instantly. It had been untouched by the previous shots.

Soon after this all the hunters came in, having seen eight or ten deer, but secured none. Two or three pleas-

ant hours were spent in lounging on the beach about a fire of driftwood, over which was cooked some bacon. Some of the men took the boat and went fishing, and caught a few rock cod, and in the middle of the afternoon the steamer came along and took the party on board, and they returned to Sitka.

Five or six miles below Muir Glacier, on the east side of the inlet, it is practicable to climb without too much labor to the crest of the pine-clad mountains. Their lower slopes are covered with a tangled mat of alder, through which it is not always easy to pass, and the mountain is steep, so that it is a hard pull to get high enough up its sides to reach the heavy green timber and the snow which lies under the forest.

One day before the ship left the Muir Inlet three hunters climbed that hill. Before leaving the flat at the inlet's level a marmot was seen sitting upright on a tall rock. It sat there, occasionally whistling, but with a weak cry, something like the noise made by a large penny trumpet, not with the volume and shrillness of the Rocky Mountain woodchuck, which sometimes whistles like a steam whistle, a positive shriek. One of the party, by a good shot, secured the specimen, which proved to be a male, very large, pale gray on the back and yellowish below. On the way up the hill many others were seen, all of them whistling occasionally and sometimes chattering shrilly. Some looked intensely black, as they sat on the rocks, while others seemed yellow.

On reaching the green coniferous forest the trees were found to be of considerable size—from 10 inches to a foot in diameter. At the base, all these trees are slanted a little down the hill, this being apparently caused by the weight of the snow lying on them when the trees are young and slender. As soon as they become strong, however, the stems grow upward toward the light, and usually incline very slightly up the hill, so that the center of gravity of the tree is just over its base. Still further up the hill, where the snow grew deeper, the trees were larger. One was seen that was guessed to be 4 feet in diameter, and later one was measured that taped 116 inches, or nearly 10 feet in circumference at the height of a man's head above the ground.

Soon after entering the large green timber, as the party were climbing up over the snow, the characteristic smell of a bear was noticed, and some little time was spent in looking about for his tracks. Nothing was seen of him, and they went on, moving as quietly as possible and looking for tracks. Before long the hooting of a blue grouse was heard higher up the hill, and this sound was followed for some little distance, one of the party imagining that it was the noise made by a bear, though of course the cry would not deceive any one who had heard it before.

Shortly after midday, high up on the mountain, they stopped in a group of heavy trees, where the ground was bare of snow, built a fire, cooked the tea and ate their lunch. After a pipe or two they set out again, but before going far one of the party announced that he had found a bear track. The track was a small one, made early that morning, and they followed it for a short distance until it turned and went straight down the hill toward the salt water. It was useless to follow it there, for it would be necessary to climb the cliffs again, and already they were late, if they were to meet the launch at the shore at the appointed time. Turning back to the crest of the hill, they came on another bear track, very fresh, apparently made within two hours. Both the tracks seen were those of small bears, the last a cub, and were quite different from those usually seen in the Rocky Mountains. The toes were widely spread and somewhat long, and gave to the track an appearance of roundness not commonly seen in bear tracks. Both bears were short-clawed animals, but whether they were black bears or glacier bears could not be determined.

The climb down to the boat was long, steep and hard. Much of it was through alders and willows, and over slippery ground. On the way down the botanist cut through a spruce tree less than 4 inches in diameter, and counted in it 128 rings. It seemed hard to believe that a tree so small should be so old, and it is perhaps doubtful whether the rings always indicate a year of growth.

Many marmots were seen sitting on the rocks, as they passed down the hill; often two sitting side by side. Numbers of those seen here were small and quite black in color. One of these when shot proved to be a female. It is very likely that among these animals there are two color phases, as among the woodchuck of the East, though the proportion of black ones here seemed much larger than usual, and all the black ones seemed small, while the yellow ones all seemed large.

When they reached the shore the launch was gone, but a note was found stating that it would return before very long. Again a fire was built, and tea cooked. The launch returned about 7 o'clock, and after taking on her load, turned up the inlet. The tide was running down and the vessel kept close to the shore, so as to be out of the current. On the way gulls and cormorants were seen resting and apparently sleeping on the cliffs, as if at night, though of course the sun had not yet set. It is probable that the water fowl here sleep during the hours of night, even though it may be plain daylight. This is the case further north, as Mr. E. W. Nelson tells us; the difference in the actions of the birds between midday and midnight being very marked, even though there is little difference in the amount of daylight.

In Yakutat Bay, June 19, besides a considerable party of botanists, bird men, foresters and mammal men, set ashore to collect specimens, two parties of hunters left the ship. In each of these there were four men and each party was provided with a tent, bedding and provisions for five or six days. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon two of these hunters left the ship in a little canvas canoe and paddled off through the floating ice toward the distant shore. In some places the bergs covered the water so thickly that some care was needed to avoid them, for it might easily happen that a sharp-pointed spear of ice might pierce the canvas of the frail canoe and cause a leak which could not be mended. Approaching the shore, however, they were at last within the line of grounded bergs, and in open water, where ice no longer

need be feared. There was a good ground swell on, but very little surf, and the canoe, working in behind a bar, moved forward freely toward a little river which came in on the north side of the bay, where the two other members of the party had landed, and were now seen signaling. When the four had come together on the bank of this little river the baggage was transferred to the two canvas canoes, and preparations were made to follow up the stream, which in the season is a great resort for salmon.

Before the start was made an Indian and his wife landed from their canoe and examined us and our property with some interest. Our intercourse with them was not very free, for they could talk no English, and we no Tlinkit. The woman made it evident, however, that she wished to trade a handkerchief full of gulls' eggs which she had, and after a little talk and many signs a bargain was made, by which she took away as many potatoes as she could carry and left her gulls' eggs. Later, when we came to cook these eggs, it developed that the woman had made the better bargain, for all the eggs except one contained young gulls of considerable size and substance.

Proceeding up the stream, one man walked ahead towing the canoe, while his companion walked beside it and kept it off the rocks. At first the way was easy, the water being of ample depth, but rapids were soon encountered and these constantly became more and more shallow. When a rapid was reached where there was so little water that the boat grounded, each man would take a side of the canoe and lift or slide her up the rapid, taking care of course not to rub the bottom on the rocks, so as not to tear the canvas nor to wear it. As the stream was ascended the water grew more shoal and the work harder, and often it would be necessary for all four men to lift each canoe up a rapid. In the sand and gravel of the bars and beaches bear tracks were seen quite often, but none very fresh. A pair of gadwall ducks flew over us up stream, and some black-throated divers down it toward the bay. A few small birds were seen now and then in the brush along the stream.

About half past ten camp was made in a little open park near some young cottonwoods, and there was wood and level ground. For some little time one of the boats had been making water badly, and when she was unloaded it appeared that she had been snagged by a sharp willow branch, and also had a stone hole, where the canvas was worn through. Until it had been well patched this boat was entirely unserviceable.

This camp was not far from the southern edge of the Malaspina Glacier, which extends away seventy miles to the north, flowing down on the steep sides of Mount St. Elias. It is said to be 1,000 square miles in area. It no longer reaches the sea at Yakutat Bay, and a great forest grows at and upon its foot.

It was midnight before camp had been made, supper cooked and we were ready to turn in, yet it was still plain daylight, and the birds were singing in the forest near by; but whether it was their evening or their morning song we could not determine.

After breakfast next morning the four started together on foot up the stream, which winds interminably and grows constantly smaller. Bear tracks were frequently seen. One of them was very fresh—that is, not more than twenty-four hours old, for the grass on which the heavy animal stepped had not yet begun to straighten itself. Frequently along the stream were seen old salmon heads and bones, showing where the year before bears had caught and eaten the fish. At present, however, bears were evidently feeding on grass. The level ground through which the stream flowed was overgrown with thick alders, through which it was possible to pass, but only with a great deal of noise and breaking of sticks.

At last the stream grew so narrow, deep and overgrown with alders that it was impossible conveniently to follow it any longer. The hunters, therefore, turned off toward the mountains, and soon one of them climbed a tree taller than the rest and looked over the country. He reported that the mountains were four or five miles distant, but that to the southeast was a belt of young cottonwood trees, with more open country, through which it seemed likely that there would be easy traveling, either toward camp or away from it. Pushing on toward this belt, a course was taken away from the camp, and at length the trees ended and the party emerged on the broad wash of a glacial stream running down from the mountains. The stream itself was but 30 or 40 feet wide, but deep and swift-running; but the washed area, which it evidently covered in the spring, was a quarter of a mile wide. A half mile above this point the great wash narrowed, and the rocky bed of the stream was followed up some distance further to a point where it flowed between high hills and almost cañoned. The way grew more and more rough, and nothing living was seen, so that at length we turned about, followed the stream down to where we had left the brush, entered the willows, and passing through the open country returned to camp.

The afternoon was devoted to mending the canoes, painting their bottoms and turning them over to dry.

The flowers about the camp were very beautiful. The showiest were great blue lupins, brilliant meadow pinks, violets, blue and yellow, anemones and great beds of strawberries in bloom. A few warblers were heard—robins, thrushes and fox sparrows. Some Canada geese flew over the camp, and a red-tailed hawk; while toward evening a short-eared owl flew by. About 8 o'clock the sky grew lighter and the clouds lifted, so that a superb view was had of the mountains about the heads of the Turner and Hubbard glaciers, with Vancouver, Cook and Hubbard plainly revealed. The last named was covered with a mantle of snow, unbroken by any exposure of bare rock. The lower and nearer mountains were snow-capped only, and their sides were streaked with snow. The distant pure white masses of their summits, which seemed to support the sky, were impressive.

The next day the canoes were put in the water and packed for the return to the beach. The way down was much easier than the ascent of the stream, though the water was apparently lower than before. One man led the vessel by a rope in the bow, and the other by means of a stern rope held back and guided it. On the shallow

riffles a little lifting had to be done, but the water helped the boat forward.

Passing over a long, deep pool, just before tide water was reached, a dozen great salmon were seen which had just run up from the sea. Although we had carefully looked for salmon going up we had seen none, and this was the beginning of the run. One of the party in the leading boat saw a fish working its way up a rapid and shot it. It was a beautiful 10-pound salmon—a female that had spawned. The ball had not hit the fish, but the concussion had stunned it and enabled the men to capture it unharmed.

For the last few hundred yards of the journey we rode in a canoe and paddled. Landing on the beach, lunch was cooked, of which the salmon was the principal part. The wind blew strongly across the point, and here for the first time since landing there were no mosquitoes to trouble us. Across the stream and half a mile below we could see the tents occupied by the biologists, and a little later we crossed over and made our camp near them, but on the beach where the wind had free sweep. The collectors, who were in a sheltered place, had been nearly devoured by mosquitoes.

The evening was spent in hunting, and the next morning the ship hove in sight, and shortly afterward we saw two life boats coming to the shore. A little later the camps were broken up, the baggage loaded in the boats and the party were soon pulling through the thick ice out to the ship. Many seals were seen during the row, sometimes quite close to the boat; and many of the bergs, close to which we passed, were covered with young Kittiwake gulls.

When the hunters reached the ship they were received with the usual shouts of derision for their non-success, and many jests, not very witty to their minds, but greatly enjoyed by those who uttered them, were made at their expense. To this, however, they were now becoming accustomed.

It appeared that the day previous the ship had entered Russell Fiord on the south side of Yakutat Bay, near its head; the first time that any large vessel had entered this almost unknown arm of the sea. It is a place of magnificent scenery, walled in on either hand by high mountains, down the slopes of which great glaciers pour their frozen currents, but at the head of the fiord—that is to say, toward the sea, for Russell Fiord turns to the west almost as soon as it is entered and lies parallel to Yakutat Bay—the land is comparatively low, so much so that it was thought by the geologists that at some time in the not very distant past the lake which then filled Russell Fiord discharged into the ocean or else into Yakutat Bay, near where the village of Yakutat now stands. It was some poor satisfaction to the men who had been hunting on the little river to know that the other parties who had been hunting, one on Yakutat Bay and another for bears at the head of Russell Fiord, had seen no game.

G. B. G.

Some Reminiscences of the Minnesota National Park Excursion.

For the last ten years, at least, no man with philanthropy in his make up has visited the Leech Lake region in Northern Minnesota without exclaiming, "Can not this always remain so, a pleasure ground for the people for years to come? Can not this glorious pine be saved from the lumberman's axe?"

Many have asked this question. Finally the women who were fortunate enough to spend a few days camping in that country began to ask the same question. When a woman starts asking questions, as a rule, it leads to something.

They kept on asking questions individually until finally the Federation of Women's Clubs began to ask questions, and kept at it until they had asked the Minnesota State Legislature to memorialize Congress to set aside that beautiful Chippewa Indian Reservation as a park for the Nation. The legislature forthwith granted the request, and forthwith memorialized Congress.

Women can't vote, but there are a few things that they can do if they once set out to do so. And now comes Col. Cooper, who likewise has fished and camped in that region. Finding that Congress had been memorialized, thinks it might be wise to ask Congress to come and look at what the people are asking for. So he sets to work with the aid of a few trusty friends to ask Congress to visit Minnesota and take a run into the proposed park region.

It was a big proposition, perhaps, on the face of it, a ridiculous one, but then—well—nevertheless, that is what the Colonel and his friends did. They invited Congress to come and spend a few days in the primeval forests of Minnesota (incidentally to see what a pine forest looked like before the lumbermen got their last work in). To come and watch the bass and muscullonge sport in their crystal homes, see the moose and deer flit among the noble pines, and hear the thunder of the millions of mallards as they arose from the wild rice beds for their morning flight.

The Congressmen invited, then arose the question of transportation, lodging and refreshments, liquid and solid.

The Colonel got on the right side of the Burlington—"the only" line out of Chicago for St. Paul, and they agreed instantly to turn over their entire equipment of palace cars between Chicago and St. Paul, and, if necessary, draw at sight, a la John Allen, on the Pullman Company for more. They took good care to punctuate the fact that if one buffet car was not enough for the Congressmen they could have two; in fact, the Burlington were willing to put nothing but buffet cars on the train, omitting the sleepers, if that would add to the joyousness and festivity of the occasion. The Burlington having "come down" royally, as it is wont always in any good cause, the Colonel tackled Mr. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, sometimes known affectionately around the Great Northern Castle at the foot of Third street as the "Old man." Well, I do not know how much of a foot-ball player the Colonel is, or whether he had himself well padded with front and rear guards when he tackled the "old man," but in he went—and the others, Whitney, Clark & Co., remained

outside to call the ambulance and render first aid to the injured.

But Mr. Hill, with rare diplomacy, dodged around the Colonel's end, and quietly disposed of him. Like the Burlington, he told the Colonel if he would only get his Congressmen safely and soberly as far as St. Paul, the whole Great Northern system would be at their service and disposal of both Congressmen and park cranks.

Mr. Hill afterwards, it is said, remarked that the quickest way to shut off the Colonel's windpipe was to promise the road bodily to him and close the incident, expecting never to hear from him again. But, like the cat, the Colonel came back. Meeting after meeting followed, in Chicago. The Colonel was expansive in his ideas. If he was to have a park it was to be a park, and not a melon patch. So he started in with a point in the east, on the edge of Duluth, thence running due north to the Canadian border, thence due west to a point many miles distant, thence south, taking in Bundry's, and thence from a point south to the line of the beginning, seven million acres more or less.

This was closing up the whole northern part of the State of Minnesota, and, my, how Duluth howled! She came out of her hole with a vengeance, and with a delegation represented by Congressman Page Morris, visited the city of Chicago, attended the park meeting and ripped the scheme up in true backwoods style. As a matter of fact, the park on these lines was grand but a little unweildy. The writer got upon his feet, following Mr. Morris' protest, and blamed the newspaper men for the expansiveness of the park area, and claimed for park purposes the modest tract of land known as the Chippewa Reservation, only that and nothing more. From anger, the faces of the Duluth contingent changed to joy. Mr. Morris, under the suggestion of a circumscribed area for the park, seemed to be placated.

Well, it took some few trips to Chicago as a member of the Park Committee, in connection with this park business.

One of the plans in connection with the entertainment programme offered was that fifteen or twenty independent camps be located in the park, and that fishing parties be made up and located at these various points. A report of recent heavy rains, followed by some zero weather, did not make such a plan feasible in the eyes of the committee. The staid old Congressman, it was thought, would prefer a warm bed in a Pullman sleeper to a bed of boughs on the banks of an ice-covered lake.

The programme was made up involving three or four days sojourn in the park, the creature comforts of the guests to be taken care of on board the Pullmans, in conjunction with the dining and buffet cars.

And the days rolled around. The invitations were sent out. Regretful regrets and kind words for the park came in from many. The park date and the Dewey New York and Washington receptions were synchronous. This was the excuse of many. One hundred and fifty accepted only to drop off until actually, when the round up was made in Chicago, but 21 Washingtonian legislators were on hand. Congressman John Allen, from Tupelo, and "Joe" Cameron, from Illinois, Clark, from New Hampshire, and Corwan, from Missouri, were in evidence, which made up in a measure for the absentees.

The Burlington pulled out a palatial train from Chicago, and landed the Congressmen, with the visiting Chicago contingent, in due course—ahead of time schedule—the next morning in St. Paul.

A goodly representation of Chicago newspaper men, your own Hough being with them, were on hand. Prominent among the Chicago friends of the park were Col. Henry S. Fitch, a bosom friend of John Allen, Lewis Pitcher, F. F. Shouts, John Campbell and a score of others. From Biltmore, N. C., we had Prof. C. A. Schenck, a forester from Germany, in charge of the Vanderbilt forests. Prof. Schenck is a "dollar and cents forester," if I may so call him, in contradistinction to theoretical forester. He believes in getting the greatest revenue that a forest can, by proper handling, be made to produce; in fact, running a forest on the strictest business revenue producing principles.

Arrived at St. Paul, the order of the day was a breakfast at the Merchants' Hotel, a drive to the Town and Country Club, a try at golf by Expert Cameron, who sent the ball across the Mississippi in the direction of the National Park, a meeting with the Women's Clubs at the Commercial Club in the afternoon, whereat Elbert Hubbard, who runs the art annex to East Aurora, addressed the ladies on behalf of the park and incidentally referred to the beautiful books and things made by the Roycrofters at their quaint establishment, where all things are "made by hand."

A banquet at the Merchants', at which the representative St. Paul men attended to greet the guests, followed by an adjournment to the waiting train of sleepers, all equipped and ready awaiting the guests. A train, by the way, which Mr. Hill never thought he would have to "put up" when he promised it to the Colonel to get rid of him, but Mr. Hill proved game.

The Congressmen on hand, and, true to his promise, the train was ready, complete in every appointment, even to cigars and liquid enthusiasm in the buffet—all without money and without price.

Frank I. Whitney, G. P. A., solved the problem of lowers for everybody in a way that just dazzled the spectators. Many a man slept in an upper that trip and really thought he was sleeping in a lower. The masterly manner in which Whitney stowed the heavy weights in the lowers and "skied" the light weights was a marvel. And the sweetness of Whitney's smile lulled many a man in an upper to sleep—that is, those who did sleep that night. The locating of those men was a masterpiece of sleeping car railroading—and there was no kicking or scrapping with the conductor either.

At Minneapolis we picked up Tom Lonny's private car. Therein were two Toms—one a railroad king, the other a lumber king—to wit, Lawry and Shevlin; Mr. Phelps, of the Minneapolis Board of Trade; Larry Kennedy, whose name belies his nationality, if he isn't an Irishman, then he is a Swede, unless his tongue belies him, and also Paddy Doran, who runs a saloon in Duluth and sings like a nightingale on the side, the rear brought up by Gil Hartley, who comes from Duluth, and who is spending most of his time o' nights looking up abstract

lore to find whether the law will give him what he has bought at Cass Lake, or whether he, like the inhabitants of that nondescript town, will have to put his 4s on wheels before he gets through with the title.

What, with Larry telling about the "booi" which had a "fut of hyde" cut from his belly by the engine and Paddy Doran singing songs of the Dee, and reports coming in from the buffet at the other end of the train, where the "only" John Allen, Cochrane, Clark, Fitch, Pitcher, the Colonel and others held sway, the small hours found us nearing Walker. We "hit" the town early, before, in fact, mine host McGarry, of the Pameda was ready for us. We marched into his hostelry 105 strong, and camped around the big log fire place and felt happy. A whitefish breakfast—from fish caught to order by the Indians out of Leech Lake the day before—fortified us for the day. Then followed a trip on a mammoth house-boat on Lake Leech. The weather was just a little rough, a heavy head wind blowing. The boat pitched and tossed, and some of the boys returned the whitefish to the water once again. Hubbard, pale, wan and wretched—well, I wish his Roycrofters could have seen him giving a "preachment" to the lake and the finny inhabitants thereof! One of the boys in a consoling way approached Hubbard, who was jackknifed across the gunwale in the throes of what our French cousins call *mal de mer*, "Fra Elbertus," said he, "you do not seem to be doing very well this fine, balmy fall morning." "Doing well, shades of Ali Baba! I'm as good on the spit as the next fellow and chucking about as far in the bargain." And there let us leave Hubbard, and let us report not further of his ribald remarks, lest the minister at East Aurora, who is trying to sell Hubbard an everlasting insurance policy, will find it more and more difficult to accept Hubbard as a reasonable risk—even "on suspicion."

Well, the house-boat gradually pulled into smooth waters close under the lee—Fitch and the Colonel are yet fighting on the question of lee and windward shores—and mine host Henkle, with his able corps of lady assistants, was preparing a noonday spread on the roof of the boat.

Col. Tom Loring was walking like a sailor with his sea legs on, because of each pants' pocket being loaded to the gunwale with "matched dollars," won from the unsuspecting Congressman. He had cleaned up every dollar on the boat, and when we struck the shore and ran into a squaw and papoose infested Indian encampment, he, with a lavish hand, scattered silver dollars among the aborigines like the shower of Danae.

Some one said that was Tom's way of providing his family dependents with their weekly allowance, and the Indians bore out that theory by the stolid and matter-of-course manner with which they took the coin. Lowry was looked "on with suspicion." Gil Hartly talked Chippewa to the squaws until the boys wondered what kind of a deal he was setting up, anyway.

The newspaper boys got gay, and shutting themselves up in a room, I think, tried their hand at poker. I imagine it was poker, because now and then one of them would steal out of the room, hustle among the Congressmen, borrow a \$5, and then he himself back to the lair of the tiger: Tom Shurlin carried a mysterious hand satchel, which he kept continually with him. From the rattle given out as the boys bumped against it, one would suppose he had it filled with bone pay checks for one of his lumber camps. He visited not the tiger's lair because, I imagine, the limit was too small.

Mr. Henkle's mallards and canvasback ducks and other delicacies went not begging, and while the sun was yet high we turned the nose of the boat back toward Walker. By the time we struck McGarry's pier we had forgotten that we had bountifully dined a short time ago, and thought now only of the banquet mine host McGarry was preparing. It (the banquet) was a red-letter mark in the annals of Walker—but a two-year-old city. Into a large, electrically lighted room, profusely decorated, the guests, 150 in number, were shown and seated at tables flower bedecked and handsomely appointed with fine linen and glistening table ware. Wild rice soup, Leech Lake whitefish, mallards and wild rice, with incidentals accompanying, made a menu fit for a Congressman. Music and speeches followed. As usual, Tom Lowry corralled all the handsome and accomplished officers' wives, and he sat among them, a jovial, entertaining host. For the time being Captain Mercer, beloved by the Indians at the post for a just and humane man, and Lieutenant Jameson crooked their knees under another table. If Mercer and Jameson felt shelved, I'd like to know how Tom thought the rest of us felt. But the banquet was simply beyond criticism. All enjoyed it.

The banquet hall opened into the main office of the hotel, and the cosmopolitan, backwoods, primitive make-up of the crowd would almost have paralyzed the pencil finger of Remington himself. Surely, Congressmen never had such an audience in the Senate galleries as was present in the lobby of that backwoods hotel. When good old Joe Cannon got upon his feet and the half-breeds in the listening crowd, in choice Chippewa, commanded their full-blooded brethren to be still, because the Great Father from Washington (McKinley) was going to make a "big talk," you could have heard a pin drop. I think this is the first case recorded where Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, has been mistaken for William McKinley. John Allen, of Tupelo, Ala.; Mr. Cochrane, of Missouri; Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, also spoke. Mr. Schilling, who came from the labor ranks in Chicago, spoke for the cause of the workmen in connection with parks, as did also Mr. White, from New York. Mr. Fitch, fresh from the Chicago Aldermanic Council, convulsed the audience with some of his yarns. Mr. Doran made the walls re-echo, and the very pines in the surrounding woods nod applause at his silvery, birdlike music, and so it went, the whole being relieved with bright music and witty speeches by local talent.

Our train was waiting on the track at the station, and in the small hours of the morning we turned in, a pretty tired, though perfectly happy and contented, crowd.

Seven A. M. the next morning found us at Cass Lake, a town then of uncertain tenure, being built on debatable land—in fact, some houses were on wheels, and others, even the principal hotel, being built so they could be put on wheels, if needed. More contention has been had over this little patch of eighty to one hundred acres than

perhaps any other patch of ground in the country. It seems to have been a rough and tumble mix-up between the Government half-breed Indians, town-site scrip boomers, squatters and what-not, and although at a recent sale \$10,000 was paid for one "forty," the end is not yet.

The town takes its name from the lake. A mile or two from the shore is an island, a couple of miles long, in the center of which is a small lake higher than the main lake. No visible inlet or outlet—a spring-fed body of water influenced by springs in turn not influenced by the main body of water. A curious proposition. The lake in question is filled with gamy bass. This island is covered as thickly with pine and other woods as the fur on the back of a rabbit.

A week ahead of the crowd came Mr. J. B. Clow, his son and Harry McCartney, Joe, Captain Clow's colored valet, bringing up the rear. When I think of Captain Clow, a veteran sportsman, seventy years of age, gray-bearded (and slightly lame at the time), going into the woods to prepare a dining-camp for a crowd of hungry Congressmen and others, rough it in a tent upon boughs and generally boss the job, I—well, think he is the nearest to a "dead game sport" of which I know.

Our party, by means of a steam launch, left Cass Lake and landed at the island, and as we ascended the hill to the camp we saw the pitched tents, the log fire, the rough tables built with freshly sawed pine boards laid on driven birch props, noticed the glisten of the tin plates and cups upon the long rows of tables spread under the arching pines, smelled the wintergreen deckings on the table and saw the piles of bread, sugar, butter, cheese, pickles and such things spread in beautiful profusion upon the tables. The linen and cut glass and silver were missing, but our imagination put them all in place. When we got to the windward of Joe and his assistants, the Zembrick boys, and the fire and the pots and pans, we then knew that old Joe was not brought up among barbecued pigs and old Kentucky hoe cake for nothing. Joe said nothing to the many queries, but just kept a dropping morsel after morsel of crisply browned whitefish into a sort of hot-box, while his helpers turned the bacon, shook up the potatoes and onions, and saw the coffee boiled not over.

Excursions of short duration were made here and there through the beautiful woods, the contents of a mysterious tent off side were looked into, and from thence the sound of a hammer, breaking of wood, and finally a clinking of glasses could be heard, followed with a silence that could be felt.

Finally, old Joe blew the dinner horn, and from the highways and byways of the woods the boys lined up. Well, we will not expose to the public gaze the fact that Congressmen are human—sometimes drink a little, and, sometimes, like other mortals, eat a little. During that noon hour, had Joe wanted the Consulship to Timbuctoo or Guam, it could have been his for the asking.

In a circle around us were some of the first settlers, with hungry and expectant faces, and in due course we turned them over to Joe. There were some handsome Chippewa squaws, of tender age, in the crowd, of so much interest to old Joe that it looked for a while as if he might turn half Chippewa and locate on the reservation. It certainly did look so when Joe became so interested in bowing and scraping and ogling to the prettiest squaw in the crowd as to unconsciously pour boiling coffee down her back, forgetting that he held a big coffee pot in his hand. It near cost Joe his woolly scalp on the spot, and for a time things looked serious.

It was a go-as-you-please day. Some of the business men, with engagements to keep back in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, had to leave us at this point, and back they went. The balance, each and every one, went according to his own bent, fishing and strolling through the pines being the chief attractions.

Many of us reclined on the pine needles strewn around and bathed in the slanting glints of the sun, listened to the pines overhead, heard the ripple upon the beach, enthused on the placid lake and the distant scenery, and wondered why cities were made, and why people could not live for ever and a day on the slope of a pine-shaded, sun-kissed hill overlooking a lake.

The setting sun saw us returning to the cars as we planned for another day on the island, fishing trips and excursions up the infantile Mississippi River. And when morning came we were up and at it again. The dining car breakfast was generous—profusely so—and of the very best; but all voted the dining car chef simply not in it with Joe.

Some went a-fishing. Others spent the forenoon at the island, not being gastronomically strong enough to withstand Joe's tempting arts. After dinner we took the launch and went up the Mississippi River on a voyage of discovery. To those who have seen this great, irresistible torrent at Vicksburg, or Memphis, or New Orleans cannot appreciate that, at various points, we were nearly compelled to get out and push our launch, drawing but a foot or two of water, along. But what scenery! Pen will not do it justice. One constant volley of Ohs! and Ahs! were going off at the bow of the launch. Beautiful! Beautiful! Grand! Sublime!

The Indians wanted to know what it meant—this indiscriminate crowd of people "rushing" their reservation. Chief Lyon, of the Winnabagosh tribe, at our request, agreed to round the Indians up at Cass Lake that night, and if we would have fire built, no doubt, after the pow-wow, they would give us a ghostly dance in the shadows of the camp-fire, sing us some weird songs, and make things pleasant generally for the visitors.

The fires, of great logs, were started alongside the track, and at 8 o'clock the heavens broke loose and drowned them out. Chief Lyon suggested our taking the chiefs into the car and explaining to them what the park meant. This was referred to Mr. Whitney, who ordered the dining car cleared of tables and chairs placed therein. The eight chiefs, stolid and grim, walked in and seated themselves along the side of the car, headed by John Lyon, who agreed to interpret.

As I was dying to make some kind of a speech all through the trip, but was continuously flooded out by the unceasing stream of enthusiasm emanating at all times from the Colonel, I now was, by the Colonel's special request, appointed to "talk to the Indians." There was fun rampant in our crowd, but the Indians meant busi-

ness and came there to find out what the devil all this meant, and who the mischief all these fellows were. If this was to be a park, where and how did they come in, and a few other such serious questions that a white man might like to ask under similar circumstances. Lyon, who spoke English perfectly, had given me these pointers.

Well, there we were—eight Chippewa chiefs to the right, Lyon, the interpreter to my left, behind me sat Whitney and Fitch, who bedevilled me to their utmost to break me up, and the rest of the car was simply pushed in tightly with the park cranks, each and every one full of a spirit of fun, and in no manner appreciating what a serious proposition this appeared to be for the Indians. The boys all had their fun at my expense, and kept up an undercurrent of "josh" not heard or understood by the Indians, but only too clearly taken in by me. I cracked not a smile, as I outlined the park to the Indians—its scope and benefits; what it meant in the way of daily wages to the Indian, to be earned by guiding and paddling the tourists and fishermen; what it meant to his squaw, who had trinkets, etc., to sell; the money it would pour into their hands—one continuous stream of silver. It meant coffee and sugar and molasses and flour and bacon and pipes and tobacco in their houses. And all this was uttered with a serious and impressive face, despite the kicks at my heels in the rear and the fusilade of chaffing in front.

Finally, the Indians took a hand in. One old chief, eighty-five years old, got warmed up when talking of his past wrongs, and was undoubtedly eloquent. He spoke of the Rice treaty (a bogus affair), and said that the schoolhouses, farm implements, churches, sewing machines, carpenters tools, etc., promised under same had as yet not materialized to the extent of even a single hoe. It was interesting, to say the least, and I would to-day give much to have had a flashlight photo taken of the whole scene in that car. The pow-wow ended, I took up a subscription, ordered the car door barred, and made the funny crowd in front put up \$15 for poor Lo. I turned it over to the Chippewa head chief, who put it in the inside pocket of his shirt, amid an approving or disapproving grunt from the rest of the Indians.

The car had just been cleared of every one when a fishing party, headed by Captain Clow, drove up, wet, cold and hungry. Hot water, lemons, sugar, spoons and whiskey were produced, and the boys speedily improved their circulation. Captain Clow's wagon was the first to reach the car. I was outside talking to Lyon. In the darkness I could see a hind quarter of something being hustled into that dining car. I made up my mind a deer had been killed by one of the party. Some of the boys had rifles with them, and I dreaded a deer being killed and the consequent trouble, criticism and newspaper ridicule it would bring upon us. But our trip was about over, no one had been hurt, no accident of any kind, and all was well. When I saw this venison hustled into that car a host of troubles flitted across my vision, like Banquo's ghost. I was for a few moments too mad for utterance. I went back to the smoking compartment and met Cooper and Fitch. I said: "Colonel, there is venison on this train, and we are in for all kinds of trouble. I'm mad enough to shake the whole crowd and disown the whole park scheme." And just then, who rolled into the smoking compartment but the round-faced, gray-bearded, jovial old Captain Clow, an embodiment for the moment of Falstaff himself, wearing in his hat the buck-tail of a freshly killed deer!

He threw himself in to the corner and began his story just as about Mr. Falstaff would have told it himself. How the deer came in the open; how he drew a bead, a difficult thing to do in the gloaming of the dense pines; how he plugged him with his trusty .303, and how the deer dropped in his tracks, a fine five-pronged buck, etc. During all this recital I was so worked up as to fail to remember that in the whole of Captain Clow's party there was nothing deadlier than a fishing rod. The Captain had hardly finished his yarn before Cooper, giving one look at my angered, ashen face, reached for Clow's cap, and, tearing the buck-tail loose, threw it under the seat, anathematizing the Captain meantime for his disregard of the game laws, etc.

John Allen, Cochran, and Clark were on their way to the dining car, now transformed into a buffet, and the rest in the room followed in good and true Indian file. I was a pretty mad and tired out individual, and I sneaked off to my lower, magnanimously surrendered to me by Professor Schenck, who insisted that he preferred an upper. I dreamed of game wardens entering the car at Minneapolis and snaking that deer out of the empty pickle barrel into which the cook had thrust the hind quarters. I read ribald notices of the law-breakers from Washington killing deer out of season, and, like Ajax, defying the lightning of the law. I stuffed my ears to the joshings of the boys, and I saw myself done up in black and white, and gracefully posted in Recreation as a "deer hog and law-breaker." And at daylight I awoke with a start, and in my pajamas made a break for the smoker and dived at once under the seat, groping for the discarded buck-tail. I found it. Harry McCantry almost had a fit when he saw it. He knew as well as I did what venison on that train meant. "Who killed it?" said he. "I think your friend Clow claims it," said I. "Lord! But if the game warden at Minneapolis gets this, our park scheme will be called Dennis, with a big D!" "Go ahead," said I; "wake up the Captain and get disposition of it." He did so, and came back and said that above all others on that trip the Captain wanted me to have that venison. That was enough. That deer was mine, to do with as I pleased. Yet in my pajamas, I went to the diner and awoke the conductor. "You have a deer on board." He was well trained, and with his eyes half opened lied like a trooper, and said he never, to his knowledge, had seen a deer in his life. "That deer is mine; you hustle up and pull that deer out of that pickle barrel and ditch it. We are but twenty miles from Minneapolis, so hustle."

He had his eyes open by this time, saw who was talking, jumped from his cot, hustled out the cook, snaked out the venison from the cask (oh? but it did look nice!) opened the car door, and, while the train was making fifty miles an hour, sent the magnificent piece of venison into the ditch, a present for the next section man who came that way.

And then I smiled once more, and dressed and washed

and said nothing, and until now the true story of that deer, which some of the newspaper boys suspicioned; but never knew enough of to write about, for the first time appears in print.

A banquet at Minneapolis, a farewell handshake all around, and the same palatial Burlington hauled the boys back to whence they came.

This is simply a sketch, and a rough one at that; but one-tenth of the story is untold. I have snatched the time to pencil this from time when I could have lain in bed, to wit, before breakfast. There was a whole book in that trip. Somebody, wielding a better pen than mine, may write it, I hope.

Now, my readers, we must have that park. When I say "we," I mean every man, woman and child who loves nature, and who wishes to have the only remaining compact body of pine forest in the Northwest saved for posterity. The health seeker, the camper, the canoeist, the explorer, the fisherman—you all want this park. In the whole United States there is no such combination of land, woods, lake and river as is to be found on the site of this proposed great national park.

The friends of the park are in great tribulation. At Washington the Minnesota delegation are more or less influenced by their rich lumbermen constituents, and are working tooth and nail to have the Government owning this land to-day sell the timber therefrom in one lump to the highest bidder. It is a deplorable situation, and we are doing here all we can to stay the hand of Congress. This park affects the interest of every inhabitant of the Mississippi Valley, and if the timber is razed to the ground future generations may read of what the Mississippi River was before they denuded her headwaters of the water controlling timber.

All the friends of the park ask is to have enough influence brought to bear in Washington to hold off the Nelson act until a proper study can be made of the proposition from all sides. The cutting of this timber means stumps, sand, drought and desolation for all time to come—a woodland hill where paradise formerly was.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 6.

Fred Mather.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with sorrow and regret I heard of the death of Mr. Fred Mather. The news comes to me as a shock seldom equaled. Although I never saw Mr. Mather, and knew him only from his writings in *FOREST AND STREAM* and his books, I feel as though I had lost an acquaintance of years; and I stop and think who will be next, and who can be found that can fill his place.

J. E. S.

CALAIS, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pained to hear of the death of Mr. Risteen, and then so soon of the death of Mr. Mather. I have known them both ever since they began to write such interesting articles for the papers. They have solved the great problem, which we are all approaching, but leave pleasant memories behind, and those that knew them will say their farewells with a deep sense of personal loss.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Natural History.

At Our Log Cabin.

VERMONT.—There was a soft crust that promised good snowshoeing as we started on the two-and-a-half-mile climb to Mount Merritt. Where the road turns to skirt the side of the hill we tightened the thongs on our "web-feet," and, loading the toboggan with hemlock slabs, began our laborious climb. Did you ever try to drag a loaded toboggan up hill while on snowshoes? Well, my advice is: Don't.

On reaching camp, where a previous load of slabs had been left, we disturbed a pair of nuthatches, who flew up to the tall spruces. But the attractions were too great; the little lady flew down, and, alighting on a slab within 3 feet of me, made a determined attack on a beechnut wedged in a crevice of the rough bark. The shell was dry and tough; every time she drove her sharp-pointed bill she leaned away back, using her tail for a brace, and then beating her wings upward with a lightning stroke, drove her bill into the nutshell with all the might her tiny form could muster. Mr. Nuthatch perched on a small spruce a few feet distant, and, raising his feathers till he appeared like an animated ball, vibrated his wings rapidly and continuously, all the time uttering faint notes that sounded like the striking of a taut rubber band.

But the beechnut was obdurate, so I went inside the cabin, donned my reefer and came out to see the finish. My movements alarmed them but little, though I stood almost over them. The persistent drilling finally cracked the tiny safe, and the contents went the same old way. Meantime, the male bird had overcome his nervousness, and lighting on a slab extracted a borer about an inch long, which he swallowed after some work which would have insured him a permanent job with any circus as a contortionist. Then they flew up among the spruce cones and I was left to regret that that new outfit for bird photography had not yet arrived from the factory.

Few appreciate the beauty of nature in her winter dress—the dark spruces with snow-laden boughs, the gnarled old hemlocks, the birches in their tattered dress of silver and gold, the soft gray beeches reaching out with many knotted limbs; and all so still, with not a sound save the occasional croaking of the rheumatic joint of some old grandsire of the forest. And then the snow—the broad, white pages of nature's ledger, on which every guest tells how he came and why and where he went, and what his business was.

There we read how Madame Skunk had taken advantage of the recent thaw to dig out through the snow and stretch her legs and potter around in search of things to eat.

Right here the page is splashed with blood; near a small group of spruces the snow crust for a space of 2

feet is covered with the skin and hair of a red squirrel. Small, round footprints at first bespoke the work of the red fox, but closer scrutiny showed that he had only called to leave his regrets. We find a rather large four-toed bird track and droppings, and with a dark brown, barred feather; and we read the author's signature—Mr. Horned Owl. He must have been very hungry, for every scrap of the poor red had disappeared except the fur—the tail had even been skinned to within half an inch of the tip. Well, to moralize, it served him right; he had probably done the same to many a fledgling ere he met a well-deserved fate.

Ah! and then the evenings in camp. Who can describe the contentment as, after the hearty supper, for which the mountain air gives such keen appetites, we sit gazing into the open fire, while from our pipes the smoke hourly rises and clasp the rough old rafters in their warm embrace. But such pleasures cannot last forever—bedtime comes, like other evils; we crawl into our blankets, the fire and mercury both go down, and then—sleep.

Daylight brings us back, and as we lie curled up in our comfortable bunks and watch the steam rise from our breaths, each tries to make the others see what a noble thing 'twould be for him to crawl out and build the fire. It is snowing hard, and after fortifying well with coffee and the succulent bacon, the snowshoes go on again. In single file and with the toboggan in tow we start for lumber to build a bunk. The snow is soft, and we are going silently, when out from under the toe of my snowshoe a ruffed grouse rises with a whirr of wings and hurtles away through the bare trees. I am still undecided which of us was the most startled. I did not move, and a careful study showed a partially filled hole near, where she had dived in to escape the coming storm.

While we stood discussing the bird's narrow escape another rose from the snow about a foot from Dick, who was the third in line. It was getting interesting. We searched for more holes. Tom saw one, and with a whoop made a jump for it, but it was all guess work, and she came up from between his snowshoes. Here was a new sport. We didn't want the grouse, and would have released them if caught, as it is the close season now ("Sour grapes," says somebody?), but we tried hard to get a snowshoe over one. We put up thirteen in a small space; but as we got excited and noisy they did not lie so close, and we could not get nearer than 5 or 6 feet before they would rise. After diving into the snow they had moved to one side, but we never could tell which way nor how far. I hope those thirteen did not go under again, as the snow turned to rain later, a crust formed, and, I am afraid, caught many birds. This habit of the ruffed grouse also gives Br'er Fox a fine chance to dine on a cold bird.

At noon we start for home, coasting some of the way on the toboggan in spite of the snow. To describe the spills in the soft snow while sliding standing up with snowshoes on and doing other "fool things," would not sound so funny as it looked. Suffice it to say we reached home in time for our Sunday dinner, with mind and body clearer and stronger and ready for another week's work.

W. W. BROWN.

Dyker Meadows.

BAY RIDGE (Greater New York), March 1.—Perhaps no single locality in this section so strikingly evidences the diminution in numbers of our bird migrants as the Dyker meadows, in the old town of New Utrecht, now a part of Greater New York.

Lying on the eastern shore of Gravesend Bay, the whole locality in the immediate neighborhood of the meadows bears on its face the most unmistakable marks of the "graver's tool," wielded by the ice-cap of unnumbered ages gone. Drumlins, with their attendant kettle holes, abound, and the heavy drainage from the ice sheet that covered the surrounding country produced the swampy meadows now known as the Dykers. At one time the meadows were heavily timbered, as the numerous stumps of cedar that studded the surface some years since, plainly testified. I have measured some of these relics of the past that still showed a diameter of 18 inches, in spite of the fact that times and seasons had told severely upon their original bulk.

There used to be an inlet connecting with the bay, but the shore has been steadily making along here these many years, and no trace now remains of the once always open tideway. The meadows must have extended much further to the southwest at one time, for I remember when a heavy northwester used to give us an abnormally low tide, hundreds of the same old cedar stumps were revealed, away out beyond low water mark.

But, you will ask, "What has all this to do with the birds?" The hills (drumlins) are covered with fine, short, springy turf, beloved of upland, golden and kildee plovers, and meadowlark. The depressions between (kettle holes), some swampy, others dry, often filled with a dense growth of low birch (mostly white), wild cherry and scrub oak, all a-tangle with vines, gave fine cover to woodcock, and the visiting thousands of song bird migrants, while the soft loam and dampness in many of them tempted the English snipe to tarry. At the foot of these beautifully rounded hills lay the meadows, in my younger days a veritable small game bonanza. Here we found an occasional black duck and sheldrake, while meadow-hen, sora, now and then a curlew, and all sorts of plover were always to be had in season, in company with a horde of lesser "tidbits." The whistles and calls, when the flight was on, used to make my boyish blood tingle, as I came over the hills with my muzzleloader in the early mornings of long ago. While the immediate section is much the same, having been practically undisturbed, the meadows year after year are lonely for lack of feathered occupants. They were not killed off, for gunning here was never carried to excess. The fact is a sad one, but I believe a real one—the birds are gone. The fall migrants that occasionally happen in are few and far between. Many little thicket tangles still nestle in the kettle holes, but the seasons come and go, leaving them largely deserted by the bright forms that used to swarm and sing among their twigs and branches.

The Redcoats under Lord Howe once marched along here to the battle of Long Island. We know where they are, or at least we think we do. To-day the redcoats of Dyker meadow and Marin and Field Club golf reserves march "whackingly" about, and

there are still Hessians (caddies) marching with them. But the birds? The softly rounded hills are dreamy without them. The mornings are certainly just as bright and the lonely sunsets make fairyland here, just as in the past. But when the twilight falls and I turn away over the hills, there is not even one solitary bird voice calling.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Cory's Water Birds.

MOST of our readers are well aware that Mr. Chas. B. Cory, the author of the interesting volume, "Hunting and Fishing in Florida," is eminent as an ornithologist and the author of many works on this subject. Some of these deal especially with the birds of the West India Islands, but he has also written other works which are intended to make it easy for the non-ornithological person to identify any bird that may come to his hand. Such volumes are, "How to Know the Shore Birds," and later, "How to Know the Ducks, Geese and Swans," both of which volumes have a peculiar interest for gunners. More recently, in 1899, Mr. Cory, who is Curator of the Department of Ornithology in the Field Columbian Museum, has issued Part I. of the "Birds of Eastern North America, Known to Occur East of the Ninetieth Meridian, Consisting of the Water Birds."

The volume might well enough be called a dictionary of the water birds of eastern North America, for as a matter of fact it would seem that, with the help of this volume, an individual having a bird in his hand could tell by reading the page facing the title—which is an artificial key for distinguishing land and water birds—which group his specimen belonged to. Having found that it was a water bird, he would turn to page 10 and there find that it belonged to some one of the six groups, whose characters are pointed out in that key to families. An examination of his specimen would lead him, let us say, to Group 3, and by reading over the descriptions he would find that his bird was most nearly like that on page 56, under the family *Pelecanidae*, he would find his species.

In his brief preface, Mr. Cory gives us an illustration of how the key acts, and from the care with which the work has been prepared, and from the large number of birds examined, we are certain that in all cases the key will work as it does here.

The volume was written to be a key, and there is no waste material in it. Page vii. holds the glossary; pages viii. and ix. outline figures defining very clearly the parts of the bird; and so we are carried along through these different parts, wings, tails, legs, feet, heads, etc., taught how to measure a bird, and on page x. introduced to the key proper. This is remarkable for its conciseness, and for its very great wealth of illustration. There are from six to ten or a dozen engravings on almost every page, put in not for their beauty, but for their use. In other words, each illustration tells some story very much better than it could possibly be told in words. The differences between the bills of two similar species or between the head markings, appear at a glance by a comparison of sketches of the bills, or the heads, while the most elaborate and careful description might fail to give—to one who was not an ornithologist—any satisfactory notion of what the differences actually were.

Thus, Mr. Cory's useful book, not only will enable the student to identify a strange water bird which he has taken, but it will enable the gunner interested, for example, in our ducks, to compare species of which he has heard, but which he has never seen, and to understand what the differences are between them.

Most of the illustrations in the volume are of the very high order of merit, but they do not all appear equally well, since in some cases scant justice has been done to the half-tone cuts. The simplicity of the definitions makes this work seem of the very greatest general use.

Animals at the Boston Show.

BOSTON, March 5.—The Sportsmen's Show is making great progress. The management is pleased to be able to state that so far no accident has taken place of any consequence to athletic performers, while neither fish nor animals have been lost. The attendance has been simply phenomenal, up to 21,000 persons passing the portals of the Mechanics' Building on one of the largest days, while 14,000 has been about one of the smallest days thus far, and that the occasion of a severe rain storm. Saturday the building was thronged with school children, but it might have been noted that it took mothers and aunts, and frequently both parents, to escort the youngsters about. As an object lesson in natural history nothing could be better, and the young people are profiting by the exhibition in this direction. Standing by the big moose yard of the exhibit of the Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick, Me., Saturday, I heard a boy of not more than nine years say to another boy: "I told him so. Uncle Joe says that moose could not shed their big horns; but see there," pointing to a pair of antlers hung on the wire of the yard and labeled, "Shed by the big bull Feb. 21." "I told him that they shed their horns every year, and now I know. Why, see; his head is sore where the horns came off." Then moving on a little further, to the animal yard of the exhibit of the Province of Quebec, the boys stopped again. "See, there is a moose with one horn still on and the other just dropped off. I wish Uncle Joe were here."

Speaking of the exhibit of the Province of Quebec, it may be noted that it is a very fine one; a beautiful herd of deer; a fine specimen of caribou, that seems to be in good health; several moose; three or four bears of different sizes; a wolf, and a Himalaya goat. The tree of fox squirrels is also a beautiful sight. These squirrels are almost unknown in New England, although they have several times been brought here from the West and liberated. Col. C. C. G. Thornton had several sent him from Wisconsin three or four years ago. At first he confined them in his stable at Manchester-by-the-Sea, but toward spring he allowed an opening to be made near the roof of the building. The squirrels went and came freely, and fierce battles were fought with the gray squirrels, especially if the latter attempted to frequent the stable and presumed to touch the food put out for the fox squirrels. The attempt to introduce them to the woods in that

section seemed to be a success, but somehow the fox squirrels have nearly all disappeared since, so far as I can learn.

The big black bear, Belazona, at the Sportsmen's Show, from the National Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., excites no end of admiration. He is ten years old and weighs only about 500 pounds; doubtless the finest specimen of native black bear in existence. He is very tractable, and seems to obey his keeper to the letter. His favorite resting position is sitting on his haunches, with his back against the post, to which he is chained. The beaver are doing well, and seem to be actually enjoying confinement, so long as they can have poplar wood enough to gnaw. They are only about half-grown youngsters from Ottawa. They have been in confinement about four months. Already they are becoming quite tame, and will suffer their backs to be scratched by their keeper, and any one else who goes about it with sufficient care. The little sable continues to thrive, apparently. He sleeps a great deal, doubtless being mostly nocturnal in his habits, and hence inclined to sleep when the light is bright. His favorite sleeping position is hung up in the crotch of his tree, both head and tail down, looking very much like a skin hung up by a hunter. Sportsmen and trappers tell us that they sleep in the trees in the day time, and hence they are rarely seen, even in sections where they are still to be found. Whenever I am in the woods again I shall look in the trees to see if a sable hanging up to sleep is to be found. The wild boar, from the Austin Corbin Park, is a fine specimen.

SPECIAL.

Wild Geese Flying North.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., March 1.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon I and others observed a flock of wild geese winging their way swiftly in a northeasterly direction over this city. There were fifteen or sixteen in the flock.

GEORGE MADSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Lacey Game Bill.

THE Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 6634) to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes, beg leave to submit the following report, and recommend that said bill do pass, with an amendment.

This bill has a three-fold purpose:

1. It is intended to authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to provide for the introduction and restoration of game, song and insectivorous wild birds in such parts of the country as he may deem it desirable to do so.

In many of the States the native birds have been well nigh exterminated. Agriculture suffers a pecuniary loss by their destruction, for they are the farmer's and planter's best friends in the destruction of noxious insects. There is a sentiment involved in the question that makes the preservation and restoration of these birds a matter of public concern. Attempts have frequently been made by private individuals and clubs to introduce new varieties, or to restore again the old varieties of feathered life. Their active and persistent foes have usually destroyed such birds within a year or two after their introduction.

There have been some notable exceptions to this rule. In Oregon the Chinese pheasant has become abundant, though it has been introduced within the last twenty years. Your committee believes that the birds that may be the subject of experiment by the Department of Agriculture will receive more encouragement from the people than when private individuals undertake their introduction or restoration.

The prairie chicken has almost disappeared in many of the States of the Northwest. Should some of these birds be turned loose in North Carolina and Virginia through national aid public sentiment would protect them, and in time they might become abundant there. At any rate the experiment is worthy of a trial. The grouse of the northwestern Pacific coast would no doubt readily adapt itself to the woods of Pennsylvania and the States of the far South.

At a moderate expense the Department of Agriculture could not only introduce new species, but could return species that have become locally extinct, and at the same time disseminate such information as would create a healthy public sentiment for their preservation.

2. The bill places it within the power of the Secretary of Agriculture to prevent the unwise introduction of foreign birds and animals.

Had this power existed some years ago it would have spared the presence of the English sparrow, whose importation was the result of the mistake of some well-meaning people who had not given the history and habits of these birds a proper study.

3. The most important purpose of this bill is to supplement the State laws for the protection of game and birds. The various States and Territories have enacted appropriate laws for this purpose, but the laws are evaded by the pot hunter, and deer, antelope, prairie chickens, grouse, quail and all kinds of game are shipped concealed in various methods to other States, where they are sold in the open market. This bill is intended to begin where the State laws leave off. The State laws can have no extraterritorial force and the national laws cannot operate in a single State.

But interstate commerce is wholly in the control of the Federal Government. Where the States are powerless to protect themselves the National Government has ample power. This bill goes to the very root of this matter by forbidding interstate commerce in such animals and birds when killed or caught in violation of local laws. To illustrate: The pot hunter in Iowa, Missouri, or Kansas kills quails out of season and in violation of the laws of those States. He does not merely kill a few for his own use, but he slaughters or traps them indiscriminately for the purpose of sending them for sale in the market. He avoids the State law by secretly shipping them to a market beyond the State.

When the birds arrive at their destination they are ex-

posed for sale, and as they were not killed in the State the State laws do not meet the case. Now, if the game wardens or other law officers of these States could watch the markets and punish the persons engaged in the shipment, the traffic could be broken up.

The carriers have no desire to aid in this nefarious traffic. The amount of their charges for freight on such goods is a very inconsiderable sum, and there would be no disposition on their part to interfere with the enforcement of the law. On the contrary, we believe that they would generally respect the letter and spirit of the law. But should the carriers knowingly transport game killed out of season they would be amenable under the proposed bill.

The consignor and the consignee would know that they were dealing in illegal property, and a few examples would break up the business. No State rights or privileges are infringed by this bill.

Interstate commerce is beyond State control. The killing or carrying of game within the limits of a State is a matter wholly within the jurisdiction of the State. But when the fruits of the violation of State laws are carried beyond the State, the nation alone has the power to forbid the transit and to punish those engaged in the traffic. This bill will give to the game wardens the very power that they now lack, and which would be the most effective for the purpose of breaking up this commerce. The bill is supported by many persons and associations throughout the United States, and your committee are of the opinion that it will be of much aid in preventing the present rapid extermination of our game, song and insectivorous birds.

In some of the States the sale of certain game is forbidden at all seasons, without regard to the place where the same was killed. The purpose of these laws is to prevent the use of game shipped into the State from being used as a cloak for the sale of game killed within the State in violation of local laws. The sale of such imported goods in original packages defeats the operation of these laws, and the committee has prepared an additional section, 5, which is in substantially the same language as the Wilson Original Package Act of Aug. 8, 1890.

The reasons for the Wilson Act of 1890 are well known, and the principle of that act should be applied in game protection.

We propose the following amendment:

Sec. 5. That all dead bodies or parts thereof, of any foreign animals or birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds transported into any State or Territory or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

Sixth Annual Show in New York.

There is a smell of burnt powder and a whiff from the evergreen forest and a touch of mother earth under foot in the city block bounded by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets and Madison and Fourth avenues, in the city of New York this week. For the time being Madison Square Garden belongs to the sportsmen—the men who shoot and fish and tramp the woods and meadows and sail the salt waters of two coasts, or click the iron-shod setting pole against the rocks in streams from Maine to California.

Something of that which is dear to these men has put its seal and savor on all that the big Garden contains, from the lower zone of the basement where the steady Teutonic rifle and revolver marksmen compete with their Yankee brothers, phlegmatically excellent or nervously masterful, up through the middle heterogenous zone to the roof and Elmer Shaner's marshaled bombardiers of the flying inanimates. And higher yet Diana, guiltless of raiment, poises as patron saint.

Features of the Show.

As was the case last year, the immense floor space of the Garden is almost entirely given up to attractions. There is a game paddock for live game, an aviary of game birds, an artificial lake for aquatic sports, while at intervals around the wall of the arena are game heads and forest beasts, Indian tepees and guides' camps.

The spectacular effect is heightened by a magnificent scene painting cyclorama of the Yosemite Valley at the east end of the Garden facing the main entrance, and at the foot of this are some live bears and a camp, while in the foreground is the lake. There is a large and admirably arranged aquarium display of fishes by the New York Fishing, Game and Forest Commission under the immediate direction of Mr. A. N. Cheney.

The live game animals include a large number of deer and elk, bears, rabbits, foxes and the like from the park of the Page Fence Co., at Adrian, Mich. Other game animals are shown by Mr. R. E. Follett. The game birds are exhibited by Mr. Verner de Guise. There is a canoeists' camp, arranged by Mr. E. T. Keyser. The aquatic sports are under the direction of Mr. William B. Curtis.

That the Sixth Annual Sportsmen's Show is a success goes without saying. The opening night saw the largest attendance of any previous opening night, and the Garden is equally full of objects of interest for the average spectators. A great educational spectacle is provided which cannot fail to have its influence on the city bred. For the sportsman there is the usual succession of attractions. The one disappointing feature is the lesser number of guides and hunters. Last year was the banner year in this respect. This year the wilder sections are not nearly so well represented.

The Adirondacks.

The one notable exception is the Adirondack region of New York. The representation is better than ever before. The hotel men are absent, but the Adirondack Guides' Association has more than made up for the deficiency and has many of its best men present at the Garden. From Saranac Lake are W. J. Slater, secretary of the Association; Millard F. Hayes, Howard Slater, Benny Moody,

James Moody, Charles Morton, Warren Brant, John Benham, Will Sterns and Walter Martin. Paul Smith's is represented by Ross Hayes; Long Lake by Dave Mix; Newcomb by E. J. Chase; Duane by Halsey Sprague, and Saranac Inn by Wesley Wood.

The Canadian Pacific.

The Canadian Pacific has divided its exhibit this year between New York and Boston. The New York end has the same high quality that characterized it last year, though the representation of hunters is not so large. Mr. L. O. Armstrong is in charge, assisted by John Shepherd, of Desbarts, Ontario, and W. H. Rankin, of Temiscamincue. There are half a dozen representative and extremely interesting Indians with the exhibit. Albert Waboosa and George Kaboosa are Ojibways, whose country lies in western Ontario between the Soo branch and main line of the C. P. R. Kaboosa is a nephew and Waboosa a grandson of Bukwujienenc, who gave the legend of Hiawatha to Schoolcraft, and through him to Longfellow. Two Schoolcrafts married into their family. The grand-uncle of Kaboosa was Shingwank, who fought at the battle of Queenstown Heights against the United States, and Waboosa has the old war drum upon which he played to accompany his song of the victory. He also has a medal given his grandfather, Shingwakonce, while fighting with the British. It is of silver about the size of the trade dollar, supported from a bar on which are the words "Fort Detroit." On one side of the medal is a female figure crowning a soldier, and below the words, "To the British Army, 1793-1816," and on the reverse, "Victoria Regina, 1848." On the periphery is the name, "Shingwakonce." Waboosa is in favor with the best element of his tribe, which numbers some 600 souls, and it is highly probable that he will be elected chief to succeed the former incumbent, who died a few weeks ago.

George Mitigwab and his squaw are Algonquins from Matawa. Like Waboosa, Mitigwab has a medal given his grandfather for service with the British. There is a bas-relief of George III. on the front, and on the reverse the national coat of arms and mottoes and the date 1814. The medal is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. Mitigwab's grandfather was an Algonquin chief from the Lake of Mountains named Kikous Constant.

Witch Michel Katsenbaen and his daughter are Iroquois from the Caughnawaga Reservation, near Montreal. Michel is a great lacrosse player and spends his time at the Garden stringing lacrosse sticks.

In General.

Two other Indians in the Garden are Thunder Cloud, a Canadian Blackfoot who finds posing for artists in New York a surer way of earning his daily bread than hunting, and Talking Star, a young lady from the St. Regis Indian Reservation in the western Adirondacks. These latter are trade Indians and draw attention to the wares of a manufacturer of Indian baskets and fancy articles.

The Moosehead Lake and Kineo section of Maine is represented, but the majority of Maine guides went to Boston this year. Sumner Crosby, of Bangor, who had much to do with the success of Maine exhibits in previous shows, is gone—gathered in by the Great Reaper. The display of mounted heads and game trophies is particularly strong. Hart has a great number of Alaskan specimens and record heads, as well as a fine collection of Newfoundland caribou heads secured in a ten-days' hunt by Messrs. John F. Dryden, Robert S. Woodruff and A. R. Kuser. In Sauter's space is the head of Maximilian Foster's New Brunswick moose, the largest specimen in the Garden with the exception of the Alaskan trophies.

Mr. Sauter shows something new in the way of an importation from Germany of a great many curious and useful articles, for the construction of which deer's horns are used. The exhibit of boats and launches occupies a considerable section of the floor space.

The Ontario Moose Country.

The law is off on moose in Ontario this fall after a period of years of well enforced protection, and many sportsmen will undoubtedly visit the section in search of this finest of living *Cervidae*. Albert Waboosa, whose address is Desbarts, says that his hunting territory north of the Soo Line, in Ontario, is a great moose country, but sportsmen who go there should realize that the country is not well adapted for calling, and that the season is late, and that moose must therefore be secured by still hunting. Caribou and deer are plentiful, and there are brook trout in the smaller lakes and streams, and bass and muskallonge in the larger. George Mitigwab, of Matawa, is familiar with the Nipissing region and is a good man, according to the testimony of sportsmen at the Garden who hunted with him in Quebec. Mitigwab's portrait was shown in FOREST AND STREAM several years ago in one of Mr. Ivory's hunting stories.

Adirondack Panthers Not Extinct.

The Adirondack guides at the Garden say that there are still a few panthers living in the Adirondacks. W. J. Slater, of Saranac Lake, says that State Forester McClintock, with Will Merrill, of Axton, saw a panther near Amper-sand Pond a few weeks ago. Other statements date further back. Ross Hayes claims to have seen panther tracks on Arab Mountain, near Childwold Station, in October, two years ago. Harvey Alford says the tracks of a panther were seen at South Meadows, north of Marcy, about the same time, and other tracks in Indian Pass. None of the guides knew of any panthers having been killed within ten years, however, and it is not likely that more than a very limited number survive.

The Trade Exhibits.

A flooring over the seats of the first balcony, around the amphitheater, affords an excellent place for the display of the manufacturers' and dealers' exhibits, and they prove to be equal in attractiveness to anything in the Garden. Crowds swarm about them so densely in the busy hours that it is with difficulty one can pass along.

E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co.

The exhibit of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., of

Wilmington, Del., occupies Space No. 1, and is most artistically arranged in its general effectiveness. The prevailing color is white trimmed with gold, which, with the red velvet background of the handsome show cases, makes a very pleasing impression. The main case contains the monogram of the company, in a star composed of smokeless shotgun canisters. Old Eagle brand of kegs and newest smokeless powder packages surmount the case. Large packages are around the base of the white columns, and green canisters, twining about the columns, form a garland to the top, where the Stars and Stripes fold over all. In a large show case in the front are shown the various ingredients entering into the composition of gunpowder, willow wood from which the charcoal is made, crude and refined saltpeter and sulphur, cotton and guncotton. Also the new powder for the large army and navy guns is exhibited. The various other brands are shown, both of the kinds used for firearms and the kinds used in the industrial world. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Pierre Gentieu.

Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co.

The exhibit of the Peters Cartridge Company and the King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, O., occupies the space used by them last year, in the southeast corner of Madison Square Garden. While the firm manufactures a full line of ammunition for rifle, pistol and shotgun, adapted for all kinds of shooting, trap, field or military, its exhibit is confined more to office lines, being neatly fitted up with desk, chairs, carpetings, etc. A table in the middle of the space bears a variety of literature explanatory of this great company's products, and groups of targets, showing accuracy of wonderful degree, testify to the excellence of their ammunition. The back of the exhibit is relieved by a mounted piece, a single duck, so arranged that it seems as if just shot in midair and falling to earth or water, brought down by the gunner. The whole is very neatly and tastily arranged. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. T. H. Keller, the Eastern agent of the company, office at 80 Chambers street, New York, and, as is usual with him, he is ever diligent. While not entirely neglecting the practical use of the shotgun, he has taken up rifle shooting for some months, and already commands a high degree of skill in that specially difficult field of competition.

Colts Patent Firearms Co.

Stand No. 33 is occupied by the Colts Patent Firearms Company, of Hartford, Conn., a glass case, with shelves also of glass, containing numerous pistols of their modern styles of revolvers, large and small in size and caliber.

Mooney Horseshoe Pad Co.

The Mooney Horseshoe Pad Company occupy space 34, and have a neat exhibit of rubber horseshoe pads, which add to the comfort and greater and longer usefulness of the horse, whether on snow, ice or the bare city streets.

Tatham Brothers.

Stand No. 6 is devoted to a very complete exhibit of the different sizes and kinds of shot manufactured by Messrs. Tatham Brothers, 82 Beekman street, New York. The sizes range from dust shot, containing thousands to the ounce, up to buckshot 44 inches in diameter. The chilled shot, of which this firm makes a specialty, with the numerous other brands of drop and cast shot, constitute a very complete display of what sportsmen use and need, and what this company manufactures.

Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co.

The Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Company, of Cleveland, O., exhibit a magatrap, in charge of Mr. Charles A. North. It occupies Space No. 37, on the south side of the Garden, and the manner in which blue rocks are thrown by it engages the attention of an earnest crowd constantly. Mr. North is kept busy explaining the purpose and manner of use of this strange machine. The blue rock target, itself so commonly used throughout the United States, is also a subject of much interest. The workings of this ingenious machine are practically displayed on the roof, where the tournament is in progress daily. Over 520 of these machines are in use throughout the United States at present.

Von Lengerke & Detmold.

The firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, of 318 Broadway, New York, occupy a large space, Nos. 38 and 39, on the south side of the Garden, and so attractive is their exhibit that visitors are always present. In the hours when the garden is most heavily patronized, their space is crowded. The Francotte guns, from featherweight and knockabouts up to the heavyweights for ducks, form one of the main features of their exhibit in prices from \$80 to \$500, beautiful works of utility, and greatly admired by all. They also display Mauser military and sporting rifles, Mauser self-loading automatic pistols and carbines and light automatic sporting rifles, for which they are the agents. In fishing tackle, they have a fine display of hand-made rods, wood and split bamboo, and reels, lines, flies, gut, etc., in profusion. In the back of the exhibit is a fine 16-foot Racine electro-vapor launch, manufactured by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, of Racine, Wis., of which Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold are the agents. A line of Stevens rifles and pistols have space in the middle. The large electric sign over the space brilliantly sets forth the legend E. C., Schultze and Rifleite, and illuminates the space effectively in the evening. Mr. Justus Von Lengerke gives the exhibit much of his personal supervision, assisted by different members of his staff betimes, Messrs. Wright, Grief, Morehouse and Everett Auryansen.

Savage Repeating Arms Co.

A very complete and artistic display of the rifles manufactured by the Savage Repeating Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., occupies Space 40. Two columns, made of rifles, support a canopy, and beneath this the various grades of rifles, sporting and military, manufactured by this company are shown. Some of them, handsomely engraved and specially finished, excite a longing for possession on the part of the beholder. The military Savage rifle, with the gold medal which it won at the Omaha Ex-

position, is shown in a glass case by itself, and is a gem of workmanship. Some penetration exhibits, of great lengths, give an optical illustration of the enormous power of these guns. The gentlemen in charge are Messrs. A. W. Savage, W. T. Crane, Frank Batcheler and A. J. Savage.

Leroy Shot and Lead Works.

Space 41 is occupied by the exhibit of the Leroy Shot and Lead Works, and the numerous sizes of shot, from dust to large buckshot, are displayed in bottles.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

The great arch, on whose numerous glass shelves are displayed samples of the many manufactures of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., is a beautiful work of art in itself. It is majestic in size and elegant in design. Brass siding and glass shelving serve to display the highly burnished products, of which there is a profusion, in a satisfactory manner. There are caps and primers of all kinds, pecks of them; and rifle cartridges of all calibers, long and short, fat and lean, military and sporting, with bullets in metal jackets and without jackets, and soft-nosed mushroom bullets, and ammunition for machine guns and rapid-fire guns, and shotgun shells of many kinds and many gauges, from 28 up, hundreds of them in shelves from the bottom to the top of the high arch. Mr. J. J. Hallowell, the famous expert, is in charge.

Page Woven Wire Fence.

Close by the U. M. C. exhibit is the artistic display of the Page Woven Wire Company, of Adrian, Mich. A hunter's cabin, deftly constructed of woven wire, is surprising in its completeness. There is a wire door, a wire piazza, with wire posts to hold up the roof, and a wire coon skin fastened to the front of the house, within which is a desk and chairs, where Mr. W. A. Hoisington, who is in charge, answers the many questions of numerous callers. The wire fencing in the Garden, which inclose the elk, deer, buffalo and bears, was provided by this company, and the manner in which it withstood the charges of the big elk, when he felt combative on the first day, was a testimonial in itself to its great strength and utility.

G. W. Cole & Co. and W. L. Marble.

In Stand 44 is the exhibit of G. W. Cole & Co., 141 Broadway, New York, manufacturers of the "3 in 1" oil, so much used for guns and bicycles, and bicycle specialties. In part of the same space, Mr. W. L. Marble, of Gladstone, Mich., displays his safety pocket axe, with a variety of knives used by hunters. These exhibits attracted great interest.

Hazard Powder Co.

The Hazard Powder Company, 44 Cedar street, New York, occupies its stand of last year, and it is in charge of Mr. B. Norton, the popular representative of that company. The exhibit is pleasingly arranged in appearance and instructive in its material. The ingredients of black powder are neatly displayed, a sample of the Blue Ribbon Smokeless is in view, and the back of the exhibit is conspicuous throughout the building, through the ingenuity of Mr. Norton, who conceived the idea of having the trade mark of the company enlarged to comparatively gigantic size, the legend, "Hazard leads the world" being made realistic by the gilded world revolving and the powder can leading on ahead.

Francis Bannerman.

Space No. 7 is occupied by the display of military goods—guns, swords, pistols and other soldiers' equipments—of Mr. Francis Bannerman, New York. Spencer guns and war relics add to the scope of the exhibit. There is much to interest and instruct the visitor in this exhibit.

Lefever Arms Co.

At Space No. 9 is the fine exhibit of the Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. D. Lefever is in charge and is busily occupied during the show hours exhibiting and explaining the merits of the Lefever gun to the group of admirers which is ever present. There is a line of guns, featherweight field guns and other arms for field shooting, and trap and pigeon guns, automatic ejector and otherwise, many of superb finish and workmanship. One very elegant gun, finely engraved and with gold work inlaid, is shown in the soft, in a bright state without the finishing blueing, etc. This exhibit is on the north side of the Garden, and is well worth a visit by those who are interested in fine guns. Samples of Lefever's Patent Gun Cleaner are on exhibition also.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

The exhibit of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of 302-304 Broadway occupies two spaces, 14 and 15, and is filled with samples of the various kinds of goods which interest sportsmen. Numerous fine specimens of the Charles Daly guns are shown, many of them exquisitely constructed and finished. They display a complete line of fine repeating rifles and shotguns manufactured by the Marlin Firearms Company, of New Haven, Conn. A Daly 3-barrel hammerless, the rifle barrel a .30-cal., is one of the special features in guns. The new Mauser repeating rifle, 8 mm., and Mauser and Borshardt pistols, for which they are United States agents, are a part of the exhibit. A Marlin rifle, an exhibition arm, highly engraved and inlaid artistically with gold hunting scenes, is a gem in itself, and is a part of their display. The Barger sight, made by Gray & Barger, New York, of which Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales are agents, is shown in its practical application. In fishing tackle they display the Bristol steel rods, and their special hand-made split bamboo rods, reels, golf goods of all kinds, and an infinity of other goods used by sportsmen. Mr. R. Schneider is in charge.

Pantasote Leather Co.

Spaces Nos. 19 and 20 contain the interesting and useful display of the Pantasote Leather Company, 29 Broadway, New York. The endless waterproof articles needed by sportsmen and campers are shown in large

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Special Arctic Number.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 3.—By all rights the week's story from Chicago should bear the title of "Special Arctic Number." There are in it two far Northern explorers and a snow storm.

To begin with the snow storm; it came to us last Wednesday and Thursday, and its results are with us yet in drifts and piles of snow 2 or 3 feet deep. The storm was the heaviest seen here for the past sixteen years, and gives this city an aspect something short of the general appearance of a Persian garden. As the storm was general through this whole section of country, its effects upon the quail crop can hardly fail of being disastrous, more especially over lower Michigan and Wisconsin and upper Illinois and Indiana. At this late date the birds are naturally more weak than they are at the beginning of cold weather, and only the previous mildness of the current winter season leaves hope for the welfare of the quail. The snow lies over a foot in depth all over the ground, and that leaves little feed exposed for the birds to get. The temperature is not very low this week—not nearly so cold as it was two weeks ago, and there is hope that this heavy snow will move off soon, though the weather slate for the next twenty-four hours says more snow to-morrow. St. Louis had more than a foot of this snow, and all over lower Illinois the depth runs from 8 inches to a foot. In Indiana the storm assumed the still more dangerous form of a heavy sleet, which covers the ground under the snow with a coat of ice, impervious to the efforts of the birds trying to get to the ground feed. At Detroit the snow lies now 14 inches deep. The storm cuts lower Michigan in half, not troubling the region north of the lower five counties. In Texas it is reported to have been a blizzard. As it is now approaching spring-time, it is supposed that a thaw will soon follow, but this will fairly flood the country, and may give us what is known as a wet spring, a condition notoriously bad for the breeding of the game birds, whose ordinary haunts are then too damp for nest building. These are the most gloomy views to be taken of the matter, and it may be that they are not to be borne out by later facts; but it is just such unfavorable seasons which give us the "bad years" in shooting.

Charlie Norris and the Far North.

More than a year ago mention was made in these columns of the adventurous trip made by Chas. W. Norris, of this city, in the far North, between Edmonton and the headwaters of the Pelly River. Mr. Norris' exciting and well-nigh fatal ride on a raft down the Peace River from Fort Graham to the Athabasca waters, and his toilsome journey thence back to Edmonton, were at that time referred to, and they impressed one at the time as about the most interesting story of wild life of an actual sort of which any recent account has come to hand.

Mr. Norris, it should be remembered, was not equipped with a sporting outfit, was not in the country for sport at all, except in an incidental way, and indeed had no outfit at all. He was leader of a party of less than a dozen men who were hunting gold, who made a desperate attempt to reach the head of the Pelly from Edmonton, Alberta. His party having perforce scattered when far up into the mountain country, Mr. Norris was robbed and deserted by the men who had remained with him, and was left in the wildest part of America alone, without a boat, with no food, with no bedding. He had only his rifle and ammunition and a sack of oats which had been left near by, and which was useless to him. Thus circumstanced, Mr. Norris did not despair, but showed himself the real adventurer and the real woodsman. He went into a little slack water creek and floated out some dead logs, binding them together with willows into a raft, which he made two tiers deep, and on which he put a bank of earth, so that he could build a fire. He rigged a steering post and got a long sweep for a steering oar, and thus ill-equipped began a journey whose parallel is not known in the annals of hardihood in the Northwest.

This was in May, the whole winter having been spent by the party in getting thus far toward the doubtful goal on which their minds were set. He started from a point 350 miles west of the Rocky Mountains—indeed, from the Cascade regions—and he lives to tell the story. He shot such ducks as he could from the raft, over which he could have but little control in the swift current, and lived on such of the dead ducks as he could gather as he swept on. He found rapids and whirling water enough, and was once aground with his heavy craft just above a bad rapid, but managed to pry off the raft with a pole and catch as it whirled away, coming through somehow. They told him after he got through that he must have run the Vermilion Falls to get through, but he knows little of that, except that he "got fearfully wet one night." He was much exhausted most of the time. When he reached Edmonton in the fall he was not recognized by those who there saw him set out six months earlier.

That was the whole of the Edmonton outfitting story. They wanted to sell outfits to parties, and they never did expect or want them to come back again, and few of them ever did come back who started up the Peace. There is probably no tougher trail known in the mountains of North America than this same so-called Edmonton "trail," which was touted by the supply houses as a "road," and which was so shown on the maps. A more heartless and more criminal traffic was never inaugurated on the face of the globe than that which for a few guilty months flourished at Edmonton, more or less under the connivance of the Canadian Government. It was said that Surveyor-General Ogilvy had located a trail from the Pelly to Edmonton, but as a matter of fact he only came out that way with Indians, and no one knew better than he that he could not find that "trail" a second time.

This wild region is there to-day, waiting for full exploration and fuller knowledge. It is one of the best big game countries to be found—moose, bear and sheep being very numerous, as well as all fur-bearing animals. Norris said his men were much frightened by the wolverines, which were very numerous and bold much of the time. He killed many bears and much other game. Of the party which started with Norris but very little is known. One of them, Geo. H. Thomas, of Chicago, is known now

to have died at Peel River or Rat River. Buffalo Jones brought out a letter from Thomas when he came through that region at the carry of the Peel River, coming out from his musk-ox trip (which was exclusively described in these columns at that time). Thomas was one of the Norris party who abandoned the original idea of ascending the Peace, and who took boat down the Mackenzie, intending to reach the Klondike in that way. This was long ago, but he never reached his goal. Dierks, Norris' original partner, who went on with the horses while Norris and the others kept the water trail, is known to have wintered at Sylvester's Landing, and he was heard from once after that, a letter having gotten back in some mysterious way or another from the Black River, west of Finley. Dr. Bennett, of Chicago, brought out news from Dierks. The former came out with Cayuse Graham, a Peace River trapper, and the news comes that Graham and another gentleman later overtook Dierks in the Black River country, and relieved him in turn of the things he did not need to carry with him. Such are some of the ways of the far North, and some of the strange examples of the way news gets across country in the mountains.

So much for details, and for a setting to the story which Charlie Norris is going to tell the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM one of these days. I have never been able to get him to write anything, and by mere luck found him after a long disappearance, but now he promises to be good. Especial interest attaches to all these facts personally, from the reason that Norris is one of my personal friends and an old-time companion on many a trout stream. His story may be relied upon as true. He may add to this story later, for next spring he is going back into much the same sort of an experience, though in a different part of the North.

Bigger than Niagara.

Norris tell me that very little is accurately known of that upper Peace River country, the maps being for the most part guess work, rivers being often put down as emptying into such and such a stream, when their course is quite different. He says that the falls of the Peace River, at Hudson's Hope, the portage of the Rockies, surpass the Niagara Falls in grandeur. There are twelve miles of awful rapids there in which nothing can live, logs being ground to splinters as they come through. "Niagara is a baby to it," says Norris, and he ought to know, for he has seen them both.

Norris says that the severity of the climate up there is much misunderstood. They had a thermometer 40 and 50 below zero, but he says that any one who can stand the Chicago climate can live up there in a bathing suit. Very reticent, he has not yet told much to anybody about his experience in the North, and we may hope for something of interest when he does.

The Northern Limit of the Jacksnipe.

Last week mention was made of Mr. Ruthven Dean's investigation of the Southern breeding limit of the jacksnipe, he speaking of nests of this bird in Indiana. Mr. Norris gives equally interesting testimony as the other extreme of the bird's habitat. He says the jacksnipe breed in very large numbers near the upper end of Lesser Slave Lake.

Where the Canvasbacks Breed.

I remember once recording the expressed belief of a gentleman of some acquaintance with natural history, that the canvasback duck bred nowhere but in Siberia, no nest having ever been seen in America. Mr. Norris says that these birds breed above the Great Slave Lake, making their nests not on the marshy ground, but upon the moss which covers all that Arctic country north of the timber line. He gets this from Frank Bennett and Frank Green, of Fort Chippewyan, who are old residents of the region along the Hudson Bay trails.

And the Indian Duck Egg Story.

I asked Mr. Norris what he knew of the alleged destruction of duck eggs by Indians or others in the far North, and whether he could find any ground for the story that the eggs of wild ducks were shipped or made an article of commerce.

"There are more ducks destroyed by the Indians in that country than by all the shooters of America," he declares, somewhat to my surprise. "The men living in the Slave Lake region told me that they estimated that 15,000,000 eggs were gathered each summer by the different Indian tribes, who make this one big source of their food supply. Others told me they thought 50,000,000 would be nearer the truth, but of course no actual count is possible."

"Are these eggs ever shipped out of the country or sold?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "they don't sell them or ship them, at least not out of that country, though they may carry them around among themselves. You see, they have no boxes or barrels. They keep these eggs in baskets woven of rushes. They gather them clear through the summer, and if there happens to be a little duck in the egg it does not make any difference to them. They keep the whole lot of them, and eat them as they like later."

"How thick are the eggs to be found on the nesting grounds?" I asked him.

"Oh, pretty thick," he said. "I've seen half a dozen nests on a place not 12 feet square. They get a lot of them."

"Did you see them doing this yourself?"

"I should say I did. At the Lesser Slave Lake was where they were at work this way. All that marsh is soft and boggy, and the Indians go out on the bogs on their snowshoes, and get to the nests that way."

"What varieties of duck are those mostly affected by this?" he was then asked, and he answered:

"Mostly redheads, mallards, teal and wood duck. I saw no eider ducks there. On the Peace River I used to see those big old eider ducks sweeping down the river, and they flew fast enough, I can tell you."

Having at last treed this nifty specimen of the American sportsman, we may leave him for the time, with the hope of hearing from him at length in regard to that far-off Northern land, the best big game country now left on this continent, of which so little is really known, but which is yearly coming closer and closer to the sportsmen of this part of the world.

variety. There are mackintosh fabrics made into hunting, fishing and yachting suits and hats, caddy bags, pouches, gun cases, ammunition bags. The material is composite, that is the waterproofing compound is finely united between two fabrics, and, we are informed, contains no rubber or other material which will oxidize, and is not affected by climatic conditions in any part of the world. It also is odorless. A coat and hat, set under a shower of water, where it has been for hours and days without being penetrated by the water, testifies to its utility. Mr. W. L. Bratton is in charge.

Remington Arms Co.

The Remington Arms Company, Ilion, N. Y., and 313 Broadway, New York city, manufacturers of firearms, bicycles and sewing machines, occupy two spaces, Nos. 21 and 23. A large new, mahogany case, occupying nearly the full length of the exhibit, is filled with guns from end to end, samples of the product of this great company. There are magazine, sporting and military rifles, shotguns of different gauges and qualities, double derringer pistols, etc. The rifle display is the largest, and is very complete in the multitude of varieties, which the visitors may view in detail as they stand in a long row in the mammoth case. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. W. H. Grimshaw.

Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, of 313 Broadway, New York, makers of golf goods, pedals, gun implements, etc., has Spaces 24 and 25, mostly devoted to golfing features. The exhibit portrays a rustic scene, the background representing the Ardsley Golf Club links, which has a view commanding the Hudson River. The foreground represents a putting green. Golf clubs, caddy bags, golf balls, etc., are on exhibition.

The Tubular Fly Co.

Space No. 35 contains the exhibit of the Tubular Fly Company, of Brooklyn, L. I., the title denoting the product of the company. Dr. R. B. Cantrell, the inventor of the fly, is in charge. A delicate tube of aluminum or copper is wound as a trout or bass fly, which can be slipped on hooks of three different sizes, or from one hook on which the snell is injured, to a sound one. The telescope fly is another of the Doctor's inventions, built on the tubular idea. Heads, wings, hackles and body are on tubes which fit together, so that from a small amount of material a multitude of varieties may be made very quickly.

Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

Spaces 45 and 46 are devoted to the exhibit of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York. Sections of three mammoth cannons, 8-inch, 10-inch and 12-inch, showing the breech mechanism and powder chambers, with the sacks of powder and shell or armor-piercing projectile placed in the latter, illustrate the enormous consuming capacity of the modern cannon, with a suggestion of its terrific power. Fastened to the wall, one above another, they are an interesting object lesson. The load in the 8-inch bore is marked, powder, 75 pounds; projectile, 300 pounds; 10-inch, powder, 160 pounds; projectile, 575 pounds; 12-inch, powder, 265 pounds, projectile, 1,000 pounds. The powder, in different stages of manufacture, is shown in sample lots. The ingredients of the powder are mixed with a heavy paste or glue, called collodion, which hardens into a semi-transparent yellowish mass. While in a soft state, it is forced through dies, when it is in long strings somewhat resembling a large violin string. Revolving knives cut the strings into the smaller cylindrical sections, which produce the finished powder. The resisting quality of the powder to water is shown by a coil submerged in a bowl; taken out, it burns as freely as dry powder. Samples of the various grades of black and smokeless are also shown, while on the wall are two groups of rifles, shotguns and revolvers, a part of the kinds of firearms in which their powders are used. The exhibit is in charge of the secretary of the company, Mr. A. W. Higgins.

New Departure Trunk Co.

Space No. 8 is occupied by the New Departure Trunk Company, of 78 Summer street, Boston, Mass. Samples of their trunks and traveling outfits are on exhibition. The sportsmen's trunks are specially constructed with a view to the safe and economical carriage of guns, cartridges, shooting outfits, etc., and for the fisherman a trunk is provided with compartments for fishing rods, tackle, flies, etc. They are very strongly made and are declared to be waterproof. This company, besides making trunks specially adapted to the needs of sportsmen, also makes trunks specially adapted to the needs of theatrical people, horsemen, army officers, express men, salesmen, etc.

Mechanical Fabric Co.

Space 16 is devoted to an interesting display of the products of the Mechanical Fabric Company, of Providence, R. I., their specialty being air mattresses, pillows and cushions. They show camp mattresses, with or without pillow attached, ship or yacht mattresses, steamer cushions, canoe cushions. A tent also is shown, furnished with the company's products, and intended to show the furnishing of an ideal camp with a view to comfort, neatness and economy. The ship and yacht mattresses and canoe and boat cushions can be used as life preservers in an emergency. Messrs. J. N. Gardner & Co., and Mr. E. V. Wixom are in charge.

Taxidermy.

THE most interesting object in the taxidermy exhibit is the record moose head secured in New Brunswick last year by Mr. Maximilian Foster. This is shown by Fred Sauter. Thos. W. Franke has some capital specimens of game heads and fishes; and Wm. W. Hart & Co. make a large showing of heads of game, mounted specimens and examples of taxidermy house furnishings.

Another Northern Explorer-Sportsman.

It was something like a year ago that *FOREST AND STREAM* was given the privilege of printing the first story sent to a sporting paper by Mr. Harry E. Lee, of Chicago, describing his singularly interesting hunting trip in the far-away land of Alaska. Mr. Lee was of course far to the northwest of Mr. Norris' country, and was closer to the coast whereas, Mr. Norris was well inland at the point reached in his north and west bound journeyings. Mr. Lee's trophies excited the admiration of all America, and all America went wild over this new and little known big game country, from which came heads and hides of unheard-of size, the first authentic account of which was thus given in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, at first hand and from a reliable source. The stories of that country might excite derision did not the enormous heads and the big skins act as their own witnesses. Knowing that Mr. Lee had made a second trip into Alaska last summer, I have often asked him for more stories about it, and may now promise this treat at an early date for the *FOREST AND STREAM* family. I do not wish to forestall Mr. Lee by any partial mention of this expedition, but am authorized to say that Mr. Lee is now at work on a big game map of Alaska, which will be correct and authentic in every particular, and made only from his own personal knowledge. This will prove of great interest and value to the sportsmen who wish to undertake the experience of a trip for big game in Alaska. During his five months' stay in Alaska this time, Mr. Lee made a grand collection of birds, and thinks he has the best lot of specimens ever collected in Alaska. There is much temptation to tell some of the interesting things which this Chicago wanderer and his wife told me this morning, but we must keep faith and give this later. I shall only mention what Mr. Lee says in regard to the duck egg industry in the North.

"The Indians gather eggs to eat, of course," he said, and they sell them, too, wherever they get a chance. They get about 50 cents a dozen for them, sometimes, at settlements, but that is only what they carry in there."

"They do not ship them away in any shape, do they?" was asked of him.

"No, not at all; not in the least."

"Do they get very many of them?"

"No, not very many of them, in that country; not any quantity of consequence there."

"They don't sell them?"

"Only to peddle them around, as I said."

Water Trips.

This week I met Mr. J. Edmund Strong and Mr. Selz, of Selz, Schwab & Co., who are purposing another canoe trip together, something like that which they took last fall on my recommendation along the upper waters of the Mississippi River. They went in at Bemidji and ran about 150 miles of the Papa of Waters, having a very delightful time. Now they want new worlds to conquer, and we talked that over for some time. The Wisconsin, the Menominee Brule, the St. Francis of the South, the St. Croix of the North, the Ottawa of Canada, the little Thornapple of Michigan, all came up for discussion. At last the gentlemen practically decided they would try the Au Sable River of Lower Michigan, going in somewhere above Grayling and making a long run down the river. They will have splendid fishing, and friends who are acquainted with that water say it is practical for canoeing. I hope that Mr. Geo. L. Alexander, of Grayling, will tell these friends all he can about the suitability of the Au Sable for a trip of this sort. Mr. Alexander has always seemed to me to be about the nicest man in the world, and he is the sort that will put himself out to the last gasp to help a man who loves trout fishing. My two Chicago friends are canoe fiends from 'way yonder, and unless a stream is so steep that it falls over backwards they can run it and play checkers at the same time. You can't ask any more than that.

Italian Joe Discovered.

This has been a week of pleasant discoveries among old friends. This morning I was at "V. L. & A.'s" store, to see if anything was going on, and as I stooped over for a moment I was surprised to feel a pair of hands clasped over my eyes and to hear a voice ask me if I "knew who it was." Several guesses were in vain, and the man behind me then began to whistle, "Wheet, wheet, whit-whit, wheet!"

"Oh, Italian Joe, sure," I cried, and he said, "You guess-a it right that-a time."

Italian Joe, it seems, is keeping a saloon out at Summit, about twelve miles southeast of town, and this point is within half a mile or so from where he has done some of his best plover shooting. Of course, everybody knows that Italian Joe is the most celebrated and the most remarkably successful plover shooter in the whole country, and his reputation extends all over Illinois and Indiana at least. He asks me to come out and spend a night in his saloon this spring and go "shoot-a de plov" the next morning, and I think I shall surely go, too, for Italian Joe is unique and enjoyable, and a downright good fellow. He shoots for the market, but he does it because he has to, and doesn't know any better, and there is such a thing as being a market-hunter and a gentleman, too. The story printed some years ago about Joe and his methods of plover shooting over decoys describes his system pretty well, though perhaps we shall see something new this spring if we get into the blind together on the wind-swept prairies.

Joe is most kind-hearted in allowing a stranger to visit him, for the plover flight is short, and it is money to him to kill all he can, and he can kill more plover alone than any five men can with or without him. His system is a very practical one, and he does not like it disturbed by his guests, who sometimes come into his blind without any invitation and stay till he invites them to go away. One should promise Joe only to watch, and let him to the shooting, though he says I must "bring-a de gun."

Italian Joe says the new game law, closing the season at April 25, is all wrong for him, as his birds sometimes do not come here in full flight till after that date, though the plover flight (the golden plover is referred to) may be depended upon to begin before that time each spring.

Joe tells me that last spring the flight of golden plover was heavier than it had been for years, and as heavy as he ever saw it.

"Two day they come-a, oh, my! You see-a the black-a cloud o' de plov', two, t'ree mile-a, come an' come! Dat two-a day, I kill-a de six hund' plov'. Some time-a I got-a de two, t'ree dam-a fool in de bline! Dey shoot, shoot, an' make-a de mix. You keep-a de two dam-a fool out-a de bline dat two day, I kill-a de t'ousan' plov', sure-a you born!" Joe explains that the folk above described would get excited and would raise up and shoot into the flock as it came straight in, or as it crossed overhead, his own system being to rake them as they angle in to the decoys, which are set at about 45 degs. to the wind. This shooting, as practiced by this man, its originator in this country, is curious and exciting. Joe can call plover as no other living man can call them, and when one sees a bunch of two or three hundred birds swing from their flight half a mile or more away—he can call them a mile down wind—and head in for the decoys, there is the same excitement there is in watching a bunch of ducks decoy, and the certainty that the plover will give a shot or two, sometimes three or four, for they decoy again and again.

South.

Mr. Irby Bennett, Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was in town for one day this week (Thursday), and, refusing to remain longer in this city, started home to Memphis that night.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., has gone South to his coffee and vanilla plantation at Jalapa, Mexico. It shall go hard if he annex no ducks and deer while there, for he is a mighty hunter, of legs long and tireless withal, and to this full many a Congressman will testify who was guided by this youth in Minnesota last October.

Hot.

One morning this week two energetic Chicago policemen saw a faint, dark figure half a mile out on the ice of the harbor. Taking their lives in their hands and hoping for a good notice in the paper, they set out to rescue the unfortunate victim of the lake. It was James Hanson, who had out a bunch of decoys and was shooting ducks. The policemen spoiled the flight. Mr. Hanson was sitting on the ice, but he was hot.

The Ivanhoe Club Preserve, of Mississippi.

Mr. W. I. Spears, of Ingram's Mills, Miss., as was mentioned earlier, is the projector of the Ivanhoe preserve, in De Soto and Marshall counties, Miss. Mr. Spears is a very ardent fox hunter, and has turned down many scores of red foxes in this country, which have increased with the native stock until this is a paradise for the fox hunter. Mr. Spears has a fine pack of hounds, and he can get a run any day he wants it. We two rode out one morning and started a fox before we had been out two hours. As we were obliged to be back home by noon, and as the chase led directly away from us we had to leave the dogs and come home, asking a neighbor to look them up if they came back near his place. Twenty-four hours later some of the dogs were still out, and not till the second day did all come in but three, whose fate was at last accounts unknown. We found the country hilly, with some creek bottoms, and not bad for cross-country going, since the fences are mostly low rail affairs, and even the wires have frequent gaps. For fox hunting this is the best country of which I have any personal knowledge.

This region is about twenty-five miles from the edge of those great bottoms of the Mississippi Delta, which are so grand a preserve for deer and bear. There are a few wild cats near Mr. Spears' place, and he often runs one of these. He tries to get track of all the cats, wolves and foxes he can to turn down in the country round about. All that wild timber country is full of possums, coons, and that sort of thing. There are many squirrels and a few ducks, the latter sometimes coming at some ponds not far away. The great mainstay of this tract, however, so far as it appeals to the shooter, is the great abundance of quails. These birds could not have a better home than the old fields, the brier patches, the stubbles and corn fields, pea patches, etc., which make up the cover of the country.

Mr. Spears has 25,000 acres under ten year leases, all in one body, and we rode over a strip of perhaps eight miles without going off the preserve. He says he can get 50,000 acres if he likes. He arranges for the exclusive shooting rights on the farms, giving the farmer himself right to shoot, but binding him to keep off trespassers. This leaves good feeling, and the simple plan seems to work most admirably, leaving none of the usual antagonistic feeling against the game preserve. Mr. Spears wishes chiefly to stop the pot hunting, and he lately drove out of the country the only two men who ever tried to shoot for the market in there. The local farmers, many of them colored, do not know or care anything about shooting birds, hence the supply is very large and bids fair to keep its numbers. Mr. Spears encourages farmers to leave a pea patch out here and there, and the sorghum seed being the best feed the birds have. We saw a good many birds around the house, but it was not legal to shoot in De Soto county. A little ride took us to Marshall county, and we put up seven beves in a little while, though we did not care to shoot very much. Friends of mine, as earlier mentioned, put up seventeen beves in part of one day.

Just at present Mr. Spears and our friend, the redoubtable Bobo, the bear hunter, are having this little preserve pretty much to themselves, living neighbors, as they do, and each having a pack of hounds. Bobo is degenerating into a fox hunter—Mr. Spears says he is ascending, and not descending, the scale. Bobo's doctor told him he would have to quit bear hunting, or it would kill him, so he has quit, or is tapering off, and just runs a fox once in a while to keep his horn in tune.

Mr. Spears says that he would like to make an arrangement with a few gentlemen of the right sort—not more than half a dozen or so—who will take hold of his preserve and make it possible for him to continue it with justice to himself. He does not want any money put up for buildings, for he has them already. He can keep the dogs of his own pack and he can furnish horses at a reasonable rate. He requires only a small annual sum for the continuance of the leases, really a ridiculously small amount. The brief earlier mention of this matter in the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* brought Mr. Spears several inquiries, but I do not know what arrangements he has made or intends to make. He wishes to make a big ac-

climatization park out of this, and put down pheasants and other birds. He has put out a couple of dozen Mongolian pheasants. His plan seems to be so laudable that it is to be hoped he will enlist all the aid he wishes.

Guinea Fowls as Game.

It was one of Mr. Spears' ideas that the guinea hen might run wild and prove a good game bird if set free in a wild region. To-day I have a letter from Mr. W. A. Powel, of this State. He writes:

"I noticed something in *FOREST AND STREAM* in regard to guineas as game birds. On my father's place in Kansas, down by the Territory line, some neighbor had left a bunch of them, and they went wild on the prairie, and I hunted them same as prairie chickens. I would think they would do on a preserve. They lay to a dog and flew fairly well."

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Wadsworth's Quail.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT's nomination of Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth, of Geneseo, Livingston county, to be president of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, has brought to public attention the fact that Mr. Wadsworth was once fined for shooting quail out of season. The New York Herald of March 2 contained this from its Albany correspondent:

"Within an hour after the names had been sent to the Senate to-day the fact had been dug out of the records that Mr. Wadsworth had pleaded guilty of violating the game laws and paid a fine. Mr. Wadsworth is the president of the Boone and Crockett Club, and a big game hunter, but he killed quail out of season, in company with several other sportsmen in 1896.

"Prosecution was brought by T. H. Donnelly, one of the State protectors, before Justice of the Peace C. W. Gamble, at Mount Morris, Livingston county. All the accused, including Mr. Wadsworth, pleaded guilty and were fined \$150.

"Governor Roosevelt said to-night that Mr. Wadsworth, who is a wealthy man and a large land owner, had stocked his extensive preserve with quail, and had been very active in suppressing illegal killing. He shot quail out of season in order to get a specimen, or something of that sort, the Governor declared, and the poachers themselves filed complaint out of revenge.

"Governor Roosevelt's opinion is that the prosecution was almost 'comic.'"

In further statement of the case, Mr. J. W. Cowan writes from Geneseo as below. This we take to be a correct statement of the circumstances, but our correspondent is in error in assuming that there is any provision in the law which permits the owner of a private park or a land owner to kill game in close season. Mr. Cowan writes:

GENESEO, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In relation to the article which appeared in the New York Herald of March 2, I would like to add to Governor Roosevelt's statement, for the benefit of *FOREST AND STREAM* readers, an explanation of the situation which led to Mr. Wadsworth's submission to a fine upon a charge of shooting quail out of season.

In the first place, there were no quail left worth mentioning in the county of Livingston in 1899; they had been practically exterminated by overshooting. One could then have hunted the length and breadth of the Valley of the Genesee, which had always been the home of the quail, but he would hear the voice of "brave brown Bob" no more in the land. In that year Mr. Wadsworth determined to try to restock the covers both with Mongolian pheasants and with quail, and to that end he secured all the pheasants he could from Oregon, Judge Greene, of Portland, furnishing the addresses of men who could provide the birds, there being then no pheasantries in the East. These birds from Oregon, together with a few dozen quail, were liberated that year. In 1899 he procured the services of an expert game keeper and established a pheasant hatchery, where a very large number of birds were raised and liberated as they became sufficiently matured to take care of themselves. This work of restocking the woods of the county he has kept up ever since, and the results are apparent to any one who goes afield. It is not uncommon now to see a big bright pheasant strut across the road as one drives along, and in the few days I was out last autumn with a dog and fowling piece, I am quite sure I saw fifty of these fine birds.

In 1894 Mr. Wadsworth and several other gentlemen organized a little club, intending to form a portion of Mr. Wadsworth's land into a private park, where the members would be at liberty to shoot under their own regulations, as the law of the State provides they may. For this purpose they procured from the West sixty dozen quail and turned them out to multiply, repeating the experiment in 1895 and 1896. It appears that by some oversight they omitted to comply with all the technical formalities of the law as to advertising the existence of this club and the establishment of a private park, in consequence of which the first time these gentlemen went out with their guns on Mr. Wadsworth's own land, to shoot birds that his good cold cash had bought and which he believed he had the unquestioned right to hunt, Game Protector Donnelly, with commendable zeal but questionable judgment, rose up in his might and made a complaint. It so happened that Mr. Wadsworth was obliged to go on an extended Western trip, and could not possibly be present to make a defense or explanation in person, and left the matter to be settled by his attorney in the simplest way possible; this was accomplished by the imposition of a fine of \$25. It was simply an instance of selecting a shining mark and an exploit to "get at" a wealthy man, who had done much to cultivate good sport in the county at his own expense, and who it was perfectly well known would not knowingly violate the letter or spirit of the game law under any circumstances. It is proper to add that Mr. Wadsworth has been at much personal expense to prevent the violation of the game law and to punish offenders, and he is the last person in the world to countenance any infraction of these laws consciously by himself or his friends; he has, moreover, been very painstaking to preserve his forest land from the axe at large expense to his revenues, and no one could commit a greater depredation upon his lands than by injuring or destroying a tree.

J. W. COWAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Old Story of the Boy Blue-Black.

Is it my head yer hittin' at, Brother Hopkins—ah? Well, here's to you, for another book lover, and perhaps I can help you out, as the other boys have helped me.

To begin with, you've mixed two children up. The boy who dyed the other was a lad named Morton—Mort for short among his friends—and who, it must be confessed, was in at the "mort" about as often as anybody. The blacksmith lad was his chum, whose family up till that time had been rich, and whose name was Richardson—Rich, for common use. The experimental iron working, however, doesn't happen to him, but to his predecessors in life's race, and on a reversal of fortune the family takes up the smithy again—till Rich finds his proper place in life as an M.D.

The story is not in one book alone, but several, to wit: "The Sophomore of Radcliffe (N. B.—Not Radcliffe-on-the-Charles River, Mass., which is a girls' affair), "The Spark of Genius," "The Whispering Pine" (under which the club of lads built a camp), "The Turning of the Tide" (Rich's life work), "Winning His Spurs" (Mort's development into a lawyer). The scene is located for the most part at Brunswick, Me. (Bowdoin College), and the author is Elijah Kellogg. During college life Rich is still wealthy, and chops wood and teaches school solely to keep Mort company and because he admires his fine example of manliness.

Next! J. P. T.
BOSTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The name of the story Mr. Lewis Hopkins wants is "A Stout Heart, or the Student from Over the Seas," and it was first published as a serial in the early seventies.

FRED IRLAND.

There are two next, both of the early '60s. First a book which had as a frontispiece a cheerful picture of the villain shooting the heroine's guardian dog; dog posed accommodatingly, mouth open, bright red tongue hanging out, and gun muzzle poked down his throat. Second, a book called "The Ringleader," with pictured youths clad in those preposterous old-time men's clothes—coats with tails, and high hats. A book in which the pious hero is drowned off at an early age.

A Flock of Foxes.

THE following item was clipped from the local news column of an Orange county paper:

"Jim Gill killed seven foxes in one shot and wounded the eighth one day during the past week on the farm of Moses R. Shafer."

The man mentioned as such a successful hunter is well known in a certain section of the Walkkill Valley as a good shot, though he is handicapped by the loss of an arm; but this fox story reminds me of the exploit of Dead-Shot Dan, who, "being closely pursued by Indians, rode his horse over a precipice 700 feet high. Turning in the saddle as he was falling he opened fire with his trusty Winchester on the Indians, who had come to the edge of the bluff and were looking over. He succeeded in killing fourteen of the red devils before he reached the bottom, and would have killed fifteen if the air had not been so filled with the red devils that he could not see to place the last shot effectively, so he only wounded the last one."

J. JAY.

A Plague of Cuttlefish.

THE Australian papers give accounts of an unprecedented plague of cuttlefish that has been ravaging the fisheries and for a time entirely upsetting the fishing industry in North Australian waters. It is said that the creatures are swarming in such numbers that hundreds are brought up in a single haul of the nets. As the haul is drawn up they cling with their tentacles to the under side of the boat, and have to be disengaged with axes, so that large quantities of tackle have been destroyed and many boats injured. They average from 15 pounds downward in weight, and their appearance in such huge numbers has been as sudden as it has proved unpleasant.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Farmer and Sportsman.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3 contains an editorial discussion of a subject destined to grow in interest as this country grows older. It is the relation between the landowner and the sportsman who likes to hunt and fish. This matter has not bothered us up here in Maine much as yet, because until within a comparatively brief time the anglers and the gunners have numbered but few people, and they have never troubled the farmers much. In the early days of the State, citizens were too busy seeking a livelihood to indulge in either sport as a pastime, and there grew up at that time a sort of conviction among most busy folks that a fellow who took the time to go fishing or hunting had a great deal of the vagabond in his nature, and was likely never to amount to much. Then sportsmen from other sections of the country began to come to Maine for the fishing and shooting—men who were successful in the professions and in business, and the home people who saw them and observed what good times the visitors apparently had began to wonder if after all they themselves hadn't been missing a lot of fun for nothing. The example of one influenced another, until now hundreds of Maine men enjoy during their annual vacation the unrivaled sport to be had in Maine's woods and by her lakes and streams. The number of such is increasing, too, year by year, and the time may come here as it has come in many other States, when there will be friction between the farmer owning the land on the one hand, and the man with the gun or the rod on the other. The sportsman can largely determine for himself what the future of the relation between him and the landowner shall be. If he disregards the rights of the farmer, breaks down his fences and is careless of the ordinary courtesies of life while in pursuit of his favorite sport, it will not be long before here in Maine, as elsewhere, the two classes will find themselves in hostile array against each other. A little good nature and respect of mutual rights, however, will remove all danger from this source for a long time to come.—*Waterville, Me., Mail.*

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish at the Boston Show.

THE exhibition of fish at the Sportsmen's Show of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association, in Mechanics' Building, Boston, is the best that I have seen anywhere at any time at an exhibition not a permanent one, and so far as the exhibition in Boston goes, it cannot, in my opinion, be excelled by any permanent exhibition of fishes in all this broad land. Here are fish gathered together from the waters of the New England States, and practically, I believe, from the stations of the United States Fish Commission in Maine, and the stations of the New Hampshire State Commission, for an exhibition to last but two weeks, and all the appointments for the health of the fish and convenience of the spectators are as perfect as though the fish were to be displayed for years instead of days. The log cabin effect is particularly pleasing, and by that expression I mean that the long rows of tanks are so placed and framed as to give the visitors the impression that he or she is looking in at the windows of a log cabin to find fish swimming about. The whole front of the exhibit is made of bark-covered logs or poles of uniform size, and each tank is framed in the same material. The tanks are made of wood and covered on the inside with cement, and the backs slope away to admit light, and are covered with rocks embedded in the cement, giving a very charming and realistic effect. With air pump and excellent and abundant water supply, the lives of the fishes are assured as fully as it is possible to assure the lives of fishes in confinement. Mr. Dimick, the general manager, and Mr. Richard O. Harding, in charge of the fishes, are to be congratulated upon the excellent and instructive exhibit they have prepared for the visitor to the show. I must confess at the outset that I devoted little time to the occupants of the most of the tanks, a passing glance at brook trout, rainbow trout, landlocked salmon, black bass, lake trout (big fellows, too), and to see that all were in good condition satisfied me, for I made the journey to Boston chiefly to see a few species, and to those I devoted my time.

Dublin Pond Trout.

Of all the fish in the show I was perhaps most interested in the trout from Dublin Pond, in New Hampshire, for never before had I seen them alive. I regret that this evening, the only time I can write this note, that the books of my fishing library have been removed by workmen who have taken possession of the house and almost driven me out, so that I cannot find anything that I want. My impression is that Garman has described this fish as a variety of the common brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis* Agassizii), and not a distinct species, but I cannot at this moment avail myself of his description. Some of the fish were taken out of the water in a net that I might examine them, and the differences which I noticed that distinguished them from the brook trout are: There are no vermiculations on the back, which is a solid greenish color, with silvery glints in certain lights; caudal fins more forward; fins paler, general pinkish hue; the back strips in fins fainter, and the white border a dirty white; spots lemon color, no halo. Fish generally more slender than the brook trout. While looking at the Dublin Pond trout I was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Dwight and her daughter, of Boston, who reside in summer at Dublin Pond, and they very graciously went back of the tanks to give me such information as they could when the fish were netted from the water. Miss Dwight was very enthusiastic about the fish, and said they were fair types of the trout as she knew them at the pond, but there she had observed that the spots were orange rather than lemon, but the colors fade quickly. They average from 2 to 4 ounces in weight, and she remarked that the fish in the tank were less slender than she had known them at the pond, but she had observed that the fish generally were growing deeper in the body since the introduction of the fresh-water shrimp, and that the fish now caught were found to be filled with the introduced food. Fish netted for spawning purposes have weighed between 2 and 3 pounds each, and once one was taken weighing 7 pounds. The pond is fed entirely from springs, and has no inlet or outlet, and the trout spawn along the shores, which as a rule are very abrupt, and the water is 150 feet deep in parts. When the ice goes out in the spring the trout are caught in water from 80 to 100 feet deep. Two or three weeks after the ice goes out the trout come to the surface, and are taken on the fly, drawn gut and very small flies. The fish have pink flesh and are particularly delicious eating.

Loch Leven Trout.

The State of New York has had Loch Leven trout eggs and hatched them, and no one could distinguish the fish from brown trout, and New York hatching stations are not singular in this respect. The Loch Leven trout never has red spots, according to the English text-books, and the brown trout is never without them, or perhaps I should say, rarely without them, and it also has a pin border to its adipose fin. The Loch Leven trout exhibited by New Hampshire at the Boston show were the real thing if this matter of red spots is a sure guide. When viewed in the water, and when lifted from the water in the net I could not find the red spots or red tips to adipose fin, but otherwise they were good enough brown trout. I was very glad to see specimens of the Simon-pure article, for from many years' experience I have about concluded that the waters of this country had a tendency to produce red spots on Loch Leven trout when they did not belong to them.

Sunapee Saibling.

Any one who may have seen the colored figures of the male Sunapee saibling in one of the reports of the Fisheries, Game, and Forest Commission of the State of New York would not recognize the fish in the tanks at Boston, and yet it is the same fish, and the coloring in

the figures in the report is correct, but the Boston show was held in February, and the bright hue in the books is peculiar to the fish in November. Otherwise the Boston fish and the fish in the book are identical. I went to Sunapee Lake with Mr. Denton to paint the fish represented in the book, and on the spot the colors faded more quickly than the artist could transfer them with his brushes, and it required several fish to complete the color drawing. The fish made a fine exhibit and recalled many days of absolute joy that I have passed in fishing for some of their relatives, and the other days, and nights, when I spread ink on paper in the controversy as to whether they were natives or introduced.

Albino Salmon.

One tank contained some two-year-old albino landlocked salmon from one of the stations of the U. S. Fish Commission in Maine. They were a creamy white, through which the poor marks were distinguishable, and were hatched in a lot of other eggs from parents that were not supposed to be albinos, as Mr. Harding told me, and will be reared to see what may come of them. I have a faint recollection that I have read something about these fish, but am not sure, and may confuse them in my mind with the albino trout reared in a Western State. The salmon had normal eyes, with no tendency toward the pink found in other animals that are albinos.

Lake Trout.

Once, while talking with some gentlemen and standing a little back from the fish tanks, I observed that the largest crowd stood before the tank of the lake trout, and I asked if any one could tell why this was, and my own solution was that the tank contained the largest fish, and if each fish had had three heads instead of one the crowd would have been still larger. Some of the lake trout were said to weigh 18 pounds each, and they looked it.

Indians Spearing Salmon.

One of the features of the sport in the tank was a representation of Indian spearing salmon by torch light, and the action of the man with the spear impressed me, as it always has when I have seen it, that he did not learn how to do it in a hall in a city where the water in the tank had a uniform depth of 7 feet, with no fish in it, nor did he learn about it from hearing his grandfather tell about it.

Ice Fish.

A letter from a very dear friend, a charming little woman, who is "one of the best fellows I ever knew," and who can shoot and tramp and camp, and who takes a live and intelligent interest in every healthy sport, and in game and fish protection, and who understands the whole field of sport better than lots of men, writes me: "Seeing your note in FOREST AND STREAM about Lake Champlain ice fish, I will give you a point in regard to them in case you say more about the fish. Tom Murphy has just brought in the first large ones caught this year—all females, and full of roe. He says at night they come to the top of the water right under the ice by the thousands. I asked him why it was no one ever could get them when the lake was clear of ice, and he answered, 'Occasionally you can get them, but only once in a great while. They evidently go to very deep water and like the dark, because when we take here and there one without ice on the lake it is in 60 to 80 feet of water, and then they have the dark line all the way down the back, like the smelt, instead of on the head only.' Now, do not say a woman is only good for housekeeping."

Bless your heart, I never said it, and never believed it if I have ever heard any one else say it, for I know better, and believe rather with old Thomas Otway:

"O, woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

I know the same man also said, "Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman," but it was a case of before and after taking, and what I have quoted first he said after.

Tom Murphy is a good fisherman, and an observer as well, but that dark line "like the smelt" would indicate that I am never to be forgiven for saying the "ice fish" is the smelt, when I am trying hard in this column to always say ice fish when I mean the smelt peculiar to Lake Champlain.

Some gentlemen in Boston, who had read my notes about the smelts that are called ice fish at Lake Champlain, told me that the smelts of Eastern waters would not bite until the ice formed, and it is quite likely that Tom Murphy has solved the question, when he says that smelts love the dark when they are ice fish in Lake Champlain just as much as they do when they are smelts down East. But I will admit that I much prefer to eat ice fish at Lake Champlain to eating smelts down East, and I have tried both within ten days. For the same reason I prefer broiled scrod in Boston to boiled codfish in New York—because it is better, and I had the broiled scrod last Friday, and expect to have the boiled codfish next Thursday.

Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York will hereafter be known as the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, for Senator Brown's codification of the fish and game laws of New York became a law on Feb. 19, and this codification changes the title of the Commission.

There has been much time and thought expended in this codification, which is now a law, and the question in my mind is, will the law remain clear, and not conflicting, or by reason of endless amendments will it soon become a muddle, as before.

The Fish at New York Show.

COMING from Boston to New York, I saw the Sportsmen's shows, one directly after the other, and so could compare the fish exhibits at the two places if I had the desire, but I have not the desire. In Boston the United

States Fish Commission and the State of New Hampshire furnished the fish for the aquaria, and in New York the fish was furnished by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State of New York. The latter is the smaller exhibit, as no attempt has been made to show more than a sample of the work of the Commission in rearing trout for public distribution, and under the present conditions existing at Madison Square Garden it is not possible to have more than a meager exhibition of the product of the State hatching stations, as the horse show or, some other show is hustled out of the Garden some evening at six o'clock, and the Sportsmen's show begins to hustle in about the same hour, and all must be in readiness for opening a few days later. It is a case of "The King is dead; long live the King." This year the dead king was the dog and the live king was fish and things that other pens will write about.

So far as it went the fish exhibit was an excellent one of brook, brown and rainbow trout. There was tank each of one and two year old fish, one of steelhead trout and one of red-throat or black spotted trout, and a big tank of big trout of brook, brown and rainbows. The fish were in fine condition, and probably no finer young fish can be found anywhere. As the trout came chiefly from the Long Island hatching station they were remarkable for their size, and it was difficult to make visitors understand that the yearlings and two-year-olds had been reared from the egg in twelve and twenty-four calendar months respectively. In connection with the aquaria was a miniature trout hatchery, and this exhibit was one that attracted much attention and provoked endless queries that the attendants were kept busy in answering. In one trough were the eyed ova in process of hatching, and in another the fry just as they had absorbed the yolk sac. A platform had been erected for the convenience of visitors, that they might look down into the water and thus see the eggs on the trays and the fry in the trough to better advantage, and this also made it convenient for many boys, a few men, and occasionally a woman, to lift out some eggs, feel of the trout fry, or cut off the water supply; but as it was all done out of pardonable but fatal curiosity, the attendants only said "Please don't," when perhaps they wished to use another and larger D. There is no question about live fish exhibits being educational in a high degree, and the fish subject is one that so many people are interested in the moment it is called to their attention, and I think it would be of great benefit to have a live fish exhibit another year that would really do credit to the State; but it would have to be planned in advance and everything made ready elsewhere to move in between two days, as it were. One thing needful is filtered water. The fish foul the water very quickly, but before they are put into the tanks the water is far from clear, and the greatest complaint made is that the people cannot see the fish as plainly as they may wish. It would, however, be impossible to make a fish exhibit showing all the branches of the work of the State Commission and set it all down in the Garden for a stay of two weeks, for the work goes on in various branches during twelve months, and it cannot be condensed into two weeks. This is too late to show whitefish work and too early to show pike-perch and shad work, and so a compromise has been made this year on fall spawning and spring spawning trout of various species, and as I said in the beginning it is an excellent show as far as it goes.

A. N. CHENEY.

New England Ice Fishing.

BOSTON, March 3.—There is some ice fishing yet, but the weather has been most remarkably severe. Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, Mass., with six of his friends, is out of the woods from an ice-fishing trip to Hartland Lake, Me. They occupied the camp of the Commodore Club. In as many days they had six or seven sorts of weather: blinding and drifting snow storms, gales of wind, mercury down below zero and a rain storm. They had no difficulty in keeping comfortable in the well-provided camps of the club, but fishing was another question a part of the time. Still, they got a fair showing of pickerel, and would like to be there again. Among the lakes and ponds in that section included in the list of those opened to ice fishing by the Commissioners this winter, are Douglass, Moose, Indian, White, Mud, Stafford and Starbird ponds. It is understood that these ponds are now well stocked with trout and salmon, under the efforts of the Commissioners. Massachusetts fishermen own camps on several of them, and as soon as the weather is in the least reasonable, they propose to visit their camps for ice fishing. Winthrop and Wayne ponds are also popular resorts for ice fishermen, and something has already been done, but parties generally are waiting for better weather.

A correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, who signs himself Hobo, Jr., says that I stated in your issue of Feb. 10, that there was no good pickerel fishing near Boston—within twenty or thirty miles. Now if he will note more closely what I did say, he will find that I stated that I was constantly being asked where there is good pickerel fishing within twenty or thirty miles of Boston, and that I was unable to direct the inquirers to the desired grounds, as such spots were few and far between, or words to that effect. If Hobo, Jr., knows of good pickerel fishing, as he states, within twelve or fifteen miles of Boston, and will describe the locations to the FOREST AND STREAM, or allow me to do so, he will confer a good deal of a favor on hosts of sportsmen who are looking for just such places, where they can go and be only one day from business, and be reasonably sure of a few pickerel.

The Sportsmen's Show is bringing sportsmen and gentlemen interested in fish and game more nearly together. A meeting preliminary to the formation of a permanent organization of wider scope than any now in existence was held at Weber's the other evening. Covers were laid for twenty, and among the guests of honor were J. W. Collins, Chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission; H. W. Kimball, Secretary and Treasurer of the Massachusetts Central Committee for the Protection of Fish and Game; Dr. S. W. Abbott, Secretary of the State Board of Health; and Billy Soule, proprietor of Pleasant Island Camos, Cupsnotic Lake, Me. Officers and committees were chosen, with J. C. Hartshorne, of Wakefield, chairman, and I. M. Poland, secretary.

SPECIAL.

Labrador Sa'mon Rivers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Hon. S. H. Parent, Commissioner Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada. Dear Sir.—Among my angling experience of the past season was included a week or ten days' camp at the Riviere à la Truite, on the North shore, in the Labrador District, and in accordance with my practice of reporting to you for the information of your department, and possibly for the guidance of other anglers, I send you the following particulars concerning it from an angling point of view.

This little river (the à la Truite) lies about eight miles easterly (along the coast) from the Moisie. It is a small stream, perhaps 15 yards in width at its mouth, entering the sea between two low rocky points, off which lie one or two small rocky islets, which are practically submerged at high tide. There are no inhabitants at the mouth, nor has there been any house there since the great fire, which started at or near the Ste. Marguerite-en bas and swept across country to the Hamilton River, at which time the Chisholms house, which stood on a terrain a little to the east of the mouth of the river, was burned—if I remember rightly some twenty-odd years ago. To the east, at a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, the nearest river is the quite inconsiderable Riviere Pigou, a few miles beyond which lies Cape Cormorant and the Riviere Bouleau. The entrance to the à la Truite is only practicable at high tide for chaloupes drawing 3 or 4 feet of water, and there is a little cove in the rocks on the easterly side of the river, perhaps 150 yards from its mouth, where such a boat can be safely moored bow and stern and remain afloat except at very low tides. The river is inconvenient of access, as the only practicable approach for wagons, from the Moisie is along the beach, while tents, provisions, etc., have to be transferred to boats about 150 yards from the mouth, to be taken around the rocky point on the westerly side of the entrance, the sand beach terminating at that point. During the prevalence of winds anywhere between east and southwest (except, of course, light breezes) the entrance is impracticable because of a heavy breaker which forms across the mouth of the river between the outlying rocks spoken of above; and even with northerly winds the entrance to the river is insecure or impossible during ebb tide. The trail which follows the route of the Government telegraph line along the coast crosses the river by a fairly substantial foot-bridge some 250 yards from the mouth. The only available camping ground is near the mouth on the easterly side, where a few feet of sand beach leads up to a low hill and in a southeasterly direction over to the former location of the Chisholms house, on a little bay, just beyond the point of rocks which forms the easterly side of the river's mouth.

As for "maranguins," "moustiques" and "brulots," I have never found a place where these amiable accessories of salmon fishing approached in numbers, viciousness and uniform distribution those indigenous to this river. The fire, which spared a patch of woods on the westerly bank, came down to the sea on the east, and it may be from the fact that one has to camp in this old brulé that they are so bad, the theory being, I believe, as to "moustiques," that they are worse in a brulé than almost anywhere else.

The general course of the river is, as with nearly all the rivers along this coast, from north to south. The impassable falls are about three and a half miles (by river) from the mouth. Above them lie one or two small lakes, while the river, though very inconsiderable in size, has quite a long course beyond—perhaps twenty or thirty miles (some say fifty or more).

The head of tide water at ordinary high tides is about three hundred yards from the mouth and somewhat above the little bridge already spoken of, though when I speak of the head of "tide water" it is substantially the fresh water of the river backed up by the rising tide, rather than an influx of sea water which is referred to. From the mouth to the first falls, a distance of perhaps 600 yards, the course of the river is almost mathematically straight, of substantially uniform width throughout, and it flows between sharply defined rocky banks of some little height. The fall of the river bed, being considerable, presents a continuous succession of rapids, up to the pool which lies immediately below the first falls, though at high tide the lower rapids are submerged. During these times some salmon lie in the lower portion of the river, but do not there take the fly, since from the absence of current it cannot be properly presented to them. With that exception fish do not appear to lie at any point until the pool immediately at the foot of the first falls is reached.

This pool is the termination of the straight course of the river. It varies in width from 15 to 20 yards, and it has a length of perhaps 200 feet. The river enters it at the upper end of its easterly side at right angles and by a somewhat broken falls of (in all) perhaps 16 or 18 feet. The current, sweeping squarely across the head of the pool (until deflected by the precipitous rocks which form its westerly bank), renders the upper portion of the pool unfit for angling. A steep, and, except at its upper extremity, more or less insecure bank of rock on the easterly side, and immediately to the south of the falls, affords the only suitable location for fly-casting. Neither can a fish be followed for more than 8 or 10 yards down the pool. From this it follows that any heavy fish hooked in the pool which descends the rapids is lost. Practically any fish of over 15 pounds must be fought and killed in the pool itself if he is to be saved. Moreover, toward the center, about a third of the way down the available portion of the pool, lie some sunken rocks, which also result in the loss of many fish.

There seem to be, as nearly as my observation afforded opportunity to determine, two runs of fish in the river, one, the earlier, being of somewhat larger fish, running up possibly to not over 20 pounds, and the second and later a run of very small fish, of, say, from 5 to 9 pounds. Indeed, I got last year in this pool the smallest full-grown salmon I have ever killed—just under 4 pounds. It may, however, very well be that the larger fish, from their greater strength, are able to ascend the falls early in the season, when there is more water passing over them than the small fish can face, and that passing up and leaving the small fish behind, they thus create the impression of there being a second run of small fish. Moreover, the distance from the mouth of the river to the first falls being so inconsiderable, it may be that, at any time when the

volume of water coming down the falls is not too great, the larger fish do not lie for any length of time in the pool, but pass immediately up from the seas to the higher reaches of the river. Or again, as has been suggested in relation to this river, the larger fish may not belong there, but be fish belonging in and ultimately bound for the Moisie, which (either in mere wantonness or by mistake) have run into the à la Truite and mounted to the first pool, whence, recognizing from the contracted quarters in which they find themselves that they have erred, they return again to the sea. As to this latter view, I may add that while I have seen a number of fish mounting the falls, I have seen none over, at the outside, 10 or 12 pounds attempting to do so.

The river being so inconsiderable in size, the total number of fish is not very great, and this is unfortunately the more so from the fact of the rigid coast netting to which the vicinity is subjected, there being a netting stand every mile on each side of the river for a long distance. Seven, if I remember rightly, are located between the river and the mouth of the Moisie, each stand being furnished with a full-length net with four wings (two on either side). Also, last year, there were (very unfortunately, as I must think) two nets permitted to be set off shore from the rocky islets, one on each side of the river mouth, each slightly inclining toward the other, which may be said to have substantially barred the entrance to the river.

Above the first falls the river winds for perhaps three miles behind some bare (burnt over) rocky hills of no great height, until it reaches the impassable falls.

Although angling has been essayed at various points above the first falls, no place has been found where the fish would take the fly, and at the foot of the great falls, where it would seem as though angling might be successful, by reason, apparently, of the fish lying over in the quiet or sluggish water near a marsh or savanne, no opportunity of properly presenting the fly is afforded.

Angling on the river is therefore confined to the single small pool, with its attendant disadvantages, which has been mentioned.

It is almost unnecessary to add that, being by name the "à la Truite," the river is substantially devoid of that variety of salmonidae, a very few, very small trout appearing to be all that it affords. There may be a run of sea trout late in July or August—indeed, it would be extraordinary if some sea trout did not visit the river later in the season—but as to this I do not know. I can only say that during the salmon season it appears to afford fewer and smaller trout than any other river of its size, general location and characteristics.

Such details as flies, tackle, etc., suitable at particular localities being always of interest to the angling fraternity, leads me to add that a fairly heavy rod (to militate against the success of attempts to descend the rapid below the pool by the larger fish) is desirable in the early season; later, when the small fish are in the pool, a heavy trout rod would probably afford more sport. So, also, during the early season, double and triple twisted gut casting lines (to turn or hold fair-sized fish by main strength when attempting to descend) would be advantageous.

The general tone of the river water is brown (as indicated by the reddish brown staining of all the rocks in the river and around its mouth, which in their natural state are a light gray). This characteristic of the water doubtless arises from the presence of iron, but is not sufficiently pronounced to render coffee-stained gut a necessity, the usual mist-colored gut answering equally well, apparently. Perhaps it might be desirable, however, to try brown-stained gut after the sun reaches the pool. Double hooks seem to swim and work better than single ones in the pool, and should undoubtedly be of small sizes (4s, 6s and 8s). As for flies, the butcher and Habersham appear to be more successful, while, when the sun is on the pool, a very small silver gray, dusty miller or silver doctor appear to do better than more somber flies. From the surroundings and orientation of the pool the sun reaches it fairly early, say about 7:30 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and is hardly off it before 4 or a little later in the afternoon, between which hours I did not find angling as a general rule remunerative. As for the season, the river would appear to be, if anything, a slightly "early" rather than a "late" river, as compared with other rivers on the north shore, though not distinctively so, and perhaps only because one is obliged to limit one's angling to the first pool. In other words, the larger fish appear to have left the river or passed up over the falls, in ordinary seasons as to water, by about the end of June, while the small fish appear to mount the falls in numbers during the first ten days of July. Travel on the river being impossible for canoes, and all paths and trails having been obliterated by the great fire, passage to the upper falls or to any point above the first pool is attended with the usual discomforts and difficulties of making one's way through an old brulé, the usual wilderness of fallen trees, burnt stumps and the other mementos of a forest fire encountering one on every hand. I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON.

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS, FORESTS AND FISHERIES—Fisheries and Game Branch, Quebec, Jan. 20, 1900.—Chas. Stewart Davison, Esq.: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 4th of January instant, re the Ste. Marguerite River, north shore of the St. Lawrence, and to thank you for the information therein contained. We take note of the fact that you do not want your lease of this river to run any longer. We quite understand that under the circumstances, this lease is almost useless to you. We would gladly take into favorable consideration and act on your suggestion to blast out the rocks in the falls, six miles from the mouth of the river, but we are of opinion that this work will have to be delayed until such time as an agreement will have been reached between this Government and the Federal authority, as to the issuing of licenses for net fishing in the estuaries of the rivers. You will readily understand that it would be useless for this Department to spend four or five hundred dollars to allow the salmon to go up the Ste. Marguerite River if this fish is stopped at the mouth of the river by nets under license to the Federal Government.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

E. E. TACHE.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

(From a manuscript left by Mr. Mather and found in his desk after his death.)

No matter how anglers may view pound-nets in general, they seem to be necessary in some waters for supplying food. They catch good fish and others not so good, as well as the flotsam of the coasts. My net does much the same, and following the practice of the commercial fishermen, the good, according to my standard, is sent to FOREST AND STREAM and the rest is disposed of in a manner governed by the inclosure of postage.

Concerning Lychnobites.

There is a club in London which is named the Lychnobites Angling Club, and the name struck me as familiarly strange, or strangely familiar, and on looking it up I found that I had been a practical lychnoblite for years and never knew it, just as a person may have some physical trouble which is as clear as mud to him when the doctor gives it a seven-syllable Greek name. It is not painful to be a lychnoblite, as at first thought it might seem to be from the formidable name. On the contrary, the confirmed lychnoblite is usually free from the dreaded insomnia. After my lexicon had told me that the long name was merely a term for him who 'works o' nights there loomed up a possibility of knocking a little fun out of this club. Therefore I wrote to the London Fishing Gazette, for their issue of April 8, 1899, a screed, from which the following is extracted:

"The name of the club attracted me long ago, and I wondered if they worked in the dark of the moon in private ponds, or only worked o' nights in the club room. * * * Byron was a lychnoblite, and wrote:

"Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber!"

Then I warned these men who had ransacked the ancient Greek for a name for their club against the use of "Pelusian wine, which in England is heavier than the German article, and hath a somnolent spirit in it which is a foe to lychnoblite; rather let partake, in moderation, of something more warm and cheering, not the doleful lachryma christi from Vesuvius, nor the liebrauenmilch from the Rhine, but rather the usquebaugh from the hills which unfolds the ruga of the brain and makes it active and fit for (k)nightly labor."

Then I asked if they were night fishers, as well as what fat Jack called "minions of the moon," and recommended to their consideration a most beautiful word picture of night fishing, written many years ago by a friend of mine named William Shakes Beer, from whom I quote from memory:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and get our tackle out,
While heavy-throated frogs do stun our ears
With communistic croakings like the anarchist.
Come, sit thee down, and let the songs of 'skeeters
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jess, my boy. Look how the surface of the pond
Is thick inlaid with frog-spittle of bright green;
There's ague in it; don't cast there,
Because perchance you'll only hook 'blind eels,'
As urchins term the pond weed, or a snag.
Give me another grub; now cast yonder
Among the lilypads, and I bet you seven dollars
You'll hook a gudgeon before your line gets down.
Look, Jess, my boy! How those tadpoles swim!
There's not the smallest pollywog which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still 'quiring to the young-eyed sticklebacks:
Such harmony is in the wide-mouthed bullhead,
But while this muddy pickerel weed
Doth close it in we cannot hear it."

This, together with my classical allusion to beer as "Pelusian wine," took this night-working club in such a shape that they could do no less than honor themselves by making me an honorary member, and in turn I honor them for their discernment; but at present writing the old hat seems to fit as well as it did years ago, and I wonder at it.

The Purifying Eel.

The eel seems to be forging to the front as an unsolved problem, not only as an animal whose breeding habits are not understood, but as to its general utility. While I love the eel in a stew or a fry when an impaired digestion will permit of this form of dissipation, I think of it, from a fish-cultural point, as an animal which, for the interest of man, should be exterminated. If I try to look at the question from the eel's point of view, it seems as if man should be abolished. After giving the matter grave consideration for over two minutes, I am unable to decide which would be the best for all the animal life on this planet—the extermination of the eel or man. We all know that it would benefit the forests and much other vegetable life if man was eliminated, and on the whole I think that we had better resign the control of this little bit of the great universe to the forms of life which do not devastate it as we do; but not till after I go.

All this preamble was caused by a letter which inclosed a slip copied from the British Medical Journal, and asking for an opinion on it. The slip is headed, "Eels as Water Purifiers," and tells us that:

"Professor Sebrero, of Turin, has recently suggested that eels should be used as purifiers of water. All that one has to do is to put two or three eels, not very big, but lively, into the domestic cistern. The reptiles devour with marvelous appetite everything which the water may chance to contain in the way of animalcules, infusoria, bird droppings from the roof, vegetable matter of any kind; nothing comes amiss to them. When the eels have fulfilled their mission, they can be eaten a la tartare, or they can be kept for further use as purifiers of the water supply. Such a method of fattening eels for the family table may not commend itself to the average British stomach, though these reptiles eat worse things in their ordinary haunts than they are likely to find in a cistern, even within the area of distribution of a London company. But as water purifiers a useful sphere of action might be found for them in reservoirs as well as in cisterns."

Will the eel question ever cease bobbing up, or will men

never cease from bobbing for eels? The owner of the pound-net is of the opinion that if Professor Sebrero wrote of the eel as a "reptile" he needs further schooling, or if some newspaper writer misreported the Professor's remark upon a fish, then the aforesaid writer should write no more about fishes unless he reads up a bit.

Let us see what the omniverous eel is alleged to eat in the paragraph quoted: Animalcules of the larger kind it may perhaps see; infusoria to be found by the eel will need a microscope to enable the devourer to locate them; "bird droppings from the roof" are usually dissolved before reaching the cistern, and if not entirely dissolved would not be eaten by an eel. Bless me! How much information we get that isn't true!

Now, here are two facts that are true; not a strange thing, to be sure, but still, as newspaper "facts" go, they may be branded as real, true, s'help-me facts:

Fact No. 1 is that an eel or two may be of use in an open-top cistern where mosquitoes may lay eggs, although I have never experimented with this fish for that purpose, but, in boyhood's angling days, of pleasant memory, I recall across an intervening half century, a motherly request to bring home three or four live "bullheads," as we called one species of catfish, to put into the cistern to eat up the wrigglers, for, said she, "if you don't do it soon all those wrigglers in the cistern will turn into mosquitoes and torment us." That the stocking of the cistern with bullheads was a labor I don't doubt, nor do I doubt that the fish ate the "wrigglers," for they could see them, and eels might do the same. But infusoria? No. If the larva and pupa of the mosquito are "animalculæ, yes; but that is a new classification to me, for they are not the most minute forms of life, and I would as soon think of calling the "dobson" or helgramite larva one of the animalculæ as the very visible embryo of the mosquito.

Fact No. 2—The eel is a fairly clean feeder; not fastidious, perhaps, but more so than the lobsters and crabs and equally as particular as our poultry. In boyhood days I have worked set "lines" half the night for eels on the upper Hudson, and on warm nights we would run them over every half hour; and if we did not remove every soft shiner or other spoiled fish we got no eels. These lines went from bank to bank and had hooks on snoods at every 4 feet, and it required bushels of iced bait and some labor to run them over.

In bobbing for eels a stale bob was of no use, and we kept fresh ones buried in earth to use after the warm river water had spoiled the first ones. All those stories connecting eels and dead horses are only partly true. They will eat the horse or any other meat when it is fresh.

Muscallunge Experiences.

OVID, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having had several years' experience with black bass and trout, I am prepared to say that the muscallunge of the St. Lawrence system leads them in fighting qualities. My first made me believe it and the last did not change my opinion.

The story of the capture of that first may interest your readers. In 1898 it was my good fortune to live in Mooers, N. Y., and to be shown how to shoot hares by a veteran in that sport, Dr. W. U. Taylor, who, by the way, breeds the best strain of beagles in northern New York. In our trips we often passed an island in the Chazy River at the head of which the Doctor told me large fish were frequently caught.

One afternoon in June I took my split bamboo and a little pail, caught a few minnows at the dam and went down to the island to reconnoiter. Following the right bank I found the island, just below a long rift. On one side of the island the river is broad and shallow, on the other narrow and deep, and shaded by trees standing on a steep clay bank. This natural canal looked decidedly "fishy." As I pondered where the fish ought to be, a splash and big circles just above me on the opposite side under a fringe of willows solved the problem. Working along the bank, I came suddenly to an old boat tied in the angle made by an old log jutting out a rod into the pool. just across from those momentous ripples. From the stern of the boat I finally landed a minnow under the willow bush. The fish was there. He instantly seized the minnow and ran back into the deep pool below the boat. After a few minutes I worked him up past the boat into shallow water, and then, at sight of his 3-foot length, I became nervous. How could I keep him clear from those projecting limbs of the log. I had a fine gaff at home. Risking everything as he made a circle near me, I caught the line and tried to lift him into the boat. It was not to be. He fell between the log and the boat and I have not seen him since.

I had had enough. Home I went, calling myself names unmentionable.

The next day I went again. The minnow was taken three times, but apparently only held in the teeth. I waited long enough each time for the bait to be gorged, but when I struck the minnow would come back severely torn.

The third afternoon found me there again, Wading across the rift I took a silvery-sided shiner 6 inches long and put it on a small sneck hook. This time I cast into the pool below the boat. The minnow was seized and the line ran out some yards. While waiting a moment before striking I adjusted myself on the slippery bank, put the gaff in reach—I had it this time—and drew a breath. The instant he felt the hook the largest fish I had ever struck leaped 4 feet into the air. Then I began to live. When I tried to reel he ran away, taking out all the line and forcing me to run, too, to save the rig. Then he came back and jumped twice more, opening his big mouth at me. By giving him the butt freely I gradually brought him near. On each side were overhanging scrub willows. He jumped twice straight up into them, with malice aforethought, but luckily dropped clear. When he saw the gaff his life was renewed to the extent of several short, fierce rushes. He did this the second time and then tried to foul the line on some short sticks near the bank at my feet. As the gaff went home he gave up, completely exhausted. Then the savage in me gave several long yells. Who said "Blanked fool" to me?

This muscallunge was 33 inches long, 15 inches in circumference and weighed 11 pounds. My respect for his great fight was increased when the hook was found in the

mouth of his stomach, close to his heart. My rod has been askew ever since, but is none the less valuable on that account. BENJ. C. BIRGE.

The Stony Island Club.

MR. G. FRED GREGORY, of Syracuse, sends us a note of the new Stony Island Club.

The waters of Stony Island, at the foot of Lake Ontario, near where that lake gathers into the St. Lawrence River, have long been famous for their bass fishing. To those who know the grounds and the right methods of angling, the shoals surrounding Stony and the near-by Calf, Little and Big Galloo islands will always furnish abundant sport. For many years past parties from Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Rochester, Auburn, Buffalo, Elmira, and notably from Syracuse, have fished these waters, and some of the records made have been little short of incredible. The great drawback attending the sport hitherto has been the lack of suitable accommodations for its followers; and it is to remedy, in part, at least, this deficiency, that the Stony Island Club has been formed.

Stony Island is just about four miles long. Its lower end is about ten miles from Sacket's Harbor and seven miles from Henderson Harbor. Stony is distinguished from its sister islands by the fact that it is practically cut in two lengthwise by an inside pond, perfectly landlocked and with high wooded banks, some two and one-half miles long, and separated at each end from the main lake by a bar merely. This pond is full of pickerel, perch and Oswego bass, for those who care for that kind of fishing. Outside, on the shoals stretching around the various islands, in the clear waters of Ontario, the black bass reigns supreme; though in some of the bays, and even on the outer edge of the shoals, occasionally perch of surprising size and quality are found. But the one fish experienced anglers seek for here is *Micropterus dolomieu*, the only black bass, of whom a local bard has sung:

"Then here's to the bass, America's bass,
May his black sides ne'er be whiter;
He's our own good fish, and he lives and dies
Like a true-born Yankee fighter!"

The club has been incorporated under the name of the Stony Island Club, with a capital of \$6,000, represented by thirty shares of \$200 each. Ten of these shares will be issued in payment for the property and the remaining twenty will be sold at par, one share to one member. With the funds thus realized a modest but substantial and roomy club house will be erected after the design shown within.

The officers of the club are: President, G. Fred Gregory, Syracuse; Vice-President, Henry O'Neil, Syracuse; Secretary-Treasurer, Leroy B. Williams, Syracuse.

In disposing of the stock effort will be made to secure a high class, congenial membership of good, true men and sportsmen, whose assembling at this charming spot two or three times a year will be a mutual pleasure and benefit. The promotion of a money-making enterprise is the thought furthest from the minds of the organizers.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake Feb. 17 and 18. Wind, westerly; weather, foggy—cold.

First Day.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 3, Pure Casting %
Battu	83	92.8	71.8	82.2	...
Brooks	80	70.4	75.8	60	67.10
Brotherton... 104
Edwards 83	91	88.8	74.2	81.5	...
Golcher 111	89.4	90.4	76.8	83.6	...
Mansfield ... 99	95.8	92	76.8	84.4	...
Muller 99	93.4	86.8	74.2	80.5	...
Reed 80	91.4	93.8	68.4	81	...
Vogelsang... 90
Young 95	93.4	89.4	73.4	81.4	...

Second Day.

Brotherton... 105	90.4	88.8	70	79.4	...
Crowell 80.4	79	62.6	70.9
Daverkosen... 105.6	89	86.4	70.10	73.7	...
Golcher 113	91.8	94	79.2	86.7	...
Klein 75	83	88	57.6	72.9	...
Mansfield ... 91	92	75.10	83.11
Mocker 84
Stratton 85	74.8	84.8	57.6	71.1	...
Turner 79	81.8	87.4	71.8	79.6	...

Fractions are twelfths.

Judges, Brotherton, Golcher, Turner; referee, Mansfield. Officers elected for 1900: President, Walter D. Mansfield; Vice-President, F. H. Reed; Treasurer, H. F. Muller; Secretary, Horace Smyth; Executive Committee, Col. Geo. C. Edwards, John P. Babcock, C. G. Young, Jas. S. Turner, Edw. Everett; Captains, A. E. Lovett and T. W. Brotherton.

San Francisco Fishing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—I have two boys, ten and seven years old; we sail a boat, fish and hunt, according to FOREST AND STREAM rules. My older boy caught an 11½ pound shark a few weeks ago from a boat. Four of my neighbors caught 254 tomcod last Sunday in San Francisco Bay. About fifteen years ago the tomcod were very plentiful in the bay, but they disappeared, and no one knew why. In the past year they have been gradually coming back. We also have had the striped bass in the bay for about a year or two, which is a new fish for these waters. Salt-water eels have also become quite plentiful. Some day I will tell you how I got the first fox that I did not get.

V. L.

Balled Eels.

SPEAKING of eels "balling up," as has been several times mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of late, what shall be said of the same trait in *Donahes* of sundry varieties which do the same thing? Here is an additional resemblance between the two critters.

The first chorus of peep frogs was heard on Valentine's Day on the edge of Fayetteville, N. C. C. H.

Sir James M. Le Moine.

Two miles out from the city of Quebec, on the St. Louis Road, leading to Cap Rouge, and adjoining the Vice-Regal residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, is Spencer Grange, the charming suburban house of Sir James M. Le Moine, Past President of the Royal Historical Society of Canada. There rests from a half-century of labor the royal Canadian student, knighted for his literary attainments, happy in the titles which academies have bestowed on him for historical research, and content to dispense his unostentatious hospitality to the literary pilgrims, ever welcome within his portals. For fifty years and more he has been throwing off books in French and in English with equal facility. No less than forty works are credited to his pen, all of historical value, to which diplomas were awarded in Canada and abroad, so that in the course of years he has developed or caused to develop by his own personality and inspiration a literature distinctly Canadian. Knighthood in Canada for purely literary services is rare indeed in the history of the Star and Garter.

Biographical mention of this distinguished author is obviously not needed in order to do him justice. But we of the *FOREST AND STREAM* consider it in a degree imperative, as it is our delight to do honor to an early contributor to its columns while he yet lives.

To a retired or superannuated veteran there is nothing so grateful as a recognition of work well done; and Sir James Le Moine is especially dear to us as a survivor of the old guard in the 70s, who helped make this journal compendium of travel, natural history and sport—such as had no previous parallel or equal.

We wish our readers to bear him in mind and to realize his genial presence, while he is permitted to abide on earth amid his familiar study of the denizens of the air and the sea, whose habits he so well describes.

As long ago as 1860, Sir James published an extensive work on popular ornithology, in two volumes, and later on a "Check List of the Birds of Canada" for the use of schools.

He also published books on the deep sea and river fishes of Canada; his last was an elaborate paper on "The Birds of the Province of Québec," for the *Castell-Hopkins Cyclopedia of Canada*.

Many contributions on travel, fishing and hunting are due to his facile and prolific pen. Ethnology was also one of his favorite studies, and has recently brought him from Paris a much-prized honor. It has been twice our privilege to be a guest at Spencer Grange—in that month dear to sportsmen, pensive September—to sample its hot-house grapes, to listen to the murmur of its limpid stream—Belle Borne Brook—threading its meanders along umbrageous walks, to hearken to the Laird, pleasantly discoursing on the romantic annals of Quebec, while his land flag of Canada—a gift from literary confrères, floated over the tower of Spencer Grange.

Sir James is a lineal descendant of one of the oldest French families. His paternal ancestor—seigneur of three fiefs—landed from Rouen at Quebec two and a half centuries ago. His mother, of Scotch descent, was a McPherson. In the words of William Kirby, F. R. S. C., he is a happy blend of the Canadian seigneur, the Scotch Highlander and the N. E. Loyalist. The personality of Sir James McPherson Le Moine touches Canada on every side. When blood tells, character enables and education has drawn the best essence of the races commingling in him.

A well-ordered and industrious life devoted to the enlightenment of his fellow-men has brought him now to the ripe age of seventy-five years—endeared to all who have met him and especially to that old Province of Quebec, where he is best known.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

New Hampshire Trout Streams.

HUDSON, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: There is no question that the last year has been one of the most disastrous to the brook trout in the history of our State, especially in the southern part. Many brooks that have never been known to go dry before have been thoroughly dry. But we expect good results as well as bad from this, from the fact that it has killed the small mud pickerel and miller's thumb and other enemies that inhabit these brooks and prey upon the trout and its spawn.

The lakes and streams were so low that last fall it was more difficult than usual to secure spawn. We have in our several hatcheries at the present time 1,500,000 lake trout spawn and 250,000 landlocked salmon spawn. We have also taken 2,000,000 brook trout spawn. These were taken from wild fish, and from the parent fish at Colebrook and Plymouth, the only stations where parent fish are kept. In addition to this we have purchased 2,000,000 brook trout eggs. This will give our waters a better stocking than ever before.

I was very much pleased in looking over the United States hatchery at Nashua (where they have over 1,000,000 eggs laid down at the present time) to see the thrifty condition of both eggs and fry.

They have at this station between three and four hundred of the Dublin pond trout, taken from Monadnock Lake, in Dublin, last fall. From the fish the spawn that were taken have hatched, absorbed the food sac and are feeding nicely. In fact, I never saw a healthier or better looking lot of fry. Superintendent Hubbard says he has not lost one of these fish since they were taken; that they are hardy beyond compare, and in his opinion will make a valuable variety for stocking lakes and ponds. This variety of fish is not known to inhabit any other waters of the United States.

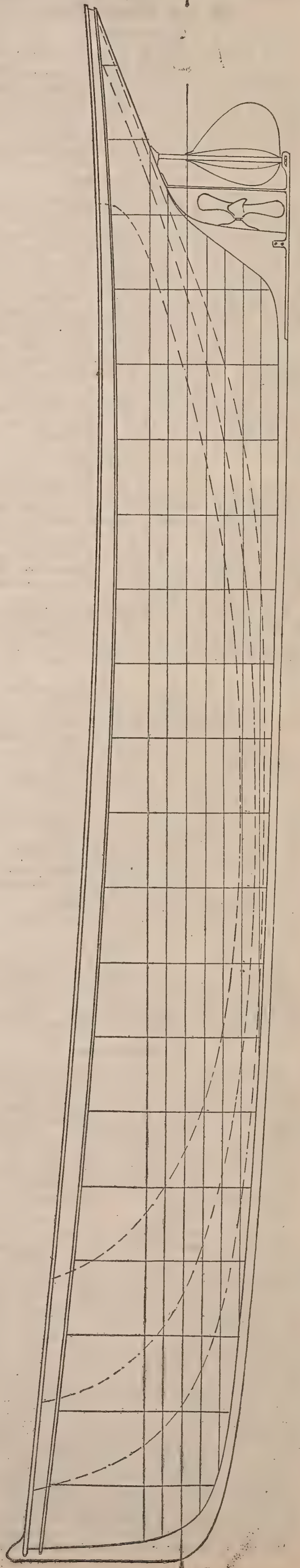
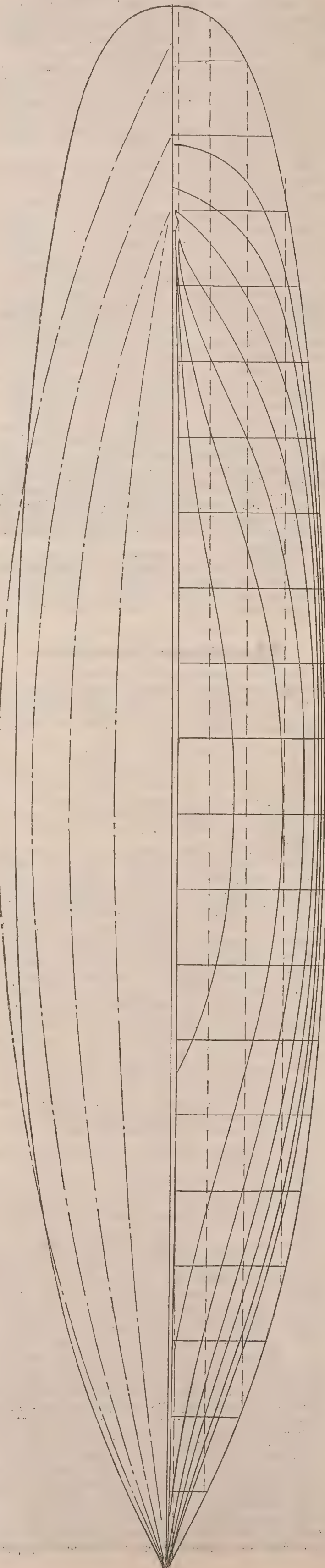
N. WENTWORTH.

Hooks.

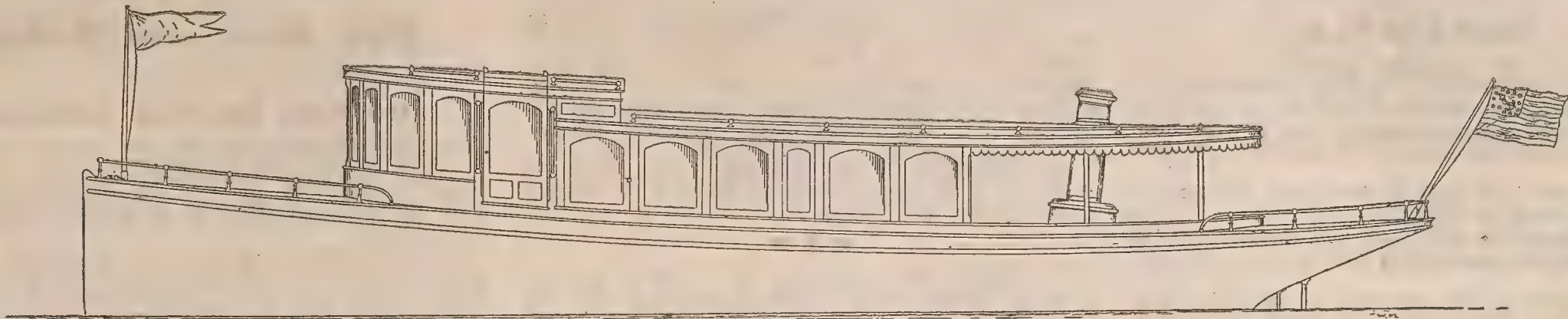
Editor Forest and Stream:

We have noticed the letter which appeared in one of your recent editions from Mr. W. R. Hall, who swears by the O'Shaughnessy hook. This is decidedly one of the best pattern made, but we would point out that any shape hook can be made out of hammered steel, which process makes the hook twice as strong as it otherwise would be. Only the best qualities, however, are made in hammered steel, which is done with a heavy stamp after the hooks are made, so Mr. Hall's friend George can have Sproat or any other shape made as strong as O'Shaughnessy.

S. ALLCOCK & Co.



A CRUISING CABIN NAPHTHA LAUNCH.



A CRUISING CABIN NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. S. H. Slifer, Superintendent of the Kansas City Dog Show, informs us that the entries of that show close on March 7, instead of March 8, as mistakenly announced in their advertisement. He also informs us that field trial classes have been added for beagles, setters and pointers, for division of entrance fees, same as team classes, many requests having been received asking for this to be added. The Fox Terrier Club gives four cups, and Frank Gould gives one. A. P. Pentz offers \$5 for fox terriers, and a kennel offers the service of a stud dog for best wire-haired bitch.

Spratts Patent (America) Limited, 245 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, benched and fed the recent New York show in a most efficient manner. The record-breaking number of entries were cared for with the same ease and efficiency that obtains at the smaller shows. The neatness and attractiveness of the show, and the thorough good care of the hundreds of dogs therein, are the best testimonials to the efficiency of this great firm.

Yachting.

Knockabout and Raceabout Rules.

THE following are the rules of the Knockabout Association of Massachusetts, as amended on Dec. 21, 1899, for the current year. It is proposed by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound to adopt the same rules, as the same classes of boats are found on the Sound.

Definition and Limitations of a Raceabout.

A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat with fair accommodations; rigged simply with only mainsail, forestaysail, or jib, and spinnaker.

Length Load Waterline.—The length of the load waterline, with full equipment, shall not exceed 21ft. Permanent distinguishing marks shall be placed on it at bow and stern.

Beam Load Waterline.—The beam at the load waterline, in keel boats, shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boats at least 7ft. 9in.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. on the said respective required beams; a reduction of 1in. of the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in beam respectively.

Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 3ft. for at least 5ft. length of keel.

All boats shall weigh when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 5,900lbs. It shall be the duty of the inspector to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

Scantlings, Planking and Construction.—The keel, stem, frames, house and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall be not less than 1 sq. in.; deck beams not less than 1 1-3 sq. in. section; house beams, if there is a house, not less than 3/4 sq. in. section.

The spacing of the frames and deck beams to be not more than 9in., center to center.

The planking, including deck and the side of the house, shall be not less than 3/4in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than 5/8in., finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 4 sq. in. for at least one-half the length; also bilge stringers of at least 4 sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat, amidships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine, or its equivalent in strength.

Sails.—The actual sail area shall be not over 600 sq. ft., and not more than 480 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The inspector shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the inspector, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack, and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the inspector. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail.

The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position as used, shall be not more than 400 divided by the distance in feet from deck to spinnaker halliard block.

No battens over 30in. in length allowed to be used in sails.

The forestay shall remain fixed at both ends during a race.

Equipment.—Equipment to include anchor not less than 35lbs., and a cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1 1/4in. rope, also bucket, pump, compass, foghorn, 6lb. lead and line, lantern, three life preservers and a 9ft. oar.

Crew.—The crew is limited to three persons, including the helmsman (who must be an amateur).

Other Boats Accepted.—These rules shall go in force as of Jan. 1, 1900, and all raceabouts existing prior to that date may qualify under these rules or under the rules in force on said date.

Definition and Limitations of a Knockabout.

A knockabout shall comply with all the requirements of the raceabout class except as follows, namely:

1. It shall be a keel boat.
2. It shall not carry a bowsprit.
3. The sails shall consist of a mainsail and jib.

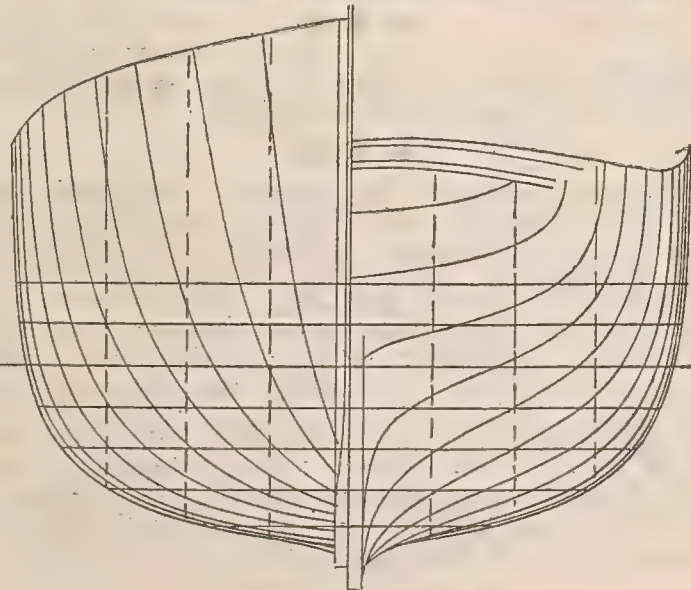
The sail area shall not exceed 500sq. ft., of which not more than 400sq. ft. shall be in the mainsail.

4. These rules shall go in force as of Jan. 1, 1900, and all knockabouts existing on that date may qualify either under these rules or under the rules in force on said date.

A Cruising Cabin Naphtha Launch.

THE modern power yacht or launch using naphtha, gasoline or other oil fuel is exclusively the production of engineers and not of naval architects; the original inventors of all of these different forms of liquid fuel motors have been distinctly mechanical engineers and machinists, and in no way naval architects or yacht designers. The success of the small power yacht, great as it has been of recent years, is due almost entirely to the motor rather than to the hull design, the latter as a rule being conspicuously poor. At the present time a greater effort is being made by builders to improve the form of hull and to give the motors a fair chance to show what they are capable of.

The accompanying design is the work of Mr. Fred W. Martin, of Waukegan, Ill., and a number of very successful boats have been built for it, some fitted as shown with the original "naphtha motor" of the Gas Engine & Power Company and others with different motors. The conventional outline of the naphtha launch, with plumb



BODY PLAN.

stem and elliptical counter, have been retained, but though the design was made over three years ago it shows a decided improvement over the older launches. Plenty of displacement is provided to carry the rather heavy weight of house and furnishings, and it is disposed of in good shape, the lines being fair and without the excessively hollow bow that is so common. The dimensions and elements are:

Length—		
Over all	41ft.	8 in.
L.W.L.	36ft.	2 in.
Beam—		
Extreme	8ft.	4 in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	11 in.
Draft	2ft.	9 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	4ft.	3 1/2 in.
Least	2ft.	4 1/2 in.
Counter	2ft.	9 in.
Displacement	8.25 tons.	
Midship section, area	14.00 sq. ft.	
C. B. from stem	20.00ft.	

The pilot house is 6ft. long, the saloon 8ft. and galley 4ft. 4in., with full 6ft. headroom throughout. The interior plans will follow next week.

A New Restricted Class.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has recently established a new restricted class of 18ft. l.w.l., which promises to become popular. The restrictions follow the general lines of the 21ft. knockabouts, and the smaller size means considerably less cost, while the class is admirably adapted for the younger yachtsmen.

Definition.—A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, decked or half-decked, with watertight cockpit or with air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water; rigged simply, with only mainsail, forestaysail (or jib) and spinnaker.

Length, L.W.L.—The length on the load waterline, with full equipment, shall not exceed 18ft.

Beam, L.W.L.—The beam at the load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 6ft. 1in., and in centerboard boats at least 6ft. 6in.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall not be less than 17in. on the required beam. A reduction of 1in. on the freeboard is allowed for every increase of 4in. in beam.

Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall not be less than 2ft. 6in. for at least 4ft. length of keel.

All boats shall weigh when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 4,000lbs. It shall be the duty of the measurer to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

Scantling, Planking and Construction.—The keel, stem, frames and deck and house beams shall be of oak or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall not be less than 7/8in. square; deck beams not less than 1 1/4 sq. in. section; house beams not less than 3/4 sq. in. section. The spacing of frames and of deck and house beams shall not be more than 9in., center to center.

The planking, including the deck and the side of house, shall be not less than 3/4in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than 5/8in. finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 3 sq. in. for at least one-half the length. Bilge stringers of at least 3 sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat amidships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

Sails.—The sail area shall not be over 400 sq. ft., and not over 320 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured; and, previous to measurement, the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the measurer, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack, and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the measurer. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail.

The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom, when in position as used, shall not be more than 300, divided by the distance in feet from deck to throat of spinnaker halliard block.

No battens over 26in. in length to be used in sails.

Equipment.—Equipment to include anchor of not less than 21lbs., and cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1 1/4in. rope; also bucket, pump, compass, foghorn, boat hook, lead and line, lantern and three life preservers.

Crew.—The crew is limited to three persons.

Other Boats Accepted.—The regatta committee shall have the right to admit to the class any boats existing prior to March 1, 1900, which in the opinion of the committee comply substantially with these rules, provided such boats do not exceed the load waterline length or sail area limits prescribed therein.

Quincy Y. C.

At the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Edwin E. Davis; Vice-Com., Jas. S. Whiting; Sec'y, Harold B. Faxon; Treas., George W. Jones; Meas., Wm. C. Harrison. Executive Committee—Wm. P. Barker, Henry M. Faxon, Geo. E. Pfaffman, John W. Sanborn; House Committee—H. W. Barker, F. F. Crane, Wm. Edwards, C. Fred Howe, H. W. Robbins, J. L. Whiton, Jr., I. M. Whittemore.

At a subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee A. B. Holden, W. E. Burke and C. A. Howland, Jr., were appointed Membership Committee. Ex-Com. Fred B. Rice appointed Committee on Quincy Challenge cup. The race dates selected were: Open race, Sept. 1; handicap races, June 18, July 4, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, Sept. 3. Challenge cup series to start July 16.

A. H. Higginson, of the Manchester Y. C., president of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, has already challenged for the Challenge cup.

The old sloops Colorado and Wizard have been rebuilt at Greenport and fitted with gasoline engines, and both will be used as oyster boats.

Inland Lake Y. A.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23.—New rules were this week adopted for the Inland Lake Yachting Association governing the regatta next summer at Lake Geneva. But one boat in each class can represent any one club, but there will be three races in which all competing boats may engage.

A. If the same boat wins all three races she shall be declared the winner of the cup.

B. If one boat wins two races and another one the two boats shall race against each other until one has won three races.

C. If three different boats each win one race these three shall sail one race, the winner to be declared the winner of the cup.

D. These rules apply to both classes.

Aug. 24-25 are the dates set for the regatta.

E. H.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Rhode Island Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 26, the following officers being elected: Com., Wm. R. Banigan; Vice-Com., Frank F. Olney; Rear-Com., R. H. I. Goddard, Jr.; Sec'y, Arthur M. Potter, D. D. S.; Treas., Henry P. Stone; Race Committee, J. C. Butterworth, 3d, Scott C. Burlingame, Charles G. Easton, Fred E. Tattersall, Henry P. Stone; Committee on Admissions, Ernest L. Fuller, George C. Barton, George H. Huddy, Jr., Lodowick H. Tillinghast, Nathan B. Horton, Walter R. Callender, D. C. H. Tinkham, Horace M. Peck, Wm. A. Greenleaf, D. D. S.; House Committee, Fred B. Wood, Ernest L. Fuller, George F. Brownell; Potter's Cove Committee, Frank P. Eddy, Festus S. Rand, William F. Boon; Directors, Herbert A. Capron, Festus S. Rand; Measurers, Clarence H. Greene, Fred S. Nock.

Under the date of Auckland, N. Z., Jan. 22, the following report of the schooner yacht Norna has been sent to American papers:

The American yacht Norna, which is on an extended cruise around the world, commanded by N. J. Weaver, and sailing under the flag of the Atlantic Y. C., New York, arrived at Auckland from Samoa Jan. 14. Up to her arrival at Auckland the yacht had traversed 41,490 miles on her present cruise, which has extended from New York to the Bermudas, the Azores, Madeira, the Canaries, the African coast, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Southampton for repairs and on to France and Italy.

Norna sailed from Naples the day before war was proclaimed between the United States and Spain, and a torpedo boat set out from Carthage in pursuit, but the yacht escaped in a gale of wind and went on to Trieste, where she remained until Christmas Day, 1898, going on to Corfu, Brindisi and Port Said, subsequently going through the Red Sea and visiting the Gulf of Aden, the Persian Gulf, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Kawai, Honolulu and Samoa. Norna will make an extended stay at Auckland, it being Mr. Weaver's intention to make a trip to Australia and England. During the time he is away the yacht will be stripped, caulked and generally overhauled.

Erl King, steam yacht, A. J. Moxham, has been sold to A. E. Tower, former owner of Zara and Alberta.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. announces the following fixtures for the season:

- May 19—17ft. class, Dorval course.
- May 24—Cruising yachts and 5-rater class, Dorval course.
- May 26—5-rater and 17ft. classes, Dorval course.
- June 2—5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Dorval course.
- June 9—Cruising yachts, 22ft., 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Valois course.
- June 16—22ft., 5-rater, the 22ft. and 17ft. classes; Pointe Claire course.
- June 23—5-rater, 17ft. classes and dinghies, Dorval course.
- June 30—Squadron cruise to Carillon and races.
- July 3—Sir Donald A. Smith cup, restricted to boats of 25ft. corrected length and over.
- July 7—Cruising yachts, 22ft., 5-rater, 17ft. classes and dinghies; Valois course.
- July 14—Cruising yachts, 22ft., 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. classes and dinghies; Beaufort course.
- July 21—White Bear challenge trial races; Pointe Claire course.
- July 23 and following days—White Bear challenge trial races; Pointe Claire course.
- July 28—22 and 17ft. classes; Dorval course.
- Aug. 3—White Bear races; Pointe Claire course.
- Aug. 4—White Bear races and Pointe Claire regatta.
- Aug. 8—White Bear races and following days, as required.
- Aug. 11—Valois regatta.
- Aug. 18—22, 20 and 17ft. classes. Course, Pointe Claire to Dorval. W. A. C. Hamilton trophy.
- Aug. 25—Lake of Two Mountains regatta, followed by squadron cruise.

Capt. Jimmie Jones, the designer of Argo, and George Laborde, builder of Aderyn, of Neenah, the two 20-footers which captured all prizes in the Inland Lake Y. A. races last season, have formed a partnership for the building of racing yachts, and are already at work on a 20-footer for Hermann and Robert Nunnemacher, of Milwaukee. Nearly a dozen other boats are in prospect. Messrs. Jones and Laborde have evolved a new model, closely following the lines of the skimming dish, with a new bow, which, they believe, will produce a world-beater. Several Chicago parties are negotiating for boats, which will probably figure in inland lake contests this summer.—Minneapolis Journal.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, the following officers being elected: Com., W. N. McCarthy; Vice-Com., H. R. Simpkins; Port Capt., James Kitterman; Rec. Sec'y, E. C. Bartlett; Fin. Sec'y, W. G. Morrow; Treas., R. B. Hogue; Meas., J. R. Savory.

The Taunton Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 26, the following officers being elected: Com., Clinton V. Sanders; Vice-Com., Daniel L. Brownell; Rear-Com., Wilson W. Arnold; Treas., J. Walter Parker; Sec'y, E. P. Washburn; Regatta Committee, Luther Dean, John H. Church, H. H. Dixon, John Sharp, Richard E. Warner; House Committee, Dr. E. N. Clark, E. A. Dary, E. L. Tetlow; Admission Committee, Charles L. Godfrey, W. K. Hodgman, J. R. Tallman, William Reed, E. L. Sargent, Albert Tetlow, C. P. Foster.

G. Morris Edwards, of New York, son of the late Jonathan Edwards, died at Nice on March 1. Mr. Edwards was a member of the New York, Seawanhaka and Larchmont yacht clubs, and an amateur designer, the compromise cutter Gaviota, now Sea Gull, being designed by him in 1884 and used for several years. For some years past he has resided abroad.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.

Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can. Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Walters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

March.

10. Meeting of Canoeists at Sportsmen's Show, New York.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

An informal reception and smoker will be given on Friday, March 9, at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, in honor of Com. MacKendrick and the other Canadian visitors at the Boston Sportsmen's Show.

The dinner of canoeists at the Arena, New York, on the evening of March 10, promises to bring together a large portion of the Atlanta Division members.

The annual dinner of the Arlington Canoe Club was held at the Arena, No. 29 West Thirty-first street, New York city, on the evening of March 2, fifteen members being in attendance. After coffee and cigars were served, the majority visited the Sportsmen's Show, then in session. Canoeing on the Passaic River is now to be avoided, thanks to the sewerage from the bordering towns. The club have plans in view in the upper part of the State of New Jersey. This will be very easy of access and will only take about twenty-five minutes' ride on the train. The club is in a very flourishing condition financially, and have a good force of working members. It is expected that the club will be represented at the Atlantic Division cruise down the Delaware River in May.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—Harry C. Conant, Julius E. Nolte, B. H. Robbin.

Northern Division—Robert Woods, Toronto.

"Just About a Boy."

THE book reviewers are saying good things of El Comanche's book. One writes:

"Most of us know a boy or two who would rather hunt than eat. There is always a certain percentage of our rural college boys to whom moonlight is an intoxication. For these, and for those who love to ramble the woods with them, Walter S. Phillips writes 'Just about a Boy,' which he describes as 'simple days taken from the life of a simple Western boy who grew up along the shores of a little Western river.' Some part of the book has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, but the whole is written with such love of nature and sympathy with healthy boy life that we welcome it as an addition to the not very long shelf of books for young hearts of any age."

And another one says: "Any man or woman who cares to wander through woods and to idle on the banks of running streams should read 'Just about a Boy,' by Walter S. Phillips. Here is the real thing, the genuine lone of nature, engendered by familiarity, and fostered by continual yielding to the subtle invitation of green things. In a different way, but with quite as much feeling, Mr. Phillips loves it all, even as Thoreau loved it. And his book is not written because he wished to make up a novel, but because he had something in his heart to say. The charm of it is for all those who live in cities and long for shadowy paths through the forest. It is for those, too, who have learned their Isaac Walton with rod and line as well as through the printed page."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE New Jersey State Rifle Association and the National Rifle Association have issued the following announcement:

Owing to the additional interest in the meetings and the increased number of matches, the meeting of the Association will cover a period of nine days instead of six, as heretofore, thereby giving those who desire to compete in all the matches, every opportunity to do so.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association and the National Rifle Association for 1900 will be opened on Friday morning, Aug. 31, at 10 o'clock, and continue, except Sunday, until Saturday afternoon, Sept. 8.

It is hoped by this plan to do away with the crowding of contests, and also give sufficient time for competitors to secure rest between the larger matches.

All civilians, as well as members of the organized militia and regular army are eligible to compete in all the individual matches of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, with the exception of the President's match, for the military championship of the United States, and the Department match, for inspectors of rifle practice, provided a military rifle is used.

Col. DeLancey G. Walker is secretary; Hon. Foster M. Voorhees, Governor, N. J., President. Have your name put on the book for a programme of the next annual meeting by addressing Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Assistant Secretary, Passaic, N. J.

Team Matches.—In all team matches the fixed Government ammunition, as issued by the Government, will be used, the same to be delivered at the range in unbroken original packages, direct from the Government or State arsenals. If desired, such ammunition may be purchased at the range in original packages.

Individual Matches.—In individual matches any ammunition may be used unless otherwise specified, provided such ammunition is fixed ammunition, i. e., shell crimped sufficiently to keep the bullet—which must be inserted in the shell, deep enough to cover the grooves—firmly in place.

The targets used in all the rifle matches, excepting the Schuetzen, will be the oval bullseye target in Blunt's Manual for Small Arms Practice, U. S. A., i. e., 200 and 300yds., target A, bullseye 8 by 10in.; 500 and 600yds., target B, bullseye 18 by 24in.; 800, 900 and 1,000yds., target C, bullseye 32 by 45in.

In all team matches the following arms may be used by the several branches of the service:

The Organized State Militia.—Springfield rifle and carbine, .45cal. (3 groove). U. S. Army pattern, without any alteration. Any rifle adopted and used by the organized militia of any State, certificate of which must be furnished by the Adjutant-General of the State.

The Army, Navy and Marine Corps.—U. S. Army magazine rifle and carbine, .30cal. Springfield rifle and carbine, .45cal. (3 groove). U. S. Army pattern, without any alteration. Lee magazine rifle, .236cal.

The Naval Reserve.—Lee rifle, .45cal.; Lee magazine rifle, .236cal. Springfield rifle, .45cal. (3 groove), U. S. Army pattern.

In individual matches in which any military rifle is allowed, any military rifle with plain open sights, chambered for and using the standing Government cartridge, and not less than 6lbs. trigger pull, may be used.

Prizes.

In addition to the usual amount of prizes in cash, trophies and medals given each year, the Association has received the assurance of many donations in prizes from individuals and firms.

It is the intention of the Association to this year make the list of prizes for each match as long as possible, so that even ordinary shots may stand a chance of being prize winners.

The Centennial Trophy.

The Centennial trophy "Palma," emblematic of the world's championship, will again be put in competition under the auspices of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

This trophy, valued at \$1,500, and given in the name of the United States of America to the riflemen of the world, was first competed for Centennial year (1876) by teams from Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Canada and America, and was won by America. Twice after that teams from abroad competed for its possession, but never succeeded in carrying it away. Since 1880 it has been stored away and almost forgotten. Prospects are favorable for at least one foreign team coming to Sea Girt to compete for it in 1900.

Revolver Matches.

The committee in charge of these matches, consisting of Lieut. Sumner Paine, of Boston; Lieut. Reginald R. Sayre, of New York, and C. S. Richmond, of Savannah, beg to announce that everything has been done to make these matches a popular feature of the next meeting. Such changes will be made in the conditions governing as will tend to satisfy the most exacting crank of the good intentions of the Association to please them all, if such a thing is possible. Better facilities on the revolver ranges and more and finer prizes will be offered. To the revolver shots of the country we say: "Give us your patronage, we will do the rest."

Schuetzen Matches.

Those devotees of the style of shooting of our German-American friends will find increased facilities, more targets, prizes, etc., arranged for them. A guarantee of the success of this department of our next meeting is the fact that it will be in the hands of a committee composed of William Hayes, of Newark, N. J.; Harry M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn.; N. Sperring, president of the Philadelphia Rifle Association; Gus Zimmermann, president of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York; John Taylor Humphrey, of Boston, Mass., and Thomas Keller, of New York. The above committee will be on hand to extend a hearty welcome to their friends and associates, and a separate room will be placed at their disposal in the club house.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 26.—Yesterday the weather conditions at Shell Mound range were favorable, and there was a good attendance. Two more records have been shattered by J. E. Gorman, the crack pistol shot of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club. On the pistol range at Shell Mound yesterday he beat the American 100-shot record of 929 by 10 points. Weather, light and other conditions were favorable, enabling this expert marksman to score 939 points with 100 shots.

The 929 record was held jointly by Gorman and E. E. Partridge, of Boston. Until two months ago the Boston man held the American amateur record, when Gorman tied it. S. Paine was the holder of the professional pistol record of 936, or 7 rings better than the amateur aspirants. Now Gorman holds both records by a score that averages one ring less than 94. These figures were made in the gold medal contest, the score of 94 or better being necessary to win a medal.

The regular monthly rifle shoots of the San Francisco Schuetzen Club, the Germania Schuetzen Club, the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club and the Golden Gate Rifle Club called out a large number of contestants, and some good scoring resulted. The individual records follow:

Germania Schuetzen Club, ring target: H. Huber 74, F. P. Schuster 71, J. Eltschig 71, N. Ahrens 69, J. Grifkin 68, William Goetz 68.

Germania Club, bullseye: H. Hellberg 226, J. Eltschig 390, H. Stelling 411, T. B. Factor 478, L. Bendel 486, F. P. Schuster 493, Ed Goetz 564, J. de Wit 591, C. Thierbach 610, T. Salfeld 700, H. Lilkindey 940, H. Zieber 970, R. Stettin 1,039, H. Huber 1,071.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, bullseye: J. Lankenau 166, F. Brandt 261, H. Stelling 333, R. Finking 339, A. Bertelsen 406, L. Haarker 427, William Ehrenpfort 487, J. Utschig 518, D. B. Faktor 531, E. Goetz 630, C. Heino 654, P. Koch 660, R. Stettin 727, F. Schuster 732, H. Huber 753, J. de Wit 783, A. Jungblut 863, N. Ahrens 909, C. Thierbach 948, O. Burmeister 960.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, first champion class, won by F. P. Schuster, 446; best first shot, H. Huber, 24 rings; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 23 rings.

Golden Gate Club rifle scores, 200yds., 25-ring target: Bushnell trophy: D. W. McLaughlin, 229, 225; F. E. Mason, 226, 224; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 224, 220.

Gold medal scores, champion class: F. E. Mason, 223, 223, 221, 220. Gold medal, first class: C. M. Henderson 227, 215; F. Belknap, 223, 220, 210; A. B. Dorrell, 222, 216, 214, 212, 210.

First class trophies: C. M. Henderson 219, 214, 213. Golden Gate silver medal: G. Tammeyer, 205, 200; H. Stettin, Jr., 141.

Following are the scores made by Gorman:

German	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	7-94
	9	10	9	10	8	10	9	9	10-94
	8	10	8	10	8	10	9	10	7-90
	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	-97
	7	10	10	8	9	10	8	9	10-88
	10	10	9	10	9	9	9	10	10-95
	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10-97
	9	8	8	10	10	9	10	10	9-93
	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	9-96
	10	10	9	8	10	10	9	10	9-95-939

The other pistol scores were: First class, silver medal: J. W. Tompkins 84, Al Bonner 73, 67, 66. Bonner and Tompkins used revolvers.

The Golden Gate Club has been notified that the prize offered to teams of six men from any rifle club west of the Mississippi by the Denver Outdoor Life has been awarded to the club's team. The club proposes to challenge the title of Charles M. Daiss to the Coast Championship with revolver at 50yds., and is prepared to back its challenge with a \$500 forfeit. The matter will be canvassed at a meeting of the club to-night.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE above Association held its regular shoot Feb. 18 at 200yds., off-hand, standard American target. Mr. Nestler was high on the king target with 85; Mr. Drube was high on the honor target with 44; Mr. Janscher broke his record by making a score of 85. Following is the result:

King target:

Nestler	8	10	9	10	6	8	8	9	7	10-85
Ukottter	6	7	6	7	6	3	6	8	7	9-65
Gindele	7	7	9	8	9	7	10	8	8	7-80
Drube	5	9	4	7	7	6	8	6	6	8-66
Weinheimer	10	9	6	10	4	7	6	6	5	7-70
Janscher	7	10	5	8	8	7	7	10	7	9-78
Topf	6	6	7	6	6	10	4	6	7	6-64
Payne	9	7	8	6	8	9	8	9	10	10-84
Roberts	5	6	9	6	8	8	9	6	7	7-71
Bruns	10	7	10	9	10	8	8	6	9	7-83

Special Score.

Nestler	7	4	8	10	10	7	10	8-3	8	6	10	6-36		
Ukottter	8	8	8	8	9	6	10	7	8-81	9	7	5	9-6-36	
Gindele	8	10	10	8	10	10	7	10-93	8	8	7	8-39		
Drube	10	6	8	10	7	9	7	4-78	10	10	6	8	10-44	
Weinheimer	9	6	9	8	6	6	8	9	9-79	9	6	9	8-38	
Janscher	10	7	9	10	9	8	7	6	10	9-85	8	7	7	9-5-36
Topf	6	9	7	8	3	6	9	8	8-70	7	9	6	8-38	
Payne	7	9	8	9	7	10	8	6	9	10-83	7	9	6	8-38
Roberts	8	7	8	7	8	7	8	10	8-81	8	7	8	7-8-38	
Bruns	8	7	8	10	8	7	9	10	9	8-84	5	8	9	6-8-36

Honor Target.

Nestler	7	4	8	10	10	7	10	8-3	8	6	10	6-36		
Ukottter	8	8	8	8	9	6	10	7	8-81	9	7	5	9-6-36	
Gindele	8	10	10	8	10	10	7	10-93	8	8	7	8-39		
Drube	10	6	8	10	7	9	7	4-78	10	10	6	8	10-44	
Weinheimer	9	6	9	8	6	6	8	9	9-79	9	6	9	8-38	
Janscher	10	7	9	10	9	8	7	6	10	9-85	8	7	7	9-5-36
Topf	6	9	7	8	3	6	9	8	8-70	7	9	6	8-38	
Payne	7	9	8	9	7	10	8	6	9	10-83	7	9	6	8-38
Roberts	8	7	8	7	8	7	8	10	8-81	8	7	8	7-8-38	
Bruns	8	7	8	10	8	7	9	10	9	8-84	5	8	9	6-8-36

THE Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular shoot March 4, at the standard American target, off-hand, at 200yds. Payne was high on the king target, with the fine score of 90. Jouscher was high on the honor, with 42. The result:

King target:

Gindele	7	10	8	8	7	8	9	10	10	7-84
Weinheimer	5	8	7	3	4	7	5	8	4	5-56
Jouscher	8	6	10	8	6	4	6	6	5	9-68
Ukottter	5	7	4	7	9	7	4	6	5	5-59
Payne	7	8	9	8	10	10	9	10	10-90	
Topf	8	10	5	10	9	5	10	5	6	6-74
Roberts	7	10	9	10	7	10	8	7	7	6-81
Drube	10	7	5	10	6	9	7	8	6	7-78
Nestler	9	8	5	10	8	10	6	9	9	6-80
Trounstein	10	6	9	9	6	5	7	9	5	10-65
Bruns	9	5	8	6	4	7	6	7	9	9-70

Special Target.

Gindele	9	9	8	9	7	10	8	10	10-87	
Weinheimer	8	9	4	9	7	10	6	7	7-76	
Jouscher	7	7	6	10	9	9	9	7	9-82	
Ukottter	8	7	5	8	10	7	7	7	10-76	
Payne	9	6	6	9	8	10	8	9	10-85	
Topf	8	10	5	10	9	5	10	5	6	6-74
Roberts	6	8	9	8	8	9	10	9	10-86	
Drube	8	7	5	10	10	7	9	5	8	6-75
Nestler	10	9	7	6	10	9	10	8	7-85	
Trounstein	7	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	8-82	
Bruns	10	9	6	5	7	9	9	7	8-79	

Honor Target.

Gindele	7	7	9	7	6	36
Weinheimer	7	7	9	7	6	36
Jouscher	8	9	10	6	42	
Ukottter	7	7	8	7	534	
Payne	8	9	6	6	938	
Topf	5	7	6	6	226	
Roberts	6	6	7	6	732	
Drube	5	6	9	6	531	
Nestler	5	6	7	8	836	
Trounstein	6	6	9	7	735	
Bruns	6	6	9	7	735	

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 4.—At Harbor View range, the contest took place to-day. Scores on Columbia target, off-hand shooting, 200yds. with rifles and 50yds. with pistols and small rifles. The figures give size of ring in inch diameters; divide total score by 10 for average ring in inches. Class medals, one entry, members only.

Rifle, experts:

F O Young	8	5	8	7	5	8	2	4	5	6-58
Capt. F. Kuhnle	1	5	9	6	2	10	6	4	6	10-59
A H Pape	3	8	5	6	3	4	8	6	9	8-60
A B Dorrell	1	9	4	6	5	3	10	9	14	12-73

Sharpshooters:

C M Daiss	3	7	8	3	2	16	4	6	4	2-55
G Mannel	10	1	15	14	2	7	7	3	5	10-74

Marksmen: E. E. Beaman 99, M. J. White 126, G. Hoadley 141, Mrs. Mannel 151, Mrs. Waltham 153, Dr. H. C. Trask 180, F. Hassmann 182, Dr. J. F. Twist 182.

Pistol, experts:

A B Dorrell	12	6	2	3	4	4	2	4	5	4-46
F O Young	62	J. P. Cosgrove	62	M. J. White	68	G. M. Barley	70			

Sharpshooters:

G Hoadley	5	3	1	4	7	5	5	5	3	3-41
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Dr. J. F. Twist 61, F. S. Washburn 63, Capt. Kuhnle 111.

Marksmen: Mrs. Mannel 85, F. Hassmann 96, G. Mannel 97, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 112.

All-comers' and members' re-entry matches; best scores:

Rifle medal:

G Mannel	8	7	4	4	10	2	6	4	3	2-50
F O Young	5	7	4	5	10	4	9	2	2	9-57
A H Pape	8	7	10	6	5	3	5	6	2	7-59
Capt. F. Kuhnle	11	8	10	5	4	2	6	2	5	8-60
A B Dorrell	6	6	11	6	2	9	4	3	8	6-61
G Mannel	8	9	10	7	6	4	6	6	7	7-72
F S Washburn	9	11	17	12	5	12	8	5	5-84	

Record:

C M Daiss	4	9	2	13	7	12	13	6	2	12-80
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Pistol medal: F. O. Young, 46, 48; Dr. J. F. Twist, 55; F. S. Washburn, 56; G. Hoadley, 57; E. E. Beaman, 69; P. Becker, 70.

Record: A. B. Dorrell 59, J. P. Cosgrove 57, Mrs. M. J. White 74, F. Hassmann 97.

Twist revolver medal: F. O. Young 61, C. M. Daiss 62.

Twenty-two and twenty-five caliber rifle: Mrs. Waltham 26, Dr. Twist 29, Dr. Trask 45, Mrs. Mannel 38, Hassmann 39, Snell 44, Broad 64.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 18.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores to-day in the all-comers' and members' re-entry matches. Rain with heavy squalls made difficult shooting, but fine scores were made. A. B. Dorrell beat the club's record one point at 50yds., with .22 Winchester rifle, making 16. Dr. Twist made 49 with pistol, beating his own record. C. M. Daiss and Young made a Creedmoor match with their new .44 S. & W. revolvers, the same to be shot on Twist revolver medal. Young split his old double-decker revolver (so-called, because it had a pistol barrel on top of it) in using too heavy a load of nitro powder, and Paul Becker made him a present of a new one, rather than see him blown up trying to see how much the old thing would stand. This was Daiss' first recorded revolver score, and it is phenomenal, being the Coast record. He used U. M. C. factory ammunition. He has the Coast record (99) on Standard target, and ties Gorman with 29 for world's record on Columbia target. This proves that a man need not learn to shoot the revolver if he can find a .22 pistol.

Best scores, Columbia target, 200yds., rifle and 50yds. pistol and .22 off-hand shooting. Rifle medal:

F O Young	5	1	4	3	9	7	3	2	3	5-42
C M Daiss	6	2	8	5	1	6	5	1	6	7-47
G Mannel	1	7	9	5	5	1	14	5	6	13-66
E E Beaman	4	1	6	10	5	4	4	13	12	10-69
	7	20	17	8	4	11	4	3	2	7-83

Record scores:

P Becker	112	132	137	155
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Military and repeating rifles: P. Becker, Creedmoor count, .30-30, 43, 43.

Pistol medals:

P Becker	1	4	5	8	14	1	6	4	4	2-49
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C. M. Daiss 57, P. Becker 68, F. O. Young 60, F. Hassmann, 82.

Pistol records: C. M. Daiss 44, F. S. Washburn 85, Mrs. G. Mannel 85, F. Hassmann 86, G. Mannel 71.

Twist revolver medal:

C M Daiss	7	8	7	1	2	8	4	4	6	3-50
	4	11	1	5	2	6	5	9	5	3-51
	4	6	5	5	2	6	6	5	6	6-51
	5	7	5	4	11	7	7	6	3	7-62
	5	8	8	5	9	5	7	4	5	3-59

246 out of 250, Creedmoor.

F. O. Young, 68, 67, 62, 59, 53, 240 out of 250, Creedmoor. Also another score 1, 7, 1, 1, 2, 12, 7, 7, 3, 10-51; A. H. Pape, 74; Dr. J. F. Twist, 97.

Revolver record scores: P. Becker 83, M. J. White 97.

.22 and .25 cal. rifles:

A B Dorrell	2	1	2	2	3	2	1	1	1	1-16
	1	1	4	2	3	2	2	2	1	1-19
A H Pape	2	2	3	3	3	1	1	4	1	4-24

Mrs. C. F. Waltham 31, Dr. Twist 36, E. E. Beaman 63, F. S. Washburn 69, Dr. Twist 92.

A. B. Dorrell's 16 is the club's .22 rifle record.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec.

Louisville vs. Brooklyn.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 3.—Herewith are the scores of the match between the Louisville and Brooklyn Revolver clubs, shot at this point on March 1:

Telegraph match team shoot, five men, 50 shots each; 15yds., rapid fire:

James	49	49	45	45	43	49	41	46	46	47-160
Gilbert	50	50	49	50	50	50	49	50	50	50-498
Bingham	42	48	47	42	46	32	48	46	49	44-444
Pragoff	45	49	47	48	48	43	42	47	43	41-453
Kelly	49	45	47	38	42	46	46	46	50	50-459

Referee, Mr. John B. Hutchings for Brooklyn. Scorer, Mr. Frank Pragoff. Timer, Mr. Miller.

The Brooklyn team score was: Wm. Shedd 475, Effingham Wilson 467, Dr. C. D. Napier 444, H. M. Olney 454, Frank Jenks 426; total 2266.

Bi-weekly shoots, covering a period of ten weeks, have been arranged by the Harvard Rifle and Revolver Club, to take place on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, Mass.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.

March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

March 8.—West Chester, Pa.—Seventh annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

March 19.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.

March 17.—Yardville, N. J.—Contest for the cast iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.

March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.

March 24.—New York.—Contest for Dupont trophy between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

March 27-29.—Allentown, Pa.—Three days' shoot—first day at targets, second and third at live birds. A. Griesemer, Mgr.

March 31.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League's live-bird handicap, 25 birds, \$150 guaranteed.

March 31.—Vicinity of New York.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, holder, and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.

April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, N. Y.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.

April 24-26.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April —Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohn's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins' Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 6-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 6-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly five-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club,

knocked that down with a stick."

The Sportsmen's Show Tournament.

THE conditions governing the competition of the Sportsmen's Show tournament are as follows:

The hours of shooting will be from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on each day that the Sportsmen's show is open to the public, with the exception of Wednesdays and Saturdays, on which days, owing to the matinees in the Garden Theater, shooting will end at 1:30 P. M. On these days the Sportsmen's Association championship will be the only competition, commencing at 10 A. M. and closing at 1:30 P. M.

The Continuous Match.—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. to 12:30 P. M.—Four prizes are donated by the National Sportsmen's Association to the four men making the four longest runs of consecutive breaks in this competition. No man can win more than one of these four prizes. No run of consecutive breaks made in any other competition will be allowed to count for prizes in the Continuous match. All targets will be thrown at unknown angles. Entrance fee, 25 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited.

Prizes.—To the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a handsome trophy. To the shooter making the second longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a gold medal. To the shooter making the third longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a silver medal. To the shooter making the fourth longest run of consecutive breaks in this competition will be donated a bronze medal. In addition to the above four prizes, the management will donate each day a prize to the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks on that day in this competition.

Sportsmen's Association Championship.—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 12:30 P. M. to 5 P. M.—Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.—Conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited. From Thursday, March 1, until Friday, March 16, inclusive, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, as above mentioned, the traps will be open from 12:30 to 5 P. M. for shooters to qualify for the final round in the Championship contest, which will take place on Saturday, March 17. The conditions of the final round will be 100 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance price of targets at 1½ cents each.

Those eligible to compete in the final round of the Championship contest will be the twenty-five shooters having respectively the twenty-five highest totals made in the previous "qualifying rounds" shot on any of the preceding days of the tournament.

No shooter can qualify with more than one score, that score being the highest made by him in the "qualifying rounds."

As re-entries for the qualifying rounds are unlimited, any shooter can, during the qualifying rounds, try to better any record made by him in the previous rounds.

Prizes.—To the winner in the final round of the Championship contest will be donated a handsome trophy, emblematic of the Sportsmen's Association championship. This trophy becomes the property of the winner. To the shooter making the second highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a gold medal. To the shooter making the third highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a silver medal. To the shooter making the fourth highest score in the Championship contest will be donated a bronze medal. In addition to the above prizes, the management will donate a prize each day to the shooter making the highest score in the qualifying rounds shot on that day.

Special.—A special prize in the shape of a handsome gold medal will be given by the National Sportsmen's Association to the shooter making the best general average for the Sportsmen's Association Championship.

To qualify for this prize, a shooter must take part in the competition every day, his final score for the Sportsmen's Association Championship being also counted for average. No re-entry score will be counted; should a contestant shoot two or more scores of 100 targets each day on any one day, his first score on that day shall alone be credited for average.

To the shooter making the second best average under the above conditions, will be awarded a silver medal.

To the shooter making the third best average under the above conditions, will be awarded a bronze medal.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., acted as referee.

Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, acted as scorer.

First Day, Thursday, March 1.

ACCORDING to schedule, the roof garden tournament, which is being held in connection with the Sportsmen's show at Madison Square Garden, New York, was to begin at 10 o'clock, and promptly at the appointed time Manager Shaner announced to shooters present that everything was in readiness for the commencement of the second annual Sportsmen's tournament, and concluded by introducing Miss Mamie Hyland, of Tarrytown, N. Y., a miss of fourteen years, who was to fire the opening gun of the tournament. Undaunted by a cold, drenching rain, the little lady stepped promptly to the score, and succeeded in breaking 18 out of her first 25 targets.

The programme consisted of a continuous match and the Association championship, the latter a 100-target race.

Regardless of the fact that there were not many shooters present, the first event was well patronized, as there were 101 separate attempts made by the contestants to group together a respectable number of consecutive breaks. This proved to be a very difficult undertaking, as is demonstrated by the scores. Ultimately Mr. R. O. Heikes won this event on 19, which will necessarily look insignificant to the reader, when the character of the principals is taken into consideration. Furthermore, it required seventeen distinct efforts on the part of the "Daddy of them All" to break even so many as this. His other runs of any consequence were 13, 11 and 9, while in four of his trials he failed to score at all and on three other occasions he only broke one.

Mr. W. R. Crosby was second in this event with 17, and he tried it seven times, this run being on his third attempt. His other runs were 9 and 8.

Dr. Knowlton did very well, for he faced the traps three times and broke 2, 13 and 16. Mr. Ed Rike essayed it twenty-one times, but only twice could he get into the double figures, and then he scored 10 and 15.

Mr. Charley Budd could not negotiate them at all, as in twenty efforts he could only produce a run of 5 and 4, while in the other eighteen he scored 1 eleven times, and seven times he failed to break his first.

Capt. Money was up six times; his best result was 10.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, with nine attempts, succeeded in reaching 8 once.

Leroy scored a like number in five trials.

H. A. Grant and C. R. Lewis were the other principals, and though they tried it a number of times neither could make any headway.

In the championship race Heikes is also first with 94, and here he shot in slashing style, breaking 48 out of his last 50. Crosby finished second with 92, and this must also be ranked among the classical performances, for in the gate that prevailed each target varied distinctly from the preceding one, so that it required superior skill and judgment on the part of the shooters to aggregate such scores. The other contestants are trailing far behind, as Fanning, with 82, is third, and Leroy, with 81, fourth.

Miss Hyland scored 55 and thereby exceeded her father's total by 9 breaks, as the latter has only 46. This is a case of the pupil excelling her instructor.

A heavy wind blew from left to right, making the targets rise high, and rain falling betimes added to the discomfort. Shooting on the first day, on account of the bad weather, stopped between 2 and 3 o'clock.

2 and 3 o'clock.												
Association championship:												
Heikes	23	23	24	24	94	Fulford, 2.	18	17	20	22	77	
Crosby	24	22	22	24	92	Capt Money, 2.	12	22	21	20	75	
Fanning	21	22	22	24	82	Banks	15	14	21	15	65	
Le Roy	20	20	19	22	81	Capt Money, 1.	15	17	16	14	62	
Fulford	21	19	22	16	78	Miss Hyland.	15	13	13	14	55	
Rike	18	17	23	20	78	W H Hyland.	17	12	12	5	46	
Rudd	18	20	19	21	78							

Second Day, Friday, March 2.

Mr. Blandford, of Sing Sing, was one of the principals in the shoot to-day, and on his first trial he amassed a total of 28 straight in the continuous match. This proved a number hard to duplicate, but finally, after seven attempts, and after Manager Shaner had already announced that this would be the last trial of the day, the past-master of the target shooting art, Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, succeeded in tying the score. This necessitated a shoot-off, and here the amateur readily succumbed before the world renowned expert, as the former lost his first target, so that a kill on the part of Heikes, which was immediately forthcoming, decided matters so far as this is concerned. There were seventy-five entries made in this event. The other good scores were: Fanning 26, Budd 23 and 24, Le Roy 20, Heikes 18, Piercy 17, Fulford 15 and Crosby 14.

Heikes was very much in his element to-day, for in the championship contest he is also to the fore with 95, Crosby occupying the same position as yesterday—second, with 93 broken. Fulford is third, with 91, and Johnson 90. Rike and Tracy finished with 89, while Le Roy, Daly, Jr., Fanning and Wood have 88.

The conditions of competition were more favorable, which accounts for the improved scores. For, though it was cloudy and there were at times light snow flurries, the wind did not affect the flight of the targets so much. The scores:

Eight of the targets so much. The scores.											
Heikes	25	23	24	23	95	Keller	16	20	21	20	77
Crosby	21	24	25	23	93	Piercy, 1.	22	19	16	20	77
Fulford	24	22	22	23	91	Lentilhon	21	17	20	19	77
Johnson	22	21	23	24	90	S P Life	18	20	19	19	76
Rike	24	21	23	21	89	O W Van	16	21	19	20	76
Tracy	21	25	21	22	89	P Daly, Jr, 1.	16	20	19	21	76
Le Roy	20	24	22	22	88	Lentilhon, 2.	18	21	20	17	76
P Daly, Jr, 2.	23	24	22	19	88	Hegeman	15	19	21	20	75
Fanning	22	20	24	22	88	Brueyer	16	17	18	20	71
Wood	22	24	22	20	88	Murphy	21	16	14	12	63
Piercy, 2.	19	20	22	20	81	Saunders	10	14	15	18	57
Van Allen	22	20	23	15	80	Wm Pentz	19	18	16	w	
Budd	20	21	20	18	79	Majer	13	13	w		
Blandford	20	17	23	18	78						

Third Day, Saturday, March 3.

Owing to there being a matinee at the Garden on Saturday afternoon, it was only possible to shoot until 1:30, so that to-day the Association championship match was the only event on the programme.

The weather was again blustery and cold, so that it was nearly 10:30 before the shooters began to put in an appearance, but from then until closing time matters were very active. Altogether there were twenty-two trials made in this race. Heikes again finished first, but it required three efforts on his part before he could accomplish this by breaking 92, which was a very creditable piece of shooting in the high wind that prevailed. Fulford, too, shot well, as he broke 90. However, this also required two trials on his part. Heikes scored 89 and Fanning 88 the first time up, while Crosby and Le Roy got 87.

A contestant can enter any number of times, but it is only the highest that counts for general average; but there is a medal given each day in this race to the one making the highest score, and this goes to the one accomplishing it, irrespective of how many trials it takes to achieve.

Miss May Mackay, a young lady from Keene, N. H., graced the tournament with her presence, taking a turn at the trap, and considering the difficulties under which the competition took place her shooting was very good, especially after her first string of 25, when she became more accustomed to her surroundings. The scores:

scores:												
Heikes, 3,	23	23	23	23	92	Budd, 2,	16	16	23	20	75	
Fulford, 2,	21	23	24	22	90	Hallowell, 1,	16	19	19	20	74	
Heikes, 1,	22	23	23	22	89	P Daly, Jr, 2,	16	19	12	18	66	
Fanning, 1,	22	22	22	22	88	Hegeman,	14	16	17	16	61	
Crosby, 1,	22	21	23	21	87	P Daly, Jr, 1,	14	17	16	14	61	
Le Roy,	24	19	23	21	87	Niece,	9	16	16	17	58	
Fanning, 2,	22	20	23	23	87	Schneider,	10	15	12	15	52	
Fulford, 1,	24	19	22	21	86	Muench,	12	10	12	13	47	
Budd, 1,	20	22	19	22	83	Miss Mackay,	5	14	13	13	45	
Crosby, 2,	23	18	21	20	82	Kattengel,	11	7	12	8	33	
Hallowell, 2,	20	21	22	18	81	Heikes, 2,	17					

Mr. W. S. Stein, secretary of the Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club, is endeavoring to impress upon the shooters of the West and South the inducements which his club will offer at its third annual tournament, April 18 to 21. He is out with a card announcing there will be \$1,000 added money on this occasion. This liberality is certain to draw a large number of shooters to Lincoln.

Mr. Dave Elliott is making extensive improvements at his new shooting park, in St. Louis, and ere long he expects to issue an invitation to the shooters of the Mound City to come and shoot over modernly equipped grounds, something they have never heretofore been able to do in their own city. This will materially stimulate the shooting interest in St. Louis.

Elliott Brothers have recently given the shooters of Kansas City two medals to compete for—one for live birds and one for targets, the former costing \$100 and the latter \$50. The contests take place monthly, and are conducted on a handicap basis. In the pigeon race the handicap consists of distance, while in the target event each shooter has a given number of birds added to his score. No contestant can win either of the medals more than once, and at the end of the year the twelve winners will meet and shoot off for final possession of the trophies. The live-bird contest consists of 25 birds, and the target race is 50 targets. In January W. S. Allen won the live-bird medal on a straight score from the 35yd. mark, and Walter Howe won the target medal. The February contest brought out J. B. Porter and Newt. Beach, who tied for the live-bird medal on 24, but will settle the tie in some future contest. Alex Holmes won the target medal, scoring the total with an added handicap of 6 birds. These medals are creating a widespread interest.

Fourth Day, Monday, March 5.

The tournament was well patronized, and there was no lack of entries in both events. The tally sheet shows that there were 154 trials in the continuous match, and this proved a spirited contest. Fanning was one of the early ones on hand, and on his third trial he made a run of 26. This stood for quite a while, and then Crosby succeeded in scoring 28. Fanning, not to be outdone, shortly after managed to exceed this by one break. This 29 looked like the limit, until well along toward the close, when Heikes on his ninth trial broke 34 before dropping one. The time for closing this event was very near at hand, but Fanning was given one more opportunity to exceed this, but the effort resulted in his breaking 18. Heikes' best runs were 34, 19 and 17. He made eleven trials. Fanning made a number of nice runs as follows: 29, 28, 28, 26, 22, 18 and 18. These were the result of seventeen efforts. Crosby essayed it sixteen times, and his good results were 28, 24, 23, 23, 14 and 14. Rike, with ten trials, got a 15 and a 14. Hallowell was out fourteen times, but did not go beyond 14; his other good score was 12. Capt. Money, with twenty trials, did not break into the double figures; the best he got was 8. T. C. Wright and Leroy reached 11 and Budd 10. H. Daly, Norton, Weightman, Dr. Knowlton, Fulford, Gorham and Betti were among the participants.

The interest in the championship race was equally as great, and the number of those who took part in this event was very gratifying to Manager Shaner. Crosby, who has been shooting so consistently all along, let out an extra link to-day, and amassed the great aggregate of 96 on his first trial. This proved ample, for though many efforts were made to excel it, no one succeeded in approaching it. Heikes got 93, and attempted it a second time, but withdrew after shooting 50 on this string. Ed Banks showed up very strong at the start, so that for a time it looked as though Crosby's honors were in jeopardy, for he ran his first 43 straight, but after this misses came frequently, so that when he had finished he could account for but 93. Thus he shared second honors with Heikes; Fanning, with 92, is fourth; Fulford and Rike, 91, and Hallowell, 90.

Good weather was the only thing to handicap the shooters, the light being good, with very little wind, so that the flights were very regular.

very regular.												
Crosby	24	24	25	23	96	Money, 1	16	19	23	20	78	
Heikes, 1	24	21	23	25	93	Dudley	21	18	21	17	77	
Banks, 1	25	23	22	23	93	Money, 2	19	23	17	77		
Fanning	22	25	23	22	92	Saunders	17	19	22	17	76	
Fulford	22	21	24	24	91	Tracy	21	18	16	70		
Rike	23	23	25	20	91	Dukes	16	19	18	71		
Hallowell, 1	22	22	24	22	90	Bradshaw	21	21	16	75		
Le Roy	21	23	24	20	88	Budd	17	18	17	79		
Rogers	20	22	21	23	86	Scheubel	18	14	14	22	68	
T C Wright	17	25	23	21	86	Weightman	14	16	18	14	62	
Hallowell, 2	24	20	20	22	86	McCahill	11	18	19	13	61	
Money, 5	23	20	21	22	86	M Wright	15	16	12	15	58	
Hallowell, 3	21	21	23	21	86	Betti	15	14	18	11	58	
Delaney	18	21	23	22	84	H Daly	15	16	15	11	57	
Money, 3	18	21	23	20	82	Gorham	11	14	17	14	56	
Banks, 2	16	20	23	21	81	White	13	13	15	8	49	
Hesse	20	21	19	20	80	W Pentz	24	17	14	w		
Money, 4	15	24	22	19	80	Heikes, 2	21	20	w			
Amos	19	20	19	22	80							

A few years ago the first effort in this direction was made, and while the same has proven quite a success, the present tournament is even more satisfactory. The present event is to continue fifteen days, and as we go to press there have already been four days of shooting, and with each the interest apparently is increasing, so that in all probability many beneficial results will be accomplished by this tournament. The entries are numerous and representative, while there is no lack of spectators, notwithstanding that, so far the weather has been very adverse.

Manager Elmer E. Shaner is conducting the tournament, and is assisted by a corps possessed of large experience in the respective positions they occupy. As a result there has not been a hitch of any kind. The targets are thrown from a magatrap run by an electric motor, which insures a uniform speed in the flight of the

blue rocks. This makes the competition absolutely fair to all, so that the often advanced hard-luck story, that the targets were thrown much harder for some particular shooter, who was not in his "usual good form" will not hold good here.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass.—Thirty shooters visited Wellington on the occasion of the Boston Gun Club's seventh prize competition, coupled with an invitation team race, in which Brockton, Haverhill, Harvard and Boston participated. Portsmouth and Dover, N. H., also, South Framingham and Fitchburg, Mass., clubs sent regrets.

While no high scores appeared during the afternoon, the events were nevertheless very much enjoyed by all. The team totals were low as a rule, and Brockton easily won by 9 targets. Silver souvenirs in the shape of match-safes were awarded the winning team. A light lunch, including hot coffee, did much to counteract the chilly temperature, and enhance the comfort of visitors. Altogether the shoot was a successful meeting of trap enthusiasts, who follow their favorite hobby for the wholesome sport and excellent practice contained in it, when arranged independently of moneyed sweeps. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	5p	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	10	10
Leroy, 21.....	9	6	7	10	6	8	9	8	7	8	
Woodruff, 17.....	6	5	6	8	6	7	7	7	7	3	
Miller, 16.....	4	1	3	5	3	4	4	4	3	3	
Barrett, 16.....	6	3	7	1	6	5	7	9	4		
Worthing, 16.....	6	6	5	7	3	4	4	4	6	6	
Keller, 16.....	4	3	4	7	5	4	4	4	3	8	
Sheffield, 16.....	3	6	6	8	5	7	4	3	8	8	
Griggs, 16.....	7	7	5	5	4	4	7	9	5		
Baker, 16.....	8	7	9	7	3	8	9	9	5	7	
Tozier, 16.....	4	3	7	7	2	5	7	8	9		
Leonard, 16.....	5	5	5	4	3	7	5	7	6		
Follansbee, 16.....	5	5	3	6	5	2	6	7	4		
Miskay, 18.....	8	5	7	8	7	8	9	7			
Gordon, 17.....	8	5	6	4	7	6	6	5	6		
Winters, 18.....	7	4	7	6	7	4	6	8	9	6	
Horace, 18.....	7	8	7								
Lambert, 16.....					7	3	5	5	6	4	
Kinney, 16.....					6	7	6	7	4		
Sanford, 16.....					6	6	7	7	4	8	
Williams, 16.....					6	9	6	4	4		
Cutler, 16.....					6	2	5	6	6	3	
Howe, 19.....					8	6	7				
Malliackrodt, 16.....					6		6	6	7	3	
Dana, 16.....					4	3					
Emery, 16.....					7		4	1	6	4	
Phelps, 16.....					7		4	7	9	7	
Michaels, 16.....					8	2	8	4	6	8	
Steele, 16.....					0	1	4	2			
Spencer, 18.....					9		4	7	5	7	6
Sellman, 16.....							0	1	1	3	

All events unknown angles from magazine.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Bad Weather.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 24.—A very bad storm, with the thermometer down to zero, makes Saturday, the regular trapshooters' day of the week, a practically impossible one. Garfield shoots to-day, this being the tenth of its live-bird shoots, but the position of those who attend at the grounds, situated as they are in the open prairie, will be a difficult one, and the club house will be more crowded than the score.

Washington's Birthday.

On Washington's Birthday, this week, we had nothing of stirring interest here in town, though Tolleston Club, of Chicago, held its customary annual shoot and pleasant reunion at the club grounds near Tolleston, Ind. A shoot at Tolleston does not get into the papers, but it is invariably an occasion of much good shooting and good-fellowship.

Crown Point Gun Club, of Indiana, held a nice all-day shoot at their grounds on Washington's Birthday. Professionals barred, targets 2 cents.

In the Palmyra Gun Club tournament, at Palmyra, Wis., Washington's Birthday, the State championship medal was won by T. B. Roach, of Palmyra.

Eureka Annual Meeting.

At the regular annual meeting of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held at the Sherman House, this week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. E. C. Morton; Vice-President, F. P. Sarnard; Secretary-Treasurer, J. G. Lovell; Captain, E. M. Steck; Directors: Chas. Antoine, H. W. Cornwell, Hoyt Shaw, V. L. Cunningham, H. B. Morgan. The club pays its dues to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Eureka Gun Club is very strong, and has a good waiting list. With a view to stiffening its already good financial standing, a two weeks' notice was given of a motion to raise the annual dues from \$3 to a greater sum, perhaps \$10, and to enlarge the membership.

Some Races.

Charlie Wilcox has been feeling pretty well lately about his shooting live birds, and one of the results of this is a couple of races he has on, one with Ralph Kuss (Clempson, of Garfield Club), and one with W. P. Mussey. The former race will be shot some time the first of March, and the latter soon after, according to the present arrangement. Mr. Wilcox says he will decline to shoot either race if there should be snow upon the ground, as he cannot see well under those conditions.

The "Cataract" Gun Club.

A Western daily, reporting events on the Carteret grounds, near New York, speaks of the "Cataract" Club grounds. Evidently, in the opinion of the copy reader that is what the club ought to have been called, and the facts do not amount to so much in daily reporting.

State Shoot.

We are going to have a corking good State shoot here this spring. Come and see us when the flowers are blooming and the frost is off the pumpkin. You will get a run for your money.

Final Contest, Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

March 2.—The twelfth and final shoot in the series for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy was held to-day at Watson's Park. After a shoot-off of no very striking features the trophy was won by J. L. White, R. Clempson winning the high average medal for the season.

The heavy snow of the past two days lay on the ground a foot deep, and on this a dimly veiled sun shone more or less brightly, rarely altogether obscured. The birds ruled good, though the wind was not very strong, and the flights were mixed. Sixteen men went to the score, of whom three—Fanning, Nelson and Dwyer—shot for the birds only, not entering for the medal.

Previous to the starting of the main contest, the by-standers began to compare their slates for favorites. Reference to the records showed that Leffingwell, Wells, Levi, Shaw, Barto, White, Gillis, Odell and Eaton had each won the trophy one time. Clempson was the only two-time winner of the trophy previous to to-day. On his showing during the entire series Clempson was easily first, for he had also won the high average badge twice. His opponent to to-day, J. L. White, had also won the high average medal twice, and so also had Barto and Roll. Steck, Gillis, Wilcox and Shaw had each won the high average medal once before to-day. It was seen, therefore, that quite a field was to start, and there was a wide latitude of choice, for of all the gentlemen above named, Wilcox was the only one who did not enter the shoot to-day. Clempson has been shooting a brilliant gait all the fall and winter, and he was perhaps the favorite if there could be said to be such a thing. He shot a slashing gait from the start, killing his 15 birds straight in good style. Clempson was placed at 31yds, and had no handicap bird allowed him. At his side there pounded along the iceman from Blue Island, big George Roll, who had one handicap bird, but did not need it. The old duck shooter, Gillis, needed only 1 of his 2 handicap birds, and also landed 15. White needed both his handicap birds, though the two birds he lost were killed dead out of bounds. The hard shooting railroad man, F. H. Wells, missed his first bird and then killed 15 straight, needing only one of his handicap birds. Odell and Barto tied and divided on 14, this being the first time of the series that Odell has failed to score 15. Sturtevant was alone in the 13 hole, so there was no argument left below the first flight. The tie men went to the score immediately at the close of the main event.

In the ties on 15, to decide to-day's contest, Clempson, Roll, Gillis, White and Wells all were placed at 30yds, with no added bird, except Clempson, who was placed at 31yds. Clempson, in the minds of many, remained favorite at this stage. Thin, eager-faced and nervous, he might or might not have been picked out for the shooter that he is. Still more slight and smaller was White, who has proved himself a nifty shooter in several finishes in these trophy events. Some of the knowing ones, guessed that it would be between White and Wells at the finish, and so it proved.

George Roll was the first to drop out in the tie, losing his third bird just across the wire. Everybody killed on then until the fifth bird in the first frame, when Clempson missed, and missed clean apparently. The missing of this bird at once set him out of the possibility of winning the trophy alone on the series, and it entailed an additional race to decide the winners at the close of to-day's ties. Following Clempson's miss Gillis also dropped out. He had been centering his birds splendidly, and was well thought of. The most interesting contest of the day then began between White and Wells. They killed through the second frame together, Wells being favored by two pieces of most extraordinary luck. His eighth was knocked down at 40yds, or more and fell in the snow apparently cut to pieces. He fired at it with the second, and to the surprise of everybody the bird took wing and started toward the dead line. Just a few feet from the line it gave up and fell dead, barely inside the bounds. On his second bird after that Wells had a left-quarterer which kept lugging along and which seemed safe to go over the wire, but as luck had it it stopped just inside. White missed his first bird in the third frame, though it fell dead out of bounds and close to the wire. It looked safe for Wells at that time, but fortune deserted him on his fourth bird in that frame, which also fell dead out of bounds. This tied the race. White killed his next bird, but Wells lost another, and this placed White winner of to-day's contest.

Clempson, having made the longest run of the day, won the high average medal for the third time, and it became his property.

There remained therefore to be decided the final shoot-off between Clempson and White, each of whom had now won the capital prize two times. This finish was very much of a surprise, and it surely looked as though Clempson were fast weakening in the place where he needed to be strong. It was all over inside of 10 birds. Clempson missed his third bird clean, and White missed his fourth, and they went out tied at the end of the first five birds. Then Clempson missed another bird, and in most ghastly fashion White followed suit. Everybody began to roast them now, and White was first to pull himself together. Clempson missed yet another bird clean, killed another, and then missed again, in all missing 4 birds out of 9 after having killed 19 straight. White killed on out to the ninth bird and retired winner.

J. L. White is the shooting name of the young Chicago man who won the Chicago Sportsmen's trophy. He is a very popular shooter, quiet and unassuming, good looking, slender and not very tall, weighing perhaps not over 135lbs. He is of the nifty style of shooter, keeps himself well in hand, and may always be depended upon to give a good account of himself.

Clempson, winner of the high average medal, is tall, slender, and

boyish looking. His assumed name covers the identity of one of the best known of Garfield Club shooters, and he is skillful at targets as well as live birds. He said to-day at the close of the race that before he left for the shoot to-day he had told his wife that he was going to make this his last pigeon shoot. He says he will shoot targets, but will hereafter not mingle with the pigeon game. Of course every one gave him the laugh about this, and he was cheerfully told that within sixty days he would be back at the live-bird score. This he denies, and he stated to-day that the race which he and Charlie Wilcox had on had been declared off by mutual consent. During the past six months Clempson has been perhaps the best shooting possibility we had here in Chicago—that is to say, his work in the sweeps warrants that assertion, though he has never shot any races of consequence.

At the close of the shooting to-day the shooters assembled in the club house at Watson's and passed a vote of thanks to Mr. W. B. Leffingwell for his effective aid in getting up this trophy series. A vote of thanks was also passed for John Watson. This ends the second series of open trophy shoots for Chicago, which have proved to be the most popular contests we have ever had in this city in the open trophy line. The idea was first offered in the original Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond medal shoots. The sportsman-like conditions of these contests and their freedom from all objectionable features were appreciated by the shooters, as shown by the steady patronage which the contests received. At the present writing we have nothing left to take the place of the series, and it is likely that the idea will not be carried further, but left in the popular and well concluded station now attained. This leaves only the two club series, Eureka and Garfield, now approaching their close. No match races seem to be likely here unless there should something come of the Wilcox-Mussey talk of a race at 100 birds. The following are the scores of to-day's shooting:

Clempson, 31, 0.....	22222222222221	-15
Roll, 30, 1.....	12221212222212	-15
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....	22222120220222*	-12
Gillis, 30, 2.....	1221022122222211	-15
Odell, 30, 2.....	2220102202222112	-14
*Fanning, 30, 0.....	10221100022*11	-10
Eaton, 28, 3.....	12*10220020*122020	-10
Leffingwell, 30, 2.....	*221***2221112220	-12
J L White, 30, 2.....	*22222*2222222222	-15
Sturdevant, 30, 1.....	022022202222222	-13
Levi, 30, 3.....	1*2*20022102100102	-10
Barto, 30, 2.....	2222201220202222	-14
Wells, 30, 2.....	021121212112121	-15
*Nelson, 30, 0.....	100221112	
Steck, 30, 2.....	1222220101*1102	-12
*Dwyer, 30, 0.....	11212220	
*Birds only.		

Ties on 15:	
Clempson, 31, 0.....	22220
Roll, 30, 0.....	22*
Gillis, 30, 0.....	21110
White, 30, 0.....	22222 22222 *2222
Wells, 30, 0.....	12121 22221 111*0

Final shoot-off:
Clempson, 31, 0.....22022 0020 White, 30, 0.....22202 0222

Two Eureka's.

Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, holds its regular bi-weekly live-bird shoot at Watson's to-day.

Eureka Gun Club, of Lyons, Ill., holds an all-day tournament to-morrow. Targets.

Crescent of Chicago.

Crescent Gun Club holds a target tournament to-morrow afternoon at the grounds, Archer and Kedzie avenues.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 3.—The scores of the live-bird shoot of the Eureka Gun Club, held to-day, follow:

Mitchell, 28.....	100221000	5	Steck, 30.....	1111*1121	9
L E Willard, 31.....	2222202222	9	Antoine, 29.....	1120122222	9
Dr Miller, 29.....	22110*2*01	6	Halliday, 31.....	2122202222	9
Cornwell, 27.....	0222022221	8	B E Veatch, 28.....	00100222*1	5
A W Adams, 29.....	2222001221	8	Sundermeyer, 28.....	1021102*12	7
R B Mack, 28.....	2010210221	7	O'Brien, 30.....	2122212222	10
Dr Carson, 28.....	2*2221212	8	J L Jones, 29.....	2011022222	7
Col Felton, 28.....	1010202111	7	Milliken, 28.....	2*01202002	5
Lovell, 29.....	0222020111	7	A A Walters, 28.....	0120122100	6
Goodrich, 28.....	22222*22222	9			

Six birds, \$3, two moneys:					
Steck	122222	-6	O'Brien	120101	-4
Willard	012211	-5	Sundermeyer	01*012	-3
Miller	222212	-6	Dr Carson	120111	-5
Lovell	200200	-2			

Practice:	
Willard220222201122121111122112221	28
Lovell221120201100001210110202	16
Halliday220220222222200	
Mitchell1022101	
Mack10202002	
Veatch0001	
Antoine210	
Dr Miller122	
Steck022	

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 22.—The holiday shoot of the South End Gun Club on their grounds on Boyers' Island to-day was of considerable interest to the members, and consequently the attendance was unusually large, including many of Reading's crack shots, who shot as guests of the South End Gun Club.

The chief event of the day was the team shoot, open to members only, and captained by Francis Yost and Martin Eshelman respectively. The stipulation was that the losers in the contest were to pay half of the cost of a fine dinner, while the club footed the other half. The contest was won by Capt. Eshelman's team—173 to 159 out of a possible 250 allotted each team. Besides the team shoot thirteen sweepstake events were also shot. The scores of the team shoot follow:

Team shoot, 25 targets per man: Captain Yost's team—Yost 20, Yeager 21, Gicker 15, Farr 14, Gerhart 17, Jones 18, Miles 17, Texter 13, Hill 14, Downs 10; total 159. Capt. Eshelman's team—Eshelman 20, Thompson 22, Ball 17, Archer 15, Harrison 20, Shultz 20, Schwartz 14, H. Miller 19, Fourroff 12, Wilson 14; total 173.

The scores of the sweepstake events follow:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
F Yost7	8 7 8 10 9 9 8 6 8
Gerhart10	9 8 6 4 6 9 7 8 10
Miles7	5 4 7 5 3 5 8 6 8 5 7
Jones5	8 6 8 4 8 8
Hill5	5 3
Gicker6	10 8 7 8 10 7 7 7 10 7 9 8
Eshelman7	9 7 8 10 7 7 9 9 8 9 8 7
Shultz6	9 6 8 7 7 7 8 8
Downs5	6 3 4 7
Fourroff10	6 5 2 7
Thompson5	8 7
Harrison4	5 9 7 6 8 8 5 9
Farr5	4 5 6 8
Schwartz7	3 5 6 6 5 6 5
Wilson6	2 4 3 5
Dietrich9	8 9 7 7 7 8 7 9 8 6 4 7
H Miller5	5 3 1
Ball8	5 10 7 6 7 7 5 6 3 4
Archer8	4 6 9 5 8 8 8 7 6 7
Yeager9	7 9 9 7 10
Renninger0	5

Feb. 28.—Mr. Francis Yost, in behalf of the team that was beaten by the team captained by Martin Eshelman on Feb. 22, at the South End shoot, challenged the Eshelman team to one of a series of shoots, the first shoot to be held on the next holiday shoot of the South End Club, which will be either April 13 or May 30, teams to remain the same, each man to shoot at 25 targets, over the magautrap. Since the challenge has been issued, Capt. Eshelman on March 2 accepted the challenge of the Yost team and offers to shoot at any time suitable to Capt. Yost's team. This team shoot has certainly created a great deal of fun and rivalry, and is a great boom for shooting in the South End Club.

DUSTER.

It is useless thrashing an ass to make him a horse. —Proverb.

Elliott Diamond Medal.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 22.—The second monthly contest for the Elliott handicap live-bird and target trophies took place at Washington Park to-day. The target event, at 50 targets, had twenty-seven eligible entries, and was completed early in the afternoon, but when darkness came only thirty-three of the forty contestants in the 25-live-bird shoot had shot out their strings. They will face the traps to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

J. B. Porter and D. W. Jones killed 24 birds, no one going straight. If there are no straights Porter and Jones will have to shoot off their tie for the possession of the emblem.

J. W. Bramhall, H. H. Gregory and W. W. Herman all shot good races yesterday, each getting all but two of their birds. Col. A. G. Courtney, the well-known Eastern wingshot and manufacturers' agent, was the guest of the local shooters, and took part in both the live-bird and target events. Harvey McMurchy, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Pat O'Day were also visitors at the shoot. The scores in the live-bird race:

Kit Colyer, 26.....	221221*122222*0*2101*211	-19
Harry Davis, 30.....	21201102220211010222122	-20
D S Gordon, 27.....	0121*0001011222011200111	-16
F J Smith, 28.....	002221212*02*12022*2221	-18
W K Everingham, 28.....	1010112111112021*201211	-20
F N Cockrill, 32.....	222022222*22221222222*	-21
Walt Hill, 29.....	2022220122201022222022	-20
Theo Fernkas, 26.....	21120*112102012210201220	-18
T J Simms, 29.....	22222022202221*112*202	-19
J B Porter, 32.....	0122212212221222222222	-24
J W Bramhall, 30.....	2220222222222201222221	-23
J S Smith, 30.....	1*2120*2221222222*22220	-20
J W McCurdy, 27.....	01101011111212221111120	-22
C C Herman, 31.....	221*2*2002222w	
Ed Hickman, 31.....	20122*222200w	
H McMurchy, 33.....	*02111121212120201212020	-19
A G Courtney, 31.....	*1221121212022121210111	-23
Pat O'Day, 35.....	1222021*2222200002221202	-18
W W Stoner, 28.....	20*102102012221021212201	-18
Alex. Holmes, 28.....	202120222121210012222122	-21
J D Dickinson, 26.....	22211212102222010022122	-21
Duck Fairman, 29.....	2*112012121210022122112	-21
J J Rooney, 28.....	1*122210212212110122222	-22
H H Gregory, 28.....	2111112*210212222222222	-22
Ted Turner, 28.....	12022202222221211212012	-22
Andy Reno, 31.....	0212022222222w	
G B Richards, 29.....	02112102112222200202210	-19
W W Herman, 26.....	11111201211*22211111122	-23
Jack Nave, 28.....	120001022200202010102000	-12
W A Laidlaw, 28.....	2012022211202*220010*001	-14
D W Jones, 30.....	121111111212110112121	-24
C E Wright, 29.....	11210121020212111202212	-21
Otis Lee, 28.....	2121220222212*121210220	-21

The target race resulted in some good work by Alex Holmes and J. D. Dickinson, who tied on grand totals of 50, with the addition of the dead birds given them by the handicapper. In the shoot-off for the medal Holmes won out on a score of 48 to 47 out of a possible 50. Holmes made the high net score, as well as the best grand total. The scores:

	Hdcp. Score. Tl.		Hdcp. Score. Tl.
W A Laidlaw.....9	22 31	Otis Lee.....6	30 36
W L Coo.....9	26 35	Jack Nave.....9	24 33
Kit Colyer.....9	25 34	G B Richards.....9	40 49
Lil Scott.....3	43 46	Walt Bruns.....6	33 44
F N Cockrill.....6	33 39	F M Planck.....3	40 43
F M Berkey.....9	28 37	A G Courtney.....0	37 37
J S Smith.....3	22 25	H McMurchy.....0	42 42
J J Rooney.....6	30 36	Lou Erhardt.....6	25 31
J B Porter.....6	35 41	Pat O'Day.....0	35 35
F J Smith.....9	25 34	Jack Cuddy.....9	30 39
D W Jones.....6	39 45	J D Dickinson.....9	41 50
C E Wright.....6	35 41	George Stockwell.....6	37 43
W M Hill.....6	34 40	Alex Holmes.....6	44 50
C C Herman.....3	40 43	Roy Overly.....9	30 39
Ed Hickman.....0	25 25	Andy Reno.....6	33 44

Feb. 23.—The men who had no opportunity to shoot for the Elliott diamond medals Thursday, took a try at the traps to-day. The day was very unfavorable for shooting, the snow covering the ground, making many birds very difficult to see, and the high wind carrying many out of bounds. Kelly was the chief sufferer on this account, 14 of his 25 falling dead outside the limit.

Harvey McMurchy was high man, with 23 dead ones to his credit, but as D. W. Jones and Jim Porter each killed 24 on Thursday they will shoot off on some future date for the interest in the medal. The day's shooting ended with a 10-bird race between Chauncey Kelley and Charles Walden, the latter winning by a score of 6 to 3.

The score:	
George Stockwell, 30.....	112212212211*00 12201*211-20
F M Berkey, 26.....	*22*02*22122222*1211211-19
G M Walden, 28.....	200010122110010*2022200-14
C J Kelly, 29.....	2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*2*-10
F N Planck, 30.....	2210221*1220*221121121122-21
H McMurchy, 33.....	121222211*12121122212012-23
F N Cockrill, 32.....	102221111220122201*12122-21
Sam McClellan, 28.....	0110222120222220101222202-20
Theo Fernkas, 26.....	10*00*020121221*22211111-17

In the north of England, where rabbit coursing is much in vogue, swift, well-trained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is therefore little to be wondered at that the owners of those animals should bestow so much attention upon them. An old Yorkshire collier, well-known for his success in the coursing field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex. "Why has he gone and got spliced, lad, at this age?" one of his friends asked him, "Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man, stolidly. "I agree w' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But ther dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hisself, so I hit on the idea of marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"—Argonaut.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. L. K., Perth Amboy, N. J.—Mrs. Wiggins, in one of her charming books about New England life, makes one of her characters speak of a "skunk blackbird." Is it possible that the beautiful and tuneful bobolink is meant? Ans. Yes, this is a common name for the bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*) in some sections, just as skunk head is a common name for the surf scoter (*Oidemia perspicillata*), or skunk duck was for the now extinct Labrador duck (*Camptolamus labradorius*).

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

FOREST AND STREAM.

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When the weather begins to get warm anglers generally pass through two or three stages, the first of which is a desire to meet old angling friends and talk over the success of the past and hopes for the future. J. S. Van Cleef.

A MENACE TO THE GULLS.

LAST week we referred to the extraordinary omission of the gulls and the terns from the protection given by the Hallock bill to wild birds, and said that this omission was one which should kill the measure. It is now explained that but for the omission of protection for these birds the bill would never have been reported out of committee. At a recent hearing this was the ultimatum given to Mr. Wm. Dutcher, who is the author and advocate of the Hallock bill, by Assemblyman Doughty, one of the members of the game committee. Mr. Doughty comes from Nassau County, on Long Island. In his district is the bird skin factory of W. W. Wilson, notorious as a butcher of plume birds and as an organizer of bird destroying expeditions. Here Mr. Doughty stood for the defense of the bird feather industry, just as he did the other day for the fish netters in opposition to the anti-netting bill advocated by the Salt Water League. The demands of the plumage factory owner were acceded to and the bill as amended in his interest has passed the Assembly. The sponsors of the original measure have accepted it in its present form, we understand, holding that the increased protection it gives—in language—to other species is sufficient to offset the fact that it leaves gulls and terns wholly unprotected. This opinion we do not share.

Whatever good such a law might do would be at the expense of the gulls and the terns, and would be dearly bought. The price paid would be entirely too great. That price would be nothing less than the licensed extermination of the gulls.

Under existing conditions in the bird plume industry no other species stand in such need of protection as do these. The gulls and the terns are the very birds the plumage factories are consuming. Why did Committee-man Doughty insist upon exempting these only from the law? Because they are the ones his feather factory constituents want license to destroy. Why, as represented through their Assemblyman, are these feather factory people willing to give up the handling of all other plumage so long as they shall be left free to skin gulls and terns? Simply because if they can kill the gulls and terns they do not care about the rest. They are in the business of skinning gulls and terns. We repeat, then, to enact this law would be to give over to legalized and unrestrained destruction the very species which of all our plume birds are just now most desperately in need of protection.

There is surely in this day no necessity of arguing the proposition that we should not permit the gulls and the terns to be killed off. That which demands their perpetuation is something more than idle sentiment. They should be preserved because the people want them preserved. These birds give pleasure to multitudes of human beings. They contribute beyond compute to the attractiveness of the shore. No year goes by but that tens of thousands of eyes watch the gulls, and are pleased and interested at sight of them. Often with the ospreys they are the only features of animated nature in the marine view. The dwellers by the water, the visitors to the shore, the travelers on sound and bay and harbor and sea, all alike get something from the sight of the white-winged gull. However slight may be the gratification afforded to any one individual—and sometimes it may be hardly recognized or appreciated—in the aggregate, nevertheless, when multiplied a thousand fold, it is a vast factor, so vast and so important that it is well worth caring for and preserving. Our plea, then, is not for the gulls; it is rather for the men and the women and

the children who care for these birds and do not want them destroyed. It is for the people, the many against the few. The law on gulls should be made in the interest of the public at large, not in that of the individuals who profit by killing the birds.

It would be a sorry day when New York should outlaw the gulls and the terns and give them over as vermin to legalized destruction. It would be an unworthy, a disgraceful, a shameful thing to say to the plume butcher, "You may pursue your slaughtering industry under legal sanction."

The enactment of the Hallock bill in its present form would do all this; and it would do more. For not only would it warrant the extermination of the gulls of New York, but by opening a lawful market for them it would promote the destruction of the birds all along the Atlantic coast. It cannot be forgotten how the activity of the women of Boston secured the protection in that State of the terns of Muskeget Island; nor how in many other States, the agitation having been carried on by public spirited men and women, laws have been adopted to preserve the birds. In the face of all this, we cannot afford to take such a backward step in this State.

The measure is one which should be, and we trust will be, defeated in the Senate.

TRAPSHOOTING IS HONEST.

In our trapshooting columns this week is published a communication received by us from an eminent sportsman, which recounts the sayings of a certain unnamed party who asseverates in substance that trapshooting is a dishonest sport, much on a par with the swindles which find favor with rogues and tricksters; that it is "crooked," as the slang phrase expresses it, and that it can be and is manipulated to fleece the unwary. The asseveration is maliciously false, maliciously because the utterer of it has been in a position closely identified with trapshooting interests for some weeks, and therefore had full opportunity to learn the facts from personal observation. To assume that the general corruption could exist undetected until his advent in trapshooting interests, or that all the honest trapshooters of the country would not discover the corruption, or that knowing it they would become accessory to it by concealing it, would be to assume an absurdity.

When any individual has been found guilty of known fraud in trapshooting matters, the trapshooters have been first to vigorously denounce him. More than once have shooters been expelled from the grounds when found guilty of dishonest acts at tournaments.

The rules are framed with a special view to the suppression of all dishonesty, and there is the most earnest popular opinion to support and enforce them. The good character of a shooting ground is dear to its managers. Its good character is vital to its existence. Let it once be known that any "crooked work" is practiced on a grounds, and it is doomed.

The trapshooters at large know each other and know trapshooting in its ethical features. To them, the defamation under consideration is but so much idle vamping. Its falsity is a matter of their personal knowledge. Its malignancy, however, would not be so manifest to others, without some brief statement of fact which exposes it. Nevertheless, the defamation is regrettable. Coming as it does from one whose vocation and business connections are professedly in the interests of trapshooting, by the uninitiated the aspersions might be taken for just criticism, and therefore it is grievously wrong that they ever were uttered. The guild of trapshooters is numbered by thousands, and their good name is as dear to them as it is to all reputable people.

The amateur trapshooter is a gentleman seeking recreation or relaxation, or seeking to emulate the skillful performance of one more skillful, or engaged in legitimate competition at the traps. The man of moderate income and the millionaire not infrequently compete or shoot thus together. The majority, however, are professional or business gentlemen, who rate with the best in their social, religious, intellectual and financial worlds. They are of the best people.

If we consider the paid professional in his relation to trapshooting, we again find men of well known good reputation, selected with great care by the companies who employ them.

Is it to be entertained seriously for a moment that such men, honest of purpose and honest in their acts, are dishonest in their moments of diversion at the traps, or would countenance it in others, or would be accessory to it by their silence? No; there would be a multitude of voices raised in denunciation of it. It cannot be assumed that trickery could flourish without their knowledge if it existed in fact. It is absurd to assume that such an intelligent body of men could be swindled by any lasting trickery at the traps, however shrewdly devised and executed. It is absurd to assume that trapshooting would exist if it was a dishonest sport.

In the abstract, no sport is inherently dishonest. In the concrete, it is what its followers make it. If the sport is conducted dishonestly, it is an exponent of a dishonest following. If the following is honest, the sport, perforce, must be honestly conducted. The trapshooters of America are professional and business men. A large percentage of them belong to gun clubs. The members, as an organization, give shoots. Being honest themselves, the shoot necessarily must be conducted on lines accordingly.

No sport, other than trapshooting, is conducted with so liberal a policy. At many of the large tournaments, those who wish may shoot "for targets only." Or they may shoot in any part of the programme which they choose. The rules are framed with a most earnest purpose to guard against dishonesty. Oftentimes the most exacting precautions are observed to avoid even the suspicion of dishonesty. No sport has been purified and uplifted to a higher plane than has trapshooting in the past few years. Its personnel and its policy are of the best.

Of trapshooting as a sport, it can truly be said that no sport is more national. In the great cities and small hamlets, from ocean to ocean, it has its devotees. Of trapshooting as a useful accomplishment, viewed from the standpoint of what a nation needs in times of trouble, the late war affords a useful lesson of its value. The man behind the gun was the determining factor in it. It is a pity that such a grand sport, with such a grand following, has a traducer.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE JURY.

We invite special attention to the communication from Mr. J. S. Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie, in which he presents in a convincing way the argument against excessive penalties as punishments for violation of the fish and game laws. Briefly put, the case is this: A law will not be sustained by juries which has not back of it the support of public opinion. People as a rule do not regard infractions of fish and game laws as offenses of very serious nature. If the penalties attaching to convictions for such offenses are excessive they will not be sustained by public opinion, and juries, which are compelled either to find guilty and subject to what is considered an excessive punishment or to acquit, will adopt the latter course and let the accused go free. This is a well established rule not only with respect to fish and game interests, but in various other fields. Under such circumstances the law is brought into disrepute. The wiser course would be to provide such penalties as comport with public estimation of the gravity of the offense. For a statute which is enforced, even though the punishment be light, is worth a whole volume of laws which because unsustained by public opinion are dead-letters.

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

We took occasion not long ago to commend the action of the supervisors of Onondaga County, N. Y., making an appropriation for the use of the Onondaga Anglers' Association, whose special warden was doing good service in protecting the waters against illicit netting. It is a pleasure to record that the supervisors of Columbia County have just appropriated the sum of \$500 to pay for special wardens in that county. This was done at the instance of public spirited citizens and sportsmen of the city of Hudson, under whose direction we may be sure that the money will be wisely expended for the public good.

One crying necessity in our warden system everywhere is for a larger force of game wardens and for more adequate pay for them. Under the present system of small salaries it is impracticable to secure competent men who can afford to give all the time required to the duties of the office.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Earthly Paradise.

FOR many months there had come to us from the South rumors, accompanied by exquisite "half-tones," of a land more nearly approaching the land of the blessed than any other in this wicked world, and Podgers and I had made up our minds that we would see it ere we quitted this mundane sphere. Unfortunately, when the time came Podgers didn't materialize, and I was informed by one who knew that if there were any earthly or other paradises lying around that I proposed visiting I could take her along. I did.

We went by steamer to Port Los Angeles, and of that part of the trip the less said the better. I suppose it is the purpose of the steamship company to discourage as much as possible all passenger traffic; at least, I can find no other reason for a systematic course of filthy staterooms and abominable food outrageously cooked, which has been growing steadily worse for some years, until it has at last culminated in a condition of affairs beyond description. Fortunately or unfortunately, we are never sea sick—fortunately because we were spared that horror amid such surroundings, and unfortunately because we were hungry and things were too dirty and odoriferous to be eaten.

However, we got to Los Angeles in what we had fondly imagined was ample time to catch the boat for Catalina, only to find that the schedule had been changed the day before, and we were twenty-three and a half hours early.

As it was some years since we had last seen Los Angeles, we managed to get through the day without much difficulty, though it was Sunday, and patronized the electric cars with liberality, which is always the easiest and cheapest way of seeing a place nowadays; if there is anything worth seeing there is sure to be a cable or electric car running there, and I don't know a better investment for a nickel.

As far as we could make out, Los Angeles had changed from a town of some distinction, not quite like all the rest of the world, a little tropical, a little Spanish, a little foreign, to a city of the commonplace; very convenient, but very hot; and I am afraid we left it without regret early on Monday, after a very narrow escape from another failure to connect, owing to the discontinuance of a line of cars that very morning. But for the inquiries and exertions of the porter of the hotel (he certainly earned his tip), who at the last minute succeeded in placing us aboard another line of cars, we should certainly have had to remain another day in Los Angeles, and I fear we should not have enjoyed it.

Los Angeles lies inland some half hour's ride from the port of San Pedro, and here in due time the train deposited us on a long pier close by a miniature steamship, the *Hermosa*, a staunch and natty little craft very well adapted for the work she has to do. Santa Catalina Island is one of a group lying off the coast of California and forming the seaward boundary of the Santa Barbara Channel, the loveliest sheet of water on a calm moonlight night that exists outside of fairyland. This one in particular lies due south of San Pedro, for the coast of California makes a bend here, some two hours' sail—we didn't time it—we didn't care. While there might be blessings in store for us in the future, the Lord was good to us then, and we were happy. By and by—some time—the island rose out of the ocean, but it was a long time before we got near enough to gather any details. Meantime some of us watched for whales, which we didn't see, and flying-fish, which we did; and some watched the island slowly grow bigger, and hoped they might preserve their epigastric equilibrium until safely on shore again. What a sail that was!

Then we reached the pier, and disembarked in ample time for lunch, among a throng of well-dressed idlers seasoned with fishing hats and bathing costumes, who had gathered to see us come ashore. The exigencies of "the climate of California" were nowhere more strikingly exemplified than at our reception. Among a motley group of white gowns and gorgeous sunshades we plunged, my wife and I clad in the sober garb of the northern zone, and bearing on our arms, she a fur cape and I an almost arctic overcoat, and we had needed them and should again, but not in this land of the blessed. At sea from San Francisco to about Santa Barbara, no clothing could be too warm, it seemed; from there on anything from nothing at all to a dress suit was ample for the occasion. On the other hand, those who left San Francisco by train found themselves in a few hours in such stifling heat that sleep became impossible. There was less than twenty-four hours of it, though, and some people would endure uncomplainingly the temperature of—rather than risk seasickness.

As we stepped from the pier to the beach I did not have time for more than a glance, but once settled in the hotel after lunch I pointed my camera out of the window of our room and took some pictures of a view, which if we had seen nothing more would have been accepted as payment

in full for the expenses and discomforts of the trip. That part of the show "was alone worth the price of admission." I wish I could describe it. Many abler pens than mine have tried it, and to my mind utterly failed to convey the true impression. Avalon lies in a half-moon facing the Pacific. Now that expresses nothing, but if you had seen that half-moon; if you had seen that cloudless ocean tumbling so gently and so lovingly into the arms of that crescent, dotted here and there in the distance by the skiff or the launch of the fisher after great fish, sparkling in the foreground with gay dresses, bright smiles and happy laughter, while midway long lines of anchored wherries bobbed and courtesied to the swells from the sea, and the dudes on the beach, inviting us so coaxingly to come for a row. Oh, if you could have seen that and half a hundred other things as I did in that first half hour, you might have become as great a lunatic as I am. Did you ever read "The Earthly Paradise" of Morris? Well, there is nothing there that describes Avalon, of course, but as I think of the poems which go to make up that fantasy, I often think how perhaps he and he only could have done justice to my theme.

But there was a serpent in this Eden—there always is. The band played every evening while we were at dinner and for an hour after, and then it went over to the pavilion and played two hours more for the dancers; and it was a very good band. It was, under the circumstances, the best band I ever heard. With the assistance of the moonlight and the "plashing waves" it a little excelled any performance of the kind I ever attended—Gilmore and Sousa were no better—but, as I say, there was a



BUFFALO CART, CHINO AND SOLDIERS. SAN FELIPE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, JAN. 10, 1900.

serpent, and that serpent was a cottage or cabin or something, on a spur of the mountain somewhere; I never found out exactly where it was, but it nearly drove me frantic, for it seemed it was the custom for certain individuals, who didn't have much to occupy their minds, to set out from the hotel and climb the trail to that cot in just the shortest possible time, and then come back to the hotel and brag about it on the veranda all the evening. Now, after you have endured that for a week and had your after-dinner concert regularly ruined, you grow desperate. I did. I determined to break all records as regards that cottage, so I set out for it one day after lunch and plodded along easily until the mountain began to grow steep; then I followed a trail, which presently brought me out on a shoulder overlooking a new beach so perfectly satisfying that I stayed there doing nothing and pretending to sketch, taking an occasional photo and smoking until it was time to get back to the hotel for dinner and find out what had become of the head of the family. So I broke all records, for it is going on two years since I set out for that cot, and I haven't got there yet and don't know and don't care where it is.

When I rejoined my family I found she had been swimming with a friend, but she hadn't enjoyed it as much as she had expected to. She wasn't accustomed, she said, to being hung up in a glass case to be gazed at in a bathing suit. Some people could stand it, but she couldn't, for, as to any protection from the gaze of on-lookers afforded by the water, the difference between being out of it wasn't worth mentioning, and she never tried it again, though I noticed she hadn't the slightest objection to sitting on the pier and watching the antics of the others.

One of the many happy things in this paradise is the fact that everybody who comes to the island must land at one place and come through one gate. Now, you may be as economical as you please, and live as cheaply as you like, or you may spend just as much money as you can, if that is your way of enjoying yourself, but you've got to "behave." The whole place is private, and if you get "funny" you go aboard the steamer next day, whether you like it or not, and you don't get back to Catalina again in a hurry. The result is that if you want to go fishing, madam wants a stage ride and the kids want to go swimming, you can all gratify your individual tastes without the slightest danger of annoyance. How long this happy state will continue I don't know. Vigorous efforts are constantly being made to force the barriers, but so far I am happy to say, without success.

I wish I could give you an idea how clear the water is here. I had but just come from a visit to Lake Tahoe, where the water was of a purity which I had heard ex-

tolled all my days—I thought I had never seen such transparency in water; I had, but didn't realize it—but when we hung over the side of the boat, and counted the grains of sand on the bottom, as though there had been no water there, and when we anchored in 20 feet of water and I could and did look over to the anchor to see that the "key" in the stock was in its proper place, I began to think we were not on water at all. Lest I seem a little wild in my statements of this to me most wonderful transparency, I append a table compiled by a scientific chap connected with the Boston Water Works, by which he shows that the waters of Lake Tahoe rank very low in comparison with the ocean. The table is as follows:

Lake Tahoe.....	33
Mediterranean	45.5
Mer des Antilles.....	50
Pacific Ocean.....	59
Lac Lucal.....	60

There is a kind of boat used here which is much and justly celebrated, and yet is something of a humbug with it all—"a boat with a glass bottom." Imagine a big motherly skiff with an awing; build in this a center-board trunk 5 or 6 feet long and 12 inches wide; pad the edges well, so one can lean one's arm on it with comfort; in this trunk slip a box with a plate glass bottom, and through this you and the kids can study "the darksome caverns of the ocean" without any danger of being fascinated into falling overboard. Now, where the humbug comes in is that you can study them to still better advantage without the glass bottom by simply looking over the side of the boat, provided the sun is overhead and

you keep in the shadow of the awning; and what sights you do see! The bottom is in most parts sand, liberally besprinkled with boulders, and every boulder is the starting point of the most wondrous growths of kelp that the mind ever could conceive, while the play of light as they gently wave in the unnoticed swell converts the whole into a scene of jeweled splendor that would drive the greatest scenic artist of the age wild with envy; and no two seconds exactly the same; the gradual drifting of the skiff, although hardly noticeable under ordinary circumstances, carries one almost too swiftly along above this natural kaleidoscope—only you seem poised in mid air, and it is the scene which moves like a panorama beneath you. And the fish! A little way beyond us, just outside the kelp, scores of folks are fishing. In here where we are the kelp is too thick, and we can watch a small school of little ones lazing along over a patch of white sand,

then like a flash they disappear among the jeweled leaves, and the cause of it all, a gentleman with an open countenance and 2 feet or so of length sails into view just too late for his breakfast that time. Then there swiftly glides into the field my "gutta percha fish." He is about 8 inches long, or a little over, of brilliant vermilion all over, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. His fins and tail don't seem rayed like ordinary fishes, but as though moulded of red chewing-gum. His whole body is covered with scales, it is true, but they don't seem like scales, but as though the fish were a make-believe of rubber or gum, and the scales had been marked on by drawing lines with the back of a knife.

Then there was the "electric" fish, a chap about as long as my finger, who seemed to have liberally bedecked himself with disproportionately large opals of great splendor, which flashed in the sun like an electric shirt stud.

Of the yellowtail and tuna fishing I have but little to say. Those subjects have been well exploited already; but I may, from the standpoint of an ignoramus, give some points of interest to others in the same category. In the first place both are well known in other waters under other names, the yellowtail being, I am told, the horse mackerel, and the tuna the albacore of the ocean. The value of the fish consists in the fact that they are good fighters, and they are given a sportsmanlike chance in the fight, and the skill required to capture them without loss of tackle is its own reward—like virtue. Both fish are trolled for with a hook as big as a cod hook, or thereabouts—I am no expert, I admit—fixed on a shank of white bone, and though ignorant people use hand lines and some, like the writer, use nothing at all, the usual rig is a 7-foot rod, with a reel that will carry 1,000 feet of line, about as big as a boy's kite string. Now it is quite a job to tire out a 3-foot yellowtail with such tackle, but when it comes to a tuna, which may weigh over 200 pounds, one is apt to find that his day's work is cut out for him, and that the eight-hour law doesn't always apply.

I have watched the captain of the ship I was on in the Pacific, with an oar for a pole, a stout cod line and hook and a white rag for a lure, inveigle every single individual of a school of twelve albacore (swimming in plain sight alongside) on to the main deck of the vessel; but that, after he had hooked them, was as Paddy played the fiddle, "by main strength." But in this fishing no hand must help until the fish is brought to gaff.

The tuna seems eminently designed for speed, as the pectoral fins are brought close to the side of the body and fit in recesses which just leave them flush with the surface, while the dorsal, folding fan-wise, disappears in a recess in his back bone or thereabouts, exactly as an

Atwood centerboard shuts and disappears in its trunk.

There is a lovely brute here, not infrequently encountered by the fisher with hand line in shallower waters—the wolf fish, they call it, and when a luckless fisher gets it he is in like case with the senator with the billy goat—his only anxiety is to let go. The proper course is to welt the life out of him with a club, but he is as agile as an eel, and twines his body around the line above his head every time a blow is struck. He is disgustingly slimy, has teeth that will crush a clam shell and the appetite and temper of a wolf. The rest of the fish is just commonplace and good to eat apparently.

The runs along the shore in the launches are something to remember. There is very little surf on this the leeward side of the island; just enough to make a pleasant murmur on the beaches of clean gravel. The shores are bold and the water deep, a blue of the purest, deepest sapphire, until close up to the land, where it changes to an exquisitely luminous pale green. Many of the points terminate in rocky clusters, through which the surf gently surges. Some of these are tenanted by seals tame enough to allow you to take their picture, while others assume fantastic and changing shapes as the launch coughs herself along.

Almost no rain falls in this country, and as a consequence the water at Avalon is not of the best for a beverage, although certified to contain nothing injurious to health, and the verdure of the island is not on a par with its other attractions; in fact it is a good deal desert-like in its characteristics. Wherever we turn to look shoreward from the sea the land is mottled in patches of brilliant green and red, which have the appearance of verdure, it is true, but are really prickly pear (cactus) for the green and something in the shape of a shrub for the red. There is apparently no grass, but the trails are not very dusty, despite the lack of rain, and the air is never so hot as to make walking uncomfortable. On the other hand, it is never so cool at night that a delicate person must needs put on an overcoat, yet it is cool enough to make sleeping a luxury and a certainty.

There is a stage ride connected with this show which to my mind "lays a little over" any other stage ride going. I think I know something of stage riding myself, for, though I can't drive one, I have ridden behind or beside some famous whips over some roads not to be sneezed at by the benighted dweller in flat countries. Some people, I have heard, think we have the worst roads in the world in this State, and I don't know but we have, but it insures us the best drivers. Any ordinary driver would tip the whole contraption of six horses and eleven passengers in hundreds of places I've seen taken at a smart trot or even on the run. But this road I speak of is the very jim dandy of hair curlers. It begins practically at the hotel door. A six-horse stage of the "mud wagon" variety, designed for eleven passengers and the driver—they call it a tally-ho, but it isn't any more tally-ho than I am; Jehu, the son of Nimshi himself, wouldn't dare to drive a top-heavy tally-ho or even a Concord around some of the curves we are going to adventure—but it is a good, honest California mud wagon, set as low as may be on its stout leather thoroughbraces, and has only a light canopy top. Then you set out, and about 100 yards from the hotel you begin to climb, and winding and twisting about, with each turn the beach, the sea, the world, spreading gradually out in panoramas more and more extended; now leaving the sea, now coming back again; occasionally going down a little, but generally climb, climb, up, until in the first three miles of your ride you have risen 1,600 feet or so. The road is smooth and good, but narrow, just wide enough for the stage, and for a considerable distance not even pedestrians are allowed on it, for coming suddenly around a curve a horse might shy, and then—good-by. So the ride is relieved only by the sinking feeling you have as the whole affair, like a snapping whip lash, winds and twists around the shoulders of the hills. I must admit that here my paradise is a little lacking—there are no trees, there are no birds, there are no animals, wild or domestic—it is about as solitary as they make things. There are sheep somewhere, but you never see them. There are wild goats by the thousand, but they have been driven to take refuge in the hidden fastnesses of the distant cañons, and must be stalked and brought down with the rifle at long range.

At a little brook trickling down and across the roadway we stop to water the horses, and just before we get there we see one of the features of this road. There are several places where the turns in the road are fairly short for such a long rig as ours, but there are two where the road, if following the natural bent of things, would turn at an acute angle, impossible for our stage—and here is a bit of road making unique in its way, I think, yet I scarcely know how to describe it. The road, instead of turning the corner, heads apparently straight out into space, then sweeping round a knoll left standing on the shoulder of the mountain, it describes a graceful curve, crosses its own track at the same level and continues on at an angle of about 30 degrees, having in its course described almost a complete figure 8. When during this little episode you see the leaders disappearing at a gallop around the knoll, there is a certain feeling of

uncertainty as to whether the stage will follow properly or fly at a tangent off down the side of the hill for a few hundred feet. That is decidedly exhilarating, but is not soothing to the nerves of very timid people, but then one needs to be a little scared to get the full flavor of the ride.

After climbing to the summit of the island, the road dips a little, and then bowls along a comparatively level country until it reaches Eagle Nest. Now this part of the programme I must admit didn't quite come up to sample. There was rather more pride than was actually called for displayed in a waterfall of diminutive proportions, and a sycamore of very ordinary proportions was pointed out as the "largest tree on the island." But under the circumstances, and to people who have lived there long enough to forget how some of the rest of the world looks, the pride is perhaps pardonable. I have come to the conclusion that we have so many trees in this part of the country that we are apt to underrate them. Nothing less than a diameter of 10 feet seems worthy of notice. At Eagle Nest, which takes its name, so the stage driver said, and he was a regular G. W., from a nest in this before-mentioned sycamore, which might be an eagle's or a crow's. We partook of the staple dish of the country, wild goat. I have read of shipwrecked mariners living on wild goat, like R. Crusoe, Esq., and enjoying it, and I fancy that if I were shipwrecked and starving I might like it, but under no other circumstances.

One of these days the road will be continued from its present terminus until it reaches a road built up from Catalina Harbor on the seaward side of the island, and



A DEN OF MAINE CUBS.

when this is done it will be a glorious trip to go by sea from Avalon to Catalina and come back by stage, or vice versa. Unfortunately the road is a frightfully expensive one to build, and there is a stretch remaining in the unbuilt part as bad as anything already accomplished.

We stay two or three hours at Eagle Nest, and one of the party borrows a rifle and sets out in pursuit of the elusive capricorn. The rest of us industriously do nothing until in course of time the hunter returns without any trophies of the chase, and the driver announces his readiness to depart. It is much easier sliding down hill than it is climbing up; therefore when we draw up before the hotel we have a dim recollection of the driver putting rosin on his gloves, of a succession of airy sweeps, as we trail like the tail of a comet far behind a pair of leaders and other horses given to mysterious disappearances round sharp corners, of ever changing and enlarging views of our temporary home, until at length we rattle helter-skelter down through a narrow street, where sober-minded and serious summer boarders gaze at our erratic flight in mingled wonder and consternation; the driver makes endless repetition of promises of curios or information, which he has made to various and sundry of the female passengers, and with a crack of his whip he, the team and all recollection of his promises, are gone together, and the ride of a life time has come to an end. * * *

P. S.—Go in June, July or August.

Waltzing Mice.

THE Japanese have a queer little domestic animal—a black and white mouse with pink eyes. The peculiarity of this breed of mice is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk these are beginning to waltz, and they keep up their waltzing the greater part of their waking hours all their lives. If several mice are put together they often waltz in couples; sometimes even more than two join in the mad whirls which are so rapid that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. If the floor of their cage is not smooth they actually wear out their feet, leaving only stumps to whirl upon. These remarkable whirls seem to be as necessary to the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults to the tumbling pigeons.—Evening Wisconsin.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Flatbush.

The Home of the American Boer.

THE King's Highway, Flatbush! 'Twas here I found myself lately on one of those fine open evenings in which the present winter has been so prolific. As I stood and gazed around involuntarily my mind went back to the days of the sturdy Dutch pioneer. I imagined him tracking laboriously from Fulton ferry—through the bush and boulders, where now stands the city of Brooklyn—and having reached the flatlands beyond, reminding him of his dear Holland, there pitching his tent. Soon the tent gave place to a comfortable farmhouse, with quaint curved roof to cast off the rain (we have some of them left yet), and soon the wilderness began to smile around. In the summer all went serenely. I imagined the good man in the fields contentedly plodding through the long sunny day, while his vrow busied herself about the house or crooned over her baby on the veranda. They had plenty to eat and drink, and while lacking society, had a sense of proprietorship which must have been very consoling to them.

But winter came, and the scene changed. The country became buried in snow, vast drifts forming around the house and barn; the bitter winds blew in from the salt marshes; the trees howled dismally or stood in somber silence against the leaden sky; all fresh waters were frozen up, and the soil was locked in an iron grasp.

(Ah, how different those winters from these of the present day!) Luckily for our pioneers, they did not possess much imagination, or this altered aspect of things might have weighed upon them heavily; but having still enough to eat (for you may be sure that plenty of pork had been salted down, and corn and potatoes and apples stowed away), they did not fret, or if they ever did, it was because of their enforced inactivity. To be sure, there were the cattle to feed and some rude manufacturing or mending to do, but these were but a light substitute for the duties of the spring and summer months. The good man especially, therefore, had considerable spare time on his hands. This he employed usually in reading his Bible. If society was scarce in the summer it was almost unknown now, the exception being of a nature, as I trow, that would willingly have been dispensed with, viz., the visit of some prowling Canarsie Indian. While our Dutch friend did not fear this gentleman, it is easy enough to imagine his disagreeable sensations as he caught sight of him stealing over the snow in the moonlight, or peering with sinister face through the window.

Well, as I stood and gazed around, as I said, my mind was filled with thoughts or imaginings like these. Turning from the past to the present, I could not repress a sigh, as I observed the encroachments of the modern city lot man, levelling all, assimilating all, "improving" beauty off the face of the earth. But I was out for a walk, and so, arousing myself, I started down the Bay road. On either hand the land lay mostly fallow, and I looked in vain for a sign of life. The stillness was so intense that one could have imagined himself hundreds of miles from New York. Only the occasional distant crowings of a cock or the faint rumble of a wagon was heard. Half-way down the road is a little stream, lined with reedy banks. Though desolate enough now, I recalled a day in the month of May two or three years ago when it was indeed a delightful spot. Having ridden out there on my bicycle, I dismounted and lay down to rest. The waters were purring over the stones, the reeds and grasses were springing up fresh and green, and the air was full of the subtle, intoxicating odors of spring. A robin, which had been piping amorously on a neighboring tree, flew down and began bathing his plumage, regardless of my presence. May flies glanced about, and a wandering bee every now and then flew past, his musical drone being audible for several seconds, so perfect was the peace of the place. This stream may not be enchanted, but short of that it is the ideal one for the poet hereabouts, or, rather, I should have said, was, for alas, alack and well-a-day! what suppose you I observed during my recent walk? Why, that the modern villagers, the pioneers of civilization—save the mark—have begun to make a dumping place of it. As my eyes fell on those tomato cans, broken bottles and what not I think I must have blushed; certainly I turned away with a feeling of indignation and disgust.

Pursuing my walk, I passed one of the old Dutch homesteads, full of venerable interest, with its moss-grown roof, over which some pigeons (doubtless descendants of a long line) flapped and cooed. In the yard was a flock of guinea fowl—a rare sight—clamoring for their supper, as I supposed. They seemed to be saying: "Five o'clock! five o'clock! five o'clock!" At a distance this fell on the ear almost exactly like the sound of a saw in action. I should mention that the Passer domesticus (that ubiquitous, aggressive little Britisher) abounded about the farmhouse. As I passed they were taking up their lodging for the night in some thick shrubbery by the roadside, making a tremendous chatter as they did so. Moved by a spirit of mischief, I threw a pebble among them, when they arose in such

numbers as literally blackened the sky. Query: Is the English sparrow going ultimately to possess the land, to the exclusion of all the species of smaller birds, at least? Reaching the Bay, I was struck with the dreary prospect. To the left, and in front, far as the eye could reach, brackish water and sere marshy plains, with some tall factory chimneys, like huge sentinels, on the sky line. To the right, little bayous, with here and there a solitary hut or frame shanty, harmonizing with its melancholy surroundings. In the more open part of the waters a fisherman was rowing his boat, a mere black smudge upon the canvas, so to speak. Truly, a dreary prospect, I mused; but what a transformation a few months will make here! These waters will gleam like silver, and these plains will wave with green rushes, where the marsh wren will thrill his ecstatic lay, all day long. To the immediate right of where I stood is a little fishing village, very much the same to-day, I fancy, as it was a hundred years ago, when Van and Hans mended their nets there, or lounged and smoked their pipes. As I had explored it before, I did not visit it this time, but I said to myself, "If I were an artist in search of something genuinely picturesque, hither should I come with brush and palette and canvas early and often—in the fine weather, that is."

Retracing my steps, I hid my eyes as I passed the hideous desecration of the dump, and coming once more among the fallow lands, I saw a beautiful sight—a level ray of sunlight breaking through the leaden clouds, directly above the horizon, and gilding all the brown, upturned earth. It was like a promise of spring—of coming fruition. As soon as the sun sank, night began to gather apace. A profounder hush than ever fell upon the scene, the chiar-oscuro became more marked, and gradually all faded into darkness.

Back at the King's Highway, being a little tired after my walk, the temptation to visit Puckhaber, the jolly inn-keeper, was irresistible:

"Hello, Puck! How you vas?"

"Ah, ha! Vie gehts, mein freund? Velcome, velcome."

F. MOONAN.

Sam's Boy.—XV.

The First Fox Hunt.

It was November, and young Drive had taken to the serious duties of life with a conviction that there was more satisfaction in pleasant and profitable duties than in mischievous pranks. If he robbed a hen's nest or worried a cat, or, worst of all, gave the sheep a frightened scamper through the pasture, the best he got from it was a brief tickle of the palate, and the wild joy of a forbidden prank; the most and longest enduring, a chastisement that made his muscles quiver. If he hunted diligently, even though he ran counter in the excess of his zeal, he was set right and praised for his good work, and it was a delight to him to hear the music of his own voice coming back in the echoes, and greatest joy of all, when the boom of the gun came to his ears and he made short cuts along the track to find a dead fox lying at his master's feet reeking that ecstatic odor he had followed so many hours through swamp and over ledge, now hot, now cold and faint. Sam was quite satisfied that judicious training and experience only were needed to make the young dog a worthy successor to his renowned progenitor.

Having killed four foxes before Drive, and believing Sammy to have had experience enough to give a reasonable chance of escaping fox-ague, he thrilled the boy's heart with the announcement one evening that he was to start with him bright and early in the morning on a fox hunt. The honor of promotion to the rank and dignity of a real fox hunter was almost too great for him to carry. He put on mighty airs when Sis asked him to bring her home a nice partridge tail next day for a fan and some spruce cones for a work-box, and said: "We don't waste fox charges on partridges, nor go poking 'round arter such nonsense when we're a-fox hunting. We haffer 'tend right tu business!"

He went into the shop, where there happened to be no visitors, and asked Uncle Lisha if his sandstone would put a good edge on a knife to skin a fox.

"Ruther rank, I guess," the old man replied, and added with a twinkle of the eyes that was not entirely pleasant to Sammy, "but I shouldn't wonder if 't would answer your 'turn."

But Sammy, pretending to ignore the implied doubt, asked: "Say, Uncle Lisha, haow du you skin a fox?"

"Wal, gen'ally, the fust thing is tu git it killed," and then seeing that this light tone was hurting his little friend, Uncle Lisha put on a sober face and went on. "Wal, Bub, I never hed no gre't experience; I was iyther a not gettin' shots or a-missin' on 'em, so't when I killed a fox 'twas sech a job tu skin him 'at I useter wish I could eyther kill enough tu larn haow or nary a one. Your father'll skin one quicker 'n you can git off a wet shirt. You want tu rip 'em from the heels o' one hind foot tu t'other, then skin 'em aout, an' the tail, an' then it's nothin' but strippin' till you git tu the forelaigs an' the head. Then you got tu ta' keer, skinnin' the eyes an' maouth an' cuttin' off the ears. But don't you worry. Mebbey you won't be bothered no gre't."

Sammy listened attentively, while he sharpened his knife to a feather-edge, then shut it with a defiant click, thinking how he would disappoint the doubters and marched away to bed. To bed, but not to sleep, for often he raised his head to listen if the kitchen stove were making prophecy of a windy morning, or to look out the dormer window to see if a rain cloud was beginning to quench the innumerable twinkling lamps of the sky. But they shone brightly when the last embers of the fire snapped out, and the household sounds dropped one by one into the silence of the night, till only the regular long-drawn blasts of Uncle Lisha's trumpet and the scampering of the mice remained of them, and in the wide outer world only the quavering voice of a solitary little owl was heard.

The next sound he heard was his father's footsteps on the steep stairs and his voice guardedly calling him to get up. Opening his sleepy eyes, he saw the great patch of candle light widening and brightening on the sloping ceiling. Then he knew it was the morning of the much-wished-for day come too soon, and wondered as he

remembered last night's impatience for its coming, how it could be so.

The stove was roaring and crackling merrily, diffusing a comforting warmth, and out of the oven doors came the delicate aroma of baking potatoes. It looked very funny to the boy, as he sat watching his father through sleepy eyes, to see him getting breakfast, quite handsily for a man, yet not with the adroitness of a woman, tip-toeing between stove and table, and making many journeys to cupboard and pantry for things forgotten, and Drive getting often under foot in the double excitement of prospecting early breakfast and a day's hunting. It was odd for Sammy to be eating breakfast with no one but his father—a good breakfast, but with a different savor from those of his mother's getting, and it was strange to be out of doors at this unwonted hour, with everything unfamiliar in the dim light, the fields all white with hoar frost, the woods a gray blur, the neighbors' houses vague blots in the landscape, and with their smokeless chimneys apparently as lifeless as the dun cones of haystacks. It was such a silent world, too, they were in the midst of, voiceless but for crowing of cocks challenging and answering from farmstead to farmstead, the far-off barking of a house dog, and the great hammer of the sleepless forge shaking the air with its muffled throb.

It was as if the man and boy and hound had the world to themselves. Sammy's legs flew fast to keep up with his father's long, swinging stride, while the hound, now seen, now only heard rustling through the crisp grass, quartered the ground before them, showing form and color more as daylight grew, and the little stars faded out and the planets paled in the brightening sky. Now he suddenly checked his loping gallop, sniffed the frosty grass eagerly and whistled his suppressed ecstasy until at last it burst forth in a long-drawn melodious challenge that presently came back as clear and sweet, in fainter repetition, from every hill and woodside.

It struck an answering chord in the boy's soul that choked him and brought tears to his eyes. He was more ashamed of this emotion than he would have been could he have known to what a degree the tall, bearded man shared it.

The bugle notes came faster, as Drive worked the trail foot by foot steadily, but, to Sam's surprise, away from the nearest woodland.

"Sure you're right, be ye, dawg?" he said, following the trail with his eye far into the field, where it seemed the silver sward and back to where it crossed the muddy swale, and found, as he expected, an imprint of the fox's pad with the nail marks pointing toward the nearest cover. He called the hound to it, pointed it out and indicated the right direction with a wave of the hand.

Drive dabbled it an instant with his nose, looked as long in the direction his master pointed, then up into his face, asking as plainly with soft brown eyes as words could have spoken, "Du you mean it or be you foolin'?" "It's all right, boy; pick up an' go ahead!" said Sam, giving the black and tan head an endearing and admiring pat, and the dog went joyfully onward with an assured confident note in his mellow bugle blasts.

"Oh, I tell ye, Bub, he's a goin' tu make jest as good a haoun' as ever-run!" cried Sam. "He's got sense. Naow, pull foot lively, for I cal'late he'll hev' up his fox 'baout's soon as he strikes Joel's woods."

They hurried on to a runway, where Sam placed his boy, and giving him a few brief instructions, went on to another. The valley was well aroused now from its sleepy silence; every house dog within a mile joined his querulous voice and its score of echoes to the general clamor; a cowboy began shouting lustily to his herd; a cowbell jangled in response, and a bull bellowed sudden protest; a flock of frightened sheep bleated in a harsh, discordant tremolo; a charcoal wagon began its empty, rumbling journey to the pits, and when half a dozen red squirrels set up a snickering and jeering, and a flock of jays began squalling, it seemed to Sammy as if there was a general conspiracy of noises to drown the only melodious voice among them. The challenge of the hound grew faint; he could scarcely make out in what direction; then it was quite lost, then after a while came faintly into hearing, or was it the clang of the cowbell or the tinkle of the brook? No, it was Drive's own clear note, unmistakable, now drawing near, nearer, right on toward Sammy's runway. What if he should come, and the heart beating ready to choke him, and hand shaking like a poplar leaf?

He knew he must miss the fox if he got a shot, and wished the animal might sheer off just out of range and save him from this disgrace. Now he heard the rustle of the leaves under reynard's soft pads nearer and nearer, now halting an instant to listen, now coming on again as Drive's bugle notes broke forth afresh. Then there was a flash of tawny red against the dull brown leaves. Then appearing so suddenly that it seemed to materialize from thin air, a ruddy form stood like a statue on a gray rock before him, looking backward with pricked ears toward the oncoming hound. Sammy saw only that, nor thought where his gun pointed, nor how the muzzle wavered; there was no missing such a mark.

He pulled the trigger desperately, the form vanished behind the rock, and vanished utterly, for when he ran to it and peered over it there was nothing there but dead brown leaves and a low tangle of huckleberry bushes. The boy's heart sank, leaving a sickening void in its place, and the conviction forced itself upon him that he had missed so fair a mark, and could find no excuse for having done so. Drive came to him, sniffed the bare rock and bushes eagerly; then with a look of inquiry, disappointment and reproach in his young master's face, puzzled an instant over the broken trail, and went on with no abatement of zeal.

Sammy searched the ground, the rocks and the trees for a tuft of fur, or a drop of blood or a shot mark without success, and then he heard his father coming, and prepared to face the hardest trial of all.

"Wal, Sammy, boy, didn't quite fetch him that time, eh?" his father asked, breathing hard from rapid walking, and wearing the best-natured of smiles, yet looking as if a laugh might be lurking behind it.

"No, not quite, I guess," Sammy answered, turning hot and cold under a continual blush. "An' he was stan'-in' right on this 'ere rock, an' I p'inted right straight at him, an' it didn't seem as if I could miss him!"

"Yes, I know," his father said. "You can't al'ays kill

'em—the don't nobody. Mebbey your gun hung fire half a jiffy, an' mebbey you aimed at the hul fox. Did ye, think?"

Sammy did not think the gun had hung fire, nor could he recall that he had held on any particular part of the great red mark, so big that it seemed impossible for a charge of shot to miss.

"I thought like 'nough," his father said. "Older hands 'an you be makes that mistake. I hev', more'n onct. Naow, next chance you git you aim at the critter's head or his heart. This time, seein' 'at he was side on, you'd crit' p'inted jest behind his foreshoulder."

"Du you think I didn't tech him, daddy?"

"Couldn't say sart'in, but you made the fur fly in a bunch as fast as four spry feet could carry it."

He did not tell him that some tall branches of witch hazel were lopped by fresh jagged cuts, while the boy's heart was full of gratitude that he could not express to his kind censor.

"He's a young fox, for he hain't scairt off the hill for once shootin' at," Sam said, after listening to Drive's regular baying as the fox circled before him. "Mebbey we'll git another crack at him."

He led the way to the southern end of the hill, and placing the boy on a runway, chose another near by for himself. Sammy told himself over and over again that he hoped the game would give his runway a wide berth, yet stood motionless as a statue, with his carefully loaded gun at a ready, and craned his neck for a first glimpse of the fox.

Now a red squirrel flashing along a fallen trunk set his heart into a wild flutter, and again the noisy scurry of a chipmunk in the dry leaves. A boisterous mob of jays was coming toward him by short flights, now so near that he caught the glint of blue plumage through the haze of branches, and now he heard Drive crashing through dry brush and was sure he heard lighter footfalls all coming steadily toward him.

He put the gun to his shoulder, his cheek almost touching the stock. Then the jays all at once veered off at a right angle, and the light rustle of the leaves was heard going in the same direction as Drive's crashing progress and eager, melodious challenge. So they receded for a minute or more, and then came the roar of Sam's gun, the frightened jays flew squalling out of hearing, the hound ceased his music, and a sudden silence succeeded.

The smoke of Sam's gun was still drifting upward and among the branches, and dissolving in the hazy air, when his boy came to where he stood looking marvelously cool for one who had just performed so great a feat. And there lay the fox, his sleek fur frowsty from the shaking that had been the reward of the hound, who was lying hard by, diligently licking his chase-worn feet.

Sam having reloaded his gun, set it against a tree, and proceeded to initiate his son into the art and mystery of skinning a fox.

"It's a good thing tu l'arn tu du afore you've killed one," he said.

Sammy was proud to play a part in it by pulling manfully at the legs during the operation of stripping. When the head was reached it gave proof in the skull, broken and punctured by several BB shot, that Sam practiced his preaching, and aimed at a particular part. "Not ezactly, nuther," he explained to the boy, "for I p'inted a leetle ahead of his nose, 'cause he was jest a hyperin'. Guess he got your wind."

He turned the handsome pelt fur-side out, rolled it up and thrust it in his coat-pocket, leaving the brush hanging conspicuously out, a bit of vanity of which most fox hunters are guilty, and Sammy trudged on that side, gloating over the trophy with curious eyes, and wishing most fervently that he were entitled to wear it. So, with Drive as eager as ever for a fresh trail, they ranged the woods till noon without finding any, and then took their way homeward.

Sammy felt free now to shoot the head off a partridge that flushed by the hound, alighted in a tree before them, and also to gather a pocketful of the prettiest cones for the little sister.

Sammy stretched himself at full length on the pile of leather in the shop and rested his tired legs while he made open confession of his blunders to Uncle Lisha.

"Daddy says I didn't aim nowhere, an' I s'pose it's so. It don't seem as if a feller could miss such a great big mark if he shot anywhere."

"But you faound aout you could," said the old man, unable to forego a little good-natured banter. "An' sharpened up your knife for nothin'!"

"But the aidge 'll keep till I go again, an' I'll git one yet, you see if I don't!" said the boy, with more confidence than he felt.

When Antoine came in with other frequenters of the place, he, too, had heard by some remarkable means of Sammy's misadventure, and scoffed loudly at it.

"Ho! Che, boy, what for de reason if you could pull you gawn hard 'nough for keel un loup-cervier, you can' pull him hard 'nough for keel de fox, hem? Ah'll believed you can' never keel somet'ing, honly dat loup-cervier, an' dat was jes' happen. You bes' was give me you gawn, den he keel somet'ing ev'ry tam!"

"Pears as if I remembered me an' you shootin' int' the thick o' a big flock o' ducks daown t' the East Slang," said Sam, coming to the boy's relief. "An' nary one on us cut a feather. If growed-up men can miss a flock as big as a hoss shed, we hedn't ortu be tew rough on a boy's missin' his fust fox."

Sammy nestled beside his father, with his head upon his knee, and Antoine, in great confusion, became deeply absorbed in cleaning his pipe.

"You see if that 'ere fox had b'en a foot more one way or t'other an' Bub hed p'inted two inches forward or back, he'd 'a' got the critter," said Joe.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A twelve-year-old son of T. J. Loftus, of Castella, Cal., has a gun and he is not afraid to use it on bears. The lad was out in the mountains with his .22cal. rifle and a little dog. His dog began barking at a furious rate, and the boy discovered a black bear sitting against a tree a few yards away. The boy fired, hitting the brute. The latter started running down the mountain, the boy following and firing. After half a mile of this the bear dropped dead. The boy took his father to the spot. Eleven bullets had struck the bear, and one had passed through his heart. The boy has become the hero of Castella, and takes great pride in exhibiting his trophy of bear skin.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

IV.—Prince William Sound.

FROM Yakutat Bay the ship sailed for Prince William Sound. To reach this body of water it was necessary to sail nearly due west until Middletown Island had been passed, and then turning sharply northward, to lay a course direct for Orca, the only settlement near this sound. It would have been interesting to follow the coast, instead of going out to sea, but the waters have rarely been surveyed at all, and are known to be interrupted by many uncharted reefs and rocks. So it was that on June 23 the Elder's prow was turned westward and we pushed out into the open sea. There was but little wind, but fog hung over the water, and the land soon appeared. There was some motion to the ship from wind and swell, but nothing like a sea. The next morning light fogs still hung over the water. About 11 o'clock Middletown Island was sighted, a low-lying mass, two or three miles long. No doubt this is a great breeding place for sea fowl, for in the water near it were seen many flocks of ducks, cormorants, horned puffins and murrelets. The ship passed at some distance from the island and did not stop. About noon the fog cleared, and the day gradually became beautifully fair. A little later land appeared

over 250 feet. From one point along the river twenty-seven glaciers are in sight.

The Indians on Copper River are known as Stick Indians. Two years ago they were said to number about 175 or 200 scattered along the river for 200 miles above its mouth, but starvation and disease have terribly reduced their numbers within the past two years, and there are now said to be not more than thirty-five Indians in the district.

Black bears, wolverines and beaver are said to be common along Copper River, and there are a few goats.

About noon of June 25 we sailed from Orca for Columbia Fiord, in Prince William Sound, and here found the largest glacier yet seen at close quarters. It has a front of perhaps two and a half miles, and a height of from 250 to 300 feet, and a great depth running back to absolutely white and jagged mountains many miles away. The front of the glacier is constantly breaking off with tremendous reports, and with vast splashing of the water, into which the enormous ice masses are continually falling. This glacier appears to be considerably larger than the Muir Glacier. Its face is very white, showing much less blue than the Muir, and looking like white marble and compacted snow rather than like hard blue ice. When it breaks off it is apparently not in great masses holding together, but when a huge piece falls it seems at once to break up into small pieces, so that it

baidarka, which means in Russian a little boat, baidar being a boat.

One Busby, who lives here, states that on Copper Mountain, northeast of Gladhough Bay, there are a few white goats. This is a westerly, if not the most westerly, record for this species.

During the night the vessel sailed for Port Wells, and before breakfast next morning was at anchor in this inlet, in sight of ten or twelve glaciers. The largest one, at the head of the arm, is of great size; while on the west side of the arm, on mountains 2,500 or 3,000 feet high, are a series of glaciers in all stages of beginning, increase and decadence. There are simple snow banks; larger snow banks which end in small masses of ice which is well compacted; other ice masses that are larger and have begun to move; others still larger, moving and sending out glacial streams; those which are moving and have built up characteristic moraines; one or two which have ceased to move, and are retreating; and finally, several that come down the mountains to tide water, and there break off in small bergs.

Here several parties left the ship, the geographers to measure some glaciers, others to shoot birds, and others, still, to paint, sketch and for other purposes. During the morning the ship watered. This was done in primitive fashion, by towing one of the boats to shore and filling it with water from a mountain brook that rushed down the cliff into salt water. The boat was then towed back to the ship and the fresh water pumped out. The ice boxes were also filled, by lifting on board in a great net, small bergs weighing from 500 pounds upward. These were hoisted on deck and chopped into cakes small enough to be handled.

It was late in the afternoon when all the boats got back, and all hands had interesting things to report. The bird men had secured some interesting specimens; among them a pine grosbeak, of the Kadiak form, black oystercatchers, wandering tattlers, short-billed gulls and eggs, and other things. The geographer had done his surveying, but the ship in steaming up and down the inlet had collided with a berg and broken off one of the blades of its propeller.

It was just before dinner that we started down Port Wells and ran around a point on the south side of which was an Aleut village. We turned into an unnamed arm toward the west and steamed toward the great glacier at its head, which is high and wide and runs back well into the mountains. As we drew nearer, but not until we had come within two or three miles of the front of the glacier, it became evident that there was an opening in the south side of the inlet, a drainage channel of some sort. At first it was thought that another glacier came down here, but soon it appeared that it was open water, an arm of the inlet in fact, with glaciers flowing down the mountains into it on either side. As we approached it, new glaciers opened out on either side, until a half-dozen were in sight.

The ship continued to move forward very slowly, feeling its way, and when we had advanced so far that we could look into the bay, it became evident that it was twelve or fifteen miles long, that there was a superb glacier at its head, and that there were several others on both sides, running down almost or quite to the sea level. Some of these glaciers are like broad, gently sloping rivers, with many tributaries flowing down from far back in the mountains; others on steeper slopes are like cascades and waterfalls coming down over precipices; while others still are no more than huge fragments of ice hanging upon shelves, which are ledges of the mountains.

On the way up the main inlet, toward the glacier at its head, which seemed then to bar our progress, there was seen a school of four or five killer whales (*Orca*). They rose to blow, very deliberately, the tall fin appearing first, and then the shoulders and back. One or more of these whales had a white patch on the back, in front of the fin.

When not more than half a mile from the glacier, at the head of the main inlet, the vessel turned very slowly and proceeded to steam up toward the head of the new and hitherto unknown arm. Progress was very slow, since nothing was known of the water and there was a possibility of rocks or bars, which might be dangerous. The water, however, was deep, and we kept on until perhaps within two miles of the glacier front, at the head of the inlet. The evening was now well advanced. Dark clouds filled the sky and added to the sinister and threatening effect of the hills on either side. From melting snow bank and ice masses great waterfalls came tumbling down the steep mountains. The fiord was narrow—two miles or thereabout—and the steep ice flows on either hand, the purity of the mountain tops, the black of the slate rocks which form their mass, and the pale green water, made a picture which was curiously weird, and almost awe inspiring. No ship had ever before entered this inlet. We felt that we were in waters as mysterious as they were unknown.

The fiord and the great glacier at its head were named Harriman Fiord and Harriman Glacier.

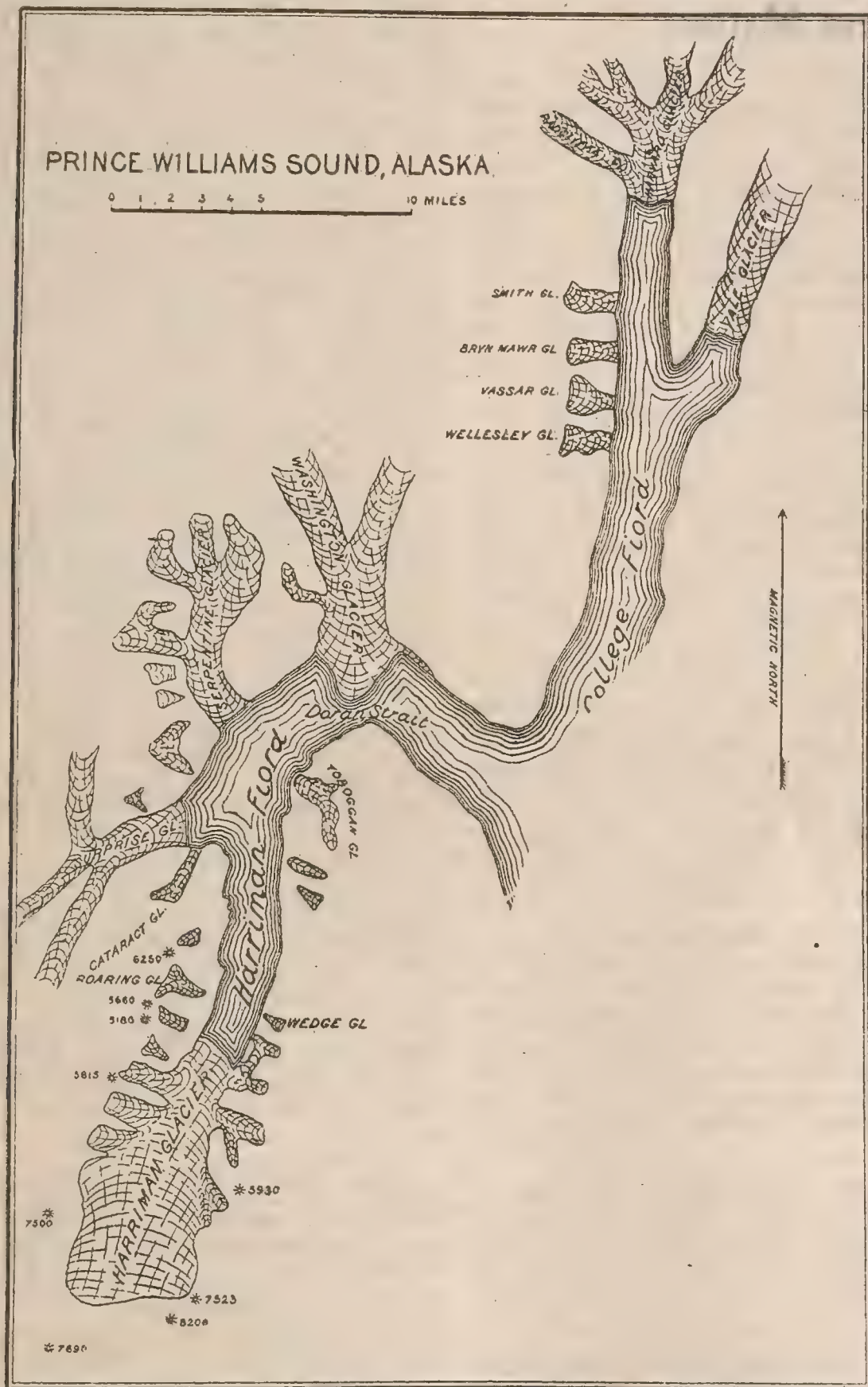
A party left the ship and went ashore to measure and plat this inlet and the glaciers, and the ship turned about to return to Gladhough Bay for the party left there, and then to Orca, where the blade of the propeller, lost in Port Wells, was to be replaced.

The next morning found us at anchor in Gladhough Bay. Here the party of bird collectors came on board, and related to us their adventures. They had camped that Sunday night just above high water mark, but on the very edge of the beach, where the mosquitoes would be less troublesome than among the grass. Tents were pitched about 10 o'clock and almost immediately the campers went to bed. Just about this time the tide began to rise. It happened that on this very night came the highest tide of the month, and during the night the water came up into the tents, and obliged them to rise, to take up their beds and to walk, or run, to higher ground.

Their collections were not very large. Many plants were gathered, but only a few birds and mammals. The porcupine was found, and the birds were chiefly of the Sitka type.

Orca was reached that night, and the ship was put on the beach in order that the lost blade of the propeller might be replaced.

The next day the ship was still aground, as the tide of the night before did not fall low enough to enable the



HARRIMAN FIORD AND GLACIER.
From the National Geographic Magazine.

the northeast, and before very long we entered Prince William Sound. Beyond it, eighty miles distant to the north, high, snow-covered mountains were seen, while the inner shores of the island, along which we were passing, were beautifully green, rising to snows above. The timber line seemed low—1,200 to 1,500 feet—and the forest growing on the slopes was chiefly of heavy spruces. These were sometimes very large, some near Orca, almost at the timber line, measuring 6 feet in diameter, and being from 100 to 175 feet in height. The open spaces in the spruce forests are still clad with alders and devil's club, and above the timber line the mountains are covered with stunted shrubs, so that even after the forest is passed, the climbing is difficult.

We landed at Orca, a post-office and half-dozen houses, whose reason for existence is found in the salmon cannery which is run by the Pacific Steam Whaling Company. Orca is also a landing place for vessels from the north, and being near the mouth of Copper River, it attracted a few discouraged miners who had come down from that much-lauded but barren district. The men told pathetic tales of cold, hunger, scurvy, and, above all, of no gold. All united in blaming their sufferings on the transportation companies, who had advertised Copper River as a great mining country, and as being so easily accessible. They said that on Copper River are many glaciers, and of vast size. Two especially large ones are known as the Miles and Stiles. Both come down to the river and break off into it. One of them has a front of two and a half miles, and an estimated height of

looks almost like an avalanche, or a great torrent of falling water streaming down over the glacier's front. It results from this that there are no great bergs floating about in the water. A considerable stream flows out from under the glacier, staining with its muddy current the western waters of the bay, which are usually clear blue, as seen; yet as the steamer passes along, the propeller stirs up muddy water from beneath, showing that the clearer water is lighter than that which holds the mud in suspension and floats on top of it. The ship steered quite near the glacier's front, the sounding line, which was continually cast, showing no bottom at fifteen fathoms. As this glacier was unknown and unnamed, a boat containing two geologists, a photographer and two others, landed here to examine it. It was named by the expedition Columbia Glacier.

From this point the vessel sailed to Gladhough Bay just south of Valdes Inlet, from which it is separated by a mountainous neck of land. Here there is a copper mine just at the water's edge, and besides the mining expert who landed, a party of collectors went ashore and made camp at the mouth of the little stream. Some of the botanists also went ashore, and had much enjoyment in studying the plants, which were thickly scattered over a bog close to the shore. The bird men and mammal men were the only ones who spent the night on shore. When the others reached the ship at 10 or 11 o'clock, they found hovering about it an Aleut, paddling a baidarka; the first that they had seen. This vessel is the same that is called on the Atlantic coast, kayak. Here it is called

engineer to reach the propeller during the night. At high water the ship was dragged still higher up on the beach, and as the tide fell the work of repairing began.

As it was evident that this would take a good part of the day, almost the whole party started on an excursion to Bom Point, across the channel from Hawkins Island. There were two launches, two canoes and one skiff, with packers, stewards and other helpers. When the point was reached two tents were put up, fires were built, and luncheon cooked. The party scattered out through the spruce forest, and over a wide bog which lay at the head of the little bay, and gathered plants. Some of the bird collectors took specimens, among which was a spruce partridge. Many salmon were jumping in the little bay, into which the tide water estuary flowed. It was a pleasant stopping place, and the children and young girls had great times frying bacon over the fire and cooking flapjacks. Toward 4 o'clock the steamer's whistle was heard, the boats were lowered, and the small fleet set out to meet the vessel.

After all were once more on board, the ship steamed for a few hours, finally reaching a little landlocked bay by tall mountains, where there is a copper mine. There appears to be a vein in the side of a 2,000-foot vertical cliff, and the miners have run a tunnel 250 feet into the cliff under it. The ore was discovered in the slide at the foot of the cliff, and the discoverers, in order to actually locate the vein, were obliged to lower a man with a rope from the top of the cliff, in order to ascertain whether the ore really came from the spot from which it appeared to come. At present, as the mining expert observed, the actual vein could only be reached with a pack train of bald eagles.

From Landlocked Bay the ship ran back to the head of Glacier Bay, in Prince William Sound, to pick up the party left there. It was about midnight when the ship reached the place where they were supposed to be, and it was not until much whistling had been done that their boat was made out, and they came on board. They had had a good time, and among other things had measured the front of the glacier, which was four and three-tenths miles wide.

On a nunatak in the great glacier at the head of Glacier Bay, Mr. F. W. Coville and others saw a white goat. It was first seen walking down the slope of a smaller peak of the mountain, above timber line, and later they watched it walking about the steep, rough slope of the highest point of the mountain. On the smaller peak they found the goat's bed. The men shouted at him, and when they did so he stopped and looked at them, and then went on again.

The vessel's prow was now turned toward the unknown inlet, and early the next morning the tooting of the steamer's whistle showed that she was near the party who had gone ashore there. They came aboard before very long, having successfully accomplished their task, although the weather was against them, the fog and rain cutting off much of the view. No large game was seen, nor any sign, but there were many ptarmigan.

Prince William Sound had now been pretty thoroughly explored, and we steamed away for the town of Homer, in Cook's Inlet. The day was threatening and rainy, with a little occasional fog in the morning, but soon after noon it grew brighter and the sun came out. One or two stoppages were made in order that the mining expert might look at certain copper leads that showed on the shore. The ore was good, but the mines wholly undeveloped. Toward night occasional distant glimpses were had of great glaciers, too far off to be distinctly seen. The weather was fine, and except the ground swell, there was no motion to the ship.

The next morning, after a pleasant night, was bright and beautiful. Before us Kachemak Bay opened out, and a glimpse was had of the town of Homer, a few lonely houses built on the end of a long sand spit, projecting from the northwest side of the bay. The superb mountain, Iliamna, is visible as a white cone far to the north.

At Saldovia, not far from Homer, but on the south side of Kachemak Bay, was camped Mr. Dall DeWees, of Cañon City, Colo., who was hunting here. His reports of the game were eagerly listened to, although the hunting ground was so far away that there was no prospect that any of our ship's company would have an opportunity to reach them. Mr. DeWees stated that the sheep are about four days distant from the bay, but that moose can be found at half that distance. A few days before Mrs. DeWees had killed two sheep and a bear, and after she had finished hunting, he took many photographs of the sheep. The call was an interesting one, and settled the question of hunting in this neighborhood, since, of course, it would be impracticable to keep the ship and its company lying here for a couple of weeks while hunters went back into the interior to gratify their desire to see this little known game.

Soon after the party came on board the anchor was lifted, and we sailed away for Uyak Bay, Kadiak Island, to land a party of bear hunters. As we passed across the mouth of Cook's Inlet, the volcanoes Iliamna, Redoubt and St. Augustine were seen, and steam or smoke was observed to be rising from the peak of Iliamna.

Kadiak is a large island lying south of the Alaska Peninsula, and quite near it. Its mean temperature is 42 degrees Fahrenheit, and the winters are but little colder than those say of Philadelphia or New York. Cattle turned out on Chirikof Island, near here, have done well, and three or four cows have increased in a few years to twenty or twenty-five. Sheep turned out by the Alaska Commercial Company, on one island, in summer, and changed to another for winter feed, have done well. Thirty sheep give fifteen or twenty for food during the year, and still keep up their numbers.

G. B. G.

In the Philippines.

SAN FELIPE, Philippine Islands, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are in delightful quarters in an old convent on the banks of the San Juan. The swift Pasig is in full view to the west, and beyond it the tall spires of churches and cathedrals in and about the walled city of Manila loom up in the soft misty atmosphere of this delightful country.

I say delightful, because the winter climate is soft and mild. We have had no wind nor rain since landing here

in December. About us is the picturesque village of San Felipe, numbering about 4,000 inhabitants.

The people are modest, neat and industrious. The laundry business is carried on here on a tremendous scale. But they need watching all the same. At our outposts troops of men, women and children are daily searched to prevent smuggling to the insurgents.

Firing is heard on our lines at night, for the natives try to slip through between outposts.

When we walk through the village the children greet us merrily, and the villagers invite us into their quaint bamboo thatched houses and regale us with cigarettes, fruit and sweetmeats. The bells in the old Spanish convents and asylums are forever clanging. The roads are worn down in ruts by the numberless carts and sleds that for generations have passed over them. When we desire to visit town, we don our revolvers and hail a boat and glide smoothly and swiftly down the Pasig past hamlets and walled ruins. All about in this country are old rock foundations of former habitations. Rock hewn wells are found everywhere. One night I took six men and went three miles beyond our outpost, returning after daylight. We did not encounter any hostiles, but saw the smoke of their camp-fire in the hills beyond. The fighting continues, but it is mostly bushwhacking. Our regiment is in expectation of a move to the Island of Mindanao, to the south.

L. S. K.

Fred Mather.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find my promise to pay for \$4. The pink slip on your production warns me that I am running some risk. Kindly hand the promise to the bursar and ask him not to threaten to take out the meter. I do not want the supply shut off, although at times you tell me something that causes me to feel sad. Frank Risteen and Fred Mather have both gone over the Great Divide. I felt acquainted with them through their writings. Fred Mather, in particular, had a way of mellowing up your heart, and whoever, by the selection of words placed on the printed page, is able to leave a feeling of love and respect in the mind of the reader, has done a good work and certainly no harm. Fred Mather had a soldier's face—the face of a Cromwellian pikeman—but beneath the stern exterior there pulsed warm blood through a warm heart. I think Fred Mather was ready, and looked upon the end as a philosopher should. He has gone to other fields—other streams. He finds the men whom he has fished with, and I think, as I have explained in a dream referred to a while ago, that he is now singing with his old friends, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Another man has gone—an associate, a friend for years, well known to me, but not to FOREST AND STREAM readers. Only a few months ago we were together on Lake Hopatcong, but sickness came to him. I have seen his black hair grow gray and from gray to white. We sent him up into New York State, where the hops grow, thinking it might benefit him as it had done before. A message came back—"There is but slight hope"—then another, saying that life had gone and a request to meet what was left at the D., L. & W. station. I helped to carry him from his house and from the driveway in the cemetery down across the rusty sward to where the red Jersey clay was freshly heaped, and the cavity from which it came seemed to repeat the words of the old sexton, "I gather them in; I gather them in." Sleep away, Jim, sleep. When the salt bay breezes waft the green grass above you in the springtime, when the fish are running in the bay, I will come again, speaking low, stepping softly on my way to the boat on the bay shore. I will think that you are with me, while I will know that you are not. I think I will again hear you tell how, in adventuresome boyhood, you shipped before the mast from the New England coast, hear you tell about the storms off the banks or of the calms of the tropics, or how, in later years, you wandered among the lakes and streams of Illinois and Wisconsin. You were a good friend, Jim, and you had the courage to say that you liked me. Sleep on, Jim, until we meet again.

W. W. HASTINGS.

DANVERS, Mass.—I was exceedingly grieved to hear of the death of our old friend, Fred Mather. I was in hopes that he would be with us for years to come. I had missed his name from the FOREST AND STREAM while he was up in Wisconsin; and then he had just commenced to let us hear from him. I have a choice personal letter from him, full of that life and personality so characteristic of him, also a nice photograph he sent me recently. He was a man of many friends who will miss him and always hold his name in fond remembrance.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

I was inexpressibly pained to learn that Fred Mather is dead. What a loss to us all this will be. I do not remember of ever meeting him, but we corresponded occasionally, and I grew to like him just from his letters. I have read probably a large share of what he has written for publication, and have his "Men I Have Fished With," which I prize very highly. There are portions of that book which I consider among the best pen paintings of wood life that I ever read.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

WEST WINSTED, Conn., March 3.—I never was more pained and surprised than I was on hearing of the death of Fred Mather. I was not personally acquainted with him, but had learned to admire and love him from his contributions to FOREST AND STREAM, and from the good words spoken of him by mutual friends. How we all shall miss him.

C. S. FOSTER.

JONESVILLE, Mich., March 5.—On my return to office, after an absence of a few days, the first things to greet my eye on opening FOREST AND STREAM were the ominous black headlines and Fred Mather's name framed therein. The news of his death came to me like the shock of near and personal bereavement, for, while I never had the pleasure of meeting Major Mather, I had corresponded with him for upward of two years, and had grown to look upon him as a friend and intimate. I mourn the death of one whom I knew to be a brilliant, thoughtful, cheerful and unselfish man, and I can sympathize with those bounden to him by the ties of kindred and affection. A personality such as his merits all that we poor mortals

can give, which is but a tribute of affection and praise. Such as he make the world brighter and better, and wish to add my voice to the countless army of friends and admirers who will regret the loss and cherish the memory of one whose place will not soon be filled, a whose sturdy manhood and mental efficiency have left their impress upon the recorded history of his chosen specialty. We have profited by his living and grieve at his departure.

COUNSELOR.

Told at the Sportsmen's Show

Revenge of a Captive Bear.

WABOOSA has never cared to hunt bears. When a boy in Marquette, Mich., he saw a tragedy wrought by a tame bear that made a lasting impression on his imagination, and though a skilled hunter and trapper of old wild game he has always given the bear the go-by.

A chained bear was kept in the yard back of a store and in some way this bear conceived a grudge against a drayman, who was in the habit of driving into the yard to deliver goods. Waboosa says the man "indignated the bear." Things came to a climax one day when the man, as it chanced, was accompanied by his three-year-old child. He delivered his goods, and on his way back to the dray did something which roused the smoldering passion in the bear to white heat. The beast made sudden leap at the man and caught his feet, and would have ended the matter then and there if the drayman had not gotten a grasp on the spokes of one of the wagon wheels and left his boots with the bear. He had time to climb on his dray and start his horse out of the yard, but as he reached the street the bear broke loose, carrying his chain with him, and started in pursuit.

Directly across the street from the yard was the entrance to a livery stable, with an exit on another street at right angles to the first. The drayman lashed his horse and drove into the stable, turned the corner and came out on the main thoroughfare of Marquette, directly opposite the Tremont House. He saw that the bear followed, and thinking it might be after the horse he jumped from the dray, and with his child in his arms ran into the hotel. The paneled glass doors closed after him, but the bear, hot on the scent, went through the as if there had been nothing in his way, and followed the man down a flight of stairs to the bar room.

Here the man had doubled, and gone out another door and through a long passage back to the street.

The bar room was full of men. It was in the palm-boom days of the city, and the first great shipments of iron were being converted into cash. Miners and sailors and roustabouts thronged the streets and filled the drinking places. Unfortunately for the drayman, the men were not provided with firearms. The bear dashed through the bar and turned neither to right nor left. A second later the wooden door by which the drayman had left lay in splinters, and succeeding doors proved only temporary check to the bear's progress. It gained on the man at every turn, and just before the poor fellow reached his wagon again it caught him.

The horrified spectators saw a vicious sweep of the paws, which fell a trifle short of the man, but tore the child from its father's grasp and ended its young life instantly. A second later the bear and man had grappled and fallen, the bear on top.

The man tried to defend himself with his arms, and the bear chewed them indiscriminately, meanwhile tearing at his stomach with his claws, blind with passion and insensible to the shots which a policeman, who had followed the chase, was firing into its head and body. Not till the sixth and last shot from the policeman's revolver, held against the base of its ear, was fired did the bear succumb. The muscles relaxed, and the shaggy beast settled an inert mass. The drayman was pulled out from beneath. He was alive, but crippled for life.

There is a moral to this story, which is, "Don't aggravate a tame bear."

Smoke Tan.

Waboosa prefers deer skin to moose or caribou for clothing. He says it is less apt to harden. His buckskin suit is of course smoke tanned. The hide is made into a loose bag, and anointed with fish or animal oil and then placed over a smudge built of dry cedar bark. It is allowed to remain over the smoke till the oil has been driven in on the side next the fire, which requires about ten minutes. "half a pipe smoke," as Waboosa phrases it. Then the skin is reversed, and the other side similarly treated.

A Hard Luck Story.

Waboosa is an uncontaminated woodsman, and his stories are humorously truthful. "Nothing succeeds like success" is a Yankee motto that has blighted truth in many a hunting story, and spoiled the story for one class of sportsmen. The following narrative gives an insight into the hardships endured by aborigines, who are loath to give up their old way of living:

"I once trapped and hunted," said Waboosa, "in northern Michigan, at a place called Michigamme, up the headwaters of the East Branch of the Menominee River. I was there hunting all winter, and never got anything through unluckiness. It happened while I was trapping they were short of help in the exploring parties, and worked with them two weeks at very small wages. I got scarcely any pay, and that put me up to starting afresh to trap.

"At very odd times I would get a rabbit, but nothing more, and I was pretty much starving all the time. The breaking up of the ice came, and I still waited, expecting to get furs all the time. I was living there with only one half meal each day.

"It came one time I was sitting by the river side, on the West Branch of the Escanaba. I saw lots of beaver swimming up and down in the stream, and I began to shoot them.

"I could only knock beaver over, and failed to kill any. At sunset I gave up in despair, after shooting one pound of powder and four pounds of buck shot. Either my powder was too weak or my lead too soft. I hit 'em all the time, but they only lay over in the stream, and did not die."

"After sunset I set my traps, of which I said to myself, 'If I can't get beaver in the morning, I will never trap no more, so long as I shall live.' As it happened, by chance I got three beaver in my traps, and that was a blessing. It was the first good meal I had for many a day.

"I still hung on for a few days longer. I only got one beaver afterwards, and then I began to live very bad again. A short time afterward I was hired to go fishing. Then I thought as though I was getting in Paradise—plenty to eat and some wages; good appetite, too—oh, yes!

"Then I went and hunted after the summer fishing season was over, and got nothing again, and after spending all my summer's wages I was obliged to go to work again. That was in '73."

It is a simple narrative, but George Washington won no greater moral victory when he told of his fault and faced the consequences than this Indian from a stock where success in the chase is esteemed as second only to success in war.

Panthers on the Trail.

Harvey Alford, of the Adirondack contingent, when seventeen years of age, went back into the wild section of country near Mount Seward and spent a winter trapping with one companion. Their range ran from Ambersand Pond to Cold River and took in Santantoni Mountain. The trail was a circle fifty miles in length, and it required three days to look over their three hundred traps.

A branch trail left the main line at the stillwaters on Cold River, and ran down six miles, to a little lake called Trout Pond, on the west side of Mount Seward.

One of the trapper's camps was situated at the stillwaters. Alford came to this camp Nov. 20, about noon, and left his rifle there, as he had a heavy load of bait to carry along the line. With his hatchet in his belt, he set off up the trail, intending to make the round trip of twelve miles and return to the camp for the night.

It had been a beechnut year, and bears' tracks were frequently met with. A light snow had fallen, and in this Alford noticed the trail of a large animal crossing his path from time to time. He paid little attention to it, thinking the tracks were those of a bear.

Coming to the end of the line, he turned and retraced his steps. His own footprints were plainly outlined in the snow, and presently to his surprise he saw an animal's track directly on top, half obliterating the moose track. Whatever the strange creature was it was getting a little too close for comfort, and Alford at once stopped and examined the track. As a result of his observation, he decided that three panthers—an old one and two cubs—were following on his trail.

Alford left the trapping trail, following on the tracks of the panthers, and saw where the animals had taken alarm at his approach and gone off on the jump. He resumed his way to camp, and presently feeling in his bones that he was still being pursued, he stopped and retraced his steps, and soon came to fresh panther tracks superimposed above his own.

Three-quarters of a mile from camp he tried again, and found that the panthers were still following. He hurried on, and got his rifle and returned to get a shot, but the panthers had apparently scented danger, and had left the trail at the last place where he turned back, and gone off between Ragged Mountain and Seward.

Alford followed the trail eight miles, and spent the night on the side of Seward, but he got no shot at the great cats, and as the snow had pretty well disappeared he was reluctantly obliged to give up the chase.

At one time he was close to the panthers in some open hardwood timber, and they actually traveled nearly around his position, within rifle shot, but so stealthy were their movements that he did not catch a glimpse of them or hear a stick crack. The panthers made no sound while on his trail, and he thinks they were influenced more by curiosity than a desire for fresh meat.

George Mitigwab Talks of Bears.

George Mitigwab once killed an old she bear with three cubs in the den. The time was the middle of March. He was traveling his trapping trail on snowshoes, and heard his dog off at one side barking. He thought he had treed some grouse, but when he approached the place he saw that the dog had his head lowered and was barking at something under the ground, and he at once surmised that the animal had discovered bear's den.

The snow was at that time about 2 feet in depth, and lay evenly over a little mound, under which the bear had burrowed out a hole and made a nest of cedar bark and moss very much like an overgrown field mouse's nest. On top was a breathing hole several inches in diameter.

Mitigwab, finding that the dog's efforts to bring out the bear were unavailing, cut a pole and began probing the mound. He located the bear five or six feet from the place where the entrance had originally been made, back under some roots. Repeated proddings finally made her show herself, and a shot from his rifle ended her career.

At no time did the bear growl or make any sound, and Mitigwab says she seemed only half awake.

It was evident that the bear was suckling cubs, so the Indian enlarged the opening to the den, and crawled in and found those tiny cubs. Mitigwab had no use for the cubs, and though sorry for them he left them there in the den, dragging the bear home on his hand sled. The bear was fat and in good condition, despite the fact that she had given birth to cubs and spent three months and a half without eating, and Mitigwab tried out three gallons of oil from her carcass.

Around Matawa, Mitigwab says, bears begin hibernating ordinary years about the middle of November, and remain in the den till the time the snow goes off, which is apt to be some time about the middle of April. When beechnuts and hazelnuts are plentiful they remain out often till December, and at times, when the spring is late, they stay in the den until May. At times during the winter they come out, but the appearance depends more on the den than the bear, and is often due to the fact of the bear being flooded out.

Mitigwab mentioned an instance where tracks in the

snow showed a bear to have come out and secured evergreen boughs to place under its body and keep it from the wet after a winter thaw.

Mitigwab says the female bear gives birth to young only once in two years. In the summer mating season one female is frequently followed by three or more male bears, and at such times the bears squawl like cats.

Mitigwab once came face to face with an old bear and two cubs in a wagon road when he was unarmed. He saw the cubs first, but a second later the old bear appeared on the scene, advancing to within 25 yards.

This is the way Mitigwab tells of the incident:

"So she stood up on her hind legs and showed fight. So I didn't go ahead. I stood right where I was, and she stood where she was, cracking her teeth for about three of four minutes, till she heard the little ones get away far enough for safety. Then she walked off slowly to one side. I have never seen her since, and I didn't look for her either."

Waboosa added: "That ends the chapter."

The Indian of to-day knows English, even if you find him within the arctic circle.

Some of Uncle Mart's Yarns.

Walter Martin, who is a nephew of Charlie Martin, the man who used to swap stories of questionable veracity with Uncle Mart Moody, is at the Garden, and gave the guests at one of the Adirondack camps a good laugh by recalling some of the yarns. He told of the time that Mart fought a ferocious catamount for seven days without food or raiment on the side of Arab Mountain, ending the contest by driving his fist through the catamount up to the elbow into a birch tree beyond. Charlie Martin heard Moody's cries for help and came over and chopped him out.

E. J. Chase, of Newcomb, so Walter Martin says, mounted and exhibited the panther, and interest is gained when it is known that Mr. Chase is the same man who did such artistic work setting up the sea serpent recently.

Uncle Mart had more than one hairbreadth escape from panthers. Once, when he had only a load of powder in his old muzzleloading gun, he was pursued by one of these beasts, and would never have survived to tell the story had it not been for the fortuitous circumstance that the sweat which rolled in great beads from his forehead froze as it fell. Collecting a handful of the balls, Mart dropped them down the barrel of his gun, and turning, fired them into the panther at short range. The heat of the ignited powder melted the missiles, but as the stream left the muzzle of the gun the frosty air converted it into an icicle, and it shot true to its mark, and killed the panther, which, Uncle Mart affirms, died of water on the brain.

How the Pickerel Reached the Saranacs.

The pickerel got into the upper Raquette River from Colden, by way of Long Lake. W. J. Slater says they ran up Stony Creek Brook to the pond, and were taken across the carry to the upper Saranac Lake by old man John Dukett and Charlie Roberts. The latter, when dying, confessed to his share in the transaction, saying it was the meanest thing he ever did in his life. The pickerel are gradually running out of the Saranacs and down the river, and the lakés will soon have fine bass fishing in addition to the lakés.

Mr. Slater says that Daniel S. Hough killed the last moose in the Adirondacks at Mud Lake in 1866, or near that date.

Ross Hayes' Bear Story.

Ross Hayes, from Paul Smith's, has to go before a justice of the peace and have an affidavit made out whenever he tells a story—that is, provided the story is intended for the edification of his fellow guides. City men are content to listen to Ross without this introduction. The following story, however, is an exception to the rule. It was told in an unguarded moment, and is not the usual artistic creation which is expected of Mr. Hayes:

"Eight years ago," says Hayes, "I went over to Moose Pond, on the Whiteface Range, opposite Bloomingdale, in company with a friend, on a fishing trip. I had no luck then, and started across to Grass Lake, two miles away. I had a dog with me, and presently I heard him barking, and was worried at first, thinking he had gotten after deer. It was in winter, and out of season for deer.

"I went over toward the dog, and soon found it couldn't be a deer he was after, as he was barking at one spot, and not running. Then I concluded he had a quill pig."

J. B. BURNHAM.

My Friends.

Two friends have I,
Two loyal, steadfast friends;
And as I watch the whirling snow
And see the spruces laden full with white,
I think of all the days we spent together.

Days when the woods were green,
And filled with the perfumed breath of spring,
And the turf was soft and warm beneath our feet.

Days when the little river, a stream of Lethe,
With sweet wild roses blooming on its banks
And silver lilies floating on its tide,
Bore our canoes upon its bosom.
We felt the joy of summer and of friendship
And loved the woods and the silence of the fields.

When autumn winds shook down the leaves
And frost opened the storehouse of the hickories,
Our eager feet still sought the forest path.

When white-robed winter locked the stream with ice,
And all the land lay sleeping 'neath the snow,
We loved the bare brown woodland none the less.
With the web racquettes or the long skis
Brought from Norwegian mountains,
The snow-beleaguered woods were conquered.

And so we wandered through the year,
Finding companionship with birds and flowers,
And with each other. But changes came,
And now a thousand miles away,
I think of them, and know that they,
Upon the trail, still think of me.

W. A. BROOKS.

Natural History.

A Den of Young Bears.

CALAIS, Me., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Jan. 13 a man who looks after my timber land—Mr. C. F. Keef—in going through a rough piece of woods heard a squeaking noise and found it was made by young bears in a bears' den. He shot the old bear and found she had three cubs—queer little things. They weighed about 12 ounces each; length from end of nose to the end of hind toe, 12 inches—not much larger than a full-grown red squirrel. They lived about a week after the old one was killed. From the umbilicus being entirely healed I should judge them about two weeks old. I send you their photographs.

Our snows rarely fall to any depth before the last of November, and our bears usually seek their dens for hibernation about that time. The she bear usually goes to her den very fat, but the males, often wasted by the September rut, sometimes do not den until late. The Indians call them wandering bears, and sometimes see their tracks in mid-winter; and I have heard of one being killed the first of March.

Those little bears after birth can receive but very little food, and must pass the first winter's life in semi-torpor, growing but little until the parent emerges in the spring.

In our bear hibernation destroys all maternal instinct, for if driven from her den the mother leaves her young to freeze and does not return, but finds a new den. In its parturition, our bear shows some affinity to the opossum, our sole North American marsupial, but without the pouch; and from these facts, as well as its hibernation, and its capacity of sustaining life either as a vegetarian or a carnivore, may be justly considered in its polar or fishing variety one of the first mammals that occupied this continent when it appeared after its glacial submergence. The polar variety, but few shades above the walrus, might easily have sustained life for the few short summer months on fish and seals ere yet peaks or swampy terraces had become visible above the ice. In this struggle of fish, vegetable and flesh life, his prolonged torpidity, at first, perhaps, much more prolonged in Arctic regions, and destined, as he advanced to warmer climates to cease, must have been of wonderful use in his struggle for existence.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

The Buffalo Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Parson's recent account of a buffalo killing and the supposed danger of placing himself in front of the advancing herd, recalls an incident of the early '70s, detailed to the writer by the chief actor in the scene. The gentleman in question is well known, of high standing, and at the time was teaching in New York city. In vacation he went West in charge of several pupils, young men from wealthy families. They saw at one time a buffalo herd thirty miles wide—not compact, but scattered over the plain, so that the distance covered in riding through the herd was thirty miles. The buffalo were feeding, and paid little attention to the horsemen. Only one dense, compact herd was seen. Then my friend stood by his horse at a distance of say 30 yards and saw a herd rush past in the close mass described in the school readers of forty or fifty years ago.

This herd was about five or six rods wide, and rushing at full speed. During that summer over 3,000,000 of buffalo hides were shipped eastward from one of the principal railroad shipping stations in Kansas (the figures were official), and my friend said that as his party rode northward from the railroad during a ride of sixty miles they were never out of sight of buffalo skulls or other remains of the noble game left bleaching by the hide hunters. No wonder the buffalo is but a memory!

My friend's first experience in buffalo killing was with a guide named Charley. They had hunted nearly all day without finding game, when toward night they saw a herd feeding toward them. It was led by a cow. They lay down on the prairie with no screen but the short buffalo grass. Charley said: "Take out all your cartridges and lay them on the grass in front of you ready for instant use." It was done. "Now, don't stir till I tell you." When, on the near approach of the herd, my friend became a little nervous, Charley several times placed a hand on the back of his neck to prevent his raising his head to look. Charley also said: "When the time comes to shoot be sure and not move while any buffalo is looking at you. If you do, they will be likely to charge." When the leader, within a few rods, turned partly broadside, Charley whispered: "Now take her," and the quick-answering shot laid her struggling on the plain. "Keep still; don't move," said Charley as several bulls rushed to the fallen cow, and, smelling her blood, began to bellow angrily and look in every direction for the enemy. My friend wanted to see them rapidly as possible, supposing that he was fighting for his life. But Charley would not permit a shot till every eye was in some other direction. Then whispering "Now," another victim would fall, or, badly wounded, run away. For about half an hour the fight lasted. By that time the herd had been frightened away and seven buffalo—six bulls and the cow—were lying hors de combat. Had an unwary movement betrayed the hunters to the infuriated bulls around the cow a precipitate charge would have changed the result very materially. My friend said that afterward he did not think the danger as great as he supposed it to be at the time. It was, nevertheless, very real, and only Charley's coolness and skill averted it.

Comparing this and the Parson's account with Parkman's description of buffalo hunting in the "Oregon Trail," where men on foot "approached" a herd with impunity and killed as many as needed, one is led to the conclusion that buffalo learned something about white men and firearms and became more wild and more savage as the years of slaughter went on.

JUVENAL.

[We do not understand that even in Parkman's time buffalo could be approached openly without taking the alarm. The term "approach" used then, and still later, had a special meaning. There were two ways of killing buffalo—one by running or chasing them, the other by

approaching, and this last method was the equivalent of the English term staking. If meant to draw near stealthily, usually under cover, or in some disguise. As has been very often said, the buffalo paid little or no attention to the report of a rifle, or even to the fall of their companions. If the great animals had had more alertness and suspicion in their make-up they would have lasted far longer than they did. This whole subject is treated with more or less fullness in an article entitled "In Buffalo Days," published in the Boone and Crockett Club's volume, "American Big Game Hunts," p. 155.]

Maine Gull Destruction.

THE Portland Evening Express of March 5 contains an interesting article on bird destruction from the pen of J. Merton Swain, a writer well known to most ornithologists. Mr. Swain, like many others, is urgent for the creation of a better sentiment among women with regard to the wearing of bird plumage for ornament, and he gives some facts with regard to the destruction of birds on our northeast coast from which we quote the following paragraphs:

What would the scenery of our rugged Maine coast be without the presence of the gulls and terns?

It would be bare and desolate to a great many who live along the coast and watch for the coming and going of these ever-restless wanderers of the briny deep. The terns are now protected by law in this State, I believe, but protection in some cases came too late. For years the common and arctic terns bred in numbers on Outer Green Island, Casco Bay. A short time ago, the writer made a trip to Green Island to see how the terns were living. To my great surprise, not a bird bred upon the island. The terns and petrels, that had bred in large numbers only a few years ago, had gone, and now only a song sparrow or two, that had flown over from the mainland or some adjoining island, was left to break the monotony of the restless waves that beat the rocky sides of the island that only serves as a resting place for the weary wanderers of the deep.

What has transpired on the island is only a repetition of what has happened to many islands in our Maine waters. And now the gulls are in great demand. Look into the windows of the millinery stores, and see the work of slaughter that has been done. Then go into the rooms of a taxidermist and see the number of birds he has had brought in, to prepare for such purposes.

Last fall I visited John Lord's rooms. The floor was literally covered with dead gulls, and they were being brought in by the hundreds. This is only one among many.

Letters and even agents were sent the whole length of Maine coast, offering a good price for every gull, by large New York and Boston houses. The Indians, "down east," were urged to get them and ship them, through an agent they made arrangements with, in many of our seaport towns.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society held at Brunswick last month, Capt. H. L. Spinney, first assistant keeper of the Seguin light, closed a very interesting article on our shore birds, by saying, and very truthfully too: "And now man [he should have said woman] demands the gulls. All who have visited our coast are acquainted with these beautiful birds. A few more seasons of slaughter like the one now nearly past, and only a few will remain to lend their presence to the storms which spend their fury on our coast."

This traffic is not carried on intentionally to destroy, and the ladies who help to carry on such slaughter do not realize what it means. They have not given it thought.

Their kind, motherly hearts are warm toward God's happy creatures, and they do not really intend to aid this slaughter, and it is to be hoped they may realize before it is too late the sad havoc that is being wrought among our feathered friends, and that when they become aware of it they will join us, as protectionists, in saying, "Long live the birds."

The Creeping Forward of the Forest.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the changing scenes of the forest the sportsman may find a study that carries him away from business cares and brightens the mind and exhilarates and freshens up the blood, and sends him back to his work feeling and looking like a new man. How often, in the depths of the forest do they learn lessons that send them back to the town thinking over the conditions that prevail over the country at large. How many are there there who find in Nessmuk's writings things more interesting than the plays at the theaters. Such study and investigation makes them brighter and better citizens, and at the same time clearer headed business men.

One of the most interesting States in which to carry on this line of study is the grand Old Dominion—Virginia, famous for her statesmen and her orators; yet as we study the physical condition of this State we come to fear that she is falling by the wayside, and that at the present rate she will soon have nothing left but memories of the past on which to base her reputation. Her fields are fast becoming haunts for the deer and other wild game, and true to the prophecy of a man who twenty-five years ago made the statement that where then stood waving fields of corn and wheat the deer and bear would roam again, year by year the timber and brush are crowding upon the farmer, pushing him back, until in places where five years ago there could not be started a single deer, last fall seven were seen, and in face of continual hounding by hunters and negroes they do not seem to leave, the cover being sufficient for them to elude the dogs and hunters.

Any one who may have made the trip from Richmond to Danville, and from the car window noticed the fields five or six years ago, would be surprised and alarmed at the view that to-day will meet his gaze. Briers, brush and scrub pine are on every hand; farms and farm-houses generally are going to decay, and in the face of the great improvement being made in farm machinery, as in every other line of mechanical art, the general run of farmers seem to take a step backward year by year.

It is hardly possible for one to believe that within seven miles of a city of 115,000 inhabitants deer are seen almost every day in the year on a plantation where there is no more protection than is usually given to game. True, the Dismal Swamp in the eastern part of the State is an almost unexplored jungle; still we can hardly expect that it will act as a breeding ground and source of supply for the entire State.

The main cause for this wonderful change will be found in the fact that agriculture is unprofitable, and does not give the inhabitants sufficient remuneration to allow them to improve their places. This fact accounts for the downfall of such places as Red Hill, the home of the illustrious Patrick Henry, whose barren red hills make a strange contrast when compared with Homewood, Creel's Neck and other places that have had fortunes spent on them in the last few years by men of means, who wish a handsome home, away from the noise and din of the city, where, with their family, they can rest in peace.

It may seem strange, but is nevertheless true, that even the finest old Virginia homestead is not to-day worth half the cost of the mansion, and in fact the mansion house, with a few acres of ground, is all the value that there is to it at all. Even these are an expense, and stand on the wrong side of the ledger.

H. PRESCOTT WILDER.

In the Old Days.

WORMLEYSBURG, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for fifteen years or over, and have not missed one copy yet. I have taken it through a regular newsdealer. I am now almost ready to pass my sixty-fifth mile stone of life; and what have I seen in all that time? The wild pigeon, the buffalo have all passed away. I can remember in 1846-47, about the time of the war with Mexico, that the wild pigeon flew from east to west across the State of Pennsylvania in such numbers that I thought at the time that if they would stop in Pennsylvania there would not be trees sufficient for them to light upon.

Forty years ago I was on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad when they were building that road from Williamsport, Pa., to Erie. From Harrisburg to Williamsport we went by railroad; from Williamsport to Lock Haven by packet; from Lock Haven to Saint Marys, Elk county, by wagon. In those days that part of the county was thinly settled, and the deer were without number. There were bears, black squirrels, foxes, wildcats, wild pigeons, and I have seen the track of the elk in our own Pennsylvania forty years ago.

Have fired all kinds of rifles from the old flintlock to the present magazine rifle.

JOHN S. WOLFLEY.

Wild Pigeons in Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Editor Forest and Stream: I saw a request in a late issue from one of your correspondents asking all to report any knowledge of the wild pigeon. On last Chicago Day I went out to Fox River, about forty miles west of here. After supper I got talking to the farmer about game, past and present, and among other birds the wild pigeon. His son, a man of forty, said that he had seen quite a flock last summer back in the big woods. The next evening when we were pulling back up the river about dusk, a bird passed within about 40 yards of our boat. When I saw it coming I stopped rowing. It flew about 100 yards below us, turned to the right and alighted in a large tree near the bank. I turned to the farmer and son in a boat, about 10 yards behind us, and asked, "What kind of a bird do you call that?" They said it was a wild pigeon, and I said, "Correct." That was the first wild pigeon I had seen in seventeen years. Last July, about forty miles northeast of that point, I met a boy of seventeen who had shot the last one seen around there two years before, and he knew wild pigeons.

EDW. RYAN.

Maize in Japan.

THE question of the introduction of tobacco and Indian corn or maize to the old world has always been one of interest, for it has been believed that both these plants were indigenous to America. In a recent number of Nature, a Japanese writer, Mr. Kumagusu Minakata, gives an interesting reference in Japanese literature as to the date when our corn was introduced in Japan. He says that according to a native work, maize was introduced into the islands about the beginning of the period Tensho (1573-91). It was called Chinese millet in the eastern provinces and Namban millet in the western. The Nambans were the Spaniards and Portuguese who were entirely excluded from the empire after 1639, which would thus stand as the latest possible date of the introduction.

Bird Migration.

IN a recent paper published in the Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. Leverett M. Loomis, continuing his observation on California water birds, has much to say about their migration and especially about that of the shearwater. He believes that these birds are guided in their migration by observation of landmarks and that the young are brought from the place where they are hatched to their winter home through the experience of older birds. He concludes that, in birds, migration is a habit evolved by education and inheritance, originating in and kept up by the failure of the food supply which takes place in winter.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

At the meeting of the Society in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evening, March 27, at 8 o'clock, Mr. R. L. Ditmars will speak on "The Care of Captive Snakes." Illustrated by living specimens. Arthur H. Helme, "Notes on Some Long Island Mammals."

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Those Old Stories.

SEVERAL weeks ago J. P. T. (I wish I knew the whole name) asked Pine Tree, myself or some other of the old boys to tell the remainder of a bear story. I remembered about as much of it as he did, and was struggling to locate the balance when la grippe got a grip on my back and choked up my lungs and throat until I could neither talk nor think, and the poison of la grippe clouds my mind and leaves one weak mentally and physically. Soon as I could I hunted among the old school books the trunk in the dark store room, but could not find the story. I found Mayne Reid's "Headless Horsemen," this gave me a clue, and I was about to tell all that I knew when some one cut in ahead and made the shot. But visit to the store room was also a visit to the store room of memory, and the old books that I took from the trunk and piled into the baby carriage that had been idle for many years, took me away back. I piled them up until their weight was greater than the strength of the carriage springs and the whole mass slipped and slid; carried down the trunk cover with it upon my naked head. The lamp went out and then I did. I blamed J. P. T. for it all, but now forgive me. Some one else has since referred to a partly told tale. I have another for you. Let some one tell the rest of this. I know it not:

Two men, maybe brothers, were out either in forest field, and coming to a burrow on a hillside, large enough to admit some good sized animal or man, listened and heard the young of wild animals inside, and believed that the parents were away, one of the hunters crawled while the other stood watch upon the outside, and then with that instinct which a mother possesses when young are in danger, there came rushing back, seeking entrance, the devoted parent. I don't know whether it was a bear or something else. It does not make much difference to us as it did to the man "inside." The man was so sudden that Donald on the outside had no time to intercept it, but as the form disappeared in the hole made a grab at the disappearing tail, and sitting down with braced feet, hung on like a leech, and his mate inside, noticing the sudden darkness, said, "Donald, mon, Donald, what stuns the light?" and Donald on outside, between his gasps for breath, and with a struggle said, "You will find out, mon, if the tail breaks."

Where was it? Who were they? Or is it just a story told in as many languages as the tale of the jumping frog of Calaveras county?

W. W. HASTINGS.

Frozen on Point.

IT is quite the conventional thing for a dog to "freeze" on point, or to turn into a marble statue. Here is a story from Beverly, W. Va., as told in the Philadelphia Bulletin and sent along with this comment by Mr. W. Lowry: "This is a 'new one to me.' Possibly it may provoke some comment in your columns and thereby interest us more."

W. C. LOWRY.

There is an exhibition at a store in Marlinton a taleau group of a setter dog and a dozen quail, and in attitude usually assumed by birds and dogs when brought into close quarters in the woods.

The exhibition has attracted much attention, though the warmer weather may spoil it soon. The dog belongs to Judge William Green.

During the very cold weather just after the beginning of February, Judge Green took a young setter out to the woods to give him an outing, thinking he might see a few birds and further the work of training the setter. He took no gun. It was the closed season for game birds.

While going up a valley between Peterson's Mountain and a short ridge, where it was extremely cold on account of the sharp wind, Judge Green missed the dog. He hunted for half an hour, but could find no trace of the animal. He returned home, thinking the dog had preceded him, but the animal was not there. Nothing was seen of the dog until Thursday, when the Judge went back into the mountains to make another search.

In the thicket where the dog had last been seen, he was securely hidden by the evergreen, the Judge discovered the animal, standing, with his noise pointed fairly ahead and as natural as if alive. Half a dozen yards away were about a dozen quail, all of them frozen. The setter had scented the birds and stood waiting for his master to come.

The dog, in his instinctive effort to locate the quarry for his master, and the quail, in their fear to move in the dog's presence, had all frozen to death. There has been no thawing weather under the lowering brow of the mountain since the day the animal met the quail. The judge gathered up the frozen dog and quail, brought them to town and placed them on exhibition.

"Mighty Poor Business."

IN the canal between Lockbourne and Shadville, Ohio, there were many good places for fishing, the fish being supplied from Big Walnut Creek and the Scioto River. Along the banks of the canal or feeder were large farms which afforded rare sport for hunters of small game, such as quail, rabbits, etc., and many of the farmers, having friends living in the city of Columbus and elsewhere who loved to hunt and fish, gave them a royal welcome. One of these well-to-do farmers, one spring, to break the monotony of farm life and longing for a mess of fresh fish, gathered his fishing tackle and was soon perched upon the stump of an old sycamore tree. He had not been angling very long before a canal boat, drawn by two very large mules, put in an appearance, and the captain, saluting the farmer, inquired:

"Say, old man, have you a family depending upon you for support?"

"Yes, captain."

"A large family?"

"Wife, mother-in-law and seven children."

"Well," said the captain, "I think you are doing mighty poor business toward supporting them, sitting there holding a worm in the water!"

W.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Guinea Fowl as a Game Bird.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with considerable interest the articles which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM recently on the guinea hen as a game bird. Some fifteen or so years ago, while a resident of Baltimore, it was my custom during the open season to take little one-day shooting excursions to the stubble fields within thirty miles of the city, in the counties of Baltimore, Harford and Anne Arundel, and many a goodly bag of quail have I succeeded in shooting almost within sight of the City Hall.

On one occasion I had been shooting over land belonging to an acquaintance, near Back River Station, when along late in the afternoon my dogs worked down into a large alder swamp and immediately began roading on a hot scent, which led them into the thickest of the brake, when they were soon lost to view. I followed as fast as possible through such difficult cover, and soon found both dogs on points, which they broke on my approach and began roading again. This sort of thing kept up all the way across the thicket and back again, when, becoming tired of the game of "hide and go seek," I sent in one of the dogs to flush, and up rose five or six guinea hens with a mighty cackling, and before I had time to think I let drive both barrels and scored a beautiful double. When a realizing sense of my crime dawned upon me I took my birds to the house of the owner of the land, expressed my regret at killing his domestic fowl, gave him the game and diplomatically offered *quid pro quo*, which he kindly but firmly refused, and instead suggested that I make an effort to exterminate the "hull gang" on the co-operative plan of one-half to the sportsman and half to the owner, to which proposition I cheerfully consented. Within an hour and a half I killed nine more guinea hens, not one of which would permit of the dogs' pointing. They invariably ran, no matter how dense the cover.

These guinea hens were the offshoot of domestic fowl, but eventually had become quite wild, and never showed themselves in the open, except very early in the morning and late in the afternoon—never going so far afield but that a short flight would take them to cover and security.

I do not think the time will ever come in this country when the guinea hen will be regarded by sportsmen who have shot quail, woodcock, grouse, and prairie chickens over pointers and setters as game birds.

At my home on a cotton plantation in Lenoir county, N. C., we used to have flocks of guinea fowl, which invariably "stole their nests," as the negroes put it. Their favorite nesting place was among chinquapin bushes. I once came across a nest which extended all the way around a clump of bushes fully 3 feet in diameter. There must have been fifty or sixty speckled guinea eggs in the circle, and five quail eggs among them.

The habits of guinea hens are very much like those of Bob White in many respects. The scent of the human hand near a quail's nest will forever keep the mother quail, as well as her spouse, away from that desecrated spot. It is precisely the same with the guinea fowl. When it becomes necessary to remove the eggs of the guinea hen (which are much superior in flavor to the ordinary hen's eggs) from the nest, a stick must be used to roll the eggs out of the nest, and some distance away, and care must be exercised that the end of the stick touching the nest must not have come in contact with the hand.

NOAH PALMER.

ON my return from a 700-mile mule ride through Spanish Honduras I find, on looking over my copies of the FOREST AND STREAM, that the guinea question is being agitated. I may not have seen all that has been written on the subject, but from eleven years' constant observation of the guinea and its habits I think I know something about it, in Cuba, at least, and in the present days of game propagation they are worthy of some notice.

They are unquestionably from Africa; hence the name, guinea hen; Spanish, *gallina de guinea*, hen of Guinea. There are three distinct varieties, and may be more—the common speckled, the white and the peacock; the latter I have never seen outside of Cuba. The only difference in them is that of plumage, as they are all of the same size and habits, and often mix when thrown together. In a few instances hybrids have been produced between the guinea and the American chicken. In their native state they are most prolific birds, usually laying from twenty to twenty-five eggs. Their mating habits are similar to those of the common quail; they go in pairs as a rule, but occasionally an old cock will take two hens, and only exceptionally, three. When this happens the hens as a rule lay in a common nest and sit together. After hatching they handle their broods much as the turkey does. In the spring they are prone to pack, as occurs with the prairie chicken, and flocks of 400 to 500 are not uncommon. This occurs just prior to the mating season.

When not molested they are quite tame and spend most of their time in the open pasture and fields, taking to the shade in the middle of the day, but not to the thickets. It takes only a few days to educate a flock; and once educated, their habits change. They only feed then early in the morning and late in the evening, spending most of their time in the most impenetrable thickets they can find, and becoming very hard to approach. They can be trapped with any kind of trap, but the same trap will not work on the same flock more than one time; to this I have never seen an exception. They are quite prone to roost in large trees in the open. If they have been molested it is impossible to approach them in one of these trees at any time during the night. If a pole is laid against the tree or a piece cut out of it they will quit the roost. In fact, they easily acquire as much education as an old turkey gobbler, who is their first cousin, and share with him in his one weak point. They will tree to a rushing, noisy dog and stay there if the dog keeps up his end in a continuous and lively manner, until you can pick off as many as you want, provided you stand at a distance and shoot a small-bore rifle; but they won't stand for a shotgun performance.

They are strong of flight and can fly as far as a wild turkey. The use of a dog, as in quail shooting, is of no

use; they won't lie to a dog, and will run a mile to cover rather than flush, if not pushed. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules. I have shot guineas over a close point. The same thing has happened to me with turkeys; but these are rare exceptions.

Guineas can be hunted in all the ways turkeys are hunted, being of the same family and same general habits. I have never had occasion to try calling them, but have heard them call together innumerable times. If any one thinks it is not refined sport enough to hunt them with a shotgun he can try shooting them in the head with a rifle and report success, as their heads are practically never still.

Guineas would do well as game birds in many places in the South and Southwest, and they can live under varied surroundings if there is plenty of food. Even where it is quite cold they would do well with a little care.

I know of but one effort to use them as game in the United States. Some eight or ten years ago the gentleman who had charge of the game on Jeckel Island became quite discouraged on account of the destruction of his game by predatory animals, and wrote me for advice on the matter. I advised him to try guineas, as being quite capable of taking care of themselves, and upon his solicitation I secured forty or fifty from a dealer for him; but thus far I have never heard of the result. They were at that time having a hard time with their small game on the island, as they had a lot of wardens that were not familiar with our local predatory animals and did not know how to handle them.

BREAM.

Among the Florida Quail.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—Thinking some of your readers would like to know where they can enjoy an outing and get away from at least a portion of the disagreeable Northern winter, I have laid down the gun long enough to write you. I left New York, scarcely knowing just what point to wind up at, had looked over your advertising columns of resorts, and decided that North Carolina might have good quail shooting, but it also would get very frosty, and as I have spent many winters South I know that when it is cold it is most awfully cold. The houses are built for hot weather, not cold, and although the cold does not last long it is very disagreeable while it does last. So, after weighing this matter carefully, I decided that Florida was none too warm in winter for me, and Tallahassee was selected.

Now, many times have we gone miles—yet, hundreds of them—to a certain country teeming with game and found the game still a little further beyond. I am pleased to say this was not the case here. I was not only anxious to find quail plenty, but having my wife with me, must have a comfortable place to stay, and here I found both. Tallahassee is a town of about 5,000 people, and as genial a people as live anywhere in the world. They are not all out for the almighty dollar, and have time to do more than bow and pass by. Some of the very best dogs in the South are owned here, and many of the shooters are veritable encyclopedias of bird dog pedigrees. Among the Northern visitors here for the sole purpose of shooting I will mention Mr. D. Upson and brother, Mr. H. A. Bishop and Mr. Brown, of Cleveland; Mr. Wood and two sons, of Medina; Messrs. Norton, Livingston and Law, of New York.

Very few Northern shooters know how the quail hunting is done here. Every party, usually of two or three, starts out in a platform spring wagon with a team and driver, and the hunting is done from the wagon. I believe my shooting companion, Judge Barrett, of Walkerton, Ont., and myself, are the only ones here who hunt afoot. The term is entirely out of place—here it's a wagon—and four, five and six dogs do the work. There is the covey dog; he is a ranger from 'way back; the Empire State express is not in it with this Florida covey dog. But he is stanch, and if you are fortunate enough to be within sight when he points you are lucky. If not, then your hunting commences, not for the birds, but for the dog. He is down on them, but where? Well, he is usually found after more or less of a search, and after flushing the covey this grand dog, with the speed of an express train, and that no compressed-air whistle will call off a point, is caught by the neck and chained in the wagon; and the steady old fellow that works to command, hunts out his ground, points his singles and does not break shot, is taken out of the wagon, and the genuine pleasure with dog and gun begins. But it is soon over. Everybody gets back in the wagon, including the steady old dog that did the work. A whole bevy of dogs are let loose again; and away goes the team after them for the next covey. At night you have found ten, fifteen, eighteen, twenty coveys of quail—never mind how many you bagged, that's no object, and eight out of ten never ask you how many you got, but how many coveys did you raise?

I have hunted South many years, but I have never yet needed this much-coveted covey dog. If I am in a quail country—and this is certainly an ideal one—I will pass up this streak of greased lightning to my Southern friends and use my steady working dog, with good range, that hunts absolutely to the gun, and I believe my bags of birds will show up with any man's. I have not yelled myself hoarse, and on covey or single, woodcock, snipe or grouse, he is at home, and will give you more shots and a more satisfactory day's sport than any combination of vestibule limited and local freights.

The roads out from Tallahassee are exceptionally good, and the livery is good and reasonable. Three dollars a day gets a good team, driver and spring wagon to hold four, with dogs, etc. The board is better than that of any Southern city of its size I have stopped at. You may come here a perfect stranger, and you will soon be made to feel perfectly at home, and several shooters will see that you are taken care of and given the benefit of as good quail shooting as any one wants. The law limit is twenty-five quail per gun a day, and a moderate license of \$10 for non-residents. I wish to say a word in favor of this license. Every non-resident should pay it. The money goes to Mr. Barnard, the game warden, who uses it strictly to prosecute violators of the law and stop the netting and sale of birds by negroes and pot-hunters. It is not a political office in any sense of the word, and the money is legitimately used. Mr. Barnard does not come and say, "Ante or leave," but trusts to the

honor of every non-resident shooter to be man enough to call on him before he leaves, and from the good work he has already done he should be encouraged by the payment of this small license. I have no hesitation in saying that any fair shot with one or two dogs can kill the law limit any day, and twenty-five quail should satisfy any man. There are also plenty of ducks here, some woodcock and jacksnipe; so it is not necessary to hunt one kind of game continually. In my next I will tell your readers of Panacea Springs, another Florida resort for shooters.

W. L. GARDINER.

Choice of Hunting Rifles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So much has been written recently on sporting rifles of the present day that I should like to state in a few words my experience, which has extended over thirty-five years.

In the first place, I consider a repeater an abomination, causing careless and poor shooting; they are also used at very long range, in many cases causing only wounds, the game going off to die. At times they get out of order from jarring on a pony, and other causes—not frequently, perhaps, but I know of a number of cases.

The weapon which has served me best and given me the greatest satisfaction for many years is a .555-caliber double express, made by a firm of makers of London, fully thirty years ago. Its lock is an under lever, on the cam principle, and it is stocked to match my fowling pieces. Its weight is just 8 pounds. The cam is the strongest mechanical device—bar a screw—and the most simple, requiring but one movement to open and one to close the barrel.

I have used this weapon on both kinds of bear, elk and other large game, and have never fired it but twice—where I have hit my game—to kill. But then I have rarely used it over a distance of 100 yards, most of my game having been killed about that distance. Up to that distance it is not necessary to put up back sight, as it comes to the face like a shotgun, and can shoot snap shots with it with great accuracy.

I have used many kinds of ball, but after much experimenting the one with hollow back suits me the best, made with soft lead. I have used hollow pointed and also copper tipped bullets, but care for neither. If my old friend and hunting companion Ira Dodge had had such a weapon when he got on such friendly terms with a grizzly that carried off a good part of his anatomy, he would have been in better condition than he is to-day.

I obtained this rifle from an English officer who had used it in India and Africa on various kinds of large game. There is very little recoil to this piece, but I am careful not to overload, and think a great deal of poor shooting with both rifle and shotgun is due to overcharging with powder.

H. N. MUNN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For thirteen years I was a subscriber and an occasional contributor to your paper. It is probably only owing to an accident that I am not still on your list. A friend kindly favored me with copies containing the controversy on hunting rifles, initiated by the late Frank Risteen, of Fredericton, and I find myself possessed of a desire to "come in."

It seems to me that Peep Sight fails to appreciate the fact that no discussion in a paper like this belongs to any particular man or men. Any person who has anything to say on the subject in hand has a right, with the editor's permission, to free his mind. And I for one shall ask the privilege whenever I feel like it, regardless of the fact that some one may call it "official intermeddling."

Peep Sight apparently forgets the axiomatic fact that two men having a thorough knowledge of any subject may honestly disagree. Our Uncle Adam Moore, one of our intelligent and fair-minded guides, says emphatically that the .30-40 smokeless rifle is the best moose gun made in America. Billy Chestnut, an amateur sportsman, who has killed game in every part of America except Alaska, says with just as much decision that it is a popgun beside the .50-110 Winchester express. But they both agree that the .40cal. English express, with its 400-grain bullet and 1,900 feet initial velocity, is better than either. And he who picks either of these up for a man with only a superficial knowledge of rifles will make a big mistake.

Only a few years ago Major H. W. Merrill wrote columns in FOREST AND STREAM, setting forth the superiority of the muzzleloader as a hunting weapon. Very few agreed with him. Yet no one seemed to consider his knowledge superficial.

I first met Risteen in 1882 or '83 at a dog show in St. John, N. B., which I was trying to report for this paper. He was then a slim boy, employed on the reportorial staff of the St. John Sun; but he belonged to our citizen soldiery and knew a thing or two about rifles. We drifted into conversation, and I then and there showed him the first copy of FOREST AND STREAM he ever saw. He commenced to write for this paper about six years ago under the nom de plume Prowler, which went a very short distance in covering his identity with us who had met him. He handled the rifle with as much skill as he did the pen. Besides the honors he won at the butts in military competitions, and the moose and bear for whose death he was responsible, he has during the last seven years still-hunted and killed no less than thirteen deer within a radius of three miles of Fredericton, as many as were killed by all the other sportsmen of that city combined.

By his death three weeks ago New Brunswick lost its most talented and witty writer on topics of interest to the sportsman, and FOREST AND STREAM lost a correspondent that cannot be replaced in this Province.

The last time I met him was in July, 1899, at a small gathering of woodsmen at Pine Bluff Camp, Springhill, N. B., in honor of Sumner Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist. He and Crosby were the life of the party, and those who listened to the interchange of badinage between them had no premonition of their early departure for the Silent Land. Yet Crosby died on the last day of the same year, and Risteen only survived him a few weeks. May the leaves of autumn fall lightly on their graves, and their spirits hold sweet communion on the Happy Hunting Grounds.

L. I. FLOWER.

CENTRAL CAMBRIDGE, New Brunswick.

The Maine Winter.

CAMP BEMIS, Me., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much amused at the editorial headed "Witches in the Woods" in the issue of March 3. We are not all believers in witchcraft, not even in the witch of Endor, though we read in Holy Writ that she disturbed the departed spirit of the prophet. Those who did not have faith in the profession of clairvoyants certainly did not become converted during the past season when the young man referred to was lost and for whom a reward of \$400 is offered till June, 1900, either dead or alive. It is not strange that his body has not been found, for a man lying in the shelter of a windfall or under the low-hanging branches of an evergreen tree could not be seen unless the person finding him should by mere accident stumble over him. Everything was done that money and intelligent woodcraft could do, and the clairvoyants were followed only as their different localities were as favorable as any place after certain sections were thoroughly hunted. A few of the many of them did describe certain localities well; in fact, as well as woodsmen who were acquainted with the topography of the country could have done.

While we hear from traveling men that the grass in the parks of New York and Boston is green, we have about 6 feet of snow in the woods here, and over 3 feet of solid ice on the lake. Teams are traveling hither and thither with enormous loads for the various lumbering concerns to the north and west toward the Canadian line. Those who were obliged to be out Thursday afternoon and evening of last week report one of the worst storms of their experience. About 2½ feet of snow fell in twelve hours, the most of it coming between 6 o'clock and 12 o'clock midnight. It was accompanied by a terrific wind, which piled it in huge drifts. The R. F. & R. L. train that night encountered a snow slide near Valley Dam which nearly submerged the snow plow and two engines, and did stall the passenger car. Luckily all people were inclined to stay at home that night, and no passengers were on board.

Among other guests who have been at Bemis this winter were Enoch Cohen and Dr. G. B. Elliott, of Lawrence, Mass., who returned home Saturday of last week, after several days' recreation tramping on snowshoes, visiting the various logging camps, etc. WM. W. SMALL.

The Boston Show.

BOSTON, March 12.—The Sportsmen's Show closed finally Saturday evening. It closed as it began, with a grand success up to the very last. The attendance was something phenomenal, the last days showing that people were crowding to see what they had been unable to get to till the very last. Excursions were run from many sections, and were generally successful, though terribly deep snows and winterish weather in northern New England were unfavorable. The management may well congratulate itself in having learned that a fine showing of game animals, birds and fish will draw crowds day after day; while everybody must appreciate the tremendous growth of interest in forest, lake and stream sports. The success of a sportsmen's show need never be a question, if the promoters will give enough of animal life, in natural haunts imitated as closely as possible beneath a roof and under glass. The love of outdoor sports and camp life is increasing wonderfully, and people will gladly visit that which portrays as much as possible of it. The problem that is most troubling fish and game commissioners and those who have the best interests of such sports nearest to heart, is, How shall the supply of fish and game be kept up to anything like satisfactory proportions? Sportsmen's shows are rapidly making amateur sportsmen, and amateur sportsmen many of them become, full fledged. What power under the sun can keep up the supply of fish and game for all these new converts?

The animals at the Sportsmen's Show were doubtless glad when the lights were turned off Saturday night. The two weeks' of exhibition must have been trying to them, but Mr. Dimick and the rest of the management are congratulating themselves that there were no losses. Some of the animals have been sold, and will go to other game parks, public and private. But generally they go back to where they came from. None of the public park commissioners in this vicinity took the slightest interest in the proposition of the show promulgators to donate the animals brought here for the show to the said commissioners, as the nucleus for a zoo, provided the commission would provide suitable accommodations for the live creatures and guarantee that they be taken care of. All of the animals of the Merrimack Park exhibit go back. The animals of the Province of Quebec exhibit also mostly go back, though some have been sold. It is worthy of note that deer have been the favorite animals to be purchased for private grounds or parks, this being especially true where the creatures have shown tameness and fondness for humanity.

The fish will generally go back to the waters whence they came, and it is a most remarkable fact that scarcely a fish has been lost. No fungus has appeared on them, though many were considerably bruised in transportation. Commissioner Wentworth and Mr. Harding are justly pleased with their success in transporting the fish of the New Hampshire exhibit. Notwithstanding there were fish in the exhibit up to 18 pounds in weight, they stood the transportation well. It was a rather tedious route they had to be brought over. Take the Sunapee landlocked salmon and saibling, for instance. They had to be transported four miles to Newbury station; thence by cars to Nashua; thence by teams two miles to the hatchery of the U. S. Fish Commission; thence in the car of the U. S. Fish Commission to the Boston show. Still not a fish was lost. Some of the big fish were much exhausted when they reached Boston, of course, but once under Mr. Harding's care, with the means at his hand for supplying fresh water, and the new system of air pumps for aerating the water, the big fellows soon revived, and seemed to thrive all through the show. The trout and salmon in the pool of the Maine exhibit went through the two weeks of show in good shape.

The latest reports I have from the Maine game regions speak of 5 feet of snow. The last storm was followed

by a most remarkable crust, sufficiently strong, in many sections, to bear up teams. This is favorable for the moose and deer, for they can move about freely on top of the snow. If they are only let alone when the crust begins to thaw, the winter can go on record as a very favorable one for them. As to the partridges, the chances that they have again suffered by being crusted under are all too many. SPECIAL.

The "Forest and Stream" Plank.

MARLINTON, W. Va.—The present winter season is very favorable for game, with practically no snow up to this time. Hundreds of deer and turkeys were killed in this county (Pocahontas) during the open season of 1899, the Legislature of 1898 having repealed the five-year recuperation law enacted by its predecessor, owing to unwise pressure brought to bear upon it by impatient lobbyists. I know that the repeal measure was framed by two sportsmen, who had no connection with the Legislature, and placed in the hands of the farmer representative from this county. The good results of the two years' rest even (preventing the sale of game, at least) are to be seen on every hand. May we soon have an end of the sale of game at all seasons, and for this we ever pray.

NORMAN PRICE.

New Hampshire Game.

HUDSON, N. H.—The hunting season is practically over, except for the northern hare and fox. The grouse hatched out well and were very plenty up to the middle of September. They then practically disappeared and were not found



ON THE FIRING LINE.

in our covers again until after Dec. 1, when good bags were made. Woodcock shooting was almost a total failure in many parts of the State, on account of the drought. Fifty dozen quail have been purchased and will be liberated the coming spring. N. WENTWORTH.

On the Firing Line.

LAKEWOOD, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a picture that was taken from life on the Lakewood shooting grounds. The bunch of quail is on the other side of the little bunch of brush which you see in the picture. The shooters are from New York, and the guide is Ralph Parker, from the Lakewood shooting grounds, and the dog also. LAKEWOOD.

Tricks and Wrinkles.

A FRIEND of mine who hunts squirrels takes a boy along, and the boy takes thirty thumb-sized firecrackers. He never pounds trees nor cuts holes, nor makes smudges. The boy drops a lighted firecracker in the hole, and out jumps the squirrel. The same man carries his postage stamps between the outside case and the inner one in his watch. PINK EDGE.

Massachusetts Birds.

DANVERS, Mass., Feb. 26.—We have had a most favorable winter for game, especially for the quail. Only one snow was badly drifted, and that was soon off. All the boys are enthused over the prospect of the new proposed game law to stop the sale of grouse and woodcock.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon and the Dry Fly.

I was talking about fish with Mr. Oliver W. Bird, of New York and Hempstead, particularly of salmon and salmon fishing, when he asked if I believed that they would take the dry fly—that is, a fly with cocked-up wings floating on the water. The question surprised me, for I have, on occasions, had trouble in swift water, with short lines, to make a salmon fly stay just beneath the surface of the water, where it belongs, and not to come to the top and drag on the surface, where it is difficult to "work" it, and I asked what put the idea into his head. He said that he and Mr. Frederick O. Beach were fishing the W. H. Vanderbilt water, on the Ristigouche, and on several occasions, when the water was particularly low and very clear, and the fish were not rising to the salmon fly, they had seen salmon come up quietly and suck in millers that were floating on the surface—not only millers, but drakes (May flies) and other up-winged flies—the fish often taking the flies close to the canoe in which the fisherman was sitting. This had given rise to the thought that it might be possible to take salmon with a floating or dry fly when they would not take the wet salmon fly. I cannot now recall that I have ever seen a salmon take a miller or drake in the manner that Mr. Bird described; but when salmon are in a pool and will not rise because of low, clear water, it might be worth the experiment to try a floating fly, for tackle could be arranged for the experiment. The largest salmon I ever saw in the water came up to my salmon fly in exactly the same manner that a trout comes up to suck in a fly floating on the surface, lifting himself apparently without effort to the surface, with scarcely a fin moving, and without disturbing the water with boil or break, and, after a look at the fly, slowly, and still without movements of fins that were noticeable, settling down toward the bottom of the river again, with curiosity satisfied and fly untouched. It is heart-breaking to see the broad shoulders of a huge salmon part the surface of the water on such a quest as I have described, and if Mr. Bird's suggestion of a dry fly on such an occasion will connect the fish with the reel line, I shall go armed with dry flies to hold a salmon. It would be interesting to know what Mr. George Kelson, Mr. Frederic M. Halford or Mr. George A. B. Dewar may think of dry fly-fishing for salmon, or, in fact, what any of the English or Scotch salmon fishermen might offer upon this subject. As salmon have been seen to take in a floating miller or drake, there is apparently no reason why they should not take a good imitation fastened to a casting line; and if they will do this, the number of blank days may be reduced when one goes to kill salmon and the water gets low and clear. Vast may be the possibilities of fishing for salmon with the dry fly, and Mr. Bird may rival Mr. Halford as the apostle of a new departure in fishing with the artificial fly—one for the lordly salmon, the other for the patrician trout. No valuable time would be lost to him who would try the experiment, for a wet salmon fly is not killing at a time when the water is in its best condition for a test of the dry fly, and the suggestion is not protected by letters patent.

To a Correspondent.

A gentleman writes me as follows: "I am about to purchase a couple of thousand yearling trout to put in my brook, and there are one or two points I want to trouble you about again.

"I have dammed the brook and am preparing to screen the dam, and am in hopes that the big freshets that sometimes come down can be persuaded to leave my screen intact. Now, I own about 1,000 feet of this brook, and, while I can screen the lake at one end without any trouble, I cannot screen it at the upper boundary with any effectiveness until the water gets lower, in May. My question is, do you think any large proportion of the yearlings would go up the brook within the first month after they were put in, or would they be apt to stay in the deeper water of the lake and near it? I planted some 10,000 of the fresh water shrimp, just as you suggested, and I believe conditions are favorable enough to keep a good supply of them on hand."

It may be unwise to attempt to predict just what a lot of young trout, fresh from a rearing pond at a hatchery, would do when liberated in a wild pond; but the chances are largely in favor of their running up the stream. The lake is not so large but what the fish would soon come, in their wanderings about their new home, within the influences of the current produced by the stream at the inlet and follow it up the brook to play on the sand and gravel, as trout love to do in the spring of the year. Whether the trout would remain in the brook until low water or higher temperature of the water caused them to return to the lake is another question, but I am of the opinion that the larger part of the number planted would run up the stream, just the same as if they were bred in the lake. A trout seems to take positive delight in having a roll in the sand or gravel of a stream in the spring, running up from a pond or lake, or even from the deep holes in the stream itself into the rapids, and there they disport themselves until the winter's accumulation of slime is removed by twisting and turning in the sand at the bottom of the rapid.

When fishing in the spring with Mr. Edward R. Hewitt, I have noticed that he always has an eye for the marks a trout makes in the sand when it is divesting itself of the slime and parasites taken on during the winter. Particularly is this true of breeding fish. Often have I heard him exclaim that there was a trout of a certain size, which he would give, in a "hole;" and this he determined by the length of the mark in the sand when the trout had performed its spring toilet, and generally he would catch the trout to prove that his estimate of its size was correct. A current attracts trout at other seasons than spring. I have seen the gate in the dam at Upper Dam, Me., opened in September to draw the trout with breeding instinct into the pool below the dam; and in mid-summer a shower that causes a rise in the water of a brook will cause the trout to run up on to the rapids and give good fishing where for days and perhaps

weeks before the fishing was indifferent, or worse. This is illustrated by the contents of a clipping I have had on my desk since last summer. An English gentleman had noticed that a question had been raised as to whether trout would go up through or over a fishway or fish ladder, and having "seen trout in many parts of the world passing up natural and artificial passes," he set about proving to his friends that trout would avail themselves of such a pass when they could. He had two ponds containing 20,000 6-inch trout, and the dam separating the two ponds was 5 feet in height. "To amuse my visitors I made a light, portable ladder—in fact, like a real ladder, but with a back to it and the rungs only half way across, and this I used to put down from pond to pond and turn the water from the intake on to it, when the trout would immediately commence to crowd up it. On another occasion, I had a receiving pond full of six-months'-old trout, which was supplied with water by a stream from a river, which entered the pond through an 8-inch iron pipe that projected about 2 feet over the water and about 4 feet above it when the outlet screen was clear; but one night a gale of wind covered the pond with dead leaves, and in the morning the water was within a foot of the pipe. I arrived just in time to see the last of the trout jumping through, and later in the day, when we made attempts to recapture some of them, they were found quite a mile from the hatchery ground. I may say that, although I have seen very many brown trout successfully negotiate passes found difficult by salmon, unlike that fish, I have never seen one return."

Mr. Lanier will note that the trout referred to in the extract are hatchery fish, and all were young fish, and he may conclude without further evidence that it will be extremely risky for him to plant yearlings and expect to keep them in his lake without a screen at the inlet. I have planted a good many thousands of young trout and salmon, and always, when turned in to a stream, they go up, and never, so far as I can now recall, down. The breeder of whom he buys the yearlings would probably keep them until the screen could be erected, or a rearing box could be built at little expense in which to confine and feed the trout until the lake was in readiness for them.

Shrimp and Trout Eggs.

Since I quoted the experiment of the German fish breeder of keeping fresh water shrimps in his hatchery troughs to feed upon dead ova, I have read many references to it in foreign papers. In the article from which I quoted considerable was said about the favorable influence shrimps might exercise over trout eggs naturally deposited in wild waters; but there are reasons why I considered the suggestion of little value, and therefore I simply referred to it without comment; but an English fish breeder, Wilson H. Armistead, read the article at a time when he was engaged in hunting trout ova in natural spawning beds, and he says:

"The spawning beds examined were in a stream where is only very little gravel on the top of a bed of solid rock—not more than 6 inches at most. A net was placed behind the redd" (that is, the net was placed on the downstream side of the spawning bed), "and then the gravel was gently stirred with a stick. The current carries the eggs down to the net when they are stirred out of the gravel, and an examination of the contents shows conclusively the nature of the other occupants of the redd besides the eggs. In one redd I found over 300 fresh water shrimps, a few caddis worms and a good many caterpillar-like grubs, which are evidently larvæ of some kind. In each redd I found a large number of bad eggs—rather more than 50 per cent., and besides these a quantity of empty shells. The other eggs looked strong and healthy and were well eyed. They were spawned between Nov. 16 and Nov. 20. None of the bad eggs had any growth of byssus on them, and seemed quite recently dead. As such a large number, however, were found in the redd (200 or 300), it would seem that the shrimp, although there in large numbers, were not feeding on these, and yet the presence of the empty shells shows something bad, but I am inclined to think it was the caddis worms, as I know they eat eggs. I have placed some shrimp in a tank with some dead eggs and some live eggs, and so I shall be able to note whether shrimps are partial to dead eggs only, or whether they will eat live eggs, too. An examination of a spawning bed will show any one conclusively, I think, that, though a few eggs may be taken by shrimps, by far the largest numbers are too well covered for even a shrimp to find." The experiments of the German fish breeder are more conclusive than shrimps do feed on dead eggs than mere speculation on the part of the English breeder that the shrimps did not feed on them because there was such a large number of dead eggs that had not been eaten. The point that strikes one forcibly in the above statement is that in order to determine just what shrimps may do with eggs in a wild state, the spawning bed must be watched from the time the eggs are deposited by the fish, and not judge from a single examination two months later. If I was to enter the field of speculation, judging only from the statement I have quoted, I would say that shrimps had eaten a great many eggs. Where salmon eggs have been counted in a natural spawning bed, only 2 per cent. were found impregnated, and, of course, there were 98 per cent. of dead eggs, and probably trout eggs fare no better in this matter of impregnation. "Rather more than 50 per cent." of dead eggs were found, and also a quantity of shells. More than likely there was a considerable percentage of dead eggs that were unaccounted for, as the current would carry off the shells, or a portion of the shell of such dead eggs as had been eaten, and therefore no trace of them left. What must be known to come to a better understanding of this problem is how many dead eggs were there at the time the shrimps (or something) began to feed on them. Because there were a large number of shrimps and a quantity of unconsumed dead eggs; it does not follow that the shrimps had not been industriously at work eating what had entirely disappeared. If the German fish breeder knows from personal knowledge and observation that shrimps in his hatchery troughs consumed the dead trout eggs and kept the live ones in a healthy condition, one must accept that fact as far as it goes, and not freight it with speculative conjecture of what might have been, or at least, as the eggs had none of the filaments known as byssus, give the shrimps credit

for something until it is known that the credit belongs elsewhere.

The concluding sentence of the quotation gives sufficient reason why shrimps cannot be depended upon to serve as scavengers in a natural spawning bed, and it was for this reason that I did not refer more in detail to the suggestion in the first note.

Tarpon Fishing.

This is the season for tarpon fishing, when one is fortunate enough to be where tarpon are found; and during my fish talk with Mr. Oliver W. Bird, as we sat together in a country house, with snow covering the ground outside and ice over 15 inches deep on a lake to be seen from the windows where we were seated, he spoke of tarpon as well as of salmon fishing. I made no notes at the time, but I will trust my memory in regard to a fishing story when I would not trust it in other matters. Mr. Bird was with Mr. August Belmont on his yacht in Florida waters, or, to be more particular, on the west coast of Florida. The season was late and the weather was warm, but the fishermen employed as guides said that tarpon might be taken at a certain point, and to this point the yacht was steered, and the sportsmen and their wives put off in fishing boats for the lair of the tarpon. Mr. Bird said that in a cove a school of tarpon was pointed out—immense fellows, plainly to be seen, and motionless, except for an occasional restless movement. The boatmen baited the hooks of the sportsmen and the sportswomen and made casts into the school of big herrings something after the manner of casting for striped bass. Four hooks were almost instantly seized by four tarpon, which made the water boil, and three of the fish were brought to the boats and gaffed, while the fourth was lost after a splendid fight by one of the ladies as the boatman was gaffing the fish at the boat's side.

A. N. CHENEY.

Excessive Penalties Defeat the Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been another "miscarriage of justice" in this county in an action for a violation of the fish and game law, which calls for some comment.

The facts are briefly as follows: It was charged that one Charles Stark and three others on Sept. 12, 1898, drew off the water of what is known as the James F. Baldwin Mill Pond in the town of Pawling, which abounds in trout and other fish, and took fish therefrom with a net, and judgment was demanded for \$200, being the fixed penalty of \$100 under Section 101 of the fish and game law and the fixed penalty of \$100 under Section 150. There was no doubt that the defendants were all guilty and that the jury should have so found from the evidence, but the verdict was the usual one of "no cause of action."

This verdict cannot be accounted for on account of personal acquaintance or sympathy with the defendants, for the jury was not from the town, but the county, and did not know them, nor was it from any doubt as to the guilt of the defendants, for that was, too, so clear that some, if not all, of the jury must have been convinced, and at most they should have disagreed. The reason for this outrageous verdict and like verdicts in almost all the actions brought under the fish law in this county must be accounted for in some other way than from a failure to prove the violation. The amount of proof has practically nothing to do with it, juries simply will not convict.

To those who, like the writer, have taken active interest in fish legislation, and in enforcing the law for over thirty years, the solution is very simple. Jurors will not lend themselves as willing instruments to enforce a law which imposes penalties which in their judgment are out of all proportion to the offense, and which compels them to find for the full amount of the penalty in every case of conviction.

The sense of the community sustains them in violating their official oath to sustain a law from which the element of intention is entirely eliminated, and under which they are allowed no discretion as to the amount of the penalty to be inflicted. It has become respectable to find "no cause for action," whatever the crime may be, and it will continue to be respectable so long as the law remains in its present shape, as to many of the penalties.

If a man is charged with stealing a horse he can waive examination, give bail and obtain his liberty. If indicted he can show that he came innocently in possession of the horse, and if convicted, the court has the right to exercise its discretion in inflicting punishment.

If, however, a person is charged with violating the fish law the jury must find the full penalty or none. If convicted he must be imprisoned one day for each dollar of penalty and costs not exceeding six months, and the imprisonment shall not be a satisfaction of the judgment, and in addition he may be indicted and punished for misdemeanor.

Under the present law a person is not permitted to show that he was ignorant of or mistaken as to the law, and that he was innocent of intention to violate it, in order to avoid or reduce the penalty; the jury alone can protect him, and it does, and will continue to do so until the law is more humane, and when it is it will convict.

We have a law similar to this under which no convictions are or can be had in this county, and for the same reason, and the result is largely the same throughout the State.

The law relating to dairy products declares that milk containing less than 12 per cent. of solids is adulterated milk, and it imposes absolutely a penalty of \$100 and costs upon every person who offers "adulterated milk" for sale.

Some three or four years ago an action was brought in this county against a person who had charge of a farm then in my care, to recover a penalty of \$100 for selling adulterated milk.

It was conceded on the trial that the milk was about one-half of one per cent. below the standard, but I showed in defense that some three weeks before that the defendant had been stricken with typhoid fever and was at that time lying unconscious, apparently at death's door. That as a result of a severe drought, the pasture

had failed and that his hired man did not know enough to provide additional food for the cows.

The court held that the ignorance of the hired man was no excuse; that his act in offering the can of milk was the act of the principal, and that as the defendant was alive and not actually dead the fact that he was unconscious was no defense.

That while the milk was not impure in fact, and its condition arose from natural causes, yet in law it had been deliberately adulterated by the defendant, and that therefore he must be treated as a felon and pay the penalty and costs or go to jail.

The jury would not lend itself to this manifest injustice and quickly brought in a verdict of "no cause of action."

Several actions under this law have since then been brought and tried in this country, but no conviction has been had, and the reason is plain. Juries will not convict under a law which they deem unjust or too severe in its fixed penalties.

This tendency is not confined to juries, but applies to persons who know of violations of the law, and who are unwilling either to inform or testify as to the violation of a law which they deem unjust or oppressive.

Some years ago a person in this city was prosecuted for taking a black bass from Wappingers Creek with a net, and was acquitted on the ground that there were no black bass in the stream, and the judgment was affirmed by the court of appeals. Several persons from the vicinity testified that they had never seen nor heard of a black bass in this creek, and yet it was notorious that it had been full of bass for years, and one or two of the very persons who so testified had been in my office some time before complaining that the bass in this stream were being destroyed by the refuse from a neighboring factory.

The above facts point their own moral. People will not inform, witnesses will not testify and juries will not convict when a law is generally regarded as oppressive and odious.

The remedy is to make the law elastic. Provide especially as to the present heavy fixed penalties, that a jury may find a minimum or maximum penalty, or between the two, and where a person is prosecuted for several penalties permit the jury to find for a part, not less, however, than a single penalty.

This would enable jurors to take into consideration in reaching a verdict whether the violation had been willful and deliberate, or had been unintentional or through ignorance.

Until this discretion is given to juries, it will be practically useless to prosecute for further violations of the law in this county.

The insertion of a single section in the present law would be sufficient for this purpose.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 5.

The Pot-Hunter's Friend.

BUT a short time since my "plea for the single hook" met with a most hearty response from sportsmen and from men who deal in fishing tackle. Before me to-night is a paper advertising the "Old Glory" sure-catch fish hook and animal trap, with patents held in the United States, Canada, England, Belgium and France. All sizes furnished for all kinds of fish and for all kinds of animals, from a mouse to a bear. As a device, it is certainly clever enough. Animals or fish cannot escape. It is the most wicked killer I have ever seen or heard of. It takes away every chance, and holds securely its victim. I will only deal with it from the standpoint of a fisherman, leaving its efficacy as a trap to be treated by a lover of the gun.

The charm of all fishing, either in fresh or salt water, as a true sport, consists alone in the skill of handling light tackle, trying in every way to give the fish good and strong chances of escaping. A device like this ranks with dynamite, nets and scores of hooks tied to a sunken lure. No skill is required. It would be a simple trial of the strength of the line, and as a fish caught in this manner could make no struggles or rushes worthy the name one cannot see why a rod and reel are mentioned and less understand why a delicate fly should be attached to any such murderous appliance. It is a crying shame that the law does not protect fish and animals from such absolute murder as this device, if its use is to be allowed, would cause.

Think of the army of pot-hunters and fishermen who would rejoice to march to the dear old lakes and streams that we love so well under this thing, called "Old Glory."

Think of the torture inflicted upon the gamy life that give such intense pleasure by their keen cunning and strength in the battling.

In the wars of men there is something like true honor, and surely the contending forces are not harshly cruel.

What is the use of any laws protecting fish and designing their method of capture, if such a trap as this can be bought? Dealers themselves will not keep them in stock if a hue and cry is raised against them by every true lover of honest sport in this country, and anywhere in the world, where, according to the advertisement, this sure-torture, no-chance-given-killer of fish and game machine can be obtained. FOREST AND STREAM, ever faithful to the wants and wishes of its readers, should become interested enough to call attention to such an utterly unsportsmanlike creation.

May the time come soon when laws will be not only made, but carried out, abolishing any such invention as the one spoken of.

When fishing is followed by admirers only as a pastime then let it become a fact that the delicate method of capture makes the skilled sportsman, and praise ought never to be given to one killing by any other method a large number of game fish. If this is "the most ingenious invention of the nineteenth century," then the sooner the twentieth century holds sway and "blots out even the remembrance of such an infringement of fair play the better it will be."

F. M. JOHNSON.

BOSTON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Cayuga Association.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Fish and Game Association of Cayuga Lake Basin, at the president's office on Wednesday evening, the condition of legislation proposed by the Association was reported—Mr. Surface then being in Albany in the interest of the Biological Station bill. Provision for the building of fishways is made in the general game law, which has passed the Legislature and was signed by the Governor. The bill prohibiting the sale of game birds has not been reported, and the Association was informed that there was no possibility of passing the bill this session.

Judge Almy outlined a plan for improving the trout streams of the county, contemplating a three-year course of preparation or stream farming which he had investigated and wished the Association to undertake under arrangements with the owners of the lands similar to those under which other farming is done. He stated that there are in Tompkins county over 270 miles of streams that are constant even in drought and whose waters are by nature adapted to the growth of the speckled trout; but he ventured the estimate that the members of this Association after a day's labor in whipping the streams would eat all the speckled trout caught in the county. The clearing away of the forests, the destruction of shade so necessary to fish of the salmon family inhabiting shallow water, and the lack of such vegetation in the streams as supports aquatic insects and crustaceans leave the waters nearly barren of fish food, and consequently of fish. It will be but a small labor for each member during the coming season to take one stream and thoroughly observe it, beginning with the early spring, ascertain the species and amount of aquatic life, amount of shade, and what arrangements can be made with the owners of the land as to mutual benefits, in consideration of the Association's planting thoroughly the Caledonia moss, Castalia herbage and other species of plants, and another year when this vegetation is sufficiently plentiful, of planting the fresh-water shrimp, the prawn and other animals and insects that thrive upon these plants and are the natural food of the trout.

With this work thoroughly done there can be no doubt that in a few years the plant and animal life mentioned would be general throughout the courses of the streams and the amount of brook trout regularly and continually produced by them would exceed that of any other period of their existence. He also stated that he had applied for shipment of the vegetation desired if the Association should approve the plan outlined. The proposition met the hearty approval of the members present, who volunteered to engage in the work, C. M. Clinton and H. L. Haskin taking Willow Brook; John McCormick, South Danby Stream; Bert Willson, Van Pelt's, in East Dryden; John Vann, Pearson's and Lick Brook; Theodore Lewis the Burr Stream, Almy, Carpenter and Williams Fall Creek, above Forest Home; Terry Potash and Morgan Brooks, E. Gillette and H. Y. Parker, Lower Six-Mile Creek; C. B. Brown, Upper Six-Mile Creek; C. J. Rumsey and Chas. Van Kirk, Newfield Creek; Uri Clark, Cascadilla Creek; Frank Davis, Inlet from county line; F. A. B. Ridgeway, southern branches of Six-Mile Creek. The other streams will be included later.

Professor H. A. Surface is preparing a set of preserved specimens representing the life of all kinds (plants as well as insects and animals) of these streams, to be kept for reference at the club's headquarters in one of the rooms at Judge Almy's office.

These specimens are labeled with their common and scientific names, and can be used for comparison in determining others collected.

Professor Surface has also agreed to determine the contents of the stomachs of all fish caught by the members of the Association in order to know just what they have been eating. Records will be kept of all these determinations and collections, and the result will finally be a complete scientific biological survey of all the streams of Tompkins county.

The Salt Water League's Bill.

NEW YORK, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The object of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen is mainly "to obtain legislation looking to the enactment of beneficial laws for the protection of salt-water fish," and, under existing legislative conditions, it is a difficult undertaking, as, unfortunately, we are all poor men. Ten thousand members of this League signed a petition asking that net fishing (excepting for bait) should be prohibited in the waters of the city of New York, not already protected, and for ten miles from the boundary line in the Atlantic Ocean, so far as it is controlled by the State of New York, and in Long Island Sound for the same distance. A bill (No. 809) covering this was presented in the Assembly on Feb. 6 by John F. Maher, a Democrat, and a similar bill (No. 1,000), on Feb. 13, by John A. Weeks, a Republican; both of these bills were referred to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Committee. These bills are absolutely non-partisan, and have the approval of most of the newspapers, and all of the rod and reel and hook and line fishermen of this city and vicinity.

The law at present prevents net fishing in the waters of Richmond Borough, East River, Harlem River and Long Island Sound to the northern boundary line of this city. The law has proved beneficial in these waters. If good on one side of New York Bay, why not on the other?

I went to Albany on Feb. 20 and appeared before the Assembly Committee on behalf of the League. As there was some apparent opposition, I consented to cut down the limit to three miles and permit shad fishing, which was apparently satisfactory, and I presumed that the bill, with these alterations, would be reported favorably.

The curse of the New York city and Hudson River fishermen is the menhaden fishermen, who, with their immense seines, deplete the vicinity of the entrance to the Hudson River of most of the fish endeavoring to enter. It is only since my visit to Albany that I learned what we were "up against," and why it was almost impossible to pass a law interfering with menhaden fishing, or with the menhaden fertilizing plant at Barren Island.

The American Fisheries Company is a trust (page 120

World Almanac, 1899), incorporated 1898, under the laws of New Jersey, with its principal office at No. 135 Front street, New York city. Its capital is \$10,000,000. Charles J. Canda, President; Winthrop M. Tuttle, Secretary; Charles J. Canda, Lord Lurgan, John E. Searles, Chauncey M. Depew, William N. Coler, Jr., Nathaniel B. Church, F. B. Jameson, George V. Sims, John J. Cairnes and Winthrop M. Tuttle, Directors, opposed our bills, and that settled them. This company has unlimited money, is not afraid to spend it, and has active agents and lobbyists in Albany. Their principal representative, so far as I could learn, is Joseph M. Hallock, a member of the Assembly from Suffolk county, and a member of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Committee, who said to me, "It is better to tell the truth about the matter, I am for the menhaden fishermen." We had no chance against them, and, of course, our bills were not favorably reported by the committee.

I had an interview with Captain N. B. Church, manager of the American Fisheries Company, on March 5, and endeavored to persuade him to withdraw the opposition of this company to the three-mile limit. He refused to do so, and stated, *inter alia*, that such a bill would be an entering wedge, and that next year, probably, more would be asked; that most of their fishing was done within three miles of the shore, and that last year and year before they had done very little fishing in and about New York Bay, as there were few fish there, but that this year they might catch hundreds of barrels within our proposed prescribed limit. He also insisted that net fishing did not interfere with the catches of the hook and line fishermen.

COL. J. F. MILLIKEN,
Director Protective League Salt Water Fishermen.

Around the Stove.

I DROPPED in at the store last night. There was quite a crowd and several brands of tobacco smoke. The Lion's tail was not twisted once—the talk was seasonable, and was of fish. The fact is, some fine black suckers had been caught yesterday, and many people hold that "no finer fish swims." The meat is said to be firm and flavor delicious. Be that as it may, the fact that any kind of fish were biting was good news indeed, and those of us who had been thinking a good deal about fishing felt that we could now hold forth on our favorite topic without being "called down." The old village coachmaker told me in confidence a day or two ago that the time for "talking fish" was at hand; "All the signs are favorable," said he. "What are your signs?" I asked. "Well, just this: For some days back men have been coming to my shop with little vials and asking for coach varnish. They are very mysterious and never let on what it is for; but I know. It is for fishing rods. You catch the idea, don't you? There will be fish talk at the store to-night."

When I went into the store last night I saw that the old man's "signs" were all right; the rods had been varnished and the fish talk had begun. Old Doc Turner and Rev. Smythe were having it out on bass flies. Doc believes that two or three flies are all that are necessary, and the Rev. goes in for variety, and is always getting up new patterns; he showed us his latest decoction or concoction, which he felt sure would bring the answer on opening day. He claims it has all the taking points, in color and construction, that are found in the most popular flies or lures. These are so blended that they present to the bass the sum of all his desires in one sweet morsel, which is to be deftly wafted on the water just over the devoted and unsuspecting head of the fish.

"Your theory may be all right," said the Doctor, "but in the first place there is no such thing as an unsuspecting bass, and when he sees that fly he will think it is too much of a good thing."

The fly was passed around and all the wags had their fling at it. A striking fly it was, to be sure—a strange fly. There was the green cutaway coat of the grasshopper, the bandy legs of the helgramite, the white cape of the coachman, the whiskers of the dusty-miller, and the twisted tails of several other things. It was agreed to call the fly the poo-bah.

The Doctor, who was reeled up for a long run, and felt that he had the gallery with him, continued: "My dear man, I admire your enthusiasm; it is very proper at your age, and does you credit. A few years ago I was a younger and wiser man than I am now, and knew a great deal more about bass. I, too, had my pretty winter conceits. When the streams were frozen hard I looked at them lovingly and hopefully; a time came when my hopes melted with the ice, and ran down into the sea with the snow water. Every spring I had some crystallized ideas. I thought they were flies; they were snow flakes. I got to calling them my castles in Spain, and you may be sure it did not take a Dewey to knock them about my ears. They served their turn along with the old stove here. On opening day I made room for them in my fly-book, but rarely tried them, unless the fish were rising very freely. The more the fish would not rise, the more I would not use them. If my old familiar friends failed me, what was the use? Let the young make the experiments; they have the time. We have served ours. There is not so much in the kind of fly you use after all. It is the man behind the rod that does it. (Let us give thanks right here, that it is not the little finger.) Look up his sleeve and you will find the secret of his success or failure."

"That's all right," cried a voice from behind the stove, "but I notice you scientific fishermen don't bring home many fish, all the same. When I go fishing I go for fish, and I get them, too. I wouldn't give 2 cents for a dozen of them flies—not if I wanted to get fish."

"That's me, too," chimed in Eph Horn, the hero of the black suckers.

The old Doctor looked at them over his "specks" and then looked at his watch, and I knew we would hear no more from the sage that night. The Reverend (or Revren, as he is called) and the rest of us youngsters were soon crunching our way along the frozen board walk toward home; our faith in fatal flies was somewhat shattered, but in our dreams they killed the biggest bass in the creek—a monster bass, with a mouthful of broken hooks and fish lines hanging down from his chin like the beard of a William goat.

POTOMAC.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Comes from Colorado.

Last May, as I reported in these columns at the time, Major Wm. Cooke Daniels, of Denver, Colo., came to me to ask where he could get some early fly-fishing for trout. I sent him up to the Prairie River, in Wisconsin, to Dudley's place, about eighteen miles from Merrill. Here I met him later. We all had bad weather and poor sport last spring. Yet I learn that Major Daniels said that he thought the Prairie River the sweetest stream he ever set foot into in any corner of the world, and he has fished pretty much all over the world. I learn also that he has given Dudley orders to build him a log lodge up there and to get him a team of horses. Major Daniels will come all the way from Colorado to spend the month of June upon the Prairie; and this is as much of a compliment as that stream ever had. I presume that in scientific knowledge of fly-fishing and fly-tying he is the peer of any man who ever fished Wisconsin waters. He met on that water Messrs. E. E. Critchfield, of this city, and W. B. Stephens, of Harvard, Ill., and got them both wild over tying their own flies. The latter writes to Mr. Critchfield:

"I receive a letter from our friend, Major Daniels, quite often. I have had the fly-tying outfit that he promised to send me for some time, and have made a little progress in tying flies. He has been so good and done so much for me that I feel rather embarrassed. He made me a present of the whole outfit—books, tools, feathers, etc. I had never dreamed that he was going to do such a thing. I should have considered it a great favor for him to get everything together for me.

"He offers to do everything in his power to help me in the study of fly-tying. Have inclosed a couple of flies that I tied in order to let you see the progress I have made. This class of flies are called fancy flies; they do not imitate anything. (The same as we have always used at Dudley.) They are the easiest to make; but when it comes to imitating the natural fly, the troubles will begin. I tell you, Brother Critchfield, when we can catch a fly that is on the stream, sit down and make an imitation of it, we have something to be proud of. You know the way we have always done was to commence at the beginning of the fly-book and try every fly in it, trying to find something that the fish would rise to.

"If you will remember the day that you and I fished in the rain. That day the flies were plentiful, and I am confident that if we had had an imitation of the natural fly we would have gone home with good baskets. Fishing with the natural fly I am in hopes to learn in time, through the kindness of my good friend, Major Daniels. If I am not very much mistaken, he will show the fishermen at Dudley something this coming season. Everything was against him last year. I am in hopes to be there when he is this coming season."

Illinois Fisheries.

President Nat. H. Cohen, of the Illinois Fish Commission, points with pride to the fact that Illinois produced during the past year probably 15,000,000 pounds of fish, worth about a half-million dollars. He says that bass and croppies are more abundant than ever.

A Pelican in Illinois.

Mr. M. P. Woodford, of Dixon, Ill., recently killed a fine specimen of the pelican, which had apparently lost its bearings and which had alighted in the mill pond of the Rock River at that point. This bird was shot some time in January just past, and is mounted and kept as a local curiosity.

A Mastodon in Iowa.

At Rome, Ia., near the Skunk River, while workmen on the C. & Q. Railway were excavating for a bridge, they lately dug out the hind leg of a mastodon. This is the second discovery of mastodon bones in Iowa of which I have heard within twenty years, a good specimen being taken out near Perry, Ia., as I remember it, about 1878 or 1880.

E. HOUGH.
300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake Feb. 24 and 25. Wind, southwest; weather, perfect.

First Day.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Castings
Young 83	91.8	88.4	75.10	82.1	75 2-5
Stratton 76	84	84	65	74.6	..
Crowell 74	87	85.4	71.8	78.6	..
Heller 68	71	85.4	50.10	68.1	..
Muller 97	91	88	82.6	85.3	62 1-5
Skinner	88.4	84	69.2	76.7	65
Golcher 115	92	92	82.6	87.3	..
Edwards 72	92.4	94.4	65.10	80.1	78
Battu 88	90.8	89	66.8	77.10	83 2-5
Lovett	95.8	93.4	80	86.8	..
Mansfield	93	93	88.4	90.8	84 1-5
Reed 93	89	92.8	71.8	82.8	79 1-5
Watt	66

Mansfield breaks club record in delicacy and accuracy. Judges, Young, Muller, Golcher; referee, Edwards; clerk, Crowell.

Second Day.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Castings
Battu 100	94.4	94	70.10	82.5	60 3-5
Babcock 85	88.8	91.8	67.6	79.7	77
Brooks 78	75.8	80.4	61	70.2	68
Brotherton 110	88.4	91.4	70	80.8	96 1-5
Crowell 79	81.8	86.4	67.6	76.11	48
Foulke 83	79.8	81	74.2	77.7	50 1-5
Golcher 113	92.4	88	80.10	84.5	..
Haught 78.6	85.8	91.4	73.4	82.4	..
Heller 74	87.8	85.8	55	70.5	56 2-5
Huyck 94	87.4	91	69.2	80.1	..
Klein 81	89	87.4	60	73.8	63 4-5
Mansfield 113	95.4	93.4	80.10	87.1	79 1-5
Muller 105.6	94	89	83.4	86.2	69 1-5
Reed 95	92.4	93	75	84	46
Stratton 83	66.4	90.8	68.4	79.6	60
Walker	87 3-5
Young 96	93.8	92.4	75.10	84.1	80 1-5

Judges, Muller, Klein, Golcher; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Huyck.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A special dispatch to the Baltimore Sun from Easton stated that great quantities of dead fish, mostly croakers, had been beached on the eastern shore of the bay. They were in such abundance on the Dorchester, Queen Anne and Talbot shores that farmers carted them to the fields for fertilizing purposes.

It is not uncommon to find a few fish, of various species, along the shores of our Atlantic coast after hard and especially sudden freezes. Shad are frequently found along the shores of the Smith Island region, and pompano are often found chilled along the Florida coasts, where sudden and severe "northers" cause great mortality among the fishes generally.

Messrs. Javins had last month one of the fattest black bears we have ever seen. It weighed under 400 pounds. The fat enveloped the back of the animal from head to tail, and in the thickest parts was 6 and 7 inches thick. The bear was shipped from Kansas City. There was no meat to sell, so the dealers took the fat home and tried it out. What to do with the fifteen or twenty gallons of oil is a question.

B. A. B.

Tagged Codfish.

BALDWINS, Long Island, N. Y., March 4.—The Nassau County Review of March 2 reports that two codfish have been caught by the Carman brothers, of this place, which had tags on their tails one inch long and a half-inch wide, and fastened with small copper wire. One of the tags was marked T 10 and the other H 35. These markings were presumably done by the Fish Commissioners.

R. S. P.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Digging Out Foxes.

BARRE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a former issue of FOREST AND STREAM the contributor who signed himself B., under the above heading, expressed the sentiment of others who follow the sport of fox hunting, and your Canadian correspondent was surprised that the method was still in vogue. In this section there are several fox hunters and nearly all resort to this method of capture, a few going to the extreme of carrying spade and pick on every hunt. It is true that our State offers a bounty of fifty cents each as an inducement to exterminate this fur-bearing animal, but is the law just? Why should we not put a close season on this game? Why should not the army of fox hunters have their favorite game protected? Has the writer for years been wrong in withholding his aim (except in proper season) in keeping the bounty hunters from disturbing their burrows of young and in turning the trappers' traps upside down? Some take the traps along with them. These views will not be kindly received by the fox hunter that can see nothing in a day's hunt beyond the bounty and skin, but those who love the woods and the music of the pursuing hound surely must be in sympathy with the writer.

I was but a lad; many December snows have since melted on the mountain where I dug out my first and last fox. It was a perfect morning for trailing when my uncle let loose his three hounds on that winding trail that led along the mountain side. How they dashed away in full cry, first encircling the mountain top, then back to the swamp below, and so closely ran they together that at intervals a blanket could have covered them. My uncle was waiting at "the Old Elm" by the highway, but the fox passed just out of range of his deadly ten-bore and on to the south the pursuing hounds fled out of hearing. We had waited for hours for their return, had left our stand and were plodding down the highway, when the distant voice of Til could be heard coming nearer and nearer, until he crossed the highway to the mountain, where the fox had been started in the morning. My uncle remarked that the dog would catch or hole him. The two remaining hounds gave up the chase at the highway, while the old dog could be heard running to the north. A few minutes passed and the long drawn note of the hound could be distinctly heard, which my uncle interpreted as "All I can do."

On our return to my uncle's home, Til was at the house. My uncle took his back trail, while I returned to my home. In the evening he reported that he had him "plugged in." "Come up in the morning and we will dig him out." Four men and three dogs were early on the ground. In twenty minutes the fox was located. The old dog pulled him from the earth while the two remaining helped tear him in shreds. Would it not have been less brutal, more sportsmanlike and humane to have allowed this fox his liberty, and again on another day have tested his endurance and running against those of the hounds?

B. A. E.

The Dog Happy Hunting Ground Notion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every little while some sentimental correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM takes up the subject of a happy hunting ground for dogs. Now, as dogs are impeccable, they are under no moral responsibility, and therefore there can be no dog hell; and as, in justice, there can be no discrimination, every canine kill-sheep and every mangy cur, including the big brutes that their infatuated owners bring into the parlors of civilized people to be met with hypocritical smiles from ladies who inwardly wish them at the bottom of the deepest duck pond: all must be piled into dog heaven, which, as some dog owners wish to meet their pets again, must be the place appointed for the human race. But suppose the dog should be good and his master a brute—what then?

I think it would be as well for the advocates of a canine heaven to let the subject drop, as inconsistent and irrational.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the fourth annual dog show of the Northwestern Kennel Club is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained on application to Dr. W. A. Moore, Secretary, 300 Ryan Annex, St. Paul, Minn. Entries close March 14. Mr. George W. Clayton, of Chicago, will fill the office of superintendent.

Yachting.

No matter how interesting races for the America Cup may be, it is well that they don't come every year. The number of American yachtsmen who are in any way employed in these contests is extremely small, and thousands of other active amateurs are lost sight of in the exclusive concentration on one contest. The mainsails of the big Cup competitors blanket the whole coast and leave things in the doldrums. Last year, with trial races at Newport, the tests of the Shamrock at Sandy Hook and the work at the Herreshoff yards to be reported daily, local contests could not possibly receive their usual measure of attention. The direct aid that a Cup series is supposed to bring to general yachting is found to be chiefly mythical when the facts are examined. It does not assist builders of racing yachts, because orders do not come in when it is known that interest in the smaller classes is going to be swamped in the coming year. There is no widespread demand for professionals of extra skill when local racing is at a discount, and as to the instructive qualities of the big races, it must be said that to thousands of amateurs they have little to teach.

No wonder, then, that American yachtsmen in the aggregate are looking forward eagerly to a year they can call their own, when individual skill may be estimated at its value and when everybody can have his innings.—New York Tribune.

THE war in South Africa, which is by no means ended, in spite of the latest developments, and whose effects will be felt in any case for a long time after peace is declared, has probably killed the season of 1900 so far as the British racing is concerned. Many of the leading yachtsmen are now at the Cape or on their way there, and their yachts are laid up, with no thought of fitting out, many being on the sale list. Among those who have gone to the front are Messrs. Andrew Coats, W. P. Donaldson, A. E. Orr-Ewing, Lord Albemarle, Kenneth H. M. Connell, Hon. Rupert Guinness, Lord Wolverton, Dr. Lander, Philip Perceval, Capt. H. Le B. McCalmont and Lieut.-Col. Barklie McCalmont.

Incidental to the war is the announcement that Mr. C. D. Rose, who has two sons in the service, will not race his new cutter *Distant Shore*, and it is also stated that Bona will not be raced this season. The countermanding of his order for a new 65-footer, placed with Mr. Fife in the fall by Mr. John Gretton, is also understood to be due to the war. The Mediterranean regattas, now on, have brought out but a small fleet of English yachts, and those of 52ft. or under, none of the large yachts fitting out for them. Under the circumstances, the chances of sport on the part of the home boats, and especially of a visit from Columbia, are very small.

THE coming of the 65-rater *Isolde* suggests that there are others of this excellent class now on the sale list at very low figures, in consequence of the war, offering a specially favorable opportunity to American yachtsmen who may care to get good racing in a fairly large class of yachts. The very successful *Tutty*, and also *Eelin*, both designed by Arthur E. Payne, are now offered for sale, and such others of the class as *Astrild* and *Senta* can probably be had. These yachts are practically of the same size as the well-known *Queen Mab*, and though designed especially for racing they have good accommodation for general cruising, and all are of the latest composite construction. With the enlarged sail plans possible in this country they will give good racing. The addition of *Isolde* to the class, with *Queen Mab* now here, makes a certainty of its recognition by the clubs, and any one going into it with one of the above boats may be sure of good sport.

THE Earl of Dunraven has achieved a new distinction in being dropped from the the council and board of officers of the Yacht Racing Association for having neglected his duties in failing to attend any meetings for over a year. The 20-rater *Audrey*, the fin-keel designed by Lord Dunraven, has just been broken up at Southampton, being unsalable as a cruiser.

"Day Boats" or Yachts.

A LIVELY discussion is on at present in England over the "day boat," or racing machine, vs. the useable yacht. As reported elsewhere, the Yacht Racing Association, at its recent meeting, has decided that all yachts of classes above 30ft. shall be fitted with the ordinary bulkheads, floors, transoms, etc. The notice of this proposed amendment has brought out letters on both sides, some contending that the 52ft. yacht of to-day—that is, of the same size as *Syde* and *Kestrel* in this country—is merely a boat for day day racing and too small for living on board. The Field has the following to say on the subject:

In the early seventies, when the twenties were as plentiful as blackberries, the advantages of light construction had not begun to be appreciated by yacht designers, and it is only within the last decade that there has been a serious competition in the direction of obtaining the lightest possible scantling. The competition has continued unchecked until the present time, and we think that the matchbox construction of some of our modern racing

yachts should be sufficient to open the eyes of the most casual observer. Capt. J. Orr-Ewing was the first in the field to urge upon the Yacht Racing Association the necessity of taking the matter up, and as an owner of many racing vessels no one is in a better position to judge of the need of the scantling question receiving consideration. There is no class that has suffered more from the evils of light construction than the "twenty" class, and, coupled with the neglect of any pretense to observe the spirit of the rule relating to cabin fittings, during the last few years, the result has been that 52-footers of a most desirable type on paper have been turned into mere leaky shells. The rating rule has to bear the blame for many contingencies, but up to the present date it cannot be blamed for the type of yacht developed in the 52ft. class, because we were told when Mr. C. D. Rose built *Penitent* in 1896, the first year the rule came into force, that she was exactly the type of boat it was hoped the rule would produce. At the present time *Penitent* is practically as fast as any of the 52-footers. The framers of the present rating rule would claim that a craft of the form of *Penitent* is a satisfactory type of vessel, because she is fairly roomy and does not enter into extremes in any of the bad points which it was claimed that the length and sail area rule tended to encourage; in fact, for a racing yacht they have succeeded in producing, as far as design goes, a very wholesome vessel; just as happy a ship under modern conditions as old *Vanessa* was in the seventies. After having struggled to produce a good type, and having succeeded—or, at any rate, having reached a higher standard of success than has hitherto been attained—their end is ignominiously defeated and all the good work they have done hopelessly stultified by two difficulties; the first and more formidable being the scantling question, and the second trouble the evasion of the rule relating to cabin fittings.

When considering these two important questions it is as well to recall the circumstances that led up to the introduction of the present rating rule. In the autumn of the year 1894 the rating rule committee expressed an opinion that the length and sail area rule had a tendency "to produce in yachts unduly large circumscribing dimensions relative to displacement and useful living room on board." They consequently considered it advisable to alter the rule. It is therefore perfectly clear that the object the Yacht Racing Association had in view was to support the general desire of the main body of yacht owners for a boat suitable for living on board by encouraging a type of yacht having good internal accommodation; it is also equally obvious that the accommodation is useless if the owner is to be debarred from putting into his craft the usual cabin fittings. We therefore not only differ from the view that the question of internal accommodation has nothing to do with the Y. R. A., but go so far as to say that the extract from the letter written by the rating rule committee to all the principal yacht designers, which we have quoted above, clearly proves that the desire of the yacht owner to make his racing yacht his home was the primary motive which originated the present rating rule. If this object is lost sight of, the *raison d'être* for the present rating rule, or any other kind of measurement that will tend to produce a wholesome type of yacht, no longer exists.

The present owner of *Penitent*, in the same issue of the Field, argues as follows in favor of the proposed rule:

Sir: Your correspondent F. S. (who, if I mistake not, has written on the same subject elsewhere under another nom de plume) must not think the sailing rules committee hastily formed their recommendations, or the council lent its support without due deliberation. The matter was most carefully discussed, and I agree with you, sir, the subject is a very important one, and care must be exercised that side issues do not unduly affect the opinion of yachtsmen who may vote on this question. Both those in favor of internal fittings and against should try to make their own personal wishes subsidiary to the interest of the class, for when once the temporary annoyance of being obliged to comply with the rule has passed, I, for one, think the advantages of carrying out the original Y. R. A. rule, that "every vessel should carry the ordinary fittings of a yacht," immensely outweigh any possible and (to my mind) imaginary objections.

Who can desire a stronger argument in favor of the fittings than that to have them may bring more to the class, and will certainly keep none out?

While who can deny that at times even the present owners, who have their big tenders, will appreciate the seclusion that the cabin grants; to say nothing of the comforts and conveniences so necessary when they are favored with the company of ladies?

Again, although I think F. S. greatly exaggerates his point about adequate living accommodation for the crew, still, if he does not require the cabin room, and has theories as to the entire area that should be allotted to each individual, there is nothing to prevent him indulging his theories to the full by devoting that space to their use. Other writers have said that for the past five or six years all the space has been given to the crew, and to the crew alone. This is not the case, for until 1899, when *Senga* led the way by clearing out all fittings, I only know of one 52-footer racing in British waters that had not at least a good cabin and proper lavatory arrangements, and so it is illogical to argue that evasion of the rule in the past proves that it is out of keeping with present requirements. Wholesale evasion only took place last season, and I heard nothing but surprise and complaint that it was allowed by the Y. R. A.

As for the hypercritical objection that even the wording of the suggested rule is "faulty," for "no mention is made that the fittings shall not be of a doll's house type," allow me to point out that obvious cheating of this nature is not likely to escape the official measurer's attention.

You, sir, in your editorial remarks, assert that if the suggested rule is not confirmed, yacht racing in boats of such size will suffer in the long run. I entirely endorse this opinion, and have endeavored to state some of the reasons for supporting it. Surely a 52-footer, a vessel of approximately 40 tons T. M., should be something more than a day boat.

WM. P. BURTON.

In the course of the meeting the discussion of the proposed amendment hinged on the 52ft. class, as it was

not proposed to apply the new conditions to the smaller classes. Mr. W. Baden-Powell took the ground that anything under the name of yacht and of over 36ft. linear rating should be considered as a yacht and fitted for yachting use, and that only boats of 36ft. and under should be recognized as day sailing boats. The result was that the amendment was carried to apply to the 42ft., as well as the 52ft. and larger classes.

We heartily agree with the action of the Association, in the belief that the best interests of yachting and yacht racing together will be conserved by such adequate restrictions in the form of the measurement rule, scantling regulations and direct specifications as to fittings and equipment as shall give every possible opportunity to the owner of a useable yacht, as opposed to the modern racing machine. In our opinion, no legislation thus far has been sufficiently radical in either of the three details of formula, scantlings or fittings, to produce such a combination of speed and useful qualities as designers are capable of to-day if put to the test. With the full influence of both associations and clubs exerted unitedly and intelligently in the effort to produce a reasonably fast type of yacht, it should be possible to turn out a vessel of good internal capacity for her extreme dimensions, of a form suitable for speed and at the same time seaworthy, and of a construction which, though very light, as judged by all previous standards, would still be amply strong and of reasonable durability. It is not necessary that the resultant vessel should be a mere box, either in form or build; on the other hand, she should be far superior to such yachts as *Minerva*, *Gloriana*, *Wasp* and others that at no distant day were considered model craft in all respects.

The British Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the Yacht Racing Association was held in London on Feb. 21 with Col. Fitzroy Clayton in the chair. The principal business of the meeting was the adoption of the proposed amendments to the racing rules. The following proposal was submitted by Mr. R. E. Froude:

"In electing to make no change at all in the wording of the 'Rule of the Road' Rules (Nos. 42 to 46, 1899. numeration), the committee have, as I think, adopted the correct alternative to thoroughly revising them; but, at the same time, it seems to me a pity to lose the opportunity afforded by the general revision of the Y. R. A. Rules, for putting these rules also into a perfectly satisfactory shape.

"I laid before the committee a draft of these rules, which seemed to me fairly satisfactory, and which received the adhesion of our late chairman; but I forbear now to trouble the council with it, if only because I consider that no changes ought to be made in these particular rules without more thorough consideration than there is now time for.

"My suggestion, therefore, would be that these rules should be taken as they stand for the purposes of the present revision, and that a committee should be appointed specially to consider them during the present year. Such committee would be, of course, at liberty, if they thought fit, to recommend after all that no change in wording should be made; but they might also be left free to adopt another course, which seems to me to have a great deal to recommend it. This would be to draw up a digest or exposition of these rules for the consideration of the council and for eventual publication with their authority."

After some discussion it was agreed to reconsider the question at a future meeting.

Various proposals and amendments were discussed, the principal amendments adopted being as follows:

4.—EVERY YACHT TO HAVE A CERTIFICATE.

A valid Y. R. A. certificate shall be held by every yacht starting in a race under Y. R. A. rating, unless the owner or his representative signs and lodges with the sailing committee before the start a statement in the following form, viz.:

UNDERTAKING TO PRODUCE CERTIFICATE.

The yacht — competes in the race of the — on the condition that a valid certificate is to be produced within one fortnight and dated not more than one week after the race, that she is not to be altered between the race and the date of certificate, and that she competes in the race on the rating of that certificate.

Signed _____
Date _____

6.—ENTRIES.

Entries shall be made by the secretary of the club in the following form at least forty-eight hours previous to noon of the day appointed for starting each race. In case of a Sunday intervening, twenty-four hours shall be added. Entries may be made by telegram, and it shall be deemed sufficient that the same shall have been dispatched before noon of the day on which the entries close, subject to the provision as to Sundays, but such entries by telegram must be confirmed in the proper form, in course of post:

Form of Entry.

TO BE SIGNED BY THE OWNER OR HIS REPRESENTATIVE.

Please enter the yacht —, owner —, for the — race at —, on the —.

Her distinguishing flag is —; her rig is —, and her Y. R. A. rating* is —.

And I agree to be bound by the Racing Rules of the Y. R. A. Signed this — day of —.

In case the rating has from any reason been incorrectly stated in the form of entry, if the fact is notified to the sailing committee in writing before the entries close, the sailing committee shall regard only the yacht's correct rating at the time of starting; but otherwise the yacht cannot sail at a lower rating than that entered.

8.—OWNER TO ENTER ONE YACHT ONLY.

An owner may not enter more than one yacht in a race, nor the same yacht for two or more races advertised to be sailed on the same day and under the same club.

*The rating may be omitted for races not under Y. R. A. rating.

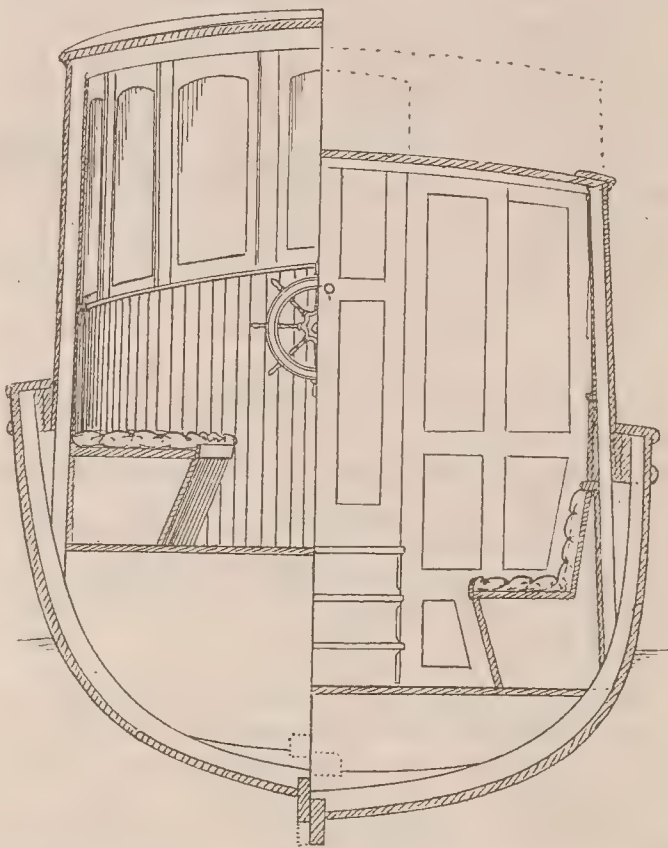
17.—FITTINGS AND BALLAST.

All yachts exceeding 36ft. rating must be fitted below deck with the ordinary fittings of a yacht, including the following:

In yachts not exceeding 42ft.—Fittings not yet determined by the council, but will be on the lines of the 52ft. class.

In yachts not exceeding 52ft. rating.—Three complete transverse bulkheads of wood of average thickness at least 3/4in., the spaces between to be fitted to form a fore-castle and also one or more cabins. The cabin or cabins shall contain not less than two sofas upholstered, or two standing cabin bunks fitted complete, two sideboards or sideboard lockers, one swing table, one fixed lavatory. Water tanks of not less than 20 gallons' capacity. One fixed under-water w. c. fitted complete with all pipes and connections.

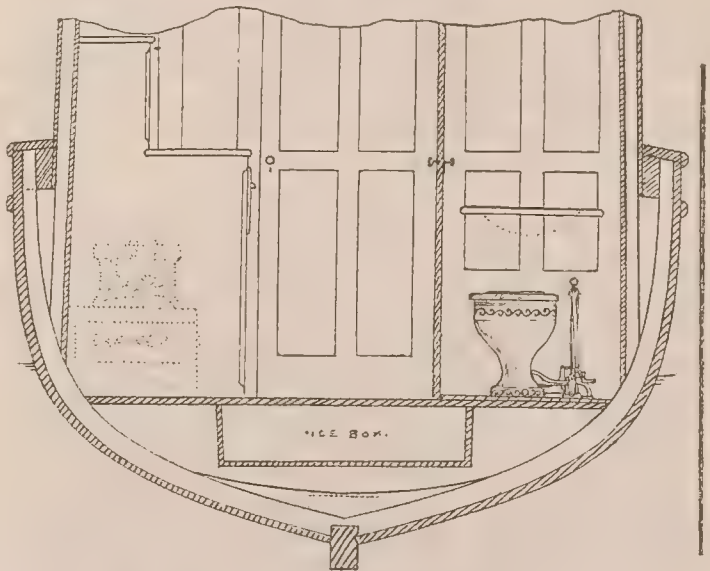
In yachts exceeding 52ft. and not exceeding 65ft. rating.—Four bulkheads as described above, the spaces between to be fitted to form a fore-castle, saloon, and one or more other cabins. The saloon to contain not less than two



sofas upholstered, one swing table, two sideboards or sideboard lockers. The cabins to contain not less than three standing cabin bunks fixed complete, and two fixed lavatories. Water tanks of not less than 40 gallons' capacity. Two w. c.'s as described above.

In yachts exceeding 65ft. rating.—Four bulkheads as described above, the spaces between as described for 65ft. rating. Saloon and cabins as described for 65ft. rating, but cabins to contain not less than four standing cabin bunks. Water tanks of not less than 60 gallons' capacity. Two w. c.'s as described above.

All yachts exceeding 42ft. rating shall have a fixed



companion or ladder, and the fore-castle furniture shall comprise cots or hammocks equal to the number of crew, and the usual lockers, seats, cooking apparatus, etc.

The following shall apply to all yachts starting in a race: During a race, the platforms shall be kept down and bulkheads standing, and all the other fittings above specified retained on board except cots, cushions and bedding; no water may be started from or taken into the tanks; no more than the usual anchors and chains may be carried; no bags of shot may be on board; all ballast must be properly stowed under the platforms or in lockers; no ballast or other dead weights may be used as shifting ballast or for altering the trim of a yacht.

No ballast shall be shipped, unshipped, or shifted, after 9 P. M. of the day previous to that on which the race is sailed.

18.—BOATS AND LIFEBOUYS.

Every yacht exceeding a rating of 50ft. and under a rating of 80ft. shall carry a boat on deck not less than 10ft. in length and 4ft. 3in. beam, and every yacht rated at 80ft. and over, one of not less than 12ft. in length and 4ft. 3in. beam, ready for immediate use, with oars lashed therein. Every yacht shall carry at least one lifebuoy on deck ready for use.

20.—CRUISING TRIM.

When yachts are ordered to sail in cruising trim, the following rules are to be strictly observed throughout the race: 1. No doors, tables, cabin skylights or other cabin or deck fittings (davits excepted) shall be removed from their places before or during the race. 2. No sails or other gear shall be put into the main cabin in yachts exceeding a rating of 73ft. 3. Anchors and chains suitable to the size of the yacht shall be carried, and yachts over 42ft. shall carry one at least on deck, with chain rove and shackled on ready for use. 4. Every yacht exceeding a rating of 50ft. and under a rating of 80ft. shall

carry a boat on deck not less than 10ft. in length and 4ft. 3in. beam; a yacht rated at 80ft. and over, her usual cutter and dinghy. 5. No extra paid hands except a pilot, beyond the regular crew of the yacht, shall be allowed.

40.—FINISHING A RACE.

A yacht shall be timed for completing a race as soon as any part of the hull or spars be on or across the finishing line, but continues amenable to the rules so long as any part of the hull or spars remains on the line.

44.—APPEALS TO COUNCIL.

A protest which has been decided by a sailing committee shall be referred to the council of the Y. R. A. (a) If the sailing committee, at their own instance, should think proper to so refer it. (b) If either of the parties interested make application for such reference, on a question of interpretation of these rules, within one week of the sailing committee's decision. In the latter case (b) such reference must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 in the case of yachts exceeding 36ft. rating, and of £3 for yachts not exceeding 36ft. rating, payable by the party appealing, to be forfeited to the funds of the Y. R. A. in the event of the appeal not being sustained.

45.—PARTICULARS TO BE FURNISHED BY SAILING COMMITTEE.

The reference to the council must be accompanied by the following particulars as far as the same are applicable: 1. A copy of the protest and all other written statements that may have been put in by the parties. 2. A plan showing (a) the course; (b) the direction and force of the wind; (c) the set of the tide; (d) the positions and tracks of the competing yachts involved in the protest. 3. A copy of the advertised conditions of the race and the sailing instructions furnished to the yachts. 4. The observations of the committee thereon, with the sailing committee's decision.

60.—CERTIFICATE OF RATING.

As soon as a yacht has been measured, the official measurer shall forward the measurements, with the sailmaker's diagram, to the secretary of the Y. R. A., who shall thereupon issue a certificate of rating, which shall be in force from the date of the completion of the measurement. If from any peculiarity in the build of the yacht, or other cause, the measurer shall be of opinion that the rule will not rate the yacht fairly, or that in any respect she does not comply with the requirements of these rules, he shall report the circumstances to the council, who, after due inquiry, shall award such certificate of rating as they may consider equitable, and the measurement shall be deemed incomplete until this has been done.

63.—In this rule a clause has been inserted that the certificate of rating shall cease to be valid at the expiration of two years from the date of the latest certificate for which all the measurements were taken.

68.—PUBLICATION OF CERTIFICATES.

The principal particulars of measurements, with the dates of the certificates, shall be periodically published.

69.—PARTIAL MEASUREMENT.

For the information of handicappers, or for other purposes, an owner, on payment of the specified fees, may have his yacht measured for length and sail area only, and receive a certified statement of such measurements from the secretary of the Y. R. A.

In the annual election, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was re-elected president. One of the two vice-presidents, Sir George Leach, positively refused to stand for re-election, and the other, the Earl of Dunraven, was dropped, as he had not attended a meeting of the council for a year. The two new vice-presidents elected are Messrs. W. G. Jameson and A. Manning. Mr. H. G. A. Rouse was elected honorary treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. G. E. Lake.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was held on March 8 at Young's Hotel to act upon the proposition to admit yacht owners to associate membership in the Association with power to vote only upon the racing rules. Pres. A. Henry Higginson presided, and the following clubs were represented: Boston, Columbia, Duxbury, East Gloucester, Jeffries, Hull-Massachusetts, Manchester, Mosquito Fleet, Nahant Dory, Old Colony, Savin Hill, South Boston, Wellfleet and Winthrop, fourteen in all.

Section 3 of Article 3 of the by-laws of the Association, which simply provided for the election of clubs to membership by the executive committee, was stricken out and the following substituted:

"Past or present owners of racing yachts, and other persons interested in yacht racing, may become members after election by the executive committee. Provided, however, that such members shall have the right to vote only on questions of the racing rules; that they shall not vote on questions which do not affect their own classes; that only such members shall vote as are yacht owners and members of a club enrolled in the Association, and that no yacht shall be entitled to more than one vote."

Article 11 of the by-laws was so amended as to give the executive committee the power of a membership committee on both clubs and associate members.

Some discussion was had on a proposition to make the annual dues for associate members \$3, but they were finally left at \$5, the same as for clubs.

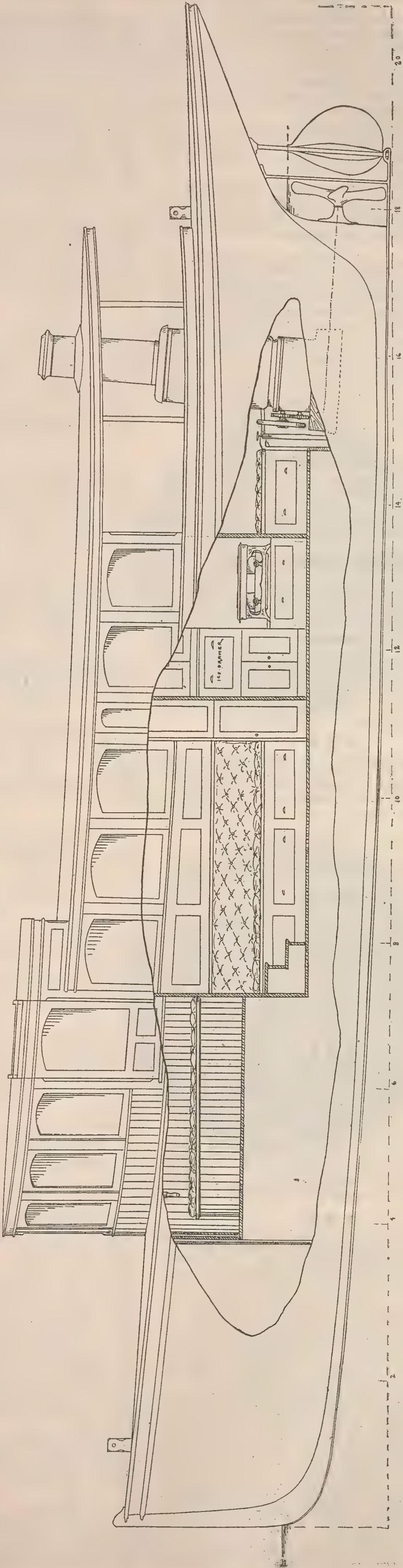
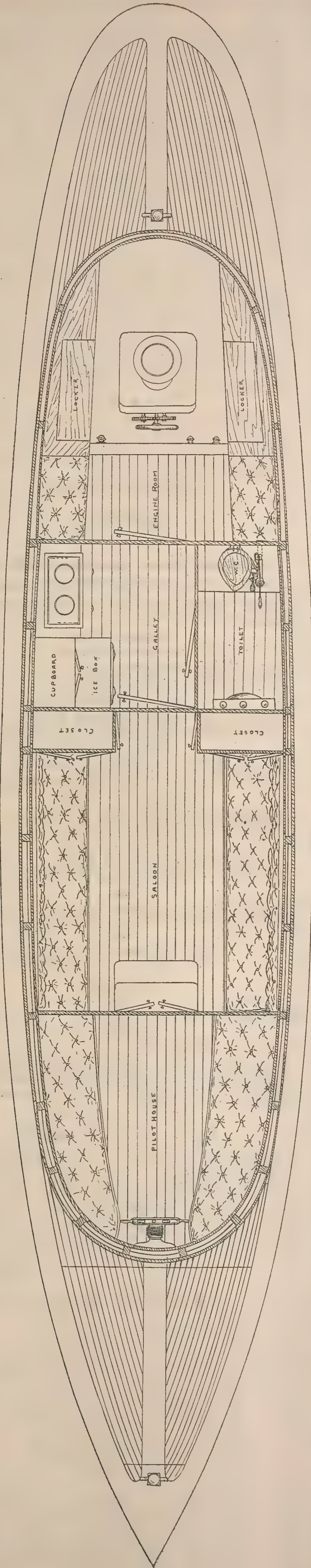
An amendment to Rule 3 of the racing rules was made by striking out Section 2, which provides that yachts of any recognized yacht club may enter Association open races, and substituting the following:

"A yacht belonging to a member of any club of the Association may enter any open race of a club of the Association, provided such yacht has previously entered for the season."

The amendment gives Association yachts the right of entry, but permits clubs to invite yachts of clubs outside the Association to enter their open races.

The racing rules were further amended by adding a new rule incorporating in them the cabin yacht restrictions, and the definition of schooners and yawls as made by the executive committee. This incorporation gives the associate members, as well as the delegates, a right to vote on changes in the restrictions and limitations.

A further amendment to the by-laws was made that "no delegate shall be eligible to individual membership."



NO 39" A

CABIN NAPHTHA LAUNCH DESIGNED BY F. W. MARTIN.

The annual meeting will be held on March 13, the following proposed amendments being voted on:

To amend Rule 3, Section 5, to read: "Any club may receive special entries for their race from yachts not owned by members of clubs of the Association, but such yachts must conform to the rules of the classes in which they sail, and are not entitled to any of the privileges of the Association, and shall not affect the percentage of any regularly entered yachts."

To amend Rule 7, classification, by adding a new class, under the name of the 18ft. knockabout class, Class I., yachts conforming to the limitations of the 18ft. knockabout association.

To amend by inserting a new rule incorporating the Association percentage in the racing rules, as follows: Percentages will be figured as follows: One hundred per cent. for winning first place, 50 for second, 25 for third and 15 for each other yacht completing the course within the time limit.

Only open races which have been duly scheduled and accepted by this committee in advance of the race, and which are sailed under the rules of the Association, shall be counted for percentage. The total amount of percentage will be divided by the number of starts. In figuring percentages it will be assumed that a yacht shall have started in at least half as many races as the yacht having the largest number of starts in her class, and in no case will any championship be awarded to a yacht which has finished in less than five races.

No race shall count for percentage which is not sailed in a reasonable depth of water to accommodate all yachts of a class. The racing season will commence on Decoration Day and end the second Saturday in September.

A Cruising Cabin Naphtha Launch.

THE interior arrangement of the launch whose lines appeared last week, designed by F. W. Martin, is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The hull is equally well adapted to a different arrangement with the engine amidships if the type of motor permits such a location.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

According to our English exchanges, Mr. Hoyt has ordered a new suit of sails for *Isolde*. It is also reported that she was to sail in a short time for the Mediterranean, though this is probably incorrect.

At its annual meeting on March 3 the Mahtomedi Y. C., of St. Paul, elected the following officers: Com., John G. Dresen; Vice-Com., William Sowden; Capt., I. M. Tripp; Sec'y, G. W. Dodds; Treas., William Dampier; Executive Committee, H. W. Hall, W. Clarkson, F. W. Pinska, J. J. Dobson.

The Hempstead Harbor Y. C. held its annual meeting at Glen Cove, L. I., on March 3, electing the following officers: Com., John S. Appleby; Vice-Com., Edward P. Titus; Purser, Ellwood Valentine; Capt., William L. Hicks; Board of Governors, Edward T. Payne, Ward Dickson, Daniel K. Hall and Isaac R. Downing, of Glen Cove, and Stephen R. Hewlett, of Roslyn; Committee on Membership, William H. Simonson, Isaac R. Coles, Ward I. Fancher and John L. Birdsall; Delegate to the Y. R. A., Ward Dickson. The annual regatta will be held on Aug. 4.

Title has been passed to the Knickerbocker Y. C., of New York, to a piece of land formerly owned by Rodman Sands, of College Point. The property has a frontage of 255ft. on the water of Flushing Bay. The upland, with the lands under water, is conveyed to the yachtmen for the sum of \$15,000, one-half of which was paid in cash, the balance being covered by a mortgage at 4½ per cent. The site was formerly leased by the club for club house and anchorage. It is one of the best on the Sound and will be improved for the uses of the club.—New York Times.

The following item is from the Field of March 3: Mystic, the large yacht which Mr. Henry C. Smith, an American yachtsman, has ordered from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson, and the building of which has been given to Messrs. White Brothers, Itchen Ferry, is to be a cruising schooner of 90ft. in length and 15ft. in breadth. Both frame and planking are to be of wood, the former of the best oak, the latter of teak. There is to be a large saloon amidships, a large stateroom aft, five staterooms on starboard, and a smaller stateroom on port side. Mystic will be very strongly built, and highly classed at Lloyd's.

At White Bear there are three boats well under way for the White Bear trial competition which will determine the challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. 'Gene Ramaley is building for L. P. Ordway. F. M. Douglass is having a boat built by Gus Amunson, and John Johnson is doing the work on C. M. Griggs' yacht. All three hulls are approaching completion, Mr. Douglass' yacht being, perhaps, a trifle further advanced. Considerable secrecy surrounds the details of design and construction, but it may be stated that the three boats were designed along lines that are radically different and present variations that will serve to test thoroughly the possibilities under the limitations of the rules governing the contest.

It is regarded as highly probable that two, and perhaps three, other boats will be built for the trials, so that White Bear Y. C. will have at least as large a field to choose from as the Canadians. It goes without saying that in the matter of construction the White Bear builders are leaving nothing undone that will count toward success. They are all doing the work of their lives. To have built the successful boat in the trials means an enhanced reputation, while a victory at Montreal would bring the builder at once into national prominence in yachting circles. With such a prize at stake the White Bear builders are putting forth their utmost endeavors.

Building operations in the White Bear shops are not confined to the boats for the international competition.

Ramaley is building two 17-footers that will be eligible for the inland lake competition; for L. P. Ordway and Mr. Owens. Amundson is at work on a boat of this class for H. T. Drake, who has sold Xenia, and Johnson is constructing one that will be offered for sale.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

The Yale Corinthian Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 7, electing the following officers: Com., H. O. Havemeyer, 1900, of New York city; Vice-Com., E. H. Clark, 1900, of Chicago, Ill.; Rear-Com., Clarkson Potter, 1901, of St. Louis, Mo.; Sec'y, J. H. Hord, 1901, of Cleveland, O., and Treas., G. B. Kip, 1901, of New York city.

The Sing Sing Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Francis Larkin, Jr.; Rear-Com., Gilbert M. Todd; Sec'y, Robert T. Dennis; Treas., Frank L. Young; Meas., W. M. Carpenter; Trustees, Ralph Brandreth, Gilbert M. Todd and Stephen M. Sherwood; Regatta Committee, Varian Banks, R. Dennis and W. M. Carpenter.

Capt. E. C. Bartlett, Sec'y of the San Francisco Y. C., has sold his yawl-rigged yacht *Frolic*. She has been purchased by parties who will use her in trade between here and Cape Nome. *Frolic* is one of the oldest craft afloat in these waters, having been built by Com. C. H. Harrison, of Sausalito. The Commodore kept her in commission up to four years ago, when he sold her to Mr. Bartlett. She was at one time the flagship of the San Francisco Y. C.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Stamford, held an adjourned meeting on March 3, electing the following officers: Com., Michael Mullins; Vice-Com., Arthur Bradley; Rear-Com., Harry F. Smith; Sec'y, A. E. Albertie; Treas., A. B. Gully; Meas., Patrick W. Cuddy; Fleet Surgeon, E. C. Bottomly; Trustees, Thomas Pritchard and Mansfield Toms.

Schemer, sloop, was sold at marshal's sale on March 7 for \$495. She is the once well-known sloop defeated by *Madge* in 1881. At one time she was owned by the late Wm. M. Tweed, and it is a cherished myth that he made his escape to Cuba on her.

Shumara, a new and handsome British steam yacht, has been chartered by Amzi L. Barber, of New York, owner of *Sapphire III*, formerly *Rona*, now under charter to Capt. H. L. B. McCalmont in African waters.

The annual meeting of the Gloucester Y. C., of Gloucester, Mass., was held on March 6, the following officers being elected: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Vice-Com., John Graham, Sr.; Rear-Com., Gilbert Taylor; Sec'y, Frank Smith; Treas., John Casnett; Steward, Harry Quinn; Trustees, William Lowry, Robert Murray, James Ribbell.

The Windward Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Fred Suthergreen; Vice-Com., Frank Smedley; Rear-Com., C. Myck; Treas., A. W. Erickson; Fin. Sec'y, William Beyer; Rec. Sec'y, C. Tuynman; Meas., John Pierson; Board of Trustees, Richard W. Jones, H. Conradt, E. Morrison, H. Brown and J. Luke.

The Ossining Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., G. S. Jenkins; Vice-Com., James H. Moran; Rear-Com., Robert T. Dennis; Sec'y, W. L. Oryans; Treas., F. A. Griffin; Meas., I. S. Haff; Executive Committee, G. H. Barlow, B. F. Kipp; Trustees, Charles Raymond, G. H. Eldridge, D. J. Hickey, L. Terwilliger, Robert Smith, C. D. Malarady and Lewis Searles.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. has issued a new booklet, giving descriptions and prices of both solid and hollow spars. The latter, made after the method of L. K. Young, whose work was so well known a few years since, are now in general demand. The following figures show the great gain in weight of hollow over solid spars:

The 30ft. racing cabin catboat, *Dot*, designed by H. J. Gielow, has a Spalding hollow mast 42ft. 10in. long; greatest diameter, 10in., weighing 347lbs.

A solid mast of the same dimensions would weigh about 490lbs.

Momo II., of the Sound 25ft. restricted knockabout class, designed by Clinton H. Crane, has a hollow mast 42ft. 2in. long; boom, 31ft. 6in., and gaff, 17ft. 5in., weighing 217lbs., 70lbs., and 21½lbs., respectively.

Would weigh if solid as follows: Mast, 294lbs.; boom, 103lbs.; gaff, 29lbs.

The racing Seawanhaka 20-footer *Constance*, designed by Clinton H. Crane, has a hollow mast 27ft. 1in. x 4½in., weighing 37lbs. (would be 51lbs. if solid); hollow boom, 23ft. x 3¾in., weighing 24lbs. (would be 33lbs. if solid); hollow gaff, 13ft. 9in., weighing 9lbs., including jaws (would be 13lbs. if solid).

Possum and O-Shima-Sam, both of the 36ft. Sound class, designed by Clinton H. Crane, each had a hollow boom and gaff. Each boom 37ft. 6½in., weighing 117lbs.; each gaff 23ft. x 4in., weighing 33lbs. (with jaws).

Would weigh if solid 153lbs. and 44lbs., respectively. Lorelei, 25-footer, designed by Gardner & Cox, has a hollow mast 33ft. 1½in. long by 6½in. greatest diameter; weighs 148lbs.

Would weigh 198lbs. if solid. The 35ft. l.w.l. cutter *Mira*, designed by Gardner & Cox, has a hollow mast 49ft. 9in. long, weighs 420lbs. Would weigh 553lbs. if solid.

At Hanley's Quincy shop the Brown 25-footer, *Al Kyris*, is nearly planked and ready for her deck beams. The Bache 25-footer is ready for planking, and the Hayden 25-footer is being set up. The Clark 30-footer is ready for painting. She will be raced in Boston waters

until the middle of July, when she will go south of the Cape.

Sheldon has just received a bunch of orders, which will keep him busy until after the season has opened. These orders include a 50ft. launch for Frank Hallett, of Lubec, a 28ft. launch for Holbrook, Cabot and Daley; a 25ft. launch for G. A. Lorie, of East Boston; a 22ft. launch for Robert Beales, of Jonesport; a 22ft. launch for Peter Berlo; a 22ft. launch for Green Harbor, and an 18ft. auxiliary for John Johnson. The 30ft. launch which was built to exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show has been sold, and will be used on Moosehead Lake. The Dewing launch is nearly ready to take the water. The McDonald and McLean launches are nearly ready for delivery. Two or three more orders are expected this week, which will take up most of the available room in the shop.

At Lawleys' the Harvard launch is about completed. Her boiler and engine are in and she will probably be delivered next week. The Mason 46-footer is nearly half planked. The keel of the Binney 30-footer is being turned out and her lead keel will be run this week. The Foster 21-footer is planked. The McQuesten 95ft. steamer is in frame and her steel bulkheads have been put in. The Binney 25-footer is partly planked. The Crane 29-footer, which was built to beat *Dragoon* in Southern waters, will start for Charleston some time next week in charge of Capt. Bill Kirby. She will be taken through the inside passage, through the canals, Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound. Signs of an early season are evident throughout the yard, several of the boats having their winter jackets off.—Boston Globe.

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Sound Y. R. A. will be held at the Yachtsman's Club on March 15 at 8 P. M., to which the owners of knockabouts and raceabouts have been invited, with a view to the discussion of the proposed new rules.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

May.
26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.
August.
3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

The dinner of the Atlantic Division in New York on March 3 was the most successful gathering of canoeists which has been seen in New York for ten years, about seventy-five being present.

Rig for a Canvas Canoe.

SISQUOC, P. O., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a canvas canoe, No. 2, which I built from the "Manual of the Canvas Canoe," by F. R. Webb. Having used it for duck hunting, and now the season is over, I want to use it for sailing. Could you or any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM give me some information through your valuable paper as to how much keel to use, what size sail and what kind will be best adapted for good results? Would like to hear from some canoeist.

V. U. TOGNAZZINI.

At Calla Shasta.

At Calla Shasta! In that phrase
Live once again the bygone days!
The joyous days of early spring,
When bird choirs made the woodland ring
With carolings, and orchard trees,
Snow-laden, wooed the passing breeze;
The longer days of summer sped
Ere yet we knew that spring had fled,
Till from the stubble piping quail,
And in the sedge the croaking rail,
Hailed with autumnal blended call
The crimson leaf of early fall,
At Calla Shasta.

Sweet, hidden camp, with charm so rare,
We fain would have it summer there
The whole year through, if we confess;
Nor would its beauties grow the less.
The guide, a path that beckons you on,
Its rough, uneven course upon;
A modest path, that seems to shrink

Back from the river's winding brink,
Yet, fearful still, declines to stray
Within the woodland's baken way,
But, in the shadow skirting past,
Is lost 'mid golden rod at last,
At Calla Shasta.

The waters lap along the edge
In waving rice and weedy sedge,
And from the sheltering willow screen,
The bird folk call, themselves unseen.
In light, untaught aerial dance,
The swift-winged swallows skim and glance,
And, higher up, from 'mid the trees,
The bark of squirrel, in the breeze,
Is mingled with the countless sounds
Of insect life that there abounds;
The sharp, insistent katydid,
And croak of tree toad, safely hid,
At Calla Shasta.

A thousand charms, all nature's own;
The sigh of pine; the creak and moan
Of storm-tossed trees that bend and sway;
The rarer charm of perfect day,
When splintered sunbeams, straying thro'
The vault of green beneath the blue,
In artless pattern lightly fleck
The ground, in light and shadow check;
The cawing crows that greet the dawn;
The fresh, clear air of early morn;
All these and countless charms untold,
With each glad, joyous day unfold,
At Calla Shasta.

There laughter blends with merry shout,
To put dull thoughts to utter rout,
Till from the hills is backward sent
The three-times echoed merriment.
Prim Fashion, with her thousand rules
Of etiquette, and stylish schools,
Is banished with her sickening cant,
And comfort rules, tho' dress be scant.
No hours to call, to dine or sleep,
Save as it pleases you to keep.
A light, Bohemian freedom there,
That fears no law and knows no care,
At Calla Shasta.

But now no longer voices lilt,
Or white sunbonnets gayly tilt
And teeter there by Idle Inn,
Or blaring horns make midnight din.
To-day the north wind, drear and lone,
Through swaying pine and oak makes moan,
A sea gull wings in silence past,
And snow and ice hold all things fast.
Gone are the blithesome summer days,
And yet, methinks, the charm still stays,
To weave anew, in joyous spring,
The spell of its own magic ring,
At Calla Shasta.

Mirth ever reigns, enthroned within
The merry walls of Idle Inn.
And from the porch, at her command,
Free hospitality's open hand
With ready welcome greets "the boys";
And adds a rattle to the noise.
And where is he who e'en would dare
To bring the shadow of a care?
E'en grave decorum there unbends
To wear the mask that laughter lends,
And trips a light, fantastic toe,
With all the grace it used to know,
At Calla Shasta.

Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Hudson River.

BURLINGTON, Vt., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many of the members of the Lake Champlain Y. C. who are readers of your valuable paper earnestly feel that we should not allow the late letter of Mr. Horace H. Chittenden, in your issue of Feb. 17, to pass as a correct statement of the dangers of canoeing and small boating on our beautiful Lake Champlain.

The fact that the American Canoe Association has four times held its annual meet on our lake, in 1887, 1890, 1891 and 1895, ought to be a sufficient refutation of his statement as to its dangerous character. His statement as to its natural beauty, however, is fully appreciated. Those of us who have lived and are now living on the borders of Lake Champlain, and who have always been and are now actively engaged in small boating, are unanimous in the statement that there is no finer body of water for yachting, canoeing and boating generally than Lake Champlain. The mountains and hills being from ten to thirty miles back from the shores, there is not the liability to unexpected puffs that are troublesome on some small ponds and inland lakes. We who have sailed have never yet discovered the "treacherous character" of the lake or that it is a "tempestuous sheet of water" or that the wind is "always blowing a gale."

It will be remembered that our lake is about 120 miles in length, but its width varies from one mile and less to about nine miles opposite Burlington, and, of course, especially in the wider parts, on account of the greater sea, the same good judgment must be used in sailing either large or small boats as is used in sailing on any body of water, or even on a river. We occasionally have storms and windy days, but they are no more frequent than elsewhere, and there is always ample warning of their approach. It is only the reckless, or those lacking ordinary judgment or knowledge of sailing, who have any reason to complain of our winds or weather, and that class of sailors are always in danger in attempting to sail on any body of water.

Our weather from May till November is simply fine for sailing, and our winds are as moderate and steady as on any inland lake in the country, and we are as often troubled by lack of wind as by an excess of it. Our

smaller yachts as well as the large ones usually carry top-sails, and it is seldom that they are not in use. The writer has cruised, about the lake and to St. John's, Canada, through the broadest and most exposed part of the lake, at one time his wife accompanying him, in his small 13ft. sail boat without the least trouble or danger. We use a larger class of boats generally, unless we desire to skirt and camp along the clean, beautiful shores of the lake, but in our yachts we often meet the lone canoeist gliding along apparently unconcerned while we may have one or more reefs tied in. Several of the islands in the lake are quite large—ten miles or more in length—and there are narrow passages between them, while numerous large and small bays, nooks, harbors and fine sandy beaches add greatly to the safety of navigating small boats, as landings can be made in a very few minutes at any time in case of threatening storm.

The water is pure, the scenery fine, camping and bathing places are to be found wherever one chances to land, and kind, generous people all along the shores are always ready to greet the cruiser and furnish supplies to any gentlemanly cruiser or yachtsman. Reefs are usually buoyed, and the United States charts are accurate in every detail, and as they show among other things, the depth of water, the disciples of Izaak can readily discover the natural fishing places.

Smaller maps and views of scenery can readily be procured of H. J. Shanley & Co., of this city, at a small cost. The beautiful steamers of the Champlain Transportation Company, under the management of its genial superintendent, Capt. George Rushlow, and its courteous captains, are ever ready to pick up the weary cruiser, small boat and all, at any port and transport them to any part of the lake, and thousands of the pleasure-seeking public from all parts avail themselves of this method of enjoying the beauties of our lake.

The travel by these steamers is rapidly increasing each year; and as they are modern in all their appointments (including search lights), we advise the weary cruiser also to make a tour of the lake on them for the purpose of seeing it as a whole and viewing the many camps, cottages and harbors along its shores.

We should advise your inquirer, Mr. Waldo, to begin his cruise at least as far north as East Alburg, and he will find the beauties of the lake to increase as he progresses southward to Whitehall, or if he begins at Whitehall, the same will be the case as he proceeds northward, as the whole lake is beautiful, and he will never fail to find variety in everything which goes to make up a delightful cruise in either broad or narrow reaches. We also trust that he and all other yachtsmen will not fail to come to at this port and make free use of our commodious club house, floats and anchorage, which many of our friends from New York city and elsewhere, coming in their launches and sailing craft, seem to fully appreciate.

A. G. WHITEMORE,
Secretary, Lake Champlain Y. C.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—George Clayton, Burlington, N. J.; Upson Von Vasick, New York; George W. Moorhead, New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Show Rifle and Pistol Tournaments.

The following scores were made in the rifle and pistol competition from the first day up to and including last Saturday:

Revolver championship match:

J A Dietz	44	43	42	46	43	43	41	41
Dr Sayre	41	40	40	40	40	40	40	40

Pistol championship match:

J G Dillin	42	34	37	40	40	24	33	43	42	45
J B Crabtree	41	43	41	44	40					

Match A, any revolver:

J G Dillin	41	Dr Sayre	47	48	46		
A Stein	46	47	48	J A Dietz	46	47	46
J A Smith	47	47	49	Sergt Petty	45	43	46
L Piercy	46	42	43				

Match B, military revolver:

J A Dietz	58	58	56	Dr Sayre	56	57	53
A Stein	56	53	54	A L A Himmelwright	54	52	56

Match C, pistol:

J W Christiansen	46	46	44	L Buss	35
Dr Sayre	48	46	A Stein	46	47
J B Crabtree	47	47			

Match D, Police revolver:

A Stein	42	43	44	W Rosenbaum	38	40	43
E Wilson	41	42	A Hofer	39	43	41	

Point target, contest for trophies:

L Piercy	1	C H Chapman	1
A D Shepard	1	J A Smith	12
Dr Casey	1	T Ward	1

Pistol, .22cal. Trophy.

N Sperring	1	J B Crabtree	1
Dr Sayre	1	J W Christiansen	1

Point, military: Trophy.

L Buss	1	J A Dietz	1
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Point, Police revolver: Trophy.

Wm Rosenbaum	2	Sergt Petty	1
A Hofer	1		

Continuous match, 25-ring target:

M Dorrier	74	74	148	R Gute	71	70	141
F C Ross	75	72	147	S J Lyon	70	70	140
L C Buss	74	73	147	J G Dillin	69	69	138
L P Ittel	72	72	144	G Schlicht	69	69	138
R C Karschner	73	71	144	H D Muller	70	67	137
S W Burton	72	71	143	J Facklamm	69	66	135
W Rosenbaum	71	71	142	G Dorr	67	66	133
H M Pope	71	71	142	G Grenzer	66	62	128

Best five scores for premiums:

F C Ross	75	72	72	71	71	361	M Dorrier	74	74	71	70	70	359
L C Buss	74	73	73	70	70	360							

Best twenty-five bullseyes:

P Kossek	22½	S J Lyon	33½
C Mayer	23½	R Gute	36
H Schuibbe	25½	G Dorr	39
J G Dillin	26	I Martin	39½
H D Muller	26½	L P Ittel	40½
G Zimmermann	27	J F Smith	47
J Facklamm	29	W A Hicks	50
G Schlicht	30	E S Pillard	55
A Stein	30	C Mayer	63
F C Ross	30	G Grenzer	63
M Dorrier	30	W Koch	65
S W Burton	31	Stadler	76
F Kost	32½		

Columbia Rifle Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 6.—The scores made by the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club members who participated in the competition to-night were unusually high. Quick and McCord each scored 244:

McChesney	21	22	24	24	24	21	25	25	25	25	238
Willard	23	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	242
Gifford	19	23	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	231
Hovey	20	20	21	21	22	22	23	23	25	25	222
Fredericks	21	22	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	233
McCord	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	244
Kershner	22	23	24	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	241
Wray	20	21	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	234
Andrews	22	23	24	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	241
Hendrickson	23	23	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	240
Quick	23	23	24	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	244
Mosher	21	22	23	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	231
Clark	23	23	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	236
Hawks	19	23	23	23	23	24	24	25	25	25	231
Underwood	22	23	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	238
Joslyn	15	18	21	22	23	23	23	23	24	25	217
Osborne	21	22	23	23	24	24	25	25	25	25	235
Salter	18	20	21	22	22	23	23	23	24	25	222
Williams	21	21	22	22	22	23	23	24	25	25	226
Chamberlain	21	22	22	22	22	23	23	24	25	25	228

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores to-day in regular monthly shoot for class medals (one entry only), and all-comers' and members' re-entry medals and prizes. Weather conditions very unfavorable, being squally, and changes of light occurring very frequently; yet some fine shooting was done. C. M. Daiss' great revolver shooting at last shoot brought out lots of competition with that weapon. All tried self-loading. Paul Becker, one of our new members, made best score, 61, using Laffin & Rand's new smokeless powder. F. O. Young beat his best club pistol record, with Peters' .22 short semi-smokeless cartridges, making 32, or a 3.2in. ring average, which is only 3 points behind the re-entry record. He made it on his single class



DAVIS' SCORE.

Duplicate of C. M. Davis' first recorded revolver score, 50 shots, made by C. M. Davis with .44 S. & W. Rus. revolver, 50yds., off-hand, in Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, San Francisco, Feb. 18, 1900, in Twist revolver match and a side match on Creedmoor count, with Young beating him 5 points. Columbia target score: 50 61 51 62 59—273, or 5.26in. ring average. Creedmoor: 50 48 50 49 49—246 out of 250, Coast record.



DORRELL'S SCORE.

A. B. Dorrell's score of 16. The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's .22 rifle record; 50yds., off-hand, made Feb. 18, 1900, at San Francisco.

entry. Capt. F. Kuhnle tried his hand at the 50yds. range with a .25cal. Stevens' rifle, and did some good average work. He will make it interesting for Dorrell this year. I should have stated at last shoot that Dorrell made the club record (36, or 1.6in. ring average, at 50yds., using Winchester single shot .22 rifle), with Peters' .22 long rifle semi-smokeless cartridges—his first trial with them.

Best scores, Columbia target, class medals, one entry, experts (rifle):

F O Young	6	3	3	4	4	8	7	6	5	10	56
A B Dorrell	17	3	12	3	6	9	4	12	5	3	478

A. H. Pape 73, Capt. F. Kuhnle 87.

Sharpshooters: G. Mannell 87, G. M. Barley 96, C. M. Daiss 121.

Marksmen: Dr. J. F. Twist 104, E. E. Beaman 127, G. Hoadley 129, Mrs. Mannell 160, E. A. Allen 200.

Pistol, experts: F. O. Young 3 5 2 4 2 1 3 3 7 2—32, A. B. Dorrell 63, A. H. Pape 66, G. Barley 74.

Sharpshooters: Dr. J. F. Twist 79, G. H. Hoadley 87.

Marksmen: Mrs. Waltham 82, E. E. Beaman 93, Mrs. Mannell 93, F. Hassmann 94, G. Mannell 105, E. A. Allen 130.

All-comers' and members' re-entry matches; rifle:

A H Pape	1	10	3	3	2	6	5	2	3	9	44
F O Young	8	5	3	3	5	5	9	10	7	2	57
A B Dorrell	5	5	3	9	4	12	6	4	7	4	59
Capt F Kuhnle	4	5	4	8	2	12	6	14	5	4	61

G. Mannell 75, C. M. Daiss 78.

Rifle record:

Dorrell	9	7	5	4	7	4	3	8	3	5	55
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Pistol: G. M. Barley 50, F. O. Young 53, G. Hoadley 70.

Pistol record: Mrs. Mannell 80, Miss Sailer 129.

Twist revolver medal:

F O Young	59	65	65	70	69	G Hoadley	86	97	97	94	111
C M Daiss	55	63	65	75	75	Dr J F Twist	76	97	109	114	121
P Becker	54	60	78	88	104	Dr Gusti	98	104			
E E Beaman	69	81	87	94	103						

The above was in a 50-shot match, with a side bet, on Creedmoor count, two men in each team. Young and Hoadley won by

1 point. Creedmoor count was: Young 236, Hoadley 219; Daiss 236, Twist 216; Becker 232, Beaman 222.
Twenty-two and twenty-five caliber rifles: Capt. F. Kühnle, 2 3 1 1 1 2 3 4 1 3—21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 22, 29; A. B. Dorrell, 28; G. Hoadley, 35; Mrs. Waltham, 41; Hassman, 43; J. S. Collins, 32; G. Collins 41.
The Peters Cartridge & King's Powder Co. have kindly contributed 5,000 cartridges and 12 lbs. of powder for prize competition. F. O. Young, Sec'y.

We are informed that "the National Rifle Association, of England, of which the Duke of Cambridge is president, has elected Mr. Walter Winans as vice-president, although he is not an Englishman, but an American citizen, as a mark of their appreciation of what he has done in the cause of revolver shooting in England."

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 1-17.—New York.—Madison Square Garden, under auspices of National Sportsmen's Association. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas.
March 6-7.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.
March 8.—West Chester, Pa.—Seventh annual live-bird shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
March 19.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.
March 21.—Newark, N. J.—Contest for Greater New York and vicinity trophy between C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and F. E. Sinnock, challenger, on grounds of South Side Gun Club.
March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.
March 24.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Contest for the cast iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.
March 29.—New York.—Contest for Dupont trophy between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
March 27-29.—Allentown, Pa.—Three days' shoot—first day at targets, second and third at live birds. A. Griesemer, Mgr.
March 31.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League's live-bird handicap, 25 birds, \$150 guaranteed.
March 31.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, holder, and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.
April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.
April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.
April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.
April 24-26.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.
April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.
April —.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.
May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.
May 2-3.—Laverne, Minn.—Laverne Gun Club's tournament.
May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohn's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.
May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.
May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.
May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.
Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Two events are on the programme of the second day's shoot at Smith Brothers' East Side Shooting grounds, Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark, N. J., Wednesday of this week. The first event is a miss-and-out, \$2, birds extra; the second is at 25 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, class shooting, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

We learn that several trains of the L. I. R. R. will stop at Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, on and after March 19, for the accommodation of shooters.

Some of the shooters have taken up the wholesome sport of bowling, in some of their few spare moments, while in New York, and a number of them have shown the same skill in this sport that they display in the use of the shotgun. Mr. W. R. Crosby a few days since scored over 200 points in a game, and was well up toward the 200 mark several times. It is a rare exception when he does not make a spare or a strike. Jack Fanning also shows great ability, and makes matters interesting for his opponents. There probably was never a greater group of eminent trapshooters in a bowling alley than in the team contests at Reid's Alleys in New York one day last week. There were W. R. Crosby, R. O. Heikes, Jack Fanning, Elmer E. Shaner, C. Budd, W. Fred Quimby, Leroy, S. M. Wolstencroft, W. Wolstencroft, Dominie and Edward Banks, all men who have been where the competition has been thickest and came out victors.

The calendar for 1900 issued by Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., is adorned with a number of new portraits of eminent shooters, with condensed records of their marvelous doings in 1899 with the Parker gun. Grouped around an excellent portrait of Charles Parker are those of Messrs. S. A. Tucker, Capt. A. W. du Bray, John Parker, W. F. Parker, C. W. Budd, E. C. Griffith, W. A. Hammond, Fred Gilbert, O. R. Dickey, F. D. Alkire, G. R. Hunnewell, J. R. Malone, Harold Money, C. F. Ridge, C. E. Robbins, H. W. Brown, A. B. Cartledge, C. M. Powers, J. F. Jordan, F. H. Snow, H. D. Kirkover, E. E. Neal, J. H. Mackie, H. G. Wheeler, A. H. Frank, C. M. Hostetter, A. H. Fox, F. E. Sinnock, Sim Glover and Col. J. T. Anthony. Messrs. Parker Brothers will furnish one free to any gun club which applies for it, and to any individual who will send his name, address and 10 cents in stamps.

Mr. R. W. Gorham, secretary of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club is busy getting ready for its tournament on March 21 and 22. They expect a large crowd present, including some of the best shots in the country. The grounds are first class, and they can promise all those who attend plenty of shooting and a good time. The first day will be devoted to targets, three traps, Sargeant system, electric pull. The second day, live-bird handicap. First event, 7 birds, entrance \$5, birds included. Second event 15 birds, entrance \$10, birds extra. Extra events if time permits. Shooters can shoot for price of targets or live birds if they desire. Mt. Kisco is only 37 miles from New York city. Trains leave Grand Central Depot for Mt. Kisco at 8:08, 9:12 and 11:35 A. M. All are welcome."

Mr. C. E. De Long defeated Capt. A. H. Bogardus at Hot Springs, Ark., in a mixed competition of targets and live birds. There were 20 singles, 10 pairs and 20 live birds each. De Long scored 49 to 43 for his competitor. A race similar in competition was then shot between Mr. De Long and Mrs. Shattuck, the former winning. The scores were: De Long 49, Mrs. Shattuck 43, the latter thus equaling Capt. Bogardus' score. Another match is arranged between Messrs. De Long and Bogardus, to take place in the near future, under the Captain's favorite conditions as to the live birds—that is, one barrel, and no bird to be killed within 10 yds. of the trap.

The programme of the Baltimore Association's tournament, April 10, 11, 12 and 13, will be out in about a week, and will be attractive in its offerings to the shooters. This will follow in the week after the Grand American Handicap, and thus will be convenient, both as to time and place, to the shooters who congregate at Interstate Park. The ten-men team contest, 25 birds each, for price of birds, between Philadelphia and Baltimore, has not yet been settled as to the date on which it will take place, March 31, suggested by the Philadelphia shooters, not being acceptable to Baltimore.

Under date of March 10 Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Park Association, writes us as follows: "Interstate Park will be open to the public on and after March 19, and there will be railroad facilities direct to station on the grounds. There will be club and open events during the entire time, March 19 to the great event, the Grand American Handicap. The grounds will be open at any time for those who desire participating in club, open events or practice."

The Pentz pearl pin, which has been an object of keen competition among the members of the Baltimore Shooting Association for a long while, was finally won by Mr. J. R. Malone, with the possible 50 points, in the totals of the five highest scores. Second place was held by H. Waters with 48; third by West with 47; fourth by Collins with 45. This prize was presented to the Association for competition by Mr. Jacob Pentz.

At Mincola, L. I., last Saturday, in a team shoot at 25 targets, the Mincola Gun Club defeated the Aqueduct Gun Club by a score of 114 to 109. The scores were: Aqueduct Gun Club—W. Hopkins 20, E. Smith 13, J. Hopkins 18, J. Tristram 12, H. Allyn 16, W. Ryder 15, Dr. Bryant 15; total 109. Mincola Gun Club—F. Gilderleeve 20, M. Skelly 17, B. Simonson 18, H. Carman 14, E. Lewis 17, C. Engle 15, W. Seaman 16; total 114.

A handicap 50-target contest, emblematic of the championship of Montgomery county, O., has been opened to resident shooters. The first of the series of twelve contests took place on March 16, and subsequent contests take place on the third Friday of each month, commencing at 1 o'clock. Contests take place at the Buckeye Shooting Park, Dayton, O. Entrance fee, price of targets.

The performances of the experts at the roof garden tournament of the Sportsmen's Association are marvelous exhibitions of skill in the use of the shotgun. The scores, published in our trapshooting columns, are evidences of this. The conditions governing the competition were published in FOREST AND STREAM last week.

March 16 has been fixed upon for the regular shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club, at Heflich's Hotel, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road, Hoboken, Jersey City and Rutherford cars pass the grounds. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Mr. John Chartrand, Hoboken, is the secretary.

The match between Messrs. C. W. Feigenspan and F. E. Sinnock for the Greater New York and vicinity trophy will take place on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., March 21, at 3 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 1:30, and will take place before and after the match.

In another column Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., presents a plan of organizing a party to attend the Grand American Handicap, with all the advantages accruing therefrom—that is to say, a special train, with all the comforts of sleeping, parlor and dining cars, with the advantages of reduced rates.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., is willing to shoot a four-men team target match with a four-men team of any other gun club in the United States. The only restrictions as to the men is that they must be amateurs and bona fide members of the club which they represent.

The shooters should bear in mind that the entries of the Grand American Handicap close on March 24. Post entries may be made, but they cost \$10 extra. Programmes may be obtained on application to Mr. Edward Banks, secretary Interstate Association, 318 Broadway, New York.

On the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM this week is an editorial which treats of the status of trapshooters generally, and particularly of the vile slander so justly resented by "A Trapshooter" in a communication published in our trap columns this week.

Much interest is manifested in the new Interstate Park, and many of the famous shooters have visited it to behold its wonderful fitness and capacity. It is conceded by all to be equal to any demands which can be made upon its resources.

At the Crescent Athletic Club's shoot on March 10, Bay Ridge, L. I., Charles A. Sykes won the second competition for the March cup with a score of 25 out of a possible 25, with a handicap of 4.

We learn that the match at 100 live birds, \$100 a side, arranged at the recent Van Allen-Blaisdell match, between Messrs. Blaisdell and "E. J. Peabody," has been declared off.

G. Williamson, of Media, Pa., won the entrance to the Grand American Handicap, offered as a prize at the shoot of the West Chester Gun Club on March 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

March 10.—The shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, had the Wright second medal contest for the main event. This was No. 4, at 30 targets, all standing at scratch. This was won by G. Williamson with a straight score. No. 7 was at 10 pairs. No. 8 was at 10 pairs and 5 singles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	10	15	30	10	*				
H. Blauvelt	16	4	8	22	6	11	9	..	7	
G. Williamson	19	7	11	30	15	..	6	
G. B. Paterson	20	9	..	29	..	18	
L. Snow	6	
N. J. Lane	5	..	18	
J. S. S. Remsen	13	27	7	20	13	12	9	..	
J. S. Wright	8	20	..	10	10	10	6	..	
Smith	21	4	11	..	10	

*Fifteen singles and 5 pairs.

Medicus Gun Club.

Maspeth, L. I., March 8.—The events to-day were mostly at 5 live birds. No. 4 was at 10 live birds, for the parlor lamp, which was won by Wood. Johnnie Jones acted as scorer. The results follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Birds:	5	5	10	3	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Dr. Miller	4	3	3	8	3	2	5	4	5	4	4	4
E. Woods	4	3	4	9	2	3	3	4	5	5	5	3
J. P. Kay	1	3	5	6	3	4	5	4	4	2	4	5
G. Merritt	2	2	2	7	2

Special Party to the Grand American Handicap.

PERU, Ind., March 10.—As you will see from the appended copy of a circular issued by myself from Chicago on the 8th inst., I have decided to organize and personally conduct to the Grand American Handicap this year a special party. As this will serve to secure for all who wish to attend this great event in 1900 a reduced rate, I would be pleased if you would publish this copy of the circular in your trapshooting notes as early as possible.

Dear Sir: Having in a recent interview with Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, learned from that gentleman that he would not, as heretofore, organize and head a party to the Grand American Handicap in 1900, and having been assured by Mr. Rice that he would assist me in every way possible, I have concluded to this year personally conduct a special party, leaving Chicago by way of the Wabash Railroad, at 12 o'clock noon, Saturday, March 31, arriving in New York the afternoon of April 1, 1900. This train will consist of up-to-date Pullman palace sleeping cars, dining car, baggage car, and will run by way of the Wabash from Chicago to Buffalo via Detroit and Niagara Falls, thence over the West Shore, passing through Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, etc.

Application has been made to the various railroad associations interested for reduced rates for this occasion, which rates I hope to be able to announce within a few days to those who apply for the same. At the suggestion of Mr. Rice, the Astor House, New York city, has been chosen as headquarters for the party, being convenient to the bridge and ferries. This will enable the shooters not only to go and be together during the week of the handicap at the shooting park, but to spend their evenings together, if they so desire.

Having been in the railroad business for some years, and having a wide acquaintance among the shooting fraternity, I am familiar with the wants and demands of a party made up of America's representative sportsmen, and think I am in position to assure all who go with us the very best of treatment and every attention that will contribute to their comfort and pleasure.

In order that I may provide ample hotel and sleeping car accommodations for all who wish to join this special party, you are respectfully requested to notify the undersigned at the earliest possible date just how much space you will require in the sleeping cars, and what you desire in the way of hotel accommodations.

The hour of departure of the train upon the return trip will be arranged while en route to accommodate the convenience of the party.

J. L. HEAD.
310 MARQUETTE BUILDING, Chicago, or Peru, Ind.

Matches at Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 7.—Herewith find scores of two individual matches. The first match was between C. E. De Long, of Hot Springs, and Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of Chicago.

At the end of the match Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, challenged the winner. The challenge was accepted and shot off at once.

The weather was very bad, being windy and very cloudy, making it difficult to see the second target in the doubles.

The live birds were of superior quality. Most of them traveled with the wind, thus making it quite difficult to stop them within the bounds.

Mrs. Shattuck is certainly a remarkable shot for a lady, and second to but few of the other sex. She certainly deserves great credit.

Capt. Bogardus has again challenged me for a return match at live birds, his rules to govern same. Only one barrel can be used, and any bird falling within 10 yds. of the trap is scored lost. This rule is new to me, and I have never shot under such a rule, but I have accepted his challenge, and the match will take place in the near future.

De Long vs. Bogardus, 20 targets each:

Capt. A. H. Bogardus.....11111111111111111111—18
C. E. De Long.....11111111111111111111—20

Ten pairs each:

Bogardus.....11 00 11 10 00 10 00 10 01 11—10
De Long.....10 10 11 00 10 10 11 10 11 10—13

Twenty live birds each:

Bogardus.....*1111111110*1201*211—15
De Long.....221220221122*21*211—16

De Long vs. Mrs. Shattuck, 20 targets each:

De Long.....11111110001111111111—17
Mrs. Shattuck.....0111111111101111101—16

Ten pairs each:

De Long.....11 10 10 01 01 11 01 11 00 11—13
Mrs. Shattuck.....10 10 10 01 01 11 10 10 10 11—11

Twenty live birds each:

De Long.....12121*1121221122222—19
Mrs. Shattuck.....12220*1221212*102111—16

C. E. De Long.

Programme of Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, March 12.—Below we give you in advance of the regular programme an outline of our spring tournament, April 10 to 13, the week immediately following the Grand American Handicap. April 10 and 11 will be at targets, and consist of three 15-bird events, entrance \$1.50 each, and seven 20-bird events, entrance \$2 each, with \$10 added money in all target events. Total number of targets each day, 185, and total entrance each day, \$18.50. Old system, of four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Don't overlook the fact that this is an open shoot. No one is barred, no matter whether he is a paid representative or an expert; but experts will be handicapped from 14 to 18 yds.

April 12 will be the first live-bird day, and the events consist of a 7-bird race, entrance \$5, and a 10-bird race, entrance \$7, birds included, 30 yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, and a 15-bird race, entrance \$10, birds included, handicaps 25 to 32 yds., class shooting, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., followed by miss-and-out events, if time will permit.

April 13, the last day, there will be but one regular programme event, consisting of a 25-bird handicap race, entrance \$20, birds included, \$50 added by the Association, handicaps 25 to 32 yds., class shooting, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. All events open to the world, and nobody barred.

H. P. COLLINS, Sec'y, B. S. A.

The Sportsmen's Show Tournament.

HIGHER scores marked the progress of the competition. The weather conditions, as a whole, have been favorable for the trap-shooting.

Fifth Day, Tuesday, March 6.

Competition of a very high character marked the shooting on the fifth day of the tournament, especially in the Continuous match, where it was nip and tuck right to the very finish.

Crosby, as a starter, ran 24, and this remained unbeaten until he beat it himself on his tenth trial by scoring 27 consecutive breaks. Again on his thirteenth trial he increased this to 29. Fanning had been persistently trying to accumulate a good run, but it was not until his seventeenth trial that he succeeded in establishing a new mark, running out on 39. Crosby did not propose to be outdone, and when Manager Shaner called the last squad he and Fanning were in it. Right here is where the contest for supremacy took place, as each had his good eye with him. One by one the other members of the squad failed and fell out, and then a battle royal began which lasted until the 64th round, when Fanning fell by the wayside. Crosby survived only a brief period longer, being able to break 65. This, however, won the medal for the day and also gave him the longest run of the tournament up to date. Crosby's best runs were 65, 29, 27, 24 and 21. Prior to this no one had been able to make 63, and it looked like hard luck that Fanning could not win on such good shooting, but this is part of the sport, and goes to make the competition. Fanning made seventeen different attempts, his good runs being 63, 39 and 20.

Fulford in ten trials got as far as 23 once. Heikes made thirteen efforts, and his good ones were 21, 14 and 13. Leroy, with eleven trials, had two 21s and two 10s to his credit. Budd faced the traps nine times, and his best results were 19 and 11. T. C. Wright, out of fourteen times up, reached 11 once. R. Schneider tried it five times, but could not go beyond 6. S. M. Van Allen in four attempts showed an 8 as his highest. Dr. Knowlton in seven trials managed to reach 8 once. Amose entered nine times, and the best he made was 6. Linthicum essayed it thirteen times with a like result. Weightman scored 2 twice out of four trials. C. R. Wise tried very persistently, entering thirteen times, but could not induce them to cluster.

The Association Championship contest showed equal competition, and here Fanning had his success, finishing one bird ahead of the "Farmer Boy," though it required the magnificent total of 98 to accomplish this.

In addition to winning the daily medal, this also gave Fanning the best score of the tournament to date. Crosby practically maintained his stride, as will be inferred from his score of 97. Fulford, too, gave a good account of himself by breaking 93.

The weather was again quite adverse, as sleet fell during the early part of the day, and later this turned to rain, so that the shooters found their anything but a pleasant occupation. The light was bad, but there was an agreeable absence of the wind which has hitherto prevailed. The scores:

J S Fanning.....24 25 25 24—98	Capt Money, 1.....22 23 20 20—84
W R Crosby.....25 24 23 25—97	T C Wright.....17 21 24 21—83
E D Fulford.....23 25 22 25—95	S M Van Allen, 1.....16 22 23 18—79
B Leroy.....23 23 24 23—93	R Schneider.....22 19 17 20—78
R O Heikes, 1.....23 24 21 22—90	C R Wise, 2.....17 18 19 13—68
R O Heikes, 2.....23 22 22 23—89	E Dupont, Jr.....15 17 14 15—65
Amose, 2.....24 22 21 22—89	C R Wise, 1.....10 14 21 18—63
C W Budd.....21 22 22 23—88	A Rogers.....15 15 16 16—61
S M Van Allen, 2.....23 18 22 25—88	F Mayer.....12 11 17 15—55
F B Tracy.....21 23 21 23—87	O Scotten.....14 9 13—39
Capt Money, 2.....23 22 19 23—87	R O Heikes, 3.....23 24 22 w
W W Linthicum.....19 23 25 19—86	Ed Banks.....18 21 18 w
Amose, 1.....21 21 19 23—84	

Sixth Day, Wednesday, March 7.

As on Saturday, Wednesday's programme consisted of but one event, in which the entries must be limited to such an extent as to insure its completion by 1:30, when the matinee in the Garden theater begins. Thus, the Association Championship was the only race shot to-day. Fanning did the best shooting in this on the first trial, but Fulford was determined, and would not be withstood, so that he re-entered, and on his second attempt by a masterful piece of shooting succeeded in tying Fanning. They were high, having broken 94. Heikes finished second with 93 on his first trial. He essayed it once more, but after shooting 50 and losing 8 he withdrew. Budd with 92 is third. Then comes Crosby, Dominic and Fulford 91, while Leroy follows these with 90. Altogether there were twenty-seven entries, twenty-five of these competing.

Owing to the time for the contest being limited, the tie between Fulford and Fanning will have to go over for decision until to-morrow. Their scores in the championship contest is to decide this.

The weather was pleasant, thus being favorable for good shooting; nevertheless nothing extraordinary was accomplished.

E D Fulford, 2.....23 24 25 22—94	Dr Webber, 3.....21 18 21 22—82
J S Fanning.....24 22 25 23—94	S M Van Allen, 2.....20 22 17 20—77
R O Heikes, 1.....23 24 24 23—93	Dr Casey, 2.....17 20 18 22—77
C W Budd.....22 24 24 22—92	S M Van Allen, 1.....21 18 18 20—77
W R Crosby.....23 23 23 22—91	H Martin, 1.....20 19 19 16—74
Dominic, 1.....22 22 25 22—91	Dr Casey, 1.....19 21 18 16—74
E D Fulford, 1.....23 22 22 24—91	H Martin, 2.....20 16 18 20—74
B Leroy.....24 23 20 23—89	B Waters.....20 18 14 20—72
G S K Remsen.....23 23 20 23—88	G A Mosher.....19 14 20 18—71
Dominic, 2.....24 20 21 23—88	M R Weightman.....16 12 17 19—64
Capt Bunk.....21 21 21 22—85	G Mager.....15 17 15 15—62
F B Tracy.....22 23 18 22—85	F F Wood.....17 18 15 12—62
Ed Banks.....23 22 18 20—83	R O Heikes, 2.....23 20 w
Amose.....19 21 20 22—82	A Dietzel.....11 16 w

Seventh Day, Thursday, March 8.

The amassing of some great scores by Budd and Crosby was the chief feature of to-day's shooting, the former making the highest run of the present tournament in the Continuous match, while the latter broke all previous records of the roof garden in the Championship race.

Charley Budd had been performing very commonplace, with the single exception of yesterday. His gun that has stood by him so long has been punishing him severely on the face and finger, but he was reluctant to make a change. This finally came about to-day, and with a gun taken right off the shelf, he established a new mark in the Continuous match by running 70 straight. It only required four efforts to do this, his other runs being 12, 6 and 4.

Crosby, too, was a factor in this race, and for a time it appeared as though he had this cinched, as he came within 1 of duplicating his great run of Tuesday. Although this was not made until his eleventh trial, it occurred prior to Budd's winning run, as the latter came late. Crosby's eleven attempts show 64, 30, 18 and 15.

Fanning was determined, but it availed him not, and though he was up thirteen times, and made some superb runs, he could not aggregate enough to surpass Budd's great total. His best runs were 51, 28, 24, 23 and 20.

Fulford, while not as persistent as some, ran out 38 with four trials. Nine trials on the part of Heikes resulted in 35, 21, 21 and 12. Two efforts sufficed Leroy, but one of these resulted in a run of 33. C. J. Blandford, the Sing Sing shooter, was again present, and his five attempts netted him a 28, a 19 and a 16. Another good run was that of R. C. Kershner, who showed a 26 with eight trials. J. S. Remsen also tried it eight times, but 9 was the best he got. Capt. Money, with a like number of trials, showed a like total as his best.

S. M. Van Allen scored 6 twice in four efforts. Dominic could only aggregate 5 in four trials. K. R. McAlpin entered four times, his best run being 4. W. H. Raymond, E. H. Fox and W. A. Valis tried two or three times each, but never broke more than 1.

There was a flood of entries in the Championship race; so many, in fact, that Manager Shaner was at his wits' end how to shoot them all in the allotted time. Capt. Money was early on hand, and proceeded at once to make six entries. H. Martin was hungry to shoot, and entered three times. This afterward proved a hardship on those who came late, and whose entries had to be refused because there was not sufficient time to shoot them. In extenuation of Manager Shaner's action in accepting six entries from one person, it is but just to state that the programme specifies that any number of re-entries are permissible. Then, too, prior to this the attendance had never been so large but that they could have been handled. However, this resulted in Manager Shaner making the announcement that on the succeeding days the entries in this event would be restricted to fifty, and no re-entries would be taken unless the event failed to fill, and then not until after 3 o'clock.

To-day there were fifty-six entries in this match, so that the working force and the magatrap were taxed to their full capacity, and during the five hours of shooting something like 1,000 targets an hour were trapped.

There was very little competition to speak of, for Billy Crosby simply made a runaway race of it. He missed his 34th target,

running the remainder out, thereby exceeding Fulford's score, who was second with 94, by 5. Crosby's is the highest score ever made on the roof. Leroy is third with 92, Dominic fourth with 91, and Fanning fifth with 90.

Fulford, it will be seen, beat Fanning 3 birds, so he is entitled to the medal of yesterday. Thus their little difference has been settled.

One remarkable feature was the firing of 600 shots by Capt. Money in five hours. It so occurred that he was required to shoot 100 shots without stopping, being in four succeeding squads. This apparently did not distress him any, for he made his best score on his fifth trial.

The unusually large number of entries made it necessary to continue shooting as long as possible, so that it was 6:10 before the final gun was fired, by which time the street lamps were lit, the shooting at this period having resolved itself largely into a matter of guesswork. This is responsible for the indifferent scores of many in the final string. No such a thing will occur again, as Manager Shaner will take the above-mentioned steps to obviate it.

Miss Mamie Hyland, who fired the opening shot of the tournament, was one of the participants.

The future generation of shooters was represented by a delegation of youths from Holbrook College, Sing Sing, T. G. Peck, W. A. Valis, H. E. Post and K. R. McAlpin composing this.

A scarcity of wind and a hazy sky made very desirable conditions. The scores:

W R Crosby.....25 24 25 25—99	C D Sutton.....21 17 17 19—74
E D Fulford.....23 25 22 24—94	W H Raymond.....13 20 19 19—71
B Leroy.....25 21 25 21—92	M R Weightman.....19 17 18—71
Dominic.....22 25 22—91	H Martin, 2.....12 19 21 18—70
I S Fanning.....23 20 24 23—90	J A H White.....17 13 22 16—68
Capt Money, 5.....24 22 23 20—89	H Martin, 3.....16 16 21 14—67
R O Heikes.....23 25 22 18—88	T G Peck.....13 21 13 17—64
C W Budd.....22 21 22 23—88	J Arthur.....20 15 20 8—63
Capt Money, 1.....23 23 21 21—88	W A Valis.....14 10 16 18—58
S M Van Allen.....22 23 19 34—84	Miss M Hyland.....15 11 13 15—54
C G Blandford.....24 18 21 21—84	E W Reynolds.....15 14 17 3—49
J Hegeman.....21 23 20 19—83	H E Post.....12 14 12 11—49
Capt Money, 3.....17 22 21 23—83	H A Grant.....11 9 10 18—48
J S S Remsen.....21 21 20 20—82	C B Lewis.....8 7 15 15—45
Capt Money, 2.....19 20 23 20—82	G W Hagedorn.....23 21 14
W N Taylor.....21 22 20 19—82	K R McAlpin.....13 15 9 w
S Life.....23 20 22 17—82	E J Williams.....14 14 14 w
W W Linthicum.....20 22 21 18—81	J Gaughen.....21 25
Capt Money, 4.....20 23 20 17—80	J Delaney.....23 21
Capt Money, 6.....21 17 23 19—80	G S McAlpin.....21 23
O Hesse.....21 17 21 20—79	F Stephenson.....18 20
Dr O'Connell.....22 23 19 15—79	J Feikert.....12 17
H Martin, 1.....17 17 22 21—77	Dr Webber.....16 14
E H Fox.....16 21 21 19—77	L S Page.....15 12
W H Hyland.....23 20 21 17—76	G Mager.....11 13
J Raymond.....22 16 20 18—75	E D Lenthion.....18 9
H Kryn.....22 18 17 17—74	J P Munn.....12 9
R C Kershner.....24 20 17 13—74	G R Schwartz.....8 12

Eighth Day, Friday, March 9.

This was, strictly speaking, Fanning's day, for by consistent shooting he succeeded in winning the medal in both events, though neither without a contest.

In the Continuous match Crosby proved his most dangerous competitor, for the quiet and urbane Farmer Boy early in the race ran out a 49 that for a long time looked ample. Fanning was unrepresable, though, and kept after him most persistently, so that finally, on his sixth trial, he went into a trance, which was only broken when he lost his 91st bird.

Thus a new record for this style of shooting on the roof is established. The best previous run was 85, which was accomplished last year.

Fanning was very nearly right, for in nearly every one of his six trials he got a good start; 90, 33, 27, 22, 13 and 8 is what he recorded.

Crosby is next in this respect, as his good runs are 49, 25 and 21. Eight times is the number of trials he made. Heikes' tenth attempt resulted in 19, 18, 16, 15, 12 and 10. Voorhees' only effort resulted in 23. Leroy got 17 on a single attempt. Budd entered four times, and showed 13, 10 and two 7s. Eastman's single effort resulted in 13. The best Dr. Knowlton could do was 10, it requiring five efforts. Dr. Casey's limit was 9, with eight trials. Kershner and Kryn each has an 8 for his maximum; the former was up five times, and the latter three. The other contestants showed Weightman, two trials, 4; Hagedorn, one trial, 3, and Norton, three trials, 1.

As announced yesterday, the entries in the Championship match were restricted to fifty, so that all were enabled to finish while the light was good. Fanning won this race also, by scoring 96, though this was a contest right to the finish. At 75 both Eastman and Crosby were one bird ahead of him, they being credited with 73, the former having run his last two strings of 25 straight. Fanning and Crosby shot in the same squad, so they both finished together. Eastman, however, shot later, and it required a score of 24 for him to win. However, he failed to make good, as is all too frequently the case when the amateur is pitted against the expert; 21 is the best he could do, so that he tied with Budd and Crosby for second place. This is the first instance during the tournament where an amateur has been a factor in this race. Heretofore it has always been a scramble among the "perfers." Mr. Eastman is a tall young man of slender physique, though apparently cool and collected, lacking only a trifle more wear to compete successfully with the expert.

The prevailing weather conditions were once more quite favorable. The scores:

J S Fanning.....24 25 23 24—96	O W Van.....18 19 20 18—75
F M Eastman.....23 25 25 21—94	Dr Casey.....21 19 16 19—75
C W Budd.....22 25 23 24—94	E H Fox.....13 21 19 16—74
W R Crosby.....24 24 25 21—94	W Saunders.....18 18 18 18—73
E D Fulford.....23 23 22 23—90	Geo Gray.....15 16 22 19—72
Dr O'Connell.....22 23 23 22—90	J H Voss.....21 20 15 15—71
R O Heikes, 1.....22 23 23 22—89	G R Schneider.....18 17 20 16—71
H Kryn.....23 24 21 21—89	W M Taylor.....18 15 20 17—70
S M Van Allen.....21 21 23 24—89	J A H White, 2.....13 21 17 14—70
F B Tracy.....21 22 23 21—87	C E Kemble.....17 15 19 17—68
T H Keller.....24 22 21 20—87	Dr Stillmann.....13 14 16 18—66
R O Heikes, 2.....18 24 24 21—87	R Crawford.....14 16 16 18—66
F Stephenson.....20 23 21 22—86	Geo Craemer.....15 16 17 16—64
Capt Money.....21 23 22 20—86	M R Weightman.....19 12 16 16—63
B Leroy.....20 24 21 19—85	C North.....19 17 14 12—62
S Life.....18 23 22 22—85	P Cooley.....16 16 11 15—58
D Swiveller.....21 21 22 20—84	W Raymond.....16 18 10 13—57
Bradshaw.....21 17 24 22—84	R L Packard.....17 12 17 10—56
J Delaney.....20 23 20 21—84	G Schwarz.....17 7 9 9—42
H H Voorhees.....23 23 20 17—83	J Arthur.....9 12 13 8—42
Wm Pentz.....21 22 19 21—83	B H Norton.....6 13 7 w
R C Kershner.....20 21 22 19—82	G W Hagedorn.....22 19 w
Ed Taylor.....19 24 22 17—82	Capt Bunk.....18 18 w
H Kryn.....19 23 21 19—82	T Brantingham.....20 16 w
J A H White.....20 21 20 20—81	D Swiveller, 2.....23 w
Dr Webber, 2.....20 18 21 17—76	W Thompson.....12 w

Ninth Day, Saturday, March 10.

Saturday was one of the short days. Therefore the Association Championship was the only issue. There were thirty entries, and the result was another win for Fanning, who outshot all his competitors. He accomplished this by running his last string of 25 straight, for at the 75th round, Leroy, who was shooting most consistently, was 1 bird to the good. The latter maintained his stride, but it was Fanning's spirit that landed him a winner. This shooter within the past three days has won four out of five events.

Leroy and Crosby are tied for second and third places. Budd is fourth and Banks fifth.

The weather conditions were ideal, but there was a choppy wind playing tag with the saucers, so that they were skipping here and there, and the shooters found all too frequently that they were anywhere but within the patter of the gun. The scores:

J S Fanning.....24 22 22 25—93	T E Doremus.....18 16 20 17—71
B Leroy.....23 23 23 23—92	Dr Knowlton.....17 17 17 19—70
W R Crosby.....24 21 22 25—92	D Swiveller.....19 17 13 20—69
C W Budd.....20 25 22 23—90	T H Keller.....20 18 15 16—69
Ed Banks.....24 21 21 22—88	L T Muench.....17 16 15 18—66
R O Heikes.....21 23 21 19—86	H L Gates.....16 18 18 14—66
H H Voorhees.....21 21 22 20—84	E Steffens.....15 17 14 17—63
S M Van Allen.....21 19 23 19—82	F J McCahill.....15 16 14 15—60
E D Fulford.....22 20 22 18—82	W Raymond.....16 14 16 9—55
S Life.....18 19 19 20—76	J Arthur.....12 16 11 13—52
J Hegeman.....18 20 20 18—76	H Neice.....14 14 11 13—52
F L Jacks.....19 14 21 19—73	Miss M Mackay.....14 11 14 11—50
R Kershner.....14 19 20 19—72	G Schwarz.....14 16 10 10—50
R Craufurd.....18 15 21 17—71	C P Dixon.....9 10 7 15—41
J Ballistics.....15 20 16 20—71	J Chidester.....13 8 8 w

Tenth Day, Monday, March 12.

The tenth day of the tournament brought out a good attendance of shooters, among whom were quite a number of new faces, not

withstanding the fact that the weather was of a wintry nature, for at no time during the day did the thermometer reach a point above freezing. This made it somewhat trying on the contestants, as it required plenty of heavy wearing apparel to keep warm. The wind blew a gale from the northwest, but this did not affect the flight of the targets to any great extent, so that the cold was practically the only handicap the shooters had to contend with.

Many ineffectual efforts were made in the Continuous match to establish a new mark, but nothing approaching the records of the past week was accomplished. Fanning was once more the chief factor in this race. This shooter, being injured to cold from having spent several winters in the arctic regions, seemed less affected than his competitors; at any rate he made nice runs, winning the race handily. On his fourth effort he ran out 35. That would have sufficed, as no one succeeded in exceeding even this. However, he was just as anxious as the other principals to surpass this run, and kept trying, and finally on his tenth trial increased it to 49. Altogether, he was up eleven times, his good runs being 49, 35, 19 and two 16s.

Crosby came next, having made one run of 33, also 23, 22 and two 11s out of twelve efforts. Heikes with nineteen trials scored runs of 29, 20, 14 and two 10s. Dr. Knowlton essayed it eight times, showing 26 and 23 as his best results. Kirkover with eleven attempts rendered 26, 18 and two 13s as his best. Griffith went Kirkover one better, but the best he could accomplish was 23, 20, 11 and 11. Fulford tried it the unlucky number of thirteen times. His best were 16 and 14. Budd went as high as 13 in six attempts. Hooley entered once, scoring 9. Wood recorded a like number, but required four trials. Leroy, out of a half dozen attempts, scored 8, 7, 6 and 5. Reinecke, though determined, succeeded in breaking 5 once; he entered sixteen times. Clark duplicated this, only facing the trap seven times. Kryn, not breaking more than 1, quit after three endeavors.

Classic competition marked the Championship match, in which Heikes, Van Allen, P. Daly, Jr., and Fulford were mainly engaged. This eventually resulted in a win for the first named, though it required a score of 96 to accomplish it. The stride developed by the two amateurs, Van Allen and Daly, increased the interest in the race, as for a time it looked as though either or both of them would excel the great total of the past master. The latter showed some of his old-time capabilities in this event, and very probably has recovered from the slump he has recently shown. It only required one effort on his part to make the winning score, though it will be perceived that the succeeding trio entered two or more times. Banks, Crosby, Tracy and Leroy were a part of the capital division, as in dictated by the scores:

R O Heikes.....24 24 24 24—96	M H Clark, 1.....22 16 21 20—79
S M Van Allen, 2.....23 24 25 23—95	Capt Money, 3.....20 19 20 19—74
P Daly, Jr., 3.....23 24 24 24—95	F J Diffley.....20 18 19 21—73
Fulford, 2.....24 25 23 23—95	Capt Money, 4.....21 19 21 15—73
Ed Banks.....25 24 23 22—94	Capt Money, 1.....17 19 19 20—75
E D Fulford, 1.....25 20 25 24—94	H Holt.....18 17 21 18—74
W R Crosby.....22 23 23 25—93	Chas North.....14 21 19 18—72
F B Tracy.....23 23 22 24—92	A G Courtney, 1.....19 19 18 16—72
B Leroy.....21 23 23 25—92	J H Miller, 2.....16 16 22 17—71
P Daly, Jr., 2.....22 23 23 21—91	J H Miller, 1.....17 14 21 18—71
J S Fanning.....24 22 22 23—91	W M Hooley.....18 19 14 16—67
E C Griffith.....20 21 23 24—88	F Mayer, 2.....15 16 17 17—65
Dr Knowlton.....23 23 22 19—87	F Wood, 2.....18 17 15 13—61
L C Cornell, 1.....23 19 21 21—84	F Mayer, 1.....14 17 13 19—61
C W Budd.....23 21 19 19—83	J Jones.....13 14 13 13—57
H Kirkover.....19 20 23 20—82	F Wood, 1.....14 14 15 14—57
Capt Money, 1.....18 19 23 22—82	Edmund Reinecke.....18 14 5 15—62
P Daly, Jr., 1.....20 22 21 19—82	H Kryn, 1.....10 8 87—33
M H Clark, 2.....21 19 19 22—81	H Kryn, 2.....9 11 7 6—33
L C Cornell, 2.....22 23 16 19—80	A G Courtney, 1.....20 17 w
S M Van Allen, 1.....18 19 22 20—79	F Lawrence.....0 w

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 5.—There were sixteen contestants in the live-bird event, a handicap at 15 birds, entrance the price of birds. The Association added \$25, which was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The birds were a good lot. Fox was the only one to kill straight, while three—Dr. Mann, Storr and Gent—tied on 14. Some miss-and-out events followed this one, after which the shooting ended, and the shooters gathered at Halstead's Suburban Hotel for the annual Association supper, after which the annual meeting was held, Dr. A. H. Mann, Jr., presiding. The reports of the officers were satisfactory, that of the treasurer showing that the Association had a neat balance to its credit in bank.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: John C. Hicks, President; W. T. Harvey, Vice-President; H. P. Collins, Secretary, and Dr. A. H. Mann, Jr., Treasurer. Governors: James R. Malone, George L. Harrison, Harry T. Ducker, Dr. J. R. Abercrombie and William Marshall. The officers are also members of the Board of Governors. At a business session of the Board James R. Malone was elected Field Captain.

During Mr. Mann's occupancy of the president's chair he appointed James R. Malone, H. P. Collins and J. C. Hicks a committee to try to arrange a team contest with the Keystone League of Pennsylvania. The latter organization wrote to Secretary Collins, proposing a team race of ten men on each side, at 25 birds each, for March 30, in Philadelphia. The idea of the race was to key the men up for the Grand American Handicap, which is to be shot the week of April 2. It was not found practicable for the Baltimore shooters to go to Philadelphia March 30, as several are going to the Grand American Handicap and cannot spare the time for both events. The committee will try to arrange a team race for some other date, and will endeavor to have the Keystone League give the B. S. A. a return shoot in this city. It was the general impression that the newly elected officers of the B. S. A. were a set of hustlers, and some lively trapshooting is looked for this season.

The scores in the live-bird event follow:

Fox, 31.....1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2—15
Storr, 27.....1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 2—14
Dr Mann, 28.....1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0—14
Gent, 28.....1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 2—14
Hicks, 31.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2—13
Collins, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 2—13
Malone, 31.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 1—13
Leland, 28.....1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1—13
Darling, 27.....0 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—13
Coe, 30.....2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 0 2—12
Dr McDowell, 28.....2 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2—12
Bartner, 26.....0 1 0 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1—11
Dr Phillips, 25.....2 0 0 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—11
Edel, 27.....2 2 0 1 1 0 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 0—10
De Bullet, 26.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 w
Dupont, 30.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 w

In the target event at 50 targets, \$25 added by the Association, three high guns, handicap distance, the scores were: Coe, 14yds., 47; Gent, 14yds., 46; Fox, 18yds., 45. The also shots were Dr. Mann, 16yds., 42; Collins, 14yds., 40; Malone, 18yds., 39; Edel, 14yds., 37; Leland, 16yds., 33.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Herewith are full scores of the seven shoots of the Baltimore Shooting Association for the pearl pin presented to us by Mr. Jacob Pentz; totals of five highest scores to win. Malone won with the possible 50; H. Waters second with 48; West third, 47, and Collins, fourth, 45. None of the others shot in the five required races to qualify:

Contests:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
J C Hicks, 31.....	8	10	8	10	10	10	10	26
J R Malone, 31.....	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	50
H P Collins, 23, 2.....	10	7	10	9	9	7	7	45
H Waters, 31.....	9	10	10	9	10	8	8	48
A H Fox.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45
C E Bonday.....	7	7	10	10	10	10	10	17
West, 2.....	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	47
E B Coe.....	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	19
Dr Mann.....	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
H J Ducker.....	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	17
Lupus.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Harrison.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Hawkins.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

PRYOR.

Palm Beach Hotel.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 6.—The appended scores were made at the match to-day. Mr. Cook won first, silver pitcher; Mr. Colby, second, silver mug; Mr. Parker, third, silver cup. The prizes are very handsome. They were presented by the Florida East Coast Hotel Co. The match was very interesting. About 500 people were in attendance. The referee was Mr. Shurmeier. Judges, Capt. Allen and Mr. Marshall. Scorer, Wm. Dietsch. Puller, H. Winter. Kindly mail me an issue of FOREST AND

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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GULL DESTRUCTION.

MR. SWAIN'S article on the destruction of gulls in Maine, published last week, gave some idea of the rapidity with which these birds are disappearing on that coast. Gulls are not only shot by Indians and white men, but also are caught by setting baited hooks for them, so that now, of the native gulls, scarcely any are left.

Up to last year gulls used to congregate in the river near Eastport, being attracted there by the refuse of the sardine factories, but last year the Long Island feather factory men hired the Quoddy Indians to shoot the gulls, and they destroyed them by hundreds. The same thing is likely to take place this year.

Not only are the gulls killed in great numbers, but their nesting places are broken up by continual robbery, so that few or no places are now known where there can be said to be colonies of either gulls or terns. On the Island of Grand Menan, in Canada, a great many still breed, and along the Maine coast there are many rocky islands and ledges where some gulls and terns still lay, but usually only a few together, and each little group is likely to be robbed several times in the year.

Efforts made to protect them at these various points have not been successful, and the number of people interested in saving the few which remain is so small that as yet they have been able to make no impression on public opinion.

After all, the responsibility for the slaughter of these and other beautiful birds all along our coast is largely in New York and near it, where their plumage is prepared for consumption; though the fishermen, commercial eggers and so-called scientific egg collectors, of course, do their share of the destructive work.

Last week the New York Senate passed the Hallock bill, but not as it went to it from the Assembly. It was amended in the Senate so as to give protection to gulls and terns, a change which is very gratifying. The fate of the bill in the Assembly has yet to be decided.

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

It is hoped that the bill now before the Legislature authorizing the City Board of Estimate to appropriate \$300,000 for the erection of additional buildings in the Zoological Park, and the further beautifying and making it accessible to the public, will before long pass the Assembly. If it does so it will no doubt become law, since the Governor and the Mayor of New York are both believed to approve it.

The great success of the New York Zoological Society in raising money for its gardens and in spending it to the best advantage at Bronx Park is thoroughly appreciated by the public, which realizes what has been done in the last two years for that piece of waste land and understands to whom the change is due. Great as is the work already accomplished, a vast deal more remains to be done.

Naturally, the wish of the Society was to begin its collections with North American species, and it has done this so well that visitors to the Park may now see there many of our best-known and largest native wild animals. But there are as yet no quarters for the tropical animals, which in most gardens form the greatest attraction of all. Lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys are dear to the popular heart, but such creatures cannot be kept in our climate unless they are provided with quarters which shall be artificially warmed during the greater part of the year. The money which it is hoped the Legislature may authorize the Board of Estimate to furnish for the park will for the most part be expended in the construction of houses for these animals, which it is now desired to build.

It would be obviously unfair to expect the Society to raise by subscription the great sums which will be required to completely equip and stock the largest zoological park in the world; the more so, since admission to this park

is practically free, and the Society has therefore no source of revenue whatever. The money which it secures must be the free gift of people who are sufficiently interested to make absolute donations to this good object. It is not advanced in any sense as an investment or with any hope of return.

The active members of the board of managers—that is to say, the executive committee, and especially its chairman, Mr. H. F. Osborn—have devoted to the work of planning for the park and carrying out the plans which they have made, a great deal of time and labor, for which they have received no reward except the satisfaction of having done the best they could with the material that they had to work with. These efforts they will no doubt continue with an eye single to the good of the public, for whose benefit after all the park must be managed.

No great work of this kind is ever carried on without more or less criticism, which is often unintelligent, because based on imperfect knowledge of the conditions which exist, but in a case like this, where the object is in reality a great charity, served freely from interest in the work, it is unfortunate that such uninformed criticism should be made.

Besides the money asked for from the city, the Zoological Society is continuing its efforts to raise additional money by private subscription and to add to its roll of annual members. That roll should be much larger than it is. The work of the Society appeals with special force to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and we urge those who know of this Society only by hearsay to visit the park and investigate the workings of the Society.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

Two weeks ago we announced the nomination by the Governor of five members of the Fish, Game and Forest Commission, but as only one of the five was known to us we did not comment on the qualifications of the others for the positions.

Since that time, by inquiry among their fellow citizens, we have learned more about some of the nominees, and are glad to say that most of what we have heard about them is satisfactory, and has convinced us that Gov. Roosevelt's nominees ought to be confirmed by the Senate. This was done on Tuesday, March 20.

Mr. Austin Wadsworth has been attacked on the ground that he once violated the game law by killing a quail in close time. It appears, however, that the quail was killed in the open season, but by one of the special provisions which do so much to render our game laws abortive Livingston county had been exempted from the operation of the act. Mr. Wadsworth, knowing that it was the open season for quail, but being ignorant of that provision in the law which made it close time for Livingston county, accepted an invitation to shoot on the grounds of a friend who had stocked his land with quail. He knew nothing of his violation of the law until some time afterward, when he was down in Florida, he received notice that the charge of violating the law had been brought against him.

Mr. De Witt C. Middleton is a politician whose life has been spent in Watertown, N. Y. His fellow citizens say of him that an honorable and successful record is behind him, and the future is not likely to be different. He is a man of ability, considerate, careful and conservative, a good business man, likely to be judicial and careful, and to act from broad motives. He is not fond of sport, but is extremely interested in the forests, and his integrity and efficiency are absolutely to be depended on.

Mr. Delos Mackey was vouched for by various members of the State Game and Fish Protective League.

Mr. Percy Landsdowne is highly esteemed in Buffalo, where he is a lawyer. He has long been secretary of the Erie County Fish and Game Protective Association, has been a director of the New York State Protective Association, and was one of the incorporators of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League. He was recommended by the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, the Buffalo Audubon Club, the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and by many citizens. He is well spoken of in Buffalo and has the reputation of being a man of energy.

Mr. Woods, as has already been stated, has been counsel for the Jamaica oystermen. His friends state that he has made a study of forest preservation, water supply and the like.

No one who knows Gov. Roosevelt or his interest in the questions which come within the province of the Forest,

Fish and Game Commission will doubt that he has made an earnest effort to secure for these places the best men possible. There has been some hostile criticism of the appointees on the ground that all are not sportsmen, but it is quite conceivable that an able business man might make a more efficient member of the board than the most enthusiastic sportsman, whose qualifications in other respects were not equally good. The work of the new Commission will be watched with great interest.

YALE SCHOOL OF FORESTRY.

THE gratifying announcement is made that Yale University has just received a gift of \$150,000 for the founding of a school of forestry, the headquarters of which for the present will be in the house of the late Prof. Marsh on Prospect street, in New Haven. Mr. Henry S. Graves, of the Class of '92, will be the director of the school.

The gift in question is due to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, of New York, and their two sons, Gifford and Amos R. E., both of whom are Yale men. Mr. Gifford Pinchot is United States Forester, and his services to this cause are sufficiently well known to the public. Interested in forestry, he went to Europe shortly after graduation, spent some time there in the study of practical forestry according to the best German methods, and on returning to this country undertook the practice of forestry as a profession. One of his first pieces of work to attract public attention was the laying out of Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt's estate, Biltmore, in North Carolina. Subsequently he traveled extensively through the West, studying the forest conditions there; became a member of the Forestry Commission nominated by the National Academy of Sciences, and later was appointed United States Forester, in which office he is doing more to popularize forestry among the American land owners and to make them understand what it means than any one in America has ever done.

It is a peculiarly fitting and graceful thing that this generous gift to the Yale University should come from a family whose influence on forestry matters in this country has been so great and so beneficial. In addition to the gift of the large sum named, use is given to the University for a term of years of a large tract of forest land in Pike county, Pa., where the practical workings of economic forestry may be demonstrated—as well as the use of buildings in this locality which may serve as a local headquarters for the school.

It is not easy to overestimate the importance of this gift, the influence of which on the public mind will be great. The State of New York has already established a school of forestry in connection with Cornell University, and as other such schools spring up this art will at last take its proper place in the popular estimation. Ten or fifteen years ago a few persons in this country who were working in behalf of better forest protection saw little prospect that any intelligent interest would ever be felt in it. The change that has taken place within these few years is astounding.

SNAP SHOTS.

The notion used to be held, and it prevails in some quarters to-day, that no very considerable degree of capacity was required in a warden. Indeed, many persons, and among them politicians with importunate and embarrassing followers for whom berths must be found, held that almost any one who was not good for anything else would make a good enough warden; and in the early days, in consequence of this mistaken notion, some truly wonderful specimens of incompetence and worthlessness were foisted upon the service. It has now come to be recognized that the office is one which demands equipment of high grade. The ideal game warden must be a man of brains, common sense, intelligence and executive ability. But individuals possessing these qualifications can earn in other fields much more than the paltry salary paid a warden, and the practical result is that if such competent persons are found to take the office, they yet cannot afford to devote their whole time to it, nor so much time as is demanded. A warden should be paid so well that if in order to keep his district clean he must devote 365 days and nights in the year to the task his salary will enable him to do it. Until we shall adopt the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, we shall have a system of only half-way protection.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

V.—Some Fur Bearers.

WHEN Alaska first came into the possession of the United States the only thing of value that it was supposed to possess was its fur. Of course the yield of the seal islands in value far exceeded anything else in the Territory, but the enormously costly sea otters were numerous, the beaver, the marten and the foxes of this northern clime were very valuable, and there were a lot of odds and ends, less important, which made up a total of very respectable proportions. To-day, the fur trade of Alaska is hardly worth considering. The fur seals have traveled a long way on the road to extermination; the sea otter is practically wiped out, less than a hundred skins being taken each year, while the smaller fur occurs now in such little dribbles that the great commercial companies find it a difficult matter to pay—from this trade—the expenses of their establishment in the Territory, to say nothing of paying dividends.

If Alaska fur had been managed with ordinary common sense, it might have long continued to yield to citizens of the United States a great revenue, but here, as so often in this country, the old selfish policy has been followed of permitting each man to take everything in sight for fear that he who comes after him will get something. The man who is on the ground is allowed to do as he likes; the Government does not care for the future. Of this great Territory, a large part is utterly valueless for any other purpose than as a home for wild animals, and it would seem a wise policy to protect these animals in order that they may thrive and increase, and in due time yield their valuable furs. Such a policy never has been adopted, and it may even be doubted whether one ever will be.

The Sea Otter.

Just east of Kodiak Island is a large island, Afognak, which was set apart some years ago as a forest reserve. Nothing has been done to preserve its forests, its fish or its fur, and its establishment as a reserve is laughed at by the Alaskans, for the Government has never taken any steps toward enforcing its protection. Proclamation was made that Afognak was reserved in order to protect sea otter, but those best informed say that this is nonsense, as sea otter never haul out on the island. To reserve some group of outlying islands, with all their rocks and the waters about them; a group, say, like the Shumagins, or the Sannak Islands—a considerable area of sea and land, near which there should be no hunting—would tend to protect these otter and would be very profitable. A permanent preserve must be provided for these animals if they are to continue to exist.

Such a preserve has been established on one of the Commander Islands, by the Russians, with the result that each year they take many sea otter, and the supply is still kept up. The hunting is with nets, and it is done all at one time—that is to say, the otters are caught in a single drive.

In order to establish this very successful preserve, the Russians fenced off one end of the island, where forty or fifty sea otters were accustomed to haul; they never permit any one to go there, and during foggy weather constantly patrol the water in boats. The otter increased so greatly that now they kill 200 selected sea otters annually. Once a year they spread their nets along the shore, and make a drive, killing only the best otters, and permitting the escape of all the females and young and those in poor fur. The others are clubbed there, but are taken away elsewhere to be skinned. As this happens only once a year, and as the animals are never disturbed except at this time, they have become tame, and are doing wonderfully well. When it is considered that the skin of the sea otter is worth from eight to twelve hundred dollars, according to quality, it would seem well worth the Government's while to give the question of this animal's preservation some slight attention. When protected, the otters become tame, and it is reported that even the annual hunt at which the catch is taken in the Commander Islands does not greatly alarm them.

The establishment of a sea otter preserve, properly located and properly cared for, might in the course of a few years add some hundreds of thousands of dollars to the income drawn from Alaska.

Fox Farming.

The so-called arctic fox is hardly found south of Bering Sea. This species has two color phases, the white and the blue, the skin of the first having little commercial value, while the blue fox is a good fur, a single skin being worth from \$20 upward.

We are accustomed to see in the newspapers frequent allusions to fox farming, but little has ever been told

about this industry that is definite. The Alaska Commercial Company has stocked several islands with blue foxes, and on one of these, near Kodiak, they have increased surprisingly. On some other islands they have not done very well. It is believed that the mother rears four or five young each year, but the number in a litter is sometimes larger, one case being known in which there were eleven.

At these stations the foxes are fed chiefly on fish, either dried or fresh, or preserved in oil. Salt fish is never used, for the impression prevails that this food would make the coats harsh and would tend to give the animals the mange. Food for the foxes is put out every day in the year, the amount being gauged by the way in which the animals dispose of it. The supply is made especially abundant in May, June and July, when the young are dependent on the mother; the puppies being born from May 1 to 15.

The foxes are captured in box traps, which they readily enter, the traps being left open, and not set during a part of the year, and food placed in them, so that the animals are accustomed to enter them.

The females captured are marked and turned loose, while the males are killed and skinned. Now and then an exceptionally fine male is marked and turned loose. The owners of the fox farm do not expect to capture all that there are on the island, for some are wild and never come to the feeding places, where the traps are set.

The foxes follow the beach and depend largely on its wash—that is to say, on the fish cast up on the shore. They catch mice, and are said to have exterminated them on some of the islands. They also capture salmon on the riffles, and sometimes follow the bears and feed on their leavings. Besides man, they have few enemies. The eagle is perhaps the most destructive, for it catches many



IN THE CLEARWATER COUNTRY—THE OUTFIT.

Photo by Mrs. A. M. Stevens.

young. Late in July, while the steamer lay at the wharf at Kodiak, a large party visited Fox Island, where a fox farm is situated, and had an opportunity to see some of the foxes. We saw three adults and two puppies, bright, woolly little creatures, which were suspicious yet curious. The struggle between their fears and their inquisitiveness was amusing. While we were watching the young, which had retreated under a building, an old fox approached quite close to the party and hid behind a rock, occasionally peeping over to see what was going on.

On the wharf here some Aleuts were dressing salmon for drying, and after the work was over, the heads, backbones and gurry from the fish they had been cleaning were shoveled into sacks to be taken over to Fox Island and given as food to the foxes. They do not eat the fresh heads at once, but carry them off and bury them for a day or two before devouring them.

On an island in Gladough Bay, in Prince William Sound, a man named Busby has a fox farm, where he hopes to raise blue foxes for the market. He has fifty or sixty adults, and believes that they produce nine or ten puppies at a litter. He feeds them on fish, salmon and halibut, on which they do well. They refuse to eat cod.

They are fed in a little house, which they have learned to visit for the food. The entrance to the house is so arranged that by a slight change the foxes, which may still go in, cannot get out again. In winter they are fed on dried salmon. The skins are said to be prime only for a short time, say from Dec. 20 to Jan. 10. The project is still in an experimental stage. In 1898 blue fox skins were quoted at from \$15 to \$20 each, while this year the price is said to be from \$25 to \$30.

The blue fox is abundant on the Pribilof Islands, where it has been trapped in considerable numbers ever since the fur has had a commercial value. Of late years a serious attempt has been made to study the problem of increasing the number of the foxes and so the yield of fur.

These efforts have been carried on by Mr. J. H. Judge, of the Treasury Department, who was stationed for

several years on the Island of St. George, and who has taken great interest in the question of the fur seal and the blue fox. The efforts to increase the foxes have been in the direction of making a business of feeding them and trapping them, trying to increase the number of breeding females and to keep the males down to as low a point as practicable. Mr. Judge has communicated the results of his studies to Mr. F. A. Lucas, of the National Museum, who has published them in a very interesting paper in Science. Of St. George Island Mr. Lucas says:

"From its isolation, its hilly, rocky character, and from the vast numbers of birds which resort to it for a breeding place, this island is admirably suited for the abode of the fox, the great drawback being the lack of food during the winter. This lack of food not only acts directly on the foxes by starving them, but causes them to abandon the island and go out on the floe ice whenever this drifts down upon the island, as it often or usually does in early spring. In summer the foxes feed upon birds and eggs and to some slight extent upon dead seal puppies and the placenta dropped from those recently born. The bodies of the seals on the killing grounds are eaten to some extent, but these bodies rapidly decay, and besides during the killing season the supply of other food is most abundant.

"Since the advent of pelagic sealing the foxes have had an abundant, though brief, supply of food in the fall in the shape of the seal puppies whose mothers have been taken at sea, and who have starved in consequence. In 1896 every starved pup was devoured by the foxes, so that no actual count of them could be made, but from an estimate made by comparison with the known facts on St. Paul Island, their number was probably considerably over 2,000, while in previous years it was much greater. The foxes have fed to some extent on the Pribilof lem-

ming, *Lemmus nigripes*, and seem to have nearly exterminated the little creature, since but one specimen was seen in 1896-97. In winter the foxes eat anything that comes to hand, extraordinary as it may seem, subsisting to a considerable extent on sea urchins, *Strongylocentrotus drobachien-sis*, which are gathered at low tide. Considerable grass is found in their stomachs in winter and some worms, which they scratch up on the killing grounds, as well as with a few tunicates and an occasional fish bone; but it may be said that in winter the foxes lead a precarious existence. Some not very energetic attempts have been made to introduce the cottontail rabbit on St. Paul Island, and the cottontail and jack-rabbit elsewhere, but so far without success; the proposed introduction of the spermophile, *Spermophilus empetra*, which is found at Unalaska, would probably succeed better.

"On the Aleutian Islands dried salmon has been used for feeding the foxes in winter, and on St. George the experiment was also tried of using cracklings and linseed meal. This latter was evidently not to the foxes' taste, but it was found that by mixing the meal with seal oil it was eagerly devoured. In 1897 Mr. Judge decided to use the carcasses of the fur seals taken for skins, but as the catch on the Island of St. George has of late years become so small that the bulk of the meat is eaten by the inhabitants, a number of bodies were salted and brought over from the neighboring Island of St. Paul. Mr. Judge tried the experiment of putting down fresh carcasses in silos, as well as of salting them, and this plan has, with one exception, been entirely successful. The exception was when some seventy foxes effected an entrance into one of the pits, where they feasted to such an extent before being discovered that a few died. The salted bodies were freshened by protracted soaking before being fed to the foxes. As the trapping season drew near these carcasses were placed at night in the vicinity of one of the sheds, near which it was proposed to set traps, and, starting with four bodies, the number was increased as found necessary, until no less than ten were consumed each night.

"When all was ready trapping was begun, box traps being used, in order that the foxes taken might be examined to ascertain their sex, the deadfalls formerly employed killing whatever entered, regardless of sex or condition. All females were turned loose after being marked by clipping a ring of fur from the tail, an exception being made when white foxes were caught, all of these being killed in the endeavor to produce a breed none of which should turn white in winter.

"As the use of box traps proved to be somewhat slow, a small inclosure or corral was hastily constructed adjoining a large shed, and so arranged that the entrance could be readily closed by a man stationed within the building. This plan proved an immediate success, the foxes entering the inclosure without hesitation, so that from five to forty could be taken at one time. Having been shut in the corral the animals were driven through a small door cut in the side of the shed into a room where they were caught by means of forked sticks pressed over

er necks, these being superseded by boards with a shaped opening in one end. The foxes were then sed, one at a time, through a small door into a second m, where they were received by a gang of men and mined as to sex. The females were all released, while majority of the males were killed by breaking their ks, the intention being to leave one male to every three ales. All foxes liberated were marked as previously ed, and this mark was repeated whenever an in- dual was captured more than once, with the result y by the end of the season some animals had lost t of the fur on their tails.

The possibility of rendering the foxes polygamous ains to be seen, and it will naturally take a series of ful observations extending over a number of years efinately determine this point. At present it can only aid that the catch of the second season on St. George ot fall below that of the first, and some observations y that the male foxes will have intercourse with e than one female, while the bringing together of the als that would under natural conditions be widely tered is a most important factor in rendering them gamous. The curious fact presents itself that in y instance save one the number of males taken ex- ted that of the females, even toward the close of the ping sason, but it is, of course, possible that this may ue to the attraction of the females for the males and to any excess in the birthrate of the latter.

Mr. Judge's observations have made it clear that the s have no predilection for any particular locality, question of food being the main factor in determin- their distribution. This was proved by trapping at bus parts of the island, the result being that com- itively few animals were taken save at the village. e those caught at one locality would subsequently aken at another. Consequently by judicious baiting

can be readily en- l from all parts of island to the vicinity the village, where can be taken by esale, in such man- that the total num- of foxes on the is- can be pretty near- scertained, as well e proportions of the s. The blue foxes a to lack the pro- al craft of the r species, for not did they readily r the pen, but, as yn by the marks, entered again and n, some individuals g captured no less five times, while a were taken twice in ession at intervals about ten minutes. t the scent of man t the corral should eter the foxes from ring is not surpris- since, except during trapping season, have no cause to him. Such precau- s as that of taking animals out in a so that they may be d over water seem er absurd, the more at when pressed by ger they will even our the skinned es of their own ies. One piece of rmation desired, as whether or not the s would wander off

he ice floes when they were being fed, has not yet obtained, because, curiously enough, during the two s that the experiment has been made the ice has not ened to touch St. George.

ncidentally, Mr. Judge has made observations on the size and condition of foxes, and has shown that elt does not improve with age, as has commonly been d, but that the yearlings and two-year-olds have the fur. As for weight, the smallest fox weighed a little 8 pounds, the largest a trifle more than 14, the majority weighing in the vicinity of 10 pounds. The outcome of these experiments will be awaited much interest, and if by a little artificial selection environment a naturally monogamous animal can be er polygamous, the supply of blue fox furs will be rially increased.

The table appended gives the results of the catch for season of 1898-99, and the total number of animals seem rather surprising to one familiar with the d.

t only remains to add that the greatest number taken y one evening was 245, of which 61 were killed; the nd best night's work was 211, and of these 57 were d.

oxes taken on St. George during the season of -99:

le blue foxes trapped and killed.....	334
le blue foxes otherwise killed.....	34
ite foxes killed, males and females.....	18
le blue foxes trapped and released.....	110
male blue foxes trapped and released.....	389
Total	885."

ere is every prospect that if the Government would. hold of the business of protecting and breeding fur laska it might establish there industries which would pay back all the money expended for them. Such erves, besides paying for themselves directly, would to keep up the general fur-supply of Alaska, for the flow into the non-protected parts of the Territory d tend constantly to restock it.

G. B. G.

The Hunter Stage of Society.

THIS article is mainly an abbreviated translation of papers by M. Demolins in the first volume of "La Science Sociale," but I have not hesitated to give fresh examples and to add qualifications to many of his propositions.

Environment.

As Europe is so largely deforested and cultured one must go elsewhere to study the hunter type in its purity. Indeed, at the present day it is not easy to find people who are pure hunters. The Australians do not cultivate the soil, but their conditions of life are somewhat peculiar, and it will be better to consider the hunting folk who dwell in tropical forests where the environment is fairly uniform.

The greatest forest region is that of the valleys of the Amazon, Orinoco, and of the rivers of the Guianas, an area about equal to that of Europe.

The physical features, climatic, meteorological and geographical, which deserve a more extended consideration than can here be given to them, determine the nature of the vegetable products, which in this case constitute an immense forest. The prolonged humidity permits the growth of trees, and these by cutting off light and air stifle the growth of grass. Vegetation is rampant, savage man is powerless against it. As Bates says, "In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year; budding, flowering, fruiting and leaf-shedding are always going on in one species or other. It is never either spring, summer or autumn, but each day is a combination of all three."

Occupation.

The climatic conditions and the luxuriance of the

decency requires but a minimum of clothing which in tropical countries is provided by bark or leaves. The same practically applies to habitations. It is mainly the hunters of the prairies, or the inhabitants of other treeless districts like the frozen lands, who make use of skin tents. Under the same conditions various portions of the animals are employed for different purposes which the vegetable world supplies in the tropics with the expenditure of less labor to men—such, for example, as fibers and receptacles like gourds. The feathers of birds furnish finery all over the world, but perhaps nowhere have they been employed to the extent that they are, and were, in tropical South America. The hunters there can live isolated from more complicated societies as they are self-contained, and thus they retain a simpler, and probably more primitive, social condition.

The pursuit and capture of prey require special qualities: agility, dexterity and strength, in addition to wood-craft. These aptitudes are most particularly found among the young men, hence there arises a tendency for superiority of youth over age, unless social institutions are evolved to counteract it, as, for example, occurs in Australia. In any case the youths are early able to provide for themselves, and in consequence they set up an establishment as soon as possible. In extreme cases they retain to themselves the fruit of their labors, and repudiate the duty of assisting their aged parents. As will be stated shortly, the means for subsistence are strictly limited, and the first biologic law—that of self-preservation—is imperative, come what may.

It is one of the first duties of social organization to modify this crude state of affairs and to prevent the children from arrogating to themselves an undue amount of authority. The arrogance of youth is a natural outcome of the feebleness of parental control.

The development of primary individualism is the result of this mode of life. This form of individualism is of the lowest, that is, of the least social, character.

It is usually to the hunter's interest to isolate himself and to hunt his prey on his own account. Some people temporarily combine to drive their quarry into nets or traps, but hunting is chiefly done single handed.

The tendency to individualism is still further developed by the facilities which hunting offers to the establishment of new and distinct households; a very different state of affairs to the value of aggregated families in sedentary communities. The dwellings of hunters are simple huts, made of branches and covered with leaves or made of skins. They are easily erected, and in the latter case are easily portable; but in warm climates a rain-proof hut can be made in a very short space of time with the materials that are ready to hand. It costs no money to make and but very little time, and no regret is felt at leaving it.

The household furniture is of the most rudimentary character, on account of the migrations necessitated by the chase. It is provided by the wood of the forest, by gourds, shells of nuts, carapaces of turtles, shells of molluscs, in fact of anything ready to hand that will serve.

The implements for the chase are quite as elementary: wooden spears, bows and arrows for terrestrial animals; a canoe and fish spear, or a line and hook, for fishing. A few hours' work would suffice to make them all. In the district of the Orinoco there are two kinds of canoes. (1) A sufficiently large tree is chosen from which a piece of bark several yards in length is detached. This is folded and its ends strongly secured by lianas. Later the canoe is covered with leaves and placed over a great fire. This operation not only hardens it, but makes it start and it only remains to caulk the cracks with a kind of gum supplied by neighboring trees. (2) The other canoes are tree trunks hollowed out by hatchets; although this operation is longer it is accomplished pretty quickly. Crevaux states that it takes four men only four hours to make a bark canoe. On several occasions, when stopped by a rapid, they did not hesitate to abandon one and to make another in order to continue their voyage on the other side of the fall.

There is, however, a very marked limitation of the means of existence. Game and fresh-water fish are more easily exterminated than the grass of the prairie and the fish of the sea. In our complicated societies it is necessary to frame special laws to regulate fresh-water fishing, and even the inshore marine fishing grounds are liable to depletion, and certain methods of marine fishing have to be prohibited or limited by law.

The existence of hunters is not so assured as that of pastoral or fishing communities. The game may be over-hunted or become scarce through disease or unfavorable seasons, hence hunting populations are subject to cruel famines. They cannot reserve food for these periods of famine in tropical countries, as the temperature necessitates the immediate consumption of the product of the chase. At most they can preserve meat for four or five days by submitting it to the action of a strong fire.

The question of food is the principal occupation of



IN THE CLEARWATER COUNTRY—THE 'CLEARWATER.'

Photo by Mr. A. M. Stevens.

forest render agriculture very laborious, especially in the low-lying lands; the line of least resistance is found in living by hunting. There is something to be said in favor of this mode of life.

The attractions of hunting are very great. In all grades of even the most artificial or civilized societies there are people who have an almost irresistible impulse to hunt; the instinct of the poacher is similar to that of the aristocratic sportsman who slaughters half-tame pheasants or who stalks deer, or to that of the hunter who travels afar in search of big game. This fascination is evidently felt by those who are practically compelled by circumstances to become and remain hunters.

Hunting requires no foresight. An intimate knowledge of the habits of animals is necessary for existence, but no forethought is required to maintain the supply. The breeding of animals for food or industrial requirements belongs to a later stage of culture, the sole exception being the domestication of the dog, which has been more or less thoroughly accomplished by most hunting peoples.

The capture of each day provides the food of each day, and this must be consumed immediately, for it cannot be preserved. Various methods have been devised for drying or smoking meat, but even so it cannot be kept for long periods like tubers or cereals.

Hunting is suited to the generality of men, for it is interesting, and it calls forth intelligence and the satisfaction of outwitting animals; it gratifies the lust of killing, and supplies an exciting element of chance, which keeps hope alive through disappointments. The food is stimulating and enjoyable. No preparatory work or thought is required to provide the supply of food. These conditions appeal to the majority of mankind.

Although there are no great possibilities in this mode of life, the chase provides for the diverse wants of man. The meat serves for food. The Eskimos prove that it is possible to live exclusively upon a meat diet; in warmer climates there are numerous edible roots, shoots, leaves and fruits which can be had in the various seasons for the picking. The skins provide clothing, materials for habitations, vessels and the like. It is only in temperate and cold climates that clothes are necessary for warmth, and

savages. "Our voyage," said Crevaux, "resolved itself into a regular struggle for existence. All the time we could spare from our survey and our observations was devoted to fishing and hunting."

The uncertainty of the means of existence gives to the savages a particularly accommodating stomach. They can remain several days without eating, and when food is abundant they can gorge a prodigious quantity.

The chase obliges the savage to periodically migrate. He must follow the game, or the migration of fish, or visit the banks at the turtle-egg season. Following the annual migration of the bison across the prairies was not difficult to the North American Indians, but it is a different matter in tropical forests, owing to the tangled luxuriance of the vegetation and the general absence of paths. Hence they walk in "Indian file." So inveterate is this habit that they walk in single file when there is no occasion to do so.

The difficulty of communication is so great that there are scarcely any relations between different tribes, and from this arise a multiplicity of dialects.

The whole family has to follow the periodical migrations, and there is consequently a high mortality for the aged, sick, and even children; that is, those who cannot easily transport themselves are frequently abandoned.

It will be asked, Why do not the hunters seek in cultivation of the soil a more abundant and assured means of existence? It is probable that this has often taken place, but there are hunting communities that do not till the soil. In the district which we have more particularly under view, when game is abundant for several years, certain tribes multiply to the extreme limits of the local resources. They then manifest a tendency to agriculture; but this mode of life necessitates more effort and offers less attractions than the chase, and is especially repudiated by the young. The paternal authority which should exercise a sufficient constraint upon the latter is very feeble.

The attempts at cultivation are not persisted in and are soon abandoned; as Le Play has pointed out, "The frequent atmospheric calamities in this region of the equatorial zone happen to justify the repugnance of the population to works of agriculture. Epidemics have not only the result of reducing the tribes of the aged and the more feeble, they destroy entire tribes, and thus re-establish the equilibrium between the mouths and the means of sustenance." Such are some of the causes which oppose the transformation of hunters into tillers of the soil.

There are in the forests of the New World some very rudimentary plantations of rice, yams, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, manioc, etc. The manioc produces tapioca and a fermented drink; four days' work per month in their plantations provide sufficient food for a family of nine persons. Yet the hunters only do this to satisfy their most urgent requirements.

Despite uncertainties and cruel disappointments, the chase holds and retains the savages, and if occasionally necessity compels them to take one step toward tillage they do not persist in this effort, and return with eagerness to the more attractive work of hunting.

Property.

The forest theoretically belongs to everybody because its products are not the result of any work by man. The extent of commonage accessible to each family is much more restricted than the steppes or the sea. This limitation arises partly from the difficulties of locomotion, which confine the hunters to a relatively limited district; partly from the nature of the spontaneous productions. As these are easily exhausted the several families are obliged to energetically defend their hunting grounds against the inroads of neighbors.

If the hunting grounds are under the rule of the community this is not the case with the home and implements of work. These are personal property on account of the division into isolated households. But we have seen how restricted they are and how easy to make. This property, therefore, contributes in only a very feeble manner to develop habits of forethought and economy.

Thus the hunting savage is naturally improvident. His true property consists in his skill and agility, which he can neither sell nor bequeath. The grave question of the transmission of property does not exist for him. No tie binds, even materially, the generations with one another to induce solidarity. Individualism triumphs.

The Family.

The family cannot retain its members at home. All the children successively separate as soon as they can provide for themselves. The family periodically dissolves, scattering to found new homes as instable as the preceding. Such are the characteristic traits of the instable family, which develop the spirit of change.

The spirit of change is manifested by the preponderance acquired by the young, unless, as previously stated, special precautions are taken to prevent it. The youths, by reason of their premature emancipation and comparative isolation, are not permeated by the traditions of their ancestors or the sentiments, ideas and habits of their parents, except so far as they maintain that conservative spirit which is so characteristic of children and backward peoples.

The chief of these small families forget the memory of their elders, and take no pains to transmit the remembrance of the great actions of the race to their descendants. Verbal history, so prolix in sedentary communities, is almost non-existent among nomadic hunters.

Magical practices may be developed, but true religion—that is, the worship of a spirit or spirits—is in a very primitive stage.

Among the South American hunters not only is there no respect for their progenitors, but they may abandon and even eat their parents. The instable family often leaves orphans, the sick, the aged—in other words, the feeble and incapable—without refuge and sustenance; there is no fixed home to act as a place of refuge.

Government.

It is necessary to be young, vigorous, enterprising, if the home, children, and hunting grounds are to be protected from the incessant attacks of neighboring tribes. Power belongs to the strongest, and is thus not only despotic but cruel.

Each tribe must be organized for defense and for attack—it must always be on the alert. It is to the interest

of the families to group themselves under a valiant chief capable of protecting them and their possessions. Thus, this state of permanent war develops a kind of personal authority; the habits of the chase render it arbitrary and cruel; the feebleness and instability of the family permit to encroach, but the authority is itself instable. Force makes chiefs, force unmakes them.

Primitive Gaul, as Le Play points out, was in a similar condition; "obliged to struggle without ceasing in order to procure their living, and to defend the game against the inroads of contiguous peoples, the early Gauls approached in their habits the Indian hunters whom one may still observe in the forests of America." On their arrival the Romans found the Gauls divided into a multitude of small tribes constantly at war. The policy of Caesar consisted in setting one against another. It was the internal weakness of the Gauls that made them powerless against the Romans.

Incapacity of the Hunters to Expand.

First, there is an absence of the means of transport, being without the horse or a seaworthy boat, for bark canoes and simple dug-outs are quite unsuited for maritime navigation.

Secondly, owing to the isolation of the families there is very little communication between them, and there is a marked lack of co-ordination. Relatively small bodies of men may temporarily combine, but large enterprises are practically impossible, not only from the lack of social education, but from the difficulty of obtaining sufficient food.

Finally, the population is limited. The population is diminished by epidemics, the abandonment and death of those whom they cannot transport, intertribal wars, and cannibalism. Hunting peoples always multiply very slowly, and they even tend to disappear. The Indians of the Amazon diminish rapidly in contact with the white man, and so also do the North American Indians and the Australians. The Tasmanians have entirely disappeared.—Prof. Alfred C. Haddon in Knowledge.

Gens des Bois.

IV.—George McBride.

AFTER McLaughlin and Sim Moody, George McBride is the oldest settler living at Tupper Lake. He followed close on the steps of the pioneer Gardiner Simonds, whose name is attached to so many landmarks in this part of the Adirondacks, having moved in just after the older trapper, enfeebled by age, was carried back to his old home on the other side of the woods to die among his people.

McBride came in on a hunting and trapping expedition with Court Moody, since dead, and camped within a few rods of the site of Simonds' cabin, at the foot of Simonds' Pond, and only a short distance from the foot of Big Tupper Lake. They liked the country, and set to work and built a good cabin fifteen logs high, and planted corn and potatoes. The corn was planted with an axe. A gash was cut in the ground, and the corn dropped in, and afterward the soil was stamped together on top. To clear the ground, smudges were built and holes burnt out about the size of an ordinary room. McBride says they had five or six of these farms. The crops were left to care for themselves. The briars grew faster than the potatoes, and the tubers, in their struggle for the light, developed stalks two or three feet high. When McBride and Moody had time to spare from their hunting and got around to pulling the briars, the potato tops lopped down on the ground, without strength to stand. Most of the potato development was above ground, and what was below was hardly worth the digging.

McBride was born at Saranac Lake in 1833. He is a six-footer, and until recently weighed 200 pounds. He has a ruddy complexion and tawny hair and beard, and looks strong and hearty, though by his own report he is not in the best of health, and begins to feel he ought to be doing something for himself, and that it is time, as he remarks, "I was getting some herbs or roots or bark to steep up and make me a drink."

I called at his house one morning when the fog had just risen, dispelled by the sun, and revealed a glorious winter landscape. There was a fairy, silvery sheen, produced by the hoar frost on the skeleton trees of the drowned lands of the Raquette, and three ice-locked lakes lying among the evergreen hills, were covered with a level expanse of glittering snow crystals.

A freshly trapped fox hung in the woodshed, the blood still dripping from his nose. Another visitor, a lady, becomingly attired in a man's great fur coat, had just arrived, and her horse was restless at the smell of the blood. McBride wanted her to hitch him, but she refused, saying she was only going to stop a minute, and "guessed he'd stand," upon which her host remarked, "If he goes before you do, you'll stop long enough to hitch him."

"I commenced here in 1855," said McBride, with the dry humor that is characteristic of the Adirondack woodsman, "and stayed and got so poor I couldn't get away. I ought to have been where I couldn't hunt and fish so much. I neglected my farming, and now I wish I hadn't."

"I had been bothered a good deal with rheumatiz," he continued. "I've been dead twice with it; they buried me, and I came to life again."

"All the people that are coming in here now don't make it any better for me. When there used to be three deer along the shore of Simonds' Pond I could get one; now if there's four I can't get any. Hounding's been a bad thing for the deer. I think it would be a good thing if there was no hounding at all—"

"The law stopped hounding three years ago," I interposed.

"Yes, but they do it a good deal yet. They have to be a little shy, and they've got away with their heavy barking dogs; the fine, light-barking dogs do the running now."

"Why, if you don't believe there's any hounding, there isn't a deer track to-day on the lake side of these mountains between Green Bay on Tupper and the head of Simonds' Pond."

Couldn't Break his Word.

"When Court Moody and I came here I wasn't a hunter or trapper. I'd ketched some skunks, that was about all. Before our trapping season came that fall a man by the name of Stetson that had had some logs for us with his oxen, said he had to hire a man for a year. I asked him what he'd give, and said \$140. I said, 'I guess I'm your man,' not thinking of working for him more than I am for you this morn'g."

"Along the latter part of November he came down the river and hollered. I went across and ferried over, and he said he'd come to get me. Well, sir, it me all to pieces. I hadn't calculated at all he'd be me. I went and worked for him two years and months before I quit."

"When I went away and left Court it was hard for him to stand it all alone. I let him have sup, that I got working for Stetson, and calculated if I could get rid of Stetson I would come back. But I could and it was such hard work for Court to get along had to leave, and I bought him out. Before the rail came and the village started, I had a good market all the game I could sell. Since then I have had to for what other people get. There used to be a class sporting people came in that were free with their money and thought only of having a good time. Now, that come in, come in for their health, and don't as if they had but a little money."

Adventures of a Black Fox.

"Talking about foxes," said McBride, with reference to the one hung up in the shed, "I used to see a good deal of a black fox around here years ago. Sim Moody and I were hounding deer out back of his house one day and on our way to the grounds Sim looked at one of fox traps. There'd been a fox in it, and it had got out not five minutes before by twisting off its foot. Sim carried the foot in his vest pocket, and when he took it out and showed it to me he said, 'Did you see a red fox with a right black foot like that?' I said, 'No, I hadn't,' and he tucked it back in his pocket and went on to put out the dogs. Sim's dog was a white one, and mine was a black hound."

"I got on the runway, and before a great while I heard a dog barking. It sounded as though he was going on another runway a little ways off, so I ran over to look but by the time I got there I knew he wasn't coming my way, so I went back to my old stand."

"Presently I see something black come bobbing along among the bushes, and I took it for granted it was a black dog, and began figuring how the deer had got by. Just as it got opposite to me, though, I see that black thing was carrying a brush behind instead of a tail, and I knew it was a fox, but it was too late to shoot. I lost it. Sim's white hound came through on the trail. When I went to look at the trail I see there was blood in it and that the fox hadn't only three legs, and that was the one that had just got out of Sim's trap."

"When winter came I happened to be looking out day across the interval, where I had some stacks of hay and I saw this same fox come trotting along. I went over and set a trap for him, but he'd cut his eye teeth and hadn't lost his foot for nothing. When I went to look at my trap I see he'd turned it over and made a mess of it. He did that several times, and though I saw him around four or five years, and though he kept his sack circuit down Simonds' Pond and across to Raquette Pond and back again, I never could get the better of him and he might have been living yet if it hadn't been for puppy I had that was just beginning to run deer."

"That dog was a fast runner, and he took to chasing foxes. One day I found a fox head out by the barn that he'd fetched in. After a while there was another head the same place."

"While I was fishing through the ice down at Indian Park I saw him run a fox out on the ice and catch him inside twenty rods. The fox hadn't no show at all when he got him on the ice. After that winter I never saw three-footed track again. I think the dog killed a fox somewheres back in the woods and lost somebody's nice sum of money for a black fox skin."

A Bear that Played Possum.

I had heard it stated that McBride had an experience recently with a bear playing possum, and asked the facts of the case.

"I had a trap set at the head of my pond," said McBride, referring to McBride's Pond, "and when I went up there to look at it I happened to see something moving over the top of a ridge that looked like the claw that was fast to the trap."

"I stepped up on a log, so as to see over the hill, and there was a bear going off with the trap."

"I didn't know how solid the bear was ketched, and I worked down in his direction pretty cautious, and when he turned his head to look at me I gave him a shot that must have stung him considerably, for he came bounding along straight for me and got within two rods before I could shoot again and down him."

"I waited a while, watching the bear, but he didn't make a motion, and I started to go over to kick him. When I got almost to him I happened to notice that he was breathing. That warned me, and I stepped back and threw a little stick over at him, and he sprang at me quick as a flash. I stood by a tree, so's I could get behind it if necessary, and let him come as close as the flour barrel, and when I shot that time I settled him."

"The first two balls had hit him in the nose, too low for the brain—his head was bobbing so I couldn't get sure shot."

The Big Bear that Got Away.

"The biggest bear I ever saw I run on across the lake back of Grindstone Bay. The whole settlement was out for a hunt, and Charlie Cornell and I put out the dog. On our way back to the lake we ran on to an old whacker of a fresh bear track in the snow. We followed it up and found where the bear had been digging beehive nuts. He had cleared away a space ten or twelve rods long, eating as he went, and then had come back to the end, where he started and circled round toward the upper end again."

"I figured this out while Cornell was studying on the track, and working off apiece through the woods, I did

covered the bear's nose right alongside a chunk of moss on a tree. His body was nearly concealed by one tree, and a second tree closer yet made only a narrow opening through which it was possible to see the bear. Pretty soon he dropped down on all fours, and went to digging beechnuts again about twelve rods away.

I dropped on one knee and sighted my double-barrel rifle on his shoulder, but when I pulled, the cap snapped. The bear riz his head up and looked square at me. I tried the other barrel, and that went off all right, and the bear keeled over and growled and snapped, and by and by he grunted like a hog—"woof, woof." The next thing I knew he was on his feet and coming toward me. I had a mare that weighed ten hundred and fifty, and the bear looked every bit as big, though not as tall. He was as big again as any bear I ever saved.

"I traded my old gun since then, but if I had it now I guess you could see where my fingers dented into the iron. The bear never swerved till he was close up, and he went by me not ten feet away. I was glad to see him go, too. I think I shot him in the right shoulder and that the ball didn't go through. He bled quite a plenty, but wasn't hit hard enough to stop him.

"He hadn't much more'n got by when the dogs and Charlie came up on the run. The dogs took the trail and followed the bear half a mile, but then they quit. I guess they didn't like the looks of the bear, and thought he was a little bigger chaw than they wanted. It was near nightfall, so Charlie and I quit, too.

"The next day Charlie and I started out again. We had made up our minds we were going to get that bear anyway. The track wasn't easy to follow, and we had to take particular notice to keep it at all. The bear would run along a piece and then back track and jump off to one side, where we wouldn't be apt to see the track.

"When we had followed two miles I saw a buck and shot at him, but didn't get the deer—darned dough head I was!

"A piece further on I saw the bear. He had started across an open place and was on the run. I pulled up and shot, but just that minute he jumped into a hollow and I must have shot over. He went on out of sight through a thick growth of evergreen brush. I stood still, figuring it out, and though I didn't know it till afterward, that bear circled and came back within a few feet of where I stood. A small bushy spruce was standing in his way, and when he came to that he sheered just enough to pass it, and if it hadn't 'a' been for that we'd 'a' had a clinch. I don't know whether he saw me or not. I've shot quite a number of bears in the woods, and my experience is that they came for me when they were shot.

"The next day Henry Newcomb and Kirk Reed and I went out and followed the bear about two miles, and then lost the track, right in good, open sailing, too. The day after that Henry Newcomb and Mart Moody went with me. On our trail going in we found where a big bear had crossed, and there was blood in the trail. Mart said it was the same bear. I said it wasn't; that the track was not so big. But Mart must have his way about it, and we followed the track two or three miles and then concluded it was another bear and gave it up.

"I never saw such a track before or since as that bear had. The forward foot was as wide as my two hands laid side by side and the thumb between. My foot would not fill his hind track—and I've got quite a foot, as you see—not to count the three pair of socks I had on besides my moccasins."

McBride paused, as if he had finished. After a moment he continued speaking slowly as the facts recurred to his memory.

"Next day but one I heard from Gale's hunting ground, Massawepie Lake, that they run on a big bear that was bleeding, and followed it two hours. Saw a deer and shot at it.

"At one of the houses down at the windfall, four or five miles away, I heard they got on the track of a big bear that was bleeding. They followed a spell, got in where deer was plenty, and left him. * * *

"Guess if my first charge had a-went he'd a laid right there."

The Last Wolf.

Presently I roused McBride by asking if he held Sim Moody's opinion that the moose and wolves migrated from the Adirondacks. He replied in the negative, stating that he believed they had been "mostly killed off." Thirty years ago, however, he said there was a moose near Cranberry Lake, and he had never heard of its being killed. He mentioned the beaver at Whitney Pond, and then told of the last wolf he had seen around Tupper Lake.

"Thirty-two years ago I was fishing at the head of this slant on Simonds' Pond for trout through the ice. I was lying down watching my bait, and every once in a while pulling out a trout. After a spell they didn't bite very good, and I got kinder tired lying in one position and I rolled over so my face was toward the other shore and I see something on the ice sixty or seventy rods away that I knew wasn't there before. I made up my mind it was a deer. It was a kind of grayish color, and it was a good ways off.

"I went back to the house and got my gun and dog and started out, thinking I'd have some venison. When I came back I could still see the thing out on the ice. The dog took after it, and it looked like a deer running, and it wasn't till after it got off the crusty snow next shore and into the woods where it broke through that I saw from the track it had claws instead of hoofs. The dog, too, wouldn't follow it.

"That afternoon a young fellow working for Sid Jenkins at the head of Tupper Lake saw something crossing on the ice. He got his gun and ran out on a point to head it. It was a wolf, and it came within twenty-five rods. He shot at it and bled it, but the wolf got away."

"I think most of the wolves that inhabited this country were trapped. Bill Eastman and a man by the name of Leonard spent a great deal of time trapping wolves in the Mud Lake and Bog River country. Uncle Niles Hamblin caught a lot. That was thirty to forty years ago and there was \$20 bounty money on wolves then.

Uncle Hamblin's Deer Story.

"Uncle Hamblin was telling about still-hunting one

time. The story may sound kind of funny, but I never ketched him lying, and I've got a right to believe a man until I do.

"It was up at the head of Grasse River. There came good still-hunting and Uncle Hamblin left off his trapping, and decided he'd get him some deer. He got into camp just at night, and run up some bullets. Next morning he started out, and he hadn't gone but a little ways, when he came to a swamp. A small deer jumped up and he shot at it. The deer didn't stir, and he walked up toward it. First thing he knew, there was another deer. Shot again—deer didn't stir.

"Uncle Hamblin had a double-barrel rifle that was different from any other gun I ever saw. You could shoot the barrels singly or you could shoot 'em both at once. If you shot the hind charge first, both would go.

"Uncle Hamblin loaded up, and went on hunting. He got down in the edge of the swamp, where it was pretty middling thick, and he see another deer. He shot at the deer and it went out of sight. Walked up toward it—see another. Shot at that. Walked toward it, and up got another. Kept on shooting that way, not bothering with any deer he found down, till he run out of bullets. Then he stood his gun up ag'in a tree and went to hunting his dead deer.

"He started at one place and drew the deer that were lying around handy to it there, and then he went back on his tracks and started in again, and when he was through he had three piles with five deer in each pile.

"When he'd got his deer together Uncle Hamblin went back to camp and started running balls. He'd kinder got his appetite whetted, and said he was going to have a hunt that was a hunt. But it began to rain heavy, and formed quite a crust, and got so noisy he couldn't get up to another deer, so he give it up, and went and hung up the deer he'd killed in the morning and went next day and got a team to draw them out. Uncle Niles was a cracking good hunter."

"He's dead now?" I asked.

"He ought to be if he ain't. When deer hides was a dollar a pound he took the hides and let the meat rot. Bill Graves was out with him one time on Bog River, and Uncle Hamblin shot and broke a deer's back. He skinned him before he was dead and threw him back in the brush. 'There,' says he, 'go and grow another hide on ye.' They killed seven deer that day, and only saved two.

Killing a Bear with a Club.

"I've experimented with trapped bears some to find out where's the best place to hit 'em with a club to kill," remarked McBride.

"When you try to hit a bear on the nose he'll curl his nose in under so's you can't reach him. Ef you can get a wipe at a bear at the side of his head under the ear that's the best spot, and you'll knock him down if your club is a good stout one. They're apt to get up again, though, if you don't attend to them some more while you have the chance. You can hit them on the front of the skull all day and not knock 'em off their feet.

"Charlie Cornell wanted to see a bear in a trap, and he went up with me one day when I was looking my traps, and we found a pretty good-sized bear, caught all right, though the clog wasn't hitched, and he could get around pretty well. Charlie had a muzzleloading rifle that shot a ball that would run ninety or so to the pound. It was a good shooting gun, though too light. At three or four rods Charlie could hit a cent about every time.

"Charlie got up pretty close to the bear and sighted on the ear and gave him a shot. The bear just whined a little and put up one paw and scratched its ear like it tickled.

"I says to Charlie that gun of yours ain't no good; take a club and kill him. He tried it, and the bear got him by the breeches and tore them clear up most to his ham—just missed getting his hide, too.

"I told Charlie he'd got to kill the bear with a club, and I worked him till the sweat was running off him in a stream. I must have kept him pounding that bear two hours. I made up my mind to give him all the fun he wanted, so's he wouldn't be following me 'round to my traps any more. I had hold of the dog most of the time, so's the bear couldn't get at him, and do the best he could. Charlie wasn't able to hurt the bear very much. When I thought he'd had enough of it, I gave him my gun and let him finish the bear.

A Wounded Man in the Woods.

"Charlie didn't get enough of it, though, at that time. He went out with me later on, when I went to look a trap at the foot of Raquette Pond. The trap was on a hill, and below it on the shore there were a lot of logs that a man had to climb over.

"Charlie jumped out of the boat and started for the trap. He was careless with a gun, and I was afraid of him and had to be always telling him to be careful or he'd shoot somebody. When he went to climb over the logs he rested on his gun and it slipped down a little and went off and put a ball right through his chest and shoulder.

"'Oh, God,' he says, 'I'm shot.'

"'You're not,' I says; 'the ball never touched you.'

"Says he, 'I be; look a-there.'

"His hide was burnt where the ball went in, and the blood had started running down his clothes. He wanted to know if I thought the wound was fatal. I told him the ball couldn't have gone through his lungs much if any.

"It must have hurt, for he jacked himself up a good deal like a cat.

"I started and got him back to the boat, never looking at the trap at all.

"I took Charlie to Mart Moody's place, and when I'd got 'em to understand it wasn't no joke, I went for an old doctor sportsman who lived at the head of the lake. This old doctor, when he saw Charlie, told him he couldn't live. Every time Charlie coughed the blood squirted from his wound. The doctor set to and stopped the blood, which was a wrong thing to do in my judgment; that loose blood in him ought to have come out.

"We started a telegram to Keeseville for a doctor. Next night Dr. Barber came. He lit a lantern and went in and looked at Charlie, said there was a chance for him, but that it was one in ten if he got well. Next day Dr. Devinew (D'Avignon), of Keeseville, came and ex-

amined him. Charlie was mad—didn't like it at all—said he didn't want so much fussing and doctoring.

"We sent a telegram to his folks in Brooklyn, and his mother and brother-in-law came on and stayed with him. Devinew went back to Keeseville. Barber stayed three weeks, and it ended by Charlie getting well."

"A long while after, Charlie came up here one time. He had grown big and stout, and I didn't know him at first. He'd had hard luck; went into the coal business, and another man came along and set up beside him and played hog, so that Charlie lost his money and had to quit. After that he got to drinking hard, and the last I heard of him he was dead. It wasn't the bullet that killed him, though."

J. B. BURNHAM.

A Rough Time in the Clearwater Country.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Not since Gen. Howard followed Chief Joseph through the Clearwater Mountains has there been so much interest taken in that uninviting and comparatively unknown country as in the past season, when the N. P. R. R. began building its road eastward from Lewiston, Ida., to some point in Montana. Forty-five miles from Missoula, Mont., up Lo Lo cañon and within six miles of the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains are the Lo Lo and Granite Hot Springs. Here during the summer are many campers from the valley below, who come either for an outing or to get the benefit of the waters of the springs. It is through here that the old Lo Lo and Lewiston trail passes through the Lo Lo Pass. There is little or no settlement from here to Lewiston, 150 miles away, through a country wild enough to satisfy the most adventurous.

While at the Granite Springs last summer we got up a party of five, consisting of Charles Warren and wife, A. M. Stevens and wife and D. A. Sheldon. We had five saddle horses and five pack horses. Sheldon was armed with a heavy rifle as a protection against grizzly bears, which are quite plenty. Mr. Warren and his wife were armed with fish-rods and plenty of trout flies; Mr. Stevens with a Stevens .22 rifle to keep the cock grouse from strutting ahead on the trail (a very disagreeable practice they have), and lastly Mr. Stevens carried a 5 by 7 camera; this was to be the recording scribe of the trip. It did its work well, and we have thirty pictures of a country few people have seen.

Our first halt was at Pack Creek, twelve miles from the springs. Here are meadows some two miles long near the summit of the range. The creek here is small, about 8 feet wide, with deep banks and slow current. It was raining when we got here; in fact, I believe it either rains or snows here every day in the year. We met an old man camped across the creek, who was found dead on the trail a month later. He told us we could not catch trout there without bait, and not very well with it, as he had fished an hour and only caught six. We were not to be put off so easy. Warren and wife and Stevens and wife fished in the rain for one hour, barring the time we were fighting mosquitoes. We used a No. 8 royal-coachman fly and caught ninety-six little fellows from 5 to 8 inches long. They were very dark, nearly black, with light spots on their sides. In the morning we found that it had cleared off during the night and frozen hard enough to take a sharp blow to break the ice. We took a picture of our outfit and then started for the Clearwater, ten miles away.

This is a pretty rough trail, as much of it is over very steep mountains, where for twenty-five years no fallen timber has been cut out of the trail. Some of it is pretty high jumping, which is not pleasant riding either going up or down a steep side hill. At the first crossing of the Clearwater, called by some the Little Crooked Fork, there is no feed for the horses, the mountains coming close down to the water's edge, while the timber grows so dense that scarce a ray of sun penetrates to the earth. We unpacked our animals to give them rest, and we tried the fishing, which we found all right, as we caught seventy-two in less than an hour. Mrs. Stevens caught the largest one, of about 2 pounds in weight. She was standing on a large smooth boulder, which she had worked out to; and at the time he struck either she was excited or he pulled too hard, for she went off the rock, breaking a hole in that swift-running ice water about 3 feet long. But being a true sportswoman, she held a taught line, and worked shoreward, safely landing the prize.

After dinner we were going on, when a prospector came across the river from the opposite side. He reported having seen no horse feed for fifty miles back, and taking me one side said, "Never try making that trail with those wimin. I have been eighteen years in the mountains, but never saw so bad a trail before. It is surely dangerous." This not being a very encouraging outlook to go on, we camped there for the night, taking an early start in the morning.

We found the trail bad enough, but not worse than we had seen. We followed it about five miles to the top, and kept along the summit for another five. From here we could get some fine views of the Clearwater Basin. All along the trail huckleberries grew in abundance, the bushes being so high that we gathered them from horseback. We left the trail on a spur, which put off the main ridge to the south. The day was perfect, and as we saw plenty to interest us we did not hurry. Grouse, moose and elk were plenty; and as there had been no one here for two years it was easy to surprise them by keeping quiet. The forest fires had burned over several hundred acres on this ridge, and the grass was fine. Tracks showed that the game were numerous, and we concluded that this must be their feeding ground for some distance around. As the open season does not begin until Sept. 15 we did not feel like killing them in August, although a long way from an officer. We saw two moose and a small band of elk on our trip, the latter on a lick we found on the edge of a swamp we were unable to cross.

As it was 5 o'clock, we camped, thinking that in the morning we could find our way through. As the mosquitoes were very bad, and there was no feed for the horses, we went back on the mountain and made a dry camp. Morning came, and with it clouds, and we soon found we were in the home of the thunder. We saw the showers form and descend to the valley below. Soon

we were in the rain, and it seemed to come down in pailsful. We caught water enough in a few minutes to make coffee for our breakfast. It is quite a novel sight to see clouds gather and showers form if one has never seen them.

It cleared while we were eating breakfast, but we could see that there was to be no good weather for a while, so we turned back to a better place, to await fair weather, and did not see this place again for two weeks. After we started back, the clouds seemed to close in on us, the rain poured out of them, balls of lightning seemed to burst within a few feet of us or shoot across the trail, blinding us, while thunder, sharper than I had ever heard, crashed by our sides and rolled away to the valley below, or bursting below us seemed to echo from side to side of the cañon. It was a grand sight, but a little too close. We had to travel for miles through mountain ash and moose brush so thick we could not see the horse ahead or behind us on the trail. Each leaf carried about a spoonful of water, which was unloaded down the back of one's neck as we stooped to pass under them. This shower lasted about an hour, then turned to sleet, and finally to snow, on the summit. About 6 o'clock we reached the river, wetter and colder than we would have been had we taken a plunge in its waters. But we were contented, as we had had no accidents and the trail was very slippery after the rain. A rousing fire of pitch pine soon warmed us, although it rained so hard we could not dry our clothes, and had to crawl into wet blankets to sleep. As we had not eaten since 8 o'clock in the morning we all had appetites. The five of us ate eight grouse, a kettle of potatoes, a can of tomatoes, a can of macaroni and cheese, a can of peaches, bread and butter and hot coffee—I refrain from mentioning more. I would recommend to those who have poor appetites to take a trip into the Clearwater Country.

In the morning it was still raining, and there was no feed for the horses short of Pack Creek meadows. We rode back there and camped, waiting for it to clear off; but it snowed and rained most of the time. We were continually wet, hunting birds or fishing, so on the fourth day we pulled out for the Hot Springs, where we got a good hot bath, dry clothes and a dry place to sleep. None of us felt any the worse for soaking and freezing for a week, and all said they were willing to go again when opportunity offered. BERT STEVENS.

Sam's Boy.—XVI.

Trapping.

SAMMY was very confident of retrieving his fortune, but he ranged the hunting ground faithfully without the luck of finding a fox. It seemed as if there must have been a general exodus of foxes from Danvis. The few trails found were so cold that at best they drew only a reluctant challenge from the keenest-nosed hound and at last faded out to a doubtful suspicion of a scent. Experienced hunters attributed these cold, infrequent trails to a wise old vixen, who for many years escaped guns and insidious traps to rear her yearly litter on Hedge-hog Hill, and taught her cubs much of the cunning she had learned in a long life. She was a plague to poultry wives, of which they were powerless to rid themselves, as the fox hunters had no mind to do, so long as she provided foxes for their sport. It became an unwritten law of the old hunters to let her go by if ever they got a shot at her; and she was too cunning to be in much danger from the young fellows.

Poor Sammy grew more and more discouraged with following Drive up hill and down dale to the slow music of his infrequent bugle notes until they ended in a final long-drawn announcement of failure; or if a fox was got up, the chase led far away into the fastnesses of the mountains. His father told him that there was no use in hunting any more until the first snows fell, when the foxes would probably return from their migration. But Sammy was so nettled by Antoine's continual scoffs that he was determined to get a fox by hook or by crook, and as a last resort set a trap, as what country boy has not? He knew it was a practice held in utter detestation by all honest fox hunters, and by none more than by his father.

The temptation was great and success seemed certain. He would catch but one, just to end the everlasting poking fun at him. No one would ever know how he got it. He easily possessed himself of one of his father's raccoon traps and set about ridding it of the scent of iron which every one said, except those who knew, was what a wise fox most feared.

He smoked it thoroughly in the pungent reek of green hemlock and then proceeded to make a proper bed for its reception. First, he removed the sod and earth from a carefully chosen knoll, 2 feet in diameter and 8 inches deep, and filled the hollow with buckwheat, and carefully set the trap, with a wooden clog attached, in the lowest part of the bed. When all was completed it looked to him a very unobtrusive arrangement. Over all he sprinkled a liberal bait of toasted cheese rinds.

He made a gingerly retreat from the precincts with an assurance of success, somewhat dampened, it is true, by a twinge of shame at using such underhand means to circumvent a poor fox.

Sammy paid his first visit to the trap in considerable excitement, wondering in what condition he should find it, yet almost sure it would not be quite undisturbed, so skillfully was it hidden and so temptingly baited. But not a morsel of the bait was touched.

"Didn't none happen to come nigh last night, but to-night they will, you'll see," he said; and one at least did, for when Sammy approached the place, treading cautiously on tiptoe and craning his neck, he saw the trap lying sprung and quite naked among the chaff and conspicuously displayed on top of it the most contemptuous token of Reynard's visit that could be given.

In deep resentment of the insult, Sammy set the trap with redoubled care and baited it with the choicest tidbits, but all to no purpose, save the uncovering of the trap and a clean sweep of the bait. Now his trapping came to an unexpected end. Drive followed him at some little distance behind until, as he was making an unseen, careful retreat from the bed, he cast a backward glance at it, when, to his horror, he saw the hound making a curious examination of this odd arrangement. Sammy

had only time to call out a sharp command before the hound poked a tentative paw into the chaff, sprung the trap upon it, and thereupon set up a howl of pain and astonishment, followed by another and another, all loud enough to be heard a mile away.

Then he made for home as fast as the clog would let him, until Sammy overhauled him, as frightened as he, got a foot on the spring and set him free. But the hound continued the dolorous outcry as he hobbled homeward, now and then stopping to examine his pinched foot. Sammy followed hard on his heels till the orchard wall was reached, from behind which now suddenly appeared, most unwelcome of possible apparitions, the tall form of Sam Lovel, his face expressing a droll mingling of vexation and amusement.

"What on airth is the matter wi' the dog?" he said, as he stooped to examine the hurt foot, while Sammy stood aloof, down-headed and shame-faced with the trap dangling from his hand and wishing it a thousand miles away.

"I—I—kinder guess he—guess he got into a trap," was the abashed reply.

"I wonder who ever sot traps raound here."

"I—I—guess I done it," Sammy stammered, dreading open confession, though he well knew that in it alone was peace of mind.

"I shouldn't scarcely ha' thought aour Bub would be tryin' tu ketch foxes—sech a mean, sneakin' sort o' business, 'specierly for a feller 'at's got him a good dawg an' good gun. Why, I'm act'ally 'shamed on him!"

So Sammy wanted to say for himself, but his quivering lips would not shape the words, and he blubbered a blundering apology instead.

"They was a-laughin' at me—an' I thought I'd git one—an'—an' make 'em b'lieve I shot it an' they'd stop the noise—an' then I wouldn't ketch no more—an' I wouldn't only one."

"No, so ye wouldn't, Bub," said his father with something of pity in his voice, "nor the fust one nuther. Boys al'ays thinks they can, but they don't never—"

"But I did—most!" Sammy asserted with some spirit.

"Yes, the fox clawed about the trap and sprung it, an' eat up all the bait, an' jes' so he kep' a-doin'," said his father, "an' that's as nigh as boys—an' most men—gets, an' never knowin' what the trouble is."

"If they can't ketch 'em, I don't see what hurt the' is in tryin'," Sammy ventured to argue.

"'Cause it's showin' a mean dispersion, a-tryin' tu steal other folkses' fun," his father answered; "an' they be mean, them 'at does. Look a' ol' Ike Hamner, sneakin' aout airly in October an' ketchin' hul litters 'fore they're half-prime, an' sp'ilin' lots o' fun for us—for the' be some 'at knows haow," Sam hastened in confusion to amend the inconsistency of his assertions. "But the' haint no boys, a-touchin' trap an' bait an' all as car'less as if they was settin' skunk traps. You can't never shoot one? Shaw, yes ye can tew. I didn't kill the fust one I shot at an' al'ays don't naow. Can't git no shots? Why, the' al'ays comes sech spells when the' haint none 'raound, but the's some ol' varmints, 'at starts for Ne' Hampshir' the fust hoot a haoun' gives. You'll git your chance tu rights, but if ye don't, don't never set no fox traps. Jes see haow nigh you come tu spilin' Drive's foot! S'posing he'd got ketched way off aouten hearin', an' the dog got hung! He'd tore his foot half off a-tryin' tu git loose, an' wouldn't b'en no good for tew months."

"Oh, I never thought o' that, Daddy, till jest as I see Drive a-pokin' int' the trap," Sammy managed to say between catches of the voice, begotten of various emotions, to one of which he gave vigorous expression by pitching the trap against the wall.

"Wal, the' haint no gre't harm done, an' I ruther guess Bub won't set no more fox traps," Sam said, without appearing to notice the act, and the boy's renunciation could not have been more assured by plighted word.

His father picked up the trap carelessly, and the pair walked home together, the younger, at least, in great peace of mind.

It was early in December when signs of the long-expected first snow began to show in the gradual misty fading of the blue sky until the rays of the sun grew pale and short, as it waded toward the west, becoming a faint, blurred patch, giving no apparent warmth nor light; and when it was gone, no one knew whether it was sundown but by the almanac.

Every newcomer to the shop in turn prophesied snow, until at last, when Uncle Lisha looked where the invisible witches were drinking tea around the glowing counterfeit of the red stove draft under the old apple tree, he spied an unusual whiteness gathering in the corners of the dusty, cobwebbed panes and forthwith propounded a time-honored riddle, which, like all its class, could be guessed only by those who already knew it.

"Raoun' the haouse an' raoun' the house, an' leave a white glove in the winder."

Every one promptly answered, "Snow!"

"Right you be," Uncle Lisha made concession, and some one opened the outer door and verified it by showing the cold, white sparks wavering downward in the candle light athwart the dusky patch of night.

Sammy was all ears when Joseph Hill remarked in an inquiring way, "Wal, Samuel, you'll 'most hafter kinder give 'em a-tryin' in the morning', if it don't blow like Sam Hill or suthin'?"

"No, I can't go tu-morrer," Sam sighed. "I got some fixin' up for winter, jest as I al'ays hev when the first snow comes. Sammy can go, though, if he wants to."

With this comforting assurance, the boy curled up in his favorite lair on the leather, and finding little to interest him in the politics into which his elders presently fell, beset Uncle Lisha in whispers to "tell some more riddles."

This his old friend was nothing loath to do, as it would not hinder his listening to propound the unguessable questions nor giving the time-worn answers.

So he began with, "Niddy, noddy, tew heads an' 'one body"; and when he thought Sammy had given it enough unavailing study, supplied the answer, "A barrel," without distracting his own attention. Then, as he kept one ear attentively cocked to a criticism of the "S'lec' Men's duin's," he delivered aside,

"Chic, Chic, Cherry, O,
All the men in Derry, O,
Can't Climb Chic, Cherry, O,"

and in due time announced that "Chic Cherry O" was no more nor less than smoke. This reminded him of his pipe, which he sorted from among his tools beside him and began filling, while he propounded several other brain-racking riddles such as,

"Nitty crout,
Netty crout,
Wears a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she lives the shorter she grows,"

which Sammy could not guess, though it was the candle before his eyes. Then followed,

"Hill full,
A hole full,
You can't ketch a bowl full [dew].

"Over the water,
Under the water,
Never teched the water" [a duck's egg],

and that masterpiece of poetry and mystery,

"Chink, chink,
Through the brook,
And never stops to drink,"

the solution of which was a chain dragged through a brook by oxen.

When Uncle Lisha's stock was exhausted and he suggested to Sammy the wisdom of going to bed so that he might be up betimes, "It's the airly bird 'at gits the worm, you know; an' I've heard your father say time an' ag'in, 'An haour 'fore sun up's wuth tew arter,' an' I allers noticed he'd git up airlier tu go huntin' 'an anything else. The snow'll kiver the shack* on the beech ridges, an' mebbly send the fox daown inter the open arter mice, so like 'nough you'll start one. Hope so. Good night."

Sammy overcame his boy's dislike of going to bed after a brave struggle, and slowly drifted into dreamland, while he committed the riddles to memory for future use at school, and listened anxiously for signs of rising wind that might come to spoil to-morrow's sport. There was no warning sough of chimneys nor soft swish of flakes against the panes—only the slide and slump of an overladen branch's burden upon the roof.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hunting the Nilghas with Old Muzzleloaders.

THE nilghas, meaning blue bull (*Portax pictus*), is the largest of the Indian antelopes, being from 52 to 58 inches high at the shoulder and often 600 pounds in weight. The bones are large and hard, the hide so thick and tough that it was formerly used by the natives of India for making shields. The bull is of a dark blue slate color all over the upper part of the body and legs, except that there are white rings around the fetlocks and a white patch on the throat. The under parts of the chest and abdomen are also white. The animal is much higher at the withers than at the hind quarters, and resembles the ox tribe in having a tail reaching to the hocks, but is like the antelope in having lachrymal sinuses in front of the orbits. The muzzle is large, hairless and moist, like that of the ox. The bull has horns, round and rather sharp pointed, from 7 to 9 inches long, a stiff upright black mane along the ridge of the neck and a long bunch of black hair hanging downward below the throat.

The cow is smaller than the bull, has no horns and is of a reddish yellow color above and white on the abdomen. The period of gestation is said to be eight months, and two young are often produced at a birth. The food consists chiefly of the leaves and berries of various trees, but I suspect they will also eat grain or natchnee, having on several occasions seen them close to or actually in the cultivated fields. The late Captain Forsyth, Conservator of Forests in Central India, stated that they can go for several days without water, and certainly they are sometimes found in very dried-up parts of the country. I have met with them in various districts from the Punjab to the central provinces, but have not seen or heard of them in the mountains; and Dr. Jerdan, a great authority on Indian natural history, says that they are never found in the extreme south.

In districts where there are few Europeans and the population consists mainly of Hindoos of good caste (who will not kill nilghas, believing them to belong to the ox tribe), these animals show very little fear of man; but in places where they are often hunted they become as wild as deer, and Sir Samuel Buller stated that he found them more difficult to stalk than sambhur.

Low-caste Hindoos are glad of the chance of eating them, and Mussulmen are also fond of the flesh, if one of their own religion be present to make it "hallal," or lawful, by cutting the throat before life is quite extinct. That of the full-grown animal is rather tough, and Europeans seldom keep any parts except the tongue, heart and marrow bones.

When taken young the nilghas is easily tamed, but the bull is sometimes dangerous, being apt to charge at people. He will also do this occasionally when wounded and brought to bay by a hunter. R. A. Sterndale, F.R.G.S., had a bull which he could ride, and which he employed for carrying his servants' baggage when out in camp.

In some places these animals have a habit, which I have also noticed in gazelles, of depositing their dung on the same spot for several days, until a large round mass a yard and a half in diameter has been collected. When looking for game in the jungles of central India I had often caught momentary glimpses of them disappearing among the trees, but never had a chance of a shot at a vital part, so had not fired. In the cold weather of 1869 I was traveling on duty in an unfrequented part of the country, and, after taking breakfast at a dawk bungalow, strolled through some jungle near it carrying a Westley Richards breechloading carbine, .45 caliber. The part of the cartridge containing the powder was of thin, tough paper, which was penetrated by the flash of a cap placed on a nipple just above the chamber. I never knew it to miss fire, and with new cartridges the accuracy was

*Beechnuts.

such that at 150 yards it would place most of the bullets in a 6-inch ring; but in damp weather the powder was liable to lose its strength by absorbing moisture through the paper.

About a mile from the bungalow I saw a blue bull standing among some trees 150 yards away. He saw me at the same moment, and, thinking there was no chance of getting nearer, I took a careful aim at his shoulder, upon which he disappeared in the jungle. On following his tracks I found numerous spots of blood on the ground, and, supposing he would quickly drop, I returned to the dawk bungalow and procured a low-caste Hindoo to help cut up the bull and arrange for the flesh being carried away. We followed the spots of blood for perhaps a mile and a half, when the bleeding appeared to have stopped, and, the ground being covered with broken pieces of rock, there was no possibility of finding any footprints, so we were obliged at last to give up the search.

At the commencement of the hot season of 1870, the cold weather field days and other work of that kind being pretty well over, the everyday routine of a military station became so irksome that I obtained a week's leave, hired two camels to carry a tent and baggage for myself and servants and went for an outing through the surrounding country about sixteen miles away from the station. It was mostly covered with low jungle of acacia, camel thorn and other bushes, with here and there a small village where the soil was deep enough for cultivation and water could be found for irrigating it. There was hardly any large game—only a few gazelles, black buck antelope and wild pigs to be met with occasionally—but at that season of the year camp life was delightful, quite irrespective of game shooting. There was brilliant sunshine for weeks together, yet the heat was not enough to be uncomfortable, provided thin clothes were worn and the head was protected with a pith helmet. The groves of mangos near the villages were covered with new leaves and beginning to put out their sweet-scented blossoms. Here and there a dhak tree (*Butea frondosa*), whose branches were still bare of leaves, had every twig adorned with its golden-scarlet flowers. The little green barbet or "coppersmith" (*Megalaima viridis*) was sounding its tink tink, tink—a note like the tapping of a small hammer on a tin kettle—from the tops of banhinias, with their geraniumlike blossoms, varying in color from almost white to the deepest purple on the same branches. The golden orioles were whistling on the date palms and around the native houses were swarms of cooing wild doves, some varieties no larger than the American robin. The Westley Richards carbine and the double two-grooved muzzle-loader mentioned last year in my article on black buck shooting had been stolen by a villainous servant and carried into a native independent State whose frontier was only a mile distant from our cantonment.

As the state of my finances did not allow me to pay £40 to £60 for a good double breechloading rifle, I had bought a single Purdey second-hand muzzleloader carrying an ounce round bullet. It weighed only 8½ pounds, had a barrel 30 inches long, and was rifled with narrow bands and broad grooves, which allowed a rather tight-fitting ball to be loaded easily; but owing to the grooves having one turn in 4 feet a powder charge exceeding 2¼ drams could not be used without a bullet occasionally stripping. With that charge it was beautifully accurate, and I never had any more modern rifle with which I bagged more game in an equal number of shots, although its trajectory was 5½ inches high in 100 yards.

I had also a lovely 16-bore muzzleloading shotgun by Sam Smith, at that time one of the best among the London gun makers. It had 30-inch Damascus barrels and weighed 6¼ pounds. Its locks were so perfect that raising and lowering them was a luxury, and I never knew a harder hitting gun with the charge I used, viz., 2½ drams of powder corresponding to Curtis & Harvey's present No. 2 Diamond grain and 1 ounce of shot. I had that gun for some years and made very satisfactory bags of game from quail and sand grouse to duck. With the same charge of powder and a ball loaded with a thin linen patch, it was almost as accurate as a rifle up to 50 yards, and sometimes much further.

Riding my Arab horse in front of the camels, I wandered around the country for four days, killing at first a gazelle, and a day or two afterward an antelope, to supply the servants and camel man with meat. It was the breeding season of the partridges, sand grouse, non-migratory quail and hares, so I could not fire at them, but shot for my own table a few ducks which had delayed their migration to the north of the Himalayas.

On the evening of the fourth day I reached a tract of forest several miles long and broad belonging to a Rajah who was very courteous in giving permission to the British to shoot there. Besides small game, it contained a few antelopes, gazelles and leopards, and great quantities of nilghae and pigs. (In parts of the country open enough to ride through with a spear, shooting a pig is as great a crime as shooting a fox in England; but here the bush was so prevalent that such sport was impossible. A few ardent pig stickers in the station where I lived tried it on several occasions, but the pigs invariably escaped into the dense jungle before they could gallop within reach on their Arabs.)

I had dismounted and was walking, rifle in hand, when a blue bull galloped across an open space 70 yards distant. I fired and he disappeared among the trees without showing any sign of being hit, and I eventually lost him.

The penetration of my rifle was such that a bullet striking the center of the breast of a buck antelope at 150 yards invariably passed out through the hind quarters; but I doubted if this would be sufficient for nilghas. On the following morning, therefore, I loaded with a bullet weighing fifteen to the pound. It required a little extra time to force into the muzzle, but I had found by previous trials that 2½ drams of powder could be used without causing it to strip. I also loaded the shotgun with ball and gave it to a coolie to hand to me in case a quick second shot were necessary.

The ground was very hard and bare of grass. It was covered with trees about 50 feet high, with tall bushes underneath them. For some time I saw only pigs, and occasionally glimpses of the hind quarters of nilghae disappearing between the trunks. At length a fine bull appeared through an opening in the trees about 150 yards

distant. Raising the leaf sight for that range, I fired at his shoulder and he dropped, apparently dead. At the sound of the rifle another bull rushed out 50 yards nearer than the first and stood still for a moment gazing in my direction. Snatching the shotgun from the coolie, I fired at his shoulder and he dropped on the ground struggling, with his back toward me. I ran forward to within 20 or 30 yards and hit the center of the spine with the second barrel, killing him instantly. The first bullet had struck a trifle above the heart.

On going forward to where the first bull had dropped, he was nowhere to be seen. No traces of blood could be found, and the ground was so hard that there were no visible footprints; so he was finally lost. I had probably overestimated the distance, so that the bullet had struck above the heart, grazing the spine.

About two miles from where this occurred the Government road passed by the edge of the forest, and there was a small village with a dawk bungalow for travelers.

I there hired a bullock cart, had the nilghas carried to the bungalow and made him a present to the villagers, my own servants, of course, having their share of the meat.

I had a good meal of curried fowl at the bungalow and in the afternoon went out again. I walked a mile or so into the forest and saw through a bare space in the trees a large herd of nilghae. Leaving the coolie well behind, I glided carefully from trunk to trunk and found that there were four bulls and about twenty cows. My binocular glass showed that one bull was larger than the other three and of a specially bright color; so, after passing two of the smaller ones without being noticed, I managed to get within 100 yards of him before he saw me. He instantly turned to look, standing so that his left shoulder joint was in the line for his heart. I fired at this, and by the time the smoke had cleared away the whole herd was out of sight. After reloading I went to where the bull had stood and followed his tracks at a quick walk or run for about two miles. This was hard work, the thermometer standing at 85 degrees in the shade. There were now and then spots of blood, and at other places hoof marks could be seen on the surface of the hard soil. Sometimes I had to guess his direction, and on two or three occasions caught a glimpse of the tail disappearing through bushes 40 or 50 yards in front.

At length I reached the end of the bushes at the edge of an open space 50 yards across, beyond which was a clump of small trees. The legs of the bull could be seen 70 yards distant, moving slowly away as if he were much exhausted. I had to sit down in order to see his body, and found that the line for the heart was through the back ribs. He was hit there, but again ran out of sight, and the coolie and I searched for half an hour before we found him. He was lying down, not quite dead, in the midst of some tall and exceedingly dense bushes perhaps 50 yards from where he had started when I fired. I at once shot him through the brain to put him out of pain, as the coolie who accompanied me was not a Mussulman. Half a mile further on we found a cart track leading to a small clearing in the forest, where there were a few houses. The head man, naked down to the waist, was engaged with his son threshing grain on the sort of threshing floor mentioned in the Bible, formed of clay and cow dung mixed together so as to make a very smooth hard surface when dry. After some palaver he agreed to let me have a bullock cart to take away the nilghas, but refused to accept payment, so I insisted upon giving the driver of the bullocks a rupee.

The first bullet had struck an inch behind the shoulder joint and thus missed the heart. Neither of the two had gone through the body, nor had those which killed the other bull in the morning. (The best rifles for shooting large, tough animals in thick jungles were those on Captain Forsyth's system, with slow twist, round balls and heavy powder charges. I afterward bought a double 16-bore breechloader of this kind, which, when loaded with 124 grains of powder, would put several successive shots from alternate barrels into a 4½-inch ring at 100 yards. It gave a fine combination of penetration and striking surface, while the round balls cut through twigs instead of glancing off, as conicals are liable to do.)

The following morning I was walking through thick jungle and saw what appeared to be a strange kind of deer running across at 70 yards distance. I fired, killing him in his tracks, and found that he was a nilghas without horns and very young—not larger than a Virginia deer. He was of a slate color, thus showing that the statement made by naturalists that the bull is of the same color as the cow until two or three years of age is not always correct.

I had the hide of the large bull preserved, but it was of a most inconvenient size and weight to carry about; and as the small horns made the heads poor trophies, I never again shot one of these animals for sport.

Two years later I was on a seven weeks' march in charge of 600 army remount horses and their native attendants. At one of the camping grounds a number of the Mussulman syces (grooms) came to my tent and asked me to kill for their food "a wild bull" which they had found not far away. I could not at first imagine what animal they meant, for there were no bison within hundreds of miles, and no swampy land, such as buffaloes love, was near. I took out a single breechloading .45 express rifle, loaded with 110 grains of powder and a 280-grain hollow-pointed bullet. It was the first express I had owned, and I had only killed black buck antelope with it; but most wonderful accounts of the tremendous effects of weapons on the same principle had appeared in the Indian newspapers.

The syces conducted me to a field of dhall, a kind of pea with a stiff stem and over 5 feet high. From the middle of this could be heard moaning grunts and a noise like the beating of horns on branches, but nothing could be seen; so I climbed on to a mud wall half in ruins and watched. In a few minutes a nilghas raised his head above the crop 50 yards away and I fired at the root of his ear. He dropped, but instantly jumped up and galloped across the country. I followed at a run for quite half a mile, when the bull disappeared in a field of sugar cane. Thinking that if I entered there he might bolt on the other side, I walked around the edge of the crop and at last saw the lower part of his neck through an opening in the cane 60 yards distant. I fired at this, hoping to break the spine, but afterward found that the bullet had

only split a process of one of the vertebræ. Luckily, the bullet itself flew into fragments, one of which cut open the jugular vein. The bull ran into a thick part of the cane and stopped, when I heard the blood pouring in a thick stream on the ground, and after a few minutes he fell over dying. When skinned, part of the first bullet was found at the root of the ear, resting on the skull, which had a very slight crack in it. All the rest of the lead had been dashed into very small pieces.

The bull's hide was torn in several places, showing that he had been driven out of a herd after a fight with a rival. This accounted for his agitated state when found.

J. J. MEYRICK.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, England, Feb. 6.

Natural History.

The Log Cabin Naturalist.

HUNTERS and scientists in every part of the world will deplore the death of Prof. Edwin Carter, "the log cabin naturalist," whose collection of Rocky Mountain fauna, at Breckenridge, in Colorado, is the only one extant. Prof. Carter devoted his life to the collection and preservation of types of the animals and birds of the Rocky Mountain region—in fact, he sacrificed his life to his work, as his death, which occurred recently, was caused by arsenical poisoning, due to the handling of poisons in stuffing and mounting his thousands of specimens.

In a humble log cabin at the foot of a snow-capped mountain and commanding a superb view of the entire valley of the Blue River is stored the Carter collection, which has been visited by scientists from all parts of the world and by many curious tourists, and which has been pronounced the finest private collection of fauna in existence. Thousands of dollars have been offered for the rarest specimens which were secured by the indefatigable naturalist, but Prof. Carter refused to part with anything that he could not duplicate, his object being to found a Rocky Mountain museum to be located at Denver. Now his dream is to be realized after his death, as John F. Campion, one of the wealthiest mine owners of Colorado, has taken up the matter and has interested other capital, so that the Carter collection will soon be removed from Breckenridge to a suitable building in Denver.

In order to secure enough money to enable him to pursue his life, Prof. Carter sold many duplicate specimens to naturalists in all parts of the world, and most of the Rocky Mountain fauna in the great museums of this and other countries came from his cabin and were mounted by his hand. He also purchased of other taxidermists and collectors specimens that his collection lacked, and in this way he made his exhibit well nigh perfect. He had a marvelous knowledge of the habits of the birds and animals of the Rockies, and as an instance of the thoroughness which characterized his work, his collection of ptarmigans includes one for almost every day of the year, thus enabling students of natural history to note the many changes which occur in the bird's plumage. His skill as a taxidermist and his art in imparting life-like poses to stuffed animals equaled his gifts of observation, and the mounting of his specimens is said to be unexcelled.

The museum at Breckenridge presents a bewildering sight as the visitor enters. Stuffed buffaloes and grizzlies, brought down with Carter's own rifle, occupy the center of the room, while around them on every side are life-like mountain lions, strange-colored birds, nests full of rare and beautiful eggs, and piles of valuable and skillfully tanned pelts. The loft is full of skins and plumage, and there is hardly a foot of vacant space in the building, so closely are the valuable specimens packed. Prof. Carter was unable to make an estimate of the number of specimens he had gathered, but the total will mount into the tens of thousands. He was engaged in the work of classification when he died, and his work alone will require years of effort on the part of the experts who will take it up.—Correspondence Chicago Record.

Breeding Wood Ducks.

DURING my connection with the Zoological Garden, Cincinnati, I managed to secure a pair of wood ducks from a friend who had crippled them on a gunning trip. Fortunately, both of them had been but slightly injured near the tip of the wing. Therefore I amputated just at the wound and they recovered in a short time. They were placed in a roomy inclosure occupied by some silver pheasants, in the center of which was a small pool, partially surrounded by a thick growth of shrubs. It was the second summer after their arrival before I made any attempt at getting them to breed. The female was excessively timid—so much so that I feared she would injure herself whenever the keeper entered the inclosure for the purpose of feeding, etc. Getting an old-fashioned nail keg, I cut a hole in its side about half way up, put in a lot of dead leaves and placed it on end among the shrubs, with a slanting board fixed so as to make an easy entrance. The first summer after, the female never made the slightest attempt at nesting, but on the second I detected her in the act of inspecting the makeshift quarters. Thereupon the keeper was instructed to be particularly careful, and I anxiously reconnoitered the pool for several days, when my watchfulness was rewarded by catching her in the act of leaving the nest. So soon as she had wandered to a distant portion of the inclosure I stealthily entered, and on raising the head of the keg was delighted with the view of an egg.

From that time forward I risked no more inspections, but anxiously waited for indications of brooding. They came in due time, and one morning the keeper reported that the young ducks were scattered all over the inclosure. The entire staff was immediately summoned, and some lively work was done in catching them. Of all the youngsters I ever handled they were the quickest at hiding. A simple leaf served as a capital medium of concealment. They were transferred to a pen specially constructed for them, consisting of four boards 1 foot wide and 8 feet long set edgewise and covered with fine wire

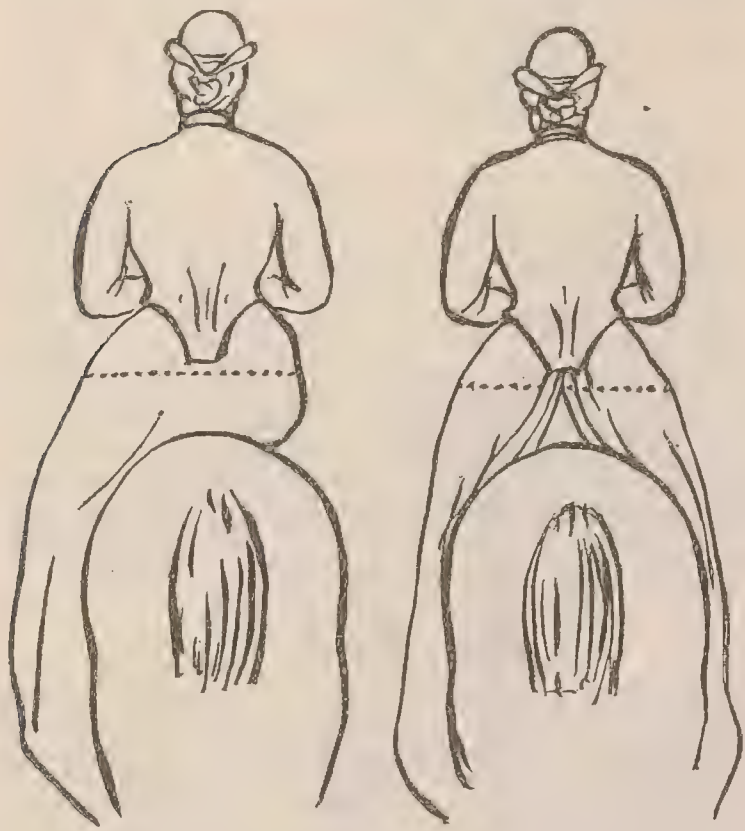
netting to keep out the thieving English sparrows. A small box was placed in one corner, for roosting purposes, and a tin pan in another, for drinking water. Until they were over half grown and turned out in the inclosure they never knew the luxury of a bath. Their food was a paste made as follows: Equal parts of stale wheat bread, carrots, oatmeal and boiled beef's heart, all finely grated, to which was added a small portion of hard-boiled egg, also grated, and a few meal worms. As this food was apt to sour in warm weather, they were fed three times a day and only given as much as they would eat up clean. When about six weeks old they were pinioned by tying a small rubber band at the pinion joint, which caused the wing tips to fall off without the loss of a drop of blood, and I was so fortunate as to rear the entire brood.

On my arrival in the garden I found a pair of trumpeter swans, which had been wing-tipped, occupying quite a large pond in company with some six or eight Canada geese. The next spring a pair of the geese nested and hatched out a brood, every one of which was speedily slaughtered by the swans, who made no attempt at breeding. I then removed them to a dam in one corner of the garden, gave them free range, and was surprised to find that they did not attempt to wander, but remained almost constantly in the immediate vicinity of the dam, of which they were the sole occupants. The following spring the female nested in the open grass on the margin of the water, within 50 feet of a much-frequented walk. Fearing the meddlesome interference of visitors, I watched until she was some distance from the nest, when I had a lot of brush piled so as to conceal it from prying eyes. She hatched out three youngsters, which promised well, but when they were about three weeks old we were visited by a heavy thunder storm, which raised the water to such a height that they were swept over the dam and killed. The next season I was more fortunate, and reared the brood. The food served them was the same as that given to the wood ducks, with the addition of fresh green grass. A space alongside the water was run over weekly with a lawn mower, which kept the grass short and sweet. I was forced to catch them with a large dip net in order to pinion them, which was effected with a rubber band at the pinion joint.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

The Sidesaddle.

Boston, March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the two articles that have appeared in your paper on the disadvantages of the sidesaddle. I rode for fifteen years in the sidesaddle and then gave it up as too hard work for a woman of my years and too dangerous. I had never met with any accident myself, although I had my saddle turn with me three times, but had seen several friends hung head downward from the pommel, while riding with them. Ten or fifteen years later I gained flesh rapidly, weighing 176 pounds, and concluded to ride again and reduce myself. At the riding school I found one lady riding astride and was advised to try that method for the horse's sake.



I was a most unfortunate build for the saddle; most of my weight being above the horse. My mount was as quick as a cat, and given to shying, and so before I got the balance and grip we parted company five or six times, but I always landed square on the ball of my foot and never had even the slightest jar. Now I weigh 140, my horse and I are close companions, and I have the comfort of feeling that his "withers are unwrung."

With a proper habit, I think the seat on the cross-saddle is infinitely more becoming than that on the sidesaddle, as any one can see by comparing the accompanying sketches. Boys who are used to seeing ladies on the cross-saddle think the sidesaddle very awkward. "They look horrid—all tied up in a knot, and want to walk the horses half the time to get their breath." I ride with men young enough to be my grandchildren, and can go as fast and far as any of them. I have now ridden in a man's saddle in and about Boston for three years, and have never had a rude remark made to me by man or boy. With my experience with a young friend—slight and a good rider—who finished up five horses in ten days with the sidesaddle, do you wonder that I am

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROSS-SADDLER.

Ancient South American Birds.

MR. C. W. ANDREWS, in a part of the Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, recently issued, gives

extended descriptions, with figures of the skull and parts of the skeleton, of one of the gigantic extinct birds of Patagonia, known to science as *Phororhacos inflatus*. In discussing these birds certain writers have been disposed to think that they were related to the ostriches, merely on the ground that there was little or no keel on the breast bone. Mr. Andrews, however, regards these birds as related to the cranes, but they were of monstrous size. We have been accustomed to think of the extinct moas of New Zealand as the largest of birds, but in bulk these ancient species of Patagonia far exceed them, some of the leg bones being nearly twice as stout as in *Dinornis*.

Among the material recently obtained during his explorations in Patagonia by Mr. J. B. Hatcher, for Princeton University, are the remains of a small species of *Phororhacos* in which the breast bone is preserved and this bone is slightly keeled. It is quite certain, however, that these great Patagonian birds were far too heavy ever to have flown.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Maine Tragedy.

Boston, March 10.—No traces of the missing young deer hunter, Knight, who went out from Bemis, Me., early last October, have yet been found. Still the hunters and guides will make further trials as soon as the weather becomes warmer and the snow begins to melt. The foxes are fond of digging down to dead bodies as the snow is melting in the spring, and it is hoped that by following their tracks the searchers may be led to where the body lies. Capt. Barker, with his men, has located a spot where firing was heard the second night after young Knight disappeared. It seems that a couple of trappers or hunters were camped at Four Ponds, three or four miles from Bemis, at the time, and heard a gun fired six or eight times in succession just at nightfall. They remarked that some one must have wounded a deer; but, on the firing continuing, they decided that some one was shooting squirrels or firing at a target. They thought little of the matter, however, till the next day, when more firing was heard in exactly the same direction. They again remarked that the hunter must be shooting squirrels. They did not know that any one had been lost in the woods till they went out to the settlement some time after, though they plainly heard the whistling of Capt. Barker's steamers as they were plied up and down the lake day and night, whistling at regular intervals, the object of this whistling being to guide young Knight into camp if possible. Later Capt. Barker has found these men and gone with them to the place where they were located when they heard the firing. Leaving them there with signals prearranged, he has gone into the woods in the direction of the shots heard. Firing his gun every few rods, the men at the location have directed him by shots from their own guns. If moving too far to the left, they fired one shot; if too far to the right, two shots. In this way he kept on into the woods, firing his own gun at regular intervals till the signal from the men agreed upon told him that he had gone far enough. When they signaled him to stop he found himself in the very worst sort of a tangle and blow-down, buried in deep snow. He searched here all that it was possible to search, in the hope of finding some signs of foxes or other animals having dug down through the three or four feet of snow for the body, but found nothing. Later this location will be much more thoroughly searched.

Still the spirit mediums continue to communicate with the parents of the lost boy, with Capt. Barker, with Mr. Wilson, the man who went out hunting with Knight the day he was lost, and with others. Each pretends to be able to locate Knight or his body. Their communications now go unanswered, but at first it was not exactly so. Some very interesting stories might be told of what these mediums were ready to pretend to do during the time that the most active searching was being done. Always they demanded their pay in advance. Some of them even went to Bemis, though Capt. Barker and the friends and parents of the lost boy kept the medium matter as quiet as possible. But one or two good stories have leaked out. In one case the medium, a woman, went to Bemis, with the understanding that her expenses were to be paid, and if she found the boy the reward of \$500 was hers. When she got there she frankly admitted that she was totally unable to travel the rough woods, but from a trance or inward sight she gave a party of searchers the direction, and told them they would find the boy under a certain tree by a fallen log. The hunters traveled all day as directed, but returned at night tired and hungry. The medium had sat by the warm fire all day, absorbed in a novel. When they came in she flatly told them that they had searched "too far to the east." The next day they took a direction further to the right—"to the west," she called it; but at night they came in again without success. Then she told them that "they had gone too far to the west." Now, the fact of the matter was that traveling to the west was exactly into the lake, while to the east was directly from Bemis over the mountains. The medium had not even got her points of compass right. The searchers declined to follow her directions another day. Another woman medium was more courageous, and even started the searchers on a course that was going to find the lost boy. The searchers hunted all day, but found nothing but a piece of paper, dropped by some searcher or hunter. There was some writing on it and they passed it to the medium to read. She immediately began to search for her spectacles; she could not read the paper without them. She did not find them. She would have to go into a trance to find her glasses, and did so—just a little short trance. She could see them. They were up in the woods, just where she had left the searchers when giving them directions in the morning. Would not one of the men go and get them? He was willing to accommodate, but the lost glasses were reposing quietly pushed back on the woman's head. The men had seen them there all the time. That medium also went home the next day. No more have since been employed.

SPECIAL.

The Genuine and the True.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since the discussion of old books has been going on in your paper I have felt an itching to get into the game, and at last I am in such torment that I can stand it no longer, so here goes. Excuse me if I introduce a new "old book" into the select company so far brought into the ring.

My book and writer must be somewhat obscure, as I do not remember the name of the writer and never saw but one copy of the book, and have never seen it mentioned in print. Yet, to my notion, it is far better than any of Mayne Reid's. This may be due to the fact that it was among the first books I ever read, while Reid's were read in later years, when their hot-house growth was too plainly manifest.

I like to have my stories with the scent of the prairie or wood in them, and not redolent with the sweat of an overworked stenographer. The name of my book was "Wild Western Scenes." One of the principal characters was Joe, an Irishman. The story opens with a carriage being driven through the woods at night. Joe is the driver. The horses stop and refuse to move on, when ordered. Joe gets down, and by the aid of a flash of lightning sees a dark figure blocking the road. After expostulating with the figure for its conduct in blocking the way without getting any reply, Joe gives it a smart cut with the whip, and the next instant goes head first into the bushes at the side of the road, with a badly bruised jaw. It was a bear, and had countered on the side of Joe's head.

Another character is Sneak Punk, the Hatchet Face. Sneak is full of humor, and plays on Joe's fears a good deal. Finally Sneak and Joe get captured by Indians. The Indians have them tied to trees with fagots, piled round them preparatory to burning them alive. In the meantime Sneak gets one hand loose and pours the contents of his powder horn into the fagots unobserved. One of the Indians gets down with flint and steel to start the fire. In blowing the punk into a blaze the powder is ignited and takes a hand at the blowing by sending the Indian into the next county and putting out the fire. The rest of the Indians are so badly frightened that they all run away, and Joe and Sneak are saved.

Another story in which I was much interested was "Nick Whiffles the Trapper Guide," by Dr. J. H. Robinson. I had the misfortune to read this story in later years, after having gone over some of the ground where the scene is laid, and found it totally dissimilar. During this second reading I was gifted with second sight, and was constantly looking through the transparent scenes and into the little stuffy office from which they emanated, with the full realization that "the power behind the throne" could not have gone half a mile into the wilderness and got out again of his own effort.

I have the misfortune to disagree with most people in regard to books. Riding over the prairie one day it was suggested to me that no description of a prairie was ever written that was equal to Fenimore Cooper's "Prairie." I had never read the work, but got and read it at the first opportunity, and this is what I found: A writer who wanted to describe a prairie, but had never seen it. Knowing a prairie is supposed to be treeless, he indulges in a few glittering generalities, but yet dares not commit himself to any great extent.

The same party told me, in discussing Mark Twain, that he was only a humorist, and people would not read him in any other line. To this I responded severely: "The very heart and soul of Mark Twain's humor lies in the fact that he is the best descriptive writer in the world. Twenty-five years ago I read Mark Twain's 'Roughing It.' As he crossed the great plains in a stage coach, I could smell the vegetation that was crushed under the wheels in the early morning, when the dew was on. I coughed and sneezed when the dust was raised in clouds during the heat of the day. I saw that jack-rabbit git, under the inspiration of Mark's 'pepper box.' Later I could smell the sage brush and saw the sage hens panting at the roadside.

"When he went on his outing to Lake Tahoe I felt the genial glow of his sage brush camp-fire; I saw the somber plain and the faces of his comrades lit up by its glow. I loafed with him under the pines at the lake, and heard the water lap the stones. Twenty years after—after having gone over most of the old stage route—I read the book a second time, and found everything there and even intensified, for I had seen much of it. The scent of the rod, the sage and the pine still came in soothing fumes from its pages. Now, that is what I call good description."

That party has not fully recovered from the shock of this tirade up to the present day.

The reason I like sportsmen's publications such as FOREST AND STREAM is because their stories are written mostly by men who have been there, and even if they digress from the actual facts, they are at least told in the way it would have been if the thing had really occurred and not in some impossible manner.

The stories of adventure in the daily papers and in the great popular magazines are invariably of the hot-house variety. Even the report of a trapshooting event as seen in a daily paper usually leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Now and then a natural article will appear in some of the magazines, such as Hamlin Garland's earlier efforts, but once the magazines get hold of the writer, into the hot-house he goes, and all is lost.

E. P. JAKUES.

ELMO, Kansas

Editor Forest and Stream:

So many notices about Ruxton's "Life in the Far West" have lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM that I think the following reminiscence of one of the chief characters will interest your readers. It is extracted from a book published in 1853 called "Solitary Rambles of a Hunter," by an Irish gentleman named Palliser. He stayed some time at Fort Union, near the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, in the Assiniboine territory.

After speaking in praise of Ruxton's book and mentioning that the trappers often came there with their furs, Mr. Palliser adds:

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

'Special Park Number.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 10.—The news from the West this week should by right be largely in the form of a special Minnesota Park number. Certainly if there was ever anything in that movement to entitle it to interest, it deserves it to-day, for its fate as a public measure is at this writing hanging in the balance.

Undertaken as a public spirited enterprise, disinterested and impersonal, this park proposition excited the antagonism of personal interests, and that antagonism, selfish and persistent, has pursued its own fight far beyond the first glow of a generous enthusiasm. Left largely to its own way in the halls of Congress, the Minnesota Park idea has received the steady attention of its enemies, who have been not weary in their ill doing. At this date it is too soon to predict the issue, yet, though blind hoping is a poor policy, it is surely not yet time to despair.

Indeed, there is very much reason to predict success in some form. Even further than that, one may say with a very great degree of confidence that the Congressional trip of last October has already practically accomplished its purpose. It has already stopped the axes of the lumbermen. It has already assured that this pine will not be swept away, at least for the present. From a source very direct and reliable, word comes that no bill authorizing the further cutting of that Indian pine will ever become a law in the present administration. It may or may not pass both Houses, but if it does it will not pass the veto of President McKinley. Therefore the necessary time will have been gained and the necessary agitation will have gone on, and the pine will be there for other men to look at and for others to attempt to preserve.

That even this negative result will be a tremendous disappointment to the lumbermen of the Northwest is very well known by those who have kept in touch with the secret movements of those interests at Washington during the present session; and this is measure of the importance of even such negative victory to the friends of the proposed park.

Hidden History.

There has been a great deal of unwritten history about this park movement, some of which will come into print in due time. It is plainly seen now that some men who last fall came into the camp of the park friends and professed all sorts of willingness to help the matter on—who even spent considerable money in one way or another—were not worthy of even the name of wolf in sheep's clothing, but were openly insincere and entirely selfish. It should have been known at that time, as was suspected by all the newspaper men of the party, that a lumberman does not belong with a forest preservation project, and is not there for his health. Now as time has gone on, the lumbermen of the Northwest are beginning to come out and show where they really stand.

They stand where they did all the time. They stand with both hands reaching out for every stick of pine left standing in the forests of Minnesota. They don't want a park. Not one of them wants a park or ever did want one. The loudest talker of the lot was the one who least of all wanted a park, and who most of all intended along that there should never be any such park.

The park project to-day is in the hands of American politics. There has been something done by the workers in favor of the park—the greatest step of all was consummated when the leaders of that movement discovered who were their friends and who were their enemies. The Women's Federation has done some work. Col. Cooper, now thoroughly aroused, is to start at once for Washington, and he will do good service there. It is likely that we shall see some action taken before long by Congress. Such action may take either of two forms; it may come as a plenary bill, or it may come in the form of a joint resolution for investigation of this movement. This latter is the more likely to pass, and at first it would not seem a very dangerous measure for the lumbering interests, who thus far have always gotten exactly what they wanted out of such "investigations." Yet these same lumbermen know very well that times have changed. The old wilderness is coming to be too well known. There are coming too near to the surface of some of the ancient rottennesses of the earlier Indian "treaties" some of the "estimating" commissions, and some of "apportionments" under which the Indians and the American people were outrageously robbed.

These words sound a bit harsh and a bit broad, but they are entitled to neither the one characterization nor the other. They are simply the truth, as we shall shortly see. Now, if the lumbermen of the Northwest want to come out flat and fight this park proposition, they may expect to see many or all of these facts made public and their method of operation explained in full. In face of this, they are not apt to wish any investigation at just this time; for however shameless they may be as to the past robberies, whose gains they now have safe in their pockets, they will hardly wish to risk a possible later haul by reason of a letting in of the light of publicity over the scene of their past and intended operations. In this there lies a hope that the friends of the park will have a fighting chance. They never had and never ought to have supposed they had anything but a fighting chance. Fine words and empty promises from lumbermen never could build this forest reserve, safely and widely. The truth, and the truth put before the people and before their representatives, is the only weapon worth having in this enterprise, at least at this stage of its fate.

Some Truths.

It was the truth which Col. Cooper wanted the members of Congress to learn when they were in the Northwest last October. It was the truth which the lumbermen of that country were afraid they would learn. The lumbermen never wanted the party to see the desolation of that region by the so-called Government dams, which were never anything in the world but reservoirs created by Government for helping private lumbermen float out their logs. These reservoirs were a blight and a ruin, and a disgrace as a Government work. They never preserved the headwaters of the Mississippi, and originally never

were really intended to do so, as every one must have known who ever investigated the matter. After the vague American fashion, some one asked for money to build these dams, apparently for a public reason. The request came from some good friend of some one else, and the appropriation was made. The work was carried on up in a far country, out in the woods. No one knew of it, and no one cared about it. It was supposed to be all right. The Government was going to "preserve the headwaters of the Mississippi." Meantime that same Government had stolen millions of acres of pine lands by a fraudulent treaty—as we shall soon see—and it had appointed a series of fraudulent "estimating commissions," as these same lumbermen very well know, and it had allowed these same lumbermen to go ahead and strip the forests off from the headwaters of the Mississippi as fast as they cared to do so—a very handsome second, certainly, to the movement for "preserving" the headwaters aforesaid!

That is the record of the gentlemen from Minnesota, and that is what the Minnesota citizens have been quietly doing all these years. And that is just what the Congressmen who went up there last fall did not see, and what the lumbermen took precious good care they should not see. Witness certain objections always urged when Col. Cooper wanted to get away from the railroad to visit any part of that region with his Congressional friends. Witness, if you like, the incident of the split train, and the sudden end of the whole trip. Now put it all together and make your own conclusions. It was long ago the conclusion of all who knew the facts that some of the purposes of the trip were substantially defeated, and that by men who purported to be friends.

Since that time there has been wondrous change of heart of some of those residents who spoke loudly in the synagogues during the Congressional progress. They may have been "seen," or they may have arrived at their new attitude by process of independent reasoning. You take your choice as to belief in these matters. In due time we shall learn who have been real friends to the park, and who have been false friends. Meantime it was impossible to conceal all the facts from those Congressmen who were along on that trip, and among them were many men whose mental grasp and whose honesty of heart will render them very hard customers for the forces of lumbermen to handle. It is so safe to put trust in these men that the time has by no means come when the friends of the Minnesota Park need feel that they are beaten.

Facts About the Minnesota Dams.

It was not possible for the Congressional party to see the handiwork of their friends in Congress as witnessed in the "Government improvements" at the headwaters of the Mississippi, and not all readers of this paper perhaps have a clear idea of what those "improvements" really are and what they have cost the country.

If you go there you see a vast swamp made by the backwater of the dams. You see miles of submerged lands and of ruined forests, a desolation in a desert. "It looks just like logging work," you say. It is just like logging work, and such it is, nothing more nor less. It is logging work carried on not by the United States Government, but by private individuals whose expensive works are paid for by this United States Government. A lumberman builds his dam, and holds back his log drive. When he gets ready to drive, he turns on the water and regulates the flood to suit himself. This is just what he has been doing up here in Minnesota, and the whole people have been paying for his dams and paying his hands and helping him make money, and the whole people are sharing in the desolation which this same lumberman makes with his backwaters and his slashed-over tracts of timber.

The "regulation of the flow" of the Mississippi never had one atom of effect on the navigation possibilities of that stream. Never was a boat which stopped or started because the flow from the Government dams was on or off. Never was a mill that had a wheel stopped or started by that same flow other than as the mill owner preferred at the time. Never was a living soul along the Mississippi, high or low along the whole river, who was ever affected in any way by such regulation of the flow. But you have to have water to float logs, else the logs get astrand, and it costs money to "sack" them off. You have to have water to run the drive.

Here is where the Government dams came in, and the only place there they ever did or ever will come into use. All the talk about navigation was ignorance or deception. The only navigation concerned was the navigation of the logs. When the big companies got ready for their drive, they told Uncle Sam to hurry up and turn on the water. And Uncle Sam did.

It is a very great and obliging Uncle Sam, this, that we have. If you can only get Uncle Sam's ear for a little while, this way, while no one else is looking on or listening, you can get rich. This has been proved by many hundreds of men in this great big America of ours. It was never proved so openly and shamelessly as by these same Minnesota lumbermen who are fighting this park proposal, and who intend to kill it if they can.

Below are the figures showing what it costs to engage in logging operations on a large scale in a wilderness pine country. In other words, below are the figures of the sums given by Uncle Sam to the lumbermen of the Minnesota regions. Still another and more customary, perhaps a more euphonious, name for the same thing is as written below:

APPROPRIATIONS BY CONGRESS FOR DAMS AT HEADWATERS OF MISSISSIPPI.

1880—U. S. Statutes, 1879-81, Vol. XXI., p. 193.	
Winnebigoishish appropriation.....	\$75,000
Additional, dam; p. 481, same volume.....	150,000
1881-83—Vol. XXII., p. 203.....	300,000
1883-85—Vol. XXIII., p. 145.....	60,000
1885-87—Vol. XXIV., p. 328.....	37,500
1887-89—Vol. XXV., p. 419.....	12,000
1889-91—Vol. XXVI., p. 449.....	80,000
1891-93—Vol. XXVII., p. 106.....	60,000

Total \$774,500

Statutes at Large, Vol. 28, p. 357. For care and maintenance of reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi River..... \$50,000

Ohio Game Legislation.

CLEVELAND, O., March 14.—Representative Roberts, of Cuyahoga county, introduced to-day in the Ohio General Assembly a composite game bill which if it becomes a law will in a measure correct some of the existing evils in this direction. The provisions of this bill recognize the sovereign right of farmers to dictate what shall be done with the game found on their property.

In addition to paying a license for carrying a shotgun, huntersmen will be compelled to secure the permission of the owner of the land before he can hunt thereon. The same restrictions apply to fishing.

The provision to be commended most, however, is that concerning the hunting of woodcock and squirrels. Since game laws came into existence in the State July 4 has been recognized as the opening of the game season, squirrels and woodcock coming in at that time. This has resulted in much harm not only to squirrels and woodcock, but to other game. These, protected until Sept. 1, as is most of the other game, would give the hunter no excuse for carrying a gun and would save him from the temptation of shooting at quail and other game more plentiful than that for which he is hunting.

To illustrate the truth of my assertion concerning this natural temptation, I call to mind the statement of a sportsman who returned from a hunting trip a few days ago. It seems that he had been after rabbits. He brought home twenty-two. After laying out his trophies on the floor, he pulled forth from an inner pocket of his coat a fine ruffed grouse. He was really penitent as he related how it happened.

"Jip had started a rabbit," he said, "when of a sudden there flew up directly in front of me three grouse. There was no time for thought; I simply raised my gun instinctively to my shoulder and fired. Simultaneously with the fall of one of the birds came a feeling of guilt for having disturbed the little family. I was really sorry."

The game bill introduced by Mr. Roberts, while rather far-fetched in some respects, would prevent such accidents.

This bill makes game wardens State officers, to be known as deputy State game wardens, and an unlimited number, at pay to be fixed by the State commission, are to be appointed. Game wardens are to receive fines for prosecutions and have right of search and seizure of game during the closed season. Confiscated game cannot be replevined and the warden is not liable to damages for seizure. Nobody can hunt or fish without the written permission of the land owner or owner of water rights, but the game warden cannot prosecute except on complaint of the property owner. A license of \$1 must be paid to carry a shotgun, but a man can shoot squirrels, for instance, with a rifle without a gun license. Non-residents of the State must pay a fee of \$25.

Railroad and express companies are prohibited from delivering or transporting game in the closed season, and it is prohibited to anybody to have possession of game in such season. Swallows, bluebirds, meadow larks, doves, gulls and buzzards are added to the list of protected birds, but doves are added to the list of birds which a farmer can shoot on his own land, and all birds may be caught for domestication; but birds' eggs cannot be "disturbed," in addition to the old prohibition against destroying eggs.

Bird traps are barred. The open season for quail is to be Nov. 10 to Dec. 15; for woodcock and squirrels, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; for wild goose, Sept. 1 to April 15. Fishing with three hooks or by cutting through ice is forbidden. The closed season for finfish is May 10 to June 15. Bass must be 8 inches long. Turtle can be caught only by 5-inch mesh seines, but carp and suckers may be gilled, speared or caught with a grab hook. To fish for German carp permission must be obtained from the game commission.

T. A. KNIGHT.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, Devonshire, Feb. 6

J. J. MEYRICK.

Statutes at Large, 1895-97, Vol. 29, p. 228. Continuing improvement of reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi	80,000
Statutes at Large, 1897-99, Vol. 30, p. 1,146. For improvement of reservoirs at headwaters, etc., survey of flowage lines of Leech Lake, Winnebigoishish, Pokegama Falls and Pine River reservoirs	210,000

Grand total\$1,115,000

So it would seem that Uncle Sam has been willing to spend over a million dollars to help the lumbermen. Not to help you or me, but to help the lumbermen. It was surely class legislation with a vengeance. Now let us see something more about the history which goes with this history of the "Government" dams.

All these big questions of Congressional action are so complicated in their details that they sometimes make poor reading for the average man, that comfortable individual sometimes having a way of letting the whole thing slide, so that it takes care of itself. But there are some things connected with this Minnesota pine land problem which are so simple, and which make such excellent reading, that the only wonder is they were not brought into print long ago, as they are now for what is very probably the first time. Let us get at this step by step, so that it shall all seem very plain.

The Nelson Bill and Its Treaty.

When the lumbermen wanted this Minnesota pine, they had to have a treaty in order to remove the Indians from the lands. This treaty has its enacting measure in the famous "Nelson bill," passed by Congress Jan. 14, 1889, and closely connected with the treaty and the Nelson bill is the dead and fallen timber act, known generally as the "dead and down timber act," which was passed Feb. 16, 1889.

The Nelson bill in brief is entitled, and most infamously entitled, "An act for the relief and civilization of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota." It provides for the removal of all the Chippewa Indians to the White Earth reservation, excepting the Red Lake reservation Indians. It stipulates a two-thirds acceptance by the adults of tribe. It sets a price of not less than \$3 per acre on the pine lands, arranges for a treaty commission, and for a series of "experienced examiners" after the conclusion of the treaty, the latter to estimate the timber on the lands as set off into forty-acre tracts. The moneys derived from the sale of the Indian lands were to be created into a fund, interest on which was to be paid the Chippewas annually.

On the face of it the Nelson bill is an innocent and beneficent measure, in line with the path of progress. You might think there was something really intended in the way of "relief" of the Indians. You would be wrong. It is a bill for the personal benefit of Minnesota lumbermen.

As a matter of fact, the Rice treaty, which was the treaty following on the Nelson bill, was, of all rotten Indian treaties, absolutely the most rotten. It is strange indeed that the facts of this "treaty" have never before become known. Following are some of these facts:

The bill mentions the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota, and it was in Minnesota that the coveted lands lay, nowhere else. It was therefore necessary to get the signatures of these Minnesota or, as they are more generally known, Mississippi Chippewas to the treaty. The commissioners—let us not give their names—failed to get more than a few names of the Mississippi Chippewas, and those only by fair talk and empty promises which never were fulfilled. The open meeting of these Chippewas refused to sign any such treaty. They wanted their land as it was. They did not care for the money. They did not want to go to the White Earth reservation, because it was farming region and not hunting country. They exercised their undoubted right, and they refused to sign.

Failed in their attempt to get the signatures, the commission visited three other Chippewa reservations—one at Fond du Lac, one at Bois Fort and one at Grand Portage. Two of these reservations had no timber left. These three bands, known as the Lake Superior Chippewas, were in no wise interested in the Mississippi Chippewa tribe. The agents conceived that they could get these people to sign, for they had money to gain, and no timber to lose and no residence to exchange! It was the signatures of these alien, foreign Chippewas, not the Mississippi Chippewas, which made this treaty possible. The outside Indians, being wise in their day and generation, smiled and signed! By this Government, the signature of a "Chippewa," thus illegal and fraudulent, has to this day been accepted as valid!

These fraudulent signatures were still insufficient, and many others, obtained from minors, under eighteen years of age, were added. The commission was at last able to proceed to business. Some few Indians were wheedled into going to the White Earth reservation. Yet other Indians of all sorts were picked up wherever possible, all over the country, and taken to White Earth, full-bloods, half-bloods, eighth-bloods, because the commission had to make some sort of showing. Many of those who left the Leech Lake reservation to go to White Earth came back home and are there to-day, and they say they will only leave when they are driven off by bayonets.

It Is Not Good Money.

The Indian is no fool. He knows when he has been robbed. All these Indians up at Leech Lake to-day understand this whole treaty better than you and I do. It was pulled off more than ten years ago. For more than ten years some of these Indians have refused to touch one dollar of the money which has been accumulating from the sale of their stolen pine—theft is too mild a word to use in description of the Rice treaty.

Ostensibly this sum raised for the Indians might indeed "relieve" them and go toward "civilizing" them, as good Mr. Nelson (born a Norwegian and mostly raised in Minnesota) seems to have stated it. Let us see.

The cost of the commission has been up to date \$230,000. On top of that are "examiners'" expenses, which have been \$440,000 more. So that about \$670,000 may now be said to have been expended. Do the lumbermen pay that? Does good Mr. Nelson pay that? Oh, no—it is charged up to the Indians, to the very Chippewa branch who were

robbed of their pine by fraud! More than this, the United States Government has annually advanced, as against this sum, \$90,000, much of which has been refused by the Mississippi Chippewas as dirty money, they not taking it because they thought that by doing so they embarrassed their rights, out of which they knew very well they had not signed themselves. Does this refused money lie in bank for them? Oh, no! It has been pro-rated among the alien branches, the Superior Chippewa bands, who have nothing to do with the pine lands reservation, but who were complaisant enough to sign where the commissioners asked them to sign!

Now, how is that for honorable and lofty treatment of the people whom it was sought to "relieve"? How is that for statesmanship? How is that for plain, ordinary, decent honesty as between Government and those governed?

Upon this disgraceful "treaty" is hung the full operation of the Nelson bill. It has been operating all right for ten years. If you do not believe it, go up into Minnesota and see for yourself. But take your own train, and go where you like, and stick to your trip till you have got your facts. Don't be led away by lumbermen.

Some More Facts.

That the Indians have felt bitterly their wrong and yet helpless position need not be said. Here are some more facts which the public knows nothing about, though the Indians know them perfectly:

The Indians know that when the "sufficient number of experienced examiners" began to make their "careful and competent examination" on the Red Lake reservation the said examiners found it most convenient to stay in a comfortable camp and not to go out into the woods. The Indians were told their land would yield \$2.50 to \$3 per 1,000 feet stumpage. It brought them 40 cents per 1,000, and this was wiped out by "expenses" charged up to them for surveys. The sale of that Red Lake timber netted the Indians not one dollar!

The examiners, comfortably lodged in camp, "estimated" timber twenty miles away. Some of these estimates had been there before, and had jotted down in their note books the numbers of some magnificent quarter sections of pine. They sold this information to the big lumbering firms who were hanging on at every step of these operations. These best tracts of pine were sold as "agricultural land," at \$1.25 per acre, thus showing one more of the possibilities for fraud in this obnoxious measure. Off some of these "agricultural" lands there was cut to the quarter section from 700,000 to 2,500,000 feet of the best white pine ever marketed. How is that for the long-suffering lumbermen?

Yet More.

This would seem to be all, or at least enough; but it is not all. Under the Nelson act the Indians were to sell their white and Norway pine. The tail with the hide, they were to give for nothing all the jack pine and all the hardwood. Yet to-day men who applaud the Nelson act as a great "civilizing" agency are selling their jack pine alone at \$2 per 1,000 stumpage! Under the Nelson act the Indians do not get \$1 of this.

Now, remember that all this wealth belonged to the Indians, and that it was by cheating and fraud that they were robbed of it. Then sit down, and try to figure out, if you can, how much the robbery means in figures. Do you blame the Indians for being bitter and for feeling ready to lie down and die, giving up the fight for an even show? Do you blame them for the statement—which you can hear for yourself up there if you like—that they will not go to White Earth, that they will stay where they are and die before they will give up any further?

Here Is Where the Park Comes In.

I hope readers have had patience to follow the story thus far, because here is where the proposed forest reserve and park comes in. It comes as a measure of actual relief and not of fraudulent and only so-called relief. This is what the park will do for the Indians:

It will leave them where they are. It will not send them to White Earth. It will not condemn them to brooding misery. It will not condemn them to the bayonets of the troops. It will leave them their pine. It will leave them the graves which they venerate, will leave them the homes which they selected and which they love as we do ours. It will give them employment as guides, and bring them money for their little native wares, for the tourist is always a purchaser. (The tourist party last fall left more money on the Leech Lake reservation than all of Senator Knute Nelson's bill for their "relief" by timber recovery ever did.) Moreover, the proposed park means a steady and legitimate income for the Indians—one which will really found schools and improve their places. It is intended to leave the forest as it is, but to cut off yearly a certain portion of the mature pine, which would otherwise fall and be destroyed. It is proposed to actually pay the Indians for this, and not merely to promise to pay them. There is in this one meager provision tenfold more money than they ever had under the Nelson act. The Indians know all about this park movement, and they are hoping for its success.

For the people of America this park will leave a large body of wild country practically untouched to all appearance, a wilderness with its pine, its game and its fish still as nature left them. This will be a playground close to the homes of many millions of people.

To the lumbermen of Minnesota, who have been identified with this Nelson bill all the way through, this park means that they will have to stop lumbering on the reservation included under the reserve lines. (Some of them have mills already up at Cass Lake, on the Cass Lake reservation. Why?) This means a stop to a certain amount of industry. Yet no firm can operate in there that has not already hundreds of thousands of capital. Is there enough money already accumulated—some of it accumulated by methods above described—to prevent these lumbermen from feeling want for the rest of their lives? The end must come to these operations at any rate, unless we set rules for cutting off the pine a little at a time. Is not the park idea of cutting a little mature pine annually really better for the lumbermen themselves than the present wild and selfish scramble, whose end is visible and all too near?

For the Congressmen who vote for this Minnesota Park

there will be the approbation of the people who understand. Perhaps that is little. There will be the approbation of their own consciences. Perhaps that is nothing I do not know. That is for them to say.

For the Congressmen who vote against this Minnesota Park, and for the Nelson type of legislation, there may well be recommended a very careful weighing of this situation. It is easy to make a wrong vote. Wrong votes have cost seats in Congress. We do not know. It is for them to guess at that. This thing is worth thinking over, and the facts are worth knowing. The facts shall go wider and wider. All over Minnesota.

The Minnesota Delegation.

Of the Minnesota delegation in Congress, Tawney is thought to be friendly to the park, and so is Stevens, the latter not so sure. Heatwole is not sure. Nelson is on record against the park, and so is Morris, of Duluth. Eddy is promised to the ladies' clubs as their champion, but that is easy, and is not a convention pledge. Davis is guessing over Puerto Rico as much as over the park. Minnesota as a whole will probably reject the park proposition.

Pending Legislation.

Meantime two measures have come up in Congress affecting this park movement. Senator Knute Nelson has introduced a greater Nelson bill, tacking it on innocently as a rider to an appropriation bill. This is side-tracked for the time.

Curtis, of Kansas, has thrown something of a bomb-shell into everybody's camp by a bill proposing to estimate and sell this Indian pine on an honest basis.

Far up in the wind swept pine lands the Chippewas are keeping track of all these things better than you and I are doing. They fear the park idea will fail, and next to that they want the Curtis bill. They are tired of being robbed. Why mince matters? Why call the old ways anything but robbery? Why call their continuance anything but a robbery which will steal from the American people something which they can never replace?

Data.

For data regarding the Rice treaty and its concomitant events, I am indebted to Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, who is just back from a trip to Walker, on the Leech Lake reservation, where he learned many interesting facts. For data regarding the Government dams on the Mississippi, I am to own obligations to Col. J. S. Cooper, who sends with same the following letter:

"I send you herewith the completed statement of the appropriations by Congress for dams at the headwaters of the Mississippi. You see the whole thing foots up a total of \$1,115,500. My information is that from Winnebigoishish Dam down to St. Anthony's Falls, the beginning of navigation on the Mississippi, is something over 400 miles. If you will send to Washington or St. Paul and find the average stage of water at St. Paul, say prior to 1880, during the summer months of July, August and September, and then follow the same thing on down, since the dams were built and opened (and the rule is to open them in the summer time), I think you will find that those dams have not appreciably affected the stage of water in the Mississippi River, even at St. Paul. You understand the Government is now engaged in rebuilding the Winnebigoishish Dam, which went out over a year ago.

"A thorough exploitation of this reservoir system at the headwaters of the Mississippi would form a very strong argument in favor of our park, because, for the Government to reservoir the water at the sources of the Mississippi, and at the same time denude the forest there, is as illogical as it looks crooked. The truth is that that whole system of reservoirs is being used solely and entirely for the benefit of the lumbermen in northern Minnesota and the proprietors of the mills at Minneapolis."

An Incident.

A little incident occurred last week in the White House at Washington over this park proposal. Mrs. Prof. Sanford, of the University of Minnesota, one of the ladies who have gone to Washington to see what they can do for the park, gained audience with President McKinley. She placed before him the proposition.

"Ah, madame," said the President, suavely, "this is the gentleman you want to see," and he waved a hand to Secretary Hitchcock.

"Excuse me, madame," said Secretary Hitchcock, "but this is the gentleman you wish to see," and he waved his own hand to Senator Nelson, who had introduced the lady at the White House. Senator Nelson is said to have laughed all the way home.

One must not make of FOREST AND STREAM a political sheet, and of course politics is not dreamed of in this presentation of facts. But these facts are inseparably connected with the fate of the Minnesota Park, and they are facts which carry therefore a double interest. Perhaps they will make more plain the exact nature of the fight which is now going on at Washington over this bit of pine land that is left up there in Minnesota. It is not sportsmen alone who want that park. It is the people. Not the least pleasant of the consequences of the establishment of this park would be the secure sense that justice had been done at last, and in at least one instance, to those people who were the first owners of that land, and who have been cheated and defrauded thus far out of their ancient heritage. Fair play's a jewel.

Weather.

Our weather out here in this section is still unfavorable and ominous so far as the year's crop of game birds is concerned. The snow of last week was heavy, and it was crowned with three inches of sleet and ice. Then came thaws and freezes. At present the icy covering is moving off with considerable rapidity, but it is all too likely that out in the country the poor birds found it hard getting anything to eat. It is also very likely that the heavy body of water which now lies on the ground will not be drained off in time to prevent a very wet spring. Up to this time the winter had not been very bad. It is growing warmer now, and perhaps the near approach of spring may save the situation after all.

Spring Shooting.

We have had no shooting as yet this spring, though in

the markets I see freshly killed ducks, mostly mallards, which no doubt came from the lower marshes of the State. They do not seem very fat, and are much as mallards usually are a couple of weeks before they can get anything to eat.

Buffalo and Wild Turkeys in Wisconsin.

The Winnebagoes are going to install a new chief this coming month, up at Black River Falls, in Wisconsin, and the occasion is to be a big one, and celebrated in chiefly fashion. Here is what the Sunday issue of a Chicago daily has to say about the sort of food the Winnebagoes are going to spring on the assembled multitudes:

"There is a great show of bustle and activity in the Winnebago village this spring. The mighty hunters of the tribe have gone miles and miles in their search for game. They have come back laden with deer and wild turkeys and partridges and pheasants and prairie hens. From the West their brothers of the other tribes have sent to them great haunches of buffalo and bear meat. Day by day they have gathered in stores of provisions and tobacco which they have purchased at the trading posts. The game has been frozen and packed carefully away, and the groceries and the food from the stores have been placed in large wigwams and jealously guarded."

It would certainly seem that the writer of the above is taking dangerous liberties with his readers. Does he really suppose that any of them to-day think there are such things as wild turkeys in Wisconsin, or buffalo in any part of America? He has himself read perhaps somewhere that these things once formed a part of the bill of fare at Indian feasts, and hence supposes they would be correct to-day. It is taking liberties to think that all his audience is as ignorant as he.

Value of a Tree.

Out at Austin, Minn., Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief fire warden of Minnesota, gave a little address on forestry March 6. Among other things he made the following statements, which are worth remembering as showing the value of a tree:

"I know of a farm of 300 acres on the Connecticut

All along the open water of Lake Michigan swarms of ducks are in, though the ice still covers the water out for a long distance. North of town, near Evanston, the geese are now working.

This should be a good time for a floating trip for ducks. The Kankakee would be prime for that this week, before the flats clear of ice and while the river current is open. The mallards are in the timber now.

Movements of Sportsmen.

Messrs. John Hallock and H. C. Mackenzie, of Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., left home March 10 for a duck shooting trip to Cumberland Lodge, on the Kankakee River, near Lowell, Ind., and were in this city March 12. They should meet the flight just about right this time.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, leaves to-day for a shoot at Water Valley, Ind.

Mr. C. M. Beach, of Saginaw, Mich., paid this office a pleasant visit to-day. Mr. Beach is rather a lover of the gun than of the fly rod, and he says if I will come over there he will put me on to a game pocket. Last fall, and on the last day of the season, he killed eighteen quail and fourteen partridge to his own gun, which is certainly a very good bag for any country.

Death of Dr. W. D. Taylor.

It is very sad news which comes this morning from Mr. Benj. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., telling of the death of that very noble gentleman and sportsman, Dr. W. D. Taylor, one of the most prominent citizens of his city, and one of the finest characters it has been one's privilege to meet. Dr. Taylor was within the last few months taken ill of consumption, and visits to the mild climates like those of San Antonio and Pass Christian this winter did not check the rapid growth of the disease, which proved fatal three weeks after his return, death ensuing March 15. Dr. Taylor leaves a wife and several children, his wife being at this writing herself ill from long anxiety and care. Among those to whom are delegated the last offices of regard, I see the names of Mr. Miles, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Moses, Mr. Riddick, Mr.

in the general slaughter. As no one is debarred from shooting on this side of the river in the open season, he is at liberty to come and kill as many birds as he can, sell them to Buffalo dealers, take his gun and go home. There are no license, no tax, no prohibition. It's all free. New York is too generous.

Neither the Ontario nor the New York game laws can be effective until the commissioners of the State and Province get together and frame uniform regulations. This method is already favored by the Ontario Commissioners and it is to be hoped that an arrangement will be reached by the new Game Commission of this State and the laws so agreed upon that one set of regulations will apply on both sides of the Niagara River long enough to see the result of real, ample protection.—Buffalo Express.

In Massachusetts Woods.

Boston, March 19.—Sportsmen tell us that there is more game even in the woods of Massachusetts than is generally realized. Looking at the coons in the Sportsmen's Show, it was remarked that it would be a good plan to let the whole dozen go in the woods of this State. Hearing this remark, a local gunner said that he had shot a couple of coons in the Reading woods the past season, and also told of a fellow sportsman who had taken one in Dedham. This led to another gentleman remarking: "Did you know that an otter had been shot on the Charles River this winter?" The gentleman questioned was not aware of it, and this description was given: "Edward Sweeney, of Dedham Centre, is a good deal of a hunter. A short time ago he was paddling up the Charles, in quest of muskrats. When near the summer home of Samuel D. Warren, near Needham, his attention was attracted to a large animal running over the dead grass and weeds along the bank of the river. Soon it slid into the water, something after the manner of a muskrat. Watching for the creature to show its head above water again, Sweeney got a good shot at the broad, flat head, when the animal turned over, dead. He was easily taken into the canoe. At first Sweeney was unable to identify what he had shot; a flat head, webbed feet, a long body and slightly flattened tail. He took it home, and it was fully identified as an otter." This conversation led another gentleman to remark that there are several yards of deer in Barnstable county this winter, where quite a herd will winter, if let alone. Deer are also fairly plenty among the Berkshire hills, with several yards in Franklin county. By law these deer are protected till 1903. But these gentlemen all agreed that partridges, or ruffed grouse, are about done for in the State of Massachusetts. Very few were killed by sportsmen last fall, and even the snarers and market-hunters got very few. It is hoped that the proposed Bennet law prohibiting the sale of such birds may help the matter a little. It is also argued that quail are scarce in this State, the winters having been too severe for them, except, possibly, in the coast towns. But at the Bennet bill hearings the same old plea for the farmer's boy and the quarters he can earn by hunting goes up; and it is more than probable that the measure will be amended so as to absolutely spoil it. It matters not whether there are any birds or not, the privilege of shooting them must not be taken away from the farmer's boy.

Mr. Arthur L. Finney, of Boston, is about as fond of dog and gun as anybody, and generally gets his share of birds on every trip. Two years ago he spent considerable time quail and other bird shooting in Bahia, South America. He found the bird shooting all that could be asked for, especially under a tropical sun, which is apt to make one too lazy to hunt. Snakes he found to be particularly dangerous to both dogs and hunters. Cobra he shot several times, when hunting for quail. He sails for Venezuela this week for a stay of six months, also visiting Costa Rica and other countries. He will be sure to see what shooting is in these countries.

SPECIAL.

[What is the South American "cobra"?)

Attacked by Brant.

DURING the night of Feb. 22 the keepers of Hogg Island light on the Virginia coast were aroused by the cries of the brant which were flying about the light in great numbers. The man in charge of the light was soon obliged to call for assistance, as the brant were flying against the tower and breaking the glass, notwithstanding the fact that this is protected by wire netting at the top.

The men promptly got their guns, and for an hour and a half continued to shoot at the brant as rapidly as they could load and fire. They are said to have killed 268 birds.

On the following night the attack on the lighthouse was renewed, the birds breaking the glass in several windows and finally getting into the watch room, where they put out the lamps.

Good Snipe Shooting Wanted.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Can you or any of the readers of your paper tell me where I can be reasonably sure of getting, about the first week in April, good English snipe shooting?

SUBSCRIBER.

[There is little hope that any one may get good English snipe shooting near New York, but if our subscriber is willing to go out to Indiana—say to Vincennes—he may have great shooting—if he happens to strike the flight. Snipe are notoriously erratic and uncertain, and no one can count on them. We have had great shooting at Vincennes. Down in Louisiana west of the Mississippi bottom, snipe are to be found up to April 15 usually. These are perhaps the best snipe grounds in the world.]

Auction Sale of Foreign Game.

THERE was sold last week at the seizure room of the Public Stores, 641 Washington street, a quantity of imported game. The eight cases, which held nearly 600 English and French game birds, were sold to a commission merchant for \$33. The birds were grouse, plover, snipe and woodcock.

These birds were not seized as dutiable goods. They were consigned, however, to persons in this city who



THE GAME PARK AT THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

River in Vermont which was offered for sale a year ago for \$15,000; yet recently just the standing pine on it was sold for \$14,000. The owner had not before understood its value. This pine had grown in a man's lifetime. If the Minnesota farmers, even in the prairie regions, would plant a few acres of white pine on their poorest dry soil it would add value to their property and beautify their landscape. On our poorest sandy soil it will take on an average eighty years for a crop of pine to grow to merchantable size, but it will not make as good lumber as the virgin pine now being cut in Minnesota, that has been growing from 100 to 300 years, and which when removed we shall never see its like again."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The next meeting and dinner of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will be held March 13, at 6:30, at the Leland Hotel. This is the last club dinner for the season. The only business will be the report of the Committee on Tournament Plans, and recommendations for several fishing excursions and other summer entertainments. The evening will be devoted to story telling and fish talk generally.

The Ducks Are Up.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 15.—To-day word comes up from Crown Point, Ind., that the Kankakee River is full of ducks, which are dropping into every open bit of water in large numbers.

Reports from Water Valley, on the Kankakee, say that many ducks are in and the outlook is very good. The water is very high, though the ice has not broken up yet on the flats. Some parties are camped out on the river and have been for over a week, waiting for the flight to come in. These should be hitting it well to-day.

From Meredosia, Ill., on the Illinois River, from Havana, comes word that more ducks and geese are in than have been known for many years, all that country being full of water.

Floods have caused much damage along the valleys of the Fox and the Illinois rivers this past week, the water being 21 feet above low water mark at many points. The ice is going out and many gorges were blown up by dynamite to prevent worse flooding.

The Des Plaines River is boiling full and out all over the country. The Sangamon is also out, and at this writing the Illinois is still rising. The Vermilion River is raging this week. Indeed, all the bottom lands along our larger stream are overflowed this spring, so that they resemble lakes rather than rivers. This means that the ducks will stop along this part of the country in great numbers, and the snipe grounds will be of great extent. It is to be expected that more ducks will be killed this spring than at any time for several years. Swan Lake Club should have great shooting, and the clubs of the Kankakee country will no doubt have news within the next ten days.

Bumpass, Judge Livingstone, all of which names are familiar to those who remember mention in these columns of our very pleasant trips together at Brownsville. The charm and the sincerity of the welcome extended the stranger at those times are things not to be forgotten. My personal acquaintance with Dr. Taylor was one of many very dear ones formed through the *FOREST AND STREAM*, he first coming to my office, and that to invite me to his home. Tall, slender, cheerful, hospitable, kind and unselfish, that was Dr. Taylor always, and America had no more honorable a sportsman or more admirable man. His loss is one not only to his family, his friends and his community, but to the public at large who know and love a real sportsman and a sincere-minded gentleman.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Spring Duck Shooting.

In an article on page one attention is directed to the wide discrepancy existing between the game laws of New York and those of the Province of Ontario and to the consequent ineffectiveness of the regulations of Ontario which aim at the abolition of spring duck shooting.

The true sportsman will not kill birds at mating or nesting time. As a rule the birds are not in the best condition at that season and he would prefer to wait—with a reasonable guarantee that the pot-hunters wouldn't bag them all—until they were fat and strong and plenty in the glorious autumn days when sport is sport at its best. Along the Niagara River there are breeding places which attract several of the more desirable species of duck, but the trouble is that they are on the New York side of the river, where spring shooting is permitted. If these nesting places were on the Canadian shore the birds would be protected through the entire mating and nesting season and until the broods were strong enough to take care of themselves. Thoroughly protected from slaughter in winter and spring, the birds would instinctively come to the Niagara River to rear their families, and with a little effort toward replenishing the feeding grounds it would soon become an ideal region for fall duck shooting. The provisions of the Ontario game laws effectively prevent disturbance by American gunners of the ducks on the Canadian side of the river in the long Canadian close season. Besides the heavy fine which is attached, the river is fairly well patrolled by a revenue boat, and unless a hunter has an Ontario game license, which costs him \$25, he dare not be found in Canadian waters or on Canadian soil with a gun without risks which few care to take.

The New York Legislature might with advantage to the ducks adopt similar provisions. As the laws now stand we are making a bid for the Canadian to come to this side of the river to do his spring shooting and assist

could not be found, and whose names were not in the Directory, and as they were perishable goods they were sold by the officials of the Public Stores.

A reporter of the FOREST AND STREAM endeavored to learn from these officials something as to the quantity of foreign game brought to this market, but since, as above stated, this game is not subject to duty, no record is kept of it, and the customs officials have no knowledge of the amount imported.

It is, however, a sufficiently common sight to see itinerant vendors passing along the street with strings of foreign game birds hanging from their shoulders. Pheasants, grouse, and lapwings are often offered for sale in this way, but just where they come from, or how they get here, is not known.

We frequently hear the statement made that vast quantities of American game are shipped to Europe, and in past times this may very well have been true. We know of no satisfactory evidence that it is true to-day, and we are not entirely inclined to credit the statement frequently made that great numbers of canvasbacks and other good ducks are shipped abroad. People in England and France do not appreciate our best ducks, and are not willing to pay for them the price demanded. They think more highly of a pheasant than they do of canvasback, widgeon or redhead.

Points in Ballooning.

AN account recently published in Germany of a balloon trip made last September is interesting for more than one reason. The aeronauts were Messrs. de Saint-Victor and Mallet, who started from Paris at 6:15 P. M. Sept. 30, and on the evening of the next day landed near Vestevick, in Sweden.

The trip lasted just twenty-three and one-quarter hours, and the distance accomplished was 1,330 kilometers, or about 825 miles. Certainly very rapid traveling.

Another point of very great interest as having to do with the effect of a large body of water on the temperature of the air above it: The balloon, sailing along at a height of less than 2,000 feet, began to pass over a part of the Baltic Sea at about 9 A. M. on Oct. 1. The observers at once noticed that the temperature began to fall, and that the air through which they were moving became increasingly humid. The balloon at once began to fall, and it was necessary to throw out ballast in order to keep it at its level.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"Italian Joe."

MR. HUGH has discovered Italian Joe. I did not know that this genius was lost, strayed or mislaid; but am glad to know that his interesting personality is again to the front.

The only time it was ever the writer's privilege to see this celebrity was back in the early eighties, and the impression was lasting.

In company with another youthful resident of the great city of the restless West, he had taken a day off to try the ducks down on the Des Plaines River.

It was a very cold day, and we were both without the slightest knowledge of the best direction in which to prosecute our hunt. The details of the hunt are forgotten, but two events stand forth clear: we got no ducks, but had the pleasure of dining at the table with Italian Joe. It was at the hotel, where some hunters, transients and local residents had gathered for the noon meal. Every one seemed to know Joe and had something to say to him, and he was engaged in good-natured badinage with some member of the party during the entire meal.

The amusing part of the conversation that made an impression was about a mink that Joe had killed and brought in with him.

After some general questioning one of the company asked Joe what he would do with it.

"I skin-a," said he, "an' sell-a de skin."

"But you shot it with a shotgun, Joe," said he.

"Don' mak-a no diff what I shot-a wid," was the reply.

"Oh, Joe will fix that all right," said another; "he will say he shot it in the head, won't you, Joe?"

"Naw," roared the honest fellow, indignantly, "I say I shoot-a on de head-a, shoot-a on de tail-a; I shoot-a on dis side-a, an' I shoot-a on de odda side-a; dey buy-a de skin or leave-a de skin; no diff."

This independent outburst was greeted with shouts of laughter by all, while Joe calmly continued his dinner.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Dawson City's Fire Dogs.

THERE is here in Dawson City one of the most remarkable fire brigades in the world. The engine is drawn by a team of dogs, and the sight of this team driving through the streets of Dawson City, with the fire engine trailing behind, is one of the most unique exhibitions in Alaska. The way the horses jump into their places when the alarm sounds in an American engine house has always been a source of pride to the citizen spectator. The dogs are not a bit less active and intelligent than the horses. The instant the alarm sounds in the fire house of a Dawson City brigade the dogs are alert, and when the number of strokes has been given which announces the calling out of the brigade the clever animals immediately spring into the place where their collars are ready to be snapped into position.

A few seconds later they are dashing through the streets of Dawson City at full tilt, dragging the fire apparatus at their heels and tearing along in response to the cracking of the whips of the drivers, as though they fully realized the importance of their duties. When the brigade turns out the streets of Dawson City are sure to be lined with spectators, for the people never tire of watching their dog team dash through the town. It is about the first thing to which a new arrival is introduced when Dawson's attractions are on exhibition.—Correspondence Washington Post.

Sea and River Fishing.

Caroline;

Or, How a Bachelor Went a-Fishing; the Fish that he Didn't Catch, the Fish that Didn't Catch Him, and the Fish that Ran Away with His Hook.

ENGLEWOOD, Lemon Bay, Fla., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I doubt not that very many of my fellow sportsmen readers of FOREST AND STREAM are not aware that I am a bachelor, and really it doesn't make much difference to them anyhow, but as I have been for long beset by the most earnest questioning of my lady friends as to "why it is I have never got married," it has occurred to me that here in this lazy Southern land with plenty of time to spare, I will just devote it to a little explanation on that subject. Now to my mind marriage, whether it be the hunting of husband or the looking for a wife, is very much like "going a-fishing," and as I have been diligently fishing here I made up my mind that one of these fine days I would just get to work and name every fish that came to my hook after one of the girls of the olden times, some of whom I have fished for, some of whom have fished for me; none of whom I caught, and none of whom, alas! have as yet caught me (so far as I know), so here goes:

This bright, beautiful, warm morning George and I sally forth and it isn't long before our boat is fastened to the trunk of a royal palm tree, one of a group quite close to the water's edge at one of the passes or inlets not far from this hotel. It is a hot and dreamy day with very little wind, and the shade of the group of royal palms which overshadow my boat is indeed most grateful. Close by are thundering upon the beach the great breakers that come in from the Gulf of Mexico, a most delightful place for a bath, as I soon found out. So I fasten my reel to my rod and string out my line and put on the bait. One feels so sleepy and lazy that one doesn't put very much vim into anything, and as my bait disappeared in the water my mind began to fill with thoughts of long ago. Suddenly there is a gentle touch at the hook; it is only a light little nibble, but nevertheless I give the usual pull and up to the surface comes a bright little fish. As sure as life! it is nothing but Fanny; pretty little Fanny, my first love of the Auld Lang Syne, with her bright little eyes and shining dress. Up she comes, and I am almost reaching forth to gather her in when she gives a flip and a jump and away she goes. This is just what Fanny did, so you see I didn't catch that fish.

Again I bait my hook and cast it overboard. The hot sun pours down, but the grateful shade keeps it away from us. Once again my thoughts go to musing, when suddenly there comes a vigorous jerk. Of course I return it with a vengeance, and after many struggles I bring to the surface a very fine, good, large, fat sheephead, one of those big wobblers, which reminds me of none other than Maria of the olden times; for Maria had a broad back and always wore a striped dress just like Miss Sheephead, and I well remember the day she turned me down. How broken-hearted I was, and how, in later years, when I saw her parading down Broadway, upon my honor she was so broad in the back that there wasn't room for two on the sidewalk, and gracious heavens! she actually waddled; and as for me, indeed I was so grateful and I gave her such a look of gratitude that she must have thoroughly understood it. But the sheephead that is fast to the hook must be attended to. She is a fine fat fish and seems to be well hooked, and finally just as I am about to put her in the net the hook breaks and away she goes. Good-by, Maria, my pretty fat sheephead of long ago! How glad I am that she didn't catch me.

Now it is pretty warm, and I brace up with a drink of water and wipe my perspiring brow and put on some more bait and try it again. The fish seem to have gotten scarce all at once and a long time goes by before another sensation comes along, and this time the feeling is rather gradual. It don't strike my heart all of a sudden as the other girls did, but is a sort of a gradual pull, and in return I make a sort of a gradual haul and up comes a very queer looking little fish. This gay bird I, of course, got into the boat, and then, to my astonishment, it proceeded to swell up like a toy balloon. Up, up, up it swelled until it seemed ready to burst, and as it is not a very pretty fish I forthwith cast it overboard, and away it goes floating on the top of the water, unable to dive beneath. Now what shall I call this one? I rummage my mind, and I rummage my head, and I think finally we will call this one Lulu, for certain I am that the fish reminded me of just such a girl in the long ago.

Well, I fish and I fish, and somehow or other my luck don't seem to be very good this morning; they all seem to get away. It is now very hot and a gentle breeze is blowing, and the thunder of the surf is somewhat abating. There is a haze from over the Gulf and all is balmy and drowsy, and my thoughts begin to dwell on the green hills and mountains of the Grand Casapedia River in Quebec, Canada, and my gaze falls upon a spot up the mountain side where there is a bright rivulet which sparkles in the sun as it laughingly wends its downward way toward the clear river on which I have so often cast the fly. I am in my canoe again on a salmon pool and the cool water rushes by, and here and there a lordly salmon breaks the surface with a splash. I cast my line, upon the end of which is fastened a silver-doctor fly, and as it touches the surface a beautiful speckled trout seizes it and bears it away. She is clad in blue and purple, this princess of the pool, with crimson spots here and there upon her dress; her eyes are bright, and as she seizes the fly and carries it off it comes across my mind that this can be none other than "Caroline the Beautiful"—she who has captured my heart and run away with line and fly and all.

"The waters kissed her lovely face,
As she rushed away in merry chase,
And quick indeed the victory's won,
For she, and line, and hook, are gone."

Suddenly there is a jar at the boat and I spring to my feet, for, alas! it is too true that the drowsy summer air

has been too much for me and I have been fast asleep. The jar was caused by a porpoise, or shark, that has passed so close to the boat that his tail struck it. A little more and he would have upset the whole cargo just as Fanny and Lulu, Maria and Caroline have done, so I am now pretty wide awake and think it is about time to stop musing and dreaming and get down to business, which I proceed to do.

I have been fishing in a great many places throughout my life, but never have I found fish so plentiful. The magnificent sheepshead can be caught by the ton, and as to bluefish, Spanish mackerel, redfish and here and there a shark, together with the opportunity of getting hold of a 300 or 400 pound jew fish, one can go it galore.

Lemon Bay is a beautiful sheet of water about twenty miles from Punta Gorda, reached via steam launch twelve miles to Myacca Landing on the Myacca River, thence eight miles by stage to the Hotel Englewood, located at Englewood, Fla. The steam launch, the stage line and the hotel all belong to the Lemon Bay Company, of Chicago, who are bringing in settlers upon their lands.

The country, of course, is perfectly flat and deer are abundant everywhere. There are also plenty of quail, but the Florida quail I found to be very much smaller than the quail of North Carolina and other parts of the South, and as they live on the buds or small seeds of the pine and palmetto, their flesh is not altogether as palatable as other quail. I found it entirely too hot for quail shooting anyhow, and the scrub palmetto leaves cut and scratched the dogs. There are also a great many snakes in the woods, rattlesnakes of enormous size, for I saw some rattlers' skins in Punta Gorda that were 6½ feet long and 10 or 12 inches wide, and as the country is covered with numerous gopher holes, into which the dogs are sure to plunge and which the snakes inhabit, I came to the conclusion that it was not a healthy place for dogs, and therefore went a-fishing, and ah! what fishing it was. I thoroughly believe that if one chooses to make a day of it there would be no difficulty whatever in taking a ton weight of the finest sheepshead I ever saw, weighing from 3 to 6 pounds. There is also an abundance of sea bass, redfish and later on Spanish mackerel and bluefish, which latter was rather scarce while I was there, it being too early for them, but the royal tarpon, silver king that he is, is most plentiful toward the latter part of March and throughout April. I was informed on good authority that one could hook on to half a dozen of these lordly fish per day almost any time during their season, and I was greatly disappointed that I had gotten there too early.

Of course, being so far south, it is the country of the pineapple, the orange, guava and other tropical fruits, and as Lemon Bay is separated from the Gulf by narrow islands called keys, and as said islands are covered with royal palms, mangroves and other tropical trees, they are beautiful to look upon. I was told that there are a good many deer upon these keys, and wildcats and some panthers—in fact, I saw fresh tracks of such a large size on the beach several times that I concluded it must be a panther, or else an enormous wildcat. This beast seemed to frequent this very spot regularly, and I think it was fishing, and I now greatly regret that we did not make a trap for it, for I think there would have been no difficulty in capturing it.

As a whole I think that Englewood is the most charmingly located spot in that part of eastern Florida, both for the sportsman or the invalid, or for any one who desires balmy air, absolute rest, superb fishing and fine shooting, together with delightful surf bathing in the Gulf of Mexico—it is the place that I should recommend.

ROBERT O. LOWRY.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, March 17.—Boston trout fishermen are planning for April 1, but no one is specially enthusiastic as to prospects, unless it be the owner of some well-stocked preserve. The dry weather of last season is considered to have been the hardest one on the brook trout of any season in the recollection of the fishermen of to-day. Fishermen tell me that they are afraid that their favorite brooks are ruined, but that they shall try them April 1, or as near to that time as weather and circumstances will permit. The brooks in Maine and New Hampshire suffered even more than those in Massachusetts, because there were rains in this State last fall, but they did not extend to Maine, and up to cold weather the streams in northern New England were as dry as August. Both the Maine and New Hampshire Commissioners are somewhat discouraged concerning the prospects for trout, especially in the smaller streams in either State. They say that the only salvation of these streams lies in restocking, with the hope that the streams may not again be dried up in years. In northern Maine and New Hampshire there is now on the ground a most remarkable volume of snow, and this means swollen streams during the early part of the fishing season. It is claimed that this high water is favorable to the migration of the trout; that is, to their moving up the streams from the larger bodies of water they may have sought during the excessive drought of last autumn. Fishing parties to the Maine lakes are being early planned this year. It is possible that the show of fish in the Sportsmen's Show is the cause of the early breaking out of the fever. At any rate, two or three fishermen have already outlined their spring trips to me. They propose to start early and stay as long as possible. One gentleman tells me that he has not taken a day off from business since his fishing outing of a year ago, and for that reason he thinks that he is entitled to start early this year and stay longer than usual. He says: "I am not going to see how many fish I can catch. I am going to get as much enjoyment and rest as possible out of the outing. I can always get all the fish we want to eat almost any day; and that is enough for any reasonable man or woman. About May 20 will see my wife, myself, a friend and his wife, our party of last year, in the fishing camp again."

The crust hunters are not all dead yet, much as it is to be desired that they should see the evil of their ways. It is well understood that there has been a most remarkably strong crust over the deep snow in Maine. Monday I saw, in a well-known commission marketman's place, three saddles of venison. The stuff was remarkably long-haired and very thin. The salesmen declared that they

did not know where it came from, and doubtless they told the truth. Still, there is no doubt but what it came from Maine, the result of crust hunting. Although venison is very scarce here, nobody would buy that thin, long-haired stuff, and the salesmen were bothered to get rid of it. I had hoped that the wardens in Maine had succeeded in stopping such killing and illegal shipping of venison, since none has been seen here this winter, but the underground railroad is evidently not yet entirely closed. The Commissioners have been notified, and doubtless the wardens will be more on the alert. They did noble work last year, and the same is to be hoped for again. It seems that Mr. Bennet's game bill is not broad enough to prevent Boston marketmen from handling all the venison there is sent to them, notwithstanding it is illegally killed and illegally shipped out of the State where killed. Sportsmen and the friends of game protection must not suffer themselves to be deceived by this Bennet measure. Mr. Bennet is a market-man himself, and does not believe in game protection. But fearing more stringent measures, a law prohibiting the sale of game for ten years, for instance, he proposed a compromise, and under his influence the other marketmen will not fight it.

SPECIAL.

The Real Founder of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Lest history fail to repeat itself at this juncture, when especial prominence is given to the duties and usefulness of our State Fish Commission, I beg you will reprint from the New York Times of March 28, 1892, the following tribute to George Shepard Page from Barnet Phillips, who himself has been always foremost in promoting fishculture wherever practicable. I quote:

"Twenty years ago, when fishculture was in its infancy, and regarded rather as an amusing personal hobby than as capable of becoming practically useful, Mr. Page was among the first to appreciate its possibilities. In the Century Magazine of this month, in an article on 'The United States Fish Commission,' the following sentence may be found:

"The matter was taken in hand by Congress during the winter of 1870-71, and a bill was passed for a scientific study of the subject."

"It was through the personal exertion of Mr. Page that the United States Fish Commission was created. He had been instrumental in founding what was known at first as 'The American Fishcultivists' Association.' This association, soon opening up a wider sphere of usefulness, changed its title to that of 'The American Fishcultural Association.' In the minutes of this association, with the names of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, G. Brown Goode, Charles Hallock, Robt. B. Roosevelt, Eugene G. Blackford and some fifty others, may be found that of George Shepard Page, with the date of organization, Dec. 20, 1870. At the first meeting of the association Mr. Page presented plans for the prosecution of the study of fish and fishculture by scientific means. The resolution was as follows:

"Resolved, That a committee of four, including the president and secretary, be appointed, who shall draft and present to Congress at its present session a memorial upon the subject of the creation by the Government of two or more fish hatching establishments, one for salmon in the vicinity of Puget Sound, and the other at some convenient point near the Atlantic coast, for the propagation of shad for stocking on rivers and streams."

"Mr. Page and Dr. Edwards were appointed to act under this resolution; but before that the originator of this motion had been in Washington and had interested Senators and members of the House of Representatives in the plan for the establishment of a Fish Commission, to be under the direction of the Government. There can be no question that fishculture in the United States in its inception was due in no small measure to the active interest taken by Mr. Page. The late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, who was Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and Chief of the United States Fish Commission, always declared that the origin of the department over which he presided with such distinction for sixteen years was first conceived by George Shepard Page."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish Screens.

MR. T. W. MARTIN, White Lake, Sullivan county, N. Y., writes me:

"I am informed that there is a law relating to certain lakes which provides that a screen shall be placed at the outlet of the same. White Lake in Sullivan county is entirely spring fed, and has a gate and an old flume at the outlet. Part of the gate has been broken for some time, and the town board does not seem inclined to do anything about it. The lake is perhaps two and one-half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and of irregular shape. A woman residing here claims a water right, but does not use same, and the mill at the outlet of the lake has not been used in years.

"White Lake is an ideal place for black bass and lake trout, but unfortunately a large number of fish escape from the lake into White Lake Brook, whence they go to the Mongaup, and in turn into the Delaware River at Port Jervis.

"No black bass have been caught in either White Lake Brook or the Mongaup, and I believe that a screen at the outlet of White Lake is the one thing needful for fishing to be good in the lake and am anxious to know if there is not some provision made to compel the town board to place a screen at the outlet.

"The original fish of White Lake were a species of lake trout and were known to weigh 9½ pounds. None have been taken, however, since the black bass were introduced.

"Yearling rainbow trout have been put in the lake for two years, but probably go on down to the Delaware."

This is another case of mistaken zeal in fish planting. A natural trout lake ruined by the introduction of black bass. The lake trout would never leave the cold depths of the lake to go into the shallow, warmer water of the

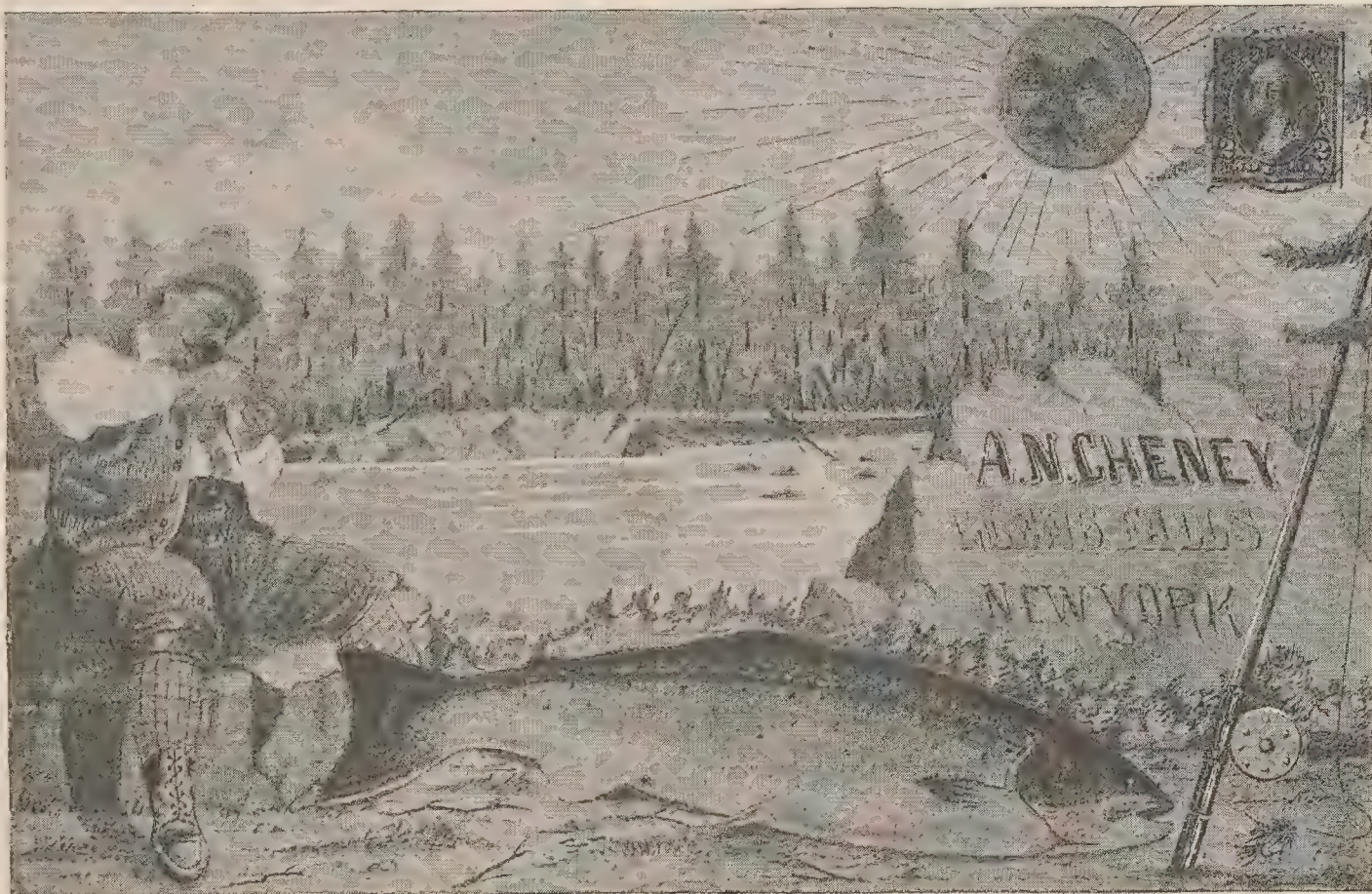
outlet stream, and it is extremely doubtful if the black bass do the trick to any appreciable extent. At least in several cases where it has been charged that black bass have disappeared down an outlet stream no proof of the assertion has been forthcoming, but it is more than probable that some at least of the rainbows may disappear down the outlet, for it is a way they have, while black bass work up stream rather than down.

A few years hence rainbow trout of large size may be found in the lake most unexpectedly, for that is a way that they have when they find food and water that are inviting to cause them to tarry beyond the two-year period. However, to answer the question about screens. I never suspected that any one ever contemplated the enacting of such a provision as Mr. Martin asks about, that would compel town boards to fence in the fish of any particular water. There is a law in relation to the erection of screens, and it is Section 264 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest law, and reads as follows:

"No person or persons, association, corporation or company shall build, place or maintain any rack, screen, weir or other obstruction across any of the creeks, streams or rivers of the State inhabited by fish protected by law that will prevent the passage of fish from one point to another point in said waters, except as provided in Section 143 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest law. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section by placing, maintaining or causing to be placed or maintained any such screen, weir or other obstruction to prevent the passage of fish as aforesaid shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of \$50 for each rack, screen, weir or other obstruction built or maintained in violation of this section." (Added by Chapt. 408 of laws of 1898.)

A Forty-Pound Salmon.

I have another letter from my friend Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., in which he says: "I certainly do not see how you are helping me out in this fishing fever business, for in last week's FOREST AND STREAM



MR. HART'S IDEA.

you write of a 40-pound salmon in a way to make me sad. I never have seen a salmon taken with a fly or any other way, but I can imagine how a 40-pound salmon would look to me, and so I picture it on the envelope of this letter by the side of a contented fisherman, who is entitled to a smoke after landing that fellow.

"I enjoyed your remarks about ice-fishing, for I have already this winter spent many days on the ice, fishing, and had great sport, though it is not trout fishing, but it helps a man through the winter, and you will find that it gives you just as much sport as it ever did when there is no other fishing to be had. I hope you may get the big salmon in June."

The 40-pound salmon that Mr. Hart refers to is one that I mentioned in a recent note as having been killed by Mr. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., that the type made me say something entirely different from Mott.

The envelope which Mr. Hart writes of as inclosing his letter has delighted my heart, and pleased a number of my friends, who have seen it. It is of water-color paper 5½ by 8½ inches, and the entire front is covered with a water-color painting. In the middle foreground is a huge salmon, apparently just landed out of the river flowing past in the middle distance, for a salmon rod, reel and fly are resting against something near the fish's head. On a rock near the edge of the stream my name and address is painted, which brought me the letter through the mail. In the "contented fisherman" I recognize an excellent picture of myself in the act of lighting a cigar. What Mr. Hart did not know when he painted this picture and reproduced my photograph in colors is that when the picture was taken there was a salmon on the ground at my feet, although it did not show in the picture, and was not as large as the salmon in the painting; furthermore, I did not kill the salmon. Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn.; Mr. J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, and I had gone ashore at a spring on the bank of the Ristigouche for luncheon. Just before we landed from the canoes, Mr. Burdick had killed a salmon, and after lunch I took his camera and photographed him holding the fish. Unknown to me, he photographed me directly afterward in my great and continuous act of lighting a cigar.

On the back of Mr. Hart's envelope there is another painting which I take to be in the nature of a parable.

Scales, or balances, of the kind that Justice, generally blind, but at times with one eye open, holds aloft, are finely drawn and colored; from one beam is suspended a dish containing a small trout, and the more I examine it the smaller it looks to me, and in the other dish suspended from the other beam is pictured a weight marked "40 pounds," and the fish outweighs the weight. This, I assume, is to be translated that to one who has had the pleasure of landing a trout, however small, the rubies and gold freckles on the trout's sides give greater joy than if he had found \$200 in money; but the artist has fallen into an error in expressing pounds sterling; it should be £, and not lbs.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 14.—The last winter meet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was held at the Leland Hotel, this city, last evening, in the form of a dinner and smoker, the business transacted carrying the plans of the club into the summer campaign.

It was determined to hold an open tournament, as was suggested would be the case, and the special committee reported to above effect. This was really the most important business of the evening, for it entails a great deal of work and a considerable expense upon the club, all of which will, however, cheerfully be borne in the effort to give the best open tournament yet seen in America. Gentlemen will be present from San Francisco, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids and other points, and the events will be warmly contested. The programme will be patterned largely upon that of the most successful tournament of 1897, and the dates will be Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18, this coming summer. The programme will show the usual contests for distance and accuracy with fly and bait, with bait upon lawn and upon water, etc., but the roll cast will not be employed, so few of the Chicago men

caring for that not vitally useful style of casting. The tournament committee will consist of the regular executive committee, with the addition of Mr. H. G. Hascall and Mr. A. C. Smith.

There will be two club meets this summer—July 14 and Aug. 14—though of course informal gatherings may be held on Saturdays at the usual meeting place at Garfield north lagoon.

It was decided to hold three fishing trips this season, the first probably to Squirrel Lake, Wis., another for the ladies of the club, possibly to Grand River, Mich., and yet another as a fly-fishing trip for bass. Mr. H. L. Stanton gave the club members a very good idea of the trip to Squirrel Lake, with which region he is very familiar. The members would be very apt to get some muscullunge there in late May, the probable time for the trip. Special rates are offered the club by different railroads for these trips. Messrs. Stanton, Clark and Crosby are a special committee on the first trip, Messrs. Crosby, Rugg and Wolfarth for the second trip and Messrs. Bellows, Blackman and Brown for the last.

A feature of the plans for the coming fishing season is the establishment of a bureau of information regarding good fishing points, etc., this to be given out for the benefit of club members. After some discussion it was agreed that as the honorary secretary, Mr. Geo. Murrell, was nearly always appealed to on such matters, he should be constituted and considered the bureau aforesaid, all other members to be good enough to send him any information they can obtain which may seem of interest to the members.

An appropriate resolution of regret upon the death of Gen. John C. McNulta was passed, with the expression of sympathy of the club for the members of the family and the instruction to submit same to the latter. Gen. McNulta's death has created a great deal of sadness in the club, where he was a much prized associate and friend.

The resignations were accepted of Messrs. W. C. Gillett, W. L. Shepard and Edmund H. Strong. The "talks" after the dinner (the latter a very good one) made an interesting part of the evening's programme. Messrs. Stanton, Shillaber, Smith, Snow, Church, Brown, Belasco, Greenwood, etc. contributed of their experiences. Captain Shillaber giving a very entertaining account of his late trip to Mexico, where he caught tarpon at Tam-

pico till he was tired of the sport. Captain Shillaber also made a trip into the interior, where he had a series of unusual experiences, which gave him text for a laughter-provoking speech. He said that he went down one dark and gloomy bit of river which was called "Infernill," or Little Purgatory, and the boatman in the bow was named Saint Matthew, the one in the rear Jesus, and, though he intended no irreverence, he must say that he could not get used to this Spanish way of giving proper names. On this trip he saw a little-known interior lake and found the fishing too easy to be sport, saying nothing of myriads of wildfowl. He said the price of a boat and two men a day was \$4, or \$2 of our money, and on the whole six weeks' trip from Chicago he could spend only \$185, which is a lot cheaper than staying home.

The meeting broke up at a late hour. The following were present: H. W. Perce, G. A. Murrell, Capt. E. R. Letterman, A. C. Smith, H. G. Hascall, Fred N. Peet, H. L. Stanton, Chas. Antoine, W. Wolfarth, J. L. Kendrick, L. I. Blackman, F. E. Rugg, I. D. Belasco, H. G. Greenwood, Dr. C. F. Brown, W. T. Church, I. H. Bellows. Guests: E. Hough, Captain Shillaber, D. G. Snow, W. T. Foster, O. Spindler.

Early Trips.

The fly-fishers of this part of the world are beginning already to make plans for the early trips this spring. Mr. J. D. Hawks, president of the Detroit and Mackinac railways, is well on with plans for getting up a party which will leave Detroit about May 1 for the country near Alpena, Mich. Some of our Chicago men are figuring on the Au Sable, which I believe was last year the best trout stream in the Middle West, though it was hit awfully hard by some big parties. The Grand Rapids men are sticking to the Pèrre Marquette, and Messrs. Fred Peet and Harry Hascall will be over there again about as soon as the ice is out after some of the big rainbows. They tell the most weird stories imaginable about the size and ferocity of these fish, and almost dispose me to go over there and have a try at them as a matter of scientific interest. They say they are as long as one's arm, and have no doubt that there are 10-pound fish among them, though the biggest they saw weighed 5¾ pounds. I did not hear of any rainbows so large as this from the Au Sable last season. Mr. Peet got one on the Pèrre Marquette that weighed 3¾ pounds, and it took him a half mile down stream, like a salmon. Numerous reports of the speed and wariness of these fish make one think the sport there this spring will be hard to beat. The average is not over one big rainbow landed to a dozen hooked.

The Prairie River of Wisconsin was much fished last summer, and there seems a fear that it was dynamited. The savants say it will not be so good this season, but the truth probably is that it suffered from persistent fishing, just as any stream does which has a reputation. It should give sport worth the trip, and is a very sweet river to fish. We shall have reports from there by May 15 or 20, and very likely good ones.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

In the series of medal contests of 1900, the third, held on March 10 and 11, in respect to weather conditions was favored with warm temperature and clear sky, with a variable wind. The judges were Messrs. Skinner and Golcher. The referee was Mr. Muller, and the clerk was Mr. Crowell. The scores made on the first day follow:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Casting %
Battu	80	84	91.4	60.10	76.1
Brooks	90	87.8	85.8	58.4	72
Crowell	79	71.4	90.4	63.4	76.10
Edwards	78.6	91.8	92.4	63.4	77.10
Golcher	115	89.4	90	75	82.6
Mansfield		95.8	93.4	80	86.8
Mocker	98	81.8	88	69.2	78.7
Muller	93	87.8	90.8	70	80.4
Reed	94	86	90	70	80
Skinner	90	82.8	89	73.4	81.2
Young	91.6	89	93.4	72.6	82.11

The events on the second day were as follows. There was a west wind and perfect weather:

Battu	80	84.4	94.8	76.8	85.8	54
Brooks	77	74.8	86.4	65.10	76.3	56
Brotherton	95	86.8	89	75.10	82.5	86 2-5
Crowell	71		81	69.2	75.1	51
Daverkosen	103	82	87.4	68.4	77.10	..
Everett	94	93	93.4	75	84.2	..
Foulks	77	62.4	68.4	71.8	70	..
H. C. Golcher	114	90	89.8	77.6	83.7	..
Haight	80	85.4	85	72.6	78.9	..
Hingck	90	89.4	88.4	68.4	78.4	..
Kierluff	65		59.4	66.8	63	..
Klein	74	76.4	88	65	76.6	46
Mansfield		95	96.8	84.2	90.5	89 1-5
Mocker	94	77.4	90.8	70	80.4	..
H. F. Muller	95	79.4	92.4	80	86.2	63 2-5
Reed	89	90.8	80	57.6	68.9	..
Sanborn	65	
Stratton	80	45.8	76.4	70.10	73.7	59 2-5
Turner	81.5	81.8	90.4	75	82.8	..
Young	86	93	95	71.8	83.4	..
Walker	50
Bluhm	88 2-5

*Guest.

Correspondence of Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, March 21 (Special).—During the past week the Governor has signed Mr. Axtell's bill reappropriating \$5,000 for the erection of a fish hatchery in Delaware county.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Mr. Post's amending the forest, fish and game law to provide that deer shall not be taken at any other time than between daylight and sunset on the first two Wednesday and the first two Fridays of November.

Mr. Post's amending the forest, fish and game law, providing that Mongolian ring-necked pheasants shall not be taken or possessed in Suffolk county from Jan. 1 to Oct. 31.

Senator Thornton's amending the forest, fish and game law so as to make railroads liable for damages in case of forest fires caused by locomotives, whether such land adjoins the land of the railroad company or not.

Fred Mather.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I remember when a part of "Men I Have Fished With" came out in book form reading a review of it which said that it was hardly worth while to commemorate such an ordinary set of men, or words to that effect. This seemed to me a very stupid remark, although it was perfectly true that most of the names heading the chapters were quite unknown to fame. I thought, and still think, that the book was very well worth publishing, because it was, as far as it went, the autobiography of a man who had had a wide experience of American life and could tell of it in a very interesting way. Not that he deliberately started in to write his own life. If he had done so he would probably have been stiffer and less entertaining. Writing about others he related a multitude of incidents about himself which might have seemed too trivial to appear in his own life. And then it might have seemed to him presumptuous to think that the public would care to read his life, as he had not been eminent as a statesman, soldier, lawyer, doctor or preacher. All the same, he did write a fragmentary autobiography. He took his own picture, a perfectly natural and lifelike one, and not dressed up in "store clothes." Probably every one who read the book was more interested in the author than in any of his subjects. My regret is that the work is so fragmentary and incomplete, and I hope that a second volume of "Men I Have Fished With" may be forthcoming. I am quite sure that there is plenty of material for another book in the papers of this series which have not been republished in book form.

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Fred Divine.

FRED D. DIVINE widely known as a manufacturer of fishing tackle, and especially as the inventor of the Divine trout rod, died on Saturday last at his home in Utica, N. Y., as the result of injuries received the day before in his factory. There had been a fire in the factory the day previous, and while Mr. Divine was going through the works the next morning and inspecting the loss, his clothing caught on a revolving shaft, and he was whirled about it, receiving injuries from which he died the next day.

Mr. Divine was a native of Utica, and was nearly forty-four years old. He had been engaged in the manufacture of fishing rods for nearly twenty years, and was exceedingly well known to all the trade and to a very large number of sportsmen. His travels in connection with the business made him nearly as well known in the West as in the East. He was a man of great personal charm, and possessed many friends.

Mr. Divine was an enthusiastic sportsman and a famous angler. In winter when the pursuit of his favorite sport was impossible he was devoted to the game of curling. He was a member of a great number of societies, and took a prominent part in conducting them.

Yachting.

Columbia Y. C.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, and Its 1900 Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 17.—Everything points to a busy season this coming summer among the yachtsmen of the West, both on the inland lakes and the greater waters of the West. At Chicago, the Columbia Y. C. is even thus early making wide preparations for a phenomenally large regatta to be held July 4, to which they have invited Sir Thomas Lipton and many of the best known yachtsmen of the East. To the end of making the invitation to this event as public as possible, the club asks extension of its letter in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, as below:

"On the 4th day of July, 1900, the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago will hold an open regatta, and beg to request you to send us as many entries as possible. We are desirous of making this the greatest and most representative yachting event ever held on fresh water, and we earnestly desire to have you to co-operate with us in helping to further the project.

"There will be two series of races sailed, one under the rules of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association of 1897, and the other under those of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, thus giving all boats a chance to compete for prizes.

"A large number of prizes have been secured, a list of which will be published later. We will also publish and send you, as soon as possible, rules governing all classes of races. You may safely rely upon receiving a good old Chicago reception, and a good time assured to all.

"Other literature of importance will be forwarded to you from time to time, in order to keep you in touch with the arrangements our committee are making in reference to races and the entertainment of yachtsmen.

"Trusting we may have the pleasure of a reply, we remain,

"Yours very respectfully,

"Special Regatta Committee,
"Columbia Yacht Club."

The Columbia Y. C. has appointed for the Special Regatta Committee Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Chairman; Edward T. Balcom, Si Mayer, Walter D. Payne, William F. Corey, and DeWitt C. Cregier Sec'y, with full power to arrange and conduct its open regatta July 4, 1900.

As the committee already have entries of nearly every yacht on Lake Michigan and some from Lake Erie and the inland lakes, and very favorable word from some yacht owners on Lake Ontario and New York, they expect this will be the aquatic event of the season on the Great Lakes.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin and Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, H. C. Rouse, Frederick T. Adams, Clarence A. Postley and Charles A. Gould have been invited to act as judges.

A number of Chicago's most prominent citizens have already consented to act as a reception and entertainment committee, and a good time is assured all who participate in the event.

The committee will be pleased to hear from any one who desires to participate. Address DeWitt C. Cregier Sec'y, care Columbia Y. C., Chicago, Ill.

At the annual election of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago held March 3, the following officers were elected: Com. F. D. Porter, sloop Vixen; Vice-Com., D. C. Cregier, schooner Brigand; Rear-Com., F. H. Skinner, sloop Peri; Sec'y, W. S. Bougher, care Columbia Y. C.; Treas., F. L. Bateman. House Committee, C. J. Duggan, Chairman; C. E. Soule, A. N. A. Mortimer, Frank E. Ruck and J. F. Pratt. Regatta Committee, W. D. Payne, Chairman; F. H. Osborn, G. W. Rogers, W. N. Quinlan and Si Mayer. Finance Committee, J. A. Davis, Chairman; F. T. Roberts and L. T. Braun. Delegate to Lake Michigan Yachting Association, Edward T. Balcom; Historian R. J. Summers; Meas., A. E. Barber.

E. H.

The Single-Hander Wender.

THE little yacht here illustrated is practically an English knockabout, a direct outgrowth from the canoe-yacht and canoe-yawl, designed for cruising on open waters. While larger than most canoe-yachts, and with increased accommodation, she is still within the powers of one man to handle alone. She was designed by George F. Holmes, Esq., of the Humber Yawl Club, for Henry Thorpe, Esq., Royal Canoe Club, and was built by Sam Bond, of Liverpool, the noted builder of small cruisers. Last year Mr. Thorpe cruised with her in Dutch waters, for which use the draft, of 3ft. 1in., is rather too much, but she proved fast under her cruising rig, and very comfortable. The boom is but 2ft. long, and a snug trysail is carried for heavy weather. In light winds and with a crew of two a small club topsail and a spinnaker add materially to the area. The roller jib, the details of which were fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 5, 1898, is a great aid in single-hand work, as reefing is quickly and easily done, and it is no trouble to shake out.

The dimensions of Wender are:

Length—	Over all	30ft.
	L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang—	Bow	3ft.
	Counter	6ft.
Beam—	Extreme	8ft.
	L.W.L.	7ft. 7in.
Draft		3ft. 1in.
Freeboard—	Bow	3ft. 5in.
	Least	1ft. 11in.
	Taffrail	2ft. 2in.
Displacement (long tons).....		2.80
Mast—	From stem at L.W.L.....	6ft. 8in.
	Deck to hounds	19ft. 8in.
	Deck to truck	27ft. 6in.
Boom		21ft.
Gaff		14ft.
Areas of Sails—	Mainsail	341 sq. ft.
	Jib	79 sq. ft.
	Topsail	83 sq. ft.
	Total	503 sq. ft.
	Spinnaker	220 sq. ft.
	Trysail	120 sq. ft.

The cockpit is 4ft. 9in. long, 4ft. 6in. wide and 2ft. deep from top of rail, the bottom lined with lead and draining above the waterline. There is a good deal of stowage room in the counter and on each side of the cockpit, while beneath the floor, reached from inside the cabin, is space for the big anchor. On the starboard side is fitted a small and compact but powerful semi-rotary pump connected with the bilge and discharging below water. The handle of the pump is always in position on one side of the cockpit, so that a few strokes, even while one hand is on the tiller, will clear the bilge of any water.

The cabin house is very low, but 6in. on the side, and with little crown to the roof. There is, however, 4ft. 2in. in headroom. The house is 8ft. 6in. long, the after 2ft. being fitted up for oilskins, etc., and also for a galley, directly beside the door and hatch. The main cabin, 6ft. 6in. long, has a half-bulkhead on each side at the fore end, leaving a forecabin forward in which two hammock cots may be swung and if desired a boy may be carried to look after the ship and to help with the cooking.

With her limited draft, good model and accommodations, Wender would make a fine boat for young Corinthians and single-hand cruisers in American waters and in many respects she is immeasurably superior to the average small yacht.

The sail and body plans of Wender will be given next week.

Letters from the Mediterranean report that Mrs. Goelet's steam yacht Nahma had a terribly rough time on the passage from the Clyde to Cannes. She left Gourock on Feb. 17, and entered on a spell of bad weather that lasted till Gibraltar was reached. On the night of the 18th, when about 22 miles southwest of Sicily, she met a south-west gale of great violence, while on the 20th the barometer fell as low as 28.44, and the yacht was hove to for 34 hours, behaving splendidly all the time. From Gibraltar to Cannes the weather was lovely. Mr. Bullough's steam yacht Rhouma, which is bringing wounded soldiers from South Africa to recruit at the island of Rum, owned by Mr. Bullough, steamed the 7,200 miles in 24 days 16 hours, which is about 12 knots an hour. She left Oban on Dec. 27, but had to put in to Milford Haven through stress of weather. The barometer went as low as 27.90 on the 29th. Madeira was reached on Jan. 5, and after a stay there of eight days the yacht left for Las Palmas, thence to St. Vincent, Cape Verde, and on coaling proceeded to St. Paul de Loanda and Benguela. At the latter place the ship picked up a Capt. Quick, who had been with Major Gibbs' party on an expedition in Central Africa. He had left the Zambesi and walked across to Benguela, and was nineteen months on the trip. The Rhouma, which arrived safely at Cape Town on Feb. 11, coaled three times only on the passage.—The Field, March 10.

Lake Ontario.

THE Hamilton, Ont., correspondent of the Union and Advertiser, of Rochester, gives the following description of a new yacht for the Lake fleet:

If the 40ft. cutter now being built in the Weir shop at the foot of Wentworth St. were intended for the America Cup races greater secrecy would not be preserved. Even the name of the owner of the new craft of which so much is expected has been kept from the public, though it has leaked out that he is a wealthy resident of Kingston who has not been very prominently identified with yachting thus far, but who intends to make fame for himself in Lake Ontario water by turning out this season with one of the fastest if not the speediest 40-footers on the lake and by furnishing his club with a boat with which to challenge for the Fisher cup, now held by the Rochester Y. C.

The craft is from the designs of Mr. Hugh Weir, the creators of Verona, Kestrel, Hiawatha, the Weir defender for the Canada cup, and other speedy Lake Ontario flyers, and she is being built under his direct supervision. When the craft was first laid out it was given out that Weir merely had the contract for another fast cruiser; but as the work progressed and tales of the new boat's racy appearance reached local yachtsmen it was rumored that Weir was building a challenger for the Canada cup which was lost to Genesee, and that his boat was to be nominated by one of the Hamilton yacht clubs. The officials of the club, however, denied that they had issued a challenge for the cup and announced that even if Weir did produce a craft speedy enough to go West on a cup lifting voyage it would not be sent this season at any rate, because the limit set for the reception of a challenge had passed and the club had no claim on the Chicago Y. C. for time concession.

Weir himself also denied that the craft under construction was intended for a race for the trophy Genesee wrested from Beaver last August.

Last week, however, it became known that the cutter, provided, of course, that she develops the requisite speed, would represent the Kingston Y. C. in a contest for the Fisher cup. Mr. Weir refused to either affirm or deny the statement that the boat was building for the Fisher cup challenge, but acknowledged that she would fly the colors of the Kingston Y. C. and that she was designed for important races on Lake Ontario. Further, he would not go, nor will he deny that the boat would sail for the Fisher cup.

The announcement was made last fall that the Kingston Y. C. would send Kestrel, the 30ft. champion of Lake Ontario, after the cup if the Rochester Y. C. would nominate Verona as the defender. Though the Rochester yachtsmen, it is said, were confident that Verona could defeat Kestrel, the match was not arranged because the Rochester men did not care to bind themselves to defend the cup with Verona alone, when other 30-footers were building, and it is now said that the Kingston men will pit the Weir boat if she develops any speed at all against anything the Rochester Y. C. can produce in the 40ft. class.

The new racer is a most peculiar craft, and the racer from stem to stern. Her bilges are very slack forward and very hard aft, but beyond this she bears all the earmarks of a typical Weir craft, and a very great resemblance to Verona, the champion of the lake in 1898, although she is a trifle fuller in the body than the Rochester 30-footer.

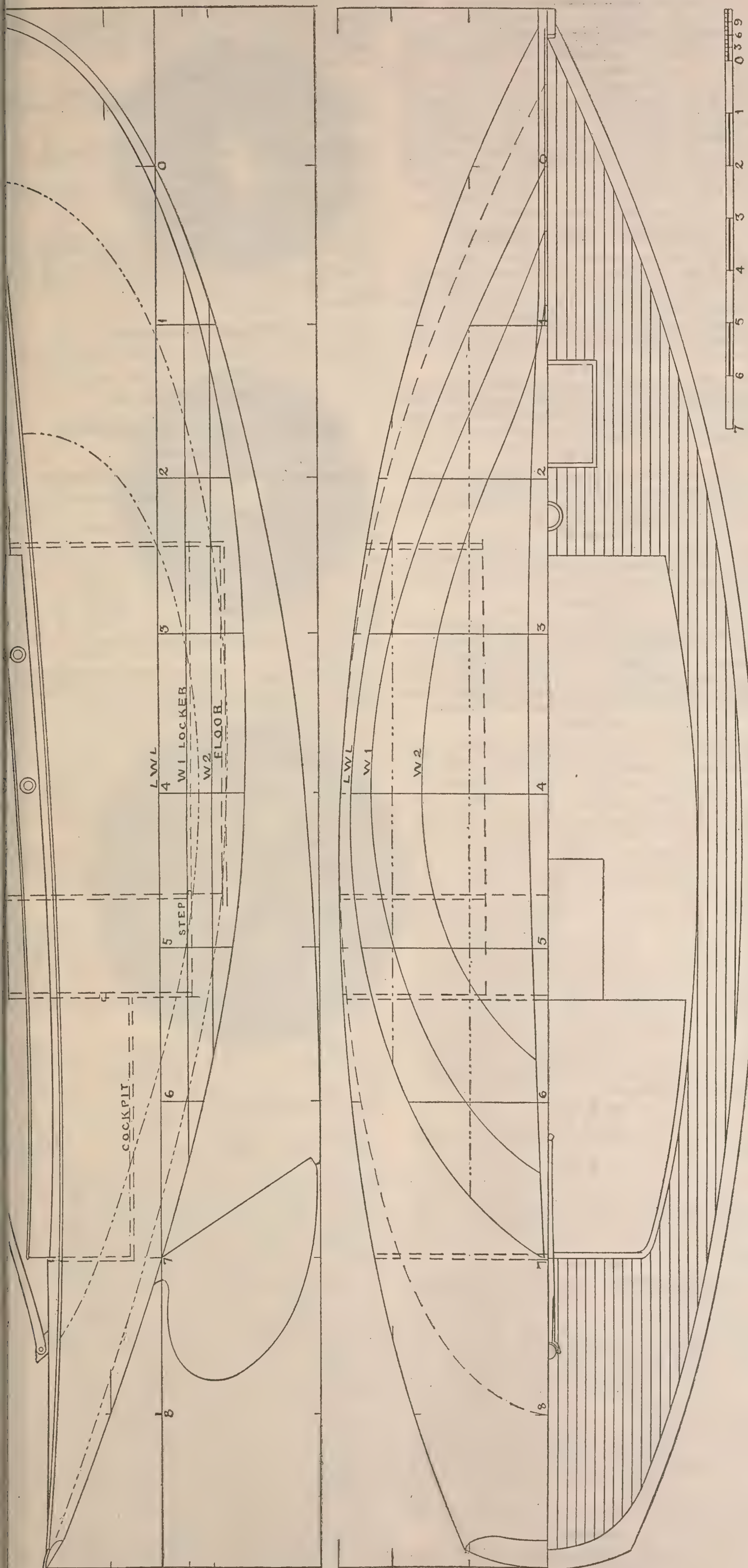
The dimensions of the vessel are: Length over all, 55ft. 3in.; l.w.l., 36ft.; beam, 12ft.; draft, 7ft.; sail area, 2,000 sq. ft.; ballast, 6,000lbs.

Everything in connection with the boat is of the very best material obtainable, and no expense is being spared in either building or fitting her out. Her keel, stem, sternpost, bilge stringers and covering boards are of white oak. Her frames are alternately bent and cut. She will present an unusually clean deck for a 40-footer. The deck is flush, the only breaks being a self-draining cockpit and a couple of scuttles and skylights. She is entirely devoid of rail.

The interior finishing is of quartered oak and mahogany. There will be staterooms, dining room, lavatory, galley and forecabin, so that while the cutter's lines proclaim her a racer of pronounced type, she will be provided with ample accommodation below. She carries about 5,000lbs. of lead bolted to the keel, an additional half ton is distributed inside between the frames to turn her. Laphorne & Ratsey, the famous English racing sail makers, will furnish the canvas for the craft. The light head sails, topsails and balloon sails will be of silk. The blocks will be of a special pattern and the running and standing rigging of the best woven steel wire rope.

The cutter was framed by the middle of February and will be ready for launching in plenty of time for the earlier races of the season. A fact which goes to prove that the new boat is intended for racing of importance is that the Weir candidate for the defense of the Canada cup, a 35-footer, which made a good showing despite the fact that she was undercannvassed, is being raised to the class of the new cutter. Her sail area has been increased by 500 sq. ft. and 1,000lbs. more lead ballast has been added. This brings her up to the 40ft. class, and she will be used as a trial boat for the new cutter. The changes in the 35-footer were made with no other intention than that she should be used to test the capabilities of the Kingston man's racing craft.

H. H. Porter, Jr., of the Lake Geneva Y. C., has placed his order for a 20-footer, which will be built at Lake Geneva. The boat was designed by Mr. Porter himself, and is said to have many original ideas. Reports from Wisconsin indicate that there are many yachts building. One boat company of Pewaukee is said to be working on five new boats, all for the inland lakes, and intended for the regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association. It is now said the boats being built by Messrs. Pyncheon and Erskine, of the Saddle and Cycle Club, will represent the East and West. Pyncheon's boat will be built in the East, Crane being the designer. Erskine's boat will be a 17-footer, designed by C. M. Palmer, the man who was responsible for the famous Flying Fox, owned by Lyford, of the Fox Lake Y. C. The boat will be built at Racine in all probability.—Chicago Tribune.



WENDER—SINGLE-HAND CRUISER.

Designed by Geo. F. Holmes, Esq., for Henry Thorpe, Esq., 1898.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

THE annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was held on March 15 at Young's Hotel, Boston. The following dates were announced:

South Boston, May 30; Hull, Mass., June 18; Mosquito Fleet, July 2; Columbia, July 3; City of Boston, July 4; Burgess, July 26; Manchester, Crowhurst cup, July 27; Jubilee, July 28; Manchester, Aug. 7; American, Aug. 14; Annisquam, Aug. 16, 17 and 18; East Gloucester, Aug. 20; Plymouth, Aug. 23; Kingston, Aug. 24; Duxbury, Aug. 25; Cape Cod, Aug. 27; Wellfleet, Aug. 28; Nahant, Aug. 29, Sept. 1.

The following amendments were adopted:

To amend rule 3, section 5, to read: "Any club may receive special entries for their race from yachts not owned by members of clubs of the Association, but such yachts must conform to the rules of the classes in which they sail, and shall not be entitled to any of the privileges of the Association, and shall not affect the percentage of any regularly entered yachts."

To amend rule 7, classification, by adding a new class, under the name of the 18ft. knockabout class, class 1, yachts conforming to the limitations of the 18ft. knockabout association.

To amend by inserting a new rule incorporating the Association percentage in the racing rules as follows: Percentages will be figured as follows: 100 per cent. for first place, 65 per cent. for second place, 35 per cent. for third place and 15 per cent. for each other yacht completing the course within the time limit.

Only open races which have been duly scheduled and accepted by this committee in advance of the race, and which are sailed under the rules of the Association, shall be counted for percentage. The total amount of percentage will be divided by the number of starts. In figuring percentages it will be assumed that a yacht shall have started in at least half as many races as the yacht having the largest number of starts in her class, and in no case will any championship be awarded to a yacht which has finished in less than five races. The racing season will commence on Memorial Day and end the second Saturday in September.

An amendment limiting the record races to events sailed over courses with such deep water as would admit all the Association yachts was defeated. The following resolution, offered by Walter Burgess, was adopted:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the limitation on cabin yachts, schooners and yawls having been established and accepted by the yachting public, no further changes be made within two years."

The following officers were elected: Pres., A. Henry Higginson; Vice-Pres., Henry M. Faxon; Sec'y, A. T. Bliss; Treas., I. H. Wiley; Executive Committee, J. E. Robinson; L. M. Clark and Walter Burgess. Since the vote was passed admitting yachtsmen as association members six have joined, among them being Mr. Faxon, secretary of the Quincy Y. C.

The America Cup.

EARLY last week the Boston Herald published, on the authority of a Scotch correspondent, a long story of an alleged interview with Sir Thomas Lipton, who has lately returned to England. According to this yarn, which is in no way more reliable than the numerous preceding concoctions from the same source, Sir Thomas Lipton will not only rebuild Shamrock but will build a new Watson cutter, to be named Erin, both being towed to this country early in 1901 and raced here, the faster being selected as the challenger. A denial of the story, as well as of an alleged telegram to a New York paper, was promptly given by Sir Thomas Lipton, and it is probably but a wild guess. The necessity of trying several yachts against each other in order to compete successfully against a defender worked up to form, as Vigilant, Defender and Columbia have been, is perfectly obvious. This idea, already discussed by yachtsmen, coupled with various rumors to the effect that Mr. Watson would design the next challenger, affords a fairly safe foundation for the alleged interview of the Herald's correspondent. The Field of March 10 has the following:

It is said that Sir Thomas Lipton, although he has made no arrangements at present, is desirous of renewing his challenge for the America Cup in 1901. Sir Thomas is reported to have said that "there will be little difference in the lines of the new yacht and those of Shamrock, but that there may be less aluminum and more of another metal. The new craft will measure more on the water line than Shamrock, which, although intended to have measured 89ft. 5in. on l.w.l., was 2ft. short of that when she raced Columbia." We hope, if a challenge is made, Sir Thomas Lipton will not be so ill-advised as to attempt to bring back the cup with an untried vessel. Yachtsmen of experience are well aware that the success of a racing yacht does not rest with the fact that she is constructed of more or less mysterious and precious metals. What is required is a vessel in proper trim, and in order to obtain this a systematic series of trial races should be arranged. This has never been done, but we believe well-tried boats like Britannia and Valkyrie II. at her best were equal to any of the Herreshoff yachts of their period.

Portland Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Portland Y. C. was held at the club house, on Merchants' Wharf, on Wednesday, March 7. There was a large attendance and much interest was manifested in the meeting. The following officers were elected:

Com., Lincoln C. Cummings; Vice-Com., John W. Bowers; Sec'y, J. C. Fox; Treas., C. F. A. Weber; Meas., D. W. Fox; Fleet Capt., Nathan Clifford; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Bradford; Trustees, William Senter, James C. Hamlin, Chas. W. Bray; Membership Committee, E. H. Rice, F. S. Macomber, F. S. Bullard; Regatta Committee, Fred S. Vaill, Wadsworth Noyes, Nathan Clifford, Chas. W. Small; House Committee, Wm. W. Gould, Philip I. Jones, John W. Richardson.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the annual banquet to celebrate the thirty-first anniversary of the club, which falls on April 26.

It was decided to hold the annual cruise in June, starting on the 14th and returning on the 17th.

The secretary's report showed the membership to be about 300, with a fleet of about seventy-five boats.

The treasurer's report was very satisfactory. The club is in an excellent financial condition, it being free from debt. The past year has been quite expensive, as there has been a large amount of repairing necessary. The house is now in fine condition. Electric lights were put in during the year, and they have proved very satisfactory.

Dr. C. W. Bray, who has served as commodore for eleven years, was given a unanimous vote of thanks for the impartial manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the club. There was an informal discussion regarding the advisability of securing an uptown club house for use during the winter months. The matter will be investigated further before formal action is taken.

LANCET.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new 70-footer recently launched at Bristol for E. D. Morgan has been sold to Cornelius Vanderbilt. Another order is reported for a cutter of 53ft. 9in. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft for John P. Elton, New York Y. C., who will name her Umbrina. The cutter for John H. Meyer will be 73ft. 7in. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 14ft. 3in. beam and 10ft. 3in. draft, and will be named Altair.

Enterprise, steam yacht, recently purchased by Messrs. Perin, of Baltimore, is at the Morgan Iron Works, New York, where her engines are being overhauled, and two Almy boilers are being installed, with a new electric light plant and an ice machine.

Calypso, schr., formerly Her Royal Highness, recently purchased by Com. J. E. Fletcher, Bristol Y. C., is at Brown's Yard, Tottenville, where a 16-horse-power Globe gasoline motor is being fitted.

The Greenville Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Charles J. Leach; Vice-Com., A. G. Roemer; Sec'y, C. N. Pinkney; Treas., Oscar Grief; Fleet Capt., James S. Queen.

The New Haven Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 14, electing the following officers: Com., Mortimer F. Plant; Vice-Com., Abner Hendee; Rear-Com., Charles E. Graham; Fleet Surgeon, W. W. Horton; Meas., L. M. Cooney; Sec'y, and Treas., F. A. Guion; Trustees, J. D. Sargent, C. S. Hamilton, F. L. Nettleton; Regatta Committee, C. N. Rawson, L. A. Elliott and F. G. P. Barnes.

Letters from the steam yacht Virginia, owned by Mr. Isaac Stern, N. Y. Y. C., dated Alexandria, Egypt, Feb. 22, have been received in this city. The yacht's voyage from New York to Bermuda, thence to Gibraltar, and through the Mediterranean, was very pleasant, but not eventful. Everything worked nicely, there being good weather experienced throughout the trip of 5,500 miles, during which the yacht averaged 11 knots, an excellent record for a vessel just from the builders' hands. Mr. Stern and party were enjoying themselves. They were in Cairo at the date mentioned, having just returned from a trip of 600 miles up the Nile. They were expecting to go to Beyrout for a journey to Damascus, and returning as far as Joppa, would make an excursion to Jerusalem. Then the yacht could go on to Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna and Constantinople. That this programme has been carried out the special cable dispatches to the Herald regarding the movements of the Virginia show. From Constantinople the yacht will proceed to Athens, Corinth, Corfu, Brindisi, Messina, Palermo and Naples, where she is expected to be on April 14, when the owner and family will leave for Rome and Paris. The Virginia will then go around to Southampton, where she will be refitted, and remain until July 1 or thereabouts. Havre will then be made, where Mr. Stern and party will rejoin the yacht for a visit to the North Cape. After that it will be homeward bound.—New York Herald.

Amaryllis, naphtha yacht, F. D. Hughes, has been sold to F. D. Heyward, Cold Spring, L. I., who will rename her Princess.

The St. Lawrence Company, of Montreal, has received its charter, and elected its first board of officers as follows: G. Herrick Duggan, Chairman; Messrs. J. S. Buchan, James Paton, Arthur Drummond, D. A. Poe and J. J. Riley, Jr. F. F. Shearwood was appointed secretary.

The executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound held a meeting on March 14 at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, to confer with owners of knockabouts and raceabouts concerning the proposed changes in the rules. It was agreed that the spinnaker pole should be carried on the mast, instead of on the rigging. It was also decided that the spinnaker sheet should not be carried outside the forestay. In the case of new boats entered for races, it was agreed that the certificate of the designer that the boat equaled or exceeded in weight the limit prescribed (5,900lbs.) be accepted, instead of weighing, but in case of protest the boat is to be weighed. It was agreed that knockabouts and raceabouts built prior to 1900 will be allowed to race as they are, or may qualify under the new rules. It was determined, however, that all boats, new or old, be remeasured this year. All boats will race in one class, and there will be no division, as has been the case in former years.

Edwina II., formerly Trilby, has been sold by Vice-Com. Gould to Simeon Ford, who has also bought the small fin-keel Dusky Queen.

On March 10 a joint meeting of the representatives of the Brooklyn Y. C. and the Gravesend Y. C. was held, at which it was decided to consolidate the two clubs. The

estate of Dr. S. Fleet Spier, at the foot of Twenty-third avenue, will be leased and a station established.

The order has been placed with the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company by Charles Fletcher for a steel steam yacht 212ft. over all, 177ft. l.w.l., 26ft. beam and 12ft. draft, from designs by A. S. Chesebore.

Satanella, steam yacht, formerly Golden Fleece, has been chartered by Perry Belmont to the Earl of Warwick for a cruise in Florida waters.

Midge, knockabout, has been sold by F. W. Boyer to W. E. Peck.

The annual meeting of the Sound Y. R. A. will be held on March 29 at the Yachtsmen's Club.

The following Riviera fixtures have been arranged for 1901: Marseilles, Feb. 3 to 10; Toulon, Feb. 16 and 17; Cannes, Feb. 23 to March 14; Monaco, March 17 and 18; Mentone, March 21 to 24; Nice, March 27 to April 7. Genoa regatta will commence on April 12.—The Field, March 10.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division.—Edward Ten Eyck, L. D. Sherman, William Caffery, T. A. Weiss.
FRED COULSON, Purser E. D.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Association Rifle Tournament.

THE rifle tournament, which was in progress from March 1 to 17, resulted in some extraordinary high class competition, the scores being of unusual excellence.

The tournament committee were Messrs. H. D. Muller, Gus Zimmerman and C. Zettler. The scores were:

Bullseye Target.—Open to all, off-hand on 4in. bullseye; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance 50 cents for tickets of 3 shots. Re-entries unlimited. The best single shot by measure to count. Prizes are 25 in number, varying from \$25 to \$2 each: W. A. Lemcke 20.5, Gus Zimmerman 22.5, P. Kossek 22.5, J. Schmitt, 22.5, C. Meyer 23.5, H. M. Pope 25, H. Schnibbe 25.5, J. G. Dillin 26, L. C. Buss 26, H. D. Muller 26.5, W. Koch 27.5, Z. C. Talbot 28, John Facklann 29, S. W. Burton 29, W. A. Hicks 29, Geo. Dorr 29.5, Geo. Schlacht 30, Alex. Stein 30, M. J. Dorrier 30, E. C. Ross 30, Wm. Rosenbaum 30.5, John Redhan 31.5, T. H. Keller, Jr., 31.5, F. Kost 32.5, S. J. Lyon 33.5, Ignatz Martin 35.5, R. Gute 36.

The revolver and pistol programme embraced a championship event for each of these styles of arm, and continuous matches for various classes of revolver, as well as a continuous pistol match. Conditions for the championship events are as follows:

Revolver Championship Match.—Any revolver with open sights allowed, trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Strictly off-hand. Entrance fee \$5. No re-entry. Fifty shots in 10 strings of 5 shots each. Distance 20yds. Cleaning allowed between scores. Competitors can shoot their 10 strings during the tournament as they desire. Sportsmen's Association target. Prizes: Three handsome trophies, which will be on exhibition during the tournament:

Dr. Sayre 41 40 43 44 41 42 43 33 42 40—409
J. A. Dietz 44 43 42 46 46 43 43 43 42 44—435
J. A. Smith 39 39 44 41 46 44 45 11 43 44—426
Sergt. Petty 44 45 40 36 42 38 42 41 47 46—421
G. W. Waterhouse 49 39 45 47 47 45 49 44 43 47—445
J. B. Cottrell 43 38 37 47 46 38
A. L. A. Hummelwright 30 33 37 30 42 33 31 39 36 39—350

The classes for the continuous matches are Match A, any revolver; Match B, military revolvers; Match C, .22cal. pistols; Match D, police revolvers. The prizes vary from \$50 to \$2, and as in the rifle events, winners may take either cash or trophies as prizes:

Match A, any revolver:
A. Stein 48 50 49
L. Pierce 46 43 44
J. A. Dietz 49 49 48
J. A. Smith 49 49 49
Dr. Sayre 48 48 48
J. G. Dillin 41
Sergt. Petty 50 50 48
H. Talbot 46 44 47
G. W. Waterhouse 49 48 48
H. S. Seely 45 45 45
J. B. Crabtree 47 44 45

Match B, military revolver:
J. A. Dietz 58 56 56 58
A. Stein 58 53 54
Dr. Sayre 57 58 57
A. L. A. Hummelwright 54 56 54
Dr. C. D. Napier 43 33

Match C, .22cal. pistol:
Dr. Sayre 48 46
J. B. Crabtree 48 49
A. Stein 47 46
L. Buss 35
J. W. Christiansen 49 49
H. M. Olney 41 41
J. A. Dietz 48 48
W. Rosenbaum 40 43
Z. C. Talbot 45 47
G. W. Waterhouse 46 47
J. T. Humphreys 47 47
H. S. Seely 46 46

Match D, police revolver:
A. Stein 43 44 43
E. Wilson 41 42 46
W. Rosenbaum 43 40 38
A. Hofer 41 40
H. M. Olney 36 36 37
J. A. Dietz 41 41 40
Z. C. Talbot 34 33 33
G. W. Waterhouse 40 33 41
H. S. Seely 42 41 41
J. B. Crabtree 37 37 39

Individual Championship Match.—Open to all, 100 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance \$5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's show. Only one entry allowed each competitor. To be shot in strings of 10 shots. Competitors can shoot their 10 scores during the tournament as they desire. Prizes: First prize, championship trophy and \$20. Fourteen additional prizes will be awarded, varying from \$25 to \$4. Winners may take their prizes in cash or the value thereof in trophies: F. C. Ross 2429, Dr. Hudson 2420, L. C. Buss 2411, L. P. Ittel 2400, W. A. Ferres 2396, G. Zimmerman 2394, M. Dorrier 2390, L. P. Hansen 2385, W. Rosenbaum 2382, R. C. Kirschner 2380, G. Dorr 2378, P. J. O'Hare 2377, J. Rebham 2374, H. M. Pope 2370, E. S. Pillard 2369.

Continuance Match.—Open to all, off-hand, on 25-ring target. Distance 100ft. exact, any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed, entrance 50 cents for ticket of 3 shots. Re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. Two best tickets to count for prizes. The prizes are 30 in number, varying from \$50 to \$2 each, with premiums for the first, second and third best 5 tickets:

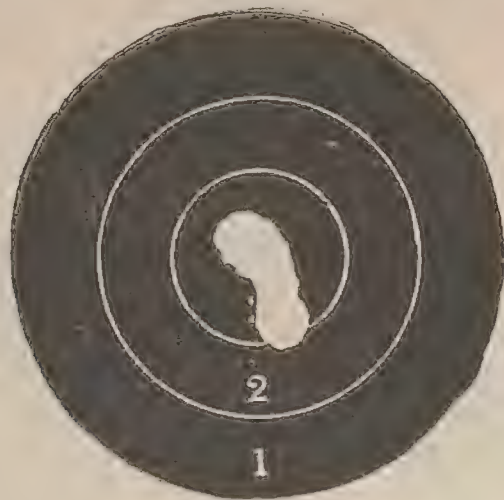
G. Zimmerman 75 75
L. C. Buss 75 74
M. Dorrier 75 74
F. C. Ross 75 72
W. A. Hicks 75 72
E. Berckmann 73 72
L. P. Ittel 72 72
R. C. Kirschner 73 71
H. M. Pope 73 71
S. W. Burton 72 71
Dr. Mehlig 72 71
G. Grenzer 73 70
J. T. Humphrey 72 71
W. Rosenbaum 71 71
R. Gute 71 70
S. J. Lyon 70 70
J. G. Dillin 71 69
G. Schlacht 70 70
P. J. O'Hare 72 67
H. D. Muller 70 67
T. R. Geisel 69 68
Facklann 69 68
W. A. Ferres 70 66
G. Dorr 69 67
E. T. Pillard 70 66
C. Zettler, Jr. 63 68
C. E. Gensch 63 67
L. Vogel 67 66
Z. C. Talbot 67 65
J. Kaufmann 67 65

Premiums for the three highest scores in the above were won as follows: G. Zimmerman 369, L. C. Buss 367, F. C. Ross 361.

Point Target or Practice Target.—Open to all, off-hand; distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance 25 cents per ticket of 5 shots. Re-entries unlimited. The target is a 2in. bullseye, dividing into 3 rings, counting 3, 2 and 1 point respectively. Shooters will be entitled to a fine trophy for every 60 points scored. Trophies will be delivered immediately on completion of score, and will be on exhibition at the range during the tournament. L. Pierce, W. H. Uhler, A. D. Shepard, Jr., J. B. Crabtree, T. H. Keller, Dr. Casey, C. H. Chapman, J. H. Smith, T. Ward, J. C. Summers, Z. C. Talbot, Dr. Sayre, G. W. Waterhouse, H. S. Seely, J. T. Humphreys.

Some Phenomenal Shooting.

The targets of some extraordinary rifle shooting are given in these columns. No. 1, Dr. C. F. C. Mehlig's perfect score at



No. 1.

Dr. C. F. C. Mehlig's perfect score; point target, 100 feet.

100ft., made on the point target, was made at the Sportsmen's show, Madison Square Garden, in the late rifle tournament. No. 2 is Gus Zimmerman's perfect score on the point target,



No. 2.

Gus Zimmerman's perfect score; point target, 100 feet.

made at the Sportsmen's show, Madison Square Garden, in the late tournament. No. 3 is T. Anderson's perfect score, 50 out of a possible 50, made at the Boston Sportsmen's show with a pistol.



No. 3.

T. Anderson's perfect score, 50 out of a possible 50.

All the scores were made with Peters cartridges. Nos. 1 and 2 with the .22 short, No. 3 with the .22 long.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12.—Yesterday was medal day at Shell Mound range. Weather conditions were good. Rifle work, especially by the Golden Gates, was excellent. Scores of the day: Golden Gate Rifle Club, Bushnell trophy, 10 shots: D. W. McLaughlin, 225, 231, 226; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 225, 221, 219, 215; F. E. Mason, 222, 223, 229, 221; D. B. Faktor, 199. Golden Gate Rifle Club, gold medal: F. E. Mason, 223; D. B. Dorrell, 215, 219, 219, 226; C. M. Henderson, 214, 212. Silver medal: J. Kuhlman, 219, 195; H. Stettin, Jr., 183; J. Bridges, 215; A. Gehret, 215, 199, 200, 187; W. Unired, 170, 176, 162, 169; A. W. Kennedy, 168, 185. First class trophies: C. M. Henderson, 211, 200; A. Gehret, 194. Semi-monthly shoot: C. M. Henderson, 79, 71; J. F. Bridges, 80, 73; D. B. Faktor, 47, 39. Independent Rifles, semi-monthly medal shoot: Sergt. George W. Mitchell 42, Sergt. C. H. Kornbeck 41, Lieut. H. Kuhlke 49, Dr. H. A. Meierdiercks 34, H. Felix 33, C. Iversen 32, J. Murlha 31, C. Schneider 31, J. Kellenberger 30, Corp. H. Frederickson 26, D. Steffens 26, F. Wild 25, Corp. F. H. Laun 24, Charles Granz 24, F. J. Skoran 21, J. Donovan 18, C. H. Meierdiercks 18, H. Marzolf 13, H. Geatzen 15. Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, J. Utschig 225; second champion class, H. Huber, 219; first class, J. Gefken, 224; second class, D. Salfeld, 202; third class, J. Beutler, 182; best first shot, J. Utschig, 25; best last shot, R. Stettin, 25. Competition for prizes: F. P. Schuster 74, John Utschig 73, H. Huber 70, John Gefken 70, E. H. Goetze 69. San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, John Utschig, 443; first class, John Gefken, 419; second class, not won; third class, H. Stelling, 409; fourth class, John Lankenau, 377; best first shot, John Utschig, 24; best last shot, D. B. Faktor, 23. ROEEL.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 21.—Newark, N. J.—Contest for Greater New York and vicinity trophy between C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and F. E. Sinnock, challenger, on grounds of South Side Gun Club.
March 21-22.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club; targets and live birds.
March 24.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Contest for the cast iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.
March 28.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Shooting Association tournament. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
March 29.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Contest for Dupont trophy between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
March 27-29.—Allentown, Pa.—Three days' shoot—first day at targets, second and third at live birds. A. Griesemer, Mgr.
March 31.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League's live-bird handicap, 25 birds, \$150 guaranteed.
March 31.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, holder, and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.
April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.
April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.
April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.
April 17-19.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.
April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.
April —.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.
May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.
May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.
May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.
May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.
May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.
May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.
May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.
May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.
Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail address matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen throughout this broad land will rejoice to learn that Mr. Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan., has entirely recovered from his long and protracted illness. Mr. Erhardt will once more become actively interested in trapshooting affairs, and proposes to resume his usual tournaments. His next one is scheduled to occur some time during the month of April.

Mr. M. H. Forbes, secretary of the State League, writes us as follows: "The Trapshooters' League of Indiana has granted dates for shoots as follows: Peru Gun Club, Peru, Ind., April 24, 25, 26, 1900. Chas. Bruck, tournament secretary. Erie Gun Club, Huntington, Ind., May 31-June 1, 1900. George Reynolds, secretary."

We learn that the Medicus Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on Thursday afternoon, March 22, at Feldmann's Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I. Take Grand street trolley from Broadway ferries. The main event will be at 25 birds, handicaps 27 to 31yds., entrance \$7, birds extra at 25 cents. The prize is a 12-gauge hammer Greener gun.

Mr. J. B. Daniels, the popular young sportsman, of Denver, Colo., is back to his native city, after spending several months on the Pacific coast. Henceforth we may expect to hear of his figuring prominently in some of the Western shooting tournaments, and perhaps in the Grand American Handicap.

That Capt. J. A. H. Dressel has done and is doing inestimable service in the promotion of sport and wholesome sporting interests is a fact long since recognized by all who have a knowledge of shooting matters where the swirl is greatest. Besides natural ability and versatility in managing such an infinity of detail, there is an infinity of corresponding industry required, which is essential, yet which is not in itself recognizable by surface indications. However, as a testimonial of the appreciation in which they held his great and successful efforts in behalf of the Sportsmen's show, a silver toilet set was presented to him in due time and form at a dinner arranged in his honor by the firms which were represented thereat and which were exhibitors at the Sportsmen's show. At the dinner there were present: J. A. H. Dressel, Chas. Tatham, Capt. A. W. Money, Edward Banks, U. M. C. Thomas, A. W. Higgins, E. S. Lentilhon, B. H. Norton, Joseph Gales, Chas. Daly, C. E. Willard, J. von Lengerke, J. C. Young, Charles North, T. H. Keller, W. L. Colville, Harry Palmer, Jacob Pentz, W. R. Hobart and Will K. Park. U. M. C. Thomas took the chair and acted as toastmaster. Mr. Lentilhon made the presentation in some well-chosen words, and in behalf of the firms interested presented the toilet set, all of which was a matter of astonishment to Capt. Dressel, inasmuch as it was entirely unexpected. The happy event occurred on Thursday night last at Muschenheim's, Thirty-first street and Broadway, New York.

Do not forget the dates of the Baltimore Shooting Association's tournament, April 10 to 13, inclusive. It takes place the week following the Grand American Handicap. The great number of shooters who will be present at the Grand American Handicap next month should paste the dates in their hats and keep this tournament in mind with a view to attend it. The Baltimore Shooting Association has offered a good programme always. Baltimore is within an easy journey of New York, and besides the attractions of the tournament it has many historical places of interest, besides in itself being one of America's greater cities. Shooters from the South and West can easily arrange to make it a part of their itinerary. The shoot will be open to the world, and shooters will be handicapped in distance, so as to give the amateur a chance to divide the purses with the experts. There will be \$250 added money, without regard to the number of entries, and the record of the Association in the past in this regard is a sufficient guarantee that all promises made in the programme will be carried out to the letter. As this will be the only large target and live-bird shoot in the East during the month of April, and coming as it does immediately after the Grand American, the attendance should, and without doubt will, be very large. Ship your shells in care of the A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Co., and they will be delivered on the grounds.

Mr. Wallace Yost, of Johnstown, N. Y., under date of March 19, writes us as follows: "The Fulton County Gun Club and Game Protective Association held an annual meeting and election of officers on March 16. Mr. H. F. Empe was elected President; Chas. Newnam, Vice-President; Wallace Yost, Secretary and Treasurer; David Smith, Captain; G. A. Stewart, Jr., Assistant Secretary and Treasurer. The club decided to put in a magatrap this year. It passed a resolution that we ask you to ask the gun clubs 'through your paper' to ask their Senators and Congressmen to support the Hon. John F. Tracy's bill for the protection of game and song birds. It is known as House Bill No. 6634. We had two or three active members admitted to the club and twenty honorary members."

Mr. J. L. Head, Peru, Ind., under date of March 18 writes us that "As it is customary for the executive committee of the Indiana Trapshooters' League to meet at our annual tournaments and prepare or formulate the programme for the Indiana State tournament, which is to occur at Hartford City this year, we have decided, in order to have plenty of time between our tournament and the State tournament, to change our dates from April 24, 25 and 26, to April 17, 18, and 19, 1900, which please announce through the columns of your valuable paper. Programmes for our annual tournament will be out about April 1, and may be secured by addressing the tournament secretary, Mr. Chas. Bruck, at 23 East Main street, Peru, Ind."

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Park Association, has been working diligently in perfecting all the details of the forthcoming great shoots, of which the Grand American Handicap, next week, is the greatest. To that end he has succeeded with the management of the Long Island Railroad in having the following train schedule for Interstate Park Station put in force, commencing on Monday of this week: From Long Island City—8:00, 9:06, 9:32, 11:10 A. M.; 12:30, 2:05, 3:30, 4:40, 8:10, 10:10 P. M. From Flatbush avenue—7:56, 8:54, 9:25, 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 3:22, 4:27, 8:07, 10:07 P. M. Returning time, 36 minutes. Boat time from Thirty-fourth street, New York, 10 minutes earlier.

Mr. A. W. Walls, of Worcester, Mass., under date of March 13 writes us as follows concerning the apathy in tournament matters in his vicinity: "The two days' tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was a fizzle of the first order. Only two shooters were present, Griffith and Inman, of Rhode Island. Griffith shot 92 per cent. the first day and 88 per cent. the second day, and won the gold watch and a large part of the added money. It is doubtful if any attempt will be made to hold any more tournaments by the club, as no interest is shown by the officers or members, and unless something is done by the manufacturers and dealers to start them up, shooting is at an end in Massachusetts."

FOREST AND STREAM has issued a score book, of a size convenient for carriage in the vest pocket. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. Besides, it contains a copy of the Interstate rules. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Price 50 cents.

The run of 175 made by Mr. J. S. Fanning in the Continuous match on the roof of Madison Square Garden is phenomenal and a record-breaker under the conditions imposed. Considering that this was done at the commencement of his active work in the interest of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., it is happily auspicious of a successful future. This great company should felicitate itself on the fact that it has secured this great shooter, and the latter should felicitate on the fact that he is with so good a company.

Kansas City shooters will not be given an opportunity to contest for the Elliott trophies until the 31st of this month. It had been originally intended to have this event occur on the 17th, but owing to the spring flight being due just about this period, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the same until the above-mentioned date. These contests are creating an immense amount of interest, and have brought out many new shooters.

The Boston Shooting Association, whose tournament is fixed for March 28, at Wellington, Mass., will contest for the Shooting and Fishing trophy against Worcester shooters and others. The programme provides twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, the ninth event being for the trophy, at 50 targets, 30 expert rules and 10 pairs, per man; five-men teams. All sweepstakes optional. O. R. Dickey is manager.

The Fulford traps worked with great completeness at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot on Monday and Tuesday of this week, and the trapping under the Fulford system was at extraordinary speed. From 120 to 140 birds an hour were trapped. This was done with much more ease and certainty than in cases where dogs are used, as dogs are a very uncertain and erratic factor in this kind of work.

Mr. "R. Woods" scored 43, 3 points to the good, for the Francotte gun, in the tenth contest at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot on Saturday of last week. Mr. G. B. Paterson, the secretary of the club, scored 2 points. None of the other competitors succeeded in making more than 40, and therefore failed to score any points to the good. Mr. "Woods" is now in the lead.

The University Gun Club's semi-annual shoot, on the club grounds, for the Wertz-Dundas trophy, took place on March 11. It was at 25 targets, and was open to members only. It was won by Freed with a score of 18. The other scores were: Parish 15, Baldwin 16, Arrison 10, Cooper 9, Lister 8.

The interclub tournament, as set forth in "Western Traps" this week, is a novel idea, and should be readily supported by the clubs of the hamlet by the lake. Furthermore, it is a good idea for the clubs of other cities. Mr. Hough explains the plan in full in "Western Traps" aforementioned.

The Cincinnati Gun Club is active in giving outside organizations an opportunity to test their mettle. The newly organized gun club at Springfield, O., has been challenged by it, and there is a probability of a contest in the near future.

In the third weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club for the March cup, at Bay Ridge, Mr. Donald Geddes was first with a score of 22 out of 25. In the prize event at 25 targets, expert traps, Mr. W. K. Fowler won first.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, the winner of the warm roof garden tournament Association championship, has been for some time this year in the employ of the American E C & Schultze Powder Co., to shoot E C during the present year.

Mr. Ed Bolmer, assistant superintendent of the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., has been in New York for a number of days past and has been quite a constant visitor at the Sportsmen's show, at Madison Square Garden.

In the club handicap shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club, on Thursday of last week, Mr. Phil Suss won the badge, tying with Mr. H. Koch on a straight score, and winning in the shoot-off, a miss-and-out.

Mr. W. T. Irwin, a representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., with headquarters at Chicago, will be in attendance at the Grand American Handicap as a contestant for the first time in that great event.

The match between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Rolla O. Heikes for the cast iron medal will take place at Yardville, N. J., on Saturday of this week.

The tie of J. B. Porter and Newt Beach of last month was shot off on the 14th, miss-and-out. This resulted in a win for Porter, who killed 8 straight.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trapshooting is Honest.

SING SING, March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The editorial in your issue of yesterday entitled "Trapshooting is Honest" will have the indorsement of all who have followed up the sport. It is doubtful if that representative of the Western sporting paper who maligned the sport is a shooter at all. He probably included the trapshooting world in the dilated possibilities of his own imagination.

Appropos of trapshooting, now that the sport at Madison Square Garden is over, it is a wonder to me that no guns have been appropriated. If only shooters had access all would be well, but when you take in consideration the fact that any outsider who is desirous may circulate among the shooters, handle the guns, etc., it is remarkable that there has been no trouble.

Probably the keen eyes and good memory of Manager Shaner have something to do with it.

A good scheme would be to furnish badges to all competitors and allow shooters only within the railing inclosing the gun racks.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Washington Park Gun Club.

KANSAS CITY, March 14.—The Washington Park Gun Club, an organization made up of the younger element of the local shooters, held its regular monthly medal shoot at Washington Park to-day. Members to the number of fifteen materialized for the contest, which ultimately resulted in Walter Howe winning the trophy by killing straight. The possession of this was spiritedly contested, as three finished with 14. Of these Newt Beach missed his last bird, which obviated the necessity of a shoot-off:

W Howe.....	22222112122222-15	C E Wright.....	221110222122210-13
N Beach.....	21212211122110-14	Dr F Planck.....	02*222221212222-13
L Scott.....	2222111122*2112-14	J Parry.....	102122212022220-12
N Jarrett.....	02112121212122-14	J Reppell.....	11211110020121-12
D Fairman.....	12221002121212-13	W Lipscomb.....	202212222200022-11
W Lemon.....	120222.21212111-13	T Fernkas.....	110110012*22120-10
J B Dickinson.....	221100222222221-13	K Newton.....	0102200*1011112-9
G C Smith.....	202122221212*2-13		

Kansas City Gun Club.

KANSAS CITY, March 15.—The regular monthly contest for club honors of the Kansas City Club was limited to eleven members, and of these J. W. Bramhall won the trophy by scoring 22 of his allotted 25 pigeons. The old veteran, Frank J. Smith, missed his opportunity to tie by failing to kill his last bird, he and W. K. Everingham scoring 21.

The weather was propitious, and the birds strong and active, notwithstanding the absence of any wind to aid them.

J W Bramhall.....	2121222220122022222102211-22	J M Curcie.....	0222022202202222222202-19
W K Everingham.....	212022012222111110211101-21	C W Renick.....	220101201200101122122201-18
F J Smith.....	2221022202112222011222210-21	E Fletcher.....	12012111201010020101*121-17
J B Porter.....	22222222022022022022012201-20	S S Millett.....	120120201112201101102021-17
J M Curcie.....	0222022202202222222202-19	W Scott.....	110110110210020120020202-14
C W Renick.....	220101201200101122122201-18	R S Elliott.....	2210201202011210202010000-13
F Fletcher.....	12012111201010020101*121-17	A H Glasner.....	1220100202001200020001002-11

Riverton Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16.—The seventh annual shoot of the Riverton Gun Club was fairly successful. The first event was at 10 birds, \$10, handicap; cup and 40 per cent. to the winner, 25 per cent to second, 15 to third, and 10 to fourth. Karsner finished with a straight score.

The second event was at 30 birds, \$25 entrance, 10 birds to be shot on each of the three grounds. The money was divided in the same manner as in the first shoot.

Out of the eleven entries, Hicks was the only one to kill all his birds:

Thirty-bird handicap, cup and entrance money divided: J. Hicks, 29yds., 30; R. A. Welch, 30yds., 28; D. Upson, 30yds., 28; D. Bradley, 30yds., 26; D. Karsner, 27yds., 26; H. C. Clayton, 27yds., 27; B. Cashmore, 27yds., 25; H. Kirkover, 30yds., 24; W. James, 27yds., 24.

Ten birds, cup and money divided: J. Hicks 9, H. Kirkover 9, R. A. Welch 9, D. Upson 9, J. Davis 9, D. Bradley 9, B. Cashmore 6, Karsner 10, H. C. Clayton 9, Edwards 8. Shoot-off of ties, miss-and-out: Bradley 7, Upson 7, Davis 7, Hicks 6, Welch 6, Clayton 4, Kirkover 1.

March 17.—The weather was bad, and hence unfavorable for high scores. Mr. D. I. Bradley made an excellent competition, everything considered, making the excellent score of 90, and winning thereby the main event. The scores: D. I. Bradley, 30yds., 90; D. A. Upson, 30yds., 86; W. S. Rockefeller, 27yds., 86; E. C. Hunter, 26yds., 85; R. S. Riverton, 28yds., 74; T. C. Hicks, 29yds., 71; R. A. Welch, 30yds., 75; H. D. Kirkover, 30yds., 53; J. H. Davis, 27yds., 50; N. S. Cashmore, 27yds., 44.

The last three withdrew. First money was \$400. Second and third was \$400, which was divided equally, and fourth money was \$100.

The Arrangement.—"Now, Laura, have a good time and don't wear yourself out writing letters to me."

"No, Jack; when I want more money I'll telegraph."—Chicago Record.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Mitches at Carteret.

Garden City, L. I., March 15.—Two 100-live-bird matches were shot on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club to-day. The first was between Messrs. Louis T. Duryea and Daniel I. Bradley, standing at 30yds.; the second was between Messrs. J. P. W. Stewart and J. W. Gordon, standing at 28yds. The weather conditions were unfavorable, a snow storm prevailing at the time. The scores:

Bradley vs. Duryea:					
D I Bradley, 30.....	22220	22222	22222	22222	2*222-23
	22222	20222	22*22	22222	22222-23
	22222	22222	22202	22222	22222-23
	22202	22020	20222	22222	20222-20-89
L T Duryea, 30.....	22122	22211	22222	21212	22202-24
	20222	22220	2222*	22222	20220-20
	21221	22202	22122	12022	22222-23
	02202	22220	22222	22220	22222-21-88

Stewart vs. Gordon:					
J P W Stewart, 28.....	22222	22022	02222	22222	22222-23
	22222	22220	22222	22212	22222-24
	22201	22222	22222	*2222	*2222-22
	22212	1122*	22120	22222	111102-5
J W Gordon, 28.....	20222	*2*22	22202	22222	22*22-20
	22222	02220	22222	22222	22222-22
	22222	22022	22202	22222	22222-23
	22222	22222	21221	22012	22222-24-89

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 15.—Mr. Phil Suss was the winner of the badge in the 7-live-bird handicap event of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club, at the shoot held to-day. He and H. Koch killed straight, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, one round determined the winner. The scores:

I McKane, 27.....	2*22222-6	H Kronika, 26.....	0201212-5
J J Pillion, 27.....	0220222-5	H Koch, 27.....	2121212-7
R Smith, 25.....	0220120-2	H Montanus, 27.....	0202201-4
R W Smith, 27.....	2002000-2	J Cordes, 23.....	0111102-5
G Tappan, 27.....	202*020-3	F Van Tuiker, 25.....	0120100-3
D J Heffner, 23.....	1112001-5	P Suss, 25.....	2111121-7
J Steele, 25.....	2012222-6	Dr Wood, 25.....	112102-5
A Soeller, 23.....	0221212-6	Dr Hill, 25.....	122*011-5

Shoot-off for badge: Phil Suss 1, H. Koch 0.

Medicus Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 15.—Dr. Casey's performance in killing 33 birds straight at the shoot of the Medicus Gun Club to-day was the brilliant feature of the meeting. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Woods.....	121-3	111111111-10
Thompson.....	110-2	122112212-10
Dr Casey.....	211-3	211222211-10

No. 3, 20 birds:	
Woods.....	11011*211212121221-18
Thompson.....	2221101*2221122121-18
Dr Casey.....	222221121212121221-20

No. 1 was at 3 birds; No. 2 was at 10 birds.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 17.—Event 4, at 30 targets, was the third contest for the Wright medal, and was won by Mr. J. S. S. Remsen. Event 6, at 50 targets, with handicap added, was the tenth shoot for the Francotte gun. Messrs. G. B. Paterson and R. Woods were the only contestants who scored any points. There was a good deal of wind in active circulation, which made good scores difficult:

Events:									
Targets:	25	20	15	30	10	50	10	15	
J S S Remsen.....	15	14	12	20	..	39	9	9	
G Williamson.....	9	10	..	17	
G B Paterson.....	18	12	..	17	..	42	
R Woods.....	16	43	
L Montoux.....	10	..	9	..	7	..	5	..	
W Hopkins.....	12	13	..	7	..	7	11	..	
L Brigham.....	12	10	19	..	40	
J Hopkins.....	..	14	..	8	7	..	
Snow.....	..	6	..	3	..	2	
Goldstien.....	..	8	8	6	..	
Smith.....	..	10	
Dr Terry.....	3	22	7	

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was well supported.

There were three events on the programme. No. 1, the Peek-a-Boo handicap, was at 5 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. No. 2, the Gored Ox handicap, was at 7 live birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 3, the Plum Pudding handicap, at 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

No. 1:			
S Remsen, 29.....	22222-5	Dr Casey, 28.....	21112-5
Capt Brewer, 32.....	22222-5	Dr Woods, 27.....	21212-5
M Thompson, 26.....	11122-5	A Doty, 29.....	22222-5
W Rodman, 26.....	21012-4	C Budd, 30.....	11200-3
Hopkins, 27.....	10220-3	Le Roy, 29.....	22222-5
C W Feigenspan, 29.....	12222-5	C S Campbell, 28.....	11101-4

No. 2:			
D C Bennett, 28.....	1001*12-4	Doty, 29.....	2222222-7
Feigenspan, 29.....	2222222-7	Le Roy, 29.....	*22222-6
Dr Casey, 28.....	1222222-7	Brewer, 32.....	2222222-7
Dr Woods, 27.....	1222222-7	Rodman, 26.....	1110200-4
J B Hopkins, 27.....	0101222-5	Budd, 30.....	0022222-5
Campbell, 28.....	2222101-6	Remsen, 29.....	0222202-5
Thompson, 27.....	2220212-6	Annie Oakley, 26.....	1112212-7

No. 3:					
R Heikes, 31.....	22222122202202-13	Le Roy, 29.....	22222222222222-15		
Dr Casey, 28.....	22012222222222-14	Doty, 29.....	22222221222222-15		
Dr Woods, 27.....	12222202021222-13	Annie O'k'y, 26.....	11112121102011-13		
Crosby, 32.....	22222222122212-15	Rodman, 26.....	1100200112020*0-8		
Fanning, 31.....	22222222212222-15	Thompson, 27.....	22222211212111-15		
Feigenspan, 29.....	12222222222222-15	J P Kay, 26.....	200000222012002-7		
H Blauvelt, 27.....	122222122201212-14	Brewer, 32.....	22221221222222-15		
J R Hull, 28.....	22120221222222-14	Simpson, 29.....	220122212222122-14		
Campbell, 29.....	012201200021w	F Bissett, 29.....	221221222020222-13		
Hopkins, 27.....	10210111212112-13	Applegate, 28.....	120221212*22110-12		
R Miller, 28.....	0*212222222222-13	P Daly, Jr, 30.....	221222112021212-14		
C Budd, 30.....	122222222221222-15	R Ewalt, 27.....	222102110112222-13		

Exera event No. 1, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys:	
Ewalt, 26.....	2202200-4 Hopkins, 24.....2001101-4
Feigenspan, 29.....	2222220-6 Bissett, 29.....0222210-5
Daly, Jr, 30.....	0222212-6 Doty, 29.....2222220-6
Rodman, 26.....	1111101-6 J Applegate, 28.....2222212-7
Miss-and-out, \$1:	
Feigenspan, 30.....	222 Moffett, 30.....0
Remsen, 30.....	20 Van Allen, 30.....220
Rodman, 30.....	20

Miss-and-out, \$1:

Feigenspan, 30.....	222	Moffett, 30.....	0
Remsen, 30.....	20	Van Allen, 30.....	220
Rodman, 30.....	20		

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 19.—The scores made at the shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club were quite good. Schubel's 25 straight was the best performance. The next shoot is two weeks from this shoot. The scores:

Events:					
Targets:	15	10	25	25	
Dr Bill.....	14	13	9	19	20
A Schubel.....	10	10	25	21	19
T Diffley.....	10	14	7	19	16
S Charles.....	10	10	6	17	..
O Keim.....	8	12

JOHNNIE JONES.

"A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tutors to toot.
Said the two to the tutor, 'Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tutors to toot?'"

Bob Stay—"And now it appears that Lipton wanted the American boat to win all the time." Hull—"Why so?" "Why, he said he hoped the best boat would win."—Yonkers Statesman.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 10.—The regular shoot of the Forester Gun Club took place to-day. The second match, Foresters vs. South Sides, was as follows:

South Sides—Feigenspan 23, Herrington 17, Dawson 16, Whitehead 12, Terrill 13; total, 81.

Foresters—Jewell 17, D. Fleming 13, Stanton 15, J. J. Fleming 18, D. Smith 18; total, 81.

Terrill captain for South Sides; Smith captain for Foresters.

J Fleming.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11				
Stanton.....	8	4	8				
Weller.....	3	4	2	7	3	4	..	4	5				
D Fleming.....	5	5	7	4	5	..	5	..	1	3	2				
J H Dummings.....	5	5	5	5	7	7	..	4	..				
Ripley.....	6	7	..	4	5				
Herrington.....	6	..	7	..	6				
Dawson.....	5	..	4	7	6	2				
Terrill.....	6	..	5	4	..	3	7	5				
Feigenspan.....	6	..	5	4	..	3	7	5				
Kugler.....	10	9	9	9	..	8	6	9				
Jewell.....	1	5	0				
D Smith.....	5	7				
Whitehead.....	9	..	4	..	5	..	7				
		10	8	6	..	9	10				
		J. J. FLEMING, Sec'y.													

Roof Garden Tournament.

The longest target tournament in the annals of trapshooting came to a close last Saturday, after fifteen days of continuous shooting. Protracted though this affair was, the interest in it seemed never to flag, continuing up to the very close, and thereby admirably accomplished the object of its promoters, whose aim was to familiarize the general public with the wholesome, up-to-date method of target shooting. To the observer it is clearly evident that they succeeded in this respect, as every day hundreds of spectators watched the shooting with keen interest, marveling at the skill of the experts and the ingenious method employed for throwing the blue-rocks.

The targets were thrown by a magautrap run by an electric

dence to-day. In this event one of them, Van Allen, is second with 93, while Griffith, another one, is tied with Fanning for third with 91.

The weather conditions were favorable, the severe cold of the previous day having moderated to a great extent.

Entries in the Championship contest reached the limit. The scores:

W R Crosby.....24 25 25 24-98	R Craufurd20 18 17 20-75
S M Van Allen.....23 24 23 23-93	W H Hyland.....21 20 18 15-74
E C Griffith, 2.....23 23 23 22-91	A G Courtney.....19 18 17 19-73
J S Fanning.....20 24 23 24-91	E Steffens.....16 19 22 16-72
E D Fulford.....23 22 24 21-90	F Hoy18 18 20 16-72
F M Eastman.....23 24 20 23-90	Ed Reinecke17 19 18-71
R O Heikes, 1.....23 22 22 22-89	N Pechin18 20 16 16-70

W R Crosby.....24 25 25 24-98	T H Keller.....19 18 23 22-82
Ed Banks.....24 24 24 24-96	Dr Casey, 1.....23 17 22 19-81
J S Fanning.....25 24 21 24-94	Dr Casey, 2.....19 23 20 17-79
C W Budd.....24 24 23 22-93	D N Coats, 2.....19 17 16 21-73
E D Fulford.....24 23 23 22-92	H Blauvelt.....18 19 16 16-69
S M Van Allen.....21 24 21 24-90	I M Thompson.....19 20 13 17-69
R O Heikes.....22 22 23 23-90	R L Packard.....19 18 14 18-69
I Tallman, 2.....21 23 22 21-90	L Harrison.....15 16 19 18-68
E C Griffith.....21 21 23 23-88	M R Weightman.....14 13 19 18-61
H Kirkover.....22 20 24 22-88	D N Coats, 1.....13 18 12 13-62
B Leroy20 22 22 22-87	H Kryn9 11 14 10-44
J R Hull.....21 21 23 21-86	E D Fulford, 2.....25 23 22 w
F B Tracy.....22 18 22 23-85	W H Hyland.....17 17 20 w
I Tallman, 1.....21 22 20 20-83	

Thirteenth Day, Thursday, March 15.

To-day brought out one of those rare exhibitions of shooting skill that occur now and then at long intervals in the annals of the sport, and which materially help to maintain the interest therein. Fanning had suspected that some one would exceed his run of 90 and had made several bets to that effect. This not materializing, he proceeded to establish a new mark for himself. On his second attempt he developed one of those phenomenal streaks, which never ended until he had aggregated the great number of 175, which marks a new epoch in this style of shooting. The target which ended this extraordinary run was a low straight-away, which dropped perceptibly, and though the shooter was conscious of that, he was unable to reach it, from the fact that the long demand on the strength of his arm had deprived the muscles of some of their subtleness, so that it failed to respond as promptly as on ordinary occasions.

This is essentially a race of endurance, and it was demonstrated all through the tournament that the men of the best physique made the best showing in it. True, there are instances where this run has been excelled, but these were not made under the same conditions, being shot on installments of 20 birds or more, and for this reason cannot be classed with this performance. Here one is called to the score and continues to shoot until he misses, and there is no intermission of any consequence, except such as is necessary to procure additional shells. This run of Fanning's engrossed most of the time, so that consequently Manager Shaner's receipts were correspondingly light in this event.

Crosby made one run that ordinarily would be classed as a capital one, breaking 88 on his third and last attempt. Budd ran 23 in two trials. Heikes tried it ten times, but his first was the best, resulting in 21. Griffith broke 19 once in three efforts. Leroy scored 17 and 16 with five trials. Landis' best was 13, and resulted from four entries. Widman recorded such an unlucky total with two endeavors. Eastman, too, shows such a total, but it required three trials on his part. Banks was up once, and then he broke 12. Hull's greatest aggregate was 9, and this resulted from two efforts. Dietzel and Smith each made two attempts; the former broke 5 and the latter 4.

In the Championship match Crosby is to the fore with 97 scored. Fulford and Fanning are tied for second with 95. Leroy and Van Allen come next with 94.

The weather was the worst of the entire tournament so far, most of the shooting being done in a blinding snow storm, with the exception of Fanning's long run, which occurred before the snow came so thick. At that time the snow was falling lightly and the light was by no means good, but this was nothing compared with what came soon after.

However, every one of the 175 targets scored by Fanning were practically wiped out, so that no doubt existed as to whether they were hit. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, the attendance was the best of the tournament, for there were fifty-one entries in the Championship match, with not a single re-entry. Three ladies took part, and there are not a few of the male contestants who had to be satisfied with a lesser total than they show. Singularly enough this trio was very equally matched in shooting skill, one target separating the three. The ladies were Mrs. Milt Lindsley (Wanda), Miss Mackay and Miss Hyland.

The large number of entries and the bad weather worked a hardship on those who finished last, it being 6 o'clock when the last squad shot, at which time it was hard to see the targets in the gloom and the snow. Shooting progressed much slower to-day. Owing to the storm, the shooters all congregated in the cafe, where it was warm, so that it was difficult to get them to the score promptly.

W R Crosby.....25 23 25 24-97	H Cummings.....20 18 20 16-74
E D Fulford.....23 25 24 23-95	C Jaques.....19 19 16 19-73
J S Fanning.....23 24 24 24-95	O Shaw21 20 17 14-72
B Leroy21 25 23 25-94	V Dorp20 16 18 18-72
S M Van Allen.....24 23 25 22-94	H B Fisher.....14 18 19 21-72
F M Eastman.....23 21 23 25-92	J Wellbrock.....16 21 18 16-71
E C Griffith.....25 22 23 22-92	K R McAlpin.....20 19 14 17-70

Twelfth Day, Wednesday, March 14.

This being one of the short days, the most interesting feature to many, the Continuous match, had to be dispensed with this

motor, thus insuring a uniform speed in their flight. This combination worked perfectly, and but for the efficient manner in which the trap did its work it would have been impossible to shoot anything like the number of entries that were present each day. It frequently required a thousand an hour to finish in the limited time. The Championship match never began before 12:30, and on several occasions this was shot through with fifty entries by 5:30. Had any other style of trapping been in vogue many entries would have had to be refused, while this way nearly everybody was accommodated. Mr. Chas. North, of the Cleveland Target Co., was on hand to look after the trap, but the only thing required of him was to clean and oil it each morning. After being once started the trap invariably performed its duty well.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, well known to the shooting world for his skill and knowledge of shooting events, was in charge of this tournament, and conducted it with his usual able executive ability. Assisting him was a corps which had been selected for its experience in the respective positions assigned them. Mr. John D. Regan, of Brooklyn, acted as cashier; Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, was scorer; Mr. John Wright, of Pittsburg, was squad hustler and blackboard man; Mr. Herbert Dressel, Brooklyn, was puller, and Harry Merrifield was trapper. This contingent was always on hand and ready for business at the appointed time. Mr. Chas. North made himself generally useful by relieving the referee, puller and trapper during lunch time.

The inclosure in which the shooting was done was not very large, about 180 by 40 ft. From the trap to the fence straightaway was 122 ft., or 2 ft. over 40 yds. The targets were thrown at a speed of about 55 yds., as they would smash against the fence when not broken by the shooters. The place was inclosed by a high board fence on two sides, while on the right was a brick wall covered with a landscape painting that had served its purpose for the roof garden performances during the summer time. This made anything but a desirable background, adding not a little to the difficulty of making good scores. On dark days it was a very hard matter to locate a target that quartered off toward the landscape.

The conditions of competition were given in an earlier issue.

Winners.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., wins the Association Championship, first general average and second in the Continuous match, also a gold medal. His best run was 97. Mr. Crosby shot a Baker gun, E. C. powder in Leader shells. Mr. J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, Cal., won third in the Association Championship, second general average and made the longest continuous run—175—which entitles him to first prize in this event, a silver tea set. Mr. Fanning shot a Smith gun, Lafin & Rand W-A powder in Leader shells. Mr. I. Tallman, of Milbrook, N. Y., won second in the Association Championship match, and also won the Garden handicap. Mr. Tallman shot a Parker gun, Schultze powder in Leader shells. Mr. G. S. McAlpin, of New York, winner of fourth in the Association Championship, shot a Grant gun, Dupont powder in Leader shells. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., winner of third in the Continuous match, 70 straight—a silver medal—shot a Parker gun, Hazard powder in Smokeless shells. R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., winner of third general average, shot a Remington gun, Schultze powder in Smokeless shells. E. C. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I., winner of fourth in the Continuous match, 64 straight—a bronze medal—shot a Parker gun, Lafin & Rand W-A powder in Leader shells. E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., winner of the daily medal in the Championship event on the sixth day, shot a Remington gun, Schultze powder in Trap shells.

Eleventh Day, Tuesday, March 13.

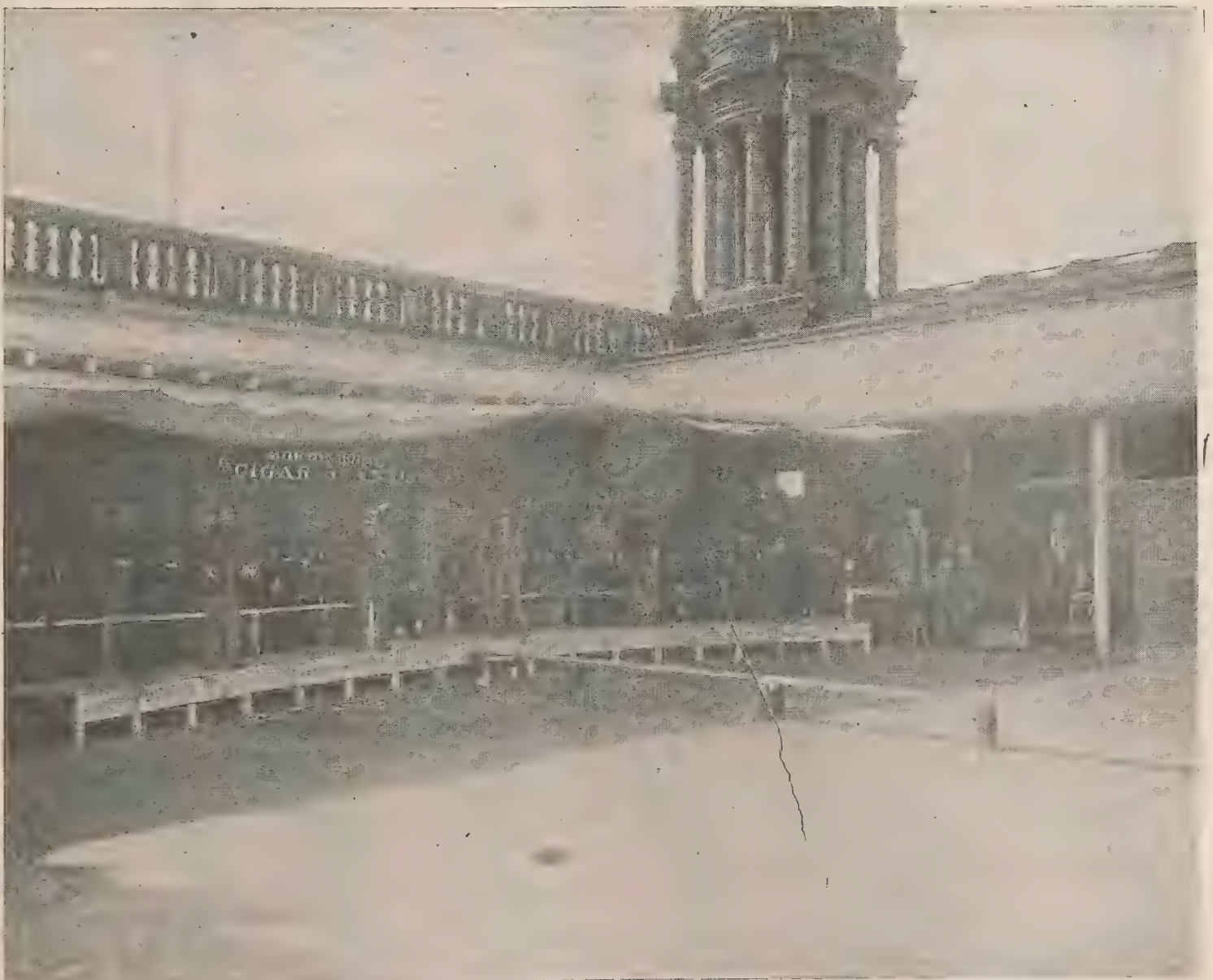
A calm, serene looking man, in the person of Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., was a principal in to-day's events and created considerable stir by making several nice runs in the Continuous match, which gave the talent quite a shock, as it looked for a time as though the "perish" were to receive their first backset by having one of the rank and file carry away part of the honors at least. Mr. Griffith aggregated 64 on his fourth trial, and try as they would none of the experts seemed able to reach this. Manager Shaner had already announced that this would be the last squad, but there was still a glimmer of hope for that everlasting Farmer Boy had still one more chance to save the day for the talent. This time he got "agoing," and when the referee announced "It's all off" he had run 77, so that poor Mister Amateur had once more to be content with second money that didn't pay.

Crosby made eight attempts, and his best runs were 77, 48, 16, 14 and 13. Griffith tried twelve times, running 64, 32, 17 and 10. Fanning was up a like number of times, and his good ones are 39, 19 and 17. Heikes, with one less attempt, has 25 and 15. Kirkover's ten efforts resulted in 25, 19 and 10, as his best. Feigenspan was the most industrious, entering fifteen times, but the best he scored were 18, 12 and two 10s. Leroy on four trials is credited with 21, 14 and 11. Clark, with an equal amount of trials, recorded 11 and 7. Banks, two times up, shows 9 and 5. Budd's three trials gave him 7, 6 and 4. Dr. Knowlton could not make much progress, getting 5 twice in seven trials. Belloff scored a like number once in the same number of trials. Hooey's best resulted in 5, and he was out six times. Courtney tried it twice, and broke 3 each time. Eastman scored 2 once in three attempts. Sherman tried it once and he broke 1.

Crosby was equally as resourceful in the Championship match, and by that same wonderful precision that has characterized his shooting all through the tournament, captured the medal in this event with 3 birds to spare, scoring 96. The amateurs were in evi-

day, so that the Championship match was the only event. This, as heretofore, brought about a scramble among the experts, for, though one of the amateurs, Van Allen, did very well, he was a long ways behind Crosby, the winner, who is maintaining that wonderful streak displayed throughout the tournament. To-day he once more chalked up a great total, scoring 98. Banks' shooting, too, was superb, he getting 96; 24 is what he broke in each string. Fanning is third with 94, and Fulford fourth, 93.

As has been the case heretofore, on short days, the weather was ideal in every respect, the fine scores being to some extent attributable to this circumstance. The s



ROOF GARDEN TOURNAMENT.

Score—East end of roof.

R O Heikes.....22 21 24 25-92	Capt Money.....14 16 19 21-70
I Tallman.....22 23 22 23-90	L Parsons.....16 18 16 18-68
J R Hull.....21 23 24 22-90	W West21 16 18 8-63
Ed Banks.....23 23 24 19-89	Wanda17 18 13 15-63
W Torpey.....22 24 22 21-89	Miss Hyland.....13 20 15 14-62
F Mack19 22 24 23-88	Miss Mackay13 18 16 15-62
H Landis.....21 21 23 22-87	M R Weightman.....19 12 13 18-62
W Widman.....24 13 21 22-85	T S Emmons.....16 17 14 12-60
C W Budd.....23 20 20 22-85	F D Smith.....17 17 11 13-58
C von Lengerke.....23 19 21 22-84	T J McCahill.....14 11 16 16-57
H Martin.....19 22 21 22-84	G K Dodd.....17 13 16 6-60

A B Cartledge.....23 23 20 18-84	J McKarher.....11 13 15 8-47
C North.....20 22 21 19-82	G N Thomas.....12 14 10 11-47
G R Schneider.....23 21 16 22-82	A Dietzel.....18 19 21 w
E T C.....20 20 23 18-81	L T Muench.....15 15 9 w
C O Bell.....21 19 20 19-79	E J McMahon.....18 19 w
J J Hallowell.....23 24 14 17-78	J Bradshaw.....19 18 w
T R Barron.....20 19 17 21-77	

Fourteenth Day, Friday, March 16.

The fourteenth day of the tournament witnessed some more brilliant shooting by that sturdy pair, Crosby and Fanning. These two have been making most of the history of the shoot, and while they made no new records they nevertheless did capital work.

This was the final day of the Continuous match, and here Crosby made a most determined effort to overhaul Fanning. In this he only partially succeeded, as he could only score 97, which left him 78 shy of Fanning's great run. However, this is the second best of the tournament, exceeding Fanning's previous good run by 7. Crosby was up only once, and the above-mentioned run was the result.

Heikes, on his first trial, ran 32, but though he tried it eight times he could never exceed this. His other good runs were 21, 12 and 8. Fanning was just as busy as ever, but did nothing extraordinary. The best of his ten efforts were 31, 25, 21 and 10. Leroy, in three attempts, has 27 and 13. Budd tried it twice, but got started only once; then he ran 17. Landis was the most persistent one, trying thirteen times; he showed 19, 13, 12 and 7 as his best. Fisher, four times up, has 14 to his credit. Griffith was nearly as energetic as Landis, for he essayed it eleven times; 21, 13 and 7 were the best he could do. Parsons' nine attempts gave him 7, 6, 5 as his top scores. Eastman entered three times, and the best he could do was 6. Grieff could do no better than this, yet he tried six times. Capt. Money was in this class, too, endeavoring as many times as Grieff. McCahill, on seven efforts, could not go beyond 4.

The Championship race had its quota of entries, and it was in this that Fanning shone once more. He lost one in his first string, and then ran the next two strings straight, so that for a time it looked as though he might tie Crosby's great score of 99, made earlier in the tournament. However, this failed to materialize, as he dropped one in his final string, finishing with 98. This gave him a margin of three over Crosby, who was second, with 95. Two amateurs, Tallman and McAlpin, were well to the front with 93. Heikes and Hallowell were also of this division.

The blizzard of yesterday had passed off, being followed by beautiful sunshine. This did much to temper the chilly atmosphere. There was not much wind, though occasionally there were gusts that caused the targets to bob considerably. The light would have been good but for the glare of the sun on the snow.

Forty-four of the fifty-one entries in the Championship race shot their quota of 100 birds in this match. The scores:

J S Fanning.....24 25 25 24-98	H B Fisher, 2.....19 19 22 19-79
W R Crosby.....22 25 24 24-95	A Dietzel.....22 17 21 18-78
I Tallman.....24 23 24 23-94	Capt Money, 2.....19 18 21 20-78
R O Heikes.....24 23 24 22-93	Ed Taylor.....18 22 16 20-76
G S McAlpin.....23 24 24 23-93	C R Wise, 1.....21 18 16 19-74
J C Hallowell, 2.....22 24 24 23-93	F C Bissett.....16 16 18 23-73
E C Griffith.....24 24 23 21-92	C M Lincoln.....18 14 22 19-73
H Landis.....23 24 21 21-92	R L Packard.....17 19 15 19-70
Ph Daly, Jr., 2.....22 23 22 24-91	L Parsons.....18 19 14 17-68
J R Hull.....22 22 23 22-90	P Sandford.....15 18 17 17-67
B Leroy.....22 21 25 21-89	T Keller, Jr.....19 14 17 16-66
C W Budd.....21 21 22 25-89	Capt Money, 1.....15 17 16 17-65
Ed Banks.....22 23 21 23-89	T McCahill.....14 20 17 13-64
S M Van Allen.....23 23 20 22-88	E Lentilhon, 1.....20 18 13 13-64
Ph Daly, Jr., 1.....18 24 23 23-88	G Mager.....14 15 16 18-63
J Bradshaw, 2.....22 23 20 23-88	M R Weightman.....15 19 12 15-61
J Bradshaw, 1.....12 22 19 24-86	E Lentilhon, 2.....16 16 14 15-61
J J Hallowell, 1.....22 23 19 21-85	R Ewart.....18 14 14 10-56
F M Eastman.....20 21 22 21-84	H B Fisher, 1.....24 19 18 w
E D Fulford.....22 21 21 20-84	A Cartledge, 1.....21 18 12 w
A G Courtney.....21 23 20 18-82	J Williams.....23 18 19 w
O W Van.....18 20 21 22-81	A Cartledge, 2.....18 21 17 w
W H Sanders.....21 19 18 23-81	S C Thompson.....18 18 w
C R Wise, 2.....19 19 21 22-81	J Priore.....2 2 w
F B Tracy.....20 22 21 17-80	P J Greisler.....0 w
W Linthicum.....18 19 21 22-80	

Fifteenth Day, Saturday, March 17.

To-day's competition was restricted to those who during the preceding days had shot in the Association Championship event and scored 87 or better, which number it took to qualify. Some twenty-eight had accomplished this, but only twenty-two materialized for to-day's contest.

This final event was to determine the Association Championship, but there were also four handsome prizes to contest for. The first was a silver tea set; second, a gold medal; third, a silver medal, and fourth, a bronze medal. W. R. Crosby won the first-named by scoring 95. This was a superb exhibition of shooting skill under the trying conditions that prevailed. I. Tallman, an amateur from South Millbrook, N. Y., finished second with 94. His shooting was also high class, and for a time it looked as though he would tie Crosby for first honors. When each had shot at 75 they were tied on 70. Crosby broke straight in his final string, so that it required an equal performance on the part of Tallman to tie. This he was unable to do, as a heavy gust of wind caused the target he lost to duck clear of the charge, so that he only accounted for 24. This, however, landed him in second place. Fanning, McAlpin and Griffith tied for third and fourth with 93. This trio shot off at 10 targets. Here Fanning won out rather easily by breaking straight, which entitled him to third and the silver medal. McAlpin and Griffith, though, had tied on 8, thus the bronze medal, which went to fourth, was still in abeyance. They tried to settle it by shooting another string of 10, but this resulted in each scoring 9. Once more they attempted it, but again they tied on 8. The fourth trial, however, brought matters to an issue, resulting in a win for McAlpin by 9 to 8.

There was also a special event run in connection with the Championship contest, which was called the Garden handicap. The prize in this was a handsome gold medal. Nineteen qualified for this by putting up an additional \$2. Crosby, Fanning, Heikes, Banks, Fulford and Leroy were scratch, while the others had from 4 to 12 targets additional to shoot at. Tallman also proved the winner of this, as he was allowed 5 and broke 4 of these, which gave him 98. Griffith was the only one who had a chance to tie, for with 5 to shoot at he could have equaled Tallman's total by breaking them all, but he only accounted for 3 of his allowance, which gave him 96. McAlpin scored 3 out of his allowance of 4, and tied with Griffith. None of the other handicap men got more than 90.

Messrs. Elmer Shaner and Waters allotted the handicaps in this race.

The day was bright and clear, but the wind, which blew a gale, was cold and penetrating, and aside from its chilliness, also had a very depressing effect on the score. In consequence, the targets cut all sorts of elusive antics. Occasionally one would tower as though it was going to clear the 35ft. screen that inclosed the Garden, while at other times a sudden drop of 6 or 8ft. was nothing uncommon. These conditions make the top scores extraordinary performances. The scores:

W R Crosby.....22 25 23 25-95	Ed Banks.....24 17 22 19-82
I Tallman.....24 22 24 24-94	J J Hallowell.....22 20 18-82
J S Fanning.....22 22 24 25-93	F M Eastman.....21 23 18 20-82
G S McAlpin.....23 24 22 24-93	E D Fulford.....21 21 18 21-81
E C Griffith.....23 23 23 24-93	Dr J G Knowlton.....21 20 18-80
B Leroy.....23 25 21 22-91	S M Van Allen.....20 18 23 19-80
R O Heikes.....22 24 21 23-89	H Landis.....19 22 20 18-79
C W Budd.....23 23 22 22-90	F B Tracy.....24 20 19 15-78
J R Hull.....23 22 22 22-89	T H Keller.....20 20 13 21-74
Ph Daly, Jr.,.....20 20 25 21-86	Capt Money.....20 19 18 14-71
F Mack.....23 19 20 23-85	J E Bradshaw.....21 10 13 w

General Averages.

Only six experts took part every day in the Championship contest. Of these W. R. Crosby made the highest average, and thereby wins the gold medal. Fanning is second, which entitles him to the silver medal, and Heikes, who is third, gets the bronze medal. Of the six this trio were the only ones to average 90 per cent. for the 1,500 shots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Crosby.....	92	93	87	96	97	91	99	94	92	93	96	98	97	95	1500
Fanning.....	82	88	92	93	94	90	96	93	91	91	94	95	93	1500	1383
Heikes.....	94	95	89	93	93	88	83	86	89	90	92	93	90	1500	1367
Fulford.....	78	81	86	91	95	91	94	90	82	94	90	92	84	1500	1344
Leroy.....	81	83	87	83	90	92	85	92	85	87	91	89	91	1500	1334
Budd.....	78	79	83	71	83	82	84	90	83	88	73	85	89	1500	1291

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Fisher—I'll bet you don't know what a landing net is.
Miss Anglin (cooly)—It's a slang term for hammock, isn't it?—Puck.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Proposed Chicago Inter-Club Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 16.—There is a hope that something is going to happen in the Chicago trapshooting world. It began to happen in this way: Your Uncle Silas Palmer, one of our best known shooters here, was this morning up at Billy Mussey's, and had engaged Billy Mussey in conversation at the time I chanced in at the same place. Both then admitted they were conspiring, and doing so "in the interest of the sport." The query came from Mr. Palmer, and the suggestion in the main from Mr. Mussey, and as the idea seems a very good one, it is to be hoped it will be carried out forthwith, so that our summer season in the village of Chicago may not be relegated entirely to home shoots at clubs.

As first roughly cast, the project is to get up a series of team shoots among the four or five of the leading clubs here, say Eureka, Garfield, Garden City and Audubon, five-men teams, the races to be shot on the principle of a billiard or baseball tournament, two clubs to meet for a contest each month, the series to cover six months. In case four clubs should enter, and the races be shot one a month, no man is to be eligible for more than one team, though many men of the craft here belong to several clubs. The races to be shot at Watson's, the first to be determined by lot. The trophy to be put in competition to be some handsome and suitable one, probably a fine silk banner, the cup and medal possibilities seeming to be pretty well exhausted. The funds for this trophy to be raised by a small contribution from each club, added to by one or more merchants or others. Mr. Mussey expressed his willingness to contribute his pro rata. Perhaps Montgomery Ward would do as much. The amount to be raised need not exceed \$60 to \$75. The clubs or teams to pay for their own birds, losers not to pay for birds of winners.

These conditions would, if adopted, make a fair and interesting amateur competition which ought to bring out a nice interest. As it is necessary to have a beginning, and as Mr. Mussey is very well known, he was asked to get out the first call for a meeting to consider the matter. His letter, addressed to the secretaries of the respective clubs, is to be sent out to-day, and reads as follows:

"Dear Sir: For the purpose of stimulating interest in shooting matters for the coming season, it has been suggested that an interclub tournament, open to the leading live-bird clubs of Cook county, be instituted, in which each club shall shoot a match with each other club entering the contest.

"The proposition involves one team of five men from each club, each man of said team to shoot at 15 or 25 birds, as will be subsequently agreed upon, in which case each club to pay for its own birds. The trophy to consist of a handsome silken banner or flag, to be emblematic of the club team championship of Cook County for the year 1906.

"Should four clubs enter, this would necessitate six matches, as each club would meet each other club, as in the baseball contests. The club winning the greatest number of shoots to be awarded the flag and declared the champion of Cook county for the coming season.

"We would like to have your views in this matter at as early a date as possible, as we wish to get the shoots arranged and bring the first one off during the middle of April if possible.

"We think that such a series of contests would greatly stimulate shooting enthusiasm in this city, and be of particular benefit to the club interests.

"If you will kindly advise the undersigned of your views in the matter, and whether co-operation of your club can be secured, a meeting will be called at an early date and the preliminaries arranged.

"Trusting that this will receive your careful attention, we are yours truly,

"W. P. Mussey."

"Silas Palmer."

There would seem to be little doubt that this invitation will be met more than half way by the members of the clubs. The result cannot fail to be of interest and value, and the club feeling should be promoted by a series of this nature, while at the same time the meets at the contests would bring members of the different clubs together, to the gain of good fellowship. The conditions are, as suggested, simple, plain and easy, without any complicated system of classification or minor prizes. There will be a finish, and a cumulative finish, and the contests should grow continually in interest. If all goes well it is likely that two shoots will be held in April, or at least one, which will help in practice for the big State shoot in May.

Garfield Annual.

The annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club is to be held the first Saturday in April. There are to be two shoots in April, or fourteen for the series of live-bird contests.

Amberg-Barto.

In a gale of wind blowing 40 miles an hour, and with the thermometer down to 1 degree above zero, two enthusiastic live-bird shooters of this city, Messrs. J. H. Amberg and J. B. Barto, both well known in the land, shot a race at Watson's yesterday and both survived. The contest was at 25 birds, 30yds. rise. The wind was left-quartering from the score, from the northwest, and the scores, 24 and 21, are good ones. Mr. Amberg won, as below:

J B Barto.....	02*2222022222221222222220-21
J H Amberg.....	2201221122222212222222122-24

California.

The Southern California Inanimate Target Association has been formed at Los Angeles, Cal., with the purpose of uniting the trap clubs of that part of the State. The leading clubs of Los Angeles, Pomona, Santa Ana, San Diego, Ventura, etc., have already signified their intention of joining, and the first tournament is to be held March 31 and April 1, on the grounds of the Los Angeles Gun Club. Semi-annual tournaments are projected.

Ventura Gun Club, of California, holds a target tournament at Ventura race track, March 17-18. Bluebirds, in a varied programme.

E. Hough.

Trap at Watson's Park.

March 14.—Holiday and Wilson shot at 50 live birds each, with the following results as to scores:

Holiday.....	201222212122222222222212-24
Wilson.....	122220220022221222202222-20-44
J M Wilson.....	0210122012110200020021110-15
	1210200121010002011102212-16-31

Twenty-five birds each:
Holiday.....222220222222222222222220-22
Wilson.....0012102210122100002100121-15

March 17.—Odell-Sturtevant, 25 birds each:
Odell.....122212221120*221121222220-21
Sturtevant.....220022122*22222222222*22-21

Eureka Gun Club.

BURNSIDE CROSSING, Ill., March 17.—In the Eureka Gun Club's live-bird shoot, held at Watson's Park to-day, Messrs. Steck, O'Brien and Dr. Carson tied on 9. The scores:
Lovell, 29.....2202222110-8
W H McEvers, 28.....1201220120-7
Milliken, 28.....1010210021-6
R B Mack, 28.....0101212121-8
Dr Carson, 29.....1211122220-9
Mrs Carson, 26.....0001100102-4
Ed Steck, 31.....0212111222-9

Ties for high average:
Lovell.....20
Dr Carson.....0
Milliken.....120

Practice:	
Darlington.....	2221211220
Murray.....	1021112200
Lovell.....	0202001020

Practice:	
King.....	0220010220
Dr Carson.....	1
F Rice.....	00000
Antoine.....	22122221122
Steck.....	12221221110
Odell.....	212120
Sturtevant.....	2221222
E S Rice.....	20122
Mack.....	22220
Steck.....	2212
O'Brien.....	22211

The Old Man's Diagnosis.—Percy (fervently)—Does your father suspect that you love me?
Ethel (ecstatically)—No, Percy; he—he thinks I've got malaria.—Puck.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 16.—What the ninth meeting of Boston Gun Club lacked in numbers was more than made good by the enthusiasm of one or two shooters, particularly one. Baker shot the programme, and for his especial benefit there a second one tacked on to the first. A broken squad was not tolerated for a moment while the shells lasted, and to all delicate remonstrances that he would become physically weary and unable to do himself justice, he turned a deaf ear. Close to train 11 he was heard to express regret that time prevented further practice.

A fairly strong wind bothered the targets and likewise the shooters, for very few straight shots put in an appearance. Horace compassed a lonely one early in the afternoon, and none other seemed possible until the final event, when Baker and Spent tied.

Mr. Woodruff was high in the individual match, a strong finish on the doubles completing a good total for the kind of d. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	10	10	5p	10	10	5p	10
Gordon, 17.....	8	9	7	11	7	8	7	9	6	7	
Miskay, 18.....	8	8	5	10	7	9	5	8	7	5	7
Baker, 16.....	8	8	9	10	7	9	7	8	9	8	6
Woodruff, 16.....	3	8	7	12	6	9	9	7	9	..	6
Nickols, 16.....	3	1	6	3
Benton, 15.....	4	4	2	5
Poor, 15.....	4	1	..	5	3	7
Horace, 18.....	6	10	7	8	7	7	4	7	8	7	..
Spencer, 18.....	7
Events:	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	
Baker, 16.....	6	6	8	7	7	7	6	7	5	8	
Spencer, 18.....	7	9	8	8	7	
Horace, 18.....	9	6	6	5	
Gordon, 17.....	6	
Miskay, 18.....	
Henry, 15.....	

All events from magatrap, unknown angles.

Prize contest, 30 targets—20 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Woodruff, 17.....	00101101110111111111-15	11	11	11	10	11-9
Baker, 16.....	01010111111111111101-16	10	11	11	11	00-7
Gordon, 17.....	01011011101111111011-15	11	11	10	01	01-7
Spencer, 18.....	11011010010110111110-13	11	11	10	11	11-9
Miskay, 18.....	11101001101111111111-16	10	01	00	01	11-5
Horace, 18.....	1011111001111000111-14	00	00	11	11	00-4

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 14.—The New Haven Gun Club held its shoots on the second Wednesday of each month. It has membership of ninety. The scores made to-day follow. In each of these events there were 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Reggieorie	6	7					
Kelly	7	10	7				
Bartlett	9	8	8	9	9	8	9
Stevens	3	8	8	7	7	7	9
Potter	6	9	10	9	7	8	9
Ackerman	5	5	4	2	6		
Savage	9	9	6	10	10		
Bristol	9	7	6	8			
Claridge	9	9	7	8	9	9	9
Ortseifer	7	8	6				
Cox	5	1	5				
McCabe	5	5	3				

FOREST AND STREAM.

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WORK AND PLAY.

It is now many years since there has been such a general and substantial revival of manufacturing interests as has prevailed during the past few months. This beneficent industrial impetus inaugurates an era of general prosperity which promises to continue indefinitely into the future.

It is particularly felt and welcomed by the manufacturers of sportsmen's goods—the makers of guns, trapshooting and field paraphernalia, rifles, pistols, ammunition, boats, fishing tackle, golf goods, camping outfits, etc., most of whom are now running their machinery to its full capacity in order to fill the large orders already in hand, and there is every business prospect that they will need to so run it for many months to come.

This indicates that, in the hard times, the people at large were forced to deny themselves many of the things they needed in pursuit of sport or recreation, the necessities of life enforcing the observance of due economy. Thus, through the then limited ability to purchase came a partial trade stagnation. On the other hand, with the ability to purchase comes a most generous patronage to all who cater to wholesome sports and recreation, on a scale so large that it seems to indicate their growth to a degree greater than was ever observed heretofore. This aside from the general prosperity of the industrial interests.

Throughout the land many new gun clubs have been formed, many more are in process of formation, and there is a greater activity and reawakening of interest among many members of the older clubs. Grounds and their equipment receive more attention now than formerly, and in one instance, Interstate Park, on a scale far away greater than was ever before contemplated.

An international rifle and pistol contest, to take place this year at Paris some time during the Exposition, has already been considered, in so far as the preliminaries are concerned, and the trapshooting contests which will take place during this great international event have been considered also, and probably will have contestants from the first rank of America's trapshooters. Many other branches of sport will there be represented.

All this portends a more healthful freedom from the cares of life, after the years of restriction; for incessant mental and physical labor grind and wear out the physical machine, which needs the repairing conferred by rest and recreation, than which none are better than those of the days afield with dog and gun, or days with rod and line, or in camp where the best of nature's medicines are ever present—sunshine, pure air and her beautiful handiwork.

BIRD PROTECTING IN DELAWARE.

THE recent announcement that certain New York bird skinners had made a contract with persons in Delaware to furnish them 20,000 birds this spring has stirred up a great deal of interest. The Governor of Delaware and other authorities have been bombarded with letters and telegrams on the subject, and Mr. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia, who is the chairman of the A. O. U. Bird Protective Committee, went to Wilmington to interview the Governor, and to urge him to prevent any such wholesale slaughter. Governor Tunnell is much interested in the subject, and has announced that the laws forbidding the killing of birds will be enforced, and that in cases where the law does not cover the offense the trespass act will be used against the butchers.

Mr. Stone's first move on hearing of the proposed contract was to issue a circular pointing out the damage likely to ensue to crop through the destruction of the birds which hold in check the noxious insects which are the farmer's worst enemy, and calling for the co-operation of the farmers and of all intelligent citizens of Delaware

in suppressing the outrage. This circular he sent to every newspaper in Delaware and to every postmaster in the southern half of the State.

Mr. Stone also communicated with the Delaware Game Protective Association, whose interest was readily enlisted. The Association sent a detective to Milford, Del., who, after some investigation, discovered that the men named in the original article had actually agreed to collect certain birds in large quantities for some agent in New York. It was, however, positively denied that they intended to collect "song birds." The Association agent warned these men that in case of violation of the law they and the railroad agent who received the birds for shipment would at once be arrested, and the notices in the newspapers, together with the threats of the detective, so aroused public sentiment that the men who intended to do the collecting are said to have entirely given it up.

We understand that Mr. Stone has also had some correspondence with the agent of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association, who has declared that no American song bird will be accepted by New York milliners or used, but he acknowledges that many useful birds such as gulls, terns, grebes and others are contracted for whenever it is possible.

The A. O. U. committee and the Audubon societies stand for the protection of all native American birds that are not positively injurious, and believing that they have the support of public opinion, these various associations intend to protect them, and if the public are sufficiently interested in the subject they will certainly do what they intend.

The publication of the article telling of this arrangement, and the agitation which followed it, have served a very useful purpose in awakening an interest in the preservation of the birds. Officials in Delaware, from the Governor down to constable, have had the matter brought squarely before them; besides, the farmers, who are gradually coming to recognize the practical utility of the birds, are likely themselves to take hold of the matter, and by driving gunners off their land do as much as can be effected by the officers of the law.

It is not to be doubted that in Delaware bird skinners will be unpopular this spring.

FISHCULTURE AS A COLLEGE COURSE.

IN addition to the studies in forestry to be carried on during the coming year in the New York State College of Forestry, there are others hardly less important, and of peculiar interest to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Dr. B. E. Fernow, whose admirable equipment for his work and whose broad views are well known, intends to carry on, concurrently with the forestry work, instruction in fishculture and in game preservation.

As the work of the college becomes better known, the interest in that work among the students and others increases. In the first term of the institution four students were registered. At present there are seventeen, who come from all over the country. The spring work for the students of junior and senior year will be held in the college forest, and will consist largely of practical work in forest protection, in silviculture, including planting, improvement cuttings and other branches, in forest mensuration, fishculture and game preservation.

The fishcultural instruction, which we believe is the first course of the kind undertaken in any college in the United States, has been put in charge of Dr. B. W. Evermann, whose qualifications, practical and scientific, are of the very highest. The course will consist of a series of daily lectures, together with laboratory work, field excursions to various waters, and visits to the State hatchery at Clear Water. The various subjects to be taken up are natural reproduction among fishes, the fishes propagated artificially in America, the salmon family, the black bass, the shad, care of fish fry, methods of shipping eggs and young fish, stream pollution and fish protection, and finally the history and results of fishculture in America.

The course in game preservation will consist of lectures and demonstrations by Prof. Gifford, which will be illustrated by field excursions.

This whole subject is one of such extreme interest as to merit more than a passing notice. The establishment of this course is the first result of a change in public opinion which began long ago, and has been growing—

though very slowly—up to the present time. Fishculture and game protection, and so fish and game, and their pursuit, are dignified at last by having a place in the curriculum of a university.

Moreover, Dr. B. E. Fernow, the dean of the faculty and director of the college, wishes to extend the benefits of this course to as wide a circle as possible, and desires to have it known that every one interested in fishculture is welcome to participate in it. The opportunity is one which should appeal to a great many persons, and it may be imagined that not a few of these will endeavor to arrange to take part in the course, which it is intended shall begin May 7 and shall last two weeks, unless something now unforeseen should make a postponement desirable.

BIRDS AND MARCH STORMS.

AFTER a winter of exceptional mildness, with little snow, during which the game birds were exposed to no dangers from the elements, came the fierce storms of early March which, it is feared, destroyed a great many birds in some localities. On different occasions, over the country from Michigan south to Tennessee and east to New Jersey, snow fell very heavily, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or more, and then changing to sleet, and later to rain, formed a crust which lasted for days or for a week. In many places this crust was strong enough to support a man's weight and required the exercise of considerable force to break through it.

The danger to quail and sometimes to ruffed grouse from such conditions is too well known to require explanation. This danger, of course, varies with the time of the day during which the crust is formed. During the hours of daylight it is not very common for quail to be entirely covered by the snow. They move about a little bit, or, even if sitting huddled together under a bush, they shake the snow from their feathers from time to time, so that when night falls they are still uncovered by the snow. If, however, the snow continues to fall during the night, they may be covered, and if during the night it changes to sleet their doom is sealed.

While the ruffed grouse makes a practice of diving beneath the snow and is often covered up in snow storms, he does not always roost on the ground. Many a time toward evening when snow is falling the tracks of a ruffed grouse may be seen where he has wandered through the woods, evidently in search of some sheltered resting place for the night. He may be traced from one low growing cedar to another, perhaps looking for a sheltered spot on the ground, but often, it is quite certain, hopping up into the branches two or three feet above the ground and passing the night there. From such situations they may frequently be started on snowy winter afternoons.

It may perhaps be laid down as a general proposition that unless a crust forms over the snow late at night or very early in the morning, quail and ruffed grouse are in no very great danger of being covered up and destroyed, but, of course, a snow storm followed by sleet absolutely seals up for the birds the ordinary sources of food supply. It is after such a storm more than any other time that they need to be looked after by the sportsman or the kind hearted farmer, and a little effort in the way of furnishing them bare ground in sheltered sunny places and food to eat will be well repaid by the well being of the birds, which will continue to resort to the place and to offer pleasing pictures to the careful observer, long after the necessity for the food has passed.

It would be interesting to learn from our readers in different parts of the country what effect, if any, these March storms have had on the birds. A communication on this subject is printed in another column, and we should be glad to hear some other readers.

SNAP SHOTS.

The U. S. Senate has adopted a resolution introduced by Mr. De Vries, of California, directing the Secretary of the Interior to treat with the owner of the famous Big Trees of Calaveras county, with a view to their acquisition by the Government. The owner contemplates a sale of the trees and their conversion into lumber. They belong among the majestic natural phenomena which the people of this generation should preserve for those who shall come later. Let the Big Trees be put under protection as a public possession.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Back in Fancy to the Old Brook.

THE day has been dark and cold and dreary, and in the moil and turmoil of business cares came weariness of mind and body; but home firesides have their charms, and this evening I have been reading back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. I have been down in old Virginia with Charles Hallock and Lewis Hopkins; in far-off Hawaii in company with Llewella Pierce Churchill—and fine company she is indeed. I have been out on the Kansas prairie with Pine Tree and back with him to the Hatfield Meadows. I have been up in Danvis with Sam Lovel's boy Bub, smelt fishing in the Chicago River with E. Hough, and with myself, wandering in the October sunshine among the Adirondack balsams. Maybe I think the flame in the grate is a camp-fire, or the terra cotta cameos of the deer and duck on the façade of the fireplace are alive; but there is a picture on the mantel of a little home beside the brook in the Old Bay State, and a few years ago a desire to see the old stream and to visit those who called me "brother" and "uncle" took me back to it, and now in my fancy I go over it again. You may come along with me, but do not get lost.

Early in the morning we are digging worms beneath the sink spout, and little four-year-old Ralph hears his mother's voice from the window, saying, "Ralph, keep out of the dirt," and he winks and says to us, "How can you get worms and no dirt?" A robin straining to pull a worm from the sod attracts our attention, and Ralph says, "If that worm breaks red robin will sit on his tail." The little boy's legs are too short for a long tramp, and promising to bring home a supper of fish, we leave him, and turning back after a while see his arm and hat waving "good luck" from the top of the wood pile. They are plowing the fields now, and the rooster leads his flock close behind the team, in the furrow of the plow, and he deals out grubs and worms as condescendingly as a dude clerk giving away souvenirs at a cycle show. We are on the brook bank now, and from that pool many years ago we extracted horn pouts, perch, pickerel and maybe an eel or mud turtle. Over the narrow path we tied the grass tops to trip up the unwary. Over in yonder wood we gathered sassafras root and checkerberry chinks and played "Indian." There in the turnout on the roadway the thirsty horses drink from the cool stream, while the wagon wheels soak up the moisture to keep the tires from rattling. The brook, which seemed when we were boys to be a river,

Where snakes grew up from horse hairs,
And frogs from pollywogs;
Where ships were sailed by corsairs,
And turtles grew on logs,

now seems dwarfed, and the barns, that looked so large, are nothing but sheds. But the grass is as green, the lilies smell as sweet and the birds sing as of old. The lark carols reveille at daybreak, the bobolink the assembly, the robin "sounds off" at retreat, and in the hush of nightfall the whippoorwill calls tattoo and taps, and all lights go out but the stars and fireflies.

Come over to that blackened rock on the mound in the meadow. When they board up the dam in the winter the water rises to help the cranberry crop for the coming year, and to make the ice for cutting and for the skaters. The mound and rock are left above the ice, and there in the moonlight the skaters build the beacon of hilarity, and clasping hands in an endless chain dance around the fire in the moonlight singing,

"High jib along, jib along a Josie,
High jib along, jib along a Joe.

The fence rails and railroad ties grow scarce, and even now we can see the burnt spikes "rising phoenix-like from the ashes." Do you remember the old skates, bound on with straps, and the runner irons, scroll-like, turning up over the foot? Then came those that ran a screw up into the boot heel and compelled you to carry a "gimblet" in your pocket. After that came an improved kind; but things have changed since Hannah died, and we do not get a skate on now. But "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Don't you remember how you walked home with her in the snowy road—walked with her in the moonlight, after the hours of skating—how you stood at the gate, and just as four warm lips and two blue noses were about to touch you heard a tap on the window glass and saw a white-robed parent part the curtains? "Oh, I dinnaw," you say, but you did not get the kiss, did you?"

It was a cold night, but it is spring time now, and with the aid of stones in the brook bed we can leap it where the pussy willows grow, and up there on the hill is the old brown school house. "Thar ye suffe'd severely." Didn't you put a bent pin in the seat of the lank lad before you, and didn't you hold down the nail in the worn aisle with your forefinger as punishment—one of those nails that stood up with polished head above the worn boards because it was of harder stuff, and while enduring the torture with bent back and unbended knees didn't the big boys in the back seat use the broad patch in your knickerbockers as a target for spit-balls? You had to sit with the girls because you wrote notes to them; you carved your name on the rough pine benches; you drowned flies in the ink-well, and called it the "black hole of Calcutta." You did not know at that time that the long stovepipe distilled pyroligneous acid, and that the pans suspended at the joints were there to catch it; but you knew how much cord wood the box stove consumed when it was your day to feed it.

The country school house will take care of itself. Come back to the brook again, where imaginative boys formed anew the Macedonian army, and with the broad leaves of the skunk cabbage making the testudo, and the dried stems of the cat-o'-nine-tails for spears, the phalanx of Alexander the Great charged across the Granicus and defeated an imaginary Persian army on the heights above. On that little island was the City of Tyre, and we captured it over and over again, and slew the inhabitants every time. This brook was our River Styx, and we were suspended in it, heels and all, and unlike Achilles, had no vulnerable parts. Memnon and Agamemnon were there.



"THE OLD BROOK."

We saw Philotas on the rack and Parmenio stabbed. Alexander the Great killed Clitus with the javelin and then died a drunkard drinking brook water. I nicknamed you Ben Bolt back down the stream, and Ben Bolt you are. The five pickerel that you pulled from under the arches of the shady stone railroad bridge show that you were the better fisherman; but you kindly allowed me to carry them in my creel—five and two are seven pickerel, and five perch besides; that is a meal for four at least.

Six miles down the road is a magnificent lake. The water is as clear and blue as the sky above and as cool as a shady spring. There is no detritus on the shore—no dead branches or leaves—just white sand and stony depths, and the line of union of forest and lake is as distinct as the edge of the iris in the blue of the baby's eyes. Here transcendentalist Thoreau lived alone, while he grew beans around his hut and "Galway sluggers" around his throat. He was a dreamy hermit, a Concord philosopher, and not a conquered benedict. Had he enjoyed some good woman's society maybe he would have thought differently, but as it was he ran no risk of being stabbed with a hat pit or of being awakened in the night to fix an unruly nursing bottle. Concord people have their own ideas, though some of them think that Emerson willed his intellect to them, but are unable to prove it. Thoreau loved the lake, the birds, the trees and shrubs—everything but the shriek of the iron horse; and it seems sad to think that after particularly describing his three-legged table the book illustrators should add another leg. Some book makers do make trouble.

Two miles from the lake, through the woods and fields, sleeps sleeping Concord, and there Emerson wrote as only he could. I see his home now in memory—low-roofed, beneath the trees, where the road parts for Lincoln and Lexington; and one day after the panic of '37 I was driving by with my father, and said to him, "There is Mr. Emerson walking under the trees deep in thought." My sire looked and said sadly, "He is as deep in thought as I am in debt. My boy, you will be happy in proportion as you keep out of either condition," and I have lived long enough to verify the old gentleman's prediction.

Well, Ben Bolt, we will walk back up the track, like two broken barn-stormers, to the brook once more; but before we leave the track, look at the ruins of the shanty in the sandpit. It was once a home—"Squatters," they call them. They had to squat; poverty would not let them rise. Yet in that shanty of old boards, ties and tin were born five bits of humanity, four of whom developed into able and good citizens. Playing on a freight train cut out one at twelve, and I remember him as the bravest little Irish lad that ever blacked an eye or chased the quiet shadows in the fields. By the by, Ben Bolt, have you ever read Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"? If you have not, there is a blank in your life. Blackmore died a few weeks ago, and Lorna will live on forever. We cannot follow the brook through that swamp unless we have a boat or the swamp be frozen. We have to go around, and there I will show you just such a place as Blackmore described, and you can think yourself John Ridd. Here we are! Go in, go under the overhanging arch of the tree limbs that cover this Bagworthy stream. The light will shine in once in a while, as in the other. You will find the same black pit and pool, with the froth on the edges of it. There are no loaches here, but the horn pouts will stab your bare legs. You will hear the same roar, see the pale slide of water and understand why the pool is still in the center and swirling and frothy at the edge. The sun is setting! Gird up your breeches anew, as John did! Step into the rushing slope of water, and your feet will come out from under you; but the staff of your landing net will save you from the pool, as the loach stick saved John! Hang on by toe-nail and eyebrow—up, up the sloping torrent and slipping stones! Pray the

Lord's Prayer, as John did, if you can remember it, and be willing to die at last, so that your legs will ache no more! Courage, man! there is light at the top in the dense foliage! You will get there with barked shins; but you will not meet lovely black-eyed Lorna—just a bald-headed old friend, who has the laugh on you!

Well, you have done it, but you are tired out, and I will loan you 15 cents when we get down to the railroad station in the village, and you can ride down to the starting point. I will walk and go through the west village roadways. Good-by.

I am wandering alone along the country road now between the hamlets. The robins sing in the gloaming, and the light of day is fading in the west, and this part of the world, turning east, silently enters the shadows of the night. The blossoms of the wild flowers on the roadside are hidden from sight, but the locust blossoms and the wild honeysuckle fill the air of the arched valley road with nectar. Some wild thing that

sees in the night rustles the brush in the roadside as I walk along, but I fear not.

Hark! What is that sound rolling in through the trees over the meadows and hills? It is the sound of the same old church bell—the same bell that Thoreau heard from Walden! It is the Angelus of early days, and after a pause it comes again—another pause, and again, and so on until 78 are counted! "Some one told the sexton and the sexton tolled the bell." Some Whitcomb, Wetherbee, Hayward or Hapgood—a Matthew, Mark, Luke or John has passed into the keeping of Him who, "Watching over Israel, slumbers not or sleeps." Perhaps it be a Blanchard, Tuttle or Hosmer, surnamed Hezekiah, Uriah or Phinias. It is all the same whoever it may be. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." There are many troubles, many burdens to bear in this world, and no one of ordinary birth gets out of it alive. There is only one end, and one destination; but, while here, much can be done to make light the yoke, and the fields and the forests and streams make up a saddle cloth that keeps many a back from blistering, and down in that hollow vale, where the brook runs under the bridge and the bridge runs over the brook, the choristers of the evening—the katydid, the cricket and the frog—sing to me as I lean on the bridge rail, "Katy did, Katy didn't, chirp, cheer up." "Tr-r-r-oink," down in the pads below, and "Tr-r-r-oink," comes back from away up stream, and the whippoorwill on the swamp border takes up the cry of exultation, and its mate answers plaintively from the monument in the cemetery, and in the gloaming, on the hilltops, a belated cow is lowing and the voice comes down and my eyes go up and see her magnified dimensions on the evening horizon, as she hurries home. Should I stay here long enough I could say with Longfellow,

"I stood on the bridge at midnight
While the clock was striking the hour,"

and would hear the hoo-hoo-hoo-hooree-hoo of the hoot owl in reply. But I cannot stay. "There is a light in the window for thee, brother," and I must hurry home.

Many years ago there was a path—a short cut through the woods. It is easy to find the entrance, but every-

thing else is smaller save myself. The path has grown up with me. The whippoorwill sings on, the katydid likewise, the voice of the frog grows fainter and fainter, and I am lost. The bats dart among the tree tops, and the fireflies turn off and turn on the current of their lamps, and the darkness deepens. The lost travel in a circle, and if the circle be large enough I will come out somewhere. These woods do not make a forest. I feel the ground slope under my feet, and having that in mind I walk on until at last there is a light ahead, and breaking out of the brush, my feet tread the meadow sward, and the stars shine, and one more bright than the rest I think may be the Star of the East—the same old star that shone over Bethlehem. Then I come to the brook again, and the running water indicates the proper direction, and the sound of hoofs and wheels on the distant wooden bridge still further directs me. The brook leads by the house, and at 10 o'clock the wisteria blossoms on the porch send out a faint yet sweet welcome. They are waiting for me, and while explaining the delay the up-stairs door opens and little Ralph, clad in cotton flannel robe and eyes blinking in the light, climbs into my lap and I have to tell him all about the day. Then I play with his toes. This little pig went to market," and then carry him up stairs to his trundle bed under the eaves, and he wants a pillow fight with me. I accommodate him as gently as possible, and when tired he clasps his little hands and murmurs:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

It is the province of the old to teach the young, but the little fellow reversed conditions with his simple prayer that I had almost forgotten, and with his "Kiss me good-night, Uncle Walter," the warm little arms slipped from my neck and he was asleep.

My brother was talking to a truck farmer on the bridge over the brook, and asked him who had died in the west village. "It was old Luke Whitcomb, but he needn't 'a' died if he hadn't 'a' done what his wife told him not to. He went fox huntin' and pickered fishin' last winter and caught cold both times, and now he is a 'goner.' So that is your brother? He was in the store up there to-day and some of the old fellows remember him, and they told me that he used to be the worst boy in town." And then the truck farmer drove away.

Then good-by to "the man with the hoe."
The good die young, don't you know?
In being too good you'd better go slow,
For you don't always reap as you sow.

W. W. HASTINGS.

Sam's Boy.—XVII.

Changed Luck.

WHEN the boy awoke the snowfall was over and the earth asleep under its new unruffled white covering, beneath a sky of breaking clouds and widening patches of blue, where stars faded in the growing day.

The kitchen was aglow with warmth and light, and Uncle Lisha was tiptoeing about it in his stockings, in anxious quest of some article indispensable to the breakfast his unwonted hands were getting.

"Good airth an' seas!" he whispered, in a blast that drove the candle flame aslant, "what on airth does the women folks du wi' ev'thing? I'd livver make a pair o' boots 'an tu git a meal o' victuals arter 'em! Guess I'll hafter raout aout Jerushy jest tu find the pepper box!"

But she had already heard him, and came from the bed room hurriedly, fumbling with pins whose use was uncomprehended by the masculine mind.

"Why, father, what be you a-tryin' tu du?" she asked in wonder at the old man's strange occupation.

"A-gettin' Bub some breakrus', that's what," he answered testily.

"What, for this precious child? Then why on airth didn't you call me?" she demanded, resentful of such usurpation of her rights. "Or'nary men folks don't 'pear tu hev much knack o' gittin' breakrus'." Then, relenting, she hastened to concede, "But this 'ere warmed-up 'tater does look proper good, father."

Between them, the boy was provided with a nice, hot breakfast, as the hound was with one as much to his liking, and the two went forth to the snowy world.

Familiar objects looked strange, their angles rounded in their spotless new guise, but woodpile, unhoused cart, the tenantless hen coops and the scraggy apple trees soon assumed recognizable shapes. A track showed far away on the even whiteness of the fields, and as Sammy looked beyond the dotted blue line that the hound was printing he saw a daintier one tending toward Hedgehog Hill, the old vixen's, no doubt, which he thought, in vexation of spirit, could only lead to failure. Then he remembered how, when she led away into the hills, she had always a trick of mounting two cross walls and going back and forth on them, and giving the hounds a tangle that usually ended the day's pursuit of her.

Now Sammy bethought him that if he could but get there before her and ambush himself, the long-desired shot might be obtained.

He was not in the secret of the old hunters, who would be loath indeed to have their poultry-breeding women folk know how carefully they spared the arch raider of flocks—he only thought it the greater glory to circumvent her cunning. So, when Drive announced the warmth of the scent with a loud and jubilant note, he made all haste toward the place. Assured that he was keeping to the leeward, he had the satisfaction of knowing by the voice of the hound that the fox was still veering away diagonally, and so giving him more time to reach the cross wall first. Now he came to the foot of the long, rough slope, down which one of the walls ran. He climbed over it, and began the slippery ascent—and how steep and long and slippery it was, as he stooped low and slipped and tumbled along with his last breath almost spent. It seemed as if he never should get his breath again, nor quiet the beating of his heart, so that he could hear the voice of the hound, till he was close upon him. But, in spite of the hammering of his heart, even now he heard in the distance the swelling and

falling cadence of Drive's tuneful voice regularly drawing nearer, and now he lifted his head cautiously above the snow-capped wall, and acre by acre scanned the broad fields.

The expanse of even whiteness was taking on light and shade and color now. The growing dawn flushed the broken clouds with salmon tint, the edges bordered the blue sky with nacreous hues. The snow ridges were flushed with the repeated colors, while the hollows were lined with blue. Then away where the bugle-like notes were sounding, Sammy descried a dark speck moving across a ridge, and then it disappeared in a hollow, and the music grew fainter. A smaller speck came into view on a nearer crest, and that he knew was the fox, now circling on the half-naked ground under a group of tent-like evergreens, now taking a fence top, yet surely drawing nearer. When he was once assured of this, Sammy's heart became more turbulent than fast walking had made it, and so near choking him that it seemed as if he could never live till the fox came within shot.

On she came, now no longer a speck, now brush, now legs, now ears, defined against the shining background, and now far down its length she sprang lightly to the top of one wall, half turned and looked toward the pursuing hound, and then, with long leaps, went down the wall out of sight beyond the brow of the hill. Was this some variation of her usual tricks, and was she gone for good and all? the boy asked himself with a sinking heart.

Two minutes went by with not a sight of her, and he was about climbing the wall for a farewell look. But just in the nick of time he saw her returning, running at long leaps a little distance from the wall till she was past the place where she first came to it, when she again sprang to the top of it and came picking her way toward the four corners. Somehow, for all the fox returned so suddenly, the boy's heart did not fall into such a wild tumult as before. When he raised his gun slowly to his cheek the muzzle didn't wobble. It was the old she fox of Hedgehog Hill, sure enough, her grizzle mask, her ears notched in many a vulpine squabble, that were pricked so intently to every note of the hound, her eyes so expressive of cunning. Alas! for her, that they were not looking further ahead to see the danger that lay crouching where she so confidently sought safety.

Now she halted and half turned to look and listen to that tireless baying hound, who was soon to be counted out of the game when she should take her ease on some fir-embowered rock of the mountain steeps. But the deadly aim was upon her even now; there was a deafening noise in her ears like a burst of midsummer thunder and a great cloud of white smoke unrolled upon her, in the midst of which she was smitten down into the snow by a deadly pang boring its way into her side. Sammy did not wait to climb the wall, but tumbled over it pell-mell, taking the top stones with him, and scarcely regaining his feet before he reached his victim.

When he saw her lying there unable to rise, yet turning an alert eye upon him, while her life's blood was spending, his luck seemed too good to be true, and as he slowly realized it, he was ready to laugh, cry or shout for joy, and combined the three in a sound so strange that it startled him.

The hound was drawing near, and as his eager notes pierced the clouded senses of the dying fox she lifted her head and made a desperate but futile struggle to get to her feet. Sammy had heard of foxes escaping even at such a pass, and prudently set his foot upon her neck, but the dog was upon her in an instant, and he got his foot out of danger without delay, whereupon the fox seized Drive by the nose and got one last sweet morsel of revenge that was duly acknowledged by a yell of pain and rage. Then with a savage crunch the life was shaken out of the gallant old vixen.

There would be no more laughing at the boy, now that he had circumvented the tricks of this wary old mother of freebooters without help or advice from any one, and for whose death every poultry-breeder in Danvis would be thankful, nor could any one say this was a chance shot, when the thickly punctured pelt should show how true the aim was. It was glory enough for one day, and there was nothing to do now but take off the skin and carry it home in triumph. Yet it was not to be just so, for when he went into his pockets, lo! his knife was not in any of them! So long useless, it was quite forgotten. So he shouldered the fox, and with Drive following after a long wistful look backward at the wooded steeps, set forth homeward, as happy a boy as the world held.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

March Storms and Bob White.

ALMA, Mich., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It begins to look as though the heavy storm of March 5 and 6 was proving disastrous to our friend, Bob White. It snowed all day the 5th, and late at night turned to hail and sleet, so that the morning of the 6th found everything coated with ice, so the little fellows under the drifts woke up in a crystal palace, which undoubtedly proved their tomb: for the cold continued for three days before the crust was softened or the icy mail disappeared from the weeds and twigs. A hasty council of local sportsmen was held and resulted in men being sent out in different directions with bags of grain to points where quail were seen before the storm, and properly placed for the benefit of the survivors. One man just west of town ran across a bevy in the road, and so hungry were they that they were reluctant to leave the track where they were picking, and stepped aside just to let his horse pass. Up to the date above mentioned all was "merry as a marriage bell" with the birds, the winter being mild and open through central Michigan, and we looked for birds in plenty later in the year; but reports now coming in are discouraging. However, there were many birds left over last autumn, and it is hoped more survived the storm than now appears probable.

The largest fish ever taken at Palm Beach with a rod and line was caught Saturday by E. M. Sherrill, of Keokuk, Ia., who is a guest at the Royal Poinciana. It was a shark, and was nearly 8 feet in length and weighed fully 300 pounds. Mr. Sherrill was fishing with a tackle suited for amberjack when he hooked the shark. He played the big fish for fifty-five minutes, and was then able to pull it up close enough to kill it by firing several revolver shots into its head. Mr. Sherrill will have the skin mounted as a memento of his exploit.—Savannah, Ga., News.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

VI.—Indians.

NOT very far from Point Gustavus, on Muir Inlet, was a small village of Hunyah Indians from Chichagof Island, camped here for the purpose of fishing and seal hunting. Several times during the day canoes were seen covered with white cloth, and with occupants in white, so as to resemble a small berg of floating ice. The seal hunters were armed with rifles. This village was on the beach at high water mark. It had not been long established, and was very clean. Fish, which looked like salmon, were drying on the scaffolds, several seal carcasses were lying about on the beach, and were not disturbed by dogs, showing that food was abundant. The shelters occupied by the Indians were made of bark, oval, and with a smoke-hole in the middle. There were one or two canvas tents.

At three points on the south side of Yakutat Bay were camps of Indians, occupied by people from a distance, who had come here for the seal hunting. The three camps were near each other and represented Indians from different localities. They were on the beach, just above high water mark, and consisted chiefly of canvas wall tents, among which, however, were some of the primitive square summer shelters. These are covered with spruce bark, in strips from 1 foot to 18 inches wide and 6, 8 or 10 feet long, laid on a frame and held in place by slender poles placed on them. Really the shelters are little more than sheds, though often on the windward side strips of bark or dried seal skins still on the frames, stand against the shed to make a wind-break. The fire burns in the center, and over it, resting on stones, is the pot, full of strips of seal blubber, from which the oil is being tried out. When this is done, the oil is ladled out of the kettle into small kegs or old kerosene oil cans, or into the ornamented rectangular cedar wood boxes of primitive type.

These boxes are beautifully made and very interesting. Each one consists of three pieces—a top or cover, a bottom and the four sides, these last being in a single piece—cut part way through, where each angle of the box is to come, so that if these divisions were cut entirely through the board, which is to form the sides, it would be in four pieces. The wood is then steamed opposite each line of cutting, and is bent at these lines, which thus begin to form the angles of the box, and are at last bent so that each two adjacent sides stand at right angles to each other, and the extremities of the board now meet, also at right angles. These extremities are now trimmed to form a tight joint, and this joint is fastened by sewing together the two edges with steamed cedar twigs. The bottom is sewed to the sides with twigs, the joint being so neatly fitted that the vessel will hold oil without leaking. When finished, the box is likely to be painted red and black, with the curious totemic ornamentation affected by these Indians, and the completed vessel is used to hold oil, and often lasts for many years, sometimes descending from one generation to another.

Within the shelters, from the slender poles which support the roof, hangs food of various sorts; seal flippers, still covered with skin; sides of ribs; strips of blubber an inch thick and 18 inches long, sometimes braided about with the intestines of the seal; pieces of loin, and many other delicacies. In some of the houses women were seen roasting the unskinned seal flippers over the fire. When they were cooked they pulled them off the coals, heated an iron in the fire and singed off the hair which remained on the skin. The flipper was then torn to pieces and the meat picked from the bones.

Just outside several of the shelters stood four stakes driven in the ground at the angles of a rough square, each side of which measured 3 feet. Four other poles lashed to the top of these stakes made a rectangular frame, to which was laced the border of a seal skin, which hung down within the frame so as to form a bag or kettle-shaped sack, which might hold between one and two bushels. This was filled with strips of blubber waiting to be tried out. This is the primitive kettle of all North American tribes.

In model the canoes of these Indians are unlike those in use further south. Below the prow or point at the bow where the gunwales come together they are distinctly cut away, and below this a cutwater projects again 8 or 10 inches, its upper edge being above the water's surface. This form of bow has a manifest use, namely, to push away the ice cakes which are constantly floating in the water, and to prevent them from knocking against and chafing the sides of the canoe. The cutwater is often bruised and battered, and the sides of canoes long in use are also more or less rough and splintered by contact with the ice and with the stones of the beach, over which they are continually drawn in and out of the water. The canoes are hollowed out of a single spruce log, and even with modern tools the work of making them is considerable.

Seal oil is a necessity to these people. It forms a considerable part of their food, is used for cooking, as a beverage, to preserve berries in, and for various other purposes. The flesh of the seal is eaten, and its hide is used, but neither of these purposes alone would cause the animal to be so systematically pursued. The flesh and the skin are only obtained incidentally. The oil is what the Indians seek in their seal fisheries.

Yakutat Bay is the greatest hair sealing ground on the Alaska coast, and here in summer from 300 to 400 people gather, from Sitka, Juneau and Yakutat, to secure their year's supply of oil.

The seals are hunted in small canoes, holding two people. Sometimes one is occupied by a man and his wife, or perhaps by a man and a boy or two men. One sits in the bow, the other in the stern, and amidships the canoe is steadied by three or four great stones, weighing in the aggregate 150 pounds. The occupants sit or kneel on little platforms fitted into bow or stern or perhaps on a pile of branches covered with a blanket, a skin or a coat, so as to keep them out of the water, of which there is always more or less in the canoe.

On the right side of the bow man and projecting out over the water is the barrel of a Winchester rifle or of a double barrel shotgun and a seal spear 10 or 12 feet



ORNAMENTED HOUSEFRONT AND TOTEM POLE.
Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

long. Often the hunters are provided with white coats and hats, and sometimes they cover the boat with white cloth, so that it simulates a floating berg; but in Yakutat Bay this is not so necessary as in some other places, for here many of the bergs are covered with glacial dirt and debris, which gives them all degrees of dinginess, from pure white to black.

The sealers leave the village and paddle out to the ice, with which much of the surface of the bay is covered, for huge fragments are constantly breaking off from the glaciers and floating down toward the sea. When a seal is detected in the water, no motion is made by the people in the boat, but when he dives they paddle hard toward the spot until it is almost time for him to reappear; then they stop and look for him, the hunter holding his gun

in readiness. If the seal comes up within shot of the canoe, the hunter tries to kill it, and if he hits it they paddle quickly to the spot, and if possible fasten the spear in it either by throwing or thrusting. A long line is attached to the shaft of the spear, near its point, the end of which is kept in the boat, and the seal is gradually drawn to the canoe and clubbed to death, for the spear point, barbed on one side, seldom or never pulls out. Should the seal be only wounded and the hunter fail to strike it with the spear, it is pursued and shot at again whenever it shows its head. It is thus likely soon to become exhausted and to fall a prey to the hunter. If, however, the seal can get among the thickly floating ice, where the view is interrupted, it is likely to escape.

As seals are secured, the ballast of stones is thrown overboard to lighten the canoe, and by midday, or before that time, its prow is turned toward the camp.

When the hunters reach the village the women come down to the beach and help unload the canoe and carry its contents up to the camp, while the men drag it up above high-water mark.

The women now prepare the seals for use, and they do this by reversing the process of butchering as that is done by the forest or the plains Indians. In other words, the skin is the last thing they take off. The animal is split from chin to tail, the skull, arm and leg bones, viscera and backbone are removed and thrown away on the beach. There are left of the animal the ribs, loins and the blubber, attached to the skin. Next, the ribs are taken off and hung up in the bark shelters to smoke and dry. The loin and the flippers are cut off to be eaten fresh, and there remains the blubber with the attached skin, the whole being perhaps 1½ inches in thickness.

When the woman is ready to flense (or sculp) a number of these skins she uses two tools; one of these is a board, the other a knife shaped like a chopping knife—that is to say, a crescent-shaped blade set in a wooden handle, sometimes solid and sometimes with a hole near one end of the handle, through which the thumb may pass. She sets the board up before her at an angle of 60 degrees, kneels behind it, and throwing the skin over it hair side down, so that it lies flat on the board, she begins at the head and separates the blubber from the hide. The whiskers and lips of the seal have been cut off in the skinning. The starting of the blubber from the skin takes a little time—a moment or two—but after this is done the woman draws the skin toward her with an almost continuous motion, pressing the keen knife down on skin and board, and the blubber cuts away like butter under the knife. As she separates the sheet of blubber from the skin she draws this to her, and with a twisting of her left hand rolls it into a thick, short rope, crosswise of the skin. The whole operation takes a surprisingly short time, and when completed there is the great oval sheet of white or pinkish white blubber and the rolled-up skin. The skin is now pushed to one side and the blubber spread out on the board. With her knife the woman cuts this transversely into strips 8 inches wide, which are again subdivided into long strips an inch or less in width. These are cut into shorter lengths, and then go into the try-pot.

The place where these camps are located has been used for many years, perhaps for many generations. The scenery which surrounds it is very bold, and the outlook up, down and across the bay beautiful; but the place itself is not now attractive, being filthy with seal fragments of all descriptions and ages, and redolent of grease. Everybody is working over the seals, and everything smells of seal. In some places the beach is white with the weathered bones of those killed many years ago; in others black or red with the carcasses of those captured early or late during the present season. Most of the seals are skinned on the beach, and the fragments not carried up to the camp for use remain about high water mark, to be washed away or to rot where they lie.

At Sitka we were fortunate enough to meet Lieut. G. T. Emmons, of the navy, retired. He was stationed for many years on this coast, and since ill health obliged him to retire from the service has resided much of the time in Sitka from choice. He has long been a student of Alaska Indians, and probably knows more about them than any one else. During his long residence in Alaska

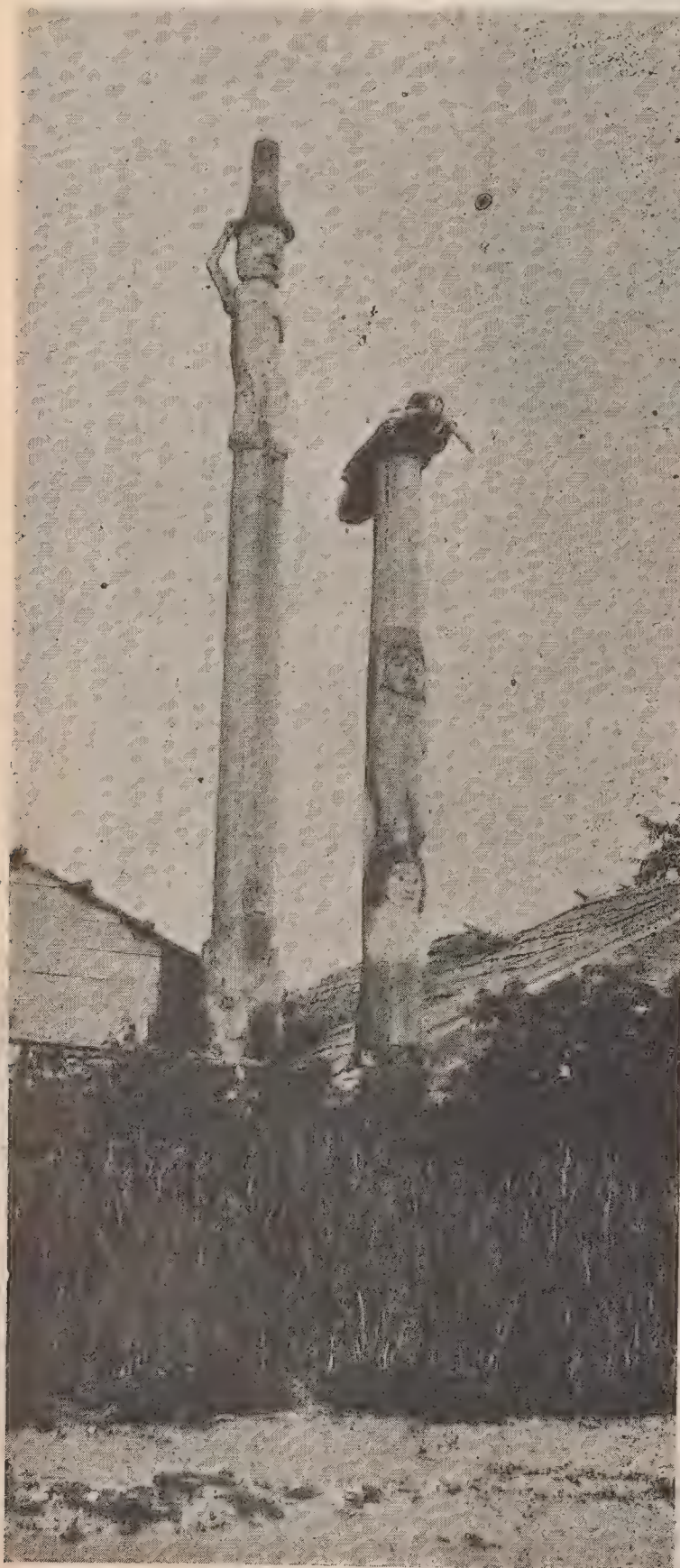
he made a very large collection of Indian implements, which are now in the possession of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Lieut. Emmons was kind enough to take one or two of the party interested in such matters through the Indian village at Sitka, where many noteworthy things were seen. The houses are built, as in the ancient fashion, close to the beach, on which the canoes are drawn up and where many men were fishing at their canoes or were preparing to start off on fishing excursions. They still use the great old-fashioned wooden halibut hooks of their forefathers, but now these hooks are usually tipped with iron, often with a piece of a ten-penny nail filed sharp. The bait, which is usually the arm of a cuttlefish, is firmly bound to the hook, and the lines, instead of being made of kelp in the ancient fashion, are now heavy cotton cod lines. In one or two of the houses were seen beautiful bear skins recently killed. In others men and women were at work fashioning miniature canoes and paddles, or weaving baskets for purposes of trade.

At the house of a certain chief, Tentlatch by name, the party was received with some ceremony. Mr. Emmons, who speaks the Tlinkit language, introduced them, and the chief, who was a dignified, elderly man, shook hands gravely and pleasantly. Then he gave some orders to younger men who were there, a splendid bear skin was unrolled and spread on the floor, a chair placed on it, and over this a handsome Chilcat blanket was thrown and one of the guests was offered this seat of honor. This was the old fashion of treating a visitor who was entitled to consideration. As in the case of most Indians, the seat was at the back of the house and faced the door.

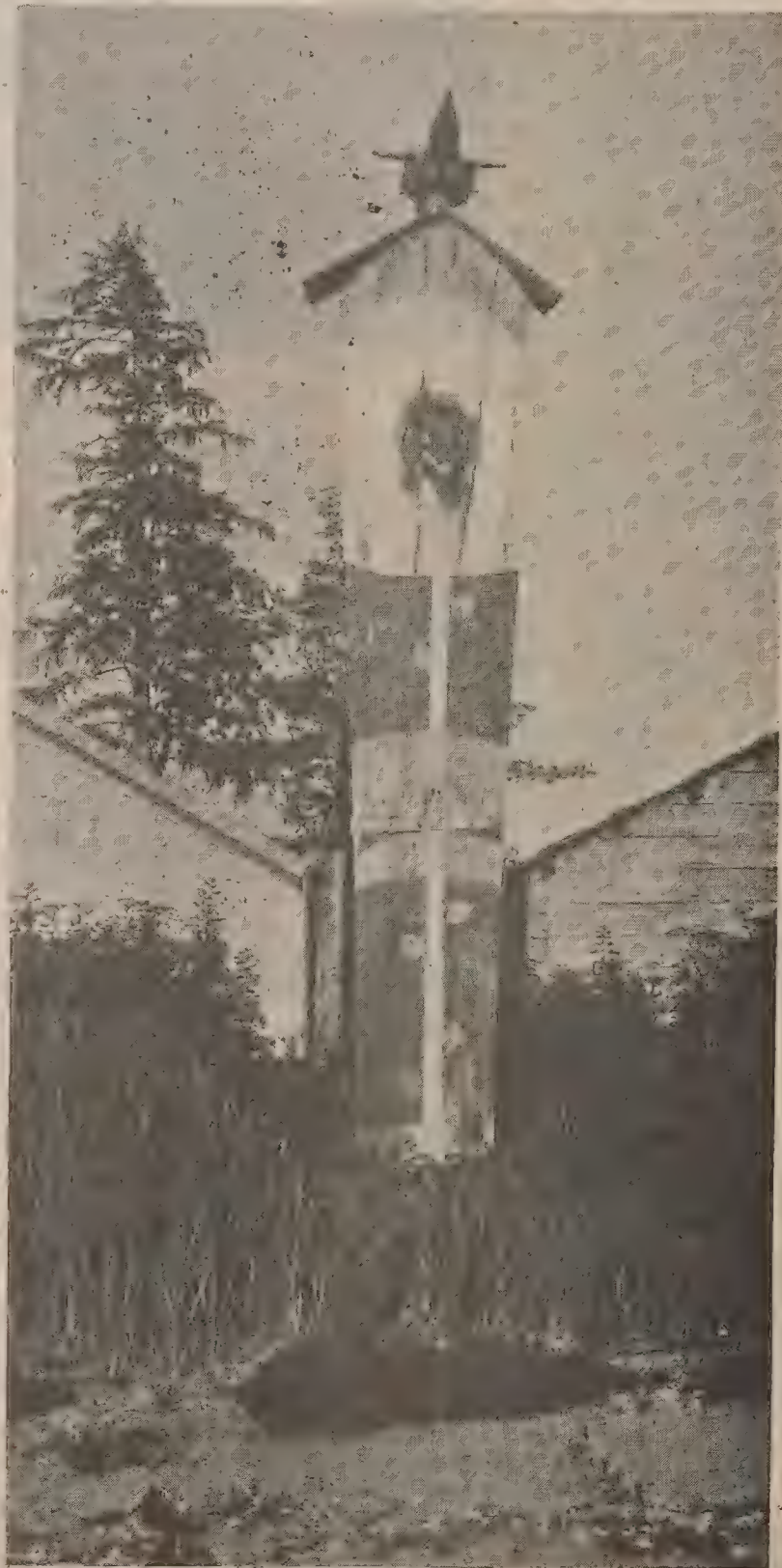
After a little conversation, Lieut. Emmons asked the chief that the guests might be shown some of the ancient and sacred articles in his possession, and soon there were brought out a number of ceremonial hats and head-dresses, which have in some degree a sacred character, and which are not commonly shown. That they were exhibited was a favor wholly on account of Mr. Emmons. One of these head-dresses was of wood, and represented a killer whale. It was manifestly very old, the paint worn off in some places and the wood polished by much handling. It was ornamented with inlaid bits of *Haliotis* shell. One very beautiful hat was made of finely woven roots, and was mounted by six small cylinders, one above the other on the crown. Another head-dress was made of bear skin, to which was fastened a number of ornaments hammered out of native copper.

In only a few cases were really primitive and ancient objects seen. One of these was a bowl or mortar made from the vertebra of a whale. Its original use was for pulverizing tobacco.

The mythology of these Indians and their social organization is complex, and comparatively little is known about it, except to people who have closely studied the Indians of the Koluschan family. Lieut. Emmons states that all these Alaska Indians are divided into two great groups, whose totems are the wolf and the raven. No intermarriage is permitted within these groups—that is to say, a member of the wolf group must not marry a member of the raven group. Within each of these groups



TOTEM POLE.
Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.



BEAR TOTEM POLE.
Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.



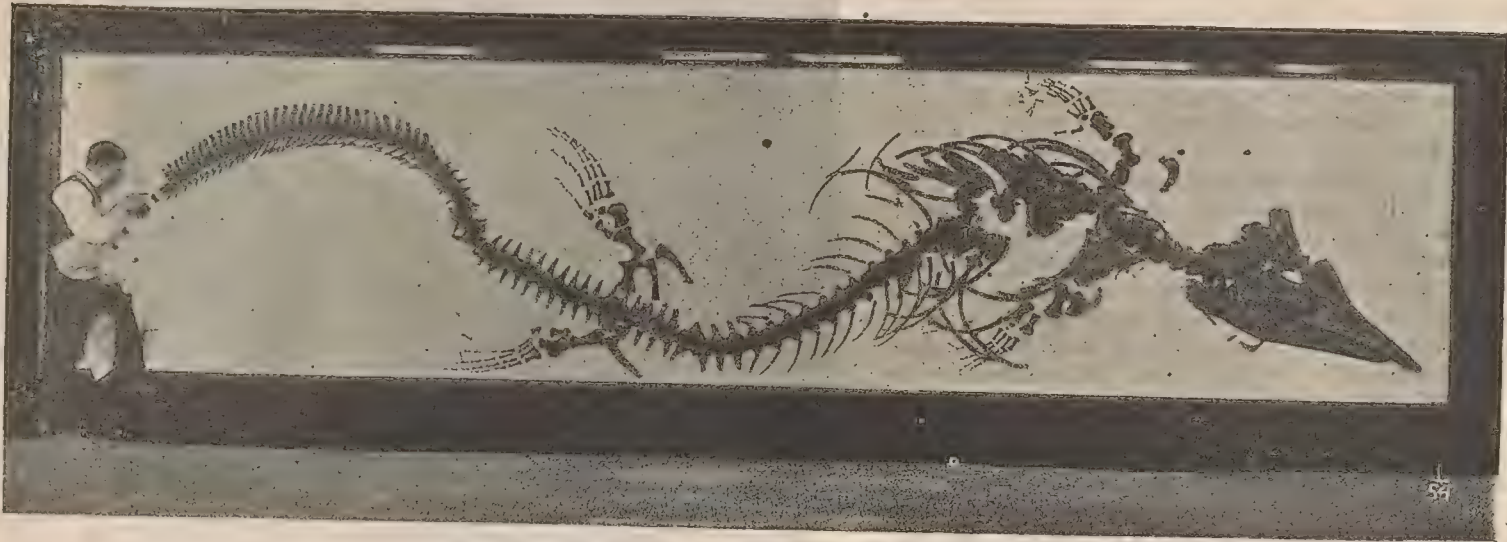
ORNAMENTED HOUSE.
by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

een or sixteen others. Mother right prevails, the following the mother, and the father not being any to the child. the vessel had turned its prow homeward and had reached the southern boundary of Alaska a stop made at a deserted Indian village near Cape Fox, where were seen dwellings and the totem poles figured in paper. village bore the appearance of having been long ned. There was no evidence that people had here for years. Before the houses stood a dense

of weeds and brush, and it was a difficult matter e one's way to the doorway. Within, the scene e same. Weeds grew up through the crevices of places, thick branches of elders had made their ough holes in the walls, and were now flourishing over. n the margin of the curving beach, just above the ssed up at high water, stood the fourteen houses, front of them a number of curious totem poles. ese appeared can be learned from an examination ictures far better than from any description. Each d its own peculiar character. The great one tands before the house with the ornamented front, of several bears, one sitting on the head of an-

he carries across his mouth. A third pole shows where a bear has climbed the pole, gone into a hole in the tree and is now looking out. The bear's tracks are seen on either side of the middle line of the pole as it faces the observer. In the olden times, these houses, while of the same shape as at present, were built of slabs, split or hewn from great tree trunks, and were roofed with similar slabs. Now, however, many of the houses are made of sawed boards and roofed with split shingles. Many of them are 40 feet square. The fire burns on the ground in the middle of the floor, and the smoke ascending passes through the crevices of the roof left for that purpose along

Interesting, too, among the inhabitants of this sea were the mosasaurs, found now in the yellow chalk which was once the mud of the sea bottom, and which have been studied by many paleontologists, of whom Prof. H. F. Osborn and S. W. Williston are the principal Americans who are alive to-day. A remarkably fine skeleton of the mosasaurs, comprising not only the bones but many of the cartilages as well, has recently been studied and mounted at the American Museum of Natural History, and Prof. Henry F. Osborn has written about it an interesting paper, which appears in the "Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History."



SKELETON OF TYLOSAUR IN FRANCE AT MUSEUM.

the ridgepole or through square holes sometimes cut in the roof above the fireplace. Around the walls, raised above the ground, are the bed places, and seats made of hewn planks, which show every stroke of the adze. At the back of the house, opposite the door, lives the chief, and here are gathered the sacred possessions of people of the dwelling.

G. B. G.

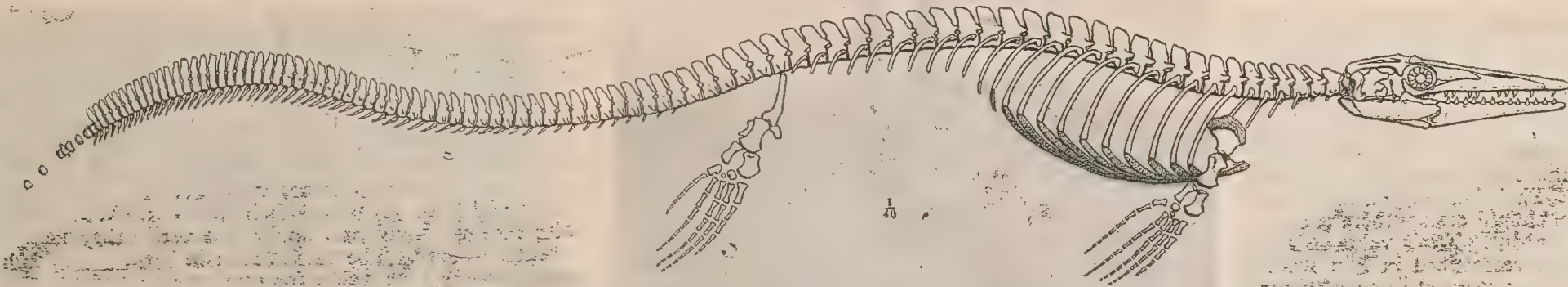
Natural History.

Big Lizards of Early Days.

Two or three millions of years ago, in what the geologists term Cretaceous time, the geography of North America was very different from what it is now. Then a considerable portion of what is now our Atlantic seaboard from New York south, together with the whole of Florida and the northern and western shores of the Gulf of Mexico, were covered with the salt sea. A great bay or estuary occupied what is now the Mississippi valley as far north as the Ohio River. Where Texas now is, and

The specimen in question, which belongs to the genus *Tylosaurus*, includes practically all the bones of the animal, and besides these parts of the cartilages of the throat and chest; the larynx, windpipe, portions of the shoulder girdle and the cartilages of the breast bone and those ribs attached to it. When found, these parts were preserved entire, but unfortunately in digging out the specimen these fragile portions were more or less injured. Nevertheless, Mr. Bourne, of Scott City, Kan., dug out the skeleton with great skill and care. It was taken up in a series of large slabs of the cream-colored Kansas chalk, in such manner that the various slabs fitted together at their edges, as in the original bedding, so that the great lizard now lies in the museum exactly as it lay in the chalk. The animal lies stretched out upon its belly, so that the back or upper surfaces of most of the bones are thus seen. Those of the left arm, however, are overturned. The skull is crushed, and so are some of the vertebrae.

Although these great lizards are known chiefly from their bones, yet it now and then occurs, as in the case of the specimen under consideration, that some portions of the softer and more perishable parts of the animal are preserved. And as the remains of these reptiles are



RECONSTRUCTION OF SKELETON OF TYLOSAUR.

over all the plains east of the Rocky Mountains, stretched a great arm of the sea, which perhaps reached northwestward to the Arctic Ocean, where the mouth of the McKenzie River is now. The western borders of this great Mediterranean Sea lapped the feet of the Rocky Mountains. To the west of the Sierra Nevada, along the coast of California, the sea also encroached, so that here between these two oceans there was a long and narrow continent, bordered by bays and islets; and some of these islets are now the summits of the Continental Divide. In this Cretaceous Mediterranean Sea, over whose bottom, a few years ago, we used to chase the buffalo, where now the white man cultivates his corn, or pastures his herds and flocks, strange creatures lived in those days.

extremely abundant, and have been studied by many naturalists, it is possible by combining the discoveries of all of them to give a very fair notion of the appearance in life of reptiles of this type. What this appearance was is shown in the restoration of Prof. Osborn's specimen by Mr. Chas. Knight. The animal had a small head, a thick, short neck, a stout body and a very powerful tail, which was its principal swimming organ. The four flippers or paddles were perhaps used to some extent to guide it as it swam, but no doubt were chiefly useful for progression on the ground. The mouth was armed with long curved teeth. There was a fin running along the back, and the tail above and below is margined with a broad fin, which gave it great power



THE TYLOSAUR AS HE LOOKED IN LIFE.

nd terminates above in a huge bird, the whole about 56 feet above the ground. The adornment ouse front is interesting. On either side of the d meeting above it, are the two halves of a great right side appearing to the left of the photograph left side to the right. The nostrils and the incisor ine teeth are above the door, the great eyes on de, and the ears stand up above the level of the will be noticed that there seem to be but three eeth above and below. er of the poles is surmounted by a beaver, to be ed even in the photograph by the broad flat tail.

It was a time when the reptiles and their relatives, the birds, were wonderfully abundant, and had developed in many strange directions.

Some of the strangest of the birds have often been described. They were peculiar in many ways, but in none so remarkable as in possessing teeth. These teeth were not at all like the so-called roughness on the margins of the bills of some modern birds, but were actual teeth, composed of dentine covered with enamel, whose roots were implanted in the bone of the jaw. One of these birds in some outward respects resembled the loon of to-day, though having widely different relationships; another

against the waters. The length of the animal in question is about 30 feet.

The general aspect of this mosasaur is not unlike that of the well-known European ichthyosaurus, pictures of which are so familiar.

Mr. Osborn says that the mosasaurs are very ancient marine offshoots of the lizard family, which retain certain primitive and generalized characters of that family. Throughout they are very highly specialized for actively preying on the inhabitants of the sea, and constitute a distinct subdivision of the order of the lizards.

Why We Should Extend Our Forest Reserves.

COL. JOHN S. COOPER, of Chicago, one of our foremost champions of forest protection and extension, in a paper presented before the recent annual meeting of the Minnesota State Forestry Association, said:

Go among the people from our cities and towns in their annual outings, away out in the few wild regions which may claim title to wilderness we have left, see them about their camp-fires with their rods and guns, and try to find me a corruptionist, a railroad wrecker, a criminal, a bad man, at war with God, society and his own soul, and you will have discovered what I have not been able to in an experience of a quarter of a century among the camps of fishermen and sportsmen in the woods and waters of America.

It is not contended that we should maintain and enlarge our forests for that class of our population. We build penitentiaries for them. But in behalf of that large class of our people who love nature, who count it as a step heavenward when they can commune with her in the deep solitudes of her forests and on the bosom of her peaceful waters, we ask for the preservation of our remaining forests. "Sentimental," says the highly practical person. Yes; but so is love, so is art, so is beauty, so is poetry, so is religion, so is heaven, so is God, and, thank God, so is the human soul. Burke, in substance, says, somewhere, that in order for one to love one's country, one's country should be lovely, and that implies physical beauty as well as moral and political.

So, if the practical person wants a solid, practical reason for conserving our forests, he has it in the fact that it encourages patriotism. Suppose this whole country of ours were in the same situation as great regions in the central northern part of your State, where all the merchantable and what used to be considered unmerchantable pine has been cut in accordance with that fine old practice of our lumbermen, "Let the tail go with the hide," where forest fires have come along and burned up the entrails; where all there is left are the uncanny skulls and protruding ribs in the shape of blackened stumps and deadened trees; is any one optimistic enough to believe that any great amount of American brains, blood and treasure would be at hand for sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism for such a country as that?

And that leads me to say in concluding this hasty note that you good people of Minnesota have within your own present power this very winter an opportunity to preserve and reclaim for your own State and its people, now living and to come hereafter, the grandest region of forests, lakes, rivers and streams (considering its accessibility and inutility for other practical purposes) to be found in our country. And all you need to do to accomplish it is to make your wishes known to your representatives in the national Congress.

If the Minnesota delegation in Congress this winter shall unanimously ask that the Federal Government set apart as a national park or forest reserve what are known as the Chippewa Reservations around Leech, Cass and Winnebago lakes (comprising some 830,000 acres, of which more than one-quarter is covered by the lakes, rivers and streams) you will have the nucleus in your own State of what is destined to become the grandest forest reserve for the plain people of America to be found within our borders, and you will have it established, too, before the next century is three months old.

Comments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We cannot refrain from making comments upon some of the articles in your interesting issue for March 17.

In the first place, there are stronger reasons for protecting the gulls and terns than the sufficient one which you have given—that they are among the most pleasing and attractive features of the shore. Their sanitary effect, and economic value as scavengers, should assure them protection in all places, and at all seasons. Their value in this direction is so well known and recognized in San Francisco that there is a fine of \$50 for killing one of these birds. The Chinese there used to shoot, trap and snare them for food but they have been obliged to discontinue this practice. On our inland lakes the gulls are the most valuable scavengers, and eat hundreds of dead fish that would otherwise be left to seriously contaminate the water or pollute the air.

We have found in their stomachs not only putrescent fish, but also decaying mice and small birds. By all means, let us have the gulls and terns protected, not only for esthetic but also for sanitary reasons.

In regard to the subject of game wardens, it must be remembered that there is now a bill in the State Legislature providing for one warden for each county. Every true sportsman and naturalist in the State of New York should write and get his friends to write at once to his member of the State Legislature urging prompt and favorable action upon this important bill.

The notes on the recent observations of wild pigeons are interesting. It appears that they are gradually increasing after having as nearly suffered extinction as any creature can and yet remain on the earth.

A year ago last summer several pairs of them nested in the trees on the lowland near the mouth of the inlet to Cayuga Lake but a serious check to their increase was the unscrupulous gunner, who should not claim to be a sportsman. During the summer afternoons men would come for a distance of seven or eight miles, and stand with guns around the margins of the swamp waiting for the wild pigeons to come into the trees in the evening. We know of five or six having been shot in a single evening, regardless of season.

It is no wonder the birds would not stand this persecution and return to this place the next summer. About five or six pairs of them nested last year in some trees about four miles from the site of their former persecution.

In August, after crows had been harvested and before planting, we examined the crows of some of these birds and found them to contain little besides grains of wheat and buckwheat, which had doubtless been scattered on the ground during harvest.

H. A. SURFACE.

ITHACA, N. Y. March 17.

Oddities in Nature.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith photograph of a live partial albino English pheasant, and also a couple of views of a very remarkable tree I recently discovered near Montrose Park, Orange, N. J.

The tail of the cock pheasant is pure white, also many white and cream colored feathers mixed with his body feathers. A number of the feathers resemble the color



PARTIAL ALBINO PHEASANT.

and markings of a peacock's tail feathers on breast. There is no sign of a white ring on neck, which is usual with most birds. He is a very beautiful bird, but should be seen to be appreciated, as he is difficult to properly describe. Any one wishing to see this bird may do so by calling on Mr. Rosney at our farm, Eagle Rock Turnpike and Prospect avenue, West Orange, N. J.

It may take some imagination to see the resemblance of



CURIOUS TREE GROWTH.

a stag's head in the photographs of tree, but it is so perfect to life that an unusually quiet mare I was driving while attempting to take the photographs, tried her best to bolt. Nature has alone produced this strange effect, the trunk (the head) never having been tampered with in any way. I trust some vandal will not come along and destroy or mutilate this odd freak of nature.

I wish to say a word in praise of the work done and the report made by the New Jersey Game and Fish Commission. It is by far the best and most concise report of the kind ever presented to the public, and the Commissioners are doing a splendid work in the way of game protection, and employed intelligent, active game wardens who are now wintering some quail and English pheasants.

H. N. MUNN.

The Coming Birds.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 8.—A clear, mild, sunshiny day. Rambling in the woods and fields three miles west of here with an eye for the birds, I hear song sparrows in song, passing bluebirds twittering their fall notes, a solitary robin in an orchard near woods, feeding on frozen apples, with a pause now and then for a faint bit of melody; highholes, their rollicking cackle coming from far and near; meadow larks in the snow-covered fields. The winter residents very abundant—cardinal grosbeaks, red-headed and downy woodpeckers, tufted titmice, chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, brown creepers, slate-colored snow birds, goldfinches (feeding on the seeds of the pendent butterballs of sycamores), prairie horned larks, bluejays and crows, which pass close to me in reck-

less abandon, evidently aware that I was only hunting without a gun.

March 9—Robins abundant about the house, singing merrily; more passing bluebirds, and the fall note again.

March 10—Purple grackles make their appearance. March 11—Near the Capitol I notice a flock of several hundred birds scattered about in an oak, the greater portion perching very demurely and compactly, while some were flying about. A wheezy whistle characterized the cedar bird, but their larger size—somewhat smaller than a robin—made me pause and take a closer look, which led me to believe that that far-famed nomad, the Bohemian waxwing, was before me. Their coming was as mysterious as their departure.

T. M. S.

Harriman Alaska Expedition Papers.

THE scientific results of the Harriman Alaska expedition, which are already beginning to be made public, entirely justify all that has been said concerning the interest and importance of this trip.

Under the title "Papers from the Harriman Alaska Expedition," Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in the "Proceedings of the Washington Academy of Sciences," publishes descriptions of no less than twenty-six new mammals from Alaska and British North America. Of these, two are foxes, five shrews, three spermophiles, eleven mice and lemmings, one porcupine and four hares.

The Kodiak Island fox (*Vulpes harrimani*), named for Mr. Harriman, is the largest of the known North American foxes. It has small ears, but an enormous tail, is tawny yellow in color and much grizzled on the posterior half of the back.

The Hall Island fox belongs to the Arctic fox group, but seems to be an island type with a particularly short and broad skull. The porcupine found on the Alaska Peninsula is peculiar externally for its yellow color. Two of the hares (*Lepus othus* and *L. podromus*) are Arctic hares of great size. The first is from St. Michaels, and the second was collected by Dr. Chas. Palache at Stepovak Bay, on the Alaska Peninsula.

Other interesting announcements in connection with the Harriman Alaska expedition may be looked for in the near future.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fair Play for Foxes.

WHAT constitutes sport? The question is not yet threadbare, though it has been shaken out and brushed up constantly for years.

There are those who look with horror on the shooting of foxes, and in their own country where it is possible to hunt with horses it would certainly be a waste of material for a man to go out with a hound and shoot a fox which should have furnished a run for fifty or more of men, dogs and horses.

In the land of hills, woods and rocky pastures, covered with a cobweb of wire fences, another style of hunting must prevail, and hundreds of as good sportsmen as breathe practice fox hunting in the so-called American style. This method also has its ethics, and a sinner against the local sentiment should be held in the same esteem as the shooter of foxes in England.

There is a growing number of sportsmen, thanks to the teachings of FOREST AND STREAM and its followers, who see far more in hunting than mere killing, and whose constant aim is to get the greatest amount of enjoyment with the least bloodshed. To such the tramp over the hills, the views, the working of the dogs, and the thousand other pleasures which increase with experience, are sufficient reward if the game finally gets off. There are men of my acquaintance who have been out a score of times and have yet to kill their first fox. When they get him they will exult, no doubt, but verily they have their reward already. The easiest man in town to get to go is one who has been going for two seasons and has not yet even seen a fox. He says that only to trace the course of the hounds by the cry is enough for him.

To these men a holed fox has found sanctuary. They are not hunting two or three dollars' worth of fur. The fox is left to rest. Another day he will give them another run. As for catching in a trap—well, hardly!

It is not to be denied that a great many who trap foxes are good sportsmen, but it seems impossible that one who appreciates hunting with hounds could be so wasteful of his sport as to dig it out or trap it. From the economic standpoint of a sportsman, to destroy a den or to trap a fox seems indefensible. The farmer who looks upon the fox as a thieving rascal deserving of no mercy is excusable, according to his lights, if he digs out a litter and knocks them on the head with his hoe, but not the man who calls himself a lover of fox hunting.

As to a close season on foxes, so long as they are looked upon as pests it would seem impracticable. It was tried for two years in the Province of Quebec, but did not work. Fortunately, nature protects them pretty thoroughly. For nature's close season the skins are not worth getting, and in warm weather it is poor sport for dog or man. Many dogs refuse to follow a female in spring time, and if chased they hole soon.

The shotgun is the accepted weapon. Overlooking possible danger to a distant friend, a man with a rifle is apt to take a long shot at a fox going direct to an occupied stand, depriving another of a chance fairly his. It is sometimes argued that a single bullet is more sportsman-like, but when one has correctly chosen a position and stood like a statue, keeping his nerve with a hesitancy, suspicious, fox in sight for what seemed hours, until finally he is within range, he has earned his trophy as honorably as he who has successfully chanced a long shot with a rifle.

It is a year since B. first wrote against digging out foxes, and I have looked weekly for more on the matter, until the last number came. Cannot others say something? The fox hunters should do their share toward the education and entertainment of their fellows. They certainly are fluent sty-

How they do yarn when they get together. Can anybody tell us what kind of a day is best for a hunt? I used to know, but experience seems to have untaught me lots of things. Does one fox give more scent than another, or is it all weather? Should a hound be fed on the morning of a hunt? I have seen a tired hound eat a sandwich and start off like a new dog.

The season for hunting is about over, and the best we can do is to read about it; so, if you can't write up a hunt help in the discussion, and suggest new subjects and theories. May we not have the space, Mr. Editor?

JOSEPHUS.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec.

After Sheep in Wyoming.

AMONG the pleasant memories of my trip to Jackson's Hole last fall I give the sheep hunting first place, and in the following I shall confine myself to experiences with that noble animal, leaving out the elk and antelope, for which this region is justly famous.

I left the Hole on Sept. 5 and camped in the evening near the head of Flat Creek in time to catch a fine string of trout. The next day I started out with my guide, Clark Caswell, to prospect for sheep on the mountain of the same name. We hunted all day, ascending to the top, at an altitude of 11,000 feet, but finding no tracks less than ten days old we decided to move on. I was out for good heads of sheep, antelope and elk, but sheep being by far the most difficult to obtain, I had decided to start first on the uncertain part of the hunt.

The 7th found us camped in a snug basin beside a small pond, and at an elevation of 9,200 feet. That evening we saw the first elk, and I had a long shot at a bull.

The following morning was spent in camp, but in the afternoon we took a short hunt with the glasses, and succeeded in locating three rams. It had always been my ambition to hunt sheep, and of course the first sight of this, one of the noblest game animals in North America, filled me with great enthusiasm. Through a powerful telescope I could easily see that one of the rams had a large head, but as the shy fellows already had our scent, we lay still till they had trotted out of sight, and then returned to camp.

The next day we started early, intending to hunt up our sheep of the previous evening, but the wind proving false, we rode over to the head of Granite Creek, and leaving the horses in a beautiful little meadow made the ascent of the Granite Range and carefully examined every bit of ground. We were not rewarded by the sight of game till late in the afternoon, when, as we were descending, we caught sight of a bunch of nineteen sheep on the opposite side of the valley. The glasses showed them to be all ewes and lambs, but I was very anxious to get a closer look, so we set out for a long stalk.

The sheep were working slowly along the edge of the rim rock, and if we could but gain the top of the cliff they would only be about 200 feet below us.

This we proceeded to do, although it turned out to be a much harder job than we anticipated. Up and down the most impossible crags we crawled, till Clark vowed we would be shot for goats if any other hunter happened to be about. However, in time we gained the desired point, and removing our boots stole carefully down a steep rock slide and peeped over the edge of the cliff. Nothing was in sight, but presently the whole band came troop-

cended the main backbone of the range, keeping to a sheep trail that led us up along the south side and followed just below the summit. We went some distance on this trail, then gaining a favorable point began to look over the country on the north side.

Tired of the constant strain of the glass, I was just enjoying the rugged view, when my eyes alighted by accident on a bunch of seven sheep dotted over a snow drift which partially filled a big basin below us. We hastened to make ourselves as small as possible, for our position against the sky line was a dangerous one, and moreover the wind was exactly wrong. Quickly retracing our steps along the south side, and gaining a point which appeared safe, we lay down and took a good look.

So smooth was the top of the range that it was very difficult to get a view of the sheep without exposing ourselves, and we were in fear and trembling lest some flash of light from the lens of the glass should attract their attention. Certain it was that the flock were all rams, and at least two good heads were present; we could see them quite nicely, outlined against the snow. But their position was absolutely safe, and all we could do was to wait developments.

The sheep, having nibbled a short time at the snow, sauntered out among some huge boulders, and there lay down for a midday siesta, only one ram, who mounted



SCANNING THE COUNTRY.

a huge flat rock for sentry duty, remaining in sight.

There was no telling how long we might have to remain, so it was decided that the best thing we could do was to eat lunch. The day was perfect, and the view up and down the granite valley superb. Not a cloud was in sight, and just enough wind breathed upon us to keep us from being uncomfortably hot.

Now, if this tale was of a model and imaginary hunt, the following should not appear, but I am not dreaming—simply relating the truth.

I was very comfortably munching my bread and chocolate, and thinking that after all sheep hunting was pretty easy, when I accidentally rattled the top of the lunch tin. Like a flash, every sheep was in the air, though at that distance it seemed incredible to me that they could have heard so slight a noise. Luckily they had not located the sound, and instead of bolting from it they came toward us under the cliff until they were out of sight. We knew, however, that they hadn't gone far, for we soon heard them among the rocks some distance below us.

Lunch and rest were forgotten. Although the wind was not favorable, we decided to trust to the lee along the north side, and to drop straight down to the edge of the cliff, a movement which, if successful, would gain us an easy shot. The place which we had to go down was a particularly steep and wicked slide of loose rocks, and I had the greatest doubt whether we could accomplish our object without discharging a whole avalanche on the game below, to say nothing of including ourselves in the said avalanche.

However, we removed our shoes, and taking only our rifles crept downward, placing one foot ahead of the other with the utmost caution, while supporting our bodies with our free hands. It seemed to me we must have been twenty minutes in making that descent yet we were successful, in that only one small stone rolled over the cliff. As we approached the edge, every nerve was on a tension. Would the sheep see us and bound out from below, giving a difficult flying shot, or would there be time to pick the biggest head and make sure?

As it turned out, nothing was in sight. We followed the cliff to its eastern end, without result; then we worked westward. Surely they could not have escaped us, and just as I was feeling a bit g'm, Clark, who was leading, turned his head slowly and gave me a solemn wink. I crept up to him, and sure enough there they were, feeding on a grassy slope, a third of a mile distant. They were also above us, which was a disadvantage; but now we had the wind right, and our spirits rose.

Slipping back, we made a safe sneak up hill, with scant cover, until at last we were about on their level. Just then the mystic seven began to work toward us, and curling up behind a rock we resolved to give them all they wanted. But they soon started feeding again, and we slid along, now with the most laborious caution, slowly, but surely, lessening that fatal distance.

We were crawling over a very difficult country, composed of narrow benches and steep, sun-baked slides. My socks had no bottoms left, and my feet began to feel the effects. A false step might mean no sheep or a broken leg, or both together; yet neither the discomforts nor risks were felt in the all-absorbing presence of those seven rams.

At last we drew up behind a rock, beyond which we could not advance, for a deep gully filled with snow separated us from the game. The shot was not much over 100 yards, yet the cover was so scarce that it was difficult to pick the largest animal, and aim without impinging the whole bunch. Several times they looked right at us, and once two young fellows playing on some loose shale made such a noise that I thought the whole of them had gone.

Finally my chance came. The largest ram presented a side shot, while Clark had picked out the next best, feeding close to mine. Shoving the rifle slowly forward, I rose and fired, and with the dull thud of the bullet the big ram wheeled and faced me and I fired again. Meanwhile Clark's sheep jumped and stopped, and he shot twice, evidently landing his bullets.

Now all was the wildest confusion. Three sheep broke past us, leaping down the steep hill and appearing again far below. In a few seconds almost they had vanished. My ram made a few turns and fell dead, while Clark's sheep, followed by two others, ran off in a westerly direction, I taking a flying shot at the wounded animal as he disappeared.

Our excitement was intense, and in my hurry to cross the snow gully I slipped and came near going a long way. After that I cut steps across with the stock of my gun, for it was no easy thing to get a foothold on that hard, steep snow slide, with nothing but the remains of a pair of socks.

The ram was a beauty. He was large, with a very dark coat of hair, and his head, although not a record-breaker, was considered good sized for a Wyoming sheep. The base of the horns measured 15 inches, while the length was 29 3/4 inches, the left horn being slightly broken at the tip. The total length of the animal was 62 inches, and his standing height was 37 inches. The little .30-30 had done it work well, the ball ranging through from side to side about 3 inches above the heart.

Clark returned for the boots, camera, glasses, etc., which were scattered over various parts of the mountain, while I looked around for traces of the wounded ram. I found a few drops of blood, but as the trail led in the direction of camp I did not attempt to follow.

When Clark returned, the camera had to do its duty, and then we sat down and finished our interrupted lunch.

After eating, we dressed out the meat, and leaving the bulk for next day, we started along, one with the head and the other with a ham.

I insisted that we follow the trail of the other sheep and do all that was possible to recover him. Clark did not believe there was any chance of finding him, and indeed the prospect did look very poor.

We worked hard on the trail, and just as we had lost all sign happened to spy out the sheep, stone dead. The bullet had struck too far back, and I rather wondered that it killed him as soon as it did.

This sheep was not so large as the other, but had a very pretty pair of horns. We left a gun, knife, cartridges, etc., about the carcass to keep off coyotes, and then, each shouldering a head, reached the horses in good season and rode to camp.

I believe this was one of the pleasantest hunts I ever had, and although I made another successful sheep hunt in October, it was under conditions so trying that the pleasure was, to say the least, mixed.

We were, I think, extremely lucky in finding sheep so easily. The animals have been sadly reduced, not so much by constant hunting as by their great enemy, the scab, a disease which appears to wipe out whole colonies.

I heard of but two other sheep heads being taken out of the Jackson's Hole region this fall, and there could have been very few parties which killed sheep without being heard from. Chief Warden Nelson, whom I met while hunting elk later on, was of the opinion that sheep should be protected for a term of years, as moose are at present, and I believe the measure would be a very wise



HOME OF THE SHEEP.

one. Two days after this hunt I saw three fine rams while taking the outfit over to Crystal Creek, but they were of course left scrupulously alone.

The excitement of a long stalk after mountain game cannot be imagined until experienced, and for my part give me a day with the sheep in the Western mountains above all other forms of sport.

J. C. PHILLIPS.

Wyoming Spring Note.

ISHAWOOD, Wyo., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the South Fork of Stinking Water, eighteen miles above Ishawood, you will find Brown's Ranch, where there is always fine trout fishing. Almost every day I go to the river I see lots of fine trout.

All the grouse have gone to the mountains now; they will be down next month.

Elk and sheep are wandering by. Deer seem not to have come down from the mountains yet. The winter has been so fine they have no cause to look for winter feed. Antelope seem to be scarce up here. All game has wintered well so far.

The other day while coming through a cañon in company of Cy Snyder, we saw a snowslide coming toward some elk. The elk seemed to be afraid of being caught, so they divided, but one was caught. After the slide was past, we went down, and there was the dead elk. It was moderately fat, but so badly crushed as to be fit only for bear bait, when the time comes for them to leave their dug-outs. Two bears were killed last year near by, also two more seen. A few others are traveling up and down the river.

N. E. B.



A BEAUTY.

ing around a buttress of rock, and began feeding directly below us. So large a flock as nineteen is an unusual sight in this country, even on the winter ranges, and we watched them for some time with great interest. Then we began shouting, but this they could not hear because a gale of wind was rising out of the valley, and prevented any ordinary sound from reaching them. I doubt even if my .30-30 would have alarmed them much, especially if we had kept out of sight. A couple of rocks dropped into their very midst finally convinced them that they had business elsewhere, and the way they vanished was a caution.

It was almost night when we reached the horses, and a dark two-hour ride we had of it getting back to camp.

It seemed too much to expect to find sheep three days in succession in a country where they are as scarce as about Jackson's Hole. Nevertheless, the following day, the wind being fairly satisfactory, we decided to hunt the first range, and started as usual on horseback, knowing that before night we would have all the exercise requisite to a good sleep without the pull to the top of the ridge, which was easily accomplished in the saddle.

Picketing the horses, we carefully surveyed the cañon where we had seen our first sheep; then descending into it we found fresh sheep paths, and tracks, stamped in the loose shale. Making the steep ascent of the further side, we kept around to the north of a high bald hill, finally coming out on another, but higher, pass. Advancing slowly, we scanned bit by bit the country which came in sight below—a mass of small broken hills, interspersed with meadows and patches of dwarfed spruce. Nothing showed up, however, and crossing this pass we as-

For Bear Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you scan this methinks I hear you say, "There are cranks and cranks, but this Troy fellow takes the bun." Fear of this does not, however, deter me from taking a shot at a matter wherein economic considerations at least, if not those of sportsmanship or humanity, should obtain and be permitted to govern. The matter to which I refer is the shabby treatment that *Ursus americanus* receives at the hands of the people of this free and enlightened country.

Somewhere along in the middle eighties the undersigned, through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, advocated the protection of the black bear at certain seasons, with a perpetual close season for juvenile bears, but received mighty little encouragement from any quarter—in fact, did receive a letter from the editor of that paper advising him that if he wished to do any missionary work in the bear protection line there was an excellent field for such work in that portion of Maine where bears are suspected of making free with the farmers' pumpkins and occasionally dining on mutton. The letter likewise hinted that the reception accorded the missionary would be warm and cheerful, more or less. This advice to "Go East, young man," however excellent it may have been, was not followed, but I have since continued to study the bear question and have learned nothing to cause me to recede from the position taken fifteen years ago, and am still an advocate of the protection of that finest of all game mammals, the black bear, and, moreover, am willing to wager a big red apple that I can show you a single county in this State where more sheep are annually destroyed by dogs than are killed by bears in all New York and New England combined.

This, however, is no reason why all dogs should be put out of the way.

I should not, in all probability, have broken loose on the bear subject at this time but for a picture entitled "A Den of Maine Cubs" that appeared in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, which picture tells its own story, and no words are needed to convey its pathos to the mind of the humane and intelligent reader. Could every baby bear picture of this sort be accompanied by a companion piece showing the man who provided the material for the picture intensely interested in the pursuit of geological knowledge within the inclosed premises of some well conducted penitentiary—one run on strictly business lines—it would in a degree lessen the desire on the part of humane people to use "cuss" words.

In the same issue of FOREST AND STREAM we are told that the mother of these innocents was killed—the laws of all of our States sanction and in many instances encourage this form of outrage—and that it took a whole week to get these youngsters into a quiescent state so that they could be photographed at leisure, leaving to the imagination of the reader the suffering of these poor little creatures during that period of slow starvation, under the guise of trying to "raise 'em by hand."

To me it is inconceivable that a creature that has such great economic value, both as to flesh and fur, and at the same time one of the grandest game animals that this continent is possessed of, should be ruthlessly destroyed at all times, in any manner and at any stage of its existence. To my dull comprehension it seems not only a wanton destruction of the "finest sort of game," but at the same time a willful waste of much valuable food and fur, for surely neither the mother of a litter of week-old bear cubs nor her helpless progeny could have any value as an item of food, even if the dam's pelt might bring a few dollars.

If we were to name a half dozen of the most desirable game mammals on this continent, we would find the name of *Ursus americanus* occupying a high place on the list; or if to name a half dozen of the most valued fur-bearing animals in the order of their value, our friend the black bear would not be found at the foot of the class by any means.

Next to the head of the lordly moose, what trophy of the Eastern game fields can be compared to a fine, glossy bear rug, the acquiring of which in a sportsmanlike manner requires more of true, keen sportsmanship and knowledge of woodcraft than the killing of a whole herd of deer or of almost any other game on the list of protected animals?

New York State took a step in the right direction when it abolished the bounty on bears, and I trust that other States will do likewise, and that all States will go a step further and protect the bear at certain seasons of the year, at least as a valuable fur-bearing animal, even if his game qualities are not recognized by our legislative Solons.

The Province of Quebec has made a crude sort of attempt at bruin's protection, but not enough to insure his material increase in the near future.

If one may judge from what I saw and heard when the bill for the repeal of the bear bounty clause in the game law was before the Committee of Forestry, Fisheries and Game a few years ago, there need be no fear entertained on the part of the people of this and other States that the cause of progress, of education, or of the Sunday school will suffer by reason of its being wiped off the statute books. The sort of people who were whining for the retention of the bounty was one of the best arguments for its abrogation, and the members of the committee were convinced that parties who slaughtered infant bears for the sake of a paltry bounty were not the proper persons to intrust with the framing of our game laws. Not one recognized Adirondack guide asked for its retention; all were apparently in favor of wiping it off the statute books.

One rather facetious individual, formerly a guide, who appeared in favor of Senator Malby's bill for abolishing the bounty, remarked that it could not be truly said that the State was the loser in the bounty transaction, as the bounty money when received was usually converted into rum, the rum into "drunks," and that most of the money came back in the way of fines and could be used again in payment of other bounties.

Since the Malby bill was enacted into law there has been no particular incentive to the class named to slaughter infantile bears, but these and their dams as well as certain periods should receive protection from the rapacity of that other class of "smart Alecks" who persist in

killing everything in sight "just for the fun of the thing." Let us have a reasonable, practical close season for bruin and for all other valuable fur bearers, with absolute protection for the young of each species; also eliminate so far as possible the use of that horrid engine of torture and destruction, the steel trap.

FOREST AND STREAM is doing excellent work in trying to save from extermination that useful and ornamental bird the gull. Let us hope some day it will give bruin a show.

TROY, N. Y.

M. SCHENCK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Two Colonels.

We have two colonels out here in Chicago who are hard to duplicate in all the lands of the earth—Col. John S. Cooper and Col. C. E. Felton. The former is a famous fisherman and the latter a famous shooter, and both are characters worth meeting. It is with regret that one must announce that both these gentlemen are this week home sick in bed with what seems much the same trouble, this grip which is so annoying and so dangerous. It is to be hoped that the two colonels will soon get back to business. Col. Cooper was on the eve of starting to Washington on business connected with the National Park when he was taken ill.

How Many Buffalo Are Left?

Mr. S. Pedlow, of this city, writes asking information regarding the number of buffalo alive, his question coming in the following form:

"In order to settle a bet, would you be kind enough to let me know, either through FOREST AND STREAM or direct, how many buffalo there are in the United States to-day, and how many there were five years ago (1895)?"

"I presume you will have the figures, and if you would favor me it would be esteemed."

I have not the figures on the above, and no one has any such figures in any absolute degree of accuracy, for reasons that are very obvious. In 1895, when Billy Hofer and myself made the trip through the Yellowstone Park in the winter with the purpose of counting the buffalo, it was supposed that there were 500 buffalo left in the Yellowstone Park. We could not feel in the least sure that there were over 125, after we had counted all that we could find or hear of, and then we felt that it was quite likely we had counted the same bunch more than once. Probably there were 100 to 125 head in the Park at that time. There were at that time in the Musselshell country of Montana about eight or ten head of buffalo, which were later killed by the Crees. There were also then perhaps a few animals of a somewhat mythical herd in the Red Desert of Wyoming, never estimated at over a dozen head, and whose existence for the past ten years has been more than doubtful. Also the same could be said regarding the "Lost Park herd" of Colorado, where, for a time, a half-dozen or so buffalo were known to exist. There may have been a half-dozen of them in 1895, but it is doubtful if any are alive now.

The buffalo of the Yellowstone Park met their fate the more quickly by reason of the fact that during a mild winter they wandered out from the west side of the Park and were killed by men along the edge of the Park. As they were picked up about as fast as they came out into Idaho or the Market Lake precincts, it is unlikely that any are left alive outside the Park. Inside that Park at last accounts, during the past year, there were only about twelve or fifteen buffalo supposed to be left, and these were not breeding.

There is not, in all likelihood, a single individual left of the Staked Plains herd out of which Buffalo Jones caught his calves in 1886 to 1889. Up in the Peace River region of the British Possessions there really is a herd of wood bison left, for so my friend Norris, who was up there last year, tells me, and he says the Indians know where they are. The numbers of these are not known and it would be only guesswork to state them, as indeed it is more or less guesswork to state figures as above.

On the face of all discoverable information on this head it is safe to say there are not a dozen live wild buffalo outside the Yellowstone Park in the United States, and if there is a single one I do not know where it is. Inside the Park there may be twenty head or so.

The Peace River herd, not in the United States, and always more or less a matter of fable, may number a hundred head, though it is by no means likely. It is more apt to be the case that there may be only a score or so of these animals which have been able to escape the hungry Indians of that forsaken region.

I am supposing the above question to be regarding wild buffalo, and not those domesticated. In domestic herds, of full bloods and mixed breeds there are perhaps between 300 and 500, supposing the Allard herd of the Flathead reservation to have fairly well kept up its stock for the past two years, and including the Austin Corbin herd at about its figures of the last year. The Goodnight and the Jas. J. Hill herds are included in the above estimate, all of which is, of course, but an approximation.

More News from the Far North.

Mr. George L. Ainsworth, writing from Racine, Wis., has some very interesting remarks in his following letter regarding the habitat of birds, etc., in the icy North country, from which it seems he too has recently returned. He writes as below:

"Referring to your item in 'Chicago and the West' for to-day on the northern limit of the jacksnipe, I killed jacksnipe during August and September, 1898, in the McKenzie delta, a thousand miles north of Lesser Slave Lake, and they were just as wild and could make just as many twists to the second as they can here in Wisconsin.

"Regarding nesting place of canvasbacks, I saw a little bunch of five, all drakes, on Great Slave Lake in June, 1898, and late in May, 1899, we killed two lone drakes on the headwaters of Bells River, a tributary of the Porcupine. These birds were no doubt nesting, but were all that I saw in a trip of over four thousand miles, and lasting two summers, on Peace, McKenzie, Porcupine and Yukon rivers.

"The bulk of these birds must nest in the Barren Lands to the northeast of Great Slave Lake or cross into Siberia.

"Bluebills, golden-eye, widgeon, greenwing, teal, but-

terballs, pintail and scoters, both velvet and white wing and Canada geese nest in great numbers through the McKenzie delta and along the arctic coast beyond timber line. The golden-eye nest in a hollow tree, if one can find, and the others on the ground, and often on a high cut bank 20 feet or more above the water.

"What becomes of the scoters? We seldom see one here, but on the Peace and McKenzie we saw more than any other duck, and they take more killing than anything I ever saw.

"Early in March, 1898, when crossing Lesser Slave Lake on about 6 feet of ice, we put up a big flock of Canada geese. They were roosting on a sandbar in the middle of the lake where the snow had blown off.

"The outlet of Lesser Slave Lake does not freeze for several miles from the lake, and I suppose they four water and feed there.

"Mr. George H. Thomas, of Chicago, died in our camp on Rat River, N. W. T., last winter."

Spring Trade.

Mr. Jas. L. Van Uxem, of this city, whose Randolph street store is well known in this city as a good place to get practical sporting gear, whether for rod or gun purposes, has just brought out his new catalogue for the spring trade, fifty-six double pages, and the best he ever printed. Among the many useful things he lists, Van is making a specialty of his "Alligator" bait-casting line which many experts say is the best and most practical line for bait-casting they have used. Things are busy at Randolph these days, and deservedly so.

Won't Shoot in Spring.

By the way, it is at 101 Randolph street that Abe Kleinman has his shell-loading business. I saw Abe to-day, and asked him why he was not out duck shooting. "Me?" said the old-timer. "Me shoot ducks in the spring? You haven't heard of my killing a duck in the spring for over ten years, have you? No, sir, I quit it in the year of 1889."

Abe Kleinman used to shoot for the market on the Calumet along with the rest of his family in the days gone by, but he won't shoot in the spring. He sets a pretty good example to a whole lot of fellows not a thousand miles from Chicago, or from New York.

Spring Duck Shooting in the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 24.—As was predicted some time ago by the knowing ones, the spring of 1900 in the West is marked by very high water in many sections, and the corollary to this, a very heavy flight of ducks, is now in evidence. From all accounts it would appear that the wildfowl are more numerous this spring than for ten years. How the flight will hold out remains to be seen, and already we hear of several parties who went out and came back disappointed. Upon the other hand, some shooters are still out and are sending back for more shells, so that it is supposable they struck the birds in numbers. All accounts agree that everywhere there is more than an abundance of water. Swan Lake, Hennepin, all the Kankakee points, all the upper Indiana lakes and streams, are boiling full of water, so that no duck need lack for a chance to wet his feet this spring in Illinois.

Mr. F. G. Barnard is just back from Swan Lake Club where he spent a few days out in the timber after mallards. He says the water was 14 feet deep all through the timber and the current very strong. They got some few mallards, but not nearly so many as they thought they were entitled to have in view of the discomforts of their trip.

The best of the shooting seems to be down in the Illinois Valley, and the best news from that region comes from the Meredosias Flats. Dr. Hunt, of this city, went down there a little over a week ago, and report has it that he took with him 3,000 shells, and that he has sent back for more since then. This should indicate either good shooting or a great liberality in giving away shells.

Down at Bureau Junction, in the Illinois River region, is the Greenwing Club, which leases about 2,000 acres of the Mud Lake marsh from the owner, Fred Taylor, of this city. Reports come from that place this week that two shooters killed thirty-two ducks one afternoon there two or three days ago. Mr. Taylor, when seen to-day, thought that there should be some shooting now at that point.

Several members of Hennepin Shooting Club, in the Illinois Valley, have gone down to the club for a try at the flight, among these Mr. A. Vanderkloot, of this city. This club should have very good sport indeed, as these grounds are among the best on the river.

Mr. Joel Kinney, of this city, was down at Meredosias last week and returned this week for a rest. He says there were thousands of birds in over that country, and thinks the shooting should be good now. New Boston also sends up strong mallard tips, and there should be really excellent timber shooting on the overland flats across the Mississippi.

Some of the Maksawba members are absent at the old haunts on the Kankakee, and it is said that the big waters give the look of old times there. Among those seeking to stay is Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, who has been gone nearly all week, and who is supposed to have had some shooting.

Mr. F. R. Bissell is back from his hunt at his cottage near Water Valley, on the Kankakee. He had little luck except to get sick, and has been laid up ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gold are now at their hunting box on the Kankakee near Water Valley, and are supposed to be having some shooting to-day, as the weather has come off nice and warm, and the birds should be moving in if they are to do so at all. Mr. Gold has a little launch in which he runs up and down the river with ease and dispatch, and so equipped he should give good account of himself.

Mr. N. D. Soper, of Chicago, left yesterday for Cedar Lake, Ind., not far below Chicago, and should he find nothing there will drop on down to Shelby, on the Monon road. He ought to strike in with the flight somewhere in there this week or early next week.

Mr. W. L. Wells, head artist on the Chicago Tribune, and a very widely experienced Western wildfowl shooter, started to-day with his friend, Mr. Edward Pope, for Fox Lake, Ill., for a trip which will last till next Thursday. They have word that some birds have been killed up there, though on the other hand I hear to-day that the ice has

not yet moved out. Should the weather remain mild as it is to-day, they should be good for a bag of redheads and bluebills before their time is up.

At Goshen, Ind., there is reported to be good duck shooting this spring, there being plenty of water in the lakes near by.

Ligonier, Ind., sportsmen are out this week in force along the lakes and creeks near that town, where the birds are reported to be dropping in to some extent.

On Lake St. Clair, Mich., the canvasback flight has set in, to say nothing of the sawbills. Mostly ice shooting this, as yet, for that is a cold bit of country. I warrant that Jack Parker may be found now in cold storage out in the middle of the lake, operating on the deep water birds.

Mr. Houston, at the Calumet Heights Club, near Chicago, this week had the rare good fortune to kill and bag a nice specimen of the Canada goose, which was retrieved only after a hard chase out in the big waters of Lake Michigan. Ten pintails were killed on the club marsh the same day.

Along the lake shore above town the geese are beginning to work, and I make no doubt that our friend Mr. Townsend Smith is doing business with them, for he was seen carrying home four pounds of double B's.

Within the Gates.

Mr. D. G. Henry, prominent on game protection and angling matters in Michigan South Peninsula, is over this week from Grand Rapids for a visit to Chicago.

Mr. J. Henry, of St. Paul, long identified with the sporting goods trade in the Northwest, is in town this week looking over the situation in Chicago.

Mr. J. Dyer, of the U. M. C. Co., is in town this week seeking whom he may devour, he and Charlie Sylvester, of the Winchester Company, traveling beat together.

Mr. Joseph Hamblen Sears, author of that very charming little volume, "Fur and Feather Tales," is in Chicago this week for a few days, on business connected with his house, the firm of Harper & Bros., New York city.

Mr. J. Otis Averill, late of Japan, now of New York city, was in Chicago this week for a few days, and called two or three times to see me, but unluckily I was out each time, knocking dollars off the Chicago trees. I should have been glad to forego the dollar industry for some time to talk with Mr. Averill. This is the gentleman who wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM the very interesting story on the fly-fishing of the Japanese, which appeared two years ago, soon after the story on the Taylor system of fly-casting. There still come in at this office inquiries about that story of Mr. Averill's, and I still get flies inclosed with the request that I cut the hackles "like the Japanese flies." It always seems to me, even in view of these frequent references, that the theory of fly-casting as evidenced by Mr. Averill and as perfected by Mr. Taylor never attracted half the serious attention to which it was entitled. The recent article by Silver Sedge is from an expert fly-fisher who realizes the value of the facts there set forth. I thought the news most interesting, since it was so utterly at variance with accepted traditions on these heads. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Averill will write more about the Japanese and their ways, for the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would eagerly read all he had to say.

Missouri Mallards.

Mr. A. E. Grimes, of Green Ridge, Mo., writes me this week as follows about the duck crop in that neck of woods:

"I did not know but you would like to hear about the mallards, especially something in their favor. Not in several seasons has the flight been as good as this—actually going by the thousands. Not many are being killed in this locality, not because the shooters are too modest to kill in the spring, but because they fail to connect on account of the high flight, and when they do light, the ducks are safe out in some field or pasture. The species known as 'spikes' has always been the majority of the flight here in the spring, except this spring. Very few spikes are seen. Happily so, as they are poor stuff."

From Alabama.

Mr. Fred Badger, of Birmingham, Ala., writes me as below in regard to a very cold-blooded exhibition of live quail for butchering purposes. This is not the first time I have heard of just this same sort of thing, and it always impressed me as a most repulsive show of brutality, and one which ought almost cure one of the wish to eat quail. Mr. Badger writes:

"You may remember my calling on you last spring and telling you some Texas duck stories. The fortunes of war have taken me through this section lately, and I just saw something that I thought might interest you. In passing a restaurant in this city yesterday I saw a sign out, 'Special to-day, quail on toast.' I looked in the window and there was a nice flock of the pretty little chaps running around alive, and a pretty sight it was. There was a box in the window under which they frequently ran for shelter when any one paused by the window. I was never accused of having much sentiment about killing game, but it did seem cold-blooded to go into that place and order 'quail on toast' and have the proprietor reach in and catch one and wring its neck! I suppose it doesn't make much difference to the quail how he is done to death, but not any for me under those circumstances."

"Early next morning I passed by there again, and as it was cool in the window the quail were bunched under their box, feathers all ruffed up and heads drawn in, sleeping with one eye open in their usual circle, with tails in the center. I don't know what the laws of this State are, but I suppose the fellow could have been made to turn them loose, couldn't he?"

F. HOUGH.

360 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Assistant—"How shall I catalogue this book describing a hunter's adventures?" Librarian—"Among inventions."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Spring in the Champlain Valley.

ESSEX, N. Y., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The winter has been an unusual one, and the calendar spring more so. Of the genuine spring we know nothing as yet. Up to Feb. 17 the lake, which is here three miles wide and attains a maximum depth of 400 feet, had not frozen, and there had been very little extremely cold weather. A few days previous a flock of geese was reported between Essex and Split Rock in the open water of the lake, and the story was vouched for by a number of persons. There were a great many gulls and ducks in the lake, driven from the south, and north as well, by the advancing ice, which had bridged the shallower waters a number of weeks before. Most of these left the night of the 17th, striking a course, no doubt, for the Atlantic Ocean, as there could have been then no great extent of open water nearer at hand.

The morning of the 18th the lake was covered from shore to shore with a film of beautiful black ice, and one day later I skated a mile and a half across Whallon's Bay to the lighthouse on Split Rock. At one place there was a crack several feet wide that necessitated my going ashore to get around it on the outward trip; but on my return I skated far out in the lake and around the outer end of the crack. The narrow strip of open water was lashed into miniature waves by the wind, and from it a belated duck got up, and hovering for a minute as if uncertain in which direction to go, finally flew northward, skimming along so close to the ice that it cast its flying shadow on the steely surface.

The winter had been mild and many predicted an early spring, but alas, March 1 it began snowing, and kept it up with such businesslike regularity that soon stone walls and fences began disappearing, and presently even the old-timers had to admit that we were having a real old-fashioned snow storm. A week later many heads of families stated that they had never seen more snow on the ground, and before the middle of the month—the month which ushers in balmy spring—the local newspapers began to talk of records and said that nothing like the snowfall had been known for twenty years.

It is generally believed hereabouts this year that March is a winter month. The sleighing would be good were there not too much of it. It is not pleasant to go out sleighing with a horse and lose him in 6 feet of snow with nothing but the cutter to buoy the spot.

Fortunately the snow has been melting for several days past, and the traveling will soon be better.

The crows apparently go by the calendar, and know as little about weather prognostication as human beings. They all came back on the northward migration about the time of the commencement of the heavy snow. I never pitied a crow before, but though I lose caste as a farmer I will admit that I have pitied them recently, nearly dead from starvation and with scarcely strength to stem the wintry gales that howl across the white expanse. Their hunger has for once made them oblivious of danger, and they come into the dooryards to pick up scraps. The foxes, too, are driven from the woods, and as they can get no mice in the meadows they prowl around and are seen in daytime close to the houses. And each fox carries a \$5 bill on his back in this Yankee land, and lives. The coons, too, seem to go by the calendar. No doubt hibernation is becoming a trifle monotonous, and the coon has a hankering memory of last year's juicy green corn. Last night as I was driving home about 8 o'clock I saw a coon in a field near the road. At first I thought it was a cat, but a close sight of its tail dispelled the illusion and I attempted to gather it in with a club, but my horse took no interest in the sport and started for home and I had to let the coon go.

Skunks and woodchucks are also out and just as much scandalized at the unreasonable depth of snow as the rest of us.

J. B. B.

A True Bear Story.

Just before the holidays of the year '97, on a Monday morning, three fishermen started to try their luck with "tip-up" for the white pickerel of Lake Wescolong (Pike county, Pa.).

The party may be described as made up of two old hunters who had traversed the hills of Pike for well nigh fifty years—and many the flying deer that had come to grief before their old, long, swivel-breech, muzzle-loading Kuntz rifles. These two occupied the front seat of the country democrat, while the rear seat carried a son.

The fish were out on a blue Monday, and when the horses' heads were turned homeward thoughts of a salt pork breakfast tied tongues and palates into a pucker that carried silence for a long way. Finally the boy behind broke the spell: "Drive a bit slow, pop; I saw the track of a bear crossing the road somewhere here."

"A bear; and this tracking snow! Why, boy—why didn't you say so?"

"Never mind, pop. We've had our fish, now we'll make callations on that ar' b'ar hide."

The track was soon discovered—a very large one—headed for Big Spruce Swamp, but it was getting dusk and a light snow was falling. The journey homeward was continued with an occasional shake of the head from the old fellows that plainly told their thoughts that there would be no more seeing anything of that bear track or his hide either.

Next morning there was 4 inches of new snow, a zero thermometer and a wind blowing forty miles an hour. The old men shook their heads. "That b'ar is a goner."

Another son (one of the other man's), who had been listening with much interest, and wishing to mix in a hunt where chances of doing something more than missing foxes ahead of Bang on Ragged Ridge were good, now spoke up: "Just where did that bear leave the road?"

"Between Joe's road and Buckhorn Swail, bearing toward head of pond," was the reply.

It was a lonely, cold trip, but Buckhorn Swail was finally reached, and every foot of the road on both sides back to Joe's road was carefully scanned. No signs were seen. On to Spruce Swamp. An all day's tramp over bogs and through laurels sent this ambitious youngster home with the conviction that the bear was an ox, or more likely, imagination. At any rate, all prints were hidden by the drifting snow.

Wednesday morning opened clear, still and warm. The old fellows shouldered their guns and went off to Buckhorn, with no encouragement from any of the younger men, who couldn't miss this fine snow for fox hunting.

After dark, as the two hunters had not come in, the boys were all anxiously looking for them. What could it mean? At last they came. "Well, boys, we've made a good two mile on that b'ar," they said.

Early next morning the horses, hitched to a jumper, were headed bearward, the party now consisting of five—the old fellows and three sons. All were soon on the trail, finding it very difficult to make much speed on account of the new snow. The bear had walked on a thin crust over the old snow, and breaking through left holes which the new snow hardly ever failed to fill, so that the boys were kept wondering and guessing how these old fellows ever gained so much ground in one day.

Finally the tracks were seen no more, and gradually everybody drew in on where the trail was last seen. "Well, I am going to back in here," said the boy who had spent a whole day tramping over this very ground and who was somewhat chagrined that two old spectacle-eyed fathers could track a bear where he had helped the day before to blot out these tracks within 40 yards of this particular spot; and wishing to do anything to gain a point in his favor, he started on hands and knees with his .40-85 Ballard into the almost impenetrable thicket, so thick and dark that until within 10 feet he could not tell whether it was a bear or a blackened log that confronted his gaze. Finally he called: "You fellows get ready out there. I see him. Don't shoot me. I am going to shoot."

Nothing but a black ball seemed to present itself—no head, legs or anything else.

"Give him a good one," said one of the men on the outside.

"I can't tell what part I am aiming at; he is rolled up so. But here goes."

Bang! and for a bit there was a lively time in that thicket, the boy shoving a fresh cartridge in his gun and the bear quitting the place. Out he went. Bang! bang! bang! bang! It was all over in a minute, and there the bear lay with four bullets through his heart, the other one, the first, going down through his kidneys and paralyzing his hind parts.

"Pretty good shooting, boys," came from the old fellows, when the bear was opened and it was found that any one shot would have killed him, and in a short time. The range was short and target comparatively steady. All that was required was cool heads. That there were five such was evidenced by every man having his trade mark on the bullseye.

STOP.

Ithaca Notes.

It is said that over \$100 worth of fish were caught with nets (illegally) in the southern end of Cayuga Lake one day two weeks ago.

A few ruffed grouse remain scattered through the woods, but at the same time a few hunters have forgotten that the close season is on.

Foxes and minks are very abundant in this region. There should be a reduction of these serious enemies of our small game.

Snow over a foot deep covers the ground. It has been with us three weeks, and the heavy crust has resulted in the death of what few quail there were in this region.

It has been some time since skunks have been as abundant as they are at present in central New York. They have entered houses, public buildings and cellars in the city. Thirty dollars per week represents the earnings of one trapper, for whom skunk skins were the principal feature. This abundance of these creatures means destruction to the eggs of many species of ground-nesting birds during the coming spring.

During the present winter ferrets have been used very extensively in hunting. In fact, it appears that there are more hunters in this region who use them than there are who do not. The result is that a person hunting without a ferret does not stand an equal chance with his neighbors in securing game.

The only kinds of game now seen in our markets are a few specimens of the smaller kinds of wild ducks. Occasionally a sawbill, or merganser, is seen among them. Last year a dealer displayed one of these birds continuously for six weeks, and finally gave it away. A few divers and grebes have been caught out on the snow away from the lake. This year a few guillemots, or Bruennich's murre, have been shot on Cayuga Lake, but they were not at all as abundant as they were two years ago, when they appeared here by the thousands, and had an appreciable effect in diminishing the numbers of small fishes in the lake. In the stomach of one, Professor Surface found twenty-six minnows (shiners); some swallowed head foremost, and some with tails down.

The Fish and Game Association is attempting some important and original lines of work, from which we shall doubtless hear later. The bill which they introduced into the New York State Legislature to prohibit the sale of game birds will probably fail on account of opposition from market-hunters, dealers, transportation companies and hotel men. The Association is going to look after some of the most violent cases of illegal hunting and fishing. Professor Surface has visited Albany twice in the interest of a bill providing for the establishment of a State biological station. He has succeeded in securing its establishment, and in having it placed under the control of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. It was strongly supported by sportsmen and educators.

LUCIUS.

Only One Escaped.

BARRE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One day during my outing last October I was returning from an afternoon's hunt, when I was accosted by a farmer inquiring as to my success. He was surprised at my small bag of three woodcock, for the day before he had killed in his back lot six grouse with a hand rake!

On further questioning him, I learned that there was an old barn on this lot, and after hauling in wheat the farmer had found seven grouse feeding on the grain. Quietly closing the door, the rest was easy; only one escaped. It is not an uncommon occurrence for grouse to fly into a barn or alight on a dwelling, but is it not singular that a bevy of grouse could be lured to a building even as remote as this one may have been?

B.

Maine Hounds and Foxes.

Boston, March 24.—I hear that one or two fox hunting parties—one from Boston and one from Worcester—have lately spent some time in Aroostook county, Me., for the purpose of enjoying the sport that part of the country affords. At the last session of the Maine Legislature, Fish and Game Commissioner C. E. Oak, who is also land agent and forestry commissioner, was reported to have told the fisheries and game committee that his county could furnish annually 100,000 fox pelts for ten years, without in the least diminishing the supply. Hunters who have visited Aroostook county this winter for fox hunting are inclined to believe that his estimate is none too large. The wonderful strain of foxhounds that has been bred in the fox hunting sections of Maine, a race of patient and slow-running dogs, is peculiarly adapted to the enjoyment of the sport by lovers of the dog outside of Maine, as well as the native born.

A fox hunter who has been there this winter tells me that the dogs are simply wonderful. The result of fifty years' careful breeding, they have become rather short-legged, deep-chested and slow-running, and for such reasons are noted for the great delight they afford the hunter. Such a dog will run a fox till he is "holed" or the hunter gets a successful shot. The hunter says that his party struck a most remarkable pack of hounds. Let the hunter take out half a dozen dogs on the same hunt and each dog would, if told, pick up a separate track and stick to it till the fox was shot or "holed," unless called off by his master. He found that the trainers of the dogs could shift them from one track to another, if desired. To lose his track or mistake it for another always subjected the dog to punishment or disgrace, which the dog seemed to feel in a manner almost human. To rabbit or deer tracks they will pay no manner of attention, although the Boston hunters found one dog whose master claimed to be able to shift him from a fox track to that of a rabbit at pleasure. Of the great number of foxes taken in Maine the past winter, it is suggested that more than one-half are taken in traps. "Here," my informant says, "is a chance for hunters and hunting of a very fascinating nature. Stop the trapping of foxes, and a crowd of hunters will be going to Maine for fox hunting. The sport is attractive, and the territory is great."

A Mr. Merrow, of Auburn, Me., writes a friend, from the Klondike, that partridges are very plenty there. The miners take days off for shooting them occasionally. On the last day Mr. Merrow was out for birds he shot nineteen, and could have shot more, had his stock of shells held out. Shells cost there about four times as much as in Auburn.

SPECIAL.

A Call to Arms.

WE hope that every Massachusetts man will make it his business to see his representative and ask him to support House Bill No. 549, which is the best bit of game bird legislation that has come before the House in years. All sportsmen are familiar with this bill, and know that the committee voted against it and in favor of another, a milk and water affair. But the fight has only just begun. Don't lose any time, sportsmen of Massachusetts, but get out and hustle. This action of the committee transfers the fight to the House, and we urge all the pressure that can be brought to bear on your representative. Now is the time—not a year from now, but now, and we will do much to save our birds.

FITCHBURG RIFLE AND GUN CLUB.
J. O. Converse, Secy.

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 16.

Companion Wanted.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from the Middle West saying: "I expect to start, this spring or early in the summer, on a long trip in a gasoline launch from some point on the coast of North Carolina to the Everglades in Florida, reaching there in the winter. As my trip is to be a long one, I would like to have some congenial companion to accompany me to the end. I want some one with enough means to pay his part of the boat, and yet not so rich that he would not accept a position which would pay his expenses if not more. I want some one who would stay with me through thick and thin, a respecter of the game laws, a lover of FOREST AND STREAM, and all it advocates. If you can secure me such a man I should be under lasting obligations to you." Any one interested in this subject may address Companion Wanted, care of this office.

Honors for Mr. Lancaster.

WE are informed that Mr. Charles Lancaster, the well-known gunmaker, of 151 New Bond street, London, has lately been honored with warrants of appointment from H. I. M. the Emperor of Germany, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. Prince Christian.

He already held warrants of appointment from Her Majesty the Queen and from the late Prince Consort.

New York Game Legislation.

THE Governor has signed Assemblyman Post's bill providing that, on Long Island, deer shall not be taken at any other time than between daylight and sunset on the first and second Wednesdays and the first and second Fridays of November. Also his bill providing that, in Suffolk county, Mongolian ring-necked pheasants shall not be taken between Jan. 1 and Oct. 31.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

After Many Years.

GOING out from Madison Square Garden with my friend Harry Brown, of the New York Herald, to get luncheon, we found that we could have broiled scrod, and so we had it, and it was as delicious as any I ever had in Boston, where broiled scrod was discovered soon after the Pilgrims landed, and where it is cultivated to this day to make glad the hearts of those who love the fish in the flesh that is typified in metal on the State House. Over our sea fish we talked of fishing with the fly for fishes of the sweet waters, and as we lighted cigars and moved our chairs into more comfortable positions for enjoying our smoke after a satisfying luncheon, I discovered Mr. Young, of the Madison Square Garden Company, at a nearby table, and as he had also arrived at the tobacco and coffee stage of his repast we talked of the fish exhibit then in the Garden, and of proposed future exhibits, until he told me of some fishing he enjoyed last summer in a lake in Columbia county, in this State. The lake was planted with pike-perch twenty-five years ago, and thereafter for nineteen years nothing was known of the fish planted. Nineteen years without a single pike-perch being taken from the planted lake, and then all at once pike-perch began to take the baited hook, and it was not unusual to take five or six fish to a fisherman, fish of from 4 to 5 and 6 pounds weight, and now, after nineteen years of famine and six years of plenty, pike-perch are caught in the lake weighing up to 10 pounds. As pike-perch were not hatched artificially twenty-five years ago, the planting must have consisted of adult fish, and from what Mr. Young said it was apparent that the pike-perch did not begin to bite the hooks of the fishermen until they had eaten about all the natural food the lake contained, for he says they have practically cleaned out the minnows, suckers, chubs and even the bullheads.

In another lake in northern New York a quantity of adult pike-perch were planted—big fish brought from Lake Champlain—and after the plant was made nothing was seen of the fish until it was claimed that one was found injured at the surface of the water, and was captured and proved to weigh 9 pounds. At the time I was satisfied in my own mind that the fish was speared on its spawning bed by some painters at work on a hotel near by. Then it was reported that a lot of the fish were seen one spring apparently spawning on a sandbar, and that is the last I have heard about them. If a period of nineteen years must elapse before they take the hook, the time is not up, nor will it be for several years to come; but the other feature of Mr. Young's report may cause the thinking people to hesitate before planting pike-perch in waters where they are not native. The State of New York hatched millions of pike-perch every year, and applications are sent in for the fish to be planted in new waters, often, I fear, without proper consideration of what the result will be if the fish thrive and multiply. It is a curious fact that fish, not only pike-perch, but numbers of the salmon family, may be planted in waters apparently suited for them, and that they live and reproduce, and that they will not take the hook for years after. Then of a sudden they may be caught, and thereafter the fishing will be fairly good. There are instances of this kind in planting both the brown and rainbow trout. The biological station that has been proposed for the State of New York would, upon its establishment, remedy many defects now existing in our system of fish planting. We would know what our waters contained of fish food and plant life, and knowing that, could provide fish best adapted to the water, or supply food and make barren waters teem with food for the people who every year demand more and cheaper food. Haphazard fish planting should become obsolete and the product of our hatcheries be planted only in an intelligent manner, and that can be accomplished only by knowing first what our waters contain and the conditions necessary for the well being of the fish to be introduced.

"To Enrich Poor Waters."

While I was writing the above note, and while the ink was yet wet, the evening mail brought me the London Fishing Gazette, and as Marston had written on the wrapper "See page 123," I opened it at once to find an article in line with the subject I was at the very moment touching upon. It is an article that Mr. Marston has translated from a German fisheries journal, and relates to experiments made by two German savants to enrich barren water, water entirely destitute of fish and food to sustain fish. Messrs. R. Zuntz and Karl Knauthe, of the Animal Physiological Institute of the Royal Agricultural High School of Berlin, are the gentlemen who are experimenting in a way, as Mr. Marston says, to show how determined German scientists are to get at the bottom of things. "It is useless to turn fish into waters which will not support the food on which they live." It would be an excellent idea to print that sentence on all fish applications, but I doubt if applicants for fish would appreciate the force of it in all instances; but we have been turning fish into waters without knowing whether it contained food or sufficient food to sustain the fish; and that is why we need a biological station in New York to determine what our waters actually contain. But to return to the German experiments, the object being to discover the nature and quantity of food required to encourage, on the one hand, green algae; and on the other daphniae. If you can start the one-cell algae you can then breed the daphniae, which feed on the algae; then you can put in the fry of fish which feed on the daphniae.

"If these German chemists succeed in their experiments, as they evidently hope to, they will be able to say just what chemical food the water requires, and how much to put in per acre—so much nitre, so much salt, so much sulphate of potassium or ammonia, or magnesia or iron, etc."

"They first take a quantity of the water to be tested, filter it, and put some of it into twelve glass retorts. They then prepare ten separate solutions of the sulphates of iron, magnesia, etc., in strengths varying from 1 per cent. to 5 per cent.—for instance, the sulphate of iron is a 1

per cent. solution, that of ammonia 5 per cent. They also make an infusion of straw by pouring boiling water on to it (10 grammes of straw to 100 of water) and letting it stand for a day, and then filtering it, and in another bottle have some decomposed urine.

"To each of the twelve glass retorts filled with the water to be tested they add four drops of the solution—a different solution to each retort, all properly labeled and numbered. Then to the contents of each of the glass retorts they add one drop of a collection of *Protococcus* or other one-cell algae, which can easily be fished up by means of a plankton net from a pond. The retorts are then plugged with cotton wool, and placed in a warm, light place where all the bottles will get an equal amount of warmth and light.

"If the pond or lake water under examination is wanting in one or other of the chemical matters, in two or three days' time a luxurious green growth will be seen in those bottles which contain the matter in which the pond water is deficient. At this point a few daphniae are put into each of the bottles in order to observe the effect of the different solutions upon them. Eight or ten days will suffice to produce striking differences, as this period is sufficient for the development of several generations of daphniae. It is advisable not to add the daphniae until the algae have made a good start, as the daphniae feed on the algae; just as it is not advisable to turn a flock of sheep into field in which newly-sown grass seed is only just sprouting.

"If in the course of ten days or so the algae and daphniae in some of the bottles increase and flourish much more than in others, it is clear that the chemical manure, as one may call it, which has been added to the bottle in which the daphniae and algae do well is what is wanting in the pond or lake water which is being investigated.

"The next thing is to discover what percentage of it gives the best results, and whether the addition of other matter gives still better results, and so on.

"The result of these minute and careful experiments with the particular water they selected showed that if their estimate is correct the pond or lake it was taken from required 15 kilogrammes of sulphate of iron and 225 kilogrammes of Chili saltpeter (*Natrium nitrat*) per hectare in order to make it suitable for the free growth of algae and daphniae. (Kilogramme = about 2 pounds. Hectare = about 2 acres.)

"They hope to continue their researches on a practical scale, and promise to report progress.

"As I feel sure some of my readers, especially in America, may like to have particulars of the solutions, I give them in English: Sulphate of soda (Glauber's salt), bibasic phosphate of soda, nitrate of soda (Chilian soda) saltpeter, chloride of sodium (common salt), sulphate of potash, sulphate of ammonia, chloride of calcium, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of iron, caustic lime (lime wash).

"I find I have been led on to give more details of this extremely interesting experiment than I intended, but I need hardly point out that if a poor and naturally almost barren water can be rendered rich and life-supporting by the addition occasionally of a little cheap chemical manure, the ultimate benefit to fishculture and consequently to anglers may be immense."

This matter is of so much interest—importance may be a better word to use—that Mr. Marston need make no apology for giving details of the experiments at length. The mere taking of fish eggs and hatching them is but a preliminary stage in fishculture to-day, and it is high time that an advance be made to determine something about the diseases of fish reared in confinement; the food necessary to preserve the health of breeding fish; what our waters contain of fish food, and how to supply it when lacking; the plant and insect life of the waters where fish are planted by thousands or millions, and expected to yield returns in the form of food; the temperature of waters at different seasons and the chemical properties of waters that are barren of fish and fish food, that fish planting may be conducted intelligently to obtain the greatest results in an increased food supply. Whatever is done to increase the supply of food fish must of necessity benefit the angler, the commercial fisherman and the consumer.

Yellow Perch.

Mr. George A. Gales, of New York city, writes: "Will you kindly inform me if perch caught in fresh water ponds or lakes in this State are fit to eat at all seasons of the year?"

Yes. If you desire a personal opinion, I will say they are better eating than black bass when the perch come from some of the cold lakes in the northern part of the State. The colder the water the better the perch, and they are at their best—sweet, firm and delicious—when taken through the ice this very month of March, for they spawn in April and May, depending upon the water they inhabit, and after spawning, their flesh is apt to be watery, though not unfit for food. At times in different localities an epidemic has been known to visit the perch of a lake or pond, and they perish in great quantities, often being washed up on the shores by the wind until it is necessary to turn out a force and bury them; but even at such a time the perch that show no marks of disease are fit to eat, and they are eaten. Again and again after such a visit it has been thought that the perch of a lake have been exterminated by disease, but in a few years they appear, always, as plentiful as ever. Then, too, it is charged that perch are infested with parasites, and so are black bass in warm waters in summer, even more so than the perch, and so I come back to the answer I first wrote, that perch in this State are fit to eat at all seasons, though they are better at some seasons than at others.

The Passing of the Grayling.

To me there has always been a charm about the Michigan grayling which is difficult to describe in words. I know of the fish only from reading about it, but more than once have I resolved to make a pilgrimage to the waters where it is found, or was found, to become personally familiar with it. Twice since the fish was discovered I have been in Michigan for a number of weeks, but each time my visit was made in the winter, and grayling fishing was not in season.

In my imagination I have constructed a great halo about the fish, many-hued and glittering with gold and silver, and my imagination has led my desire until it is well perhaps that I have not caught the fish, possibly to discover that "my idol was a thing of clay." As a child a nurse pictured to me a fairy more beautiful, more kind, more gracious, and sweeter far than all the other troops of fairies with which she inflamed my youthful mind, and I imagined my particular fairy on a pedestal far above her kith and kin—a queen with a scepter, and royalty stamped on her features as her subjects bent the knee in love and homage. So in later years with the grayling, I elevated it above other fishes as one cast in a more delicate mould, of finer fiber, a patriarch among fishes—the one thing to be desired. Now I expect I must go on dreaming of it to the end of the chapter, never knowing whether it deserves, in my opinion, to actually stand above other species in giving delight to the angler, or if it is just an ordinary fish, "little better on the hook than a silver chub."

My reason for saying all this is that in a letter received this evening from G. Henry Shearman, of Bay City, Mich., a friend of D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., whose name will always be associated with the Michigan grayling, he says: "Our grayling is nearly extinct. Hardly ever catch one on the upper Au Sable, where they were so plentiful a few years ago." Man's inhumanity to some species of our fishes will cause millions of those who come after us to mourn their extinction. It seems to be in our blood and bred in our bone to destroy, and when we have killed to satisfy our wants we argue with our consciences as to how we can kill still more and at the same time preserve our self respect. We kill to eat and then kill for specimens; kill to feed a lumber camp; kill to salt down for winter; kill to bring home to friends; kill to be photographed, and kill for all sorts of reasons, when the unclouded truth is that we kill because we love to kill, until we are confronted with the fact that we have overdone the business and destroyed fish or game until it is practically extinct in the regions where it was abundant and where it would have remained plentiful had we been conservative in our killing.

Cope described the Michigan grayling in 1865 and gave it its scientific name. Previous to this, the fish had been known locally as "white trout." In 1868 Mr. J. V. Le Moyne, of Chicago, visited the Jordan and caught the grayling, and the next year Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., caught them in the Rifle, and in 1873 he visited the Au Sable as a pioneer grayling fisherman, and then the fame of the fish spread over the land. In 1874 Uncle Thad Norris visited the Au Sable with Mr. Fitzhugh, and in his excellent article describing the haunts of the fish he says: "European waters were probably never as prolific of grayling as those of Michigan; for trout, which feed largely on the young of all fish, are there found in the same streams. In Michigan rivers, where grayling most abound, there are no trout, and the fry of their own and other species are never found in their stomachs. The various orders of flies which lay their eggs in running water, and the larvae of such flies, appear to be their only food."

Of the fishing at that time Norris says: "In Michigan, in a day's fishing, the true-hearted angler returns to the water a great many more than he puts in his live-box. He will keep none under ½ pound, and where the streams are so abundantly stocked, he will not begrudge their liberty to all under that weight."

That was only twenty-six years ago, and now the grayling are gone from Michigan waters, practically, while in Europe, where the "waters were probably never as prolific of grayling," the fish are still moderately plentiful. Is the fault with our protective laws or with our people, that in twenty-six years we have, with greater capital at the outset, bankrupted a fishing that is still paying dividends on the other side of the sea? Here are extracts from an account of early grayling fishing in Michigan, but I have not the heart to write the author's name, for he was one of the elect in the angling world, a contemplative angler and a kindly man, now in Shadeland, from whence, if his spirit could send a message, he would probably admit that he overdid it without intending to do so:

"On our second day we killed and salted down—heads and tails off—120 pounds of fish, besides eating all we wanted. In one hanging rift close by the bank * * * I took at five casts fifteen fish, averaging ¾ of a pound each. The following day we fished along leisurely until we had our live-boxes, containing each 60 pounds, so full that the fish began to die. Then we passed over splendid pools in which we could see large schools of grayling on the bottom without casting a fly; for we would not destroy them in mere wantonness. In a few days, however, we came across occasional timber camps, where we commenced fishing again, and supplied all hands with fresh fish."

I suppose that sort of thing may have been perfectly proper; any way I do not at this date wish to set up as a judge of ethics of the matter, though really when it comes time for me to go away up above the timber line to push clouds, I hope no one will be able to quote a similar statement from me, for my heirs and assigns may not like to read it, in view of the fact that while on earth I have professed to lead a life of moderation in killing fish, and have as a rule succeeded. In the case of the grayling there seemed to be no means of offsetting the immoderate killing by artificial breeding, for the fish could not easily be reared in the way that trout are bred and reared, and so they had to go, and the question now is, which will be the next fish to follow?

Judging from the same picture that I have seen I would guess that in the nearby future some pen will chronicle the passing of the mascalonge in Wisconsin, although there is a possibility of deferring the end of this fish by artificial means.

Dr. William Henry Drummond.

Just before the Boston Show, Dr. Drummond wrote me from Montreal to ask where we should meet in Boston, and when I arrived, in a rain storm, he was the first to greet me, and I found I was booked for a dinner almost as soon as I could get into evening clothes. At this dinner Dr. Drummond was induced to recite some of his own poems from the "Habitant," which to me are always redolent of balsam boughs, and suggestive of leaping trout

and birch canoes, the portage and other things dear to the heart of the angler in Canada, but he also repeated some of his later poems, as yet unpublished, inspired by the war in Africa, so I was not surprised to hear a day or two ago that he had written a new poem, "Strathcona's Horse," and dedicated to the commander, Lord Strathcona, of the regiment of cavalry recruited in the far Northwest, that has just sailed from Halifax for South Africa, but I was surprised that the unusual compliment had been paid to the sportsman-poet of having his poem cabled to London that it might be published simultaneously in England and Canada.

Dr. Drummond is a great-hearted, generous, lovable man, and a sportsman to the core, and all his verses are instinct with out-of-door life and action, and he has found a congenial field for his genius in the events of the African war. Here is an extract from "Strathcona's Horse":

"But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and the shimmering summer streams,
Must vanish forevermore, perchance into the land of dreams;
For the strong young North hast sent us forth to battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where the ocean trends, is the trail we ride to-day!"

This evening, while looking over some of Dr. Drummond's letters, I came across one written just about a year ago when the snow was almost as deep as it is now, and at a time when he was having the first touch of that fever which comes to anglers in the spring or late winter, and which is the only fever welcomed by fishermen:

"Mr. Bardick writes me a letter in which he refers to birds and fish, and says you and he had a twenty-four hours' talk the other day—babbling streams and all that sort of thing. I'm feeling that way myself:

"O rise up, Nelson Cheney, and prepare your Parmachenee,
Your six-ounce rod and leader, your landing net and 'book';
For I've given up feeling lazy, and I'm crazy, crazy, crazy,
To join you, Nelson Cheney, by the troutlet-haunted brook.
I can hear the river calling high above the lusty brawling,
Of the rapid as it plunges the mountain gorges through.
In loving tones it calls me, and no matter what befalls me,
I'll obey the welcome summons in a month (or maybe two)!
And I'll bring, O, Nelson Cheney, just a little teenie weenie
Flagon of the vale Glenlivat that will make your soul rejoice,
And relieve your aching femur (while waiting for the steamer!)—
Then harken, Nelson Cheney, to my tender pleading voice."

"Waiting for the steamer" was performed in four acts and seven scenes going to and returning from the St. Maurice Club. We did not wait for the steamer to arrive, but we waited on it, hoping it would depart; waited while it was on a rock; waited, breathlessly, while it hung in a rapid, not knowing whether we would surmount the rapid or drift back and be thrown on the rocks, and finally, on the return, when the steamer went hard and fast on a sand bar, Mr. Ruckbone and I took to a canoe and left Dr. Drummond waiting for the steamer to get off the bar, and there he waited for more than twenty-four hours. It was the first trip of a new steamer up the St. Maurice River, taking us to the club house of the St. Maurice Club on Wayagamac Lake, where we had the finest of trout fishing and forgot all about waiting for the steamer.

Ice Fish or Smelts.

Mr. C. Harry Morse writes me from Boston: "I have read with much interest your notes on the so-called ice fish of Lake Champlain. Of course, you know exactly where you stand in the matter, but I thought I might add a word from my knowledge of this subject. I am not at all a 'fish sharp' and know few fish save only by their local names.

"I have fished Lake Champlain from Grand Isle to Otter Creek, both sides, and have caught hundreds of dozens of smelts in the vicinity of Burlington. That is what they were called in that section, and the name ice fish I never heard until I saw it in your notes. Is it not possible that this is a local name peculiar to the southern end of the lake? It seems to me it must be, or else the name has been taken up recently. At any rate, fifteen years ago they were called smelts (there is no question but what they are the same fish) about Burlington, and were not known by any other name. When I first came to know them it was the popular belief that they left the lake in the spring for the ocean via St. Lawrence, returning in the late fall. But later on we came to know that some of them at least remained in the lake through the summer. I remember to have seen one which was taken in the middle of the summer, though just how I cannot say, though my impression is that it was taken in a seine with other fish. When I was in school several of us boys owned a shanty which we took onto the ice as soon as the lake was apparently frozen over to stay, and moved it about during the winter. We were in the habit of spending our Saturdays and many after-school hours in this shanty smelt fishing.

"We fished about all the different smelt grounds around Burlington, and if any one had called the smelt an ice fish I am sure I would have heard of it, yet I never did. The only point in this which I thought might be of interest to you is the fact that not only are the fish referred to smelt, but they are so known, and only so—or at least were a few years ago—in another part of the same lake. I catch the same fish in Boston Harbor. At least, they look to me to be the same fish, and when cooked freshly taken, taste the same as the Lake Champlain smelt. Port Henry is a little further south than my fishing range extended, and possibly they have always had ice fish there; but about Burlington I can't believe it."

A few years ago I threshed this smelt-ice fish question out in FOREST AND STREAM more freely than the matter has been referred to in my notes of the past few weeks. At that time a number of contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, including, I remember, Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, bore testimony to the fact that some few smelt at least were known to have been taken from Lake Champlain during the summer months, showing that if the bulk of the fish returned to salt water after spawning in the spring, numbers of the tribe remained in the fresh water of the lake throughout the year. Since that time I have become more than ever convinced that the great body of smelts do go out to the St. Lawrence and return, and I

have given my reasons for so believing. One is that nowhere are such large smelts found as in Lake Champlain, except in the St. Lawrence when they are running up that river in the late autumn. At the time of the discussion to which I refer, I mentioned that so far as I know, smelts were taken through the ice of Lake Champlain only at West Port, Port Henry and at Burlington.

As to the name ice fish, I presume it may have originated on the west shore of the lake and be local to that region. I first heard it about 1874 or '75 at a hotel at Port Henry, as I was passing through to the county seat, and when I saw the fish I said they were smelts, and this was disputed until I sent some to be identified, and I have been more or less familiar with them ever since. Two years ago I planted 5,000,000 smelt fry for the Fishing Game and Forest Commission in Lake Champlain, the fry coming from the Long Island station at Cold Spring Harbor, and I think another lot of fry from Long Island will be planted in the lake this year.

"My Little Girl."

Not long ago a friend was writing me about rods, their power, weight, manufacture, etc., for he is a mighty angler with the light rod and artificial fly, and has to his credit one of the largest brook trout ever caught with fly in fair angling, and he said: "My little girl captured a 3-pound 5-ounce trout on a 2-ounce rod last fall in the pool below Upper Dam. It required a lot of fine work to land the fish, as the water was very swift and her line only 35 feet, and H at that. She was dangling the fly over the 'gunnel' when the trout took it, and it almost took her fingers at the same time. It was an ugly male."

Think of it. A little girl with a 2-ounce rod, 35 feet of line and swift water playing and landing a trout of 3 pounds and 5 ounces!

There is no way of expressing exultation with a stub pen, but as I read the letter I had no difficulty in imagining the pride in the father, for I have a big girl of my own who was once a little girl and went fishing, and I recall a day when my little girl and a friend's little boy went trout fishing in charge of a young man, while the fathers of the two children took a day off from fishing to look over tackle, etc. A heavy storm came up on that warm summer's day, and the father of the little boy walked the floor and bewailed that his child should get wet, and the father of the little girl smoked his pipe and hoped the storm would not raise the water and spoil the fishing, for he knew beyond a peradventure that his little girl would not show a yellow streak because of a thunder shower, and when they all came back wet and draggled, but happy and rosy, and the little girl had caught the only trout taken that day, her father took her up in his arms in all her wet clothes and mused his boiled shirt front just under his chin. I know something about little girls myself.

I see that I have used the expression "one of the largest brook trout ever caught with fly in fair angling," and I must confess that I did it inadvertently, but the mention of Upper Dam carried my thoughts back to a time when I witnessed attempts at that place to catch trout with an alleged fly that was not fair by any manner of means, but FOREST AND STREAM exposed the whole thing long ago, and as I am writing of Mr. E. S. Osgood, of Brooklyn, and his little girl, it would not have been necessary to say fair angling had I mentioned his name at the beginning.

Smelts and Tautogs.

A correspondent in Providence, R. I., writes: "I wonder if the fish I caught off the wharf at Crescent Park last fall were smelts? I was fishing for small bluefish, and the fish I think may have been smelts were from 4 to 7 inches long and so transparent as to be almost light green, and they had blue stripes along their sides. They took almost any bait and came to the top of the water for it. I used a white horsehair leader and no sinker, and every time the bait touched the water, it was attacked by a whole school of these fish. They were fine eating, but small.

"I had another experience, which I think even you will consider out of the ordinary. With a friend I was about to go last fall for a day's fishing for tautog, when an acquaintance of ours who had never done any salt-water fishing asked permission to accompany us, and as there were not too many in the boat, he was told to come and bring his tackle. He was at the train at the appointed time, carrying a package of tackle, as we supposed, though it afterward proved to be something else. Arriving at the fishing ground off Warwick Light, we were surprised to find all the tackle our friend had was a five-cent mouse-colored line, cotton and about F in size, such as he would use in a fresh-water pond if fishing for bullheads. My friend looked at the outfit and at its owner and said in a quiet way, 'I'll bet that the largest fish hooked to-day bites on your line.' We loaned him two hooks, snooded, which he attached to his line and commenced fishing. It was not very long before we saw him give a decided pull, and my friend said, 'You have got him,' and he had, but he wanted some one to land the fish, and my friend took the line and permitted the fish to go to the bottom, as he was afraid of the line's breaking. By careful work he got the fish up where we could see it, and behold, there were two large tautogs. Eventually they were brought up where we could get hold of the snoods and the fish were lifted into the boat. On our return we stopped at a store and put the fish on the scales and found that together they weighed a trifle over 13 pounds."

Smelt or Sand Smelt.

The fish that my correspondent caught off the wharf at Crescent Park may have been the smelt, and very likely likely it was, but his description also fits another fish called a smelt, which it is not. The sand smelt, or silversides, is a small fish not unlike the Eastern smelt in general appearance, and it has a similar dark line along the sides. It swarms along the Atlantic coast near the shore and in brackish water, and at various points is called "frier," "caplin," "sand smelt" and "anchovy," and is a finely flavored fish, but inferior to the Eastern smelt. The sand smelt may be easily distinguished from the Eastern smelt, as the latter has the second dorsal or fatty fin generally considered peculiar to the brook trout, and the sand smelt has a small spinous dorsal, and its second dorsal is raved and much larger, while the ventral fin at its base is longer than the

two dorsals. Again, the pectoral fin of the sand smelt is placed high up on the median line (the line the correspondent mentions) and the pectoral of the Eastern smelt is low, below the point of the gill cover, but the presence or absence of the adipose or fatty fin, peculiar to all the salmon tribe, will determine the species, the fatty fin marking the Eastern smelt every time.

Mykiss.

Mr. Marston in reviewing the Third Annual Report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York, in his paper, the Fishing Gazette, London, has delved into his imagination to account for the specific name of the black spotted trout *Salmo mykiss*, and says: "Mr. A. Nelson Cheney quotes Jordan and Evermann; 'It is not unlikely that when the waters of the Northern Hemisphere are fully explored, it will be found that the black spotted trout of America, Europe and Asia are forms of one species, for the oldest name is *Salmo trutta*, Lin.' Mr. Cheney adds, '*Salmo trutta* is the sea trout or salmon trout of Europe, and as I was instrumental in bringing the first of them to this country, and the State of New York has planted some under the name of Scotch sea trout, I hope it has not made trouble for the ichthyologists.'"

The black spotted trout has got many more romantic names, one of them being *Salmo mykiss virginialis*. Mykiss is of Indian origin, and there is a very pretty tradition that the fish got its name when a gay young redskin warrior sent a brace he had shot with his "steelhead" arrow to his sweetheart, saying the hundreds of pretty black spots on them were "my kisses."

"If Mr. Cheney has not heard of this derivation before he will thank me for it, and put a picture of that fabulous—I mean fabulously beautiful—trout he so kindly got called after me in his next report. I am beginning to think it was only a dodge of his to get me to go out to fish for it."

No, Brother Marston, that was a square deal anent the *Salvelinus marstoni*, and I expect you will yet see it in all its beauty of coloring from the brush of the artist Denton, for some specimens have been promised to me in a condition to be used for models by the artist. When you see the fish that has been named for you I am sure you will be seized with the desire to cross the sea to seek it in its native lair, and then you may see the dusky Indian maiden in the far West as I have seen her, and then, if from a white man's view point, you do not revise your kissing explanation of the name of the black-spotted trout, I will try and find another fish to be named after you. The trouble is, you have been thinking of Cooper's Indian maiden, while I have in mind the real thing, untutored and unwashed—not the Indian maiden of the books in London, but the Indian maiden of the plains in the flesh as she appeared to me thirty years ago, when, I'll swear, I would not have sent her any trout, whatever an Indian might have done.

Fish at the Sportsmen's Shows.

A friend, an old salmon fisherman, writes me: "I spent two hours at Madison Square Garden last Friday and enjoyed it. It is doubtful if I will get down again. I also attended the Boston show a week ago. I thought the fish on exhibition, although there was not as many of them, were in better condition than those at Boston. Many of the latter had fungus on them, which I suppose indicates an unhealthy condition." It is almost impossible to transport large fish and confine them in small space, as is necessary in a fish car, and in the tanks at the exhibitions, and not have the fish suffer more or less from bruises, and fungus follows wherever the skin is abraded, but it does not follow from this condition that the general health of the fish is bad, and fungus can be cured and is cured. To move a lot of large fish of the salmon family a considerable distance and keep them in good condition at a show is more of an undertaking than is apparent to the casual observer of the fish in the show tanks, for the ordinary appliances of a State Commission are not planned for moving very large breeding fish. The United States Fish Commission cars are fitted with pumps for circulating water and pumping air, and receptacles for large fish can be put into the cars if necessary, but a State Commission to move the large fish must, from necessity, use the ordinary round shouldered cans such as are made for transporting fish fry, fingerlings and yearlings, as that is all they are called upon to do in the ordinary service of the Commission. In the most careful of handling the fish may be bruised, or they will bruise themselves, so that often their noses will give one the impression that they are in a worse condition than they are, but they recover their normal condition as a rule when they are returned to the stock ponds from which they were taken, and the interest the people take in a fish exhibit warrants more trouble and more expense than the Commission or fish breeder is put to in making the exhibit, and this interest is growing each year, as any one may observe who has followed the exhibitions since the first one and witnessed the crowds constantly about the fish tanks at the State and other fairs. That such exhibitions of fish and the methods of propagating fish properly displayed are educational there can be no doubt whatever, and it is to be hoped that they will be continued on an enlarged scale to show more fully the processes of fish hatching and rearing.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Big Bass of Pumpkin Hollow.

BASS are often caught which are said to weigh from 7 to 8 pounds, but which are seldom placed upon the scales. When they are, it is often the case that they do not tip the beam at either of the above notches.

I have often noticed, too, how very few of these extra large beauties are taken by men who are true fishermen—who use tackle carefully selected and prepared, and are always anxious lest their line, rod or snell may not stand the terrible strain of a battle with a 6-pounder.

I have devoted the most of my spare time for the past twenty years to catching and studying the habits of the bass of Cumberland River, so that it is hard to find a place for twenty-five miles along the banks of this truly beautiful stream with which I am not thoroughly acquainted. During one of my tramps in August, when the water was clear as crystal, I saw some very fine bass at a place called Pumpkin Hollow, and as the spot had been

specially blessed by the hand of nature with cool springs, delightful shade and other attractive surroundings, I decided that this should be our camping ground for October fishing.

On the morning of Oct. 12 a jovial party, composed of Mr. Thos. Reed, of Rushville, Ind.; Messrs. J. M. Richardson, C. V. Mallory, T. Z. Morrow, Jr., and myself, of Somerset, Ky., drove over one of the worst roads in the State of Kentucky, with tents and full equipment for a week's outing. After a drive of four hours, we covered the terrible ten miles of bad road and reached the bluffs of the majestic Cumberland. The view which greeted us was simply magnificent; looking down from the summit of a cliff, many hundred feet in height, we beheld our goal, where, like a silver thread, the rippling waters crept through the dense foliage on its route to the Gulf. After feasting our eyes for awhile on the embellishments of nature, which were here conspicuous on every hand, we proceeded to get closer and into camp.

After dinner all appeared enthusiastic and anxious for the sport, which, notwithstanding the fact that an unpleasantly cool wind was blowing, was good, as twenty-three bass were taken, four of which weighed 3 pounds each, six 2½ pounds each and others down to 1 pound—it having been agreed to throw all bass back into the stream which would weigh less than a pound.

After a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, every one was ready for the day's sport. When Reed, Mallory and myself went down to the river, we found our boatman, Bill Meece, ready and waiting for us. Slowly trolling up stream, we soon arrived at the place where I had seen those big fellows last August. Bill cast anchor at the proper place. Putting on good, fresh minnows, we now began casting. The boat was in eddy water with swift running water on either side.

My first cast was rewarded with a beautiful "hang" on some rocks, as I had miscalculated the depth of the water. However, after some little trouble I succeeded in getting loose, and after pointing my hook and moving cork down, out went my red belly chub again, and to my dismay only to hang in the same place. What do you generally say under such circumstances? Well, I said it, and probably put a little more emphasis on the expression than was necessary. After a hard pull my good Pinnell hook and red belly chub were still under the rock. By this time Reed and Mallory had each taken a 3-pounder and lost one strike. I was soon with them again, and still lowering my cork I cast out in the same place as before. When my cork reached the place where I had first got fast, it went down as on previous trials, and of course I thought it was only another "hang," and I was more emphatically annoyed than before, but my surprise may be imagined when on giving a light pull my line went out at a terrific rate.

Out, out and out went the line, and I soon saw it would all be gone when I told Bill to raise anchor and follow him. It was done in a minute, and the boat was going down stream when he stopped. He now had 45 yards of line and had traveled from right of boat to left in eddy water, with line bagging through the swift current. To hook him thus would be folly, so I told Bill to follow him again and I reeled up until only about 15 yards were out. I gave it to him and out he came with mouth wide open, rushing wildly up stream, breaking water again and again, and jumping at least 2 feet. Back and forth he sailed, lashing the water into foam, several times exhausting nearly every foot of line. After a battle royal of twenty-two minutes he was taken in. He was certainly a beauty, laying in the bottom of the boat working his gills, but otherwise thoroughly exhausted. We immediately pulled up stream to camp to show our prize. We placed the beauty upon the scales, and to the astonishment of all he weighed 7½ pounds. This was something unusual, and we could hardly believe our eyes. It was at once decided to break camp and get to town as quickly as possible with our prize alive, which we accomplished by a fast drive of three hours and the aid of fresh water from four creeks we had to cross. On arriving in town he was again weighed on Fairbanks' scales, and tipped the beam at 7 pounds 2 ounces, having lost 6 ounces on the trip.

The monster bass was soon thoroughly revived and placed in a large tank, where he lived for six days, and would have lived much longer, but some one, not content with looking at him in the tank, took him out and let him fall, and soon afterward he died. I immediately sent my prize to the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, and he is now properly mounted and on exhibition in their museum.

I have caught a great many bass weighing from 4 to 5 pounds, and have always contended that a bass of 3 or 3½ pounds was gamer than the heavier ones, and that after they reach the weight of 4 pounds or over they are more or less sluggish and will not break water as freely as the smaller ones, but this monster was the gamest fish I ever tackled, breaking water seven times.

R. H. BARTELLS.

Sunday Laws in New England.

BOSTON, March 26.—Fishing is going to be very late this year, unless the weather makes a sudden change to much warmer and stays so for at least one week. Ice is still forming every night in the vicinity of Boston, while a little further from the sea coast there is yet a good deal of snow on the ground, with frozen streams and ponds. As for Maine and New Hampshire, it looks as though one month could hardly begin to remove the vast volume of snow, to say nothing of clearing the ice from the lakes, ponds and streams. It will be remembered that the Maine Legislature, at its last session, one year ago, made the open season on landlocked salmon and trout to begin on the going out of the ice from each body of water. April 1 opens the season on trout and landlocked salmon in this State, but that is Sunday this year, a legal close day on all fishing and shooting. Several owners of streams and preserves on the Cape, and in other southerly sections of the State, propose to go down to camp on Saturday night next. Some of them do not say that they intend to fish on Sunday, while they do not want their names in the papers. Others boldly declare that they intend to fish on the opening day of the season, if the weather is warm enough to move the ice.

The matter of changing this Sunday law has been proposed to the present Massachusetts Legislature, but so far it has met only a storm of resistance from Sabbatarians,

with the argument proposed that busy men who desire to fish and shoot should be willing to lose their time and hunt or fish week days. To change the law so as to allow of fishing and shooting on Sundays they say will let loose a horde of foreigners, who have to work on week days but love to fish and shoot. This will result in great destruction to the fish and game, as well as song and insectivorous birds. They urge hunters and fishermen to consent willingly to the Sunday close time, in order to keep this foreign element, that is already causing a good deal of trouble to farmers and country people, under control.

Even in Maine this Sunday shooting by Italian laborers, working week days on railroads and buildings, has come to be a terrible nuisance, if not a decided menace to game as well as song birds, with even the farmer's sheep and cattle not always safe. In Maine they hunt in gangs every Sunday, paying no regard whatever to close seasons or any other seasons. Officials mention that while their depredations are generally limited to robins and small birds, they do not hesitate to shoot almost anything they find. To attempt to arrest them is to find that whole gangs are concerned in the shooting, dozens of men who cannot speak a word of English, and who all look alike and have no money to pay fines. Farmers say that the only attention they pay to being driven off is to immediately appear again in some other locality. Farmers who have had anything to do with this foreign shooting element do not want any open Sundays to either fishing or shooting. A gentleman from Maine tells me that in the vicinity of where a gang of Italian laborers were at work on a large public building last season, there is not a robin to be found, or was not before the season of migration last fall. These laborers shot every Sunday, and the authorities were unable to stop them.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Turtle Lake Trout Trip.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 24.—It would seem that Turtle Lake Club, of Michigan, expects every man to do his duty on May 1. Earlier mention has been made of the party which will be headed on opening day by Mr. J. D. Hawks, of Detroit. It now appears that the following will comprise Mr. Hawks' party, as cast at this date: Messrs. J. C. Hutchins, G. B. Barbour, F. B. Dickerson, Fish Commissioner; C. A. Rathbone, E. G. Nicols, Battle Creek; John Nicols, W. W. Churchill, New York; Marshall Whitaker, ex-Fish Commissioner; John S. Sweeney, Burke M. Graham, Bryant Walker, A. H. Sibley, E. Hough, Chicago; W. H. Boardman, New York.

To these the following words of advice are sent by Mr. Hawks:

"The procession moves at 6:10 P. M., April 29, from Fort Street Depot, Detroit, for the happy hunting grounds at Turtle Lake. You are expected to get yourselves as far as Bay City on the Pere Marquette Railroad (probably on 'hunters' tickets'), and I will take care of the rest. The trout fishing is fly fishing, and wading boots (hip boots) will be required. If you have a favorite rod bring it along with your pet suit of old clothes. If you are shy on rods, I have plenty, and plenty of flies. Worm fishing is not barred—just looked down upon. If you are not up on fly fishing, do not be afraid to come, as the trout are anxious to be caught by as good looking a crowd as you are, and then there are other attractions.

"This is a preliminary letter to enable you to fix your business matters (if you have any) so as to take a week or ten days off. Please keep me posted as to prospects of your going. If you cannot go, it is one on you, as the crowd will go without you and will not wait for you. If you come in a day or two later, it will be another one on you, as you will have to hire a team to take you from Alpena to Turtle Lake, at an expense of \$8, and foot the bill yourself."

Mr. Hawks adds the following in a personal letter: "Some years ago you went with Mr. Geo. Alexander to the Fontinalis Club. I am a member of that club; in fact, I originated it.

"Our trout fishing at Turtle Lake is done mostly in the South Branch of the Thunder Bay River. This stream is just right for fly fishing, larger than Fontinalis, and smaller than the Au Sable. Just right for wading, and just right every way. We will have a nice party and a good time.

"One advantage of the Turtle Lake Club is that when the day comes (April 29, 6 P. M.), the procession moves and waits for no man. If any one fails to show up, we grieve, and let it go at that, and hope he may get along a day or two or three later. This, you see, prevents any one from feeling that he is putting other persons out if he does not find it convenient to go. The latch string is always out at the club house, summer and winter. I am going up the last of the week to see about some new buildings we are to put up this spring. We have a keeper I want you to see; as a newspaper man, if you cannot get more items from him than from a dozen ordinary men, I lose my guess. His name is Buck, for short, and he is a character and no mistake. Now come along if you can. There are plenty of trout, plenty of bass and pike in the lake, but we do not do much with them in May. The trailing arbutus is worth going that far to see. Your fishing days and mine are short, so do not waste any of them."

Now that Mr. Hawks mentions it, I believe I am feeling just a little peaked, and about May 1 I fear I shall be feeling peaked, so that a trip such as that above suggested would be almost a necessity. I don't know why it is, but I am often taken that way, along at the first of the different seasons.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Game and Fish Legislation.

ALBANY, March 26.—(Special.)—In the Senate, last Thursday, the consideration of the Willis bill to prevent the further pollution of streams inhabited by fish by the dumping of refuse and deleterious products from manufacturing factories operated upon the banks of such streams provoked a heated debate between Senator Brown and Senator Brackett. Senator Brackett said it had come to a

pretty pass when the Legislature considered bills adverse to some manufacturers and calculated "to protect some fish and suckers." Senator Brown said that the bill was designed as a check, making it obligatory upon manufacturers to obtain the consent of the State Board of Health to dump refuse, etc. The bill was killed.

On Tuesday the Haymarket Forest and Stream Club, of Fort Plain, was incorporated by the Secretary of State. It is proposed to stock the streams within a radius of twenty miles of Fort Plain with food and game fishes, to enforce the fish and game laws through special protectors and foresters, and to maintain a club house. The directors are William D. Shults, William Greeley, John Parr, F. J. Ehle, Emiel Rebell, Charles J. Lumley, C. J. Parry, H. C. Hix, George O'Connor, Jr., J. C. Moyer, W. M. O'Connor and Charles Scott, of Fort Plain.

Tarpon on the West Coast.

The first tarpon known to have been taken on the west coast of Florida this season was captured early in March by Mrs. Hacamott, of Rochester, N. Y., near Naples, Fla. It was a small one, weighing less than 50 pounds, but made a good fight and was successfully brought to boat.

The early spring fishing along the west coast of Florida is comparatively little known, but from Homosassa all the way to the Ten Thousand Islands and the Keys it is excellent both in quality and quantity. The fish caught are all used for food, and there is a good demand for the surplus taken by the anglers, who are always able to give them away on the dock when they land.

On many of the best known grounds of Florida the tarpon fishing is not at its best until the weather grows warm, so that the temperature of the water has been considerably raised; and in many places this does not take place until late April or early May.

Opening of the Trout Season.

On Long Island, March 29; Rest of State April 16.

UNDER the fish, game, and forest law of this State, Chapter 20 of the Laws of 1900, the close season for trout is from Sept. 1 to April 15, both inclusive, in all parts of the State except Long Island. For Long Island the close season is from Aug. 31 to March 28, both inclusive. Section 100 of this law provides, however, that trout taken lawfully may be sold or possessed in the city of New York in the open season established for Long Island, or from March 29 to Aug. 30, both inclusive.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE,
Secretary New York Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. C. M. Munhall, Secretary of the Cleveland Kennel Club, Cleveland, O., informs us that the Cleveland Kennel Club have secured the dates of May 2, 3, 4 and 5 for their fifth bench show, following Pittsburg.

Yachting.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.—I.

THE condition of the measurement question on both sides of the Atlantic at the present time is by no means a satisfactory one, as none of the rules now in use in America or Great Britain are conducive to the best interests of yachting as a whole. It has so happened at times in the past few years that special circumstances have created a new racing class or restored a temporary prosperity to an old one; such results, however, have not only been of limited duration, but the benefit has been limited exclusively to the machine type. So far as the general interests of yachting are concerned, they have suffered steadily either by the lack of interest in racing or by the bad types of yachts produced in the temporary revivals. Apart from the development of higher and higher speeds through the means of costly and fragile construction and the sacrifice of useful qualities, the only improvements have been through the restricted classes, one-design and otherwise; but though these have been of great benefit in the emergency, and though they may often be of service under special conditions, they in no way lessen the necessity for a good general measurement rule to govern the great body of racing yachts.

The popular idea of the powers and functions of a measurement rule is very far from correct, as the rule itself is only one of several important factors in the prosperity of yachting. The good influences of a rule are to a great extent negative; no rule, however perfect, will induce a man to build and race a yacht if he prefers golf or tennis or horses, or if he has no inclination for sailing. The bad tendencies of a rule, on the other hand, like most things evil, are always positive and active; they act quickly and strongly to kill the interest of good yachtsmen, to discourage building and racing, and to produce depression in all branches of yachting. This has never been more clearly demonstrated than at the present time, when the great cost, the limited racing life and the low sale value of the modern racing yacht, due to her extreme machine form and light and unsubstantial construction, have driven out of yachting entirely, or possibly into the small one-design classes, the best of the old patrons of the sport. It is not to be expected that a new

rule, however perfect, if adopted to-day, will bring back at once, perhaps in the face of unfavorable external conditions, all who were formerly prominent as racing owners; but at the same time the only hope of a fairly prosperous future for the sport of yacht racing lies in the adoption of such rules as will restore as nearly as possible the conditions existing a dozen years ago, when a yacht designed and built specially for racing, such as Volunteer, Titania, Katrina and even Gloriana, could be used to advantage for general yachting and also could be sold at a reasonable figure after her first few seasons of racing were over. It is only through such conditions in yachting that any large number of men can be held true to the sport for more than a season or so, or any material increase be made from the ranks of young men in search of some suitable sport as a diversion and hobby.

The present state of the measurement question in this country may be summed up in very few words. The Seawanhaka rule, adopted in 1882-3 by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and in turn by the New York Y. C. and nearly all the American and Canadian clubs, met the needs of the time very completely, and up to about nine years ago was strongly influential in producing excellent vessels, both centerboards and keels. With the invention of the bulb-fin in 1891 a new principle was introduced which the rule failed to cover—the power of a vessel to carry sail dependent on two levers, the horizontal one (the half-beam) and the vertical one (the draft). In the shoal centerboard type, such as the old sandbagger, the power was derived from the former only, the weight being the crew and the sandbags on the weather gunwale; in the old leadmine or plank-on-edge cutter, with a beam of one-sixth of the length, practically all the power was derived from the heavy lead keel hung on a long level represented by the deep draft of the very narrow hull. In the medium type of well-proportioned keel or centerboard-yacht such as Minerva and Volunteer, the two levers acted in concert to give power with moderate dimensions. In every case, however, the levers were represented by the actual hull dimensions.

The trick of separating one of the levers from the hull was introduced in canoeing as long ago as 1886 in the introduction of the thwartship sliding seat, by which in a hull of join beam a man was enabled to exert his weight on a lever 6 ft. long (the slide), in order to obtain power to carry a large sail plan. The fin-keel introduced the same trick into yachting; the hull dimensions were cut down until the so-called yacht became a mere overgrown canoe, with no stability from form or hull dimensions, but the power to carry sail was secured by means of a deep plate of thin metal bolted to the keel and in turn carrying on its lower edge a heavy bulb of lead. Considering the open evasion of the spirit of the rules involved in both of these tricks, and the serious detriment they have worked to both sports, canoeing and yachting, it is sad to reflect that they were actually welcomed by canoeists and yachtsmen as important advances, and no timely means were taken to amend the rules so as at least to put a fair price upon the advantage gained by this new use, or rather gross misuse, of the levers.

The form of the evil was the same in both the canoe and the yacht—the sliding seat in the former and the fin-keel in the latter made it both possible and desirable in the interests of higher speed to cut down the bulk of the body until all internal space was sacrificed and a mere racing machine was produced. The hull dimensions of the yacht, beam and depth, which in varying proportions were necessary in all cases to give power, incidentally gave room which made the vessel useful for general cruising; but by employing a separate lever, the fin, for carrying the weight of lead keel formerly attached directly to the hull, it was possible to reduce beam, draft of hull and depth of hold to such limits that there was no internal space left.

The free and unrestricted admission of the fin-keel boats on an equality of measurement under the Seawanhaka rule with the older yachts of full body—to the great advantage of the former in the matter of prizes—gave a temporary stimulus to racing, but at a heavy cost to the sport at large. In 1895-6 came another development of a mischievous nature, the introduction of the scow type, centerboard and fin-keel, with the measured waterline in the upright position cut to the minimum by the use of elliptical waterlines, effective length for sailing being obtained by heeling the boat to a rank angle, while the power was obtained in both types by trickery with the unmeasured levers. The fin-keel principle has invaded all classes, from the goft. cutters downward, and the scow principle, of blunt waterlines for measurement and sailing on edge, has made its way up as high as the 43 ft. class, with a possibility of going still higher with advances in engineering. The Seawanhaka rule, still in nominal use, has long since ceased to measure in any useful way the principal factors of speed, and the only result of the open evasion now general is the production of more and more useless freaks, from Columbia and Shamrock down to the Seawanhaka 20-footers.

The question of a suitable remedy has been under discussion for several years, but all that has thus far been accomplished is the attempted adoption of the British girth rule by the Yacht Racing Union of North America. Under this rule was built last year the 35 ft. linear rating class on the lakes, to race for the Canada cup. The result of the races, as already told at length in the FOREST AND STREAM, was the victory of a semi-fin in the defending fleet and an extreme skimming dish in the challenging fleet, the latter winning the final races. Judged by these two types which it has produced on the lakes, to the exclusion of the deeper, roomier and abler yachts heretofore used there, the rule has been a failure. After a nominal attempt to introduce it on Long Island Sound last year, the Sound Y. R. A. has lately gone back to the Seawanhaka rule. At the present time no effort is being made to further investigate the subject or to study proposals for new rules, and matters are likely to drag along as they have been for an indefinite time.

The condition of yachting in Great Britain is somewhat different from that in this country, as the rule now in use was adopted much later (1896), after some years' experience with the fin-keel type, and in answer to a demand for something more stringent than the old rating rule, then being evaded in the same manner as the Seawanhaka rule was here. The main point about the new "linear rating" rule, as we often explained, is the introduction of a new factor, the girth measured by means of a tape applied to the skin of the vessel, from the waterline,

down under the keel and up to the waterline. As on a given beam and draft a yacht of a full V section and with good internal room will naturally have a shorter girth than one of the extreme S section (the semi-fin type), and especially than the fin-keel, it was assumed that this use of girth as a factor would produce a better type of yacht.

Whether or no the rule has proved a success in the larger classes is an open question. We have recently discussed the matter with some of the makers of the rule and others who favor it, and they contend that it is a success in that it has operated against the extreme fin-type and very straggling dimensions and has made it possible for yachts of more moderate dimensions and greater internal room to compete successfully with the fin-keels. The latter, it may be said, are still in the fight, the existing ones, such as Niagara, being reduced in draft to fit the girth measurement, while the ones built since the rule came into operation are of more moderate beam and draft than before. In the smaller classes, of 36 ft. linear rating down to 18 ft., the winning boats are all of the day sailing type, with no pretensions to any accommodation, and they are either fin-keels or semi-fins, the effect of the rule being merely to limit excessive beam and draft.

Before it can be said that the rule is successful or otherwise, the intent of its makers must be settled. It is contended by some who were instrumental in its adoption that the end in view was only to place a moderate restriction upon the extreme dimensions of the fin type and to make it possible for a yacht of more normal form and greater displacement to contend on even terms with the fins. While this may be so, we can say from a careful study of the long discussion preceding the change of rule—in 1894-5—the opinions of leading yachtsmen as expressed in letters to the Field, the Yachtsman and other journals, and from personal correspondence, that there was then a general demand for a rule which, without too much regard for the fin-keel type, would give every inducement to a yachtsman to build a yacht of adequate internal accommodation, such as the early boats produced in 1889-90 under the then new rating rule. The means then proposed, of placing a premium on displacement, or on the depth of immersed body at the quarter girth, with other similar ones, were all directed to the one end of restoring the fast cruiser type that had been driven out by the fin-keel. If this was the real object of the girth rule, then it has to a great extent been a failure; if it was intended merely to produce in the classes up to 52 ft. a day boat of the semi-fin type, it has perhaps been successful.

Taking the result in all classes, it may be said that in the largest, such as Meteor II. and Bona, it has produced good boats with cruising accommodation; in the 65 ft. class it has produced a very good combination of speed and internal space on moderate dimensions; in the 52 ft. class it has produced a variety of boats, the best, Penitent, designed by Mr. Arthur E. Payne in 1896, being very nearly an ideal of the modern fast cruiser, still in the racing after four seasons. It would seem, however, that Penitent is really too good for the girth rule, and that the winning boat must be much more of a semi-fin. As racing is carried on to-day around the British coast, there is no circuit from the east coast to the Clyde and back to Cowes, such as the old narrow 10-tonners made as a matter of course, but the racing is largely localized, the centers being the Clyde and the Solent. The yachts of the 65 ft. and larger classes do follow the circuit, and some of the 52-footers may accompany them, but there is no longer the general racing of all classes at each port of the coast. The Clyde has never shown a great partiality for the new rule and contents itself largely with special local classes, so that the Solent is the center of yacht racing under the present rule. There the local conditions are such that from the 52 ft. class downward only day boats are required, and it matters little, as a matter of fact, whether they are fins or semi-fins; and there is no demand on the part of their owners for living accommodation.

As regards the success of the rule in Great Britain, it should be noted that as all centerboards are measured as fixed keels, a tax which is prohibitive; and further, that the smallest class, the 18 ft., is barred to the scows by an arbitrary requirement of at least 1,600 lbs. of ballast. This exclusion of the centerboard, which would not be possible in this country, greatly limits the operation of the rule.

At the present time opinion is divided in England as to the merits of the rule. Some uphold it as satisfactory in itself and doing all that was expected of it, while others condemn it, either as a whole or as applied to the small classes, and seek to substitute one or more new formulas.

The main point of the measurement question to-day is the lack of good principles, as the foundation of the existing rules, secondary to which is the faulty and inadequate nature of the principal factors. The "plain and simple" length rule, once in almost universal use in this country, was based on a thoroughly bad principle, the assumption that length was the sole factor or to an extent a fair measure of speed in yachts whose other factors, beam, draft, displacement and sail area were in every way unequal. This false assumption once generally accepted, that length was all important in measurement, served to hold back the natural development of yacht designing for many years.

One of the few favorable signs of the times in connection with the measurement question is the frequent mention of displacement as a factor in the rule, not in the old way of many years ago, in which it was penalized, but as a divisor or in some similar manner which will place a premium upon it. While in our opinion the advantages of displacement as a factor are so small compared with its disadvantages that it is not likely to be adopted on either side of the ocean, the mere theoretical recognition of the possible value of such a factor is most important as denoting a marked change of sentiment. The proposals to use displacement as a factor are based upon the true principle of yacht measurement—that is, a fair estimation of the effective work performed and a just appraisal of the contributory factors. When a man once awakens to the realization of the fact that if two vessels of the same waterline length and sail area, but one having double the displacement of the other, can cover a given course in the same time, and that the moving of double the weight under identical conditions represents an amount of useful work which should be compensated for by an allowance of time, he has advanced just about one generation from the assumption on which all length rules were

based; that if the lengths, whether of waterline, over all or any average of the two, were equal, two vessels should sail on even terms, whatever their disparity in displacement and sail area. It would appear that within a comparatively recent time a great many yachtsmen have begun to recognize the truth of the first proposition, as demonstrated in every race by the fin-keels with a minimum of body below water easily outsailing yachts of normal proportions and excellent model.

During the past winter an attempt has been inaugurated in this country to employ displacement to a limited extent, not as a factor in a general formula, but as one of the limits of a restricted class, or classes, the knockabouts and raceabouts. This attempt, introduced by the Knockabout Association of Massachusetts, will probably be adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound for the same classes. The boats of the two classes are limited to a minimum displacement of 5,900lbs., as determined by actual scale weight in racing trim without crew. A proposal to use displacement to a greater extent in a general measurement formula was laid before the British Yacht Racing Association at its general meeting last month by Lt.-Col. J. T. Bucknill, of the Castle Y. C., Southampton, a well known racing man and an authority on yacht measurement. We have at various times in the past alluded to Col. Bucknill's writings, which are based on an exhaustive and scientific study of the entire subject, and even in cases where we disagree with his conclusions we recognize his devotion to this dry side of yachting and his ability to support his views by logical argument and elaborate calculation. We must defer to next week his proposal in full, but in brief he would classify yachts by their waterline length and in each class allow a specified amount of sail in proportion to the displacement of the yacht.

The Boston 25ft. Class.

THE following circular was recently sent out in Boston: Dear Sir: You are cordially invited to attend a meeting of the owners of 25ft. cabin racing yachts, to be held at the Algonquin Club on Friday, March 23, at 8 o'clock, to consider:

First—The advisability of racing in certain waters only, and to sign an agreement to that effect.

Second—A schedule for the season's racing, as the present plan of clubs in the Y. R. A. M. is considered incomplete and quite unsatisfactory.

Third—Whether the owners of the 25ft. cabin racing yachts will contribute a sum of money to purchase a cup to become the property of the yacht of this class which has the best record at the end of the season; said record to be computed by the Y. R. A. M. system of percentages, but on the schedule agreed upon by the owners of this class.

Fourth—To discuss any other matters relative to the general welfare of this class.

CHARLES HAYDEN,
J. FRED BROWN,
W. F. BACHE.

We are indebted to the Boston Globe for the following account of the meeting:

A most interesting meeting and one that promises as far reaching effects as any held by Boston yachtsmen for a long time was that of the owners of Y. R. A. cabin 25-footers at the Algonquin Club last Friday evening, at which an agreement was signed not to race in Y. R. A. open events north of Manchester or south of Cohasset. Nine owners of yachts either built or building were represented at the meeting, and this representation included more than a majority of the active racing men in the class.

The meeting was notable from the fact that nearly all the new boats in the class were represented and was interesting because all action taken was unanimous. It promises to be far reaching in its effects because the yacht owners have taken matters into their own hands so far as racing dates for their class are concerned, and have determined when and where they will race.

The yacht owners present or represented were Messrs. Charles Hayden, J. Fred Brown, W. F. Bache, F. Wright Fabyan, A. W. Chesterton, J. J. Moebis, Dexter Follett, R. T. Paine 2d and D. B. Clapp, all except Messrs. Moebis and Chesterton being owners of new boats. The call for the meeting was issued by the three first named gentlemen. Mr. Hayden presided.

In opening the meeting Mr. Hayden stated that it had been called because of the feeling among the owners that the Y. R. A. championship circuit as arranged at the annual meeting was too extended, and that some of the races would be given in waters not deep enough for good racing. It was not the intention of those calling the meeting, he said, to antagonize in any way the Yacht Racing Association, but simply to see if the owners in the class could not agree upon certain races to attend, so that the class could be left together and good racing and sport assured. He expressed his belief that the owners would be better satisfied to race in Boston and in Marblehead waters than to go further north or further south, and that a better championship circuit could be agreed upon than that offered by the Y. R. A.

He also pointed out the fact that the association schedule left eight Saturdays open during the season in which there were no races in Boston waters, and that Saturday was the day of all others most convenient and desirable for a majority of the racing men. In view of these things, he asked an expression of opinion from those present as to the desirability of agreeing to race upon a schedule of their own and to stay within the waters he had named.

Considerable discussion followed, and finally, to test the sense of the meeting, Mr. Brown moved that the owners represented agree not to race in Y. R. A. open events north of Manchester or south of Cohasset. The motion was carried without a dissenting vote, and after that it was smooth sailing to the adoption of a schedule, the signing of the racing agreement and the appointment of a committee to fill in the eight open dates of the schedule with races by clubs offering the best inducements for the class to attend. The committee chosen consisted of Charles Hayden, A. W. Chesterton and Isaac R. Thomas, the last named gentleman representing Mr. Fabyan and Mr. Paine.

The following agreement was then signed by seven of

the owners represented, with the understanding that the signatures of the other two would be made personally later:

"We, the undersigned, owners of yachts built according to the restrictions of the 25ft. class, Y. R. A., in the interest of good racing, hereby agree to the following conditions:

"As it is deemed best for the class that the yachts should be kept together for the season, we agree to accept the accompanying list of races as our schedule for the season. Said schedule may be modified by a majority vote of the subscribers to these rules, except that no races shall be added that are held south of Minot's light or north of Manchester, and no yacht party to this agreement shall sail in any Y. R. A. percentage counting race not on this list.

"A committee consisting of Charles Hayden, Isaac R. Thomas and A. W. Chesterton shall arrange with yacht clubs in Massachusetts for races on the eight open Saturdays specified in the accompanying schedule."

The schedule as made up and agreed to includes the Y. R. A. open races of the South Boston, May 30; Hull-Massachusetts, June 18; Mosquito Fleet, July 2; Columbia, July 3; city of Boston, July 4; Burgess at Marblehead, July 26; Jubilee at Beverly, July 28; Winthrop, Aug. 4; Manchester, Aug. 7; Nahant dory, Aug. 25, and Lynn, Sept. 3, eleven races in all.

Also included in the schedule are the Manchester race for the Crowhurst cup, July 27; the Corinthian races at Marblehead, Aug. 8 to 11, inclusive; the Quincy open race, Sept. 1, and the Hull-Massachusetts invitation race, Sept. 8. The Corinthian club will be asked to make a class for the boats in its midsummer series, and the boats will also race for the Crowhurst cup, although it may be decided not to count it for percentage. Mr. Thomas expects that the Eastern will offer a race for the class about that time, while from the Hull-Massachusetts comes the offer to give an invitation race on any or all of the open dates of the schedule.

With such prospects as these, the owners believe there will be no difficulty in filling their schedule, since the Nahant dory and possibly the Lynn clubs may each give another race. The complete schedule will give at least twenty championship races, with more if the Corinthian races are counted. It is as long a season and with as many races as if the boats went north of Manchester or south of Minot's light, and gives all the racing that even the most enthusiastic among the owners could ask.

It was also voted at the meeting to ask the Y. R. A. to award its season's championship in the class upon the owners' schedule instead of upon the association schedule, as at present arranged, for the reason that the boats would be racing upon the former and not upon the latter. A class championship was also proposed, regardless of the Y. R. A. championship, with a subscription cup as a trophy, the percentage to be reckoned under the Y. R. A. system. Five owners signed an agreement to subscribe \$50 each to this cup. It is provided in this agreement that any owner may subscribe up to May 1, and that it shall not affect for the class championship any boat not subscribing, so that the cup is really a "side bet" by the owners who believe in backing their boats with money.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—WHITE BEAR Y. C.

Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Aug. 3.

THE final agreement between the holder of the Seawanhaka International Challenge cup—the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—and the challenger—the White Bear Y. C.—has already been completed, leaving only the names of the two yachts to be inserted on the day prior to the first race. The White Bear Y. C. tendered a challenge at the hands of a special messenger on the day following the final victory of Dominion over Challenger in 1898, but the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the founder of the trophy, made formal objection to the acceptance of this challenge on the ground that it was never intended that the cup should go so far inland. In view of this objection, the White Bear challenge was set aside and that of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was accepted for 1899. In spite of this, the White Bear Y. C. offered to bring its representative 20-footer, Yankee, to Montreal for a series of special matches with Dominion, and these races were sailed in June of last year. At the same time a new challenge was left in the hands of a Montreal yachtsman, and was delivered to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. immediately after the final race of the series last August in which Constance was defeated by Glencairn III.

After a thorough discussion of the matter by the representatives of the two clubs, it was agreed to abandon the present costly and useless type of 20-footers and to try an experiment. The match was made nominally for yachts of the 25ft. R. M. class by the Seawanhaka rule, with a special provision that the sail area shall not exceed a total of 500 sq. ft. This means practically that there are no limit to length, as neither side will care to take the L.W.L. allowed for a sail area of 500 sq. ft. in the 25ft. class—over 26ft. While it is uncertain what types of hull may be evolved, it is probable that they will be somewhat similar to Ethelwynn, the first winner of the cup, so far as the form of waterlines is concerned, though with harder bilges. With the removal of all restrictions on length, there seems to be little inducement to adhere to the scow type. It may be that out of the dozen boats now building for the challenge and defense there will be some extreme freaks, but the probabilities are that the more moderate types will win. In addition to the limit of sail, the yachts are to be built to scantling restrictions. The agreement is as follows:

Agreement covering certain conditions of match for the Seawanhaka International Challenge cup for small yachts, to be sailed between ———, representing the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, and ———, representing the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, beginning on Friday, Aug. 3, 1900.

In pursuance of the provisions of article XI. of the deed of trust, executed by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., dated the first day of June, 1896, covering the terms and conditions governing the tenure of the Seawanhaka International Challenge cup for small yachts, and the competition therefor, it is hereby mutually agreed between

the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal and Dorval, Canada, and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, that the following additional regulations shall apply to the match to be sailed, beginning Aug. 3, 1900, namely:

1. The course shall be as follows:

Course to Windward or Leeward and Return.

From a line between a mark with black and white ball capped bright tin cone, and a stake boat flying the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. burgee, in range with the foremast of the committee boat, to and around a mark bearing a black and white ball or disk capped with bright tin cone, leaving it on the starboard tack; distance one and a half miles, if possible, but in no case less than one mile, and return. The course to be sailed over three times or four times, as may be necessary to make a total distance of twelve nautical miles. At the end of the first and second round (and third, if necessary) the black and white ball or disk is to be left on the starboard hand. The direction of the course will be announced from the committee steamer before the preliminary signal.

Triangular Course.

2. From a line between a mark with a red and white buoy, with disk capped by bright tin cone, and a stake boat anchored to the southward in range with foremast on committee boat.

Round an equilateral triangle with sides one and one-third nautical miles, leaving all buoys to starboard.

Course to be sailed over three times; total distance, twelve nautical miles. At finish the stake boat will be anchored to the north of the buoy. The committee steamer will be anchored beyond the stake boat, so as to bring the signal staff of the steamer as near as practicable on a line with the mast of the stake boat and the buoy, and for the purpose of determining when a yacht has crossed the line, the committee will be guided by the range between the signal staff and the mast of the stake boat.

Note.—The sailing committee may, in their discretion, direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the port hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the stake boat at the start, to the northward of the buoy. In this case the stake boat will be anchored to the southward of the buoy at the finish.

Starts and Signals.

3. The start will be a one-gun flying start, with preliminary and preparatory signals, and will be made as nearly as practicable at 1:15 o'clock P. M.

First signal, preliminary, the blue peter will be hoisted on the upper deck signal staff of the committee steamer, accompanied by whistle fifteen seconds long.

There will be an interval of five minutes between the first and second signals.

Second signal, preparatory, the blue peter on the committee steamer will be lowered and a red ball hoisted, accompanied by whistle fifteen seconds long.

Third signal—Start. The red ball will be lowered, accompanied by whistle fifteen seconds long.

Recall signals—In case it should be necessary to recall the contestants: 1. An American ensign shall be displayed from the committee's steamer and four sharp whistles for the recall of ——— (the White Bear boat). 2. And a blue ensign shall be displayed and two sharp whistles for the recall of ——— (Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. boat).

3. If any triangular race is not concluded within three and one-half hours after the starting signal has been given, it shall be postponed to the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday).

4. If any windward or leeward and return race is not concluded within four hours after the starting signal has been given, it shall be postponed to the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday).

5. In the event of a fog or calm, the judges shall have power to postpone the start.

6. In the event of its becoming necessary to postpone or resail any race, such race shall be set for the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday), provided, however, that in case either of the contesting yachts is injured or disabled, a sufficient time to complete repairs shall be allowed. The decision of the judges as to what constitutes sufficient time shall be final.

The racing rule of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., requiring the carrying of life preservers, shall not apply to this match.

Anchors may, or may not be, carried at the option of contestants.

The match shall be sailed under the rules of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., except as modified by this instrument and the special agreement.

New York Y. C.

THE second meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 21 with Com. Ledyard in the chair. It was decided to hold the following races through the season:

June 14—Fifty-fourth annual regatta, New York Bay.
June 19—Glen Cove cups, New York Y. C., Station No. 10.

July 12, 13 and 14—Newport series, New York Y. C., Station No. 6.

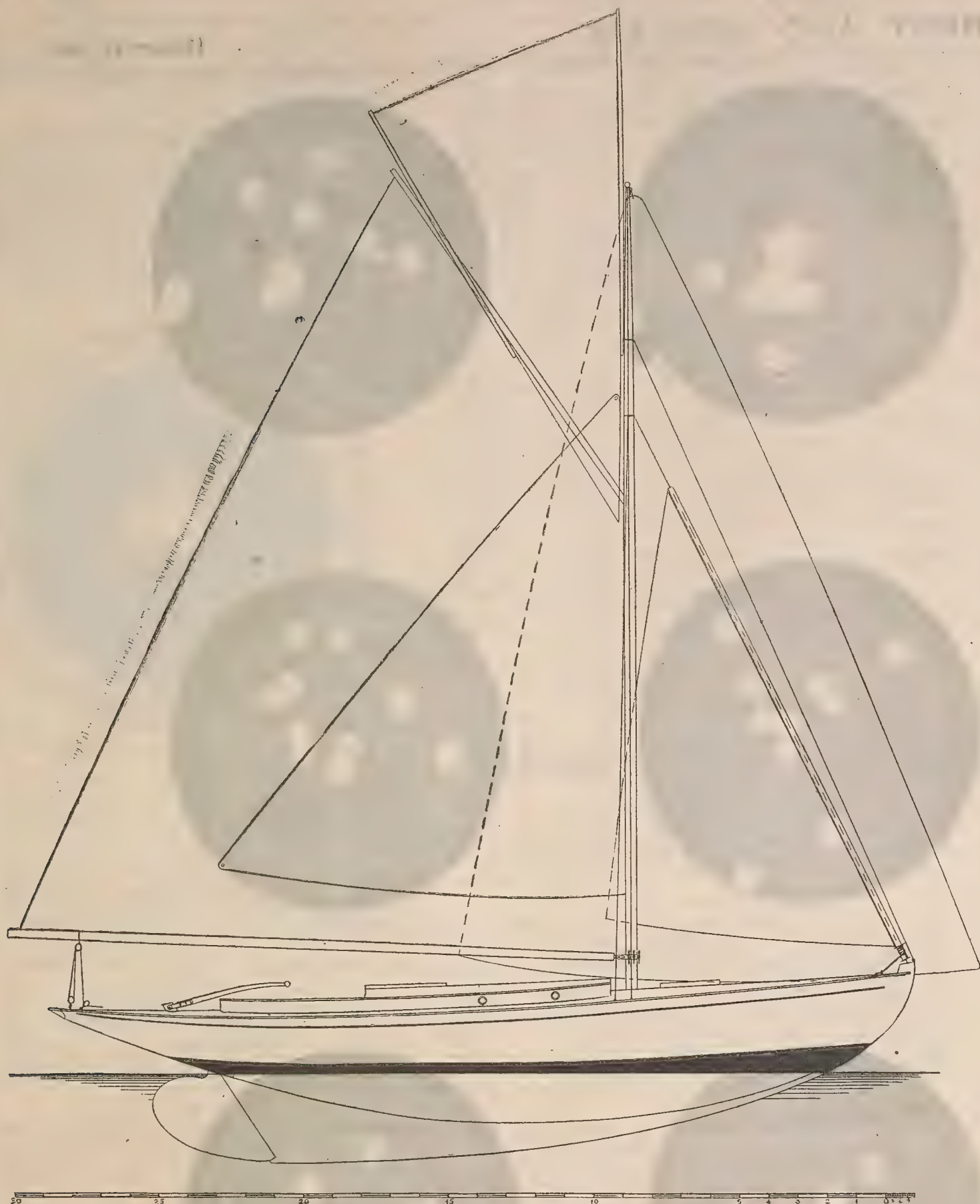
Aug. 6—Fifty-fifth annual cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove, Long Island.

There will be the customary squadron runs from port to port for club prizes, and special races for cups offered by the flag officers. The Astor cups and the wind-up cups will be sailed for off Newport.

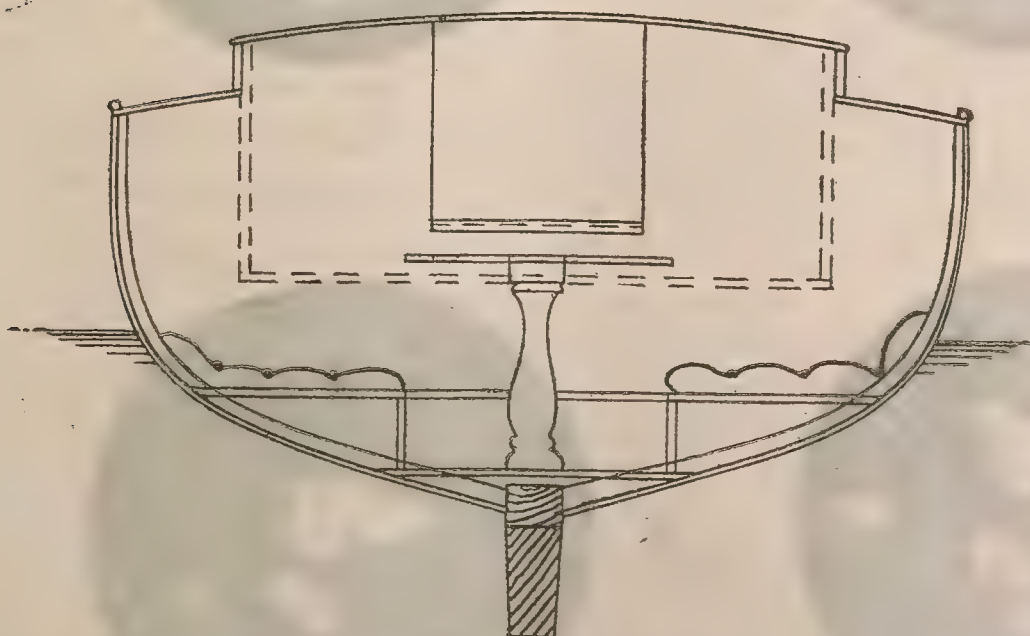
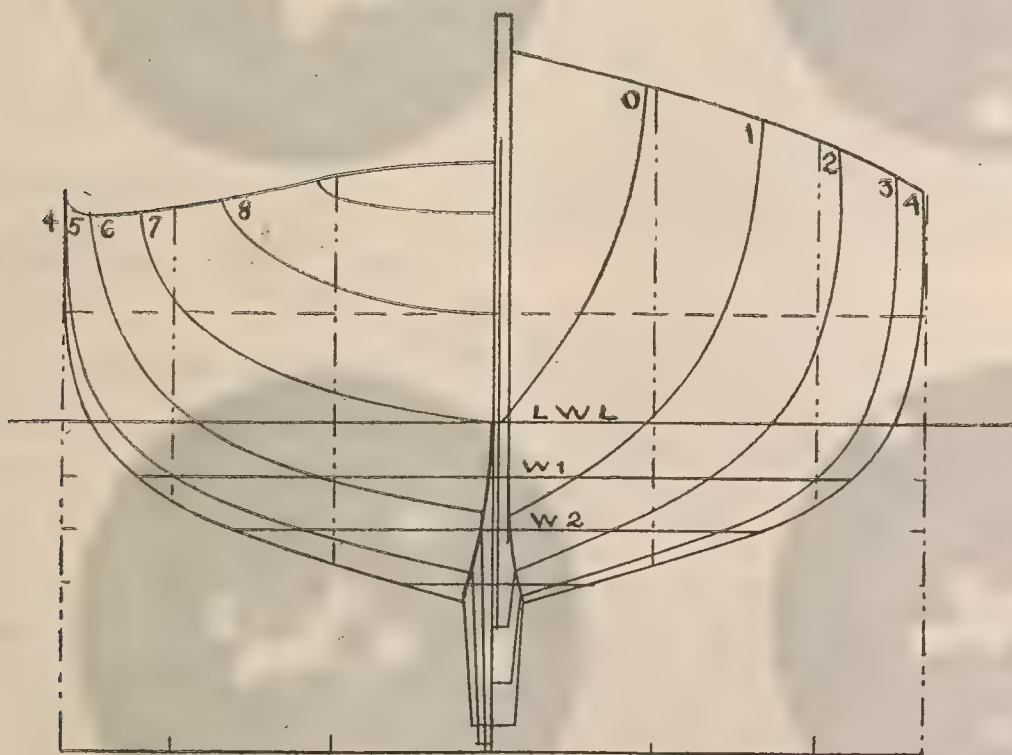
Sept. 11—Autumn sweepstakes, Sandy Hook Lightship. The following new members were elected: Frank Mackie Johnson, A. S. Winchester, E. C. Winchester, Frederic H. Battershall, Robert M. Gallaway, Henry A. Rusch, James Henry Smith, Frank L. Perin, Charles A. Hamilton, Harry W. Bates and Major Thomas C. Prince, U. S. M. C.

Mr. Blair Cochrane, of the Isle of Wight, a brother-in-law of the late Sir Richard Sutton, has presented to the club an inkstand made from the truck of Genesta.

Members of the Deer Island crew of the cup defender Columbia have received two loving cups which are to be presented to Capt. Charles Barr and First Mate E. M. Allen, of the Columbia. The cups are alike, except as to the name in the inscription.



WENDER—SAIL PLAN.


WENDER—BODY PLANS.
See preceding issue for lines and description,

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On March 21 a cruising sloop designed by George Miller for Chas. S. King, of Brooklyn, was launched by S. C. Wicks & Co. at Patchogue, L. I. She is 45ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 4ft. draft without her board. The cabin has 6ft. of headroom and is handsomely finished in bird's-eye maple.

Mr. A. Henry Higginson is the head of a syndicate which is building a racing 21-footer under Y. R. A. of Massachusetts rules, to be named Lookout. She will be about 42ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 13ft. extreme beam, sail area 1,325 sq. ft.

Chicago, Ill., March 24.—It is thought that the attendance at the regatta of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association, at Lake Geneva, Wis., next August, will be so large as to overtax the hotel accommodations and perhaps the hospitality of the cottagers. One project is to make a big camp, after the fashion of a canoe meet. This certainly is the best idea that could be conceived for just this purpose, and it is to be hoped that it will be determined upon should the press for room be equal to the anticipations. The camp idea comes from Mr. Ben Carpenter, of this city. E. H.

Charles T. Pierce has been appointed fleet captain of the Atlantic Y. C.

Aloha, steam yacht, Messrs. James, sailed from New York on March 23 for the Azores, Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, with Mr. and Mrs. A. Curtis James on board accompanied by Miss Maude Parsons, S. P. Alford, John M. Miller and Dr. Vanderpool Adriance. During the winter the yacht's rig has been cut down from its original lofty dimensions.

On March 20 a joint meeting of the Brooklyn and Gravesend Bay yacht clubs was held at Clarendon Hall, President Ferguson, of the latter club, presiding. After the reading of the proceedings of the consolidation committee and their ratification by the club the election of officers of the new Brooklyn Y. C. followed. Com. Francis E. Turner, of the Brooklyn Y. C., was elected commodore and Cornelius Fergusson, of the Gravesend Y. C., president. The other officers elected were: Vice-Com., Sidney Grant; Rear Com., George B. Waters; Meas., R. C. Hopkins; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec., Charles W. Kennedy; Board of Trustees: Class of 1903, S. S. Golding, Daniel O'Reilly and Charles H. Humphries; class of 1902, Charles W. Morgan, John E. De Mund, John A. Voorhies and E. A. Britton; class of 1901, E. H. Convers and C. P. Roseman; Regatta Committee, P. H. Jeannot, Richard W. Rummell and R. H. Sherwood; Membership Committee, A. S. Reichoffer, L. Corey and Walter L. Bryn. A special committee consisting of W. H. Hopkins, R. C. Waters and P. H. Jeannot was appointed to revise the by-laws. The meeting voted to ratify the lease of Spier property. The consolidation promises to be of advantage to both clubs and to the yachting interests of Gravesend Bay.

A new steam yacht, Florence, was launched at Bristol on March 13, for A. H. Alker, of New York.

The Atlantic Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C., will erect a new house on Wrightsville Beach to replace that destroyed in the storm of last October.

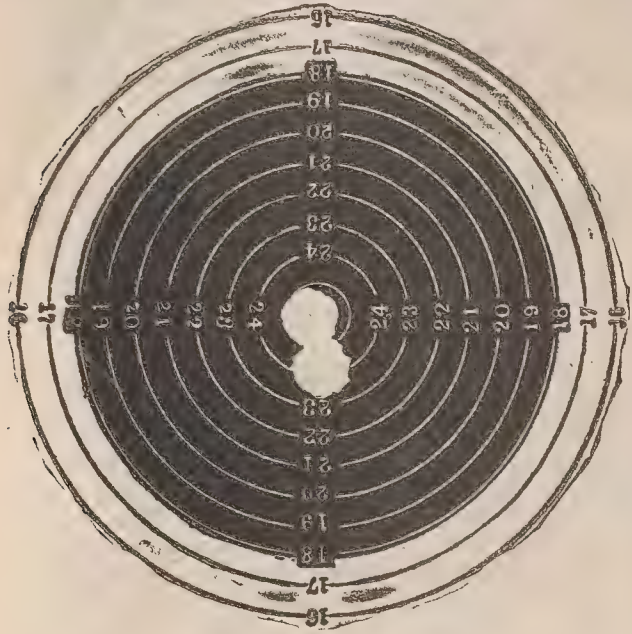
The steel screw brigantine Wanda, owned by M. Stanley Tweedie, which was used by the Associated Press in West Indian waters during the Spanish-American war, was last week towed from McIntosh's Basin, South Brooklyn, to Tregarthen's Dock, at the foot of East Seventh street, New York, where she will be overhauled and refitted. Wanda was built in 1885 by Piegras & Pine, at Greenpoint, from designs by J. Harvey. She is 142ft. 10in. over all, 127ft. 6in. on the water line, 18ft. beam, and draws 11ft. 3in. She was wrecked last November by falling on her side in Crane's Drydock as she was being floated. She is now owned by J. W. Sullivan, who is rebuilding her as thoroughly as he did the steam yacht Sans Peur (Catarina) after she was wrecked on Matinnicock Point. The hard usage which these two yachts have sustained speaks well for the construction planned by Mr. Harvey.

Elsa II., formerly Black Pearl, has sailed from Brooklyn for Jacksonville, Fla., where her new owner, Evans Dick, of Philadelphia, will join her for a cruise.

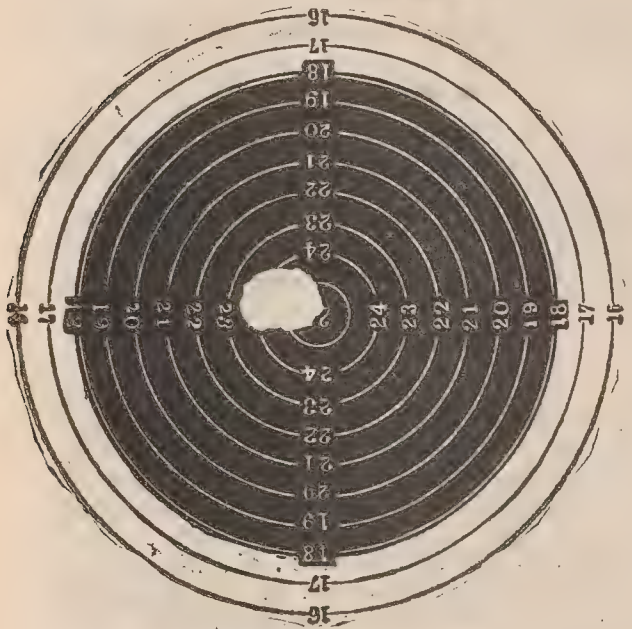
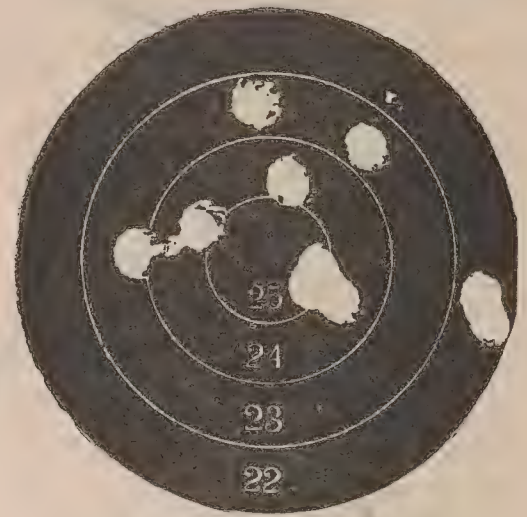
Messrs. Edward Smith & Co., the varnish makers, have issued a very artistic pamphlet of testimonials illustrated with fine pictures of Defender and Columbia.

The Marine and Field Club, of Bath Beach, has placed orders for eight one-design yachts of 18ft. l.w.l., to be built by Wyckoff Brothers, of Clinton, Conn. The new boats will be of good model with nothing of the scow about them, and with the similar class of the New York C. C. near at hand they will make plenty of sport on Gravesend Bay.

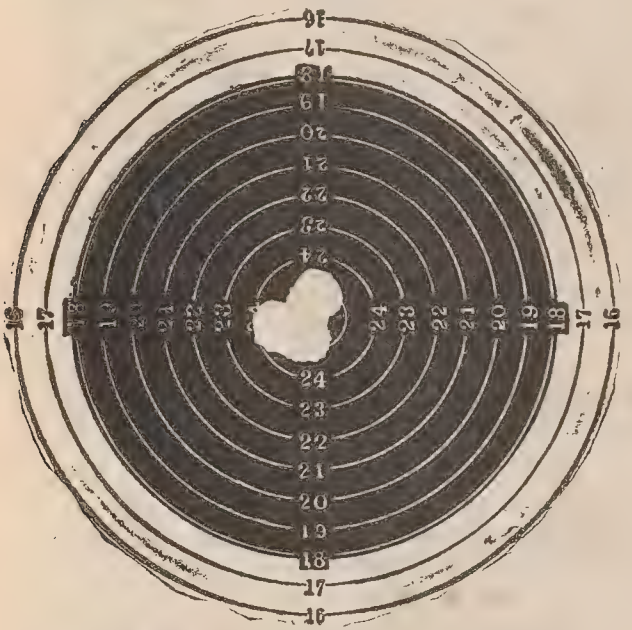
The racing sloop Maris, designed by Tams & Lemoine, and built by the Lawley Corporation for a syndicate of Charleston, S. C., yachtsmen, sailed from Boston on March 20 with Capt. Wm. Kirby in command. She was bound for New York by way of the Sound, thence south by the inland route. She is 51ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 4ft. draft without board, her lead keel weighs 6,000lbs. and she carries about 2,000 sq. ft. of sail. The yacht put into Hyannis, Cape Cod, on March 22, after meeting very heavy weather; Capt. Kirby had his fingers badly frostbitten while at the wheel.



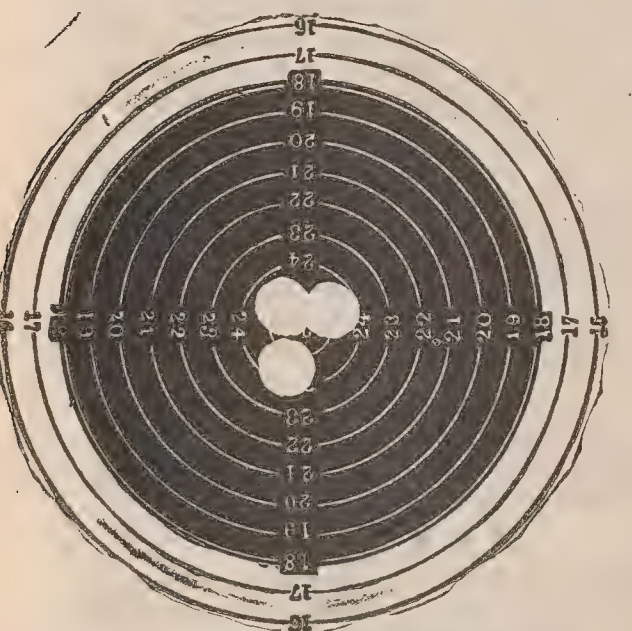
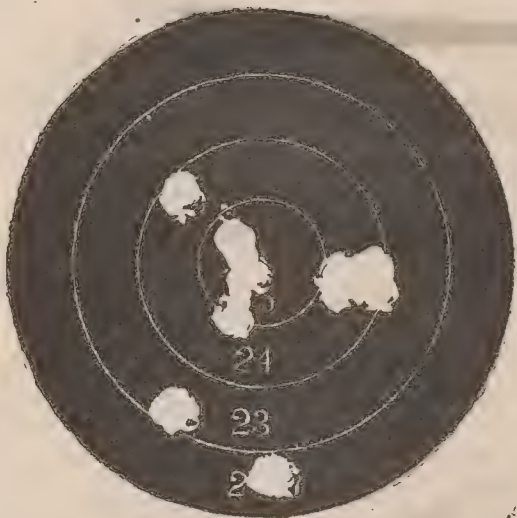
Gus Zimmerman's perfect score No. 1—Continuous Match.



Gus Zimmerman's perfect score No. 2—Continuous Match.



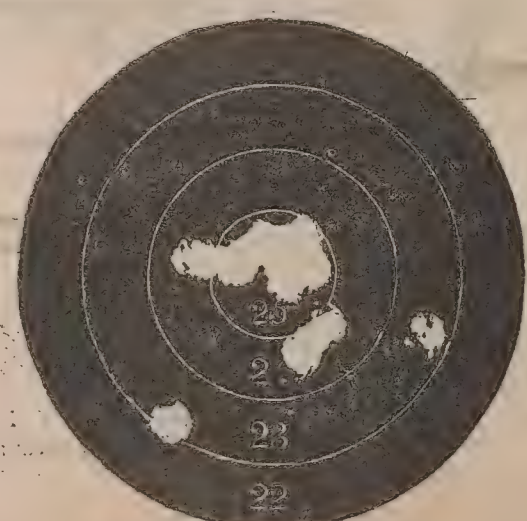
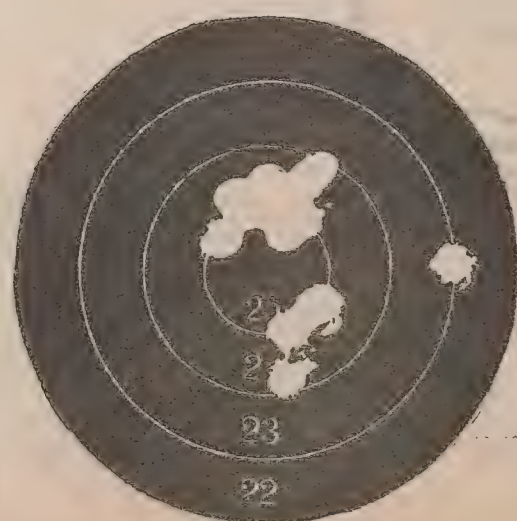
W. A. Hicks' perfect score—Continuous Match.



L. Buss' perfect score—Continuous Match.



One of L. P. Ittel's strings—Continuous Match.

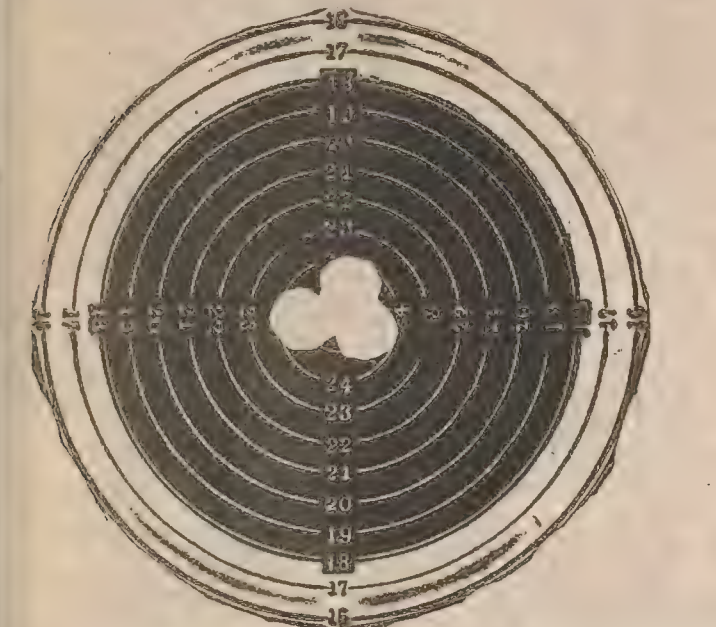


Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Association's Rifle Tournament.

THE new record made at the Madison Square Garden tournament by Mr. F. C. Ross, winner of the Individual Championship, the conditions of which were 100 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, distance 100ft., any .22cal. rim-fire allowed, only one try allowed each competitor, to be shot in strings of 10 shots, is an admiration of rifleman. The cuts, published herewith, show marvelous accuracy of his shooting. It is a total of 2,429 out of a possible 2,500.

No less remarkable are the two perfect scores made by Mr. Gus Zimmerman, at Madison Square Garden, in the Continuous match.



C. Ross' perfect score, 75 out of a possible 75—Continuous Match.

hand, on 25-ring target, 100ft. distance, any .22cal. rim-fire allowed; entries unlimited, which also are published in our columns. Mr. W. A. Hicks and Mr. L. Buss equaled Mr. Zimmerman's performance, as is shown by their targets. The score made by Mr. L. P. Ittel, in the Championship match, Madison Square Garden, is excellent, it being 248 out of a possible 250. All these scores were made with Peters' cartridges. This tournament made a great showing in the rifle, pistol and re-entry matches. In the rifle contests the winners of every prize were, as did the winners of the Pistol Championship and re-entry matches, and two of the three first places in the silver matches.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE above Association held its regular shoot March 18, at 200yds., band, at the standard American target. Gindele was high on king target with the score of 83, and was high on the honor target with 43. The following is the result:

King Target.									
dele	9	8	8	8	7	9	9	10	7
ler	10	8	10	8	9	6	5	8	9
f	6	9	9	6	3	5	7	7	8
inheimer	4	5	10	9	6	7	7	9	10
ns	8	7	7	9	8	6	8	6	9
sch	7	8	7	8	8	8	9	10	7
ne	4	7	6	7	8	6	10	10	7
be	7	10	6	5	9	8	8	8	8
erts	8	9	8	7	6	5	9	6	8
Special Score.									
dele	8	10	10	9	10	10	8	7	9
ler	7	7	10	10	10	8	9	7	8
f	9	5	10	6	4	6	7	7	6
inheimer	8	6	8	6	8	7	6	10	8
ns	9	10	9	4	9	7	8	4	10
sch	10	7	8	7	10	8	10	10	8
ne	8	10	10	9	7	9	10	8	9
be	6	9	9	6	7	5	10	6	8
erts	10	9	10	10	8	7	9	9	8
Honor Target.									
dele	9	8	9	8	9	4	3	8	9
ler	7	7	8	7	9	8	7	9	3
f	6	5	4	4	7	2	6	5	4
inheimer	10	6	4	10	6	3	6	3	6
ns	9	8	6	7	7	3	7	3	7
sch	5	9	10	9	8	4	1	8	4
ne	6	10	10	9	8	9	8	9	8
be	9	9	5	7	10	4	0	4	0
erts	6	8	6	8	9	3	7	3	7

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in like the following:

Fixtures.

March 28.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Shooting Association tournament. O. R. Dickey, Mgr.
March 29.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Contest for Dupont trophy between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
March 27-29.—Allentown, Pa.—Three days' shoot—first day at 25, second and third at live birds. A. Griesemer, Mgr.
March 31.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting Club's live-bird handicap, 25 birds, \$150 guaranteed.
March 31.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, Jr., and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.
April 2.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Contest for the Sportsmen's Review cup between W. R. Crosby, Jr., and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.
April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the more Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.
April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the New York Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Mgr.
April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Mgr.
April 17-19.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr.
April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.
April 28.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.
April 29.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Club.
April 30.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.
May 2-3.—Laverne, Minn.—Laverne Gun Club's tournament.
May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Leibner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
May 3.—Walcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Gwinn, Sec'y.
May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protection Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.
May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.
May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.
May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.
Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.
Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Baltimore Shooting Association's tournament, two days targets, two days live birds, April 10 to 13, can be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. H. P. Collins, 22 S. Calvert street, Baltimore, Md. This tournament is open to the world. Shooters are handicapped by distance—amateurs 14, semi-experts 16, experts 18yds. Handicaps are subject to change at any time during the tournament. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, will be used. The division of moneys will be 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The tournament will be under the management of the skillful committee, Messrs. J. R. Malone, J. C. Hicks and H. P. Collins. Ship shells care of Alford Sporting Goods Co., 212 E. Baltimore street, and they will be delivered on the grounds. The programme for each of the two target days is the same; ten events, of which three are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and seven at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added to each event, a total of \$100 added each day. The third day is devoted to three live-bird events. The first is the Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, and the Suburban sweepstakes, 10 birds, \$7 entrance. Each of these events has three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns. The third event is the Pimlico handicap, 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, handicaps 25 to 32yds., three moneys, class shooting. In each event birds are included in the entrance. The fourth day is devoted to the Maryland Handicap, handicaps 25 to 32yds., class shooting, three moneys, \$50 added.

On application, the programme of the tournament and trapshooters' convention, to be held at Palmyra, Wis., April 12 and 13, can be obtained of Mr. H. B. Brown, secretary, Palmyra, Wis. Prizes will be given for high averages in each day's target events. There are ten events at bluerocks, on the first day, a total of 160 targets, with a total entrance of \$16. The live-bird event on this day is at 15 birds, \$7.50 entrance. There are thirteen 15-bluerock events on the second day, a total of 200 bluerocks, with a total of \$20 entrance. Trade representatives and professionals can shoot for targets only. All purses are divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Targets will be thrown by a magautrap. Shooters and their belongings will be taken to the grounds free of charge. The meeting to organize the State League will be held on the evening of April 12.

Messrs. Henry C. Squires & Son, of 20 Cortlandt street, New York, inform us that they have made the following liberal offer, which without doubt will prove of great interest to trapshooters: "In order to stimulate the use of Greener guns in the Grand American Handicap we are prepared to offer as a special prize to the winner a Crown quality ejector, valued at \$425. To the second high man also using a Greener gun we offer another Crown gun of the same value, and if the third high man uses a Greener we will furnish still another Crown gun to him also, making in all prizes to the value of \$1,275 to the three highest scores, provided they have entered their names for this special competition."

In the contest for the Greater New York and Vicinity trophy, shot on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday of last week between Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, holder, and Mr. F. E. Sinnock, challenger, the former won by the score of 109 to 102. The conditions were 100 singles, unknown angles, and 25 pairs, three expert traps, Sergeant system. The trophy now, under the conditions governing, goes into open competition, Mr. Feigenspan having scored three successive wins, and if he wins it in the next contest it becomes his personal property. If he does not win, all his previous wins are wiped out and the competition starts again, as if from the beginning.

The contest for the Cast Iron medal at Yardville, N. J., on Saturday of last week, between Mr. R. O. Heikes and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, was a ding-dong race from start to finish, resulting in a victory for the hero of many battles from the other hero of many battles. It has been surmised now and then that Mr. Heikes was better at targets than live birds, but in his serious moods he has shown that he is in the first flight with the live-bird shoot. The score at the end of the first 100 was a tie on 91. The shoot-off was 22 to 21 in Mr. Heikes' favor. The story is told elsewhere in our columns. Mr. Elliott informs us that the contest will probably take place the third week in April, at Peru, Ind.

The Grand American Handicap, which takes place next week, maintains its mammoth importance as the greatest shooting event of America, and in many essential particulars the greatest in the world. While the entries are not so great as last year, it is still easily in the lead as the greatest of shoots. The point has been reached where a fluctuation of numbers is to be expected. The increase of entries could not reasonably be expected to continue indefinitely year by year, nor is it to be supposed that such increase is to be desired. The list is published elsewhere in our trap columns, and a perusal of it will bring many new names to the reader's attention.

In the monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club on Tuesday of last week there were nine who tied on 9 in the main event at 10 birds, namely, L. H. Schortemeier, Dr. Hudson, J. J. Pillion, Thomas Short, John H. Moore, "Dr. Woods," Hugh Quinn, P. H. Larkey and John Woelfel. The officers elected were: President, Chas. H. Billings; First Vice-President, Dr. G. V. Hudson; Second Vice-President, W. A. Sands; Recording Secretary, Bernard F. Amend; Financial Secretary, L. H. Schortemeier; Treasurer, John H. Moore. Schortemeier received the trophy for scoring the largest number of kills during the year.

A number of shooters, with a purpose to engage in the Grand American Handicap, arrived in New York early this week. Among the number were the Hon. T. A. Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill.; Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O.; Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City; W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; J. S. Fanning, of New York; Mr. Charles W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., all mighty men with the shotgun. Many other famous experts are due, and by Saturday of this week most of them will be here prepared to engage in the great contest.

The programme of the twenty-third annual tournament of the Missouri Association, given under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained on application to Mr. Herbert Taylor, 904 Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo. The programme this year will be very much shorter and therefore correspondingly easy to handle. The number of moneys are cut down in the 15 and 20 target events, so that there will be a greater possibility of larger winnings. We will review the programme more at length in a later issue.

The Greener gun made quite a successful showing at Monte Carlo, the following wins being recorded to its credit: Grand Prix du Casino, divided first and second money, value \$555; Prix d'Ouverture, divided third and fourth, \$67; Prix de Monte Carlo, divided second, third and fourth, \$89; Grand Poule d'Essai, divided second and third, \$167; Supplementary prize, divided first, second and third of 154, \$52; Prix Supplémentaire, divided third, \$18; Prix de Mysotis, divided first, \$82; total, \$1,030.

There were twenty competitors for the J. Grow Dutcher cup, value \$150, at the Carteret Gun Club's shoot on Saturday of last week. It was a handicap event, \$15 entrance, 15 birds. Three tied for it on 14 kills, namely, Messrs. H. G. Scott, Frank Hall and J. E. Emerson. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, in the second round Mr. Scott won. The cup event handicap, 5 birds, was won by G. S. McAlpin. The allowance handicap, at 10 birds, \$10, was won by Mr. W. T. Thompson.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the famous manager of the Interstate Association, had a narrow escape from death on the morning of Wednesday of last week, while en route to his home in Pittsburgh. His train was wrecked, the engineer was killed and the sleeper ahead of the one which he occupied was smashed. Mr. Shaner arrived in New York and was on deck Monday of this week, to begin the arduous task of managing the Grand American Handicap.

To refresh the memories of our readers, in respect to the schedule of trains which will stop at Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I., we again publish it, as follows: From Long Island City—8:00, 9:06, 9:32, 11:10 A. M.; 12:30, 2:05, 3:30, 4:40, 8:10, 10:10 P. M. From Flatbush avenue—7:56, 8:54, 9:25, 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 3:22, 4:27, 8:07, 10:07 P. M. Running time, 36 minutes. Boat time from Thirty-fourth street, New York, 10 minutes earlier.

Mr. J. Hildreth, the popular representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., whose territory is a vast region of the Southwest, has been a visitor in New York several days past and is the life of every party with which he comes in contact. He has a great fund of folk lore and general traditions, which never fails to interest his audience. He will probably remain in Manhattan till after the G. A. H. is completed.

The contest for the March cup at the weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., was won last Saturday by Mr. H. L. O'Brien, with a score of 24. Mr. Edward Banks, scratch man, won the prize shoot, scoring 24 out of 25 targets. The prize was a beautiful plaque, good as a trophy as the score was good in competition.

In a match at 100 birds between Messrs. R. A. Welch and Louis T. Duryea, shot on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, Garden City, L. I., on March 22, Mr. Welch won; score, 86 to 82. There was a strong wind blowing at the time, and a large percentage of the lost birds fell dead out. They stood at the 30yd. mark. The birds were a fast, strong lot.

Mr. W. Hopkins, the giant trapshooter of Jamaica, L. I., won the free entrance to the Grand American Handicap in the twelfth and last contest for it, on the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds last Saturday. He and Mr. N. J. Lane were tied for it, each having 69 points. Although Mr. Hopkins had a very light handicap, he won out with 6 points to the good.

Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Fred Gilbert shoot a match at 100 live birds, \$100 a side, at Springfield, Ill., the day before the Illinois Gun Club's tournament begins. This is substituted for the Republic cup contest, fixed for that date and place, to take place between these two contestants. Mr. Elliott will later announce the date of the latter contest.

Dr. G. V. Hudson, a member of the Emerald Gun Club and other gun clubs, a famous live-bird shooter of New York, suffered a great misfortune in the loss of his collection of trophies, the material evidence of a long course of active competition at the traps. His office was burglarized on Thursday of last week, and the loss of these valuables was one result.

Two important matches take place this week, in which Mr. J. A. R. Elliott will be a contestant. The first will take place at Dexter Park, on Thursday, his opponent then being Mr. Fred Gilbert and the prize being the Dupont trophy. Mr. W. R. Crosby opposes him on Saturday at Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, for the Sportsmen's Review cup.

The powder referred to as Laffin & Rand W. A. Smokeless in connection with Mr. J. S. Fanning's great run of 175 in the root garden tournament, was incorrectly designated by us. It should have been referred to as Laffin & Rand Smokeless, the correct name of it.

Under date of March 21 Mr. E. A. Wadsworth, of Wolcott, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club will be held on May 3 and 4. Added money. Programmes later."

Last week we stated that Mr. Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan., was contemplating resuming his annual tournaments. But he now advises us that he has abandoned the idea, as it would require too much extra personal energy on his part, which he is unable to bestow at present.

Mr. Frank Hodges, of Olathe, Kan., concerning a matter of high records, writes as follows: "In a 100-bird race between Kollher and myself at the conclusion of the Leavenworth tournament last fall, Kollher broke 98 and myself 95. What better accepted record for amateurs are there than this?"

The target season of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, begins on the first Saturday in May. The twelfth contest of the trophy series took place on last Saturday. Two more shoots will determine the winner and end the series.

Smith Brothers, Newark, N. J., will hold a 25-bird handicap, at their grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, on Friday of this week. This event was fixed for the 29th inst., but on account of the Gilbert-Elliott match, was postponed.

Mr. C. Zwerlein has sold his club house and shooting grounds at Yardville, N. J., to Mr. W. B. Widman, of Trenton, N. J., and the latter intends to conduct the grounds in manner of the highest standard.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., March 20.—The second day of the Brooklyn Gun Club's live-bird shoot, held at Interstate Park, had a fair attendance of shooters, and some miss-and-outs were shot before the regular programme began.

The main event was at 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, and of the seventeen competitors, three—Lamberson, Bissett and Fanning—tied on straight scores. The latter stood at 31yds. The 14s were numerous, there being nine of them, so that second money was split up very fine. W. Hopkins was so fortunate as to be in the 13 place alone, thereby drawing the prize of the tournament.

The first day's shoot was published in FOREST AND STREAM last week. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Remsen.	222	111110	1222222210
Evans.	222		
Van Allen.	220	222120	2222222222
Hull.	0	212212	
J. B. Hopkins.		20	10
W. Hopkins.		210	2212212210
Heikes.			22220
Leroy.			2122222222
Budd.			22220
Crosby.			10
Fanning.			2222220

No. 2 was \$1 entrance; No. 3, \$2.

Regular programme events. No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$5 entrance, two moneys. The scores:

J. R. Hull, 28.	22222-5	B. Norton, 28.	02022-3
F. L. Jacks, 26.	22002-3	Crosby, 31.	22222-5
J. S. S. Remsen, 28.	12122-5	Fanning, 31.	22202-4
J. G. Remsen, 26.	02022-3	W. Hopkins, 27.	01011-3
J. B. Hopkins, 26.	100*2-2	Thompson, 28.	11111-5
Leroy, 29.	222*2-4	Daly, Jr., 30.	01211-4
Heikes, 31.	22222-5	H. Colt, 27.	0021*-2
Van Allen, 29.	2*222-4	Budd, 30.	22120-4
Lamberson, 28.	22222-5	Ewart, 26.	*1020-2

No. 2 was at 7 birds, \$5, three moneys:

F. L. Jacks, 26.	2222222-7	L. Duryea, 30.	0122122-6
Lamberson, 28.	2222222-7	Sanders, 26.	0120122-6
J. B. Hopkins, 26.	1121202-6	W. Hopkins, 28.	0110111-5
Hull, 28.	0022222-5	Thompson, 27.	2201222-6
Heikes, 31.	2222222-7	Norton, 28.	02000-4
Leroy, 29.	2222222-7	Bissett, 29.	2122222-7
Budd, 30.	2122222-7	Lembeck, 26.	2002200-3
Fanning, 31.	2222222-7	Capt. Money, 29.	2212221-7
Van Allen, 29.	2222220-6	Remsen, 29.	2222022-6
Crosby, 31.	2222220-6	P. Daly, Jr., 30.	2222201-6
Ewart, 26.	0112202-5	Colt, 27.	0021122-5

Fifteen birds, \$10, four moneys, birds extra:

Capt. Money, 29.	222112112022112-14	Hull, 28.	022202221222022-12
Duryea, 30.	222202112112212-14	Fanning, 31.	22222222222222-15
Daly, Jr., 30.	202220022*211*W	Ewart, 26.	121222111101112-14
Lamberson, 28.	2222222222222-15	Budd, 30.	122222222201222-14
Leroy, 29.	2222222*2222222-14	Colt, 27.	022222202222022-12
Heikes, 31.	2222222*2212222-14	W. Hopkins, 27.	212022102112122-13
Bissett, 29.	21111112121212-15	J. Hopkins, 26.	101211020200220-9
Crosby, 31.	21211222*122222-14	Thompson, 27.	22221212022122-14
Van Allen, 29.	222222202222222-14		

Brooklyn, L. I., March 24.—To-day being a fine day, we had quite a lot of shooters out, trying their skill. Some were very good, while others need lots of practice.

Event No. 5, 30 targets, was the last shoot for the medal presented by Mr. Wright. The prize, a handsome solid gold watch charm, in the shape of a revolving bluerock, with a diamond in the center, was won by J. S. S. Remsen, with three wins out of four.

Event No. 6, 50 targets, with handicap, last shoot for entrance to the G. A. H., the event being hotly contested for through the summer and fall, but dwindled down to two shooters. These were Mr. Wm. Hopkins and Mr. N. J. Lane, each having 69 points. This finished the race. Mr. Wm. Hopkins won by 6 points. Mr. Lane being a little nervous, lost his nerve.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	30	50	10	15	10	15
J. S. S. Remsen.	8				24	40	8	12	9	
L. Morris.	5		8	8		38				
G. B. Paterson.	5	10	6		21					
W. Hopkins.	9		9		46	9	11			
P. McKane.	8	10	6	7	22	36				
F. A. Thompson.	4	4		18	43	8	9	8	10	
J. Hopkins.		6		24			8	12	6	12
N. J. Lane.				14	40					
S. Follert.				7	13		4		5	
H. Snow.				2	6					
H. David.					26	5		8		
Smith.						5	7	9		

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 20.—Good birds were the rule at to-day's shoot, which was the event of this month, in the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club. No straight scores were made, though several fell short of a straight by one bird only, nine in all, namely, Dr. O'Connell, Dr. Hudson, J. J. Pillion, Thomas Short, John H. Moore, Dr. Woods, Hugh Quinn, P. H. Larkey and John Woelful. Johnie Jones was scorer.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles H. Billings; First Vice-President, Dr. George V. Hudson; Second Vice-President, William A. Sands; Recording Secretary, Bernard F. Amend; Financial Secretary, Dr. Louis H. Schortemeier, and Treasurer, John H. Moore.

G. B. Hillers, 28.	0011122010-6	J. Ratzens, 25.	0202111210-7
E. J. Clarke, 30.	022022222-8	D. Mohrmann, 25.	0010200210-4
Wm. Sands, 28.	1022021022-7	Dr. O'Donohue, 28.	0122022220-7
O. Jamison, 29.	0012222020-6	H. Larkey, 29.	2222222222-9
B. F. Amend, 28.	0220200022-5	J. Fischer, 28.	20022*1021-6
E. O. Wise, 28.	0221121021-8	J. Woelful, 25.	1112221012-9
D. G. Hudson, 28.	2222022222-9	Dr. Groehl, 25.	1200010220-5
A. A. Schoveling, 28.	20222*2201-7	W. J. Amend, 25.	2200011111-7
Wm. Joeger, 28.	0222211120-8	Dr. Miller, 28.	2222222200-8
Dr. O'Connell, 30.	2*20220202-6	J. Gallin, 25.	2122020120-7
H. Fessenden, 28.	2*20220202-6	Dr. Stillman, 30.	102102200-6
J. J. Pillion, 28.	2222222220-9	A. Duncort, 25.	*100200021-4
M. Weightman, 28.	0200212201-6	E. Woods, 28.	2212202221-9
T. Short, 28.	211121210-9	F. J. Kall, 25.	2022021001-6
T. Cody, 25.	2222020210-6	McGillcuddy, 28.	02*2222100-6
P. Charles, 25.	2101021112-8	H. Quinn, 28.	1012221221-9
J. H. Moore, 28.	1111111201-9	O. Brown, 25.	1002221221-8

Two 5-bird events, class shooting, \$3 entrance, three moneys, were shot, as follows:

McGillcuddy, 00222-3	10102-3	Dr. O'Connell, 22222-5	22222-5
Dr. Woods, 02202-3	02021-3	Hudson, 22022-4	
Miller, 22200-3	22202-4	Pillion, 11110-4	
Dohrman, 22100-3	10011-3	Dr. Stillman, 11211-5	12*10-3
Larkey, 12222-5	22222-5	O. Jamison, 12210-4	12222-5

Miss-and-outs:

Woods.	0	10	202	212110
McGillcuddy.	0			
Miller.	2	22	100	221122

Medicus Gun Club.

Maspeth, L. I., March 22.—Following are the scores made to-day at the shoot of the Medicus Gun Club. The 25-live-bird event was won by Dr. A. A. Webber, with a score of 18. The scores follow:

Five-bird events:	21022-4	21222-5	12222-5
Woods.	20211-4	1*0*1-2	22*20-3
Remsen.	12212-5	11221-5	11112-5
Smith.	22222-5	20111-4	22012-4
Miller.		12221-5	12201-4
Kay.	20102-3	02002-2	00102-2

Twenty-five birds, for the Greener gun:

Woods, 28.	120220110202*2222222-15	M. and O.	20
A. Goodwin, 28.	1020122122*222011212-16		120
Remsen, 30.	211120202221122121*-17		
Smith, 28.	222222202022122011-16		121
Miller, 28.	02212200012212001201-13		10
Kay, 28.	1222222022202222*21-17		0
Dr. Casey, 28.	022221210221112222-18		



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY.

Miss-and-outs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Woods.	0	0	2220
Casey.	22120		
Smith.	21222	22	10
Miller.	21212	20	2111
Kay.	110	22	1212

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., March 26.—The events of the Medicus Gun Club were shot in the snow storm which prevailed this afternoon.

No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$2; No. 2, 25 birds, \$10; the remainder were 10 birds, \$5. Birds were extra. The scores:

E. Woods, 28.	22121-5	22102-4	21	01102-3
J. P. Kay, 28.	22212-5	22022-4	10	10112-4
Dr. Casey, 29.	2201*-3	20222-4	0	12101-4
E. Woods.	2*2020*02021122011*222221-17			
J. P. Kay.	1222002112020110102201220-17			
Dr. Casey.	22222021222220222020212-21			
Dr. Casey.	2222211221-10	2212221122-10		
J. P. Kay.	2*21022*00-5	2121212102-9		
E. Woods.	2211022011-8	00210*1120-5		
E. Woods.	1012112100-7	2221111121-10		
J. P. Kay.	2112*20212-8	1222222222-10		
Dr. Casey.	021202210*-6			

R. A. Welch vs. Louis T. Duryea.

Garden City, L. I., March 22.—The match at 100 birds, 30yds. mark, shot on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club to-day, between Messrs. R. A. Welch and Louis T. Duryea, was won by the former. The scores were respectively 86 and 82. The birds were a very good lot, and a stiff southwest wind helped materially to make them better. Of the 14 birds missed by Welch, 8 fell dead out, while of the 18 lost by Duryea, 10 were dead out. The shooting was so unusually difficult that the scores under the circumstances are quite good, and it must be kept in mind that the 30yd. boundary at the Carteret grounds is a condition tending to make low scores to any but the quickest and most accurate shots, even under ordinary weather conditions. The scores:

R. A. Welch, 30yds.	22122	22212	22222	02*22	12211-23
	20222	22122	22221	212*2-23	
	22222	22212	1*212	010*2	22022-20
	12222	1222*	11*22	20122	*222*-20-86
L. T. Duryea, 30.	2*122	11212	22221	11212	*2122-23
	11*21	11002	21111	22101	0221*-19
	11121	*1222	122*0	02221	22210-20
	22*22	12220	222*2	2*212	2222*-20-82

New York German Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 21.—The shoot of the New York German Club to-day had a good attendance. The club event, a handicap at 10 birds, was won by Mr. John H. Schlicht, with a score of 9.

Club competition, 10 live birds per man: John H. Schlicht, 27yds., 9; Dr. George V. Hudson, 29yds., 8; Peter Garms, 29yds., 8; Dr. J. H. Williams, 26yds., 8; John P. Dannaefelder, 28yds., 7; A. H. Newmann, 28yds., 6; William G. Maisenholder, 28yds., 6; John H. Wellbrock, 28yds., 6; Henry A. Meyer, 28yds., 5; H. Mesloh, 28yds., 5; H. Nobel, 28yds., 5; August Sievers, 28yds., 5. Sweepstake race, 5 live birds per man: A. Detjen, 4, Schlicht 4, Wellbrock 3, Nobel 3, Sievers 1, Newmann 1, Meyer 0. Sweepstake race, 5 live birds per man: Wellbrock 3, Nobel 3, Meyer 5, M. Detjen 2, Sievers 4, Schlicht 5, Dr. Hudson 4, Williams 3, Maisenholder 2, Dannaefelder 4, Mesloh 4. Match handicap, 10 live birds per man: Mesloh, allowed 2 birds as killed, 7; Wellbrock, scratch, 10.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 24.—There was a stiff wind and a raw atmosphere, as weather conditions prevailing, consequently the targets, feeling the effects of the wind, were far from easy. Banks, shooting in the quickest time, made the best scores. The March cup event was won by H. L. O'Brien, a handicap event. Ed Banks won the special prize event, with the excellent score of 24 out of 25 from scratch. The scores follow:

March cup, 25 targets, handicap:	
H. L. O'Brien.	11111111001101101101101111-24
E. Banks.	1101111110101111101111-21
C. A. Sykes.	11101111101011101011010100-20
H. C. Whitney.	1100000101010100101010111111-19
L. Hopkins.	1110000000101000010101101110110-18
C. J. McDermott.	11101011000111001111101000-16
W. W. Marshall.	11000010100001010100100001110-13
A. M. Boucher.	101011010000011011111w
H. Kryn.	111001100110001000w

Prize shoot, 25 birds, magautrap, handicap: Banks, scratch, 24; Boucher, 4, 20; Marshall, 5, 20; Werleman, 4, 17; Kryn, 1, 16; McDermott, 2, 16; Waters, 0, 12; Hopkins, 10, 13, withdrew; Vanderveer, 7, 10.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., March 17.—The scores with a * were thrown out for reasons. Twenty shooters took part. The scores ran low on account of a high, squally wind, that made the targets jump and twist.

Hot coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches, fancy cakes, fruit and candies and cigars and a warm club house were enjoyed by every one present.

A good heavy shoot, April 19, 1900, B. G. C. Come and see us. We want an interstate shoot here, and can handle it O. K., but we do not propose to die like a sister town just to be resurrected. We want the shoot, but men like Worthing, Baker et al. are too much alive to die for a bluff. Come to our shoot, boys, and see for yourselves.

Harvard College Gun Club.	Boston Gun Club.
Malinkrodt.	8 8-24
Blake.	8 9 7-24
Kinney.	7 7 4-18
Williams.	5 10 7-22
Sanford.	8 10 8-26
*Phelps.	7 3 5-15-114
	*Simpson.

Brockton Gun Club.	Harvard.
Barrett.	10 10 7-27
Leonard.	7 9 8-24
Baker.	8 6 7-21
Leroy.	9 8 10-27-99

March 23.—Brockton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass.:

Brockton.	Harvard.
Barrett.	10 10 7-27
Leonard.	7 9 8-24
Baker.	8 6 7-21
Leroy.	9 8 10-27-99

The Brocktons were entertained to suit them, and will certainly visit the Harvards again.

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Grand American Handicap Trophy.

THE beautiful and valuable cup which is illustrated herewith is the trophy presented by the Interstate Association for competition in the Grand American Handicap, and becomes the personal property of the winner. It is elegant in design, besides being intrinsically valuable, and with the honors which will go with it, is a trophy sufficient to evoke the just pride of a life time.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

TRIUMPH OF BIRD PROTECTION.

As stated last week, the Hallock bill for the protection of non-game birds, which was mutilated in the Assembly, was changed in the Senate so as to restore protection to gulls and terns, and after having been favorably acted on by that body and gone back to the Assembly, was passed there almost in its original shape. The Governor has stated that he would sign it, and very possibly even before these words reach our readers' eyes the bill will have become a law. This is a signal triumph for the cause of protection, and so distinct a repulse to the bird skimmers and their allies that all who love nature and nature's things may well rejoice at it.

All now regret, we think, that the friends of the original Hallock bill should have yielded, when it was proposed to omit the gulls and terns from the list of birds protected by it, and should have consented to such a change. Strong protests against it came not merely from New York, but from all the line of our coast, over which bird lovers recognized that the legalized slaughter of gulls and terns in New York means the destruction of those birds along the whole Atlantic seaboard.

In last week's FOREST AND STREAM a correspondent advanced excellent economic reasons for the protection of these water birds, which are well known to be the scavengers of the sea, just as the buzzards of the South are those of the land. The amount of organic matter which they devour, especially near cities, where the refuse is dumped into the sea, is very great, and but for them much of this refuse would be cast up again on the shores.

Either the economic or the sentimental reasons are good enough to protect the gulls and the terns, and it may be hoped that with the new law and the new Forest, Fish and Game Commission which goes into office next month, there will be set on foot bird protective work in this State which shall be real. A few convictions under the new law will make the public clearly understand that the law is an effective one, and that the authorities having the matter in charge are determined to enforce it. If those who now violate both economic and humane laws can be brought to understand that these laws are now also those of the State of New York, and that their violation brings swift punishment, the whole question of the protection of our American birds will be settled forever.

It is not to be doubted that those who are commercially interested with the bird skimmers will make a hard fight, but they cannot fight against public opinion. That is far too strong for any of us.

SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

THE artificial environment incident to life in a great city imposes a barrier between the dwellers therein and nature's handiwork. The importunate exactions, in the struggle for existence—the continued attention demanded by the duties appertaining to social, financial or political success—which countless thousands of city people must observe day by day and year by year, would seem as a matter of theory to have a tendency to diminish the innate love of mankind for the things of the woods and fields and streams, if they did not entirely cause its loss. As a matter of fact, this innate love for nature, the inheritance of mankind through the countless ages of the past, cannot be extinguished.

The late sportsmen's shows, held respectively in New York and Boston, have afforded a great object lesson of the profound interest felt by all mankind concerning the world lying outside the areas of bricks and mortar. That they were appreciated by the public at large is evidenced by the thousands, from every walk of life, who attended them daily. They have proved what has been proved again and again, that this inborn fondness for nature and nature's creatures may seem to become dormant from disuse enforced by isolation; but it is instantly revived when opportunity is offered for its expression.

Many thousands of those who dwell in cities can take out of the whole year but a few days in the country for recreation and enjoyment. They have at best but a limited time in which to study the best manner of recreation or the best equipment for it. To such, the exposition was a great school, where he who was in search of the knowledge of sport could find it all under one roof. He could learn how to camp, what was necessary for it and what was not; and so of shooting and fishing and boating, and all the other wholesome sports of which it was an exposition. The trade exhibits were a necessary complement to the sportsmen's features, for the best equipment for sport is no small factor in it.

To the thousands who can take no vacation, the expositions brought such sights and suggestions of the fields and streams as in themselves were a pleasure to behold.

That the innate love for nature was implanted in man for a beneficent purpose, no one will doubt. He who keeps in touch with it enjoys in the highest degree the happiness of a sound mind in a sound body. It is a restorer to him whose mind and body are worn by the cares of life. The sportsmen's expositions, beside the pleasure they confer for the time being, accomplish a much more important work and more lasting benefit, in spreading the gospel of recreation, of which mankind, in the conditions prevailing in modern civilization, has constant need.

THE WISE FATHER.

THERE is nothing that the average father desires more than the success of his son. He would like to have the boy grow up strong, industrious, capable, good; a credit to his family and to the community in which he lives. Above all things he fears lest his son should form bad habits, should fall into evil company, and when he becomes a man should look back on his childhood and his upbringing with regret and shame, feeling that if he had been better controlled he might have turned out differently.

In another column we print the proud words of a father to whom his grown up son—now out in the world and fighting his own battles—declared that he believed that the father had never made a mistake in bringing him up. A principle of that father's care of his boy was to treat him not with the authority that a father may exercise over his son, but with the friendship that one good comrade feels for another. When he went fishing or when he went shooting, this father took his boys with him. The children grew to enjoy the same things that the father liked; together they talked over their excursions for fish and game; the father out of his greater experience told the boys shooting and fishing stories, and they came not only to regard him as the best friend they had, but as that person above all others with whom they desired to spend their time. And since a parent loves above all other things to be with his children, we may well imagine that in their excursions this father and these boys had each far better times than they would have had if their associates had been other than they were.

We have often advised our readers to get guns and fishing rods for their sons, and to take the boys with them on their excursions; and is there not in the simple relation of personal experience published this week a reinforcement of this advice so strong as to be worth laying to heart by every man who has at once a boy and a taste for life out of doors?

Setting aside the self-reliance that a boy learns by being taken out in this way and being led to believe that he is looking out for himself; setting aside also the lesson that he is taught in observation, and those other lessons in manual dexterity of one kind and another, all of which tend to make up the complete man, there is another point worth thinking of. Each child must learn for himself the lessons of experience, yet each, consciously or unconsciously, strives to model his life on that of some one that he has known. Whose life can he better take for a model than that of his father, who to his son invariably shows his better side? And if the boy, enjoying the sports of the field, sees that his father is skillful in them and grows to believe that all that he does is well done, is not that boy far more likely to listen to the father's counsel as to other matters in life, than he would be if their relations were less close or his confidence in the parent's skill and wisdom less?

The more a child's interests are broadened the wider is made the field of his pleasures and the less becomes the

opportunity and the likelihood of his yielding to the low and base temptations to which every child—whether reared in a garret or in a palace—is inevitably exposed. There is no better sheet anchor for good morals, worthy adolescence and useful manhood than the fostering in a boy a love for outdoor life under the guidance and companionship of a father who is fond of shooting and fishing.

SNAP SHOTS.

The averment that "trapshooting is the crookedest of all sports," made in St. Louis recently by a man whose livelihood at present is dependent on trapshooters and trapshooting interests, has evoked a storm of indignation from the trapshooters throughout the land. They very justly feel outraged by such a slander. To any one who gives a moment's thought to the manner in which the slanderer's averment recoils upon himself, a feeling of wonder will be added to the feeling of indignation; for, if he honestly believed it to be "the crookedest of all sports," why has he not exposed it to the world at large, in the most public manner? If it is "the crookedest of all sports," why has he, as an honest man, been identified with it in the way of obtaining a livelihood from it? The truth is that there is no cleaner sport than trapshooting, none which has a better following of the best citizens, none which comes nearer to being the sport of the people. He has an unfortunate bent of mind who sees bad where bad does not exist.

For some time efforts have been made to bring the Lacey bird bill to a vote in the House of Representatives, and on Monday last Mr. Lacey endeavored to secure its passage under suspension of the rules, being confident that he could get a two-thirds vote for it. Consideration of the bill failed, however, owing to the lack of a quorum. Mr. Cannon, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who opposed a somewhat different bill last year, said he was not necessarily opposed to the present one, but he thought it of such importance that a quorum should consider it. As there were only sixty-seven members present, it being nearly 5 o'clock, the bill went over to some future day. Mr. Lacey's bill has the support of a wide circle of those interested in game protection and in bird protection. It is said to number among its advocates Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, and many other scientific men whose opinion carries great weight, and almost all sportsmen support it.

The bill to protect Massachusetts game birds by shortening the season, and by forbidding their sale, is meeting with much opposition in the Legislature, and its prospects do not seem bright. On the other hand, it has brought out a great deal of earnest work by sportsmen, and some of the fish and game associations and gun clubs have done yeoman service in behalf of the bill. Noteworthy among such clubs are the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club and the North Attleboro Fish and Game Association, who have been sending literature and petitions favoring Bill 549 all over the State. Whether the bill passes at this session or not, the agitation in its favor cannot but do great good, and undoubtedly the energetic sportsmen of Massachusetts will ultimately succeed in having passed this bill, or one enough like it to protect the birds of the State. Meantime, all Massachusetts clubs and associations interested in game and fish preservation should work hard for the good end.

There are innumerable places in the North which, though now devoid of game, would afford good shooting in the fall if they were properly stocked. Grieving over the days agone will not restore what is lost, but active, energetic work in the right direction may do so—in part at least. By proper co-operation much could be done to restock many places, and at least something could be done for all, however little that might be. An ounce of effort, supplemented with active enforcement of the game laws, is worth a pound of repining. He who sows in the spring may reap in the harvest time.

The Governor of New York has signed Mr. Knipp's bill amending the forest, fish and game law in relation to the transportation of game without the State. This is one of a class of non-export laws which in certain States have proved very effective in the protection of game. Just how the present law will work no man can tell at present, but its wording emphasizes once more the great need of the appointment at Albany of a State schoolmaster.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

VII—In Uyak Bay.

ON the morning of July 1 five members of the party with four packers and a hunter, left the ship for a few days' examination of Uyak Bay, in Kadiak Island. They landed at the cannery of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, and were very hospitably received by Mr. Davidson, the superintendent of canneries for that corporation. About the middle of the morning, on the cannery's steam tug, they left the wharf for the head of the bay, which was reached about 2 P. M. and a landing made just below the mouth of the creek, as far up as the tug could go, on account of the shoal water.

Leaving the men to pitch camp, three of the party, with Mr. Davidson, went up the creek to look for bear sign. The stream is a large one, too deep to wade or to ford, and it was therefore necessary to follow along the bank. In many places the bluffs came down to the water in steep precipices, so that even along the border of the stream wading was impossible. At such points they were obliged to climb the bluffs to pass these precipices. These bluffs were steep and rocky, and overgrown with dense alders, and the footing was very unstable, so that the climbing was hard. Flies and mosquitoes were terribly troublesome. They kept up their search for some hours, and went up the creek two or three miles. No signs of bear were seen that were at all encouraging, although the old trails were there, worn a foot or two deep, and some of them had been used this summer. At many points were seen bones of salmon caught last year by the bears.

The flowers were very beautiful. Some of the rocks in the bay seemed to be crowned with pale blue, so thickly did the forget-me-nots grow on them. In the open grassy places harebells grew everywhere, while on the wooded hillsides there was a beautiful orchid (*Cypripedium guttatum*). The walk was long and tiring, and as no game was seen they returned to the camp, where they spent the evening fighting flies.

At no point visited were the flies so bad as in Uyak Bay. They flew against the face in great clouds, and it was necessary to wear head nets all the time. These were the gnats similar to those known in the Adirondacks and in Canada as black flies, and on the plains and in the mountains of the West as buffalo gnats or elk gnats. Their numbers were so great that it was difficult to keep them out of the eyes, nose and mouth, and here a common request of one's neighbor was, "Please take this fly out of my eye?"

During the night the camp was roused by two shots, and in the morning it was learned that the firing had been at two strange animals on the beach, and one of the men had shot at each. Probably both were foxes, although in the dim light they appeared to be very large. Early in the morning the launch was loaded to move to Feather Bay, and until 2 o'clock steamed steadily along. Several prospect holes or mines were passed which were being worked in a desultory fashion; they are quartz veins in the crushed and somewhat metamorphosed state, which formed the vertical shore. So far, none have proved of value—present or prospective. Many birds were seen along the bay, among them the red-breasted merganser, black oystercatcher, and eagles, at frequent intervals. At the house of a prospector they landed to ask about game, and learned that not long before some prospectors had killed a bear at the head of the bay.

As they approached the head of Feather Bay the water grew more and more shoal, until at last the launch ran aground, the water for three miles below the head of the bay being very shallow at low tide. The launch backed off without difficulty, and the party landed and went into camp on a breezy point on the east side of the bay. Here, if one were out of the wind, flies were very bad, but in the breeze they troubled not at all.

When the landing was made the water was so low that the baggage was transferred to the shore by small boats and then carried well up the beach by the men and left piled up there while camp was being made. Two of the party with Mr. Davidson then went off in one direction, while three others walked up the beach to where a considerable river entered the bay through a wide, grassy meadow, and followed its wide valley up. Great cottonwood trees grew all over the bottom, and beneath them were scattered willows and alders. On the way through this valley a great deal of bear sign was seen, among it the fresh tracks of several different bears. The weeds and grass were freshly bent down, and the indications were that the animals were using the place a good deal.

The river was a wide, hurrying stream, but interrupted by many gravel bars, and almost everywhere fordable. After following it up for half a mile or more the three men returned to a gravel bar that offered a wide prospect up and down the stream, and there sat down to watch. A pair of eagles had recently reared their young in a tall cottonwood not far away, and were very anxious about them, flying back and forth over the strangers, and uttering their mournful cry. They were entirely tame and had evidently never been shot at. Before long their

young, just out of the nest, appeared and made short flights through the timber. Here were seen a winter wren, and perched on the top of a tall cottonwood, a little pigeon falcon. For some hours the men sat on the gravel bar without seeing anything, and then returned to camp.

Before night it appeared that a coat, a guncase and a gun, belonging to different members of the party, had been left on the beach by the careless packers, and covered or washed away by the tide. These things were later all recovered, after the tide had gone down, but were none the better for their immersion in the salt water.

Near the camp were two houses of the Aleuts, called barabaras. They are shaped somewhat like a truncated pyramid, longer than wide, with a low doorway in the shorter side, which faces the water, and a square smoke hole in the top. The doorway is closed either by a door of boards hung on hinges, or by a flap of skin hanging down. The house is tightly built of hewn sticks, 4 inches wide, laid close together and sloping up from the ground inward toward the roof, which is nearly flat. Over roof and sides dried grass is thickly piled, and this is held in place by rough sticks and branches of cottonwood, from 4 to 8 feet long, tied in place by withies of willow. At the further end of the oblong building—that is to say, opposite the door, is a little altar, with a cross above it, and before the altar a stool on which the worshipper might kneel. The fire is built on the ground in the middle of the house, between long logs or poles, which form an oblong fireplace. A space between the fire and the door is a sort of entrance way, and the people sleep on beds of grass or straw on either side of the fire. The inside dimensions of the house vary somewhat, but are 12 or 14 by 16 or 18. They are warm and comfortable shelters, and are never invaded by flies. They are not kept clean, however, and bones of fish and game, and refuse of all sorts are found about them. These houses are only occupied for a short time in summer, when the natives come

The boat was taken as far as possible, and when it was left aground they carried their lunches half a mile up through the grass to the timber, and there on a sand bar cooked and ate. It was evidently somewhere near here that the prospectors had killed their bear, for the existence of the carcass was still very evident to at least one sense. The men followed up the river, wading from time to time, and finding abundant bear sign, some of it very fresh. Nothing living was seen, however, except a few ducks in the pools. The valley was well covered with large cottonwood timber, and under the trees there was usually fairly open ground, with grass. Under the green grass was a thick mat of dead grass, in which were buried sticks, leaves and other debris, so that it was difficult to walk quietly since one could not see what he was stepping on, and the sticks were continually cracking. A few salmon were seen in the stream, and the run was just about to begin. Everywhere along the water's edge were tracks made where the bears had come down and walked along the sand bars, prospecting for salmon. Sometimes it would be a single bear, sometimes an old one and two cubs.

Late in the day, working over toward the westerly side of the valley, a great stream was seen falling hundreds of feet down over a sheer cliff. The point where the fall began was estimated as 800 feet above the valley. By a hard, steep climb through the alders, up the almost vertical bluff, they reached the crest whence the stream made its leap, and from there looked out over the valley and scanned the hills for bears. After sitting there for awhile they descended again, and separating, hunted down the valley toward the boat. On the way Mr. Davidson saw a small bear and shot at it, touching it, but it got away.

The great bears of Kadiak Island are reported to be the largest living carnivorous mammals. From what Mr. Davidson said about them, it appears that they are much like bears everywhere. When they meet man they will run if they can, and fight if they must. A wounded bear is dangerous, of course; a she bear with cubs may be so. They have great vitality. Davidson tells of killing a female, into which he put eight bullets, three of which passed through her heart. Fabulous stories are told by sailors, natives and others of their ferocity.

Reaching the boat the hunters took to the oars and pulled for the camp. In the morning while coming up the bay, a point of land had been passed which was covered with gulls and terns, and in the water near it were many ducks. As the boat approached, these last flew away, and the gulls and terns took wing, made a turn in the air, and flew over the men, and then settled on the beach again, ranging themselves in rows with their breasts toward them, standing there like so many soldiers. They were wonderfully gentle. The terns, as they flew over the men, turned their heads from side to side and uttered their curious grating cry, and the great, white-winged gulls made their hoarse call, and at last all settled down again and did not fly until the boat

was within 30 feet of them, when they rose once more in a great cloud.

When this point was passed on the return, the water then being high, the same congregation was present, but now there were two or three hundred crows with them. Now a better view was had of the ducks, which appeared to be sheldrakes. As before, these flew first, then the crows and last the gulls and terns. At this time the gulls did not wait so long as in the morning, but most of them took wing and flew down the bay and settled in the water. The last to leave were a number of little wedge-tailed gulls, most of them in young plumage, but a few with the dark head. The young ones looked like little owls as they flew.

It was late when camp was reached, and the next day the party returned to the cannery, and the same night were picked up by the steamer, which returned.

Shortly after the ship had reached the village of St. Paul, Kadiak, another camping party went out, which included, among others, some of the young girls of the party. They slept for the first time on the ground, and had a great deal of fun in camp.

From this camp Mr. Harriman, with one or two others of the ship's company, and guided by an old Russian who had a great reputation as a bear hunter, set out on a side trip to hunt. They walked far up among the hills, finding open country, and at last established their camp on the high ridges. A long round during their first day out showed no game, but when they returned to camp at night they found close to the tent the tracks of an enormous bear, which had visited the place since they left it in the morning. The next day they saw at a distance of two miles, a large bear, but after making a long round to approach it, found when they got to the place that it had disappeared. Later, two more bears were seen, and these, when approached, proved to be a female and her cub. Careful stalking brought them within a hundred yards of the two, and Mr. Harriman, by a careful shot, killed the bear at once, breaking its neck. She rolled down out of sight, and for a moment it was uncertain, since they could not see her, whether she was dead or running away, or returning on the charge. It appeared, however, that she did not need another shot. The cub was then killed. It seemed, even to the most eager bear hunter of the ship's company, a peculiarly



ST. PAUL VILLAGE, KADIAK ISLAND.

Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

here to catch and dry salmon. The drying scaffolds are nothing more than long poles over which the split fish are hung, supported at either end by forked sticks. The salmon are taken by means of a long gaff, the hook being attached to the handle by a short thong of hide. By means of a simple catch the hook is caught to the shaft in such a way that its point is directed forward. The gaff is thrust at the fish, its forward directed point pierces it, and the barb holds it. Its struggles free the hook from the catch, and the thong permits a little play as the fish is dragged ashore.

A device used for catching foxes is interesting. A powerful spring is said to be made by twisting a cord very tightly. This spring operates a stick 2 feet long, in which are fastened three iron spikes. The stick and the spring are buried in the moss by the trail which the foxes use, and a light string set across this trail, when touched, releases a trigger. The stick describes half the arc of a circle with great violence, and breaks the animal's back. As an example of the force with which this stick strikes, Mr. Davidson stated that he had seen one of these traps, sprung by accident by a man walking, break his leg below the knee.

Just before sunset the wind fell and the flies attacked with great vigor, flying at the men in great swarms, like so many hornets. Various preparations of grease, used by some members of the party, did prevent the flies from biting, but did not keep them from flying against the face, where they got caught in the oily mixture, and crawled about. One of the party, with a fondness for figures of speech, compared the face of one of his companions to "a large pudding with currants in it." That night was clear, cool and beautiful, and for a while the flies and mosquitoes ceased from troubling, so that in the morning every one talked about the delightful rest that had been enjoyed. After breakfast, in the skiff, with oars and with a poncho for sail, six of the men started for the head of the bay, which they reached in an hour or two. The scenery during the sail was beautiful. On either hand were green rolling hills, in part alder-clad, but with open spots of bright yellowish-green grass and fern. On the hilltops beyond the alders there were frequent patches of snow, while looking up the valley a range of sharp sawteeth mountains were seen at its head, streaked with snow, and very rugged and alpine in appearance.

satisfactory thing that Mr. Harriman, who himself is an enthusiastic hunter and a hard worker, should have been the one to kill the first—and as it afterward proved, the only—specimen of this very desirable game.

It was later—on St. Lawrence Island—that the only polar bear hunt of the trip took place. The party had landed, and as was its custom, had scattered out to investigate different things. The geologists were cracking rocks; the invertebrate men were following the beach and overlooking its wash; the botanists were filling their tin cases with plants, and the bird and mammal men, with guns and traps, were collecting small birds and mice, all according to their custom. To one of these last, a shining light of science, came two of the young girls, running back as hard as they could from further inland, and gasping as they ran, "Bears, Bears." The shining light of science was provided only with a very light shotgun and a number of cartridges loaded for the tiniest birds, but searching in his pockets he found several buckshot cartridges, and boldly started off to kill the bears, sending the young girls back for reinforcements in the shape of hunters armed with rifles.

The place where the bears were had been pointed out to him, and on reaching a ridge, and carefully peeping over it he could see their white backs a long way off. He stalked them with the utmost care, creeping prone over the tundra, taking advantage of every sag and hollow, and only at long intervals cautiously lifting his head high enough to see that the white backs were still there. Gradually he approached, and as he got nearer and nearer he at last felt certain that he would have a shot at a polar bear, and for such a privilege he felt willing, if necessary, to be torn in pieces after the shot had been fired. His last glimpse at the prey was at a distance of about a hundred yards, but he knew how big and strong polar bears are, how thick their hair and how tough their hides, and he did not dare fire at them at that distance when he had only buckshot in his gun. Hugging the earth he crept along, nearer, and still nearer, and now his heart was beating a little faster as he thought what a few moments might bring forth, when suddenly a long, white, slender neck was stretched up in the air, and then another, loud cries resounded, there was a prodigious flapping of wings, and two swans took to flight, running a long distance over the tundra before they could rise in the air. His polar bears wore feathers.

It was comforting to the members of the Big Game Committee to listen to the shouts of laughter which hailed the shining light of science when he returned to the ship and told his story. The only polar bears seen on the trip were those that he had hunted. G. B. G.

Sam's Boy.—XVIII.

Fox Life.

"Good airth an' seas! If this 'ere boy hain't be'n an' gone an' killed a fox all alone by hisself!" cried Uncle Lisha, overwhelmed by surprise, expressed in every look and motion, as he dropped tools and work, pushed his spectacles far upon his forehead, struggled to his feet and pranced wildly forward to meet Sammy.

The boy entered the shop, and swinging the proud burden from his shoulder, remarked in assumed indifference, "I forgot my knife, an' so I had to lug the crittur all the way hum! I tell ye what, foxes is heavy, come tu lug 'em tew mild."

"Yes, yes, I guess they be; jes' as solid as ol' pork; but ye was glad o' the chance tu lug it, wa'n't ye, Bub? Hev ye showed the folks in the haouse what ye done? Jerushy! Hully! Come right here quick an' see what this boy's done!"

His uproarious call brought the two women and Polly hurrying to the shop, as might all the neighborhood if it had been weather for open doors and windows, and they purred over the boy and praised him to his heart's content. He was glad that he had forgotten his knife, for a whole fox was better worth showing than a mere skin and was a world's wonder to little Sister.

No longer trying to curb his exultation, he told excitedly all the story of his achievement to his audience, the feminine majority kindly making pretense of interest in every incident.

"Why, for all this livin' world!" cried Uncle Lisha, finding fresh cause for surprise as he made a closer examination of the fox's carcass; "if I don't r'al'y b'lieve this 'ere's the ol' Haidgehog Hill fox—the very same ol' crittur me an' you was a-watchin' playin' wi' her young uns when you was a shaver. I gin her a hint to look aout!" He checked himself, for he became aware that he might reveal an unpleasant secret to the womenkind. "We didn't think you'd be a-killin' on her so soon. My! haow time does paig away! To-day it's a baby's shoes, tu-morrer a half-grown boy's stogies." And the old man sighed, thinking how his little boy was growing out of one sort of camaraderie.

"Just lay your fox on them luther scraps an' you can skin it comf'able," he said, as the women withdrew, and Sammy, nothing loath to accept such warm quarters for what promised to be a tedious job for his inexperienced hands, sharpened his knife and set about it.

"Poor ol' foxey," said Uncle Lisha, musing over the furry form; "she won't raise no more fam'lies in Haidgehawg laidge's, an' I tell ye what, Bub, your father won't be none tew glad on't," he added in a lowered tone.

Sammy thought it very hard that some would not be suited, whether he killed a fox or not.

"Wal, nev' mind; she can't be fetched tu life naow," said Uncle Lisha. "But I swan, it makes me feel kinder lunsome thinkin' haow we sha'n't never see her no more a-shootin' back an' tu on this ar'nt an' that. A hard life she's had on't, fust an' last, but it was her'n, an' she got the best she could aout on't, ever sen' she was a leetle teeny, tawnty, peaked-tailed cub a-playin' wi' her mammy an' mates up in the aidge o' the woods tu Haidgehawg afore you was borned, mebbey."

"Oh, du you know 'baout her, Uncle Lisher?" Sammy asked, hungering for one of the old stories, somehow grown infrequent of late.

"Wal, I can kind er guess some, an' some I du know," said the old man, nothing loath for a renewal of the old intercourse, and beginning at once at the boy's eager "Oh, tell!"

"Wal, fust she knowed she opened her eyes in a dark hole, snuggled up tu her mammy wi' her brothers an' sisters, an' then it wa'n't long afore they was all layin' aout in the sunshine, the grass beginnin' tu grow an' the fust birds come. An' then their mammy was off nights, comin' hum airly, naow wi' a maou'ful o' mice or a rabbit or pa'tridge, an' sometimes, don't ye b'lieve, wi' a cat, an' naow an' ag'in wi' a young skunk, an' caouted it proper good strong victuals; an' the' was mushrat an' woo'chuck, and I do know what all; an' byme-bye the ol' one come home mornin's wi' a lam, an' then turkeys an' chickens, an' tu rights the' was wings an' laigs an' feathers scattered raound the burrer so thick you couldn't help a-noticin'. So someb'dy did, an' 't wa'n't long fore they come for tu dig 'em aout. The ol' lady'd showed her young uns 'at there was more'n one door tu their haouse, but 'stead o' runnin' aout o' the back door when the folks come to the front, the leetle fools scattered clean int' the funder chamber—all but this one; she run aout, 'long wi' her mammy, an' she stood off a-barkin' her heart aout tu see her babies dug aout an' kerried off right afore her face an' eyes. They wa'n't killed, but took captive, an' gi'n raoun' tu one an' another an' chained up or put in a pen for folks tu come an' gawp at an' pester."

"Tom Hamlin had one 'at he put a chain on tu an' hed a box wi' a hole in the side tu run intu, comf'able as you please, an' his mammy useter go nights an' visit him an' kerry him mice, an' l'arn him tricks 'at gi'n him lots o' fun. But one on 'em was pooty nigh his ondoin'. He scattered his crumbs wi'n reach o' his chain, an' lay back makin' b'lieve he was asleep, a-peekin' aout'n the corner o' one eye, till byme-bye a fool o' a half-grown chicken 'ld come gawkin' raound a-pickin' up crumbs, an' fust he knowed Mr. Fox hed him an' he was a spilte wruster. Tom was a-goin' tu quit keepin' a wil' beast show, but his boy begged so hard foxey's life was saved, but his chain was shortened up consid'able. Arter a spell it got a weak place wore in it so 't the fox got a twist on 't 'at broke it, an' away he scooted for the woods. The strap choked him as his neck growed, but his mammy gnawed it off arter a spell, an' in course o' time the hul caboodle o' the litter got away somehaow, 'ceptin' one 'at was sol' tu a caravan an' went a-travelin' fur an' near an' see more folks 'an most any fox 'at ever lived. Wal, ol' Marm Fox she sot tu larnin' her family haow tu git an honest livin' in the woods an' off 'in the farms where the ol' women raised poultry for 'em, easier ketchin' 'an the pa'tridge an' rabbits or half-grown crows 'at lit raound huntin' grubs, an' larnt 'em tu take up wi' h beech-nut an' acorn shack an' grasshoppers when the' wa'n't better, an' tu look aout for the smell o' a man whenever they faound it as the dang'ousest thing the' was an' tu go on fresh airth an' naked rock an' ice tu hide the' own scent from haoun'n' dawgs, an' took 'em over all the runways wi'n four mild. An' then she turned 'em aout in the world tu shift for theselves, kinder watchin' aout tu see haow they made it."

"One went right contr'y tu what she tol' him, a-foolin' raound where the' was a hunk o' skunk meat stuck on a stick aout in a puddle o' water, wi' a piece o' sod half-way aout from the bank jest handy tu put a foot on an' reach aout to 't. It smelt strong o' skunk an' mushrat musk an' anise, an' the' wa'n't no smell o' human 'baout, but it looked kinder fixed up, an' the ol' un says, says she, 'You let that 'ere alone; the's things 'nough t' eat besides that 'ere.' But he was one o' 'your know-it-alls,' an' hed to jest smell on 't onct. So he sot his forefoot on the sod an' reached aout so keerful he knowed it couldn't du no hurt, but the' was a snap an' a bile in the water an' his foot was in a grip as if a mud-turkle hed a-holt on 't."

"Back he jumped twicte his len'th an' went a-sprawlin' on his back, but for all it pooty nigh pulled his laig off the trap hung, an' kep' a-hangin' for all his yankin' an' squallin', an' all he could do was drag the hul biln, trap an' clog, along the graound till it ke'ched, an' then yank an' work till it let go. He might ha' gnawed his foot off, as his mammy tol' him tu, but he kep' a-wastin' time, a-draggin' an' a-twitching a hull day, till it was tew late, an' a-long come a man an' knocked him in the head wi' a hatchet, so that was the end o' him!"

"'Twas one way an' nother wi' the rest on 'em—a-gittin' hunted an' trapped an' steerin' clear an' not, but this 'ere particular one was the cutest an' allers the favoryte wi' her mammy. She'd remember what she was tol' an' didn't fool raoun' no traps ner pizen bait—the' be them 'at pizens foxes—an' the fust time a haoun' got arter her she played him some pooty smart capers. She run in a dusty rhud, an' through a flock o' sheep, an' top o' fences, an' finally bothered him so on a windy laidge 'at he gi'n it up. But one time aour ol' Drive got arter her an' gi'n her a tough one. Try what she would, sheep, or fences, or plawowed land, or laidges, or ice, he'd stick tu her ju' like teazles, a-circling till he hit her track on good follerin' an' sendin' her skivin' till she was nigh about tuckered, an' then her mammy come an' mixed her track all up wi' the young uns so the ol' dawg got off arter the ol' one, a thing he didn't often do, an' she led him a wil' goose chase over sheep paths an' laidges till she was so fur ahead his voice was lunsome as a blue bird's song in the fall. When she couldn't sca'cely hear it, she put her cross lots for the maountin' lickety-rip up a gully an' up the bank on 't, not thinkin' nobody wi'n milds' when; her slap, she come onter a man, which it was your father, of all men in the world! She stopped so quick she nigh abaout keeled over, an' then turned tail an' skinned for su'thin' tu git behind—a tree, or stump, or rock—but the' wa'n't none for rods an' rods. An' so as she was layin' herself stret, wi' her ears clus tu her head an' her tail the size o' your laig. Whang! went the ol' gun behind her an' daown she went wi' a broken hip."

"The man was half-way tu her afore she could gather; but when she did, her three laigs was tew many for his tew, for all the mis'able broken one a-floppin' loose an' achin' wus 'n forty teethaches, an' she got tu the woods afore he could load a-runnin' an' then p'inted for a hole she knowed on. It run 'way back 'n under a big rock, so the' wa'n't no sech a thing as diggin' on her aout, which your father was turrible sorry 'baout. Your father stopped the hole an' went an' got a trap an' sot it tu ketch her when she tried tu come aout."

"What!" cried Sammy, al' gape with surprise, "my daddy set a trap for a fox? I don't b'lieve it!"

"Why, yes, Bub, when one was waound so an' sufferin', but not no other ways. Wal, when he went tu look at it two-three days arter, she hedn't ben anigh the trap an' when he s'arched all raound the laidge for another hole, he faound a narrer crack wi' some mice poked into 't. Yes, sir, this 'ere young un had ben an' gone an' took feed tu her ol' distressed mammy, jest as duteiful as a humern—yes, more 'n some," and the old man sighed.

"He hated tu, but he stopped up that place, an' pooty soon ketched the ol' un as nigh dead as alive. Wal, this un was all alone in the world wi' aout kith or kin, an' lunsome enough, but she come o' that, as foxes an' mortals du, an' enjoyed life a-scootin' raound in the woods huntin' pa'tridge an' rabbits as her marm had larnt her. But it was the biggest fun in spring when the young lambs come, tu cut intu a flock o' gre't big ewes an' kerry off a lamb 'most as heavy as herself."

"Or in summer tu find a flock of half-grown turkeys strayin' raound the lots an' kill beyond all reason ten times more 'n she an' all her fam'ly could eat—for she hed her a fam'ly then. Like 'nough 't would be right in sight of a haouse, wi' an' ol' womern lookin' on rarin' an' tarin' an' siccin' the dawg on, whilst Mis' Foxy slewed 'em right an' left, an' then slung one over her shoulder an' off int' the woods afore the dawg got half-way. That was fun alive tu see the turkeys a-flutterin' an' flyin' an' yelpin' an' 'twas payin' the folks for killin' the foxes off an' 'twa'n't no worse for her an' for them, for they all done it come fall, an' she knowed she killed mice enough tu pay for all she took. But it wa'n't the way they looked at it."

"The way of her hevin' a fam'ly was, when it come pleasant nights in February, the moon shinin' so 't the snow looked whiter 'n it does in sunshine, an' the shadders so blue they was 'most black, the' come a harnsome young fox a-caperin' raound her on the eends o' his toes an' his tail a-stickin' up like a raouster's. His fur was as red as a cherry an' his tail as big as your laig—gosh, yes, mine—an' a white tip on 't six inches long. He jest put his best foot for'ard for her, an' she couldn't stir a rod 'at he wa'n't with her, an' the eend on 't was they was married. They lived here an' there a-sleepin' in pleasant nights on a snow-kivered rock or stump or a nest o' wild grass, wi' one ear cocked for'ard and t'other back'ard an' noses sot for any scent the wind might kerry. When the' come a-rippin' ol' storm they'd git intu a den or burrer an' weather it aout snug as a flea in a blanket."

"Come spring they cleaned aout an' ol' burrer tu Haidgehawg Hill an' went tu haousekeepin' in airnest, an' nex' thing the' was four baby foxes. Tew on 'em was ju' like or'nary fox babies, but one was mos' black, an' 'nother a measly lookin' little runt wi' hair as if he'd ben singed. But his marm sot jest as much by him as she did t'others, an' when it come tu feedin' on 'em mice an' sech, she see 't he had his full sheer. If he'd ha' growed up he wouldn't never looked no better, for he was what they call a Samson fox, the idee bein', I s'pose, 'at they came down from them 'at Samson sot fire tu an' le' go in the Philistynes' cornfel's, a turrible cur'ous way o' burnin' on 't, it al'ays 'peared tu me. Hunters shoot 'em when they come along, but they haint sca'cely worth skinnin'. But he never growed up. One moonlight night the fam'ly was loafin' aou'door a-snappin' at May bugs 'at was a-blunderin' raound, when the' come a shadder, an' clust behind it wi' aout no more n'ise, a big-headed, long-eared ol' hoot aowl an' grabbed poor leetle Samson an' off wi' him like a evil sperit. Mis' Fox ran arter him, a-barkin' an' squallin', but that was all she could du, an' the last she ever see o' poor leetle Samson, 'ceptin' a few bones an' wapse o' his fraowzly fur. She felt jest as bad for him as if he'd ben her biggest an' harnsomest. When that one got growed up he was harnsome, I tell ye. His sides was gray an' a black stripe run daown his back wi' another acrost the shoulders, an' his tail black wi' a white tip to 't. He was what they call a cross fox, not on 'caount o' bein' uglier 'n or'nary ones, but o' the cross on the back. A sort o' come-by-chance they be, sca'ce as they be, an' wuth three-four times as much as the reds. So when this chap got big 'nough tu go wanderin' an' seen o' men he was sometimes took for a black or a silver gray with ever so much more, an' every hunter was arter him hot-footed afore he got prime an' the' was traps gapin' for him sot by folks 'at never sot a trap afore."

"Did my daddy?" Sammy asked, half fearing a fall for his idol.

"No, indeedy, not he!" Uncle Lisha answered very decidedly. "But him an' ol' Drive was arter that fox airly an' late. Your dad would take the dawg off at dark an' Mr. Fox 'd lay up for the night, hopin' he'd got red on 'em. But it wouldn't more 'n come daylight afore 't was up an' at it agin wi' ol' Drive foolin' on his track."

"So wi' dodgin' runways here an' runways there, an' tryin' ol' tricks an' new, he come tu be sharp as a sewin' awl, an' the cutest chap a-goin'. Lord, haow praud his mammy was tu see him foolin' Sam Loyel an' ol' Drive day arter day an' then year arter year, till the ol' dawg died an' a new one come. T'other tew cubs went off one way an' 'nother an' many a litter at come arter, an' time an' again she was left mournin', yet this feller hel' on ju' like a witch."

"One day the ol' lady heard haoun's a-runnin', an' knowed by twistin' an' turnin' an' gittin' bothered that her Crossy was a-leadin' on 'em. She cal'lated where he'd p'int for tu lay up when he'd got fur 'nough ahead, an' mawged off that way tu hev a visit. Byme bye the haoun's wasn't barkin' onct in half an hour, an' thinks, 's'ys she, he's all right, an' then she hear a gun roar in the woods poty near the line he'd come. She listened an' heard someb'dy callin' dawgs an' then nothin' more till they bust aout fresh a minute an' then shet up as sudden. Then her heart misgi'n her. Arter lis'nin' a long spell she went on agin keerful, hopin' the best, but at last she smelt fox an' humern an' dawg all mixt an' come tu some blood an' a bunch o' black an' gray fur, an' seen a karkis bargin' in a crotch, an' then she knewed the pride o' her heart was gone."

"It wa'n't no use o' tryin' tu escape it; death was a layin' in wait for her an' her 'n when an' where they was least expectin' on 't. An' so it come her turn at last, right where she'd fooled the haoun's a hundred times, an' wi' her dyin' eyes she seen 't was nothin' but a boy 'at done it; one 'at she'd thought she could fool any time. Mebbey she thought what turrible critturs these men folks was

when the young uns could du for the oldest experienced loxes an' mebbly she wondered why the world wa'n't wide 'nough for both tu live in wi'out them big critturs etarnally persecutin' the small uns an' thought what a pleasant place 't would be if it only was.

"But she'd come tu the eend on 't, pleasure, trouble an' all, an' you an' me won't hev no more fun watchin' her an' her young uns. Ta' keer, Bub, you don't cut that ear off tew long an' spile the looks o' the pelt."

"Oh, dear, Uncle Lisher, I 'most wish I hedn't shot her!" Sammy cried out in contrition of spirit.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

Tour of a Cowpath Inspector.

HAVING taken the inspectorship of cowpaths for my district, I started out with conscientious promptitude, beginning my rounds on a charming day in March. It could do no harm to see what sort of byways awaited the tread of the herds that were still yarded and stabled. It would be odd if they did not already lead to scenes of beauty and objects of interest. The day was more than inviting, it was urgent. I sallied forth with a light rifle in hand to enforce my official authority; it may be admitted that I had a mental eye upon a promising flat a couple of miles out, where the ducks sometimes call during their migrations.

The cowpaths were still there. Beaten trails are not soon effaced. The forms given to the soil, whether elevated or depressed, are strangely durable for so soft a material, if once shielded with a little vegetation. Who knows how many centuries' rain and frost have attacked the structures of the mound builders, and left them to carry forest trees and foil the speculations of a later race?

fragrance. Elsewhere the hemlocks cast their perennial gloom.

Hawks were circling above the forest and sending down their piercing but not unmusical cries. A scream from a lower altitude called my attention to one in a treetop. His attention was also called; he was on the wing before I got an aim to suit me, and I concluded that he represented neither of the three species condemned by the Agricultural Department. The hawks are not the easiest of the feathered families to distinguish and recognize; a near view of a living specimen is the exception. I was glad to be sure of an acquaintance in a brisk little dark brown bird fluttering near the ground and then gliding along a log. If you have seen such a creature, standing in such a place, repeatedly bobbing down and up with an abruptness that would make a courtesying schoolboy seem graceful as a dancing master in comparison, you have seen the winter wren.

Another wood lay in my way, and I set out to cross the intervening field. On northward slopes and in shaded hollows the remnant of snow was fast tawing, and through an old turf-lined dead furrow a swift rill of ice water glided where in summer a cricket could not wet his feet. My first glimpse over a ridge showed me a crow toraging in the succeeding hollow. Here was another rival inspector, and the rule was hastily leveled. The bullet that spattered the mud beside him as he walked, at least served as a hint that I could do all the inspecting required in those pastures, and the hunt seemed to be promptly taken. It has been denied that the crow is as black as he is painted, but he has hardly been successfully whitewashed. He has merit as a worm-eater and bug-catcher to offset his ravages upon the cornfields, but his propensity for the eggs and young of smaller birds turns the trembling scale against him and makes him a legitimate target, though one, I must say, from which a bullet seems to slip as water from a duck.

The same vices earn for red squirrels a like fate, and they have no such compensating virtue. I was thinking of them as I entered the woods, and rather wondering

as usual, and a pair of hairy woodpeckers permitted a close approach. I was pleased to see how indifferently they glided up or down the tree trunks. The woodpecker's foot is a double-ender, so to speak, two toes projecting forward and two back, and the bird seems to move with equal convenience either way.

I approached the flooded flat cautiously through a bit of second-growth woodland, but the caution was vain. Part of the water was covered with ice, but no part with ducks. The nearest thing to game was a pair of killdeer plovers cruising overhead and uttering their shrill cries, sometimes bringing out the "killdee" very distinctly. This bird is well fitted with the specific name *Vociferus*. It is no singer, but its clear call was musical after hearing for months no bird notes sweeter than the caw of the crow and the tiresome chirp of the English sparrow. They are a rather gamy family, these plovers, but not in equal degree. While the golden plover, for example, is welcomed to the table, the killdeer is not so much as mentioned by Gurdon Trumbull in his valuable book on "Birds Which Interest Gunners," and I do not know that it is anywhere praised as a delicacy. All the same it is a handsome and interesting bird.

The air was full of the music of flowing water, but I could not locate the stream until a foamy line down a little ravine beyond the flat revealed the source of the murmur. I carried the pleasant sight and sound with me as I turned homeward.

BRISTOL HILL.

Field Columbian Museum.

THE report of Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, Director of the Field Columbian Museum, for the year closing Sept. 30, 1899, has just been received. Like its predecessors, it is an interesting document and shows the continued progress of the museum. During the year a greater amount of new material has been placed on exhibition than during any preceding twelve months. This is true of all the departments, though perhaps most evident in those of anthropology and zoology.



GROUP OF ALASKA BLACK SHEEP.

From the Report of the Director of the Field Columbian Museum.

The path worn through some tiny ridge ankle deep may be abandoned, but it does not fill up; it becomes grass-grown and holds its own against everything but the plow. Not grassy was the one that now led me along the flank of a high rough hill toward a tempting piece of woods, but well worn, as its makers left it when they shambled off to the barnyard at the end of last year's pasturing. Below ran a boisterous brook swollen to a torrent of clear snow water. Beside the way a song sparrow was skipping back and forth through a brush heap like a shuttle in a loom. If the sparrow carried a line, like the spider, what a tangle he would weave among the brush.

Not far off a woodchuck had begun his housecleaning. The earth he had brought from under a boulder was still damp on the chips of stone that came with it, and probably I interrupted him at his work. It was as well for him that he saw me first. The woodchuck is himself a cowpath inspector in his way, and two of a trade never did agree. He is also a rival of my bovine constituents when he sets himself down to pasture on their grass. If there were enough of him the pasture would be ruined, as by the rabbits in Australia. Perhaps it will come to that if an occasional groundhog be not cut off by a well planted bullet, and with him some possible millions of hungry posterity. Only the other day a farmer told me how the woodchucks prematurely harvested his bean crop, and I believe they have shown themselves addicted to cabbages. Surely a man with no more important concerns may well give a glance to the future of the pasture, the bean and the cabbage, and such a glance may be advantageously taken through the sights of a rifle.

On sunny hillocks spiders were crawling over the film of dead grass and leaves which the deep snow had pressed thin and wind and sun had dried into a crisp fabric. At the edge of the woods a butterfly hovered in the genial light. The sun shone warmly down among the trees, tracing a network of slender shadows where the leaves lay matted together, and the moist earth reeked with woody

that they were not more active on a day fine enough, one would say, to start all animal life with a rush. Presently one appeared, but immediately lost himself among the dense foliage and thickset limbs of a hemlock top, where a squirrel may always be safe if he will. Another sat stupidly on a low limb until a bullet snuffed out his unprofitable existence. I saw still another perched in a dead hemlock, but, not wishing to bombard the neighboring village, shifted my position to put the target in a safer direction, and upon that he betook himself to more retired quarters. No animal in the woods has a better faculty of disappearing than the red squirrel. These are cute and pretty creatures, and a magazine contributor has published an interesting article describing the ways of a pair that he kept as pets. He reflected somewhat severely upon those who shoot them, and his remarks would have force if the squirrel were naturally immortal. But death waits for all squirrels, as for all inspectors, and the inspector would be glad to be guaranteed as easy and painless a passage out of life as the bullet brings to the squirrel. One shot with a rifle is usually killed instantly, and it would gain nothing on the score of comfort by being left to die of disease, or to be torn to pieces by some hawk, owl or cat, or swallowed alive by a snake. A similar remark might be made in regard to other hunted creatures. Man is but one of their hunters, and the most humane. It is probable that the killing of animals with well-adapted weapons prevents more suffering than it causes. Each species is part of a "nature red in tooth and a claw" with the blood of the prey, and the hunter properly armed intervenes rather to rescue than to torture. The squirrels are undeniably pretty and interesting, but probably we infer too much as to the character and disposition of animals from their appearance. Another magazine contributor found a gentle and charming companion in a garter snake, which he taught to haunt his pockets and his desk. The snake may have as fine a character as the squirrel.

In these woods the chickadees made themselves familiar

The illustrated lecture courses which have become such a feature of the spring and fall of the museum year have been largely attended, and usually the demands for admission have exceeded the capacity of the hall. The choice of subjects and of lecturers has been so wise and it is not surprising that the attendance is large.

Among the publications issued during the year by the museum are five based on collections made by Dr. D. G. Elliott during his explorations in the Olympic Mountains of Washington, and on others which came to him from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. A special edition of Mr. Charles B. Corey's "Birds of Eastern North America, Water Birds, Part I," was printed for the museum.

The work of the library and of cataloguing, inventorying and labeling has gone on as usual. There is a large list of accessions in all the departments, those in anthropology and zoology being especially noteworthy.

The field work has been continued with more than usual success. A botanical expedition was sent to the West Indies, zoological material collected on the Pacific coast and in Indiana, fossils brought from the well-known locality in the Freezeout Hills in Wyoming, while Dr. Dorsey has brought together ethnological material from southern Illinois, California, Puget Sound and Vancouver Island.

The exhibition halls continue to receive additional interesting material of many sorts. In the ethnological hall there is a great amount of material, including groups of Eskimo, models of cliff dwellers and Pueblos, and a great deal of material concerning our southwestern peoples as well as some from beyond the sea. A number of groups of large mammals have been prepared by Mr. Akeley, of which three have been placed on exhibition and others are well on the way to completion. One of these last, representing a beautiful group of Stone's sheep, is here presented by the kindness of the museum.

If the accessions to the collection have been large, the same is true of the additions to the library. The

appears to be prospering, and will continue to do so. It appears to be constantly widening and the of its work growing. Its publications are gotten with great care, and as a rule are singularly attractive in typography, as well as in their illustrations, and are received by those to whom they go.

The Weasel as a Hunter.

One day last August I was sitting by a stone wall which had a shed, and rifle in hand was on the lookout for a veteran woodchuck that I had made up my mind to kill. As I sat there my attention was called by a noise near me, and turning my eyes, but keeping my rifle still, I saw what appeared to be a full grown weasel looking at me sharply, and approaching without any apparent fear in a series of small hops and friskings like a kitten.

Within a few feet, he put his nose to the ground, made a circle, then went across a lane we had, still with his nose to the ground, and disappeared. I saw a sowed corn that was very thick and tall. I had no more attention, but shortly out of the sowed corn came a large gray rat, and after, and on the side of him, nearly at once, the weasel. Not that the attention was given me by either party.

The rat would try to fight, and he was as large again as the weasel, but when he made a lunge and a grab, would be an enemy altogether too quick for him, and would give him a nip that would make him scream with fear or rage.

He was being driven slowly but steadily toward me at my back. I wondered much as this, as I thought that would be the place he would be prevented from approaching. At last on reaching its base, the weasel flashed of lightning closed in, and although within a few feet of them, their movements were much too rapid for me to distinguish, let alone describe. The battle lasted three seconds.

The rat straightened out, and the weasel ap- proaching with a death grip on the back of his neck, and waiting to get breath began dragging and pulling him to the end of the wall, and then took a short spring which I arose and approached to see what came next. Again seizing the rat by the neck he drew him from sight in a small hole between the end of the wall.

Now, of course, that weasels killed rats, but never anything quite like this before. I had been sitting for half an hour, and there were certainly no rats about during that time it appears as though the weasel was game by following his trail. S. S. N.

Many other readers have made observations on the habits of the weasel's or the mink's hunting that, as above, are well worth recording. There is yet to be written on the habits of these interesting animals.

The Last of the Winter Birds.

EDENCE, R. I., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: This afternoon I went on a hunt for white-crowns again, and was successful in finding one only. She was in the top of a fir tree and was con- calling for her mate, but he did not appear, nor did I see him on any of the nearby trees.

March 4 I found a few of these birds under these trees working on the fallen cones. Again, on March 18 a pair was observed working on the cones on a hill. Their method was to hang head downward on the cone and reaching up between the segments, to shear one off and with a few mo- of their mandibles extract the seed and discard it. They were quite tame, allowing me to watch them as long as I saw fit. A flock of chickadees and king-lets by flitting from bough to bough, ever restless and cheerful, not minding the bleakness and cold of the afternoon. On one of the trees there were a few icicles, the remains of a snow and ice storm; I paused, cocked his head, concluded he would drink, took a nip, followed by another chickadee or two, each apparently breaking off a little piece of

birds were quite numerous to-day, one old orchard at by having a dozen or more in it. Robins, flickers and sparrows are becoming more plentiful every day. NUTHATCH.

Pine Siskins in New York City.

ALTHOUGH this has been a rather mild and open winter, of the cold weather birds have been seen in this city.

I was surprised to see on March 18 five or six pine siskins feeding in a hemlock tree by the house. They were lively, hopping from branch to branch, and once or twice near the window that I could see in their bills the white seeds they were extracting from the cones. In February I saw many red and white winged crossbills in the same hemlock, feeding in the same way. One or two lesser red polls have been seen at various times and quite close to the house.

These birds were seen at Audubon Park, Broadway and 16th street, New York city. R. PAGE.

Wild Pigeons in Oklahoma.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A gentleman from this city who spent the winter in Oklahoma Territory told me to-day that he saw there a large number of wild passenger pigeons of about one hundred. He talked with Mr. Cale Ervin, formerly from Ohio, who had lived in that section ten years, and during that time he had never seen a pigeon till last year when out hunting he saw a good many and killed

Ervin is a hunter and knows a passenger pigeon when he sees one. W. O. BLAISDELL.

FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Wounded Woodcock.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of our cellar men this morning picked up a badly wounded woodcock on Bergen near Nevins street. Its breast was badly lacerated from having come in contact with an exposed trolley wire. It was a handsome cock bird, weighing 6 ounces. It was alive when he picked it up, but it died a few moments afterward.

TERRAPIN TOM.

Game Bag and Gun.

Echoes of the New York Show.

Snaring Lynx.

FRED LAVOIE, of Roberval, Lake St. John, some of whose experiences were told in the report of the New York Sportsmen's Show last year, catches a great many lynx, or *Loup cervier*.

His method is ingenious. A 6-inch loop of stout cord is suspended from a horizontal pole 4 or 5 feet long, attached at either end to trees by means of downward gashes cut on the sides of the trees with an axe.

At right angles with the snare on either side two stakes are driven into the ground, 4 feet apart, their upper ends roughened and smeared with castor from the beaver.

The location selected is generally some point in a lake thickly wooded with small evergreens near where a stream debouches. Rabbits resort to such covers in winter, and in search of the rabbits comes the lynx. He is attracted by the smell of the castor and goes to the nearest stake and rubs against it, captivated by the odor. Presently he becomes aware of the second stake and going over to investigate it puts his head through the only available opening, and so into the noose. His first startled leap pulls free the stick to which the snare is attached, and off the lynx dashes, soon falling over and tangling himself in the cord, and eventually ending his life by strangulation.

Young Adirondack Hunters.

The Adirondack exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show was very effective. Two yearling bear cubs, Topsy and Jack, were one of the attractions. These cubs were very tame, and some of the more courageous visitors played with them as if they had been dogs. One of the cubs would sprawl full length on its stomach on the flat top of a sort of pedestal affair that had been built to give it exercise and hit with its paws at the visitor's hand in a way that would not hurt, and at times it would take the hand in its mouth and give it a friendly nip.

The cubs weighed 60 or 70 pounds. A year ago they weighed exactly 24 ounces apiece, and were carried home in the game pocket of a hunting coat.

I was sitting in the Adirondack lean-to camp talking with President E. E. Sumner, of the Guides' Association, when I walked Master Benny Baker, who, with Jim Doty, captured the cubs the 23d of last March. The boys were off fox hunting on McKenzie Mountain, about three miles from the village of Saranac Lake, and suddenly encountered the old bear, which had just come out from her den. The bear was off before they could shoot, but two days later Jim Doty, after having spent one night on the mountain side, came up with her and killed her.

When the bear disappeared the boys took her back track and found the den under the roots of a tree. The bear had torn off limbs and filled up the openings at the sides and carpeted the bottom with leaves and made a very comfortable place of it. The two cubs were curled up in the leaves at the back. The boys carried them down to the village, and raised them on the bottle, and looked after their training so well that to-day they are models of good manners and gentleness. Benny Baker wants to sell the pair. They would be a safer investment at their age than Tom and Jerry, the suckling cubs shown in the Quebec exhibit at New York last year, which were purchased, it is said, by Governor Roosevelt, and died almost immediately.

Wanted to Be Sociable.

Speaking of tame bears recalls the story of Hi Benham's bear. Hi is another Adirondack man, and as good a guide as there is to be found in the North Woods. It happened when Hi was off with Verplanck Colvin on one of the Adirondack surveys. The party were camped in some wild country north of the Fulton Chain, and one dark night they were aroused by a bear which was grunting and nosing around down by a brook which ran at one edge of the camp. Colvin, as it happened, was absent, and as he had the only rifle in the party the bear was not molested. In the morning it was found that the bear had feasted on the best in the camp larder, including twelve pounds of butter left in the brook to cool.

The following night the bear again visited the camp, but he found most of the edibles out of his reach and did not fare so well as he had on his first visit.

The memory of that feast, however, clung in his mind. Some time during the day Colvin returned. The fact that there was a gun in camp made it seem unlikely that the bear would come back. Bears, like crows, generally give guns a wide berth. No watch was kept for the bear, and as the men were very tired they slept more soundly than usual.

Along about sunrise Hi was awakened by a grunting almost at his elbow. The flies had bothered him, and he had his head wrapped in his blanket and could see nothing. The grunting sounded so free and easy that Hi did not believe it was produced by the vocal organs of a bear. It seemed far more probable that one of his fellow guides was putting up a joke on him. Accordingly Hi lay low and said nothing.

The grunting continued and presently something stepped on Hi's foot in no very gentle way. Hi threw the blanket off and sat up ready to give the man who had waked him a piece of his mind. The words were never uttered, for instead of a man there sat a little black bear on the foot of his bed, regarding him with the blandest kind of an expression, as if it wished to apologize for the intrusion and come to a friendly understanding at once. For his part, Hi forgot his manners and instead of accept-

ing the bear's well-meant advances, he got to his feet and hastily retreated to the camp. He aroused Colvin, and together they returned to the spot. The bear had ambled off a little way and was sitting up on its haunches, meditating, no doubt, on Hi's incivility. Colvin shot at it, and wounded it, but the bear got away and was never afterward seen.

Hi has since regretted that he did not meet its advances in a more friendly spirit. He believes that he could have tamed the bear and made a pet of it if he had taken the trouble, and he is certain the bear's intentions were of the most amiable character.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

The great organization of the Hudson's Bay Company has of late years done much to further the interests of sportsmen, and has proved such an invaluable aid in the way of providing guides and supplies and information relative to hunting territory that it is likely to have a great deal more of this work to attend to in future.

Mr. C. C. Chipman, of Winnipeg, head of the company in Canada, has taken a personal interest in the matter, and at Mattawa, which is headquarters for moose hunters, Mr. Cobin Rankin is ready to provide guides and outfits upon telegraphic notice.

Mr. Rankin was with the Hudson's Bay Company fifty years, and is now senior chief factor. He is also a chief magistrate in Mattawa, and was mayor of the city for six years. He has the reputation of being a man of sterling character and integrity, and is thoroughly informed as to the game resources of the territory for which Mattawa is the starting point.

This year the opening of Ontario for moose hunting is likely to bring a great rush of sportsmen into Mattawa at the first of the season, and there is likely to be a scarcity of guides unless Indians from the interior can be procured in time. It is well for sportsmen to bear this fact in mind and secure guides in good season. There is plenty of hunting territory on both sides of the Ottawa River, both in Ontario and Quebec, but first-class guides are necessary to success, and naturally the number of first-class men is limited.

Last year the guides for this territory charged \$2 a day for their services. This year it is likely they will ask \$2.50, as they were informed by guides who came in from other sections that their pay was too small. Mr. Rankin supplies canoes, tents, provisions, etc., at reasonable prices.

Pretty Smart Fellows.

"When General Miller's party came up last fall," said Mr. Rankin, "Cormier, who had made the arrangements for the hunt, wired me for nine guides. I had only eight on hand, and so sent for Chief Simone of the Nipissings.

"I went in with the party. Camp was made on Taggart Bay, Keepawa, late in the afternoon. After supper we got a list of names and set about arranging guides for the party. There were seven sportsmen in all, including a Canadian guest, Major Maynard Rogers, who is now in South Africa at the head of his company of Ottawa volunteers.

"Major Rogers was the last man provided for, and when it came his turn he had to take Simone, of whose ability as a hunter we knew less than we know now. It was thought that he had not fared quite so well as the others.

"The hunters started off in canoes in various directions about 8 in the morning. At 11 o'clock I sighted one of the canoes coming back. The cook said there was a moose in the canoe, and sure enough they had the skin and head of a fine fellow. The lucky hunter proved to be General Miller's son, to whom I had taken a particular shine.

"While we were at lunch Major Rogers came in, and he too had his moose head. He called me to one side and said, 'Rankin, you thought you gave me the cull guide, didn't you? Well, I'll tell you what that fellow did. He paddled into a bay, and he announced, 'Moose sleep here last night.' We left the canoe and went on shore. Simone said there were two moose. We trailed them, and presently Simone said, 'Take care.' He had sighted the moose a long way off, 250 yards or more across an opening. I raised my rifle to fire, and Simone tried to stop me, saying it was too far. I was afraid the moose would run and risked the shot, with the result that the moose toppled over with a ball square through his heart.

"If there is anything in God's world," says Rankin, "that an Indian admires, it is a good snowshoe runner or a man who can shoot. When Simone saw the result of the shot, he was wild with delight and pump-handled the Major and patted him on the back. 'Major,' said Simone, 'me and you pretty smart fellows, I think.'

"Each of the party got a moose and seven heads were taken out as a result of the hunt."

Lord Strathcona's Buffalo Herd.

Lord Strathcona, who was Sir Donald Smith, of Winnipeg, lives in England now, and is head governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. At present he is equipping five hundred of the best fighting stock in British Columbia for service in South Africa, personally paying all expenses and guaranteeing \$1,000 to the family of any man who falls at the front. His famous buffalo herd, which was formerly kept at Winnipeg, has been sent to Banff, and is there to be seen in the Dominion Park.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Maryland Sportsmen's Show.

THE Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association, of Baltimore, Md., has leased Electric Park, where it will hold the Second Annual Sportsmen's Show.

This is one of the handsomest as well as the best patronized parks in the South. The Casino, where the exhibits will be held, is an ideal building for the purpose, having 30,000 square feet floor space, allowing 118 booths—twenty-two spaces 16 x 25 feet and ninety-six spaces 10 x 12 feet. We have arranged for the best attractions that can be gotten.

First Week.—College outdoor athletic sports; shotgun, rifle and pistol tournament; golf, lawn tennis, fly-casting and swimming contests; running of whippets; high-jumping horses ridden by gentlemen who are bona fide members of the different hunt clubs; also dog show held under the auspices of the Baltimore Kennel Club.

Second Week.—Poultry and pigeon show and a Wild West show to give two performances daily.

On the Kankakee Duck Marshes.

"Duck shooting is not what it used to be twenty-five or thirty years ago. Many is the time I have gone out in the morning after sunrise, paddled a mile or two 'round Lake Calumet, following the shore line and back home within three hours from time of starting and had fifty to a hundred ducks to show for my work. What kind? Every kind—mallards, teal, redheads, pintails and canvasbacks."

How often has the younger generation of Chicago sportsmen heard something like the above. I listened to this tune only yesterday from an old-timer, and it started me to write this article, with a view of telling the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* of the duck shooting of to-day within a radius of two hours of Chicago. Duck hunting in the old days was simply butchery. Any one that could hold a gun could repeat the performance mentioned at the beginning with the old style of muzzle, loader, or even the good grades of hammer-breechloaders. There were, undoubtedly, many excellent shots, but it did not at that time require the science of eye and aim, the patience to endure cold and solitude from before daybreak until dark, the experience to locate good natural blinds, to call the rovers down, that is at the present time absolutely necessary in order to get even ordinary strings.

There are thousands of sportsmen who feel all the exhilaration of this God-given recreation. Sportsmen that have fine guns and hunting clothes carry a high grade of old rye, shoot only the highest priced shells, possess splendid boats, hire as good pushers as can be had that come in night after night and the following dialogue is a very fair example of the experience of the majority:

"Hello, Jack! what luck?"

"Got twenty mallards, but d— the luck, seventeen cripples got away. (He brought home four.) Never had such a time in my life. Ducks by the thousand; never saw them so thick, and decoyed beautifully, but something was wrong with my aim to-day. I believe my shells are bum. Several shots I dropped from one to three, but the minute they touched water gone they were. How do you account for it?"

"Oh, I suppose it's your off-day; we all have them."

That's what I answer. After dinner, through a little spiritual persuasion, I gain the following from his pusher: "Say, Sherm (short for Sherman Hyatte, a well-known and able Kankakee marsh hunter), what was the trouble with the ducks to-day?"

"Oh, the ducks were all right; should have had twenty-five anyway, but your friend can't hit 'em. The four he did get were setters. Lord, but he had some fine chances. He wouldn't let me shoot. Told me he had shot more ducks than I'd ever seen. So I said to myself, 'all right, old man, if that's the case, you don't want any pointers from Sherm,' and so I used the decoy whistle and brought the ducks down in great style to see your friend make some of the most scientific misses I ever saw in my life. Say, once I had to laugh. I couldn't help it. A bunch of about eighteen green-winged teal came across the marsh and noticed our decoys. You know the little critters love to mix with mallards. I called Dr. Carver's (?) (this is a joke of Sherm's) attention to them. He saw them coming. Our blind was at a point of timber, sticking out probably ten rods from the main shore line. You know how teal can go, a streak of greased lightning is a lobster compared to them. Well, they came sailing over the decoys as pretty as you please. They didn't set their wings, because it was only the first time round, and didn't feel inclined to settle. Your friend Jack stood up, aimed, and bang, bang, the shot flew about ten feet in their rear. Teal, as you know, can start up and turn quicker than any other ducks."

"Dr. Carver (?), I notice, closes his eyes when he shoots. He did so this time, and Teal and Company, scared by the noise, took a drop of about ten feet, turned right around the point and were out of sight in less than



READY TO START FOR THE MARSHES.

half a second. Jack opened his eyes, looked for the teal a-flying, and not seeing a bird, hollers:

"Say, Sherm, I got the whole lot."

"It took me a long time to convince him that the fairies were only playing with him. The trouble with your friend is, he doesn't know how to hunt. He makes too much noise, moves about all the time, talks incessantly, and the best shots are past before he makes up his mind to shoot. And then; again, he—well, he can't shoot ducks anyway."

I want to tell you about our duck hunting of to-day and to prove that even within a radius of two hours from Chicago I can give you sport equal to any. It is grand, because, with patience, endurance and ordinary luck, I never fail to bring home from twenty-five to seventy-five ducks as the result of a three-days' trip.

It will be a good idea to relate what happens during one entire day on the duck marshes of the Kankakee.

I am a member of the Nickle Plate Gun Club. We are limited to twenty-five members, own our farm and grounds buildings furniture, etc.

Our location is ideal. A high point on the Nickle Plate Railroad where it crosses the Kankakee River, in Starke county, Ind.

In my first illustration you can see two hunters and two pushers ready for an early start. This view is direct-

ly in front of our club house, showing the railroad bridge and the river.

We have a man and his wife in charge and they keep our premises in perfect condition and set a table as good as one could wish.

The trip I want to tell you about took place the 21st day of last October. I had received a telegram from Mr. Horner, the warden, saying: "Ducks plenty; waiting to be shot."

That settled it. I immediately hunted up Enoch Colby, the father of the club, and the best all around hunter in Illinois. But, more of him later. Colby is a modest man and I must be careful.

Yes, Colby said he would go, so next day we took the 2:50 train in the afternoon and that brought us to our grounds at 5:20 P. M.

The officials of the Nickle Plate Railroad are very kind to us. They order the train stopped at the club house.

At this time of the year it is just about dark as we arrive, but we take our baggage to the gun room, put on hunting garments, trim and fix our guns, fill our shell



HERE IS MY PET DRAKE.

boxes and get everything in shape for an early morning start. After supper we examine the boats, decoys, etc., and then look up my pusher, Sherman Hyatte.

Sherman Hyatte is fond of me—so much so that his last boy bears my name. If the stork calls once more he'll have a baker's dozen in his family. I am going to write the story of Sherman's life, describe his egg-eating capacity, his total abhorrence of spirits (unless they are bottled up) for your perusal, to appear in some future number. The article will be illustrated from photos taken from life and Sherm. I found Sherm at home and he agreed to be at the club house at 5 A. M., one hour before daybreak.

Promptly at half-past four Mr. Horner awakened Mr. Colby and myself. We dress, and in the gun room find a roaring wood fire. I take my usual dose of three grains of quinine with a little ——— and water, and then sit down to a good hot breakfast. Sherm has arrived by this time, the boats are in the river, and, inviting him to eat breakfast with us, he informed me that he had breakfast at home. A little coaxing brings him in, however. Soon we are through, take our dinner pails and all other paraphernalia and start for Bellmore Marsh. This is only a twenty-minutes' push from the club house. Colby goes to the Yellow River bottoms, so we part company until night, wishing each other good luck. I am at the front door of my blind in a very short time.

I own a green bay duck boat, as seen in the illustration. In my opinion, it is the safest and easiest to push. The holes in the stern and bow give you an excellent opportunity to stake your boat firmly, after you are in your blind, preventing any danger of tripping.

Of course, the blind has been prepared in advance by Nature. The marsh grass in the Kankakee Marshes grows to a height of from 8 to 12 feet.

Look at illustration No. 2. Can you see us?

No; of course you can't. You can see our decoys staked out, that's all. To the right of the river, in the marsh, is our boat firmly staked and Sherm and I are in it, waiting for a friendly visit from Mr. Drake and Mrs. Hen.

What's that about staking decoys, you ask? Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you about my live wild mallards. In marsh hunting you don't require a large number of decoys. What you want is the kind that look right, act right and call their friends from above as they fly over.

Well, I have them. Last spring, a year ago, I found a nest of fourteen wild mallard eggs on the Yellow River Bottoms. This was in the forepart of April. I took them to the club and Mr. Horner put them under a setting hen. They bore fruit, every one of them, and by fall they were splendid specimens of wild mallards. One wing was clipped after four of them, one day during early October, seeing a flight of wild ones crossing over the club grounds, turned up one eye to the sky, gave a mighty squawk and flew away—and they may be flying yet. Then Mr. Horner sewed on each right foot a little piece of waterproof canvas, inclosing a small brass ring; on this ring a snap with a strong fish line with a 4-pound lead weight, and there you have a genuine wild live mallard decoy. I generally carry six in a box in my boat. By feeding them corn every time you take them from the water, they will soon come to expect it, and in two weeks, when ready to go home, take in the weight, unsnap it, and the ducks will fly into the boat, to be put into their box and get their corn.

Can you see his mottled green-headed highness on top of the box containing his brothers and sisters? Here I am in my boat ready to go home, with my pusher at my back. This gentlemanly drake has become so tame, he stands on the box and positively declines to go into it. He knows by this time I will feed him corn from the hollow of my hand. So tame is he, that in going up or down the river, on jump shots, I level my gun over his head and the explosion never phases him. He may turn and look for results, but never moves from his perch.

From this start, Mr. Horner has raised fifty-six other little mallards this spring, and he has no trouble in getting \$1.50 each for them from eager sportsmen, who have heard of my experiments. I claim nothing original about this scheme, except that I found the eggs that brought forth the ducks.

Now we'll go back to our duck hunting. The weather is perfect—no sun, no rain, but cloudy; a little threatening, perhaps, but an ideal duck day.

We have our decoys staked—four of them, three drake and one hen. One other hen is moored on the opposite side of the river, beyond the point on the left, out of sight of the staked ones. A second hen is kept in the box.

Why do I do that? Because a mallard hen is a duck woman. She can hear the ducks in the river. Remember her lover is out there calling for his sweetheart. She hears him, and not being able to see him, do you think she'd keep her mouth shut and she a woman, even if only a duck woman?

No, siree, not she, nor her sister above the point. The drakes call with their sybilant, penetrating "Mamph," "Mamph," "Mamph," and Mrs. Hen answers with a succession of "Quack," "Quack," "Quacks," that can be heard for a mile, and certainly ought to attract the attention of any kindred flying in the sky above.

"Look up the river," says Sherman.

I see eight mallards come sailing down toward us. Oh, what a noise my six are making—a regular barnyard a feeding time. When they come within range, I send two loads from my Francotte, and am satisfied to see one hen and one drake tumble down—stone dead.

"Good starter," says Sherman, and proceeds to get the game.

Not more than ten minutes have elapsed when five mallards swing high overhead. My birds quack nobly and succeed in turning the flight of the five. They wheel round lower, and come up toward the decoy, settle in the river about two gun shots away. If you will look in the picture of the decoys, you will see the five sitting close to the bank. I took the photo from the blind. The sun not being out, I had to depend on the reflection from the water for light, but, everything considered, I think quite a novelty to produce a photo containing the picture of five wild mallards slowly but surely swimming toward my decoys.

Will I shoot them sitting if I get a chance? That depends. Not so early in the day—but by this time the five strangers are mixing with my property. Of course now I cannot shoot.

I know of no greater privilege than to watch, unperceived, the antics of a lot of wild ducks. Not a moment that the ducks do not crane their necks, look in every direction, give a "Mamph" or two, intended either as a warning or a sign of safety, swim here, there, everywhere the very personification of wariness and activity. Now one of them sees his staked brethren.

"Why, what sort of a snoozer is this, anyway?" he asks, as plain as any action can talk. He is very suspicious. He sounds a "Mamph" of retreat and by some peculiar action of his feet, raises his entire body out of the water and is about to fly. Something evidently reassures him, however, and he again drops into the water, but apparently believes that safety lies at the bottom. After giving vent to a sound of discovery, he dives, to be followed by three of his companions. One lone hen stays up above, whether to keep watch or too lazy to go down I cannot say, but I believe she is a watcher, for she will not feed, but continuously looks up and down the river, now at the left bank, then toward our blind. A suspicious old dame. Her folks have just reappeared. She is telling each one of them something strange, swimming from one to the other, and I should not be surprised if she was talking about her neighbors, my decoys, and I imagine she is not talking very nicely about them either, for the five strangers edge off by themselves, and now I know their instinct of distrust is thoroughly aroused; they scent danger. It is a performance I have watched so often, that I know now is my time to greet them with a shower of number sixes, if I want any part of them.

So getting my gun in position I rise quickly; they see



YOU CAN SEE NOTHING BUT THE DECOYS.

me, start up with all the noise and confusion peculiar to mallards, and fly away, just as I let both barrels into their rears, and being within easy range, three of the five drop, two dead and one crippled. I reload quickly, and hit the cripple just as he is about to hide himself in the high grass on the left bank. This time we are obliged to take one boat to get our dead ones. The current of the river is considerable, and in a few minutes they would be out of reach and at the mercy of coon, mink or hawk.

It only takes about fifteen minutes, however, and by the time we are again staked in our blind, our watch tells us it is fifteen minutes past eight, and five dead birds in our boat.

We are feeling pretty good, and Sherman complains for the first time to-day. His stomach aches. Sherman has pushed me now for four years, spring and fall, and I know that each day I have been out with him, he has the stomach ache from five to eight times. It depends on the degree of cold, the wetness of the rain, the quality of my spirits, and the quantity. Quantity is judged by the size of the bottle.

When I hear the word "stomach ache" coming from Sherman, I mechanically reach for the bottle and hand it to him. He understands and acts accordingly—a soft

gurgle or two, an appreciative smack, the remark of "That's great," and Sherman looking past me says:

"Great guns! look back of you."

I do, and if there is one flock of ducks in sight, there are fifty. Some high, some low, all flying northwest toward the big Halliday Marsh, about six miles above us. The flight is on in full force. Our decoys call. We use our whistles, but the course seems to be away from us.

However, they keep on coming. Here comes a flock of about thirty. The first in the entire flight to notice our decoys. One hen separates herself from the rest and comes straight for us, and with terrific squawking lights squarely among the decoys. Look at that pet drake of mine trying to court her. The balance of the flock turn and come over out of range, turn again, and now facing the wind, start to lower themselves, setting their wings.

There is no prettier sight than seeing a flock of mallards come toward you, setting their wings preparatory to settling in front of your blind. The compliment they unwittingly pay you pays you for all your privations and is the acme of joy for a duck hunter.

Ah, the little devils are frightened. They start upward, but still continue to come over our decoys, and that within range. A splendid cross shot. I let them have it and get one duck with each barrel.

That makes seven birds, and all mallards.

Just as we are comfortably settled, a flock of at least forty bluebills fly over us. These saucy little imps fear nothing. They turn against the wind and come with the velocity of a hurricane, directly in the center of the river, not more than 20 feet from the water. They are bunched thickly, and as they go past, I hold about 4 feet in advance, give them both barrels, and have five bluebills added to my string of seven mallards.

Two I had to shoot over. Bluebills will stand as much shot as a hell diver; they are hard to kill.

The flight is still on, but it seems our blind is about a quarter of a mile south of the line. Eleven o'clock finds us with not another bird added to our string.

I did shoot at twelve mergansers. I dislike to have fish ducks or sawbills around my blind. I consider them unlucky.

Now I join Sherm in an antidote for the stomach ache, then we eat our lunch. Nearly six hours since breakfast; thermometer at about 42; our appetite is a little better than normal. Lunch tastes good. All this time Sherm is talking low, I answer him likewise. I suggest stamping round for about half an hour. We look at all points of the compass and not a bird in sight. Pulling up my rubber boots, I pick up my gun, and getting out of the boat stand up in water about 18 inches. It is splendid exercise, tramping in this manner. Puts your blood into circulation and tires you quicker than sawing wood.

Even when standing the marsh grass thoroughly conceals my form. I look down the river and there, not over three gun shots away, sit twenty-two green-wing teal, feeding and skylarking. They must have sailed past me on the other side of the river and lit while we were eating our lunch.

I motion to Sherm and ask him what to do. He suggests my standing still. My decoys are tired by this time, do not squawk, and three of them, with their heads under their wings, are sleeping soundly. Sherm takes the hen out of the box, holding her by one wing. She sets out some unearthly "quacks." The drakes are awake instantly, answering. The hen above the point joins in the chorus, and the family of twenty-two teal now take notice. I think they are frightened, but Sherm quickly puts the hen back in the box, and the confusion ceases. The teal come a little closer, but very, very slow. It seems like an hour has passed, and still they are out of range.

Look, something has frightened them. The whole lot take to wing and fly away, with never a chance for a shot. "There, Sherm, I told you we should have sneaked on them," says I.

"Never mind; they'll come back. You couldn't have got anywhere near them," says Sherm.

But they never came back. So I had my half-hour walk and got back to the boat at exactly 1:30 P. M.

No ducks flying yet, and it begins to rain just a little. We put on our gum coats (dead grass color) and begin our watch.

Here comes six butterballs. I let them have both barrels and score a miss. Sherm looks astonished, but I don't say a word. He keeps watching the butterballs and directly he says: "You crippled two of them. I'll go get them."

I make no answer, but after he has gone I look up the river, and there are two birds swimming, one bobbing her head as if gasping for breath. Sherm follows the shore for about twenty rods, and in a few minutes I hear his pump gun crack twice. Both birds topple over, and float to a point where they lodge against some grass. Sherm comes out, picks them up. When he returns he says nothing.

So we sit and wait. Not another shot in store, apparently. Four o'clock, and I suggest going home. We agree to wait until 4:45. In a few minutes Sherm exclaims:

"Lordy, there is a lot of redheads."

Sure enough, coming straight for us come nine fine, fat redheads. They are going to decoy. They do, and plump down into the water before you can say Jack Robinson.

My heart is beating like a trip hammer. Think of it. Nine redheads, bunched together, not eight rods from the end of my gun.

I will confess I fell from grace then and there, and Sherman Hyatte never moved a finger to stop me. I lowered myself, so that when aiming my gun would be as nearly parallel with the water as possible.

Bang, bang. Glorious! Only four flew up. Five lay on the placid bosom of the water, stone, stark dead. Oh how sorry I was—nit.

For the next half-hour we continued to have that royal sport you sometime read about, but seldom experience. The evening flight was on, and bunch after bunch came over our decoys. Fourteen more mallards we brought down, and then we pulled up stakes and decoys and started for home with thirty-three birds, and enough good air and sport to our credit to add ten years to our life.

This is an ordinary Kankakee Marsh experience, and if

you would like to hear some more of this kind, I have some more in stock.

To all doubters I extend a cordial invitation to go with me at any time during the season. PAUL TARBEL.

The Right and the Wrong of Hunting.

TEACH your boys that hunting is a sport. That to fairly kill bird or beast is right and proper, but to take unfair advantage of them is just as wrong as though persons were interested. That there is a right and reasonable way to do all things.

For instance, in regard to the feeling some have against the farmer for posting "No Hunting" notices, some parents allow their boys who are just beginning to handle a gun to go about in parties who have no regard to the rights of others.

On one of my recent excursions I found the grounds upon which I was hunting were posted with notices that no hunting would be allowed. Looking across the field I saw the owner of the farm husking corn. I approached him and apologized, saying I had but just discovered the notices, and had ignorantly been shooting quail. He was very courteous, saying I could, at any time, shoot anywhere upon his farm. The notices were to prohibit boys and irresponsible persons from roaming over his place at will. He said: "As I was husking corn out here the other day I heard shooting, and simultaneously felt the shot, which came about me in a shower, and saw my sheep running across a near field with a dog among them. Following came some half-grown boys with guns. They had been shooting at the birds, and I being in range might have been more damaged than the birds had I been a little nearer. Not wishing to needlessly risk life or limb, nor caring to lose any of my stock, I posted the notices, hoping to keep such parties from my grounds."

The city sportsman will, I feel sure, find the farmer a gentleman if he will treat him as one, and if a polite request for permission to shoot be made the farmer will often as kindly grant permission. Nearly every day last fall some farmer would invite me to come out and bring my dog and gun. "There are lots of quail, and I'll go out with you," he would say.

One of my friends, who is posted on sporting matters and something of a gunner himself, told me he liked to see sportsmen who are honest. He said: "They want laws protecting game, and yet last fall they used against quail a 10-gauge gun with 4½ drams of powder, 1¾ ounces shot. What law can protect a covey of quail from such fire? Why, the charge would cover the broad side of a barn and scarcely leave a space for a chickadee. It is nothing but slaughter to hunt quail with such a charge, killing a whole flock at a shot." He said, too, if the parties happened to be hunting woodchuck they would sometimes use a .30-30 ball; any one within range at a distance of three miles was as apt as not to receive the ball. Real hunting was to use a gun and charge so that some skill was required on the part of the hunter.

In the FOREST AND STREAM I see many letters telling of men who are not accompanied on sporting excursions with their sons. To give boys a day's outing with the father occasionally will be to do away with their desire to go out with boys or inexperienced persons, whose hunting is at the best but bungling luck.

When my two boys were at home they had no desire for other company than mine. Evening after evening I entertained them with stories of adventure, ranging from my own deer shooting to the exploits of Daniel Boone and other frontiersmen. No poolroom or street entertainment could entice them from their evenings at home.

One fall morning the boys said, "Let's take the canoe and go down the river." No sooner said than done. There were plenty of wood ducks, mallards and green-winged teal, and after launching the canoe we started in for a day's real sport.

The Paw Paw River is about 40 yards wide, 3 feet deep and with high banks. It is overshadowed with beech trees, and beech nuts lined the bottom of the river.

My boys were both well skilled in the handling of a canoe, and the youngest said: "Father, you take your place in the bow of the boat and I'll paddle until you get three shots." We had passed but a few bends in the river when, rounding a sharp point where a big sycamore leaned so that its top touched the opposite bank and partially shut out the view, Ned said: "Look!" From behind the roots of the tree there swam out into the stream four mallards. At the first crack of the gun three of the birds keeled over, and the second barrel brought down the fourth before he had risen 6 feet. Ned said: "I guess mother will think it is a good day for ducks. See those beauties?"

One more shot and it would be my turn to paddle. Around the second bend several ducks were seen at long range, and changing from fine to coarse shot, the boy sent the canoe straight as an arrow at them. When they rose there were two reports. The range was long and but one duck stopped.

Running the bow of the boat unto a sand bar, Ned took his place in the bow with his short, light muzzle-loader, and after the boat had rounded two or three bends, out from under the roots of a leaning tree swam a flock of wood ducks. The boy fired hastily and the birds went on unhindered. But a few bends below another flock of mallards was sighted at very long range for the light gun. I told him to have his gun ready to fire as soon as they rose from the water, so that he might have the advantage of their spread wings. He fired, and one bird fell with a broken wing and skulked. After a short search we found it hiding in some brush along the water's edge, and one more shot finished it. The boat was again run ashore, and the boy took the paddle, saying it was more sport to see me shoot than to do it himself.

With my trusty gun ever ready, we went down stream some distance to where a bluff 40 feet high covered with stunted hemlock and sassafras rose on our left. Just as we were passing we saw about half way up the bluff a partridge sitting on the ground. The river is very rapid, and before I could get a shot we were out of sight of the bird. We turned the boat back to a point above where we had seen it, but I could not locate it. The boy did so, and pointed him out, and a shot sent the bird rolling

down the bank. He was placed beside the ducks, and we were again on our way down stream.

At one place where the willows dipped into the water we had to make a detour. Sprouts were very thick there, and looking through them we saw several mallards swing out into midstream. I aimed quickly, and was about to pull the trigger when the boy whispered, "Hold on!" and out from the bank swung twenty or thirty more mallards. A sharp report and five lay dead on the water, and as the balance rose the other barrel dropped two more, making seven to add to our already nice bag. A short distance further, and a large flock arose and a right and left placed three more to our credit. Then the boat sped on to the shore at Watervliet.

Ned said: "There's as nice a lot of ducks as will ever be shot on Paw Paw River; fifteen ducks and one partridge."

Several years have passed since then. Recently, while taking dinner with my son—who is now foreman on a 240-acre farm—several persons who were present were discussing their boyhood days, when Ned said: "Father, I can't see a single mistake you ever made with us boys." Sportsmen, that was the proudest moment of my life! Think of it, you who have sons. Make them your companions and some day you too may enjoy what I did after this remark of my now grown-up son. Then you can truly say, it is not all of hunting to kill.

SULLIVAN COOK.

HARTFORD, Mich.

Hard Times in India.

LATE in the sixties I was quartered at a station in Central India, 140 miles from the nearest railway, and in the month of November was sent, on temporary military duty, to a place nearly 250 miles distant.

Owing to an almost total failure of the rains there had been during the preceding hot season a terrible famine over a tract of the country several hundred miles wide and long. Many of the smaller streams and the wheels or lakes from which the land, in some places, was irrigated, had dried up, and the crops, together with the uncultivated grass, had totally failed. Myriads of cattle and sheep had died from starvation, as well as numbers of the natives; the want of means of transport rendering it impossible to send sufficient food from other parts of India.

The road along which I had to go was very rarely used by Europeans and the only available means of travelling was by a palangin in which I was carried all night, stopping during the day at the dawk bungalows, or Government rest houses, for travellers. I arrived at one of these about sunrise, and after taking a cup of strong coffee, which I carried with me, to prevent malarious fever, I began to inquire what there was for breakfast from the Khansamah (a Mahometan in charge of the bungalow). As only three or four European travellers passed that way in a year, I did not expect anything better than a half-starved fowl and some chupatties, or thin unleavened cakes made with flour and water; but soon found that no meat at all was procurable. The following is a translation, as literal as possible, of my talk with the Khansamah:

"Oh! Khansamah, what have you for me to eat?"

"Anything which the Presence may be pleased to name."

"Very good. I want some beefsteak."

"Sahib, no one ever kills a bullock in this country" (alluding to the people being Hindoos).

"Then bring some mutton chops."

"Sahib, there are no sheep left in this country."

"Never mind. Make ready a curried fowl."

"Sahib, I had four dozen fowls, but they all died from the heat of the sun."

"Then send a coolie to the village for some eggs and make a curry with them."

"Sahib, the villagers had plenty of fowls, but they killed them all for food during the famine."

"Very good; show me what food you have in the bungalow."

In a few minutes he brought in a cup of rice, only partially husked, and some brown flour; so I thought it would be better to look for something in the shape of game, although the surrounding country appeared very unpromising. The land in front of the bungalow was all cultivated, with a large village at its edge. That in the rear was covered with broken pieces of rock, in the crevices of which grew thin tufts of grass, and in a few spots there were small clumps of bushes, mostly babool, a kind of acacia. There seemed little chance of anything worth shooting except peafowl, and as the Hindoos of that neighborhood had no religious objection to their being killed, I loaded my gun, a 16-bore, with 2½ drams of powder and an ounce of BB shot. In some parts of India the natives consider peafowl to be so sacred that they will mob any man who kills one. The full-grown peacock is too tough to be good for anything except making mulligatawny soup, but a young bird is as tender as a guinea fowl.

I hired a coolie to carry any game that might be shot and walked for a mile or two without seeing anything. At last, when going cautiously through some babool bushes, I noticed a large buck gazelle (*Gazella bennetti*) about thirty yards distant. He saw me at the same instant and crouched ready to spring away, when I took a snapshot at his shoulder and he dropped in his tracks dead, as suddenly as if hit in the brain.

The coolie and I carried him to the bungalow, and on opening the chest I found that five or six of the pellets of BB had struck the heart. He had been killed by the shock alone. I had some gazelle chops for breakfast and part of a haunch for dinner before continuing my journey in the evening.

J. J. MEYRICK.

BUDLEIGH SALTERN, South Devon, March 15.

For the Paris Exposition.

UTICA, N. Y., April 2.—Mr. Arthur W. Savage leaves for the Paris Exposition on the Oceanic, sailing April 18. He will be absent about five weeks. He goes to inaugurate the exhibit of the Savage Arms Co.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Old Bill Hamilton.

Mr. A. C. Blum, of Emporium, Pa., writes as below regarding old Bill Hamilton, a Western character who may be called well known, but not known so well as he should be, in view of his past eventful life:

"For the last two or three years I have closely scanned the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, and whenever old-timers were mentioned have looked for Bill Hamilton's name; wondering whether the old fellow were alive. Finally, I have been more than rewarded by seeing his name in the issue of Feb. 10, as living in a cabin on the Yellowstone under an American flag. It must certainly feel queer to Bill to live under a roof, he who always had a tepee for a home. But the Yellowstone Valley is a fitting place for him. He certainly is one of the original settlers of that region, for he traveled up and down this sulphurous stream long before the Botteler brothers established their range near the Bozeman Pass, and they were the first settlers of the Yellowstone Valley, excepting Bill Brown, John Dun and a few more boys, who used to 'grub stake' at Emigrant Gulch every winter. After them, Friedel, who kept a billiard room in Bozeman, took up a range on the Yellowstone, and I think this was in 1870, about the same time that Hugh Kirkendall's teamsters were killed by the Indians on the Yellowstone. Of course, every one who was in Montana in the early sixties remembers Hugh Kirkendall's mule outfit and Capt. Wall and Broadhead's Diamond R. bull train.

"However, I am getting away from my subject, thinking of the old days, when there were neither railroads nor fences nor Yellowstone Park guards; where, in fact, the lake, the falls and the wonderful geysers were known to but few.

"I think the last time I met Bill Hamilton was near the head of Clark's Fork, where he had pitched his tepee and was living a happy life, and I did not think that I should ever hear from him twenty years afterward, for this happened during the so-called Clark's Fork stampede, when we camped near one of the richest silver mines, and did not know it, as we were looking for placer mining and not for quartz.

"Will you kindly let me know whether this is the same Bill Hamilton? The boys used to say he was a relation to the 'Dook' of the same name. English he certainly was. A typical mountaineer of the old school and a squaw man. I think his squaw, or at least one of them, was a Piegan. His territory was between Fort Benton and the upper Yellowstone."

There is no doubt in the world that the old Bill Hamilton mentioned from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM is no other than Mr. Blum's friend, and it is a good reflection that the paper has served so pleasant an office as bringing together two friends of the real old times. At last accounts old Bill was living still at Columbus, or Stillwater, as it was formerly called, right on the banks of one of the most historic streams on earth—the Yellowstone River.

"Cat Island."

When Col. Iberville sailed from Canada down to the mouth of the Mississippi River in 1699 to take possession of that neck of woods for Louis XIV. of France, he found near the mouth of the river, or rather near to the Pontchartrain and Rigolets discharge of the river, an island which he called "Cat Island," because he found it inhabited by large numbers of creatures which "were a cross between a fox and a cat." Natural history was a bit weird in those days, but Iberville did about what folk do to-day when they can't locate a species. They call it a "cross" on something which they do know. Iberville had seen foxes up in Canada, and one might think he had seen raccoons. For that, certainly, was what he saw, as any one who ever visited those low, marshy, sea coast regions of lower Louisiana would know at once. Yet Chas. Gayarré, in his "History of Louisiana," says: "I invite fabulists to inquire into the origin of that grimalkin coloring." Had the learned historian never been shooting on the coast? Some years ago, when, with friends Foster, of New Orleans; Divine, of Memphis, and Organ, of Chicago, I was in camp along the lower reaches of the big river, we saw any quantities of raccoons. I had not then read so much of the early history of New Orleans. I felt a great pride in my explanation of Iberville's "cats," until recently I saw the same discovery made in the pages of a 25-cent guide book! That sort of cheapened my independent researches in natural history.

The Gun of Tonti.

Tonti, as every one knows, or ought to know, was the companion of La Salle when he made his first explorations along our streams—the Illinois, the Kankakee and the Mississippi. Tonti had only one hand, and his missing hand was replaced with an iron hook or hand, which was a distinguishing mark. He seems to have been a faithful sort of fellow, for when once given a letter to deliver to La Salle, who was casually stepping over to France, and then returning by way of the mouth of the Mississippi, Tonti went by canoe all the way from Illinois to the lower Mississippi River, and cruised around for eighteen months or so, hunting for La Salle. He was a couple of years or so late with the delivery, perhaps because there was no special delivery stamp on the letter, but he got there eventually. Well, it seems also that this same Tonti was a shooter, and he certainly had a gun, and a pretty good one—a light, nicely balanced, single barrel muzzleloader, with huge flint lock firing appliance. This piece, well preserved and showing still its original excellence and elegance of workmanship, is still in existence, and you may see it yourself in an old antiquarian shop down in New Orleans, where I saw it and handled it. They tell one that there is no doubt of the authenticity of the gun's history. Who says there is no longer any romance in the world? It is under our very noses!

Madame Begue's.

If you go to New Orleans, and ye be true sportsmen, go to Madame Begue's for breakfast. It is one of the institutions of the most delightful city of America—this quaint, dirty, historic, aristocratic city of New Orleans. We were directed to the Madame's, but thought there

must be a mistake. We climbed a narrow, crooked stairway at the back of a saloon, and came to what was apparently a sail loft or a storage room, which was closed by a wooden sliding door. Through a glass panel we saw a long board table, and seated at it were a dozen or two persons who all looked highly civilized. Now came Madame to see us, saying she was desolate, but could we come to-morrow? (One needs to engage his seat the day previous.) So to-morrow we were there at 11 A. M., which is the regulation hour. Such a breakfast one does not find elsewhere on the globe, perhaps. There you may become familiar with crawfish, shrimps, snails and the like, and afterward you will always love them tenderly. None may cook a papabotte with Madame Begue. None may serve so jovially as Madame's fat husband. You shall also see large albums of names, and among these are some of the most prominent of the country in the ranks of art, of literature, of the drama, of statesmanship. Madame Begue is not without fame, but fame has not enlarged her conceit, or widened her stairway. It is as it was at the beginning, and one hopes it ever shall be. Such cookery in such surroundings is not elsewhere on the earth.

A Hole in the Wall.

Such, indeed, is old New Orleans, the most fascinating of American cities, and the least American. We passed along Royal street one Sunday morning, going to the Cathedral. On each side of the street was a low row of dingy, close-shuttered buildings of a couple of stories height, dilapidated, gray, worn and weary. They were shuttered with boards, and bedoried with planks, so that they resembled livery stables (this with no disrespect and only with ignorance). Yet, lo! in one of these big doors a little door opened, verily a hole in the wall, and there stepped out an old, old lady, a lady out of a picture book, telling of the days of the *ancien régime*, a very dream of an old, sweet lady; and by her side, stepping high and light as a wild deer, was a glorious young girl, daintily clad and fair as flower. What a picture, and out of what a setting! You see, it is not at first that you know all that is behind those close-shut Creole doors, where live families who never go to busy Canal street, the center of the modern commercial town. They live here, in the old French quarter, as they always did and always will, so long as they live at all. If you seek a real aristocracy, go to New Orleans. It may appear to you from some hole in the wall, and set you wondering.

The Cardinal Bird.

A flash of incredible color, a ray of flame, the cardinal bird crosses the gray and brown picture of the Southern woods and fields. He hangs upon some tree, poises upon some brier bush, then flits to the nearest thicket. Always he is in the center of the stage, and your eye may not leave him. Beneath the cover cowers the rabbit, and you do not see it. On the stubble huddle close the quail, and you do dream that they are there. All about are the timid twitterings of gray or brown or besmirched birds whose coats conceal them, blending as they do with the color of their little world. Alone, above them, defiant, reckless, bold, a cavalier, an anachronism, flits the cardinal, scorning the death for which he is marked. He asks no protection and knows not timorousness, but gayly goes on through life while it lasts, light of heart, light of wing, blithe, inspiring, above the rabble of common things.

Singing Mouse No. 18.

Mr. Wilmot Townsend, of Bay Ridge, N. J., writes very entertainingly regarding a singing mouse which once was a member of his family. This I believe makes No. 18 in the series which I have been compiling in the FOREST AND STREAM records.

"Some eight years ago our little cottage was overrun one winter with mice. They grew very familiar with us as we used to sit by our open wood fire after the youngsters were tucked in bed, and though quite as much in dread of mice as the rest of her sex, my wife grew somewhat accustomed to their presence and ceased to grow nervous at their erratic scampering about the fireplace, and the ceaseless rustle of papers in the scrap basket. (Why is it that mice so delight to rattle paper about?) One evening a quivering nose poked itself into view over the edge of the basket and presently a mouse followed the nose and scrambled into sight. I saw at once a difference in his make up, as compared with our other every day mice, and called my partner's attention. He was a trim fellow, more slender, more rangy, so to speak, with a thoroughbred look to him. After a short toilet he sat up just as a rabbit will, with forepaws drooping, seemed to give a quick little glance about, and to my surprise and delight commenced trilling, a quiet little purr of sound at first, growing more distinct and shriller and accompanied by a raising of the head till the climax was reached and held for a second or so, then the little head dropped and the trill was finished much as it began, not suddenly, rather dying away gradually, the whole performance lasting, say, half a minute. At the height of his vocalizing, while his head was raised, we distinctly saw the tremor of the little throat. Twice he trilled for us, and then slipped back to rummage among the waste paper. I saw that just previous to his sitting up he lapped his tail down over the basket edge each time, as though to secure an extra purchase before singing. I say singing, but it seems to me that is hardly the proper word. 'Twas more of a cozy little trill, a comfortable little noise, just made to voice his happiness. For a week we heard him off and on about the house, when all was quiet; once in our bedroom. We never saw him again. 'Twas a cozy little tune he sang, and I was sorry when it finally ceased for good."

Ice Going Out with a Rush.

For several days the waters have been open in this region. The Kankakee broke bounds last Friday morning and ran clear of ice by noon of that day, the river being quite open from Water Valley twenty miles up and down stream by Saturday morning. The shooters who were on the river the first three days after that had good shooting, for the country was full of ducks. Mr. W. P. Mussey, who was on the Kankakee for three days waiting for the ice to move, says he has rarely seen more birds than were in then. He had to come home just at the time

the shooting was beginning, and so did not get much of a bag. Bill Haskell, who was at the Maksawba Club at the same time, and who stayed over a few days longer, sent up 46 birds, which it took him two or more days to kill. He has not been heard from since, and is no doubt getting good sport right along. Mr. L. R. Brown is expected to go down to the same club to-night, as also Mr. Jesse Sherwood, and as the water is now open all over both river and marsh, these should strike it about right.

The ice has been very heavy this spring, and though the water has been very high, the streams have not run free till this week in the upper part of the States of Indiana and Illinois. Lower down, at the upper 'Dosia marsh and the lower 'Dosia, the waters have been open for some time, and it is from those districts that I hear of the heaviest bags. Joel Kinney, who went back there after the safe, got the safe. He had very good sport indeed, though not working very hard.

The biggest bags of which I have heard are those of Dr. Hunt, of this city, to which I have referred less definitely as large ones. It is now known that Dr. Hunt bagged 700 birds, mostly sprigs, mallards and redheads. He took away 3,000 shells, and sent back for more. He says that if he had not had his brother along with him he could have killed 2,000 birds very easily. His brother was newer at the game, got excited and would stand up in the boat and do other unprofessional things. There would appear to be room for a mild regret that Dr. Hunt did not have more of his family along, and perhaps he can worry along with the 700 ducks.

Messrs. W. L. Wells and Edward Pope, who left last week for a try at the birds on Fox Lake, came back the middle of this week somewhat cast down. The ice had at that time not yet stirred, and the day before they left they walked two miles across the big lake on the ice. They saw but very few birds, naturally, and got next to nothing, but seem to have had a good time notwithstanding. They report our old-time friend Ed Howard just as game as every and doing well at the old stand.

Mr. C. C. Hess is another of the Chicago shooters to brave the ice and cold of gentle spring along the Kankakee this past week. In fact, he goes down to Lorenzo, on the Kankakee, each week. His last trip, early this week, netted him eighteen ducks. He should have much better shooting this time, and unless he goes East and misses his shoot this week, we shall no doubt hear of a bag, as he has a bit of good marsh hid out in there.

Water Valley is the popular point on the Kankakee for the men who have no club membership, and it shows as good a strip of river as any, though of course much less. It is a pretty big country, that marsh between Shelby and Fuller's Island, and will hold without crowding a big number of guns. The old Lake George Club and the cottagers adjoining do not have grounds of consequence, but rely upon the open shooting, as does Diana Club, across the bridge near by. A number of shooters have been watching and waiting all along in there for three weeks this spring, but not until this week would they be apt to get the best of the flight. Sometimes they have very fair duck shooting in that same section as early as Feb. 14, a very good time, indeed, some years, to catch the early flight; but here it is six weeks later than that. Now that the mild weather has begun, spring is apt to come with a rush.

Snipe Grounds.

Already some of the knowing ones are prospecting for their spring snipe grounds. One careful shooter is writing to Warsaw, Koutts and other good localities, asking the earliest wire announcing arrival of the birds. The extreme headwaters of the Kankakee, near South Bend, are often very good tips on snipe in the spring, and I have sometimes had fair shooting in the fall a little lower down in that same chain.

One of the less known snipe regions accessible from Chicago is that big strip of high, warm prairie that lies immediately west of Chicago, between the Summit and Sag country and the north edge of Chicago, reaching as far west as the Fox River. Here the hills are separated by sloughs still undrained, which offer a few acres here and there of grand bog for snipe. There is no one very large patch of ground in this strip, but one can drive across this high land as far west as the Fox, and it ought to prove out at very well. I have sometimes found nice sport out at Arlington Heights, right in the northwest corner of the city, and the country looked good on west and northwest as far as I could see. There are some golden plover in there also in late April. There is every likelihood that we shall have a fine crop of snipe in this section this spring, just as we are having an extremely good duck season; but the trouble, if any, with the snipe outlook is that there will be so wide an extent of wet ground that the birds will be greatly scattered and hard to locate. At the western edge of this Chicago snipe ground, some eight or ten miles from Elgin, there is some very good snipe marsh, and several acquaintances have their eyes fixed on this for an early try for the long-bills.

Thousands.

In summary, our snipe season is still a guess. Our duck season is extraordinarily good. Nearly every man who is accosted as to the birds he has seen when out this spring answers, "There are thousands of them." Whether the thousands will last long or rapidly pass north as the ice goes out remains to be seen, but from all accounts it would seem that the coming week will be the best one. Fox Lake should be open then, all the rivers and some of the lakes of Wisconsin, such as Koshkonong, the latter usually a late riser in our ducking possibilities.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Snows.

Boston, March 29.—The Maine papers have many accounts of the suffering of game birds and animals from the deep snows and bad crusts of late in the winter. A couple of trappers are reported to have recently come in to Kineo, Moosehead, from their winter trapping at Harrington Lake. They had \$75 worth of furs. They saw few deer, though their tracks were very plenty. They located one or two moose yards, and found a big bull

or two, but generally saw only cows and youngsters. They saw a drove of four caribou crossing the ice one day at the foot of the lake. As for partridges, they believe that they are about all done for. They saw very few, especially after the big snows in March. The narrow gauge railroad from Phillips to Rangeley was blockaded by snow from March 1 for about sixteen days. The trainmen suffered a good deal, as they were frequently stalled in the woods a long distance from any settlement. They were in the game country, and tell incredible stories of wild animals so overcome by hunger as to come very near them. As for the deer, they were completely overpowered by the snow, and suffered the men to approach them almost without a struggle. In one instance it comes from the statement of a railroad official that a deer was so overcome by hunger that it ate a biscuit out of his hands. These railway officials also believe that the partridges and other birds have suffered very severely.

SPECIAL.

Some State Legislation.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON, April 2.—Matters concerning Massachusetts game legislation are in a bad way at this time. The committee on fisheries and game have given the supporters of the Bennet bill leave to withdraw and have recommended the passage of the bill being put forward by the Worcester County Game Protective Association. It will be remembered that the Bennet bill is a compromise measure between the marketmen and those who desire absolute prohibition of the sale of game for a series of years, with a positive close time on partridges for a number of years, as well as shortening the season on other birds. The bill which has the indorsement of the committee shortens the season somewhat, but permits the sale of partridges and woodcock in open season, and places no restriction upon the sale of quail. The Bennet bill has the indorsement of a number of associations in the State, including the Fish and Game Protective Association, and ostensibly the marketmen. But these marketmen were pushing forward so many provisos as to utterly corrupt the bill, while the Worcester County Game Protective Association is accused of opposing any measure that prohibits the sale of game in the open season.

Still the advocates of prohibiting the sale of game have not yet given up the fight. They say that the only essential difference between their bill and the one recommended by the committee is that their measure prohibits the sale of partridges and woodcock in open season, while the other permits such sale. They hope to finally pass a measure that shall prohibit the sale of partridges and woodcock, though they have given up the hope of preventing the sale of quail. It is on the subject of quail that the marketmen make the greatest opposition. They contend that quail amount to but little in this State, and that they have many thousand dollars invested in cold storage plants for preserving game, and that to stop the sale of quail from other States would leave these plants worthless on their hands. As for partridges, they are well aware, though scarcely outspoken enough to own it, that none are to be had of any consequence, and they begin to see what game protectors have seen for a long time—that partridges are doomed in New England unless absolute prohibition of their sale can be made. As for woodcock, the marketmen count but little upon them, the number received by them being already reduced to extremely small proportions. The poor farmer's boy, who makes a few dollars by selling partridges, is still in evidence. When there are no partridges to shoot his friends will be willing to prohibit their sale.

SPECIAL.

New York.

ALBANY, April 2.—(Special.)—The Governor during the past week has signed Mr. Knipp's bill amending the forest, fish and game law to prevent the transportation of birds or game without the State.

Senator Douglas has introduced a substitute for a former bill, to allow part owners of a lake or game preserve to exclude others from the whole of the lake or park, if he leases the right, and the bill has been reported favorably by the committee.

The Senate has passed these bills:

Mr. Marson's making the close season for woodcock and grouse from Dec. 16 to Sept. 15, instead of Dec. 16 to Aug. 31, as at present.

Mr. Marson's making the close season for deer from Nov. 16 to Aug. 31, instead of to Aug. 14.

Senator Ellsworth's appropriating \$20,000 for continuing the acquisition of land in the Adirondack Park, and \$50,000 for the extension of the forest preserve in the counties of Delaware, Greene, Sullivan and Ulster.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Mr. Wheeler's amending the fish and game law by permitting the chief fire warden to appoint three expert foresters who are to act as deputy fire wardens.

Mr. Wheeler's providing for the appointment of a chief forester and fire patrols in the forest preserve.

Lost Men.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The frequent reports of sportsmen "lost in the woods" during the hunting season suggests the inquiry of what can be done to help the unfortunates. In the Adirondacks some fifteen years ago they used, and I suppose still do, the following call, as I remember it: Three shots fired about five seconds apart would bring an answer (if heard), and if repeated would start every lumberman, guide or sportsman hearing it to answer and investigate. No attention was paid to four or more shots.

My experience with guides in nearly every part of that region was to see them listen carefully when more than one shot was fired to see whether it would be three or more. If there was any doubt, a shot was fired and an answer waited for. If some rule could be made and advertised that a certain number of shots means trouble, something would be gained, and possibly life saved; fire your shots, make a fire and wait long enough to give any one in hearing a chance to look you up. This would not meet every case, but add a chance to being found alive.

I. S. L.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

FISHING.

Feeding Fish Not a New Idea.

My friend Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, writing from Quebec, adds a postscript to his letter which is extremely interesting to me, and I doubt not that it will be of considerable interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as it shows that the necessity for feeding fish was considered more than a century ago and before the discovery of the art of artificial fish propagation was made public by Jacobi. In fact, the extract which Mr. Chambers sends me is taken from a poem apparently written nine years after Jacobi made his discovery in 1741.

If it was important that food be provided for fish one hundred and fifty years ago, how much more is it important that food be provided now when hundreds of millions of young fish are hatched annually by artificial processes and turned out into wild waters to seek their own living. Mr. Chambers says:

"To-day I was reading an old poem on fish ponds. The date of the manuscript, says the author who furnishes it, is uncertain, probably about 1750, and from corrections in the original, appears to have been the copy of the translator; the Rev. John Duncombe, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of Hearne, Kent, and St. Andrew, with St. Bredman, Canterbury, who died Jan. 19, 1786, aged fifty-six.

"Half a dozen lines following the description of ponds upon the necessity of providing food for planted fish recalled so vividly your own frequent insistence on this point that I copy them. They show that all the ancients were not quite such fools as some of the moderns are, who, forgetful of the fact that they don't live on air though they do exist in it, seem to think that fish should live both on and in the water:

"Be mindful, thou, the hungry race to feed,
The fish themselves in their own cause will plead,
And, rising to the surface of the flood,
With gaping jaws demand their wonted food.
Ponds for your fish wherever you provide,
They with fresh store in spring should be supplied."

The very next day after I had read Mr. Chambers' letter, the Fishing Gazette, London, came to hand with an account of the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishing Club, over which Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M. P., presided. One of the most delightful of modern angling books is "Fly-Fishing," by Sir Edward Grey, published last year in London, a book that I have intended to write a notice of, and will, if ever I get the time to do so.

Sir Edward Grey on Fish Food.

Having quoted an opinion in regard to the necessity of feeding planted fish that is one hundred and fifty years old, it is here followed by an extract from the address of the chairman at the dinner of the Fly-Fishing Club in the year 1900:

"I read the other day in the newspapers that the School Board for London, which has devoted great attention to the education of children, was beginning to devote attention as to how they were to be fed. Now, my thoughts are always running upon fishing, and this suggested to me something in fishing which may not, perhaps, be obvious to those members who are not so fond of fly-fishing as I am. They are dealing with children, but how about trout? We have educated our trout most successfully. There is nothing to complain of in the education of trout. Certainly, but really there is something to find fault with in regard to their feeding. We have taken exceedingly little trouble about feeding our trout, far less than we have done about their education. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the London School Board. "I am convinced that a great deal might well be done. Here, therefore, is one of those subjects for research where I think the Fly-Fishers' Club may provide most useful information in the future. Let me give you an incident of what happened on a Highland loch.

"It was not a very large loch, only big enough to provide ample fishing for two rods a day. It had never had any fish in it, and was stocked with yearling Loch Levens. Great pains were taken in one or two following seasons to educate those Loch Levens, but they acquired a fine, rich, dark, peaty color. They were apparently lively and thriving, but they never attained the weight, even the biggest of them, of a quarter of a pound, and that went on for two or three years. My friend who owned the loch thought that enough had been done for the education of the Loch Levens, and thought that perhaps he had better pay a little attention to the feeding. So he imported some fresh-water shrimps, and turned them down in suitable places. Those little trout which remained stationary two or three years at once went with a bound to a weight of nearly a pound. That, I think, is an instance of a neglected study, viz., that of feeding trout, which is as important as the education of them."

Some things are accomplished by hammering at them, and FOREST AND STREAM has been hammering at this matter of feeding fish for a long time, and I expect in time yet to come it will receive the recognition it deserves for yeoman's service in this field. Slowly, little by little, those interested in planting the waters with fish are coming to realize how important it is that food must be provided to make the planting a success if the waters do not already possess the food, or that additional food must be supplied to sustain the addition to the fish supply. In the matter of fishculture man is improving upon nature, and planting from 75 to 90 per cent. of fish from eggs that nature, if left to herself, would hatch only 1 to 5 per cent. of, and the increase must be fed or they will perish.

Greenwood Lake.

When I said that hammering at a thing would bring about its accomplishment, I had in mind the black bass law in Greenwood Lake, partly in New York and partly in New Jersey. Once upon a time the season for black bass fishing opened legally in New York State at a date later than May 30, and a bill was introduced in the Legislature to open the season throughout the State on

May 30, to conform to the New Jersey law, and the chief reason advanced at the time for putting the law back was to accommodate anglers in New York city who desired to fish in Greenwood Lake on Decoration Day—a legal holiday.

Curiosity caused me to look back and find where I began to protest in FOREST AND STREAM against this law, which in its operation tended to destroy breeding black bass that anglers might have a holiday at a fixed time. I cannot fix the precise date, but I do find that sixteen years ago in this journal I protested against the then existing law, and that FOREST AND STREAM said, editorially, in commenting upon my protest: "We think that Mr. Cheney has rather understated the case. Even in southern New York the black bass are not done spawning by the middle of June, and it seems to us that while his request to make the close season end at that time would be a step in advance, we would go still further and make the law for the whole State exempt black bass from capture before July. This may deprive some anglers of their accustomed fishing. If they cannot fish later, we are sorry for them. These are few, however, and they should sacrifice their pleasure for the public good.—Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 25, 1884.

I did not advocate a close season to end June 25. What I did say in the same issue was: "I hope that our law makers will extend the close season for black bass throughout the State until July 1. Even then, some waters require a still longer time for the bass to spawn."

FOREST AND STREAM has been hammering at this law ever since, and the close season for black bass was advanced to June 9 and then to June 15 in New York, and the New Jersey law remained at May 30 until New Jersey had a new board of Commissioners within a few months past, and they were unanimous for a close season for Greenwood Lake that would be uniform with the New York law, and they introduced a bill two weeks ago in their Legislature to that end.

We know more about the habits of black bass now than we did sixteen years ago. We know that they do not spawn until the temperature of the water gets up to about 65 degrees, and even if the water gets warm enough to attract them to spawning beds, that a lowering of the temperature will drive them away to deep water again, and the actual spawning may be delayed two weeks or such a matter, and that the young bass require the parents' care for the same length of time, whether the spawning be early or late. We also know that if the black bass are not protected during the spawning season and the period while the young are brooded, the fishing must fall off and eventually be destroyed, for there is no way of artificially making up the waste, as only the adult fish can be depended upon to keep up the stock through natural increase, but nature is wise in respect of increase of black bass, as she is in most things, for while she ordains that by natural methods only 1 to 5 per cent. of the eggs of the salmon family shall hatch, and man can hatch 95 per cent., of black bass eggs 80 to 90 per cent. hatch by natural processes, and man can hatch none worth speaking of. Black bass protect their young; no other fresh-water fish does so except the bullhead and sunfish.

A Woman Did It.

I once heard a sermon from the text, "The Woman Did It," in which it was shown that our common ancestor, Adam, put the blame for a certain act upon our common ancestress, Eve, and then the inference was that man had been doing the same sort of ungallant thing ever since, down to the present generation. Since I listened to that sermon I have had a desire to expunge Adam's name from the family tree and give womankind all the credit I can, though I never expect to be able to give women all the credit they deserve.

Most of us who fish know that the credit for compiling the first book upon angling printed in the English language is generally given to a woman, Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans. The date of "Fysshynge with an Angle" is 1496, and a little more than one hundred and fifty years later another woman adorns the pages of angling history by being the first, in all probability, to make an artificial minnow. A few days ago I noticed in an English newspaper a display advertisement of an artificial minnow, and it gave us to understand, by implication at least, that the maker was the original Jacobs in manufacturing that particular style of artificial minnow. My memory machinery got to work on the subject of artificial minnows, and finally it came to me in a flash, "Why, a woman did it!" Yes, a woman was the first to make an artificial minnow, but who was the woman, and where, and when, did I read it? It seemed to be an easy matter to find it, but I searched my books for two whole evenings before I came to the reference in good old Walton's "Angler," and here it is:

"And here let me tell you, what many old Anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a Minnow is not to be got, and therefore let me tell you. I have—which I will show to you—an artificial Minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly; and it was made by a handsome woman, that had a fine hand, and a live Minnow lying by her; the mould or body of the Minnow was cloth, and wrought upon or over it thus with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk toward the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a Minnow; the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it white silk, and another part of it with silver thread; the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin; the eyes were two little black beads, and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted Trout in a swift stream. And this Minnow I will now show you; look, here it is; and if you like it, lend it to you, to have two or three made by it, for they be easily carried about an Angler and be of excellent use; for note, that a large Trout will come fiercely at a Minnow, as the highest mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that one hundred and sixty Minnows have been found in a Trout's belly; either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it to a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him."

There are two things which strike me forcibly in connection with this extract. Gallant as Walton was, and appreciative of the skillful work of a handsome woman,

he spells minnow, trout and angler each with a capital, and "earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected," he spells with a lower case w.

The other thing I never noticed, as much as I have read Walton, until this evening. In Wendell Phillips' lecture upon the "Lost Arts," as I recall it, it was shown that there was little new under the sun, our modern inventions were known to peoples more or less ancient, and recent discoveries were but modifications of old practices. I did think, however, until this evening, that the practice of stuffing fish with sinkers, shot and other things to make them weigh more than nature intended they should weigh, was as modern as it was questionable, but here is the father of anglers, the gentle Walton, giving testimony that is unimpeachable to this practice in his day, for that is the only explanation that his reference to the miller's possible action is susceptible of, and it is quite evident that Walton did not approve of any such practice, for he was not that kind of a man. Nevertheless it is exceedingly funny to read of it in the quaint style in which it is told, and it adds to the evidence that there is nothing new under the sun.

The Menhaden Trust.

Since writing a note about the menhaden trust, so called, I have noticed in the daily newspapers that in certain court proceedings looking to the reorganization of the company the fact was brought out that the majority of the stock of the so-called menhaden trust is held by people in Europe, chiefly, I think, in Great Britain. Therefore, if injury is being done to our food fishes on the Atlantic coast, it is alien interests that reap the benefits, where there are benefits to reap. The figures given of the operations of the trust in former years show that there were large profits, and also that such quantities of menhaden were converted into oil and fertilizers that I have no space to give the figures.

The Trout Season.

Just as I was about to wind up these notes for this week, I found the following in plate matter in a newspaper:

"The trout season in New York State opens April 1, and continues until July 1. In Massachusetts the season is from April 1 to Sept. 1, except in three counties, where the season closes Aug. 1. In Connecticut the season is from April 1 until July 1."

So far as New York is concerned this is wrong, but the law of Massachusetts and Connecticut is correct. In FOREST AND STREAM of last week, March 31, Mr. Lawrence gives the law for New York as it is—April 16 to Aug. 31, both inclusive. This misinformation being in plate matter will have wide circulation.

Menhaden.

A few days ago, under the heading "Save the Fishes," the New York Herald had this editorial: "Now that the Menhaden Trust has proved a failure, public opinion ought to insist on the enactment of the law that will forbid the wasteful seine net fishing that is fast clearing the waters about this harbor of food fish. The best sportsmen are behind it, and public policy asks for its passage." A little later the New York Sun had an editorial upon the same subject under the head "Migration of the Menhaden," inspired, doubtless, by the fact that the Menhaden Trust had gone into the hands of a receiver. Much has been written for and against the industry which has employed a great amount of capital to capture menhaden and convert the fish into oil and fertilizers, some claiming that the menhaden were inexhaustible, and no matter what means were employed to capture them, they never would diminish appreciably, and this has been controverted with all the power of word and pen. The other phases of the question, the capture of food fishes in menhaden nets, and the scarcity of food fishes because of this destruction of menhaden upon which food fishes subsist, have had their advocates and their opponents, until it is most difficult for a man up a tree to decide which side is right and which side is wrong, for there is supposed to be a right and wrong side to every question. Prof. Huxley may say that the supply of deep sea fishes is inexhaustible, and the menhaden people may say that it is fish migrations which cause the scarcity at seasons in certain places, and sportsmen may say just the opposite, until we tire of speculations and opinions and demand facts, all of which leads me to the one little fact which I have to give concerning one phase of the question. Within five years last past—I cannot be sure of the exact time—when the discussion was high regarding the capture of food fishes in menhaden nets, the present shellfish Commissioner of New York, Hon. Edward Thompson, dressed the part and hired himself out as one of the crew of a menhaden steamer that he might find from personal observation just what the menhaden nets did take. He worked for one week on the steamer, which cruised in Princess Bay, outside of Long Island and along the New Jersey coast, and he assures me that during the week the steamer did not capture a sufficient number of food fishes to feed the crew. While this may prove nothing that will be the means of settling the controversy, it is true, and may be accepted as evidence so far as it goes, but this does not touch at all upon the question of how the destruction of menhaden may be injurious to food fishes by cutting down their food supply and thus driving them off the shores.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Bangor Salmon Pool.

Boston, April 2.—The open season for salmon fishing in the Pool at Bangor, Me., begins to-day. A special to the daily papers says that Bangor fishermen have made unusual preparations. Though there is still a good deal of ice in the river below, there is a long stretch of open water below the dam, the salmon pool being all free from ice. It frequently happens that many fine salmon are taken the first days of the open season, and before the ice is generally out of the river, either above or below the dam.

Generally the first salmon of the season is sent to the President or some other individual of national note. This year Bangor reports say that Admiral Dewey is likely to be honored with the first fish. Bangor sportsmen of means sometimes contribute the first fish taken. If it happens to be taken by a fisherman who does not feel able

to contribute so much to great men or royalty, wealthy men purchase the fish, and they usually have to pay as much as \$1 per pound for it, frequently more; and if the fish happens to weigh 20 or 30 pounds, the fisherman taking and selling it feels that he is well paid. The prospect of so lucky a strike is sufficient to stimulate hundreds of local fishermen. Since there is no aristocratic ownership of the Bangor Pool, everybody can fish, and some very queer rigs and craft are drawn out. The Pool may be covered with boats of all values, from the best canoe or Rangeley boat to the rudest punt. The fishing rods and tackle are equally varied, from a juniper pole and a cod line up to the finest salmon rods, reels and lines. The first salmon is no aristocrat, and is about as likely to rise to the cast of the poor man as the rich one, much depending on being on the ground when the fish happens to bite.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Taylor System.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 30.—In a personal letter from which I feel at liberty to quote in part, I hear from Silver Sedge, of Denver, as below:

"If I am so fortunate as to find that your visit to the Prairie River should coincide with my stay there, I shall be very glad to show you how little remarkable my fly-fishing abilities are, and gladder yet to get from you, if you will be so kind as to give them to me, some points on the best way to circumvent the Prairie fish."

"By the way, how did you like my article on the 'Taylor System' of fly-fishing in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM? And don't you think in justice to Mr. Taylor for his discovery and in justice to his system for its undoubted usefulness, the method of fly-fishing he employs should be called by his name?"

I believe that Silver Sedge is quite right in accrediting Mr. Taylor with a distinct and useful sort of angling, and in giving the system the name of its inventor. Indeed, I think reference to the first mention of this style of fishing will show that I then spoke of it as the "Taylor System." This is the natural and proper name for it, and I hope it may long be known as such.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes on the same topic:

"I am much interested in the Taylor system of fly-fishing, and now think I can apply it, I hope, in White River, Colo., this summer. Does he use the same system on black bass? I expect some good bass fishing now in thirty days."

The late Gen. McNulta spoke of "teasing" black bass to bite in this way. I cannot quote Mr. Taylor on the system as applied to bass fishing, but do not think it would be so applicable to that fish. When Silver Sedge first tried the Prairie he fished in the broad, as do most trout fishers on a new stream. Friends told him to take to the banks and logs, and doing so he began to have better luck. The trout lie hid there in that stream. The habits of bass are not quite similar to this, and I believe it would take a longer time and better concealment to work this method on them. A bass usually cuts and runs if he sees you. Sometimes a trout does, and sometimes he does not see you where a bass would. You can't always tell what a trout will do, and you can't always tell what a bass will do. I have had them come to the side of the boat, without being touched by the hook, but holding on to the frog like a bull dog, and I once saw one taken into a landing net before he saw fit to let go and get away. On the other hand, bass do not commonly act in this way, as most bass fishers know. I presume that sometimes one might tease a bass into biting, but I would rather chance keeping back and fooling him. That is to say, it would not seem best to strike the water much with the fly. If one can keep his fly up and above the water, casting repeatedly over the place where a bass is thought to be lying, he can undoubtedly attract the bass in that way just as he can the trout, and I have often done this; but I always thought a bass had more brains than a trout. So far as the Taylor system implies, an actual cutting of the water with the leader, I fear it would not work so well on a glassy bass water as on a rippling trout stream.

Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 31.—This morning on the street I met Mr. E. H. Hughes, now of the Nickel Plate R. R. in this city, and asked him what he knew about the Turtle Lake country of Michigan as a trout country. He said it was all right, and the Turtle Lake Club men still more all right. I told him I was asked to up there in the first of May, and he said he hadn't thought I could break into as good society as that, but if the invitation was bona fide I'd better go. I presume the best thing to do is to go. Especially does this seem imperative in view of Mr. J. D. Hawks' latest advice regarding the trout and trout fishing of that region, in which he says:

"A large trout in our part of the country is one weighing 3 pounds. I do not know that I have ever caught one with a fly weighing more than 2 pounds, but the trout in the South Branch of the Thunder Bay River, in which most of our fishing is done at Turtle Lake, run larger than at Fontinalis, where you fished with Mr. George Alexander. While our trout might not be considered large in some parts of the country, they are large enough to give anybody a heap of fun on a fly rod."

"Mr. W. H. Boardman, president of the Adirondack League Club, New York, was at Turtle Lake two years ago this spring, and he told me that it was the finest stream for fly fishing he had ever seen; that they had nothing to equal it in the Adirondacks. I guess he meant what he said, as he has just written me that he would be with us May 1. The above refers to brook trout. We have not as yet caught any rainbow trout at Turtle Lake, but we expect to begin taking them this year or next. I have heard, however, that there are rainbow trout in Hunt Creek and Gilchrist Creek, which are fine trout streams some six miles from our club house. I expect to try these streams this year, although I have never done any fishing in them yet."

Communications like the above always have a depressing effect on one's general health, and if one be obliged to go to the woods for the sake of his health, why not go where the trout and the men grow big?

As for our favorite, the sweet little Prairie River, which is a hard river to forget, I hear that it will be fished more than ever this spring. Charles Antoine and Edward Taylor (the Taylor system man) are among others who will go up early this spring. They will camp at the Lower Dells and try for some of the old lunkers that lie in there. The Au Sable, the Prairie, the Pere Marquette—these are three streams which should furnish news this summer.

The game warden at Fox Lake thinks the carp are going to eat up the country, wild rice, lake, farms and all. They are to be seen in swarms all through those waters now as soon as the ice goes out, and ruin both shooting and fishing. A boatman there killed one that weighed 31 pounds, and says one could kill a boat load if he wanted to do so, as they stand around on their heads and root in the mud like so many hogs. There never was a worse mistake for Western sport than the introduction of these beasts into our fishing and shooting waters. I remember when the boys laughed at Colonel Felton when he introduced a resolution against carp at a convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, but there is no room to laugh at the carp situation to-day. If we could get rid of them we would, very gladly. I understand that most of the Illinois carp go to Mott street, New York, and are fed to the residents there or to the inhabitants of Sing Sing, who are comparatively unable to get away from them. I never heard of one being eaten out here, where we are more *recherché*, as we say in Chicago.

Speaking of fish food and that sort of thing in connection with duck food reminds me of the ramifications of these commercial interests which continually spoil the good times we might all be having. I was talking with Capt. Seth Baldwin, the "sturgeon king," of South Chicago, the other day—a down-East Yankee, but widely traveled in the West—and I asked him how the sturgeon industry prospered.

"Well," said he, "of course you don't see much sturgeon offered in the markets nowadays. It's getting too scarce. We make it all into halibut, you know."

"Yes, I know," I said; "and the Russian caviare is made here in Chicago, too, I presume."

"Oh my, yes," he said; "you didn't think it came from Russia, did you? No indeed. Fact is, it don't all come from sturgeon, either. A great deal of the sturgeon roe comes from Mississippi River catfish. Nearly all the sturgeon sold on the Chicago market is made from shovel-nose cats. There is a big fishery of this sort down near Greenville, Miss. One of my old customers told me to come down there with my nets and he could give me all I wanted to do. There are a good many catfish down in there—shovel-nose and yellow river cats. That's where we get caviare and sturgeon."

As I happen to think of it, it is at Greenville, Miss., where my old friend Billy Griggs, the king of the market shooters, was last year located with a big fishing outfit, he having found fishing more profitable than duck shooting. Now, as to sturgeon—but no! Billy wouldn't think of such a thing!

About sturgeon catching, where they really catch sturgeon, and not catfish, I have located the best sort of story with this same Captain Baldwin, and one of these spring days we may hear of that, though he says the winter is the best time to go sturgeon fishing. The sturgeon is actually too gamy a fish to land in the summer time, when he jumps clear of all restraint, like a muscalsunge, breaks all sorts of tackle and says good-by. Since the winter is his natural sporting season, it would seem that a new sport might be added to our category. A tug thirty miles off shore on Lake Michigan, with ice a foot deep all over her, a mile of hooks, and a sea that keeps everything upside down—such would be some of the features. Baldwin calls it business, and not sport.

Spring Goods.

Messrs. Von Lengerke and Antoine have issued their spring tackle catalogue, and a very enticing bit of literature it is—sixty-four pages of good goods and good prices which are well worth looking at. They report the fishing-tackle trade already opening, and predict a big and early season. This firm, in their enlarged quarters at Van Buren and Wabash, have a very popular emporium, much patronized by our sportsmen.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Prophecies from Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 26.—At last we are slowly emerging from the glacial period, and be it known that one rash young man has quietly slipped his snowshoes, warmed up his patent leathers and departed for a city to hunt up the man who predicted this winter would be an open one. We are all liable to mistakes, of course, but if those embryo climatic prognosticators were not so persistent in their declarations, we should not so often be so cruelly deceived.

There is now on the lake 32 inches of solid ice; in the woods 4 to 5 feet of snow; for a day or two past it has actually thawed on the sunny side of the street, so that warms us up to hope that perhaps we may have some salmon and trout fishing when the snows have rolled away.

Some of the boys who do not mind cold weather have tried winter fishing and have had success which was remarkable, the more so because it has been said by local fishermen that since the Fish Commissioners have been artificially propagating trout here, the lake has been greatly depleted and winter fishing was ruined. But one man held to the contrary. This winter he said he would try and see if there were not a few trout left in the lake: result was, in two hours' fishing the first time, he caught a 3-pound trout. A day or so after he and another man cut six holes and took out four trout. Since then lots of trout have been taken, as many as seven in one day to one man. A number weighed 10 pounds each, the average being 4 to 5 pound fish, two men who fished together having caught to date thirty-nine trout, all of which goes to prove that the Fish Commissioners in their plan of stocking the lake are right, and their detractors in the wrong. It will now be in order for the Commissioners to receive apologies.

There seem to be signs in the air of an increase of

fishermen from Boston and elsewhere to this lake this season, as the Newfound Lake trout exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show was a revelation to some people of where the big trout hide. We hope it may be so, as there are lots of fish in the waters, and plenty of room on top for lovers of rod and reel.

Another new steam launch is to be run on the lake this season for fishermen or pleasure parties.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

Maine Angling Outlook.

BOSTON, March 29.—The weather continues very cold and backward. Some of the trout fishermen say that they shall give up trying the trout April 1 unless there is a great change in the weather. The quiet-running streams have all frozen every night this week till Friday, though the ice has soon disappeared after the sun has got up toward noon. Reports from Maine all indicate very late fishing this spring. Lake Sebago is still locked in thick ice, though it is but a few days to the usual clearing of that Lake. Last year it was not clear, however, till April 23, but the year 1898 the ice was all out by April 2, and it has cleared once or twice before March was done. A gentleman who came down in the train along the shores of that lake Thursday last says that the teams are still crossing on the ice, and that he inquired as to the thickness of the ice and was told that it had not yet thawed a particle, and was doubtless a couple of feet thick. Lake Auburn, Me., another landlocked salmon lake, is reported to be locked in ice of unusual thickness. A gentleman who owns a camp on its shores says that he has been up there Sundays very frequently the past winter. Last Sunday he cut through 3 feet of ice to get water; the thickest ice he has ever seen there. He says that not all of the ice is compact, however, but between the layers there is damp snow or snow water. This lake is sometimes open as early as April 15, and again not till May 5. It does not seem to the fishermen possible that, even with the warmest April ever known, the ice can get out earlier than May 1. As for the Rangelys and Moosehead, the season is so late that nobody has anything more than a guess to offer as to when fishing can begin. The body of snow in the woods is simply tremendous, and will result in very high water, which may mean that the lake will clear earlier than otherwise.

The ice left Lake Auburn on the following dates for the years named: In 1890, April 25; 1891, April 27; 1892, April 21; 1893, May 5; 1894, April 24; 1895, April 23; 1896, April 25; 1897, April 26; 1898, April 18; 1899, April 30.

SPECIAL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

THE fourth of the medal contests of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club was held March 24 and 25, with the following results:

First Day.

Contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, March 24. Wind, west, light; weather, perfect.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Dcl. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Casting, %
Babcock	84	83	82	74.2	78.1
Battu	96	89.4	90.4	60.10	75.7
Brooks	88	92	89.8	65	77.4
Brotherton	116	83.4	86	70	78
Crowell	102	85	87.8	74.2	80.11
Everett	102	88.8	93.4	72.6	82.11
Golcher	123	91	92.8	77.6	85.1
Lovett	122	93	93.8	80.10	87.3
Mansfield	122	96.4	95	79.2	87.1
Muller	103	89.8	91	75.6	83.5
Reed	96	91.4	94.8	76.8	85.8
Sanborn	89	88	86	63.4	74.8
Stratton	78	75	84.4	73.4	78.10
Skinner	85	92.8	93	71.8	82.4
Vogelsang	95	91.4	93	67.6	80.5
Young	90	93	93.4	67.6	80.5

Judges, Muller, Stratton, Battu, Babcock; referee, Mansfield; Clerk, Crowell.

Second Day.

Contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, March 25. Wind, west, light; weather, perfect.

Battu	92	93.4	93	69.2	81.1	70 2-5
Brooks	79	87.8	86	51.8	68.10	59 2-5
Brotherton	105	73.4	86.8	72.6	79.7	..
Crowell	80	89.4	75	65.10	70.5	58
Daverkosen	106	88	87	71.8	79.4	63 2-5
Dinkelspiel	80	77.8
Everett	102	94	91.8	69.2	80.5	..
Foulks	76	65	87.4	62.6	74.11	..
Haight	78½	90.8	87.4	58.4	72.10	..
Huyck	95	87.8	91	54.2	72.7	..
Klein	88	85	89.8	56.8	73.2	..
Lovett	113	94.4	93	71.8	82.4	71.7
Mansfield	122	96.8	94.4	75.10	85.1	87.2
Muller	104	94.4	93.4	80.10	87.1	58
Reed	98	87	86	75	80.6	83.2
Stratton	83	63.4	82.8	65	73.10	53.2
Turner	87	88.8	89.8	65	77.4	..
Young	106	92	96.8	77.6	87.1	64.2

Mr M. Freis, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, was a guest of the club and entered the lure-casting event.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Canadian Kennel Club.

THE following notice of an executive meeting has been issued by the club:

Toronto, March 29.—I beg to notify you that by order of the President a meeting of the Executive Committee will be held in the Dog Show Building here on Good Friday, April 13, at 3:30 P. M. Kindly make a special effort to be present. If quite unable to do so, write me in time for meeting regarding anything you may desire action upon.

The following business is to come before the meeting:
1. Non-payment of prize money, etc., at the late Victoria, B. C., Show. 2. Decision of the question of reconsidering the dispute re special prize at the Peterboro' Show. 3. Consideration of question as to an effort tending to have dogs recognized as property in Canada. 4. Reception of new members. 5. Other business.
H. B. DONOVAN, Sec'y-Treas.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. Al. G. Eberhart will judge the following classes at the New Orleans show, May 3 to 6, 1900: Italian greyhounds, black and tan terriers, toy black and tan terriers, Pomeranians, Yorkshire terriers and toy spaniels. Mr. John Davidson will judge all other classes.

In our business columns the Cleveland Kennel Club, Cleveland, O., calls attention to the closing of the entries to the fifth dog show, on April 18. The dates fixed for holding the show are May 2 to 5, inclusive. It will be held in Gray's Armory. Mr. E. M. Oldham will be the superintendent. For premium lists, etc., apply to the secretary, Mr. C. M. Munhall, Wilshire Building, Cleveland. Judges will be Major J. M. Taylor, Chas. H. Mason and H. A. Lacy.

Entries to the first annual show of the New Orleans Fox Terrier Club, held under the auspices of the Louisiana Industrial Exposition, May 3, 4, 5 and 6, close on April 21. All communications should be addressed to Mr. A. E. Shaw, superintendent, 807 Common St., New Orleans, La.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

June.

16-18. Eastern Division meet, Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass.

THE racing season has already opened in England, the first race having been sailed on the Thames on March 10. With a good fleet of boats, old and new, and an early beginning, the season promises to be a very successful one. We have heard of new boats or sailing races, and the outlook is most unpromising. There seems to be a total lack of interest in the whole subject of canoe sailing on the part of American canoeists, and the efforts of the A. C. A. officers and a few others have met with a most disappointing lack of support from the members at large. It would almost appear that there is no one at all who cares for the sailing canoe or canoe sailing.

WE are compelled to leave over several items of canoeing news, which will appear next week.

The Tatassit C. C., of Worcester, Mass., elected the following officers on March 5: Com., Frank A. Smith; Vice-Com., James L. Thompson; Purser, John E. Bradley; Clerk, Burton W. Grant; Fleet Captain, Frederick Coulson; Directors (one year), Howard Frost, Alonzo G. Davis; (two years), Wallace T. Mosley, Wm. C. Pierce.

The Atlantic Division.

THE Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association has always been marked as one of the most active and prosperous of the five divisions, and it was never in better condition than to-day. The Division includes within its limits such great cities as New York, Philadelphia and Washington, with others, such as Trenton, Newark, Baltimore and Harrisburg, of considerable size, and a great variety and extent of cruisable water—the lower Hudson, the Delaware, Susquehanna, New York Bay and Long Island Sound, Chesapeake Bay and endless smaller rivers, lakes and canals. With these material advantages it has always held a good membership, composed of active canoeists. It is just now fortunate in having a particularly lively and energetic board of officers, Vice-Com. Allen himself being a cruising canoeist with many miles to his credit, and a successful racing man with the paddle. The division organization is kept up by active men in every office, the list being as follows:

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Louis H. May, 5 South William street, New York.

Purser, A. H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—Jos. Edw. Murray, 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; C. V. Schuyler, 860 Broadway, New York.

Camp Site Committee—J. Hal. Lukens, T. W. Cook, Jos. A. Fritz, Chairman, State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.

Transportation Committee—Henry M. Dater, A. S. Fenimore, Jos. O. Rickey, Chairman, 936 Carteret avenue, Trenton, N. J.

Regatta Committee—Chas. Eastmond, Wm. A. Furman, M. D. Wilt, Chairman, 721 North Front street, Philadelphia.

Entertainment Committee—H. W. Fleischman, Walter F. Smith, H. D. Hewitt, Chairman, Burlington, N. J.

Signal Officer, A. I. Hattersley, Trenton, N. J.

The location of the executive is particularly fortunate at Trenton, midway between and in close touch with both New York and Philadelphia, and the Park Island camp ground is of material service as a rallying point for the Division. The meet of next month promises to bring out a larger contingent than any similar event, both for the preliminary cruise and the camp at Park Island. The following programme was recently prepared at a meeting of the Regatta Committee in Trenton. The prizes in these events will be for the first a suitably engraved pewter mug, for the second prize an A. C. A. flag:

Monday, May 28, 2 P. M.—One man, double blades, novice, one-quarter mile. One man, single blades, open, one-quarter mile. Two men, single blades, novice, one-quarter mile. Two men, double blades, open, one-quarter mile. Swimming race, 100yds.

Tuesday, May 29, 2 P. M.—One man, double blades, open, one-quarter mile. Two men, double blades, novice, one-quarter mile. Two men, single blades, open, one-quarter mile. One man, single, novice, double blades, one-quarter mile. Tandem overboard, 200yds.

Wednesday, May 30, 10 A. M.—Tail-end race, 100yds. Hand paddling, 100yds.

General lines of boats 16 x 30 x 10, and not less than 50lbs. Any canoe may be entered in one or more races by the owner or any other members given the use of it.

Any member may enter as a novice in any event in which he has not previously won a prize.

In all events in which there shall be four or more entries a second prize will be given.

In the tandem overboard race, the crew must paddle until the pistol signal, jump overboard, get into the boat and paddle to finish.

In the tail-end race the paddler must sit on the floor of the canoe, racing astern, with feet under deck as far as possible and use a single blade.

In hand paddling any position may be taken.

In the tournament contestants may engage on either quarter, but must stand up when within sparring distance, as voluntarily squatting or sitting down or taking hold of an opponent's pole will disqualify them. The winner must succeed in knocking his opponent out of the canoe. The committee will furnish sparring poles.

The officers are now preparing a booklet with a map of the Delaware River and all necessary information as to the cruise.

The dinner of the Division, held at the Arena, New York, on the evening of March 10, was a notable departure from all recent affairs of the kind, and carried one back fifteen or a dozen years to the days when canoeing was at the height of its popularity. Sad to say, the various attempts at similar reunions for several years past have failed to bring out a good attendance, and were especially weak in the absence of the older canoeists, but this was a marked exception. Among the seventy-five canoeists present were many of the old fellows—Seavey, Buddington, Brokaw, Dr. A. G. Gerster, George Douglas Lawrence and others who have been seldom seen of late with Quick, Hale, Dater, Dunnell, Wilkin, Palmer (the old L. B. and also F. G.), Hobart, Hogan, Stephens, Peebles, Berry, Com. Allen, Purser Wood and most of the other Division officers were present, with Messrs. Murray, Fleischman, Park and Wilt from Philadelphia. Com. MacKendrick, after a dinner in Boston on the previous evening, was also present. The dinner itself was a very informal and family affair, and the speeches were all practical, relating to the condition of canoeing, both in the Association and the Division, the coming meets at Muskoka and Park Island, and similar matters. The meeting broke up in time for the Trenton contingent to catch the midnight train, carrying the Commodore off to introduce him on the morrow to the Delaware River and Park Island.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division.—George Clayton, Burlington, N. J.* Upson Van Varick, New York;* George W. Moorhead, New York.*

Central Division.—F. Townsend, Donald Empy, Harvey Moulthrop, Rochester, N. Y.

Eastern Division.—Harry C. Conant,* Julius E. Nolte,* B. H. Robbin,* Edward Ten Eyck,* I. D. Sherman,* Wm. Caffery,* T. A. Weiss,* Arthur Richardson, Chas. W. Howe, Panton C. C.

Northern Division.—Robert Woods, Toronto.*
*Published during March.

War Canoe Racing and the A. C. A.

EARLY last month reports were current in some of the Ottawa and other Canadian papers of a threatened break from the A. C. A. of the various crews interested in war canoe racing. According to some of the reports the Canadian crews had been treated most unjustly at the last meet, and were determined to have nothing more to do with the Association. This part of the story is entirely false, and the whole matter is probably much less serious than represented. The point of the matter lies in the requirements of the A. C. A. constitution limiting the competition in its races to members of the Association or foreign guests, and charging an initiation fee of \$1 on joining, an annual fee of \$1 and a camp fee of \$1 for all attending camp. So far as the average canoeist is concerned, there is no contention that any of these limitations or charges are unfair or oppressive, but the growing popularity of war canoe racing has brought about a new condition of affairs. The war canoe races are very popular in Canada, especially along the St. Lawrence River at Brockville, Kingston and Montreal, and also at Ottawa, the headquarters of several crews. Some of these crews are made up solely for war canoe racing and some from boat clubs, and consequently the members are not affiliated with the A. C. A. It is becoming more and more the custom to hold one big race each year, such as that of 1899, under the auspices of the A. C. A. at Hay Island, where seven canoes competed. All of the crews desire to enter such races and the management is always anxious to secure the greatest number of entries.

Under the A. C. A. rules, each member competing in a race must pay his regular yearly dues and camp fee, and if, as has happened in several cases, the members of a war canoe crew do not belong to the A. C. A., each man must join, so that the cost of a crew of fifteen amounts up to \$75, or \$3 each. The crews made up from the big canoe clubs, such as the Toronto, pay the dues as a matter of course and do not feel it, but the crews made up in part or wholly of non-members of the Association regard it as a special and oppressive tax. Many of these outside men have no special interest in the Association, and do not desire to become members and pay the \$1 dues each year, and in fact they will not continue their membership after once joining for the sake of a single war canoe race.

The advantages to all parties are entirely on the side of a continuance of the A. C. A. management of the races; there is little likelihood that if the proposed war canoe association were once formed it could exist for any length of time, it would be unable to secure as good a management of the races as that of the A. C. A. committee, nor could it obtain the same advantages as the larger body in the way of railway rates, free transportation of canoes, etc. The races at times would meet serious opposition from A. C. A. camps in the same vicinity and the continued absence of those crews which would always attend such meets.

It would seem that there should be no serious difficulty in amending the rules of the Association so as to meet this special case and to admit to the war canoe races those crews whose members are for good reasons not connected with the Association. Com. MacKendrick has been in communication with different men interested in the war canoe crews with a view to the formulation of some plan acceptable to all parties. The question of a war canoe race at Kingston or Brockville, the center of the sport, under the auspices of the Association for this year, when the meet will be held at Muskoka, and for similar special races when the meet is away from the St. Lawrence, has been under consideration for some time, and the A. C. A. officers are prepared to further such a plan.

The real trouble with the sport of war canoe racing lies in another direction and is very much more serious, though those most interested have thus far paid no attention to it. The first war canoes were big, roomy craft of the Peterboro canoe type, with the conventional high ends and the other typical features of the open Canadian canoe. They were built strongly and of such models as to be useful for general service. The old Unk-ta-hee of the Toronto C. C., first seen at the Slave Island meet of 1889, was a good specimen of the craft. Since the racing of these boats has become popular, and in the absence of all salutary restrictions, the model has rapidly deteriorated until in some cases the boats are but racing machines. While the Britannia crew and several others at Hay Island paddled legitimate war canoes, they were compelled to meet machines specially constructed for this race. One of these was modeled after a torpedo boat, with a straight stem, low freeboard, a turtle back over the bows, and with the after body all cut away, so that she could be steered only by the use of a fin attached to her keel. Two of the fouls occurring in the races were caused by the defective models of the boats, which could not be steered by the big paddle in the hands of the steersman, but ran wild across the course. The construction of the latest boats is improved to a standard of flimsiness in harmony with the model. As the simple regulations of the war canoe now stand, there is nothing to prevent the entry of any sort of shell or machine, and after what was seen last year a crew would be very foolish to come to a meet with an honest boat of reasonable weight and good model.

The matter is one which cannot be dealt with too quickly if war canoe racing is to escape the fate of canoe sailing and canoe paddling, done to death by flimsy machines.

The end of war canoe racing is not the improvement of model and the increase of speed, but a test of the skill and endurance of crews from different localities in best and best boats. The nearer alike the boats are, the better for the sport, and the continued improvement of the boats by unlimited competition in reducing weight and degrading the model must inevitably kill the sport in a very few years. The clubs as a rule are not able to afford a new racing shell every year, as they will be forced to do if no measures are taken to protect the original type.

The best plan in our opinion is to go at once to the root of the matter and establish such strict and rigid limitations as will bar the machine and preserve the original type. The torpedo boat type, a racing machine with low freeboard and that cannot be efficiently steered,

should be barred before it becomes general. The best plan would probably be to place minimum limits on the freeboard at the ends and amidships, in addition to the limits on beam and length, so as to preserve the conventional Indian form so appropriate to the name. In addition to this, the weight of construction or the thickness of planking should be limited. If the matter is dealt with in the procrastinating and half-hearted way that has characterized all similar legislation against the sailing and paddling machines, the war canoe will soon be relegated to the graveyard, where repose together the St. Lawrence racing sailing skiff, the sailing canoe and the paddling canoe, with other craft slain by their friends.

The Cost of Canoes.

THE question of the cost of the modern canoe has lately been under discussion in England, as the best built boats of the class certainly come to a very high figure. The detailed cost of two modern canoes of the cruising class is given in the Field, with some comments by Mr. Baden-Powell. Only those who have tried it can realize the numerous items of expense, and some of them by no means small, involved in the proper construction of a small boat. About twenty years ago the writer acquired some costly experience in this line in the effort to build copies of the elaborate and complicated Pearl canoes at prices which were very little in excess of those of the ordinary stock canoe of the day with rough fittings and rig. When the first requirement is that both workmanship and material shall be of the very best, and when elaborate working drawings must be prepared and accurately followed, with special patterns for the metal parts, the work is necessarily very costly. We can quite understand how the Field's figures may be correct, though it is commonly understood that such work costs less in England than in this country. As to the necessity for such expensive craft, there are two sides to the question. A big lump of a boat can be had for much less cost than a small canoe, but we quite sympathize with those who select the smaller craft on the condition that she shall be the best of her kind. It may be said for the expensive boats that they usually go through a number of hands and do good work for long periods, and while the heavy cost falls on the first owner, the later ones usually profit by getting the high quality of work for a moderate sum. The Field says:

The following particulars as to detail cost of the latest canoes have been sent to us for publication as an answer to statements which have gained currency that such canoes cost an exorbitant price. We have received several, but propose only to exhibit two, which are typical of the moderate cost of plain fitting up to the most expensive, that is of the Slaney and the Nautilus. Both are new boats of best build, with gun metal center plates and rudders; in short, no ironwork, except steel wire rigging and halyards, and they are by well-known builders on the Severn and the Thames.

Mr. Cooper says of Slaney, R. C. C. cruising class: Canoe, including brass center plate and rudder, C. B. tackle blocks, brass horse for sheet, all brass fittings, cleats, rowlocks, brasswork for mast, and bamboo mast..... £30 0 0
Crate and carriage by rail from builder's place..... 3 17 10
Sails..... 2 15 6
Spars, boom, battens and yard..... 8 11
Brasswork for spars..... 2 2 0
Blocks, rope, wire, thimbles, etc..... 1 15 0
Design and drawings..... 5 5 0
Total..... £46 4 3

Nautilus, Mr. W. Baden-Powell: Canoe, including ribband carvel cedar skin and spruce decks, cedar trough well at C. B. case, seat locker within the main well, mahogany gunwale and rails; four hatchways; well and deck seat of gratings; brass rudder and fittings on C. B. hinged and lifting inboard; three gun metal slinging keel bolts, ditto angled floors, tie plates, and all other plates, cleats, eye bolts, drain pipes with taps to compartments, and center plate case fittings and blocks, keel band, stem hawse pipe, etc., finished with seven coats varnish inside and out, gilt beading on topsides, blue ribband and gilt stem piece, and on mouldings of hatch covers..... £59 10 0
Sails of silk by Jackson; mainsail, gaff and jackyard, topsails, and foresail..... 4 18 0
Spars built mast; yard, boom, gaff, battens and fishes; paddle..... 2 15 0
Boxwood and brass blocks, ropes, steel wire rigging, and halyards, etc..... 4 0 0
Stockless anchor and hemp warp..... 7 0
Bull's metal, lead ballasted, lifting C. B. fin, with hangers, rollers, and all gear..... 14 0 0
Total..... £85 10 0

Note.—Nautilus has also been fitted with many more things, such as cruising rig, a trysail and foresail, a tent and gear for camping, pump and bucket, cushions, fenders, sail and spar covers, boat cover, kit bags, lamps, cooking gear, etc.; but these scarcely come under the fair question of cost of the boat fit for sailing. Also in the metal work supplied with the hull a considerable number of pieces were of quite novel pattern and needed neat fitting, and so had to be specially made to pattern; and in the building eight special moulds of sections had to be made and set up, besides templates for other parts; but a full specification would easily explain the discrepancy between £57 10s. for Nautilus hull and £30 for Slaney's.

The cost of a fully fitted sailing canoe of modern pattern is a matter only actually known to the owners of such craft who are first owners. Many of those who now own cruising class canoes have bought them at second-hand, and cannot, therefore, speak actually as to first cost. It is, then, not surprising to hear gross misstatements as to the prime cost, to hear it called excessive and prohibitive; but these charges appear to originate in quarters where an up-to-date sailing canoe has probably never been seen, certainly never been built. A small

coast town boat builder usually builds a very serviceable plain boat, good enough for its work, at a bare profit price, and plain heavy work and iron fittings are consequently all that is expected; but a yacht, however small, should be the best that can be put afloat, and a sailing canoe is a yacht in the strict sense of the word, meaning a vessel solely used for pleasure. A good plain rowing boat to hold four can be built complete at most coast towns for about £18 to £20, the best that the shop can turn out. A Thames skiff for four, two rowing and two sitting, would be from £40 to £50. Would any Thames man be seen rowing in a painted coast gig? Not many.

Over and above the cost of the best woods and cabinet fitting of a ribband carvel canoe, the final cost is greatly varied by the amount and novelty of the metal work. Old plain patterns can be bought ready made, but new ideas have to be specially made from templates, drawings or models, all expensive; and, of course, all the fittings, center plate and rudder are of brass or gun metal, and the keel bands of copper. The metal bill alone would turn a coast builder's hair gray.

The cost of a half-rater ranged, according to fittings, from £100 to £160; an occasional boat was turned out at £70 or so, but not much seen or heard of; a linear rater of 18ft. L.R. from any first-rate builder now comes to about £120 to £180, or even more. But the cruising class canoe, though considerably smaller in actual size and amount of material, is exactly the same as the rater to build and to rig and fit. She needs as many men to build her, and she takes as long a time to build; but the finish has to be far neater in the canoe. The cruising canoe rates as 0.3 or as L.R. 16, so that a near approach in cost between these craft, raters and canoes, would not be surprising. There is, however, a very marked difference. Even a best canoe does not exceed, say £80 or about half the cost of the rater; also some very good canoes have been turned out at about £45; but, as we will show, it is difficult to estimate exact cost where, as in the canoe, the owner frequently works his own rigging and much of the metal fittings and the design drawings. Comparing the above-mentioned prices for raters, it must be admitted that the canoe price is rather below the fair proportion; of course, these canoes are carvel build in cedar, and all their metal work is brass or gun metal, rigging of steel wire, sails of union silk, spars hollow, etc. We are well aware that the same model and rig could be produced in spruce and paint, with galvanized metal work, and iron center plate and rudder, cotton or tanned sails, manila halyards instead of steel wire, and even clincher build instead of ribband carvel, and a yellow paint stripe instead of a gilt band; probable price, £30. But, as a rule, for pleasure a gentleman does not drive a manure cart; he prefers the best he can afford in the way of a smart carriage, enameled, and silvered metal work and lamps.

As a matter of fact, however, the type of canoe is not in all cases expensive, even when fitted for racing, and when so-called expensive it is simply paying for best work and fittings. A plain sound gun can be got for £20, but a best gun will be perhaps £70. They both shoot birds; but their ways, wear and selling price are different.

Several owners of cruising canoes, indignant at the gross misstatements which have just lately appeared in the press, have this week sent in to us details proving as nearly as can be the cost of their canoes. A complete specification of one of the latest of these canoes would fairly astonish some of those men whose ideas of perfection seem to revolve round a galvanized shackle and a tanned sail; but to assume that it is the "class" that is expensive is nonsense. One writer from the east coast who makes such a charge and otherwise attempts to belittle the class, holds up the example of a Humber yawl as "a fast cruiser of 16ft. by 4ft. 6in. complete for any sum between £35 and £50." No doubt an excellent craft for cruising and estuary sailing could be got at such price, even of Thames build; but she would not be much in it for racing in the Royal Canoe C. C. class, unless the finest work and best materials are put in throughout. But the actual cost of Slaney will show that the prices of these canoes compare favorably with the alleged cheap prices of the east coast; the heavier price of the Nautilus is mainly caused by her many novel pieces of metal work, her composite lifting rudder, and her bulb ballasted lifting fin; also the Nautilus has ribband carvel decks, and all the ribbands both of side and deck are specially laid with dressed tape, and she has many other small but none the less expensive items in her construction.

In considering cost of building there is one important item which must be mentioned. In building on the Thames at Turk's, the Nautilus was constructed by the foreman boat builder, assisted by one and often two others; varnishing, spar-making, grating, etc., were the work of other men. Now all these men draw wages, and it takes about twelve weeks, clear of holidays, to build a carefully finished canoe. On the other hand, we have heard of a builder of sailing canoes who, with his son's help, does all the work, and the item of wages is not considered in the charge; hence an apparently cheap canoe. But that can only apply to a solitary order, for if three or four orders came in they must either wait turn, i. e., over nine months first to last, or builders at wages must be taken on. Then the price would have to go up between £20 and £30. It is the way the cheap bicycle is made—the one man business with no wages to pay and one machine at a time turned out.

If, however, it should appear that a cheap sailing canoe was really wanted in fairly large numbers, it would be quite an easy thing, with so well guarded a class, to get out a design and specification for a good model, good build and finish, plain, simple fittings and gear; and having it authorized and printed by the club, obtain different builders' quotations for building thereof. The intending owner would then select his builder and know the extent of his price; the builder would have one set of moulds and patterns to work to, and would know his costs and profit.

Probably it would be best to leave out of the specification all rigging, blocks and sails, and to merely estimate for hull, spars, plate, rudder and metal work, anything outside to be charged for as extra. Some men are satisfied with ash blocks, others have none but boxwood or brass, and so on; but it makes all the difference in price.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Royal C. C. Cruising Canoe.

THE canoeing department of the Yachtsman of Feb. 15 contained a very interesting design of a proposed new canoe to the limits of the cruising class of the Royal C. C. The design is the work of an amateur, Mr. J. Pain Clark, a member of the club, who designed the successful canoe Rani II. and the single-hand canoe-yacht Rani III. The limits of the class were given in full by Mr. Linton Hope in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 3. The designer is an expert and thoroughly familiar with the rules and conditions, so the design, though not yet built and tested, may be taken as a good representative of the leading class in canoeing to-day. The canoe is described as follows by her designer: "She is designed to do her best work in smooth water and light winds, which are the conditions under which by far the majority of the R. C. C. races are sailed, in my experience; but I consider that she should give a very good account of herself in rough water and fresh breezes, and I do not think that the torpedo bow should be any disadvantage under these circumstances, as she carries all her lifting power low down and near the waterline. The idea of the boat is to get the greatest effective length with the least weight and windage, and without the unnecessarily lumpy ends which the rule encourages. I have always been a great believer in effective length as against overhang, which, I consider, is very often used so as to be no more than extra weight and windage built on to the ends of the boat."

is that found in all canoes and pointed-ended craft which have overhanging ends; but the upper sides of these overhangs round over to an acutely rolled-home stern, and so form a ram bow and stern, and the side sections all along are considerably rolled-home at the top of the freeboard.

At first sight to many men this design may appear so peculiar as to be thought quite novel and original, and possibly it may have been so to Mr. Clark when he drew the lines; but, as a matter of fact, this form has been used in several canoes, canoe yawls and raters within the last few years, either wholly or in main part, and also is in great part the main feature of the Coble type of boat on our northeast coast. The principles of roll-home, or tumble-home, as it is technically called, are so excellent from a sea-going point of view, and yet are so conflicting with utility and the requirements of sailing, that we propose to review them more in technical detail next week. Meantime, we refer those interested to the design published, as above stated, and in looking at the drawing they should note that the claim of utility put forward by the designer in relation to the extreme tumble-home of bow and stern is the comparative lightness of structure and the lessened windage of such ends compared to the ordinary form. Equally for racing or cruising, this is important, especially at the bow. A high-bowed canoe cannot be paddled against a fresh head wind, and equally a high flat bow should stop or be harmful to sailing; but the performance of the ram bow in a sea, especially in short, hollow tide rip waves, is so peculiar as to absolute-

model towing trials there was no doubt about the fact that the sloping ram bow simply lifted the sea, when she dipped head in, solid-on to the deck; it seemed to invite the sea to come on board. In actual vessels this would be not so much in the case of open water sea of solid nature, but in that of steep, hollow waves, found in all tide rips in a fresh wind, and in the short, lumpy sea of a fresh-water lake. Going at speed before the wind such a bow is very apt to burrow or plow under and to turn her against even a powerful rudder, and any open-water man knows the danger of a broach-to, especially if it happens to be the wrong way round, and so brings a heavy gybe as well.

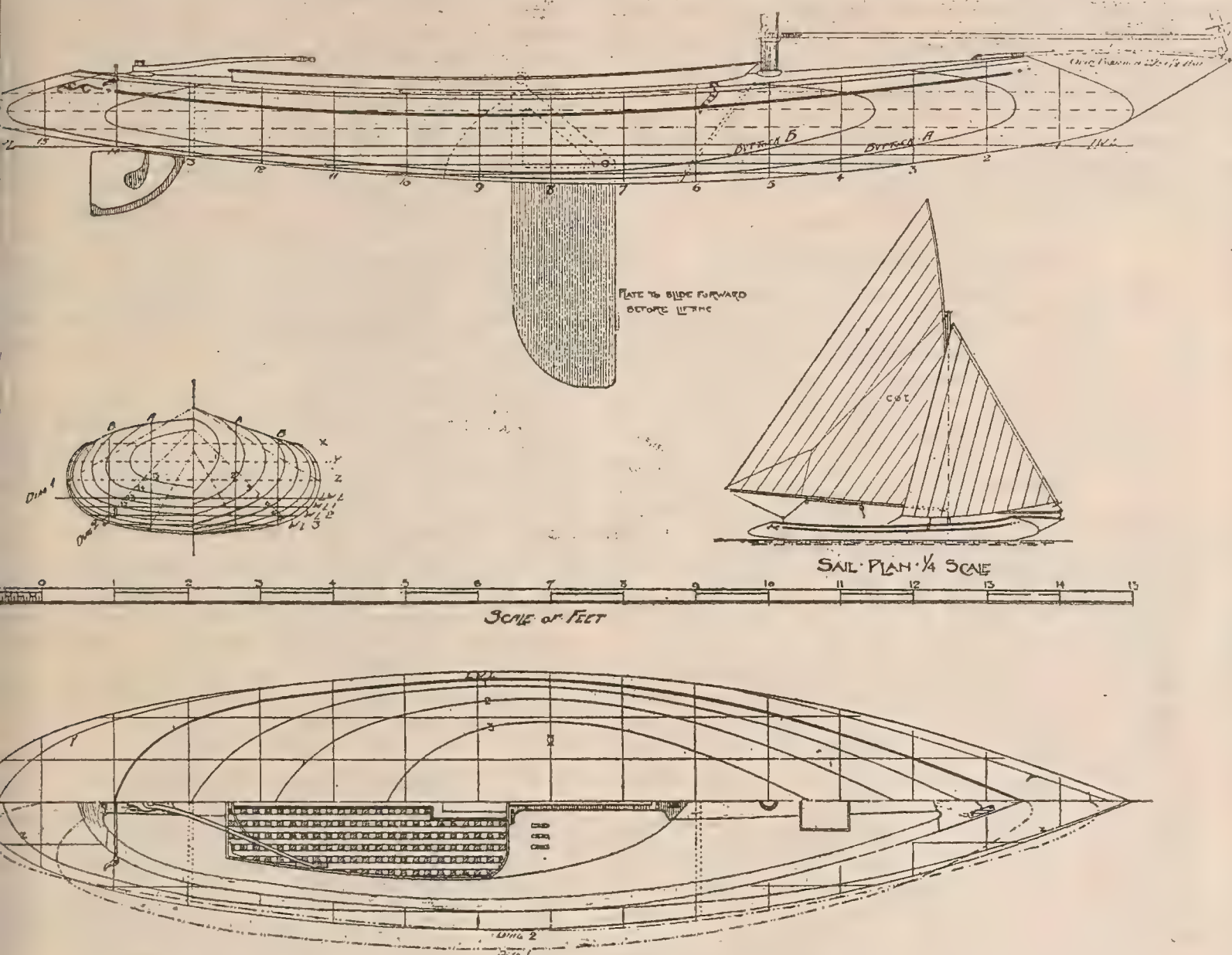
Another objection of practical importance is that riding to moorings with a ram bow means constant chafe of the planking by the chain or rope, and consequently possible damage, and certain ruination of the varnish or paint, and of any fancy head ornament. The bowsprit is necessary to set the stay down to, and to properly tack the foresail; but it is all in the way if towing is undertaken, and towing at great speed astern of a steam launch or tug is a common and to be expected part of the life of any small sailing boat. In addition to the above working objections, the cigar ends are very difficult of construction, and very expensive; the tumble-home of topside of the body is not expensive to build; it only needs more care than ordinary flare sides in setting up, and the moulds may have to be in half-pieces joined at mid line so as to be able to be taken out when the frame and planking are finished; but the cigar ends can only be fastened with screws from outside, and any damage to the frame needs a complete opening up and rebuilding of that end, more or less.

In regard to tumble-home of topsides, we can at once say that all experience is decidedly in favor of such form; there are only two points against it. We will therefore give them a free sheet. The tumble-home topside reduces, in a 42in. beam canoe, the side deck width by some 3in. on each side at and about midship of length, and thus the deck seating for crew is curtailed somewhat. The fittings for fore sheet lead and for the shrouds are not so far out as might be desired; but then, as gentlemen from another island might say, they are as far out as they could be in a 36in. canoe. The second point is that the tumble-home exposes a lot of planking to damage, such as collision or bumping and rubbing when alongside anything, whereas the flare side offers a beading or rail for such rough treatment. Well, better keep out of collision, and when lying alongside any vessel or pier protect the sides with fenders.

The first advantage of tumble-home side is the clean body which it presents to be driven through the water when she is heeled to a breeze, long after the flare model has been dragging her angular lee deck, shroud plates, beadings, etc., deeply through the water. The swinge of a sea along the lee side takes kindly to the round section and separates; whereas the flat angular submerged ordinary deck seems to invite such lumps of water into the cockpit. With equal depth of hull, or height of deck center above water, a roll-home of 3in. requires 10 degrees more heel of the craft to put the deck awash than will wash the flare or straight sider's deck. Now with certain weight of plate and of man sitting up to windward, a particular cruising class canoe will heel over to a certain angle where the keel, especially if a bulbed keel, comes into its best balancing work; after that angle has been taken, great power is being exerted both by man and keel against further heeling over; and so it is common to sail miles and miles at about one set angle. In most canoes this is about at the angle of 25 degrees. In a straight sided canoe of usual freeboard, say a 42in. canoe of 8in. freeboard, this 25-degree heel means the lee gunwale awash, a dragging of shroud and backstay plates and lanyards, blocks, etc.; but the tumble-home sided craft has another 10 degrees to go before the deck gets in, and so, on the same pressure, she is still showing a clean side.

On the windward side the tumble-home presents less hold to the wind, and a sea lapping on to it seems to break much more quietly than it does when meeting a flat side. But as we have above said, this rounding of sections may be dropped when about 3ft. from the bow end, as a fair amount of positive flare at the bow is distinctly useful in taking short, hollow seas; they have to be sailed into, they cannot well be dodged like big seas in the open often can be. Of course, the flare of the bow is a windholder, but as an adverse factor to speed it is nothing compared to the man's body perched out on the weather side deck. We have said that the Nautilus of 1897 had over 3in. tumble-home, and this was carried right aft, and forward it went to within about 3ft. of the bow. No drier boat for her size ever floated, though, of course, any small boat, if driven hard in rough water, throws showers of spray about; but it is as to heavy water: we compare her with other boats we have sailed. It may naturally here be asked why the next Nautilus (1899) was only given 1 1/2 in. of tumble-home, and also a beading on at that. Well, it was with the idea of getting the more roomy side deck for sitting out on, and for best spread of shrouds and backstays. In the design for the 1900 Nautilus these points have been ignored, and tumble-home, more severe than ever, has been given from right aft up to well into the bow—that is, about the mast, but the ends are not of cigar form.

We have gone into the question of rounded side rather fully because several men are about to build just now, and will, of course, be interested; even though perhaps it is a bit late for altering designs; but as the question of cost has come forward very much lately, it is certainly advisable to say that peculiar forms, or shapes out of the common line of boat building, are bound to be expensive, and at the same time the builder, to carry out such designs faithfully or correctly, must be one having some knowledge of naval architecture. There are crude rules of thumb ways of working "near enough" from drawings practiced in some small boat-building establishments; these ways may work out quite successfully in models of ordinary nature, but in an attempt upon a design with ram bow and stern and tumble-home sides there would be much hacking and filling, unless the drawings are got out at full size for the builder to work from; a builder inexperienced at ship-draftsmanship would probably produce a craft something like the design if lucky.



DESIGN FOR ROYAL C. C. CRUISING CLASS. J. PAIN CLARK, ESQ., 1900.

The dimensions are: Length on deck, 13ft.; length over all, 16ft.; l.w.l., 12ft. 6in.; beam, extreme, 42in.; draft of hull, 6in.; with board, 3ft. 6in.; sail area, 144 sq. ft.; displacement, 498lbs. The hull is of ribband carvel construction, with cedar planksheer and light wood deck covered with oiled silk. The centerboard weighs 50lbs. and is of spring brass, fitted to slide forward and aft. The underbody rudder is fitted to lift out through a well. The sloop rig has a roller jib fitted to swing square as a spinnaker. The mast and boom are hollow spars. The yard is of bamboo. The design has been criticised at length in the Field, and we reproduce a portion of Mr. Baden-Powell's remarks.

A design of great interest to sailing canoe men was published in the Yachtsman, Feb. 15; it is supposed to be the lines of Mr. Pain Clark's new cruising class canoe. The drawing is entitled "Design for a Racing Canoe in the Cruising Class Royal Canoe Club"; we may, therefore, assume that every advantage from a racing point of view has been taken within the rule, and as the design is the work of Mr. Clark, one of the most expert and successful racing canoe men and the designer of the celebrated machine canoe Rani, now called Nana, there is no room to doubt this being the case. It is, therefore, very gratifying to find that this racing craft, produced within the rule, makes at the same time an excellent and roomy sailing canoe for general work on lakes or open waters; the strict rule limitations have preserved those useful features of size and fitment in fair proportion.

The only features which we can find in the design which may fairly be called attributable to racing dictation are the short waterline, the light center plate, the small displacement and the awkward bowsprit. None of these are fixedly harmful to her utility as a cruiser when racing is off; for making a cruise and for camping out the rig can be changed and the bowsprit left at home; the center plate can be replaced by a heavier one, fit to trust to for stability when the canoe is tented for a blowy night on unsheltered waters; the displacement will be increased by weight of stores and tent, etc., and yet ample body will remain as surplus buoyancy.

The main feature of interest about this design is, however, to be seen in her bow and stern formation, which are formed as above-water cigar-ends, of ram form, or torpedo nose; that is, the underside of each overhang

ly counterbalance the other or former advantages. The stern matters little, and the weight-saving is rather a myth, for the tumble-home stern or post, which has to be very stout wood, and probable aproned, is just double the length or more than would be put in for the usual upright work.

The tumble-home of the topsides along the main body from right aft up to about 3ft. from the stern is simply excellent for sea work, but it has its practical disadvantages, which we will deal with.

Commenting last week on Mr. Clark's design for a racing canoe to be built within the rigid limitations of the cruising canoe class, we drew attention to the very pronounced ram bow and the similar formation of the after end; in each case the tumble-home is 18in., the total length of the canoe being 16ft. The only valid reason for such ends is that they hold less wind than is the case with the ordinary form of end. But there are serious faults in this ram construction which are probably more important than the saving of windage; at the stern the mainsheet horse is brought very far inboard, and thus necessitates a mainsheet of three parts instead of two—that is, about 12ft. extra sheet to trouble with; the ordinary two-part sheet might be shackled to the stern ridge, but then there would be no cross travel, and it has certainly been found that a sheet traveling across a horse is desirable in order to get a fair down pull on the main leech, and the sheet leads inboard by thimbles under the boom to a block forward of the skipper, and thence to a block at fore end of the well.

The claim as to absence of windage cannot be held good as regards the after end of a canoe, a vessel with sharply pointed end; it can only be considered in going to windward, and then the wind would be striking the stern at an angle of 45 degrees, and the level lines, or general form of the quarter, trend at the angle of 45 degrees, that is with the wind. Once in a long season's sea sailing, a breaking sea might happen to tumble over the stern, then possibly the cigar end might be more effective than the ordinary stern formation, but a well rolled home quarter and rounded deck would do as well, and would be more sightly all other times.

Forward, as we have said before, windage is an important consideration, and is much eased by tumble-home of sections and of stem; but, on the other hand, in our

Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Hudson River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 17, under the above heading, Mr. Horace H. Chittenden replies to Mr. E. Waldo's request for information as to the most desirable starting point and route for a canoe trip on those waters.

Indeed, I have no desire to enter into a discussion with Mr. Chittenden respecting the merits or demerits of Lake Champlain in particular for canoeing for health and pleasure. However, I do feel called upon to speak with your permission through the FOREST AND STREAM and enter a protest.

When a gentleman of Mr. Chittenden's undoubted intelligence warns canoeists of what he seems to believe to be the great dangers attending a trip through that lake in canoes, he certainly cannot have had very much canoeing experience on those waters, but the portion of his article that I object to most is where he says, "Lake Champlain will not be found navigable for canoes more than two days out of seven." Continuing, he says, "The wind blows there pretty much all the time, and it blows a gale at that." Now what a Vermont-born man, as I should judge he is, can be thinking of to make such statements is beyond me; he certainly cannot have the good of that whole beautiful region at heart or he would adhere more nearly to facts.

It is true, as Mr. Chittenden says, that St. Albans Bay is a lovely spot, and Sampson's is a desirable hotel for tourists and fishermen to stop at and so on, but why advise Mr. Waldo as he does to tie his party down to that little corner of the lake? There are a number of other parts of the lake that cruising canoeists would be charmed on paying a visit to, and where excellent hotel accommodations are to be had.

Now I would suggest this route to Mr. Waldo and his friends: Freight your canoes to Swanton, Vt., enter the Missisquoi River there, it being only a few feet from the Central Vermont Railroad depot, paddle down stream and out of the river at the east branch and cross the bay to Highgate Spring, where there are excellent hotel accommodations, as well as at Swanton, the starting point; thence, skirting the east shore of the lake, proceed north four miles to Philipsburg, P. Q., where will be found a choice between two hotels, and beautiful natural surroundings.

From this point across Missisquoi Bay, following the shores most of the way, to Alburgh Springs Depot is about seven miles. Here also are two little country hotels. The next move would be to follow the west shore of the lake south past Alburgh Center to the highway bridge which connects Alburgh with North Hero, Vt., a distance of eight miles. A rest can be taken here if desirable, accommodations being furnished by a farmer. The lake here is one-third of a mile wide. Leaving the bridge behind, proceed south four miles over waters with surroundings that are surpassed nowhere in natural beauty of land and lake, to North Hero Center, or "City," so called, approached on the west from the back bay by a half-mile walk overland, or via the east, and carry a few feet over the "carry place" and make a landing directly at the foot of the village. Here also will be found a comfortable hotel overlooking the bay and lake. Almost anywhere along the shores of North Hero the scenery is ideal for the canoeist, the fishing is good and camping locations are plentiful.

Now our friends can paddle past several islands across the lake to St. Albans Bay and put up at Sampson's and pass a pleasant day or days even in this locality; then, as Mr. Chittenden suggests, skirt the east shore of the lake to Burlington, carrying over Sand Bar Bridge, which is a fill across an arm of the lake, not forgetting to run into Malletts Bay on the way. I shall leave Mr. Waldo here to take the steamer through the broad lake to Ticonderoga or paddle his own canoe as inclination dictates.

If, as Mr. Chittenden says, the lake is dangerous, it is no more so than any other fresh-water lake, and the wind during the months of June, July and August does not blow a gale five days out of seven. Indeed, I cannot conceive what should cause a Vermonter to warn canoeists or any one else seeking recreation to keep away from Lake Champlain. To my mind there is no more beautiful locality on this continent during the summer season than that sheet of water, particularly at the lower or north end of the lake among the islands, and here is where the black bass fishing is best.

Except while hunting, I have used a paddle very little on the lake, but I have rowed a little open Rushton boat that weighed exactly 50 lbs. all over the northern portion of the lake time and again, despite the great dangers Mr. Chittenden refers to. I spend one month of happiness every summer cruising and fishing in small boats on those tempest tossed waters. Try it, Mr. Waldo, and let us hear from you through the FOREST AND STREAM.

ROMEO

Year Books Wanted.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find that the A. C. A. has no copies of the old year books, and the officers are consequently at a loss to know what changes, etc., have been made in rules and regulations.

I think it would be a good idea to have with the secretary's books a bound copy of all the year books issued by the Association for references. If any members have copies that they will spare I would be glad to get a card from them giving the years, and in this way see if we cannot make a complete set for the use and convenience of future officers of the Association.

W. G. MACKENDRICK.

Some old copies were sent to the librarian a year or so ago to be preserved for the Association, but none of them dated further back than 1886. We can make up for Com. MacKendrick a pretty complete set, including probably all but the first three books—1881, 1883, 1884. The idea is a very good one. The Association should from the first have preserved copies of all books and similar records, but such has not been done, and such efforts as have been made at times have been but

transient. When chairman of the regatta committee in 1888, Mr. C. B. Vaux made up a large scrap book containing a copy of every notice, entry blank, record blank, etc., prepared by the committee, copies of official reports, etc., his intention being that similar matter should be added year by year, making a most valuable guide for new committees. The book was passed by him to his successor, but disappeared in the course of the next year or so, and has never since been heard from. When Vice-Commodore of the Atlantic Division in 1889, the writer planned a rather elaborate scheme of studying the canoeable waters of the Division. Maps of the entire Division were procured and all the waters fit for canoe sailing, coast and inland, were colored blue, those suited for the small paddling canoe being colored red. A classified list was made of rivers, bays, lakes and canals within the Division, and it was proposed to enlist the co-operation of members in procuring full and complete information concerning all waters. Such a scheme properly carried out would be of incalculable advantage in many ways, not merely to canoeists and cruisers, but for use in case of war, and as an important addition to the geography of the country. With its numerous members, the A. C. A. is well fitted to carry on such work from year to year. The maps and the details of the scheme were turned over to the new officers, but nothing more was done.

In this same connection it is well to note the necessity for a uniform size of book each year. The first book was a very small pamphlet, printed by Mr. Bishop; the next, two years later, as none was published in 1882, was a very large though thin pamphlet. The books of 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, printed under the direction of the writer, were of medium size. The 1888 year book, printed by Mr. Vaux, was enlarged to the size familiar to all members, and which has been retained ever since with one exception; the very poor book of 1898, with its other imperfections, was enlarged so much that it cannot be bound in one volume with those preceding and following. It is to be hoped that all future books will be made of the size which has long been the standard.

Sails on a Canvas Canoe.

STAUNTON, Va., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note a communication from V. U. Tognazzini, of Siquoc P. O., in which he states that he has a canvas canoe which he built from the Shenandoah model No. 2, as described in my "Manual of the Canvas Canoe," which he would like to fit out for sailing, and desires to know how much keel and what size and kind of sail to use in order to produce the best results.

While I am not able to give him much information in regard to sails and keel, I think it as well to write and state that I do not think he will succeed in making anything more than a fair sailer of his canoe at best, as the model is not designed for sailing. Being designed for a cruising canoe for swift, shallow waters, where the paddle alone is used for propulsion, all calculations as to sails were purposely omitted, and her lines are so radically different from those of the sailing canoe, she will probably be at best but an indifferent sailer, excepting, possibly, dead ahead before the wind. She is what would be classed as a "sailable paddling canoe." It may not be amiss to state, however, that my ideas for this boat were originally obtained from Mr. Stephens' Jersey Blue model, and in the description of this model in his "Canoe and Boat Building" the model is fitted with a keel $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep (and also with a centerboard in addition to the keel). In her sail plan Mr. Stephens states that she "was rigged as a schooner, two boom and gaff sails and jib. The rig was subsequently changed to leg of mutton, and later to balance lug. In cruising this canoe will carry a mainsail of 45 ft. with mizzen of 18 to 20, and in racing a mainsail of 65 to 70 sq. ft."

Trusting that these points may be of service to your correspondent, I am,

Very truly yours,

F. R. WEBB.

[The canoe might be fitted with a fixed keel 3 in. deep in the middle and rockered toward the ends and with two sails of the Vaux pattern, as frequently illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, the total area being about 65 sq. ft.—ED.]

The Poton Sportsmen's Show.

THE members of the Ottawa C. C. who went to Boston last week, where they competed in the international canoeing events at the Sportsmen's Show, had a splendid trip.

The boys have come back with the belief that, in spite of the fact that they were defeated, they know considerably more about paddling than the Americans do.

One of their reasons for this is the fact that the American war canoe crew, which defeated them, averaged 20 lbs. per man heavier than the Ottawas. The Americans in spite of their great advantage in weight were defeated in one heat and only won the two others by very close margins, and with four of the Ottawa boys tired out from paddling in the fours in between. On that account the Ottawas claim that if they were not considerably the better paddlers the Americans with their extra weight would have paddled right away from them.

The Canadian and American strokes are entirely different. The champion American war canoe crew used paddles fully 4 in. longer and considerably broader in the blade than those of the Canadians. They also used a very slow stroke, averaging thirty-five to the minute. They reached far forward and in many cases did not take their paddles out of the water until after they had passed their hips. Their recovery, owing partly to the size of their paddles, was rather slow.

The Canadians on the other hand paddled about sixty-five strokes to the minute, nearly twice as fast as the Americans, recovered like a shot and put all the weight of their shoulders and backs into each stroke. The Ottawas also did not let their paddles go past their hips, as back of that they consider they only lift dead water.

The Toronto boys proved themselves thorough sports. After their defeat by the Ottawas in the fours and war canoe races, instead of showing the least hard feeling, they pitched in and did their best to help the Ottawas win the finals. On Saturday night they assisted in rubbing down the Ottawas after the different heats. During the races they yelled and cheered so for the Ottawas that

they got so hoarse they could not speak afterward. The best of feeling prevailed between the American and Canadian paddlers throughout. Each came away thoroughly impressed with the good sportsmanship shown by their opponents.

The management of the Sportsmen's Show treated the Ottawa and Toronto boys in splendid style. They not only paid all their hotel and railway expenses, including sleepers down and back, but also for various extras that were ordered at the hotel.

While in Boston the boys went to the Boston Museum, where the famous actress, Miss May Irwin, was playing. One of the members of the company was Miss Aileen May, of this city. The boys sent their card down to her and she wore the Ottawa C. C. colors during the remainder of the play. Afterward the boys all saw her and escorted her in a body to her car.

Mr. Harold O'Dougherty, of Boston, who was in Ottawa last summer visiting friends, looked the Ottawa boys up when they got to Boston and with his brother, Willie, showed them all the sights. Their kindness added greatly to the enjoyment of the Ottawa visit.—Ottawa Journal, March 14.

The A. C. A. Transportation Committee.

COM. MACKENDRICK has appointed the following committee to arrange for the transportation rates, etc., for Muskoka: Mr. Hugh Neilson, Toronto, Canada, chairman. Mr. Neilson joined the A. C. A. in the summer of 1882 and holds A. C. A. No. 192. He attended the Lake George meet of that year, Stoney Lake in 1883 and Grindstone in 1884. In 1883, with the Boreas, heavy center-board Pearl model, he won the unlimited sailing race, sailed in half a gale of wind which upset most of the contestants into Stoney Lake. Mr. Neilson has had some experience with the transportation problem in the early years, as he arranged for the Canadian contingent in 1882, 1883 and 1884. In 1880 he assisted in the organization of the Toronto C. C. with six members, while the roll call now shows 360 members. He was elected Commodore of the T. C. C. in 1883, 1884 and 1885. During 1885 Mr. Neilson purchased an island in Lake Muskoka, where he built a summer residence, and each year since then has spent a month or two in cruising around those waters. Members going to camp pass close to his island, where the red ring of the Toronto C. C. floats proudly throughout the summer.

President Allerton of the New York C. C. kindly consented to serve as the buffer between the railroads and the Atlantic Division men on the question of rates and accommodation. While not an old A. C. A. man, he shows such enthusiasm in the sport that the Atlantic Division end is sure to be well served.

F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis., will see that the Western Division secure as good accommodation for Muskoka as the other divisions. Mr. Huntington made a host of friends at Hay Island last year, where he acted on the much bethumped regatta committee. He deserved a rest from official duties this year, but being in the railroad business he had the duty thrust upon him.

Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass., will see that the war canoe and other craft to represent the Eastern Division will take the fastest route to Muskoka.

Sailing Canoes in Maine.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Brunswick, Me., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take exception to the statement of Ilex, 1884, in the issue of March 3, that there is not a sailing canoe in Maine to-day. I know of and have sailed in eight. To be sure, they are not up-to-date racing machines; on the other hand, they resemble more the good old Stella Maris class. Still, they must be classed as sailing canoes.

Five are located on Umbagog Lake, the lowest of the Rangeleys, and three on Songo Pond, a small sheet of water near Bethel. They are designed for practical use—for shooting and for moving from point to point—hence are adapted to the paddle quite as much as to the sail. They weigh from 60 to 125 lbs., carry up to 100 sq. ft. of sail, length 14 to 18 ft., beam 28 to 38 in. I am the owner of the largest, which I had built on Umbagog in 1897. Trusting that Ilex will accept this amendment,

READER.

The Susquehanna, Schuylkill and Lehigh Rivers.

WE have a request from a correspondent for information as to the canoeability of the upper Schuylkill and Lehigh rivers and the Susquehanna from Binghamton to Wilkesbarre. Possibly some of the members of the Atlantic Division can supply the information?

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meet of the Eastern Division will be held on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., on June 16, 17 and 18.

Mr. Roger de Quincey, father of B. de Quincey, Mate of the Royal C. C., has presented to the club a challenge cup valued at £50 for the cruising class.

British canoeing has sustained a serious loss in the early death, at the age of twenty-seven, of Mr. J. A. Youl, who died of influenza and pneumonia at Burnham-on-Crouch on Feb. 24. The following is from the Yachtsman: Mr. Youl commenced his canoeing some twelve years ago in a little Rob Roy canoe on the Thames; this he soon replaced with another of the Mersey type, fitted with small sails, which he took with him on going to reside at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here he joined the Tyne C. C., from which, however, he seceded, and was one of the six original members who founded the Northern C. C., which for some years flourished so vigorously and which was the first in this country to allow sliding seats and to frame rules for canoes and yawls, which absolutely barred out racing machines. Not only were the different classes required to be built of proper-sized scantling, and efficiently fitted as regards deck hatches, sleeping accommodations, etc., but even sufficient initial

stability was enforced by means of a simple rule limiting the rise of floor of the midship section in the case of canoes and small yawls, and also enforcing sufficient depth of body near the sides and ends. This rule was more complete, even, than that adopted by the R. C. C. for its cruising class, in which latter several of its clauses are included under a different wording. In the framing of these rules Mr. Yorl took a deep interest. Though fond of an occasional race, he was a cruiser first, and made many cruises up and down river, along the wild Northumbrian coast, Menai Straits, Norfolk Broads, etc., in his various canoes, none over 30 in. beam, of which the best known was the Cockyolly Bird I. In 1891 he held the office of captain of the Northern C. C. He was a member of the Humber Yawl Club and also belonged to the B. C. A., and was present at several of its meets. In 1897 he joined the R. C. C., having lately returned from India, where fever had seriously undermined his health, which we fear he never recovered. In the same year he started with a friend the Burnham Yacht Building Company. He was a member also of the Burnham and Farnbridge yacht clubs and the London Sailing Club. A good companion and a true friend, his rich manly voice will be missed by all who knew him.

At the annual meeting last month, the Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, N. J., elected the following members: Pres., Cornelius E. Force; Vice-Pres., Robert S. Murphy; Sec'y, J. Bert Reynolds; Purser, Charles E. Burr; Capt., Frederic G. Wiese; Mate, Harry C. Ford. Board of Directors—Philip F. H. Brakeley, Louis W. Wiese, Walter L. Reeder, Walter Robbins, Fred. J. Potter.

The Park Island Canoeing Association, an organization of the canoeists of Trenton, N. J., members of several canoe clubs, has issued its constitution and by-laws in the form of a small pamphlet. The Association is a stock company, owning Park Island, off Trenton, in the Delaware River, a permanent camping ground that is well known to most of the canoeists of the Atlantic Division, who at one time or another have profited by its hospitality. The members, sixteen in all, own the stock and control the island. The officers for 1900 are: Pres., Wm. A. Holcomb; Vice-Pres., Wm. C. Lawrence; Sec'y-Treas., Harry C. Allen; Trustees, E. C. Hill, J. A. Fritz, R. L. Dobbins, F. B. Yard, A. H. Wood. Regatta Committee, E. D. Anderson, F. W. Donnelly, B. J. Havens.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company has recently issued a new booklet devoted to canoes. In addition to its well-known wood canoes, the company is now making a wood canoe with canvas drawn tightly over the outside, filled with a special composition, and painted. The result is a remarkably strong and durable canoe of but little greater weight than the wood ones. The company has also another booklet describing its St. Lawrence River skiffs, rowboats and fittings.

The downfall of the canoeist is sometimes very marked when once he says good-by to the 16 x 30 craft. A few years ago no A. C. A. trophy sailing race was started without the entry of Bee, Bug or Fly. After winning the trophy, the desire to play shuttlecock on a 6ft. hyking seat gradually diminished, and the staunch old America was put into commission. Members who have noticed this downfall will therefore not be surprised when they see sailing up to the camp dock this summer, flying the A. C. A. flag, one of those trim clipper-built house-boats—length over all, 40ft.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 12in.; overhang, forward, 15in.; plumb stern. The aforementioned skipper will be found taking his ease in a big chair on the hurricane deck, whence he can order up the weather lee board and let his latest development in the canoeing line gradually bump up against the dock, where a hearty welcome will await him.

Sec'y Begg and W. Begg spent the 13th of March in New York as the guests of Harry Smythe.

Com. MacKendrick, after attending the Atlantic Division dinner in New York, spent the following day as the guest of Vice-Com. Allen, visiting Park Island club house and Trenton club house.

The Eastern Division are figuring on a war canoe to take to the Muskoka meet and bring back the new trophy.

Mr. Max Howard, of the Humber Yawl Club, has gone to Africa with the Sixty-sixth Company of Yorkshire Yeomanry, leaving behind him a canoe-yacht of his own design, which he was building himself for the coming season. Lapwing, 23ft. 6in. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., 7ft. beam and 2ft. draft without board, is quite a ship, with a good cabin for two persons. She has been shipped from York, where her owner left her, to Hornsea, where she will be finished by J. Akester, the builder. We wish Mr. Howard a speedy return and a summer of cruising instead of campaigning at the Cape.

Yachting.

THE racing cutter Astrild, of 65 linear rating, has been purchased of P. M. Inglis, of Glasgow, by Addison and Wilmer Hanan, of New York. Astrild was designed by Watson and built by A. & J. Inglis in 1898, and is 60.98ft. l.w.l., 15.1 beam. She will be in the class with Queen Mab and Isolde.

The seventh volume of the "Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers," containing the papers and proceedings of the meeting of November, 1899, has just been published. The book is edited and published by the energetic secretary of the society, Naval Constructor F. T. Bowles.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.—II.

THE proposal of Col. Bucknill, mentioned last week, will appear in full in the annual copy of the Almanac of the Solent Classes, published by him, and is as follows. The suggestions are in line with the author's writings for some time past, notably the pamphlet prepared by him and Lieut. Col. English in 1897, in which the relations of sail area and displacement were very fully discussed:

Some very extreme types of racing machine made their appearance in the Solent Classes during the past season (1899), and fully proved that the present Y. R. A. rule of rating has not succeeded in producing the whole-some type intended by its framers. It is now proposed to heal the defects in the rule by some hard and fast regulations re scantling, and the result will no doubt be beneficial. It is, however, an extremely rough and unscientific method, and would stifle design in many directions, which is to be avoided if possible in small class racing, where the interest chiefly lies in the numerous experiments embodied in novel designs. Moreover it is almost impossible to frame a scantling rule which shall be fair for the several types of boat to be found even in one of the small Solent Classes, such, for instance, as the 24 linear rating class, which developed from the old one-raters.

The present Y. R. A. rule rating will have lasted quite long enough by the end of 1900, and we should commence the new century with a new racing rule. The editor of this Almanac has for many years advocated the introduction of displacement into the rating rule, or what would be equally effective, the addition of a proviso that sail area shall be limited to some function of the yacht's displacement. In 1897 he edited a pamphlet (printed by Mr. King, of Southampton), wherein the mathematics of the matter were carefully discussed, with the assistance of Lieut.-Col. T. English, late R.E., and certain conclusions arrived at. But in 1897 the present Y. R. A. rule of rating had scarcely been tried long enough to discover its real tendencies, and the council of the Y. R. A. was loath to again raise the question of the rating rule.

The action of the Union des Yachts Française during the past year in adopting a new rule to come into force on the first day of the new century (Jan. 1, 1901), has, however, brought the displacement question into the front place of importance. The new rule referred to is:

$$\text{Rating} = \frac{(L - P_1) P S}{1000 \sqrt{M}}$$

P being the yacht's perimeter, found by adding her extreme beam to her extreme submerged chain girth in racing trim; M being the area of her immersed mid-section; L being her length on water line, and S her sail area. The numerator being a linear quantity to the fourth power, and the divisor being a linear quantity, it results that the rating is a cubic quantity, and is therefore correctly described as so many racing tons of measurement, and applicable to a tonnage time scale. The French will thus be the first nation to race under a rule putting a premium on large under-water body (of whatever shape), which is almost the same as putting a premium on displacement. Indeed, the cube root of D (the weight of the yacht) might advantageously have replaced the square root of M, as D can easily be found without interfering with a designer's secret plans, or measuring a yacht so closely that she could be reproduced. The designer equally with the owner of a successful racer would naturally object to the precise shape of her midsection being known to the official measurer. It is consequently preferable to deal with a yacht's displacement in all those smaller classes where the weight of the yacht can be easily found by placing her upon a slip-way, and hauling her up until over an ordinary cart or wagon weighing machine, built for the purpose, on the top of the slip-way. The weight of the cradle being known, the weight of the yacht becomes known. For the small classes, therefore, weighing should certainly be adopted in preference to any system of measurement which would reveal the secrets of design. The writer maintains that if sail be allotted in accordance with a proper function of D, the rating may be reduced to the simplest possible form, and after carefully considering the matter for many years the following proposal was made by him on Dec. 17, 1899, to the council of the Y. R. A.: That the rating of racing yachts in the small classes up to 36 linear rating (as defined at present) be by length of hull on water line in racing trim with crew on board provided that the sail area (square feet) of any yacht be limited to 300 times the cube root of the square of her displacement in tons and decimals of a ton (2,240lbs.) with crew on board.

$$\text{Rating} = L.W.L. \dots \dots \dots (I.)$$

$$\text{Sail} = 300 \sqrt[3]{D^2} \dots \dots \dots (II.)$$

As regards classification, it was suggested that the 36 L.R. Class should become 32 L.W.L. 30 L.R. Class should become 27 L.W.L. 24 L.R. Class should become 22 L.W.L. 18 L.R. Class should become 17 L.W.L.

Time allowance for any differences of hull length being given in accordance with the Y. R. A. scale for the length classes in 1885 and other years.

The class limits of L.W.L. proposed above were selected so as to cause no inconvenience to existing boats in the said classes in English waters, and to enable them to increase their present ballast if so desired, which would of course increase their L.W.L.

A class rating which is sufficient for the America Cup international contests is sufficient for all racing. But class and time allowance are less important than type, and proviso (II.) would curb excessive sail area on small displacement, and encourage good scantling and a healthy amount of ballast. Indeed, it can be stated with absolute certainty that some such proviso as (II.) would greatly decrease the cost and increase the interest in the Cup races themselves.

Mr. Herreshoff proposed a rule having the same tendency as long ago as 1892, so people connected with the next challenger might endeavor to enlist his support in an attempt to change the conditions by limiting sail to

some function of displacement, such as (II.), the multiplier 300 being increased to 350 or 360 for this large class.

For the small classes the following table would probably be found to correctly fulfill our requirements. It is based on (II.), wherein the constant multiplier is 300. Of course for metric measurement and French tons (tonneaux), some other constant, say 28, would be required; the precise equivalent being 27.574. The table avoids the necessity of making calculations. The editor of this Almanac hopes to enlist the assistance of the yachting fraternity in persuading the Y. R. A. to carefully consider the proposal, with a view to its adoption for the small classes on Jan. 1, 1901.

THALASSA.

TABLE OF SAIL LIMITS (S) IN RELATION TO (D) DISPLACEMENTS IN TONS OF YACHTS WITH CREW ON BOARD, IN RACING TRIM. THE RELATION BEING:

$$S = 300 \sqrt[3]{D^2}$$

Thus, if D = 10 then S = 1,392, and so on.

D	S	D	S	D	S	D	S
tons.	sq. ft.	tons.	sq. ft.	tons.	sq. ft.	tons.	sq. ft.
0.5	189	2.5	552	5.0	879	7.5	1150
0.55	201	2.6	567	5.1	890	7.6	1160
0.6	213	2.7	582	5.2	901	7.7	1170
0.65	225	2.8	596	5.3	912	7.8	1180
0.7	237	2.9	610	5.4	923	7.9	1190
0.75	248	3.0	624	5.5	934	8.0	1200
0.8	259	3.1	638	5.6	945	8.1	1210
0.85	270	3.2	652	5.7	956	8.2	1220
0.9	280	3.3	666	5.8	968	8.3	1230
0.95	290	3.4	680	5.9	980	8.4	1240
1.0	300	3.5	693	6.0	991	8.5	1249
1.1	320	3.6	706	6.1	1002	8.6	1259
1.2	339	3.7	719	6.2	1013	8.7	1269
1.3	357	3.8	732	6.3	1024	8.8	1279
1.4	375	3.9	744	6.4	1035	8.9	1289
1.5	393	4.0	756	6.5	1046	9.0	1298
1.6	410	4.1	768	6.6	1057	9.1	1308
1.7	427	4.2	780	6.7	1068	9.2	1317
1.8	444	4.3	793	6.8	1078	9.3	1327
1.9	460	4.4	805	6.9	1088	9.4	1336
2.0	476	4.5	817	7.0	1098	9.5	1346
2.1	492	4.6	829	7.1	1108	9.6	1355
2.2	507	4.7	842	7.2	1119	9.7	1365
2.3	522	4.8	854	7.3	1129	9.8	1374
2.4	537	4.9	866	7.4	1140	9.9	1383

The above proposal was laid before the Yacht Racing Association at its annual meeting and referred back to the council, which will consider it during the present season with a view to its possible adoption. It must be said at the outset that while the author of the scheme apparently considers it adapted to all classes of yachts, it was devised for and he proposes at the present time to apply it only to the smaller class (36ft. l.r. and under), and on the Solent, where the local conditions—about Southampton and Cowes—are peculiarly favorable to the rule: in that the large fleet of small racing yachts, with a great number of races sailed in a season, is limited to a comparatively small area within which are to be found exceptional facilities for the proposed method of measurement, by actual scale weight. If the plan is adopted it will be comparatively easy to establish a scale at one of the yards within convenient distance of all the fleet, while the trouble and expense of hauling out and weighing will be small in comparison with the number of races sailed. As to the character of the Solent fleet, the yachts are all used as day boats, and the question of internal room and of wholesome type are not necessarily involved. The proposed rule would apparently tend to produce a better type of yacht than the present light displacement skimmer, but it is by no means certain that a thoroughly satisfactory boat would result.

The conditions existing in most localities, both in Great Britain and America, are decidedly unfavorable to the rule. Even about New York the racing fleet is so scattered that it would be difficult to establish a requisite number of weighing stations. The expense and trouble would be very much greater than at present, and as most of the yachts sail but comparatively few races each season, the owners would not enter if it were made necessary to weigh the boats. Those boats which raced regularly through the season in a strong class would be weighed, and some of the others in localities convenient to the weighing stations, but the great majority of the smaller yachts which start perhaps five to ten times in a season in club and interclub races would drop out rather than incur the trouble and expense of weighing. From what we know of the conditions existing about New York, we feel certain that it would prove impracticable to weigh the majority of yachts of the smaller division of the racing fleet, and in most other localities it would be impossible. It is true that the attempt will be made this year, both in New York and Boston, to weigh some of the knockabouts, but the New York knockabout fleet is practically localized near City Island, where scales may be established, and as the racing promises to be hot in this class owners will go to some extra trouble in obtaining the weight, if necessary. In Boston the conditions also make it possible to establish one weighing station for the knockabout fleet, though it would be a very difficult matter to weigh the entire racing fleet of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, scattered from Cape Cod to Cape Ann.

There is one sentence in Col. Bucknill's letter which calls for special comment, the justification of a length limit on the ground that it is "sufficient" for the America Cup races. The fact is that the arbitrary length limit of 90ft. l.w.l. is in no way sufficient nor satisfactory for the Cup races, its result being to induce a harmful competition on the part of rival designers in overcanvassing. The limit for these races should be some form of rating based on length and sail at least; for instance, 100 r. m. by the Seawanhaka or some similar rule, so that, even if no attempt be made to bar the racing machine in favor of the abler yacht, the two competitors may race on even terms, without time allowance, and the present premium on extravagant spars shall be as far as possible removed. If there is no better argument than this for the adoption of a length limit of classification, there is little to recommend this portion of the scheme.

So far as its immediate end—the Solent racing—is con-

SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Open regatta for all classes.

Fifth race of series for Class H, 80ft. racing length.
Sixth race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

Special notice to yachts in Class H, 80ft. racing length—During race week a series of five races will be given for yachts in Class H. For each race of the series a prize of the value of \$100 will be given to the winning yacht, and a prize to the second yacht, if four yachts start. The winner in each race will also be credited with four points; the second yacht with three points; the third yacht with two points, and the fourth yacht with one point. Ties to be sailed off. The yacht winning the greatest number of points during race week will be awarded a cup of the value of \$500 offered by Com. Postley.

Special notice to the 21ft. raceabouts—During race week a series of six races will be given for the 21ft. raceabout class, under the rules and regulations of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, except that the yacht owners may file with the Regatta Committee the designer's certificate of displacement instead of being weighed. For each race of the series an appropriate record prize will be given to the winning yacht, and a like prize to the second boat if three yachts start, and a like prize to the third yacht if five or more yachts start. The winner in each race will also be credited with four points; the second yacht with three points; the third yacht with two points, and the fourth yacht with one point. Ties to be sailed off. The yacht winning the greatest number of points during race week will be awarded the championship cup, of the value of \$100. The yacht winning the next greatest number of points will be awarded a cup of the value of \$50.

During race week should the owners of two or more yachts in any one class, not provided for, desire to race, the Regatta Committee will, upon application, provide for same, and suitable prizes will be awarded.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

Race for Class D of schooners.
Race for Class H, 80ft. racing length.
Race for Class I, 70ft. racing length.
Race for Class K, 51ft. racing length.
Race for Class L, 43ft. racing length.
Race for Class M, 36ft. racing length.
Race for 21ft. raceabouts.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3 (LABOR DAY).

Fall regatta, open to all classes.
Special race for Class H, 80ft. racing length.
Race for 21ft. raceabouts.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

Race for Larchmont cup for schooners, in one class.
actual time allowance.

Race for Class H, 80ft. racing length.
Race for Class I, 70ft. racing length.
Race for Class K, 51ft. racing length.
Race for Class L, 43ft. racing length.
Race for Class M, 36ft. racing length.

In all classes where two or more yachts start in a race with full intention of completing the course, a prize will be awarded. When three or more yachts start with like intention, a second prize will be awarded, and where five or more start with like intention, a third prize will be awarded.

The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held at the Yachtsmen's Club, New York, on March 29, with Mr. Chas. T. Pierce in the chair. The following delegates were present:

Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce; Indian Harbor Y. C., C. F. Kirby and F. Bowne Jones; Huntington Y. C., H. H. Gordon; Manhasset Bay Y. C., E. M. McLellan and Robert Jacobs; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Ward Dickson; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Clinton H. Crane and Johnston De Forest; New Rochelle Y. C., James D. Sparkman and C. P. Tower; Stamford Y. C., Frederick W. Hoyt; Horseshoe Harbor Club, Frank E. Towle, Jr.; Huguenot Y. C., J. Nelson Gould; Sachem's Head Y. C., E. C. Seward; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. M. Chellborg and Harry Stephenson; Sealcliff Y. C., C. E. Silkworth; Hartford Y. C., A. M. Lane, Smith and Pearce; Harlem Y. C., F. C. Sullivan; Stamford Corinthian Y. C., Michael Mullin.

The following were elected to the executive Committee for the ensuing year: Charles T. Pierce, Frank Bowne Jones, Frederick M. Hoyt, Clinton H. Crane, Edward M. MacLellan, Thomas H. McDonald and Charles P. Tower.

The following schedule of fixtures was announced:

May 19, Saturday, Huguenot Y. C. special.
May 26, Saturday, New Rochelle Y. C., special.
May 30, Wednesday, Harlem Y. C., annual.
May 30, Wednesday, Indian Harbor Y. C., spring race.
May 30, Wednesday, Bridgeport Y. C., special.
June 2, Saturday, Knickerbocker Y. C., annual.
June 9, Saturday, Manhasset Bay Y. C., annual.
June 23, Saturday, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., annual.
June 30, Saturday, New Rochelle Y. C., annual.
July 2, Monday, Stamford Y. C., annual.
July 3, Tuesday, American Y. C., annual.
July 4, Wednesday, Hartford Y. C., annual.
July 5, Thursday, Indian Harbor Y. C., special.
July 6, Friday, Harlem Y. C., special.
July 7, Saturday, Riverside Y. C., annual.
July 14, Saturday, Sea Cliff Y. C., annual.
July 21, Saturday, Corinthian Y. C. of Stamford, annual.
Aug. 4, Saturday, Indian Harbor Y. C., annual.
Aug. 11, Saturday, Hempstead Harbor Y. C., annual.
Aug. 11, Saturday, Bridgeport Y. C., annual.
Aug. 18, Saturday, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., annual regatta.
Aug. 25, Saturday, Huguenot Y. C., annual.
Aug. 25, Saturday, Manhasset Bay Y. C., special.
Sept. 1, Saturday, Indian Harbor Y. C., autumn race.
Sept. 1, Saturday, Hartford Y. C., special.
Sept. 3, Monday, Norwalk Y. C., annual.
Sept. 3, Monday, Sachem's Head Y. C., annual.
Sept. 22, Saturday, Riverside Y. C., autumn regatta.

Scythian steam yacht under charter to Trenor L. Park, arrived at Nassau, N. P., from Jacksonville on March 21, and on March 24 cleared for San Juan, P. R.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received from Fred Medart, St. Louis, Mo., his new Catalogue C of power launches, small yachts and canoes. A number of launches, open and cabin, are illustrated, the motive power being the St. Louis gasoline motor. The most interesting portion of the book is the part devoted to the knockdown boats and materials for amateur building, a business of which Mr. Medart has made a specialty. The frames of all classes of small craft, launches, sailing yachts, boats and canoes are furnished in crates for cheap and convenient shipment by freight, all parts being fitted and marked for re-erection. Beside the line of models regularly in stock, frames are furnished to special designs provided by owners.

Mr. L. D. Sampson, of New Orleans, secretary of the Southern Y. C., to whom we have frequently been indebted for news of that ancient organization, has recently contributed to Outing two very interesting articles on yachting about Mississippi Sound.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., of New York, was held on March 27 at the club house, Eighty-sixth street and Hudson River, the following officers being elected: Com., Walther Luttgen; Vice-Com., W. Dixon Ellis; Rear-Com., W. C. Trageser; Sec'y T. S. Coale; Treas., J. A. Weaver; Meas., J. T. Monell; Governors, to serve for two years, Alfred Carr, W. H. Carpenter and J. F. Hitchcock.

The club will build a new house this spring.

Satanella, steam yacht, under charter to the Earl of Warwick, sailed from New York on March 29 for a cruise in the West Indies.

Speranza, schr., has been purchased by Fredk. W. Hill, of Bangor, Me.

Maris, sloop, reached New York from Boston on March 31 and sailed on April 2 for Charleston by way of the canals.

The Mosquito Fleet Y. C., of South Boston, announces the following fixtures for the season of 1900:

July 2, open race at City Point.
July 21, club handicap at City Point.
Aug. 4, club handicap at City Point.
Aug. 18, club handicap at City Point.
Sept. 1, club handicap at City Point.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores to-day, on Columbia target, re-entry matches, off-hand shooting, all comers and members. Figures express size of ring hit in inch diameter. Total is half inches close approximate string measure.

Rifle medals, 200yds.;

F O Young..... 9 5 7 10 1 7 2 5 11 9-66
4 1 6 3 1 3 5 4 6 5-38
2 8 8 5 2 9 1 6 10 7-58

Pistol medals:

F O Young..... 4 1 4 7 1 3 4 10 3 3-40
8 5 6 5 2 4 6 4 6 7-55
F S Washburn 1 1 5 13 11 3 9 6 9 8-66
4 5 10 5 3 4 14 4 12 11-72

Pistol, record scores, 50yds.:

G M Barley..... 7 3 1 5 3 3 4 3 4 6-39
11 7 3 1 1 4 3 7 9 6-52
F S Washburn..... 6 14 9 2 8 3 7 3 4 1-57
Mrs G Manuel..... 5 4 13 13 4 14 1 11 13 4-82
Mrs M J White..... 4 14 6 9 7 3 3 4 2 7-59
Mrs J P Maas.....119

Twist revolver medal, 50yds.:

F O Young..... 6 1 4 8 8 4 5 6 8 4-54
14 2 5 9 6 5 2 5 1 4-53
69 68 65

C M Daiss..... 5 4 4 3 3 4 3 5 10 13-54

P Becker 67 67 74 81

E E Beaman..... 65 68 76 80 102

Dr J F Twist..... 72 87 89 97 98

Mrs G Manuel.....110

Mrs C F Waltham.....120

Revolver record scores: M J White 59, Mrs M J White 95.

.22 and .25cal. rifle medals, 50yds.: A B Dorrell, 24, 26, 32;

G Manuel, 26, 31, 32; Mrs Waltham, 38; Dr Twist, 41.

Record scores: G Manuel, 30; H Stevens 42, Dr Twist 43, P J

Maas 49, Mrs Manuel 48, Mrs Maas 77.

March 11.—Six members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shot a team match with the revolver to-day on the Columbia target, 50yds. off-hand. The stakes went on Creedmoor count. Young shot for a ring count record with Peters factory loaded smokeless .44 S. & W. cartridges. His first 40 shots count a 46 or 4.6in. ring average, which is probably the closest work ever done with factory ammunition, as it equals the average of 50 shots by Tom Anderson, of Walnut Hill, who shot special loaded ammunition to make 230 in 50 shots on Columbia target, Aug. 19, 1899. Scores (figures express diameter in inches of the ring that is hit):

	Rings.	Creedmoor.
F O Young.....	6 8 4 9 5 5 7 2 7 3-56	49
	2 2 9 3 5 3 4 5 3 1-37	49
	7 4 3 3 9 3 8 4 9 3-53	48
	3 7 1 6 6 2 1 4 5 3-38	50
	10 13 6 6 12 6 5 14 7 6-85	269
Dr J F Twist.....	9 14 9 14 12 10 2 5 13-98	46-242
	14 5 6 14 10 3 14 5 5-79	42
	3 14 4 3 9 7 6 14 14 4-78	46
	2 14 6 3 6 7 5 9 3 2-57	48
	14 8 13 12 3 9 2 7 14-89	401
		45-227

Winning team's score.....469

P Becker 3 9 3-7 4 5 11 9 5 5-61

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 25.—The Iroquois Rifle Club held their eleventh anniversary Tuesday, March 20. On this occasion all medals won during last year were presented to the lucky winners, as follows:

Expert gold medal, winner 184 out of a possible 200 points, 25 scores in one year to count for medal—R. F. Phillips and L. P. Ittel.

Special gold medal, winner 174 out of a possible 200, 25 scores in one year to count for medal—Harry Sperling.

Gold medal, winner 163 out of a possible 200 points, 25 such scores to count for medal to be shot in one year—H. L. Cheatham, H. L. Born, R. R. Bennet, Walter Riebling and O. L. Hertig.

Special silver medal, winner 125 out of a possible 200 points, 25 scores in one year to count for medal—B. Kestner, H. L. Cheatham and H. L. Born.

The following members also shot in the record match, which consists of 25 scores of 10 shots to each score; time, one year:

L. P. Ittel, first, 35 scores, 94 11-35 out of possible 100.

R. F. Phillips, second, 49 scores, 91 47-49 out of possible 100.

H. Sperling, third, 36 scores, 89 5-36 out of possible 100.

R. R. Bennet, fourth, 40 scores, 82 16-40 out of possible 100.

O. L. Hertig, fifth, 37 scores, 81 5-37 out of possible 100.

W. Riebling, sixth, 35 scores, 79 24-35 out of possible 100.

H. L. Cheatham, seventh, 35 scores, 79 19-35 out of possible 100.

B. Kestner, eighth, 57 scores, 79 6-57 out of possible 100.

After the medals and record prize were given out a fine supper awaited the members, in which every one took part.

The Iroquois quartette surprised the boys with their clever singing. Mr. Suter's fine baritone singing was a treat. After lunch pipe smoking and speech making were the rules on this occasion.

Geo. J. Huebner gave a little Shakespeare from "Julius Caesar," taking the role of Caesar, and proved to be one of the best Shakespearean artists we have among us, and one of the finest artists in the way of elocution.

It was in the hours of the morning before the Indians left for their wigwams.

Iroquois Rifle Club is open for a telegraphic match with any club that has an indoor rifle range. We shoot at 58ft.

HARRY SPERLING.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The above Association held its regular shoot April 1, at 200yds., off-hand, at the standard American target. Bruns was high on the king target with the score of 84. Capt. Gindele was high on the honor target with 47. Following is the result:

King target:

Gindele	9	8	7	8	9	7	8	10	8	6	80
Uckotter	10	10	6	6	9	10	5	10	7	5	78
Weinheimer	6	7	8	8	6	3	10	6	6	6	66
Nestler	6	8	7	7	9	8	7	7	6	5	70
Topf	6	6	7	10	4	9	6	10	5	5	68
Jonscher	7	6	7	6	3	10	5	6	7	7	69
Roberts	10	5	9	5	8	7	7	8	9	7	74
Drube	7	8	10	6	8	7	10	6	3	6	71
Bruns	10	9	10	7	10	9	6	7	6	10	84
Payne	7	10	7	7	9	7	7	10	8	7	79
Hasenpahl	7	6	9	6	8	8	7	6	8	8	73

Special Score.

Gindele	10	8	9	8	9	10	10	8	9	1	47
Uckotter	8	8	10	6	10	6	10	8	6	8	35
Weinheimer	10	9	10	6	10	6	9	7	5	6	78
Nestler	9	10	8	10	6	8	9	10	7	7	84
Topf	9	5	5	7	5	5	10	7	10	6	68
Jonscher	8	9	7	9	9	8	6	8	8	7	76
Roberts	10	8	10	10	9	8	8	7	7	8	85
Drube	7	9	6	8	8	10	7	9	5	6	75
Bruns	9	5	8	10	6	10	9	8	8	9	82
Payne	8	10	7	10	8	10	10	8	8	8	89
Hasenpahl	9	5	7	10	10	7	10	8	9	7	82

Honor Target.

Gindele	10	10	10	8	9	1	10	10	8	9	47
Uckotter	7	6	8	8	6	8	7	6	8	8	35
Weinheimer	6	5	6	8	3	28	6	5	6	8	38
Nestler	8	9	10	7	7	41	8	9	10	7	41
Topf	4	9	9	5	5	32	4	9	9	5	32
Jonscher	8	8	8	6	7	36	8	8	6	7	36
Roberts	8	10	7	8	7	85	8	10	7	8	40
Drube	7	8	6	7	7	64	7	8	6	7	34
Bruns	6	7	8	6	7	34	6	7	8	6	39
Payne	9	9	9	9	9	84	9	9	9	9	44
Hasenpahl	10	7	8	9	7	82	10	7	8	9	41

Eagle Pass Gun Club.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., March 25.—The rifle scores of the Eagle Pass Gun Club, made to-day, follow. There was a possible 50 points at 200 yds, Creedmoor target:

K Stein	04343	14	54340	16	30
Lege, Jr	34332	15	43444	19	34
M J Fox	00433	10	20044	10	20
C Canales	00200	2	03400	7	2
Pena	00233	11	04322	11	22
De Bona	34544	20	33444	18	38
Lege, Sr	24344	17	33244	16	33
F Bessmann	23040	9	45322	16	25
F Thorn	33304	13	25020	9	22
S Rohleder	02220	6	33440	16	22
A Baubel	24435	18	35422	16	34
S Simpson	43453	19	43433	17	36
J Erhardt	32433	15	20345	12	27
McAlpine	22434	15	30022	—	22
V Harvin	04342	13	32042	11	24
Al Snyder	03334	13	42422	14	27
Schram	32354	17	22233	12	29
B J Bonnet	52444	19	55533	21	40

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 26.—Yesterday was bullseye day for the German-American schutzen clubs at Shell Mound range.

In the Golden Gate Club some good work was done, especially two scores of 97 by J. E. Gorman with target pistol. The latter displayed to his friends a 44 S. & W. Russian model revolver recently presented to him by the S. & W. Company in honor of his great 100-shot score made some time since with the S. & W. target pistol.

Scores of the Golden Gate Club:

Rifle, 200yds. 10-shot scores, 25-ring target, Bushnell medal:

D. W. McLaughlin, 224, 232, 221, 224; F. E. Mason, 224, 220, 232.

First class trophies, 10-shot scores: C. M. Henderson, 207, 225; J. Bridges, 196, 196, 206; H. Stettin, Jr., 163; G. Kullmann, 172, 220.

Gold medal: C. M. Henderson, 207, 218; A. B. Dorrell, 220, 226, 215.

Pistol, 50yds., 10-shot scores, standard American target, gold medal: J. E. Gorman, 96, 92, 90, 93, 96, 90.

Silver medal: A. Bonner, 78, 75; J. E. Bridges, 72, 82; D. B. Faktor, 56, 54, 61; F. P. Schuster, 64; J. E. Gorman, 88, 92, 97, 97.

ROEL.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.

April 13.—New Haven, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club; targets.

April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.

April 17-19.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April —.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 3.—Walcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Eric Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest, Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Concerning the forthcoming shoot of the Lincoln Gun Club, we have received the following information: "The big Lincoln (Neb.) shoot promises to be the largest tournament ever held in the West. Secretary Stein has been compiling a large list of shooters from all over the country and now has the names of about 5,000 shooters, to whom he will send the large eighty-page programme. Two days will be given to live-bird shooting, which will be open to the world, and two days targets, for amateurs, though professional shooters will break targets to show the boys how they did it. Letters have already been received which assure large delegations from Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Minnesota and South Dakota, aside from scattering shots all over the country. The boys are all working hard to give us a big shoot, and from all indications it will be a 'Paris Exposition.' They will send their programmes out about April 3."

The match between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, shot at Interstate Park on Saturday of last week, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 97 to 93. The birds were a fine selected lot, and the scores represent a high class performance. There were some who thought that Crosby had the greater luck in the draw, but such luck was more apparent than real, for he shot in quicker time than did his competitor, and thereby kept his birds from getting hard, except in a few rare instances. It was a great race. Mr. Crosby, by his great performance at the tournament on the Garden roof, and his performance as a match shot, has broadened his claim to a place in the very first rank of America's shooters, whether the proposition be either at live birds or targets.

On Wednesday of last week, on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, Mass., there was a great gathering of shooters, the main contest being between teams of the Boston, Worcester and Brockton gun clubs. During the day's shoot clean scores were made by Dickey, Howe, Puck, Climax, Rhuel, Herbert, Walls, Andrews, Richards and Griffith. The scores made in the team contest for the Shooting and Fishing trophy were as follows: Brockton team—Leonard 35, Simpson 28, Stark, 28, Howe 34, Barrett 31; total 152. Worcester team—Eager 29, Griffith 34, McLellan 33, Rice 33, A. W. Walls 43; total 172. Boston Shooting Association team—Le Roy 40, Puck 32; Burns 41, Herbert 38, Dickey 37; total 188.

The Crescent Athletic Club's shooting season closed on Saturday of last week, and was one of the most successful which the club ever held. In the Marshall trophy contest, at 25 targets, there were eleven competitors, of whom Mr. Charles A. Sykes was the successful contestant, scoring the limit, with his handicap, and winning the trophy. He also won the March cup, with totals of 25, 25 and 21. The Consolation cup, at 25 targets, was won by Mr. Henry C. Werleman.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, at its meeting held on March 26, showed commendable energy in taking action for a target tournament. May 23 and 24 were the dates fixed upon for it and a committee—Messrs. Feigenspan, Terrill and Koegel—was appointed with power to arrange the necessary details for holding it. The State events will be shot off at this tournament. The committee will report its doings to the Association at a meeting to be held on May 7.

The West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., has issued a circular letter to its members, calling attention to its semi-monthly and special Saturday shoots, and giving the rules and regulations governing these shoots. The semi-monthly event will be at 25 targets per man for merchandise prizes, beginning April 7 and ending in November. The special Saturday shoots will begin on April 7, and end on Nov. 24. These will also be at 25 targets.

A. L. H., secretary of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., informs us that his club would like to shoot a series of three races with the Brooklyn Gun Club or the Boiling Springs Gun Club, each team to shoot one race on its own grounds, the third race to be decided on neutral grounds. See report of Hudson Gun Club shoot under heading of "In New Jersey."

We learn that Mr. W. W. Watrous, one of the famous shooters of the Carteret Gun Club, sailed for England on Wednesday of last week, where he will participate in some of the shooting events before going to Paris to compete in the Grand Prix de Paris. Messrs. Dan'l I. Bradley, Robt. A. Welch and W. S. Edy will follow on the 25th inst.

Two good men a short time ago determined to make two good women happy, and as a result Mr. Harvey McMurchy was married to one of California's lovely daughters. Mr. John J. Hollowell was married in March to Miss Mary E. Howell, a beautiful young lady of Dayton, O. May happiness and prosperity ever attend them.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Friday, April 13, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. There are thirteen target events on the programme, aggregating 160 targets, with a total entrance fee of \$12.60. In event No. 9, at 30 targets, 60 cents entrance, the club will donate \$15. Everybody is welcome.

Under date of March 27, Mr. V. C. Dargan, secretary of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, Dallas, Texas, writes us that the first two days of the annual State tournament, May 23 and 24, will be devoted to targets, the third day to live birds, and that \$500 will be added.

At the Herron Hill, Pa., Gun Club's shoot on March 27 Mr. W. S. King won the main event at 15 live birds from eight other contestants with a straight score, and 10 straight kills in the shoot-off. Mr. King also killed straight in several miss-and-outs, scoring 47 birds.

In the match for the Dupont trophy between Messrs. Fred Gilbert and J. A. R. Elliott, at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., on March 29, the former won on the excellent score of 99 to 96.

In a match at 25 live birds on March 27, at Matawan, N. J., between J. E. Applegate, of Matawan, and F. R. Bissett, of South River, N. J., Applegate won by a score of 23 to 20.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Carteret Gun Club.

Garden City, L. I., March 29.—Eleven members of the Carteret Gun Club shot for the Buckeye cup to-day. This handsome trophy is valued at \$500, and was donated by Mr. Chas. H. Stanley, of Cleveland, O. There was a good light and little wind, and the birds were a good lot. Louis T. Duryea won the cup with a clean score; G. S. McAlpin and C. H. Stanley were tied for second with 23 kills each. The conditions were 25 birds, handicap rise, entrance \$25. The scores:

J. T. Duryea, 29	22222222112222222122222222	25
G. S. McAlpin, 29	22222222222222222102222222	23
C. H. Stanley, 29	222222222222222222222222	23
Capt. A. W. Money, 29	222222222222222222222222	23
G. S. Scott, 29	222222222222222222222222	23
J. G. Dutcher, 26	222222222222222222222222	22
W. P. Thompson, 27	222222222222222222222222	22
J. B. Ellison, 28	222222222222222222222222	22
B. J. Jones, 29	222222222222222222222222	22
D. I. Bradley, 39	222222222222222222222222	22
J. Meadows, 25	222222222222222222222222	20

Cup event, 5 birds, \$10 entrance: G. S. Scott, 27yds., 5; C. H. Stanley, 29yds., 5; J. B. Ellison, 27yds., 3; L. T. Duryea, 29yds., 3; D. I. Bradley, 29yds., 2; B. J. Jones, 29yds., 2; W. P. Thompson, 27yds., 1; Capt. Money, 29yds., 1; J. G. Dutcher, 27yds., 1.

Shoot-off: Scott 3, Stanley 2.

Cup event, miss-and-out, all at 30yds., \$7 entrance: G. S. McAlpin 3, Capt. Money 8, W. P. Thompson 5, G. S. Scott 3, C. H. Stanley 3, L. T. Duryea 1.

Miss-and-out, handicap rise, entrance \$5: W. P. Thompson, 28yds., 9; D. I. Bradley, 30yds., 9; Capt. A. W. Money, 30yds., 8; G. S. McAlpin, 30yds., 8; J. G. Dutcher, 27yds., 2; B. J. Jones, 30yds., 1; J. Meadows, 26yds., 1; L. T. Duryea, 30yds., 1.

Three pairs, 25yds., entrance \$5: G. S. Scott 5, G. S. McAlpin 5, W. P. Thompson 4, B. J. Jones 4, C. H. Stanley 3, D. I. Bradley 2, L. T. Duryea 2, J. G. Dutcher 2, J. B. Ellison 1.

Crosby—Elliott.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 31.—The difference of opinion which has been pending between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., relative to their abilities as pigeon shooters, was brought to a decisive issue to-day at the new Interstate Park, where they engaged in a 100-bird match for \$100 a side and the possession of the Review cup. This match had been looked forward to by every one interested in trapshooting in expectation of a great contest, as the principals are very evenly matched. This, however, did not prove to be the case, as Elliott's two misses in the early part of the race did much to rob the match of its interest. Crosby at once took advantage of this, and the lead thus gained was never overcome. On the contrary, Crosby, by consistent shooting, gradually increased this lead, so that he eventually won the match by 4 birds, scoring 97 to Elliott's 93.

Elliott was the first up, but he could not get beyond the first bird before he experienced disaster, losing his second and third. These birds were fast outgoers, and by curving sharply to the right or left managed to evade the charges sent after them. These were the only losses occurring in this string of 25, as Crosby killed all of his and Elliott accounted for all but these 2, so that the score at this juncture stood Crosby 25, Elliott 23.

The standing was relatively the same when half of the match had been shot, for each lost a bird in the second string, Elliott his 30th, a fast driver. Crosby managed to run 39 straight, when he lost a bird of the same quality as the one that had baffled his opponent a little earlier. This made the score at 50 read Crosby 49, Elliott 47.

The third string proved a disastrous one for the Kansas City man. In this he did some really poor shooting, as he missed the 57th and 60th, both very ordinary birds, and later his 72d, though this was a good one. That his losses were not greater in this string is due to sheer luck, as two of his birds, the 53d and 63d, went almost to the boundary line, the first, in fact, striking the wire netting. Nor did Crosby fare any too well in this string, as he lost 2 birds. His 66th was a sitter, which soon took wing and showed plenty of activity and vitality; for, though hit very hard, it just succeeded in skimming the top of the wire boundary before collapsing. The 74th was a twisting driver that clearly outwitted the shooter. Though Crosby scored but 23 in this string, he increased his lead by 1 bird, for Elliott could only negotiate 22, which made the score at 75, Crosby 72, Elliott 69.

The final string added nothing of interest to the contest, for the only miss was charged to Elliott, who failed to score his 91st. This was due either to a premature discharge of the second shot or to failure on the part of the shooter to release the trigger, as both loads were fired almost simultaneously. The first hit the bird very hard, but the second failed to touch it. The bird stopped within bounds, and though great caution was used in endeavoring to retrieve it, it again took wing and finally escaped. Crosby experienced no difficulty in accounting for all of his birds in this string, so that he finished with the fine score of 97, while Elliott scored 93, ordinarily a very good total, and frequently good enough to win.

There was not a marked difference in the shooting of the principals, with perhaps the exception of the time displayed by them. It was in this respect that Crosby demonstrated his superiority, being much quicker and maintaining this uniformity throughout the match. On the other hand, Elliott was rather irregular at times, and while during the greater part of the match he shot with that snap and vim which has gained him his standing as a pigeon shooter, he at times permitted himself to become methodical, and several of his misses are directly chargeable to this.

Crosby's best kills were his 6th, 7th, 12th, 26th, 27th, 30th, 37th, 39th, 41st, 55th, 64th, 70th, 79th, 84th, 96th and 99th. A number of these were killed far out with the second, and one of them went almost over the boundary. Six sitters fell to his lot. Twice it occurred, when Crosby was at the score, that there was no bird in the trap, this happening on the 23d and 24th rounds.

Elliott killed his share of good birds. These were his 9th, 16th, 26th, 32d, 36th, 37th, 39th, 43d, 44th, 52d, 54th, 55th, 61st, 64th, 69th, 74th, 84th, 94th and 99th. It is only fair to say that these killed required the highest skill. He drew four sitters. Elliott also had the only "no-bird" of the match, killing one on the ground.

The birds were good, all being of a chocolate color and carefully selected. There was a fair wind at times, and this, with the Fulford traps, made them superior to those trapped in the Gilbert-Elliott match of two days previous. The weather conditions were perfect. Crosby shot a Baker gun, E. C. powder, in Leader shells. Elliott shot a Winchester gun, Hazard powder, in Leader shells.

Mr. R. O. Heikes acted as referee. Capt. A. W. Money looked

Grand American Handicap.

The names of the contestants in the Grand American Handicap, their handicaps and the order in which they will shoot are as follows:

	Yards.
1. J M George, San Antonio, Tex.	27
2. W T Speiser, Danville, Pa.	27
3. F C Bissett, South River, N.J.	27
4. John Parker, Detroit, Mich.	28
5. W A Hammond, Richmond, Va.	27
6. E D Fulford, Utica, N. Y.	30
7. J C Hicks, Baltimore, Md.	28
8. "Ranger," Peru, Ind.	27
9. W R Nold, St. Louis, Mo.	27
10. J M Green, Washington, D. C.	27
11. E L Post, New York.	27
12. "Phil," Mechanicsburg, O.	27
13. G T Hall, Loami, Ill.	28
14. "Leroy," Campello, Mass.	28
15. W Fred Quimby, New York.	28
16. Allen Willey, Hadlyme, Conn.	27
17. "Morrison," St. Paul, Minn.	27
18. F W Cooper, Mahanoy City, Pa.	26
19. E D Lenthilhon, New York.	26
20. H. Schimmel, Easton, Pa.	27
21. C Zvirlein, Yardville, N. J.	28
22. J H Mackie, Cincinnati, O.	28
23. J L Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.	27
24. C F Lambert, Lynn, Mass.	27
25. J D Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.	29
26. C W Feigenspan, Newark, N. J.	26
27. "Mingo," Ravenna, O.	26
28. Capt A W Money, Oakland, N. J.	28
29. Geo Cubberly, Yardville, N. J.	29
30. D I Bradley, New York.	30
31. Ed Bingham, Chicago, Ill.	27
32. W A Wiedebusch, Fairmont, W. Va.	27
33. "Dallas," Cleveland, O.	28
34. W S King, Pittsburg, Pa.	28
35. H E Buckwalter, Roversford, Pa.	29
36. B H Norton, New York.	29
37. J G Knowlton, New York.	29
38. U M C Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.	26
39. "Puck," Boston, Mass.	26
40. Fred Schwarz, Jr., Bridesburg, Pa.	27
41. "Clifford," Portland, Me.	27
42. W Brown, Roversford, Pa.	27
43. J C Belloff, New Brunswick, N. J.	27
44. W W Hassinger, Newark, N. J.	27
45. George Page, Yardville, N. J.	27
46. "Rich," Portland, Me.	27
47. "Stephens," Moline, Ill.	27
48. I Tallman, South Millbrook, N. Y.	27
49. G E Greiff, New York.	28
50. C C Nauman, Jr., San Francisco, Cal.	27
51. D D Gross, London, O.	27
52. Walter Ferguson, Jr., New York.	26
53. "F L Jacks," Passaic, N. J.	26
54. "Doctorem," Stroudsburg, Pa.	26
55. Blake," Peru, Ind.	28
56. A H Fox, Baltimore, Md.	28
57. Edward Banks, New York.	27
58. Emile Werk, Cincinnati, O.	27
59. C Von Lengerke, Jersey City, N. J.	28
60. "Tramp," Chicago, Ill.	28
61. J J Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn.	28
62. J P W Stuart, New York.	27
63. "Dominie," Newark, N. J.	28
64. P Sanford, Plainfield, N. J.	28
65. Geo W Clay, Austerlitz, Ky.	28
66. "Henry Sec," Newark, N. J.	28
67. "Johnston," Minneapolis, Minn.	26
68. "Hood," Baltimore, Md.	28
69. "Ketcham," Cleveland, O.	27
70. C W Budd, Des Moines, Ia.	29
71. Capt Barker, New York.	31
72. W B Widman, Trenton, N. J.	27
73. J W Hoffman, New Germantown, N. J.	27
74. A L Ivins, Red Bank, N. J.	28
75. "Capt Jack," New York.	26
76. C C Chase, Oshkosh, Wis.	27
77. E H Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.	28
78. "Dr Wood," Brooklyn, N. Y.	26
79. M R Weightman, Brooklyn, N. Y.	26
80. "Gus Reed," Dover, Del.	30
81. F S Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.	30
82. W S Canon, Newark, N. J.	28
83. "Ramaley," St. Paul, Minn.	26
84. Otto Zwerg, Sheboygan, Wis.	26
85. "Commodore," Salem, N. Y.	26
86. Dr F C Wilson, Savannah, Ga.	27
87. H D Bates, St. Thomas, Ont.	26
88. "Bad Light," Philadelphia, Pa.	28
89. "Jay Ell," Milwaukee, Wis.	29
90. F Stearns, Richmond, Va.	27
91. G A Mosher, Syracuse, N. Y.	27
92. W Hopkins, Jamaica, L. I.	27
93. J S S Remsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
94. C E Geikler, Philadelphia, Pa.	28
95. W H Simpson, New York.	28
96. Ben Eich, Sterling, Ill.	28
97. H J Mills, Bristol, Conn.	28
98. R O Heikes, Dayton, O.	30
99. R A Welch, New York.	30
100. J C England, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.	27
101. Geo Roll, Blue Island, Ill.	30
102. Howard Ridge, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
103. "Jeffries," Greensborough, Ala.	27
104. H J Lyons, Louisville.	28
105. C M Powers, Decatur, Ill.	30
106. "Hoodoo," Philadelphia, Pa.	27
107. A A Felix, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
108. Louie Painter, Osceola, Ia.	30
109. G S McAlpin, New York.	30
110. "A P Smith," Cleveland, O.	30
111. R L Packard, New York.	27
112. J C Tignor, Richmond, Va.	27
113. G F Brucker, Omaha, Neb.	26
114. "Rahm," Pittsburg, Pa.	28
115. H. D. Kirkover, Jr., Fredonia, N. Y.	28
116. H F Vaughan, Richmond, Va.	27
117. J Gaughan, Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
118. R Gavitt, Narragansett Pier.	28
119. J E Applegate, Freneau, N. J.	28
120. "Price," Wytheville, Va.	28
121. H Otten, New York.	27
122. M F Lindsley, Cincinnati.	27
123. Harry Kryn, Brooklyn.	26
124. Levi Fulton, West Superior, Wis.	26
125. "L G James," Plainfield, N. J.	26
126. F E Sinnock, Newark.	26
127. "Elliott," Chicago, Ill.	26
128. H P Collins, Baltimore, Md.	26
129. William Wagner, Washington, D. C.	27
130. "R Woods," Brooklyn, N. Y.	26
131. C D Linderman, Adams, Neb.	26
132. Dr Weller, Rochester, N. Y.	27
133. "J Williams," Portland, Me.	27
134. C E Forehand, Worcester, Mass.	26
135. R S Waddell, Cincinnati.	26
136. W A Hillis, Libby, Mont.	28
137. "Wayman," Cleveland, O.	28
138. A Woodruff, Elizabeth, N. J.	28
139. "On-da-wa," Salem, N. Y.	27
140. George I Chandler, Cleveland, N. C.	27
141. Thomas Donley, St. Thomas, Ont.	27
142. A Marshall, New York.	26
143. W H Sanders, New York.	26
144. H. D. Travis, Norfolk, Va.	27
145. W W Peabody, Jr., New York.	28
146. Dr Vincent, Jacksonville, Fla.	29
147. "Dr O'Connell," New York.	28
148. A H King, Pittsburg, Pa.	28
149. Jas Cowan, Philadelphia.	27
150. "Jim Jones," Philadelphia.	26
151. "Hunt Smith," Chicago, Ill.	26
152. T H Greer, Albany, N. Y.	26
153. B W Claridge, New Haven, Conn.	27
154. "Dr I P Stillman," Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
155. C S Campbell, Glen Ridge, N. J.	26
156. Howard Bucknell, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
157. "H Amos," Wiantic, Conn.	27
158. "Arno," Syracuse, N. Y.	27

159. J R Malone, Baltimore, Md.	28
160. U F Bender, Fanwood, N. J.	27
161. Lloyd Taylor, New York.	26
162. E. M. Stoit, Circleville, O.	27
163. Annie Oakley, Nutley, N. J.	26
164. J A O'Brien, Dover, N. J.	27
165. E E Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.	28
166. W S Edey, New York.	27
167. S H Hathaway, Madison, N. J.	26
168. A. W. du Bray, Cincinnati, O.	27
169. "Stanley," Cleveland, O.	27
170. J Von Lengerke, Orange, N. J.	27
171. J S Fanning, San Francisco.	30
172. O E Poller, Chattanooga, Tenn.	27
173. Mrs Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.	25
174. W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.	31
175. O R Dickey, Wellington, Mass.	29
176. E D Alkire, Woodlyn, O.	28
177. "Bradley," Portland, Me.	27
178. Col A G Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.	28
179. E C Griffith, Pascoag, R. I.	28
180. "Joe Gibbon," Wickford, R. I.	26
181. "Dr. Casey," Brooklyn.	28
182. Clarence Angier, Atlanta, Ga.	27
183. M H Cook, Dover, N. J.	27
184. L T Duryea, New York.	29
185. E B Ewart, New York.	26
186. T W Morley, Lyndhurst, N. J.	28
187. H B Fisher, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
188. James Sampson, Trenton, N. J.	27
189. G. H. Piercy, Jersey City, N. J.	27
190. T A Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.	31
191. "Robin Hood," Springfield, O.	30
192. Col J T Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.	28
193. J M Thompson, Yonkers, N. Y.	28
194. Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.	29
195. "Speer," St. Mary's, Pa.	26
196. S M Van Allen, Jamaica, L. I.	28
197. W D Townsend, Omaha, Neb.	27
198. J A R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.	31
199. W F Parker, Meriden, Conn.	27
200. E O Geoffroy, Newark, N. J.	27
201. Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.	31
202. Phil Daly, Jr., Long Branch, N. J.	28
203. Aaron Doty, Haledon, N. J.	28
204. Frank Hall, Ridgefield, N. J.	28
205. J A Jackson, Austin, Tex.	29
206. "Friday," Utica, N. Y.	27
207. R Dwyer, Chicago, Ill.	27
208. "G H Ford," Farmingdale, L. I.	27

Gilbert vs. Elliott.

Dexter Park, L. I., March 29.—Once again the two great shooting rivals, Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., met in shooting competition here. This time it was for the purpose of settling their little differences as to who should be the custodian of the Dupont trophy, which during some months past had been held by Elliott.

The contest for it was not a very striking one, and but for the big scores recorded possessed little of interest as a close contest. It was an even race up to the 25th round, when the first miss of the match occurred, which had to be charged to Gilbert. This bird, a big black one, was very strong, but not extraordinarily fast. It lost but a few feathers, and fairly outwitted the shooter. The end of the first string of 25 showed the following result: Elliott 25, Gilbert 24. Elliott succeeded in making a run of 34, when he, too, experienced a loss, as his 35th, a very fast driver, that towered rapidly, was undershot with both barrels and died out of bounds. This made the race a tie, but it only remained thus for a very brief period, Elliott missing his 39th, a bird somewhat similar to the previous one he lost. This deceived him by curving sharply to the right.

When the first half of the match was complete, Gilbert was one in the lead, having scored 49 to Elliott's 48. The Iowa man maintained his continuous performance in the third string, and as Elliott lost another in his 64th, Gilbert had increased his advantage to 2 birds when three-fourths of the match was shot, the figures then showing Gilbert 74, Elliott 72.

The final string of 25 resulted in Gilbert once more accounting for all of his, while Elliott negotiated all of his but the 99th, which died out of bounds. This he hit very hard with the first load, but failed to reach with the second. This left his opponent a winner by 3 birds, the final score being Gilbert 99, Elliott 96.

This is Gilbert's best score on live birds in an individual contest. Prior to this his best score was 97, also made in a match with Elliott for the same trophy, though on this occasion he was the holder.

Gilbert's great time was mainly responsible for his fine score. This in a measure made it appear as though the luck of the birds was in his favor. However, his first was invariably so well placed that few of the birds had an opportunity to get hard. Again, his second, when required, was equally as effective, for on a number of occasions this was demonstrated in a marked degree by the manner in which he killed rapid towering birds that had evaded the first load.

The good kills he made were his 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 29th, 30th, 35th, 36th, 49th, 51st, 58th, 62d, 64th, 69th, 71st, 75th, 76th, 77th, 81st, 84th, 85th, 91st, 98th and 99th. The very best of these were his 76th and 85th. Of his entire 100 there were 20 sitters. He ran 75 straight; from the 25th he killed straight, this run thereby remaining unfinished.

Elliott's shooting, too, was of high excellence, though his time apparently was not so regular as his opponent's, and it was in this respect that the latter seemed to excel. However, all Elliott's misses occurred on fast birds, so that none of them can be charged to poor shooting or carelessness. That he killed many good birds, all of which were strong and vigorous, is shown by the following: His best kills were the 11th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23d, 31st, 33d, 34th, 37th, 41st, 44th, 46th, 51st, 55th, 56th, 57th, 63d, 64th, 65th, 68th, 78th, 79th, 83d, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 94th and 100th. The exceptional one of the above was his 41st. This was undershot with the first and then killed clean far out with the second. His number of sitters was 17. His best run was 35 straight, from the 64th to 99th.

The birds as a whole can be classed only a fair average lot. Though selected with great care and of a uniform blue color, they had no wind to aid them, and in consequence failed to develop that snap and vigor which characterized the birds in the Heikes-Elliott match at Yardville last Saturday. There is a high ridge to the north of the grounds known as the backbone of Long Island, and this cut off all the wind, which would doubtless have been quite a factor in the race. The conditions generally were favorable to good scores.

The match began at 1:56 and was shot in about an hour and thirty-five minutes. Mr. H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, acted as referee and Mr. Louis Schortemeier as puller. Gilbert shot a Parker gun, 3/4drs. of Dupont powder in Leader shells. Elliott shot a Winchester takedown gun, 45grs. of Hazard powder in Leader shells. Both stood at 30yds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

5 3 4 3 8 2 4 4 4 5 1 2 5 4 5 1 1 2 2 1 2 4 3 2 8	
^ ^	
Fred Gilbert.....	2 0-94
3 5 3 2 5 1 8 2 3 2 2 5 1 4 1 8 3 4 4 2 5 1 3 1 4	
↓ ↓ ^	
2 2-95	
2 1 5 1 4 2 2 3 1 5 5 1 1 2 4 4 2 2 4 3 4 5 4 4 4	
^ ^	
2 2-25	
1 1 2 3 1 1 5 4 3 4 1 1 5 5 3 1 4 1 3 2 2 1 1 1 4	
^ ^	
2 2-25 99	
2 8 4 4 5 5 4 5 2 3 4 5 4 3 8 3 2 5 3 5 1 5 4 3 2	
^ ^	
J A R Elliott.....	2 1-25
2 3 3 1 3 4 1 2 1 3 1 5 2 1 5 1 4 4 2 2 4 2 2 4 2	
^ ^	
2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2-23	
5 2 3 2 2 5 4 3 1 2 4 4 2 2 3 3 5 4 3 4 5 4 8 1	
^ ^	
2 2-24	
3 4 4 5 1 8 1 2 3 5 2 4 4 1 5 2 2 3 4 4 5 2 2 5 5	
^ ^	
1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-24 96	

Elliott-Gilbert Match Series.

Messrs. Fred Gilbert and J. A. R. Elliott have, during the past few years, met in eight individual live-bird contests for the various trophies that have been up for competition. Of this series Gilbert has won five and Elliott three. They first met at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 8, 1897. The Star cup was then the subject of dispute, and Elliott was the holder. This match was won by Gilbert, who scored 95 to Elliott's 94.

Two weeks later they met again at the same place for the Dupont trophy. Gilbert won this match also, though it required a shoot-off, as they tied on 97. The shoot-off at 25 birds resulted in Gilbert killing straight, while Elliott lost one. Elliott immediately challenged Gilbert to shoot for both these trophies, and they met again at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Dec. 7 and 9, 1897. In the first match Gilbert successfully defended the Star cup, killing 97 to Elliott's 87. In the next match for the Dupont trophy each killed 93. The tie was shot off on the following day, Elliott winning by killing 25 straight, while Gilbert killed 23. Their next contest took place at Dexter Park, L. I., Jan. 15, 1898. This was for the Star cup, and was won by Gilbert, who scored 96 to Elliott's 91. April 26 of the same year they met at Chicago, and Elliott won by killing 90 to Gilbert's 86. This match was also for the Star cup. In the fall of that year Gilbert won the Review sup and Elliott immediately issued a challenge for it. The match was shot on Dec. 12, at Chicago, and Elliott won by a score of 95 to Gilbert's 92.

The last match in which they engaged was the one shot the past week at Dexter Park, L. I., for the Dupont trophy. This, as told elsewhere, was won by Gilbert, who made the best score of his career in an individual contest, killing 99 to Elliott's 96.

To decide all these matches it was necessary for each of the principals to shoot at 850 birds. Of these Gilbert killed 803 and averaged .945, and Elliott killed 792, averaging .932.

The most decisive win for Gilbert was the match at Chicago, Dec. 7, 1897. On this occasion he beat his opponent 10 birds.

Elliott's greatest margin over his opponent was the match shot at Chicago, April 26, 1898, when he won by 4 birds.

Only once have this pair met in a target contest. This was on Feb. 19, 1900, at Hot Springs, Ark., in a match for the E C cup, held by Gilbert. He sustained his right to continue to hold the cup by winning the match, scoring 133 to Elliott's 124.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 28.—The eleventh shoot in the current prize series took place to-day. A glorious day was in evidence, and the different events passed in review as usual. That other faithful attendant, the wind, made itself felt, and the scores were excellent, considering.

Mr. Woodruff had perhaps the best of it on average, though Gordon, Sheffield and Spencer were not very far behind. No shooter, however, showed greater improvement than the one who has for some time been content with last position. It would seem that difficulty with his sight has perceptibly lowered his scores for a year or two, and a change of tactics has not benefited to the extent expected. In using both eyes to lessen the strain on one, his scores have suffered more or less. After repeated trials that furnished 2s and 3s only out of 10, he returned to his accustomed one-eye method, and at once secured a 7. He decided one eye in his case to be better than two, and his average since has materially altered for the better. Without desiring or expecting to perform like an expert, he is relieved to find that his trap-shooting days are not wholly over.

Spencer was both fortunate and unfortunate in the Prize match, as a glance at his score will show. Sheffield, Woodruff and Barrett tied on 24 for second honors. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	10	10	5p	10	10
Gordon, 17.....	7	8	8	7	8	9	5	9	9	8	8	9
Miskay, 18.....	5	7	6	7	10	4	9	6
Sheffield, 16.....	7	5	10	9	8	8	8	8	6	8	8
Woodruff, 17.....	9	9	7	7	8	9	8
Banks, 14.....	4	8	4	5
Poor, 15.....	5	8	6	6	7	4
Newton, 15.....	5	3	5	1
Lane, 16.....	5	2	3	5	2
Williams, 15.....	6	3	5
Johns, 15.....	6	7	7	5	9
S Wood, 18.....	8	6	6	5
Spencer, 18.....	7	10	10	5	7	6	9
Rule, 16.....	6	5
Nickols, 16.....	9
Wellington, 16.....	9	8	8	7	8
Barrett, 16.....	10	7	7	8
Leonard, 16.....	9	6	7	4
Stork, 16.....	8	4	6
Leroy, 21.....	7	7	8	8	8

All events unknown angles from magautrap.

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THE HAND OF THE VANDAL.

THAT is a thoughtful, pertinent and timely injunction which Mr. W. W. Hastings writes—to be careful of the beautiful things of the natural world which we have received from our forefathers, that they may be bequeathed to those who shall follow. It fits in as a commentary and a commendation of the action of the House of Representatives, which has passed Mr. Lacey's bill, setting apart the Petrified Forest of Arizona as a new national park, to take its place with the Yosemite and the Yellowstone among the permanent possessions of the people where the wonderful phenomena of nature may be preserved and handed down intact to future generations.

The States of New York and New Jersey are making provision for the rescue of the Palisades of the Hudson and their conversion into a public park. The action is all too tardy, for in large measure the pristine beauty of the noble bluffs has been wrecked and despoiled beyond reparation. Nevertheless that which remains is worthy to be preserved, and to be received as a priceless heritage for other eyes to rejoice in.

These two instances of legislative action to perpetuate something of the natural beauty of American scenery, when taken in connection with the Congressional plan of preserving the Big Trees of California, and the movements to establish the Minnesota National Park and the Appalachian forest preserve, are significant of a growth of healthy public sentiment and new appreciation of our obligations as a people to cherish and protect and conserve that which is beautiful in nature. Hitherto as a commonwealth we have conducted ourselves in this respect too largely after the manner of the individual. The individual is a vandal. The average person conducts himself on the principle that he is the only one in the world, and that there are no others to come after him. On this theory he mutilates, robs, wrecks, destroys and ruins, doing it all innocently enough and thoughtlessly enough, but nevertheless leaving in his train as much devastation as if he had set out deliberately to spite and defraud those who were to follow. Whether the motive be the desire for relics and souvenirs or the winning of material gain the act is equally inconsiderate of the rights of others. Instances of the havoc wrought by the two classes may be found in multitude.

Some of the geyser formations of the Yellowstone National Park have been marred beyond the possibility of restoration by visitors who have perpetrated their wanton defacements with never a thought that other visitors would come after them to be chagrined and disappointed and defrauded and disgusted.

Just south of Miami, Fla., on the road to Cocoanut Grove, is a ledge of rock which Mr. Kirk Munroe, who knows his Florida thoroughly, declares to be unique in the peninsula. It is a peculiar oolitic formation whose classification has baffled the Geological Survey. As a feature of the landscape, it immediately attracts attention and interest, and adds immeasurably to the beauty of the scene. It should be cherished and guarded by an enlightened appreciation and protected for all time. A week or two ago the entire tract of land containing this rare rock was purchased under the pretense by the buyer that it was desired for a winter home site. Immediately after the sale the fact was developed that the rock had been bought for quarry purposes. Unless some effective intervention shall be found, this charming bit of nature, which the ages have fashioned and moulded and tinted for the gratification of the eye of man, will be cut into building stone and broken into filling for grades.

The famous sea gardens of Nassau, with their corals and sponges and sea mosses and shells and multiform marine growths, have been so devastated by the curiosity seekers and souvenir plunderers that their rare beauty is now almost a memory. The gardens have been robbed for years, and the material has been carried away by the barrellful, until at last the authorities have wisely stepped in and prohibited by law further spoliation.

The Vandals, from whose record we get our word vandalism, destroyed the works of man. The ruin they wrought was deplorable, but it was of things which have been or may be restored or replaced. What art has done in the past art may do in the future. The pity of the devastation of nature is that the destruction is irreparable. New York and New Jersey Palisades, builded and sculptured by the fires and waters and upheavals and erosions of geologic time, if destroyed in the brief

period which spans a generation of human existence, are gone irrevocably. Arizona petrified forests, Montana geysers, Florida rocks, all alike, if once destroyed are lost forever. It is a wise forethought which calls a halt in the wanton ruin of one after another of the natural features which help to make the world a world of interest and beauty.

THE OLD TRAIL.

THE city dweller, or he who travels over beaten ways, knows little of the lastingness of the scars which the elements, or man, or his relations, the animals, make in the bosom of mother earth. It is only the countryman, or the traveler in wild regions, who learns of their permanence.

In the old fields of the South—now growing up to young forests and not cultivated for many years—the foot of the quail shooters will often detect the old furrows thrown up by the plow when the land was planted in corn or in cotton. In New England fields, which the adjacent woodland is beginning to again embrace with its outreaching arms of brush and saplings, may still be seen the straight rows of old hillocks, which point to crops of corn harvested many years ago.

The dark green of the Alaska forests which cling so tenaciously to the granite sides of mountains rising sharply from the sea, is often broken by long streaks of paler green deciduous trees, which show where—perhaps centuries ago—the snow slide plowed its clean furrow through the vigorous spruces.

Out on the prairies, which now are cattle ranges or wheat farms, long lines of green worn deep in the soil still run over the swells, converging at water holes or at the crossings of the streams—trails made in ancient times by the herds of buffalo which were then the sole cattle that roamed over these limitless pastures.

In the main range, along the sides of the mountains which often rise so steeply from the valley's level, pale lines ascending gradually from the stream bed to the mountain's top zigzag this way and that, which are ways worn in the years that are past by the climbing feet of elk, and deer, and mountain sheep, whose light and springy hoofs, passing along the hillside for generation after generation, have pushed aside the stones, or worn hollows in the rocks, forming trails almost as enduring as the solid rock itself.

No matter how long it may have been disused, the trail always remains, unless it should happen that in this place or in that, man has leveled it off with his tools; but by making a wider cast it can be taken up again a little beyond, and followed on and on. No man has ever lived long enough to see an old trail disappear.

Even where it passes through the timber, the trail lasts. Leaves may fall into it and grass grow up at its side, but it remains. Often the rank grass and weeds and brush on either hand cover it up, and obscure it, yet if the vegetation be cut away, there is the trail as plain as ever, with its worn stones, its roots whose bark has been rubbed off, and with its different color of the soil, showing that it has been finely powdered by the passage of many feet.

Of all the memorials of ancient times in America, what is there that is more permanent than the old trail? The skull and the leg bones weather and fall to pieces, and are covered up and disappear; the buffalo chip is devoured by vegetation; the iron moulders and crumbles; but the old trail will outlast our time, and in the time to come our children shall speak of it as a path.

CO-OPERATION.

IN the common harmonious effort in the futherance of a common purpose, a number of men, associated together, can accomplish much more for the common good than by pursuing lines of independent endeavor. The best an individual can achieve independently is but fragmentary when compared with what he can accomplish in co-operation with his fellows. Organized with them, he derives a great personal benefit from their sum total of experience, of influence and of wisdom. As a body united in a bond of common effort, the world at large values them as being many more times of greater worth than they are as individuals. They jointly have greater prestige, greater powers of action and a wider scope of being. Each member excels in some special talent or accomplishment which redounds to the common benefit of all. The individual, relying on his own un-

assisted efforts, at times perforce must divide his time and attention among many things, neglecting some while engrossed with others; the association, on the other hand, will have members who will engage in the needed co-operative effort while their fellows are in other spheres of action.

Thus, while many material advantages accrue to the aggregated membership of an association, many more accrue to them as individual members. This is particularly true of those who are drawn together by a common interest in the pursuit of recreation, amusement, competition, and the fostering of some wholesome sport or art. Unity of purpose and harmony of tastes make congenial fellowship and not infrequently warm friendships among people so associated. The hours of relaxation are made more wholesomely pleasurable when passed in sympathetic companionship. The knowledge of the individual increases from the contributions of his associates in the way of discoveries, or comparison of ideas, or the teaching of what is best, and recreation brings a healthful reaction needed in the wear and tear of business cares and labors.

In the world of sport, as in the world of business, the need of co-operative effort is felt more and more, though as a matter of course in a lesser degree in the latter than in the former. Thus it comes that shooting, fishing, outing, boating, camera clubs, etc., are formed, but which unfortunately have many times an inherent defect which makes their existence shorter than need be, much to the loss of all concerned. This defect is the apathy of a majority of the members. This, as a logical result, unfairly burdens a few with all the club's cares and all the club's work. The enthusiastic members may bear the burdens a longer or shorter time, but as a rule they become weary at last and refuse to bear them further. Not infrequently there are murmurings of one-man power, and when the one man ceases to act it is then discovered that there is no power at all. The common benefits of organization in fairness require reciprocal effort on the part of all who enjoy them. Furnishing a theory or a grumble is a small contribution in return for the work done by the few. In association matters, it is better to take a broad view whose compass is the good of the whole rather than one too narrowly confined to selfish limits.

NEW YORK TROUT OPENING.

MUCH of the news on forest and stream subjects which appears in the daily papers is misleading and absurd. Usually these misstatements are amusing only, but recently they have been not at all a laughing matter to people in FOREST AND STREAM office.

For example, last week several of the daily papers announced April 1 as the date of the opening of the trout season in New York and its neighborhood, and this information being received by many of our readers as trustworthy, a number of personal calls were made to this office by kindly disposed people, who endeavored to convince us that we did not know when the season opened, but that the various daily papers of the city did.

The original statement about the law appears to have been taken from a country paper published up the State; and worse—if possible—than copying from a country paper is the suggestion that the statement was taken from plate matter in this country paper. We have not looked up the precise date of the law from which the erroneous date was taken, but there appears to be reason to believe that it is a law seven or eight years old.

Various were the arguments offered by our callers to support the contention that the trout season for New York State at large must open April 1, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the date of the opening had been printed the previous week in FOREST AND STREAM, not only as a matter of news, vouched for by ourselves, but also in an official communication from the secretary of the New York Society for the Protection of Fish and Game.

The steadfastness with which some of these callers clung to the belief that the daily paper which each is accustomed to read could not err was interesting and touching, and it was difficult to induce them to believe that on this particular matter the FOREST AND STREAM knew the facts. Each caller, when he finally went away, did so with a dissatisfied air, which showed that, though perhaps convinced against his will, he was of the same opinion still.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Be Careful.

As the years go by and we revisit the places that have known us, we mentally note the changes. The changes are usually improvements where people are gregarious in city life, but the city is not a production of nature. "Man made the town; God made the country," some one truthfully said. It is an inborn, latent and inherent trait in humanity if unadvised, unobstructed and free from the need and greed of civilization to roam the woods, to idle by stream and lake, and to have as companions other creatures, either wild or domestic. When natural desires prompt us, when too close and long-continued contact with business and people irritates us, we seek the quiet of outdoor life for relief; and outdoor life does not mean to us the paved street or any place where we have to turn out for others. It means afar off and away back from the bustle of activity. But such places and spaces grow smaller year by year, and further away. Where we fished years ago the shrunken waters are poisoned by the refuse of mills and the sewage of city and town, and fish breed and bite no more. The stillness of the forest is raped by the roar of passing railway train, the steamboat whistle frightens the already timid animals—frightens them again and again as each echo bounds from the hills. Then the wild creatures move away to approach a new danger, or stay to go down before the guns of those who come in on boat and train. Has any one the right to complain? Have not those who come to-day the same right that allowed the first ones to come? Granted. Now, what about those who are to come in the future? What will they find that is different from what they left? Nothing. We can tell them to go further; but where? Not West, surely. "Westward the tide of empire takes its way," and it also takes everything in sight. North and East for a while, possibly, or maybe South. But it is the same everywhere—men will kill all living things. We kill the least offensive and the most beautiful first, and leave till the last the noxious and repulsive. We destroy the forest wantonly, and have as a reward our Johnstown floods and disasters which cost a thousand-fold more than the value of all timber obtained. The noble Hudson, above where the tide has an influence is a roaring torrent in spring and can be waded in summer. Barring tide influences, the same is true of the Mohawk and true of many other streams throughout the country, and their waters, like troubles, all come at once.

We would shoot all the game, catch all the fish in one season, and deprive ourselves of seeing any the next. What is the remedy for all of this? Simply forbearance. Let every good citizen hold aloft the torch of tolerance in forest, fish, animal and bird destruction and lend a helping hand to the propagation of each.

"While yet the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Our consciences should silence our guns except in the smashing of clay pigeons and in puncturing an inanimate target. The fish rods we will use a while longer in proper season, inasmuch as too many fish get away that ought to be caught. One lusty bass or pike exterminates more in a season than the average man can in a life time with rod and line. It is the poisoning and drying up of streams that makes the trouble. Let all consider those who are coming. Let those who are coming hear, as we have, the song of the robin and the drumming of the partridge. Let them see the squirrels frolic. Let them see the graceful deer flaunt their white flags in the forest. Let them gather the wild flowers as we have done, and above all, preserve shady woodland retreats for those who have woe and sorrow, for such places do they seek and therein find comfort.

Our children and the children of our children will have the same yearnings that we have, and such yearnings begin with life. When the first smile ripples over the baby's face the little hands go out to touch the flowers in the window or to stroke the playing kitten, and the ears are open to the sound of the imprisoned canary. If the baby grows to boyhood he hies to the temporary brooks that pour down beside the hilly road in the spring-time. If a girl, she watches for the crocus as it pushes its way from the softening ground, and both boy and girl, when "All the world loves a lover," seek the shady paths in grove and garden by the shores of stream and lake. Later in life the tired workers look forward to a few days spent among nature's charms and away from the humdrum of toil. The old people, too often neglected by those who should care for them, find solace in the sunshine that warms them in the paths under the trees in the summer, and they live out their days hoping to be laid away where flowers and green grass grow, or where the moaning pines will guard them.

It was always so, and so it always will be. The trees should not be destroyed nor the wild flowers; the brooks and ponds should not be dried away, and the song birds must be left undisturbed in the perpetuation of their kind. It is a duty that the living owe to those who are coming, that they may enjoy what is theirs by right, and it is as vital to their interests as the preservation of recorded advancement in literature, science and art. The fanatics in past centuries who did so much toward wiping out all traces of Grecian progress, and of architecture, eloquence and history, wronged those who came after, and we, in the destruction of game life and singing birds, in the spoliation of forests and streams, are as amenable for wrong to the future as those who lived in the past are amenable to those living to-day. Every good citizen has the welfare of his country and his people in mind, and his actions are based thereon. He would, from preference, help to maintain the perpetuity of all that is good. He would, if possible to accomplish it, leave a paradise as a legacy. Therefore, let our recollections and our hopes crowd in together. Bring the past and the future closer and try to find in experience lessons which may be profitable to generations yet unborn. Let us adopt a policy in which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming in time what is evil, so that the living things that people the air, the streams and the woods, together with the habitat that nature gave them, may be preserved

to a late posterity, and that under a fostering care they may long continue to flourish.

Away up among the headwaters of the Mississippi there lies a section of primeval forest. It can be seen in all its beauty—in the condition that La Salle found such places long years ago—and a band of noble women are pleading that this great Government shall retain its ownership and the natural condition. They are pleading for the welfare of posterity, asking that they may provide for the happiness of those they bring into the world; and a horde of greedy lumbermen and politicians, caring no more for the future than they care for the suffering of those who give us birth, oppose these good women that they may gain the few dollars that might accrue from the destruction of the forests and lakes. We give voice to the sentiment of millions of right-thinking Americans when we say to these would-be destroyers, "Stand back!" When we say to the legislators, "Do your duty by us and cease to obstruct the will of those who are in the right," we demand their attention and compliance. The right must prevail, and the right in this case is the right of ownership en masse, and no robbers shall step in and despoil us of one of the few remaining virgin forests—the Minnesota Park Association must win. Then some one with head up and lungs filled with pure air can say:

"Far to northward lies a land
Where the trees together stand
Closer than the blades of wheat,
When the summer is complete.
Like a robe the forests hide
Lovely vale and mountain side.
Balsam, hemlock, spruce and pine—
All those mighty trees are mine.
There's a river flowing free;
All its waves belong to me.
There are trout within the brook,
Sheltered in some quiet nook;
There are song birds in the air
Fearing neither gun nor snare,
And the wild life of the wood
Fears not man, for he is good."

W. W. HASTINGS.

NEW YORK.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

VI.

As the curtain slowly rises it discloses nothing more startling than the picture of a young man peering cautiously from behind a huge cottonwood tree. The tree is full 6 feet in diameter, and stands an isolated giant among the stunted growth that lines a stream. Let us follow this young man's vision. Ah! It falls on a knoll or headland not half a dozen rods away. The headland is formed by the first bench above the creek bottoms thrusting a little dome out from its face whose round top is carpeted with smooth, flossy buffalo grass. The little dome encroaches on the narrow creek bottom, where there is a dense growth of small, red willows which give it the appearance of a bald head surrounded at its base by a shaggy growth of red hair.

The morning sun is gilding willow, dome and white plain beyond, but, beautiful as is the picture, it is not that which holds the Parson's eager gaze. There are actors upon the stage which hold the undivided attention. See those yellowish brown bodies, gray barred and lithe, basking there in the sun. There are six of them rolling on the grass and playfully buffeting each other with paw, or closing with teeth and claw in imitation of fiercest combat.

The poetry of life and motion is in those graceful, willowy, gamboling forms. They leap and roll and tumble over each other. Now and then one will leap lightly full 6 feet in the air and come down on another lying, paws up, to meet the charge. Whoever has seen kittens at play has witnessed the same scene, for these are kittens at play. An old wildcat and five kittens scarcely less in size, and the Parson is enjoying it to the utmost; but in his eagerness to get a better view he steps on a dry stick and it snaps sharply beneath the pressure of the foot. Slight as is the sound, it is enough and the cats are gone.

Gone describes the situation completely, for the Parson's eye is not quick enough to tell when or how they went. Simply gone, that is all, and I realize that, wait and watch as long as I will, I shall never see them more. 'Tis sad to part thus, and forever, and I resolved to see what I could do with a steel trap.

Concluding that as cats like birds, a bird would be the thing to bait a trap with, I shot a magpie, and getting a steel trap proceeded to set my snare in what I supposed to be an irresistible manner. Hanging the magpie on a small twig stuck into the ground, just high enough to be out of reach of a cat without its standing on its hind feet, I dug a hole in the ground beneath it just large and deep enough so that a trap set on the bottom would fill it, while the jaws and springs came even with the top of the ground. I then rubbed dry buffalo grass until it was almost a powder and covered all signs of trap or chain.

I went out next morning fully expecting a wildcat, but the cat had not come back. My magpie hung there for a week, and still no cat, and then one morning I went out and found a sneaking coyote in the trap. This turned my attention in a new line, and for a time trapping coyotes was all the rage.

I would take a piece of meat and drag it over the prairie for a quarter of a mile or so and then stake it to the ground, setting two of my steel traps, one on each side of it. I seldom failed of a wolf, either the first or second night. This kept up for some time, and then I went out one morning and found a coon in one of the traps. I skinned this coon and and threw the carcass into a thicket of willows.

Next day I went to see if it had been carried off by any animal and found it neatly buried in leaves and grass. Some animal had done this, and I at once decided to catch whatever it might be. Taking my best trap, I set it beside the buried coon, carefully concealing all signs, and went away confident of something next day. When I went to the trap next I had something. When I was coming up to the spot I at first saw nothing. Then I became aware of the presence of some animal lying flat upon the ground and glaring balefully at me from eyes

green with rage. At a still nearer approach a yellow streak shot toward me so suddenly that I almost fell in my haste to get out of the way. As the wildcat, for such it was, somersaulted at the limit of the chain it let out a savage growl and instantly regained its feet, ready for another charge. It chanced one of the men from the camp was close at hand, and I called for him to come over. He had his lariat along, and at sight of it I resolved to take my prize to camp alive. I would rope the cat, and after getting it wound up and its feet tied I would string it in the center of a long pole and get the men to help carry it in.

What a joke it would be to throw a live wildcat on the table in the midst of a game of seven-up. My friend fell in with the plan in great glee. As I swung the rope for the cast the cat drew back as far as the trap chain would permit, and as I made the cast it sprang at me again. The noose fell squarely around the cat's neck and at the same instant the trap chain broke. The force with which the cat struck the chain of course threw it another somersault, and before it was up again I had the rope taut and was dragging it about to keep it from gaining its feet, for I well knew the instant it gained its feet it would be upon me.

The only firearms that either of us had was a revolver which I had in my belt. With the cat loose at one end I gave up the idea of taking it to camp alive. What I wanted most at this stage of the game was to get rid of the "white man's burden." A burden that is not well tied sometimes becomes troublesome. Holding the rope in one hand and keeping up the tension by traveling as fast as I could, giving the rope an extra twitch now and then when the cat seemed about to regain its feet, I drew my revolver with the other and commenced to shoot back at the cat. But conditions were not right for a sure shot and I emptied my gun without effect.

The situation was now critical, and I resolved to call for mediation by a friendly power, and yelled to my companion to get a club and kill the cat. But to get a suitable club took some time. Meantime the cat was a condition and not a theory—at least it was an actor in a condition of things that made it very interesting for me. To meet this condition and keep that cat amused while the friendly power was getting a club was a special duty I now owed to myself. There was a smooth piece of prairie of a half acre in extent partially inclosed by the break away to the lower creek bottom. I took this piece of ground for the stage, for I did not want to have any jolts or jars to mar the performance. I took as wide a circle as the ground would permit, the cat following in a lesser circle, for I was not the least bit stingy with my rope, but played out all there was of it, which was some 30 feet.

The cat, though a monster of its kind, was not heavy, being built like a saw-horse, with legs almost as large as its body. It was all cords, teeth and claws and had wonderful strength; but as the ground was smooth there was nothing for it to exert its strength on, so that I had no trouble in dragging it about. At first I thought I might choke it to death or exhaust it to some extent; but while I lost strength rapidly the cat seemed to gain with every passing moment and become more furious at each circle. There was not resistance enough for the rope to have any effect on the great cords of its neck, and it was not choked at all. It might have easily gained slack on me but for its natural rebelliousness of spirit. Now and then it would gain its feet, but it would invariably surge back in defiance of the authority of the rope, thus giving me a chance to throw it again. Such howling, spitting and cuffing never impelled me to swifter movement before or since. Often it would strike its footing and bound several feet in the air. I had handled a rod some in my earlier youth and knew the value of a taut line, and played that cat with the greatest care. Since then I have fished a great deal and can truthfully say that I never felt the electric thrill surge through 30 or 100 feet of line as it surged from that cat to me.

Twenty centuries is a long time, and slow and tedious as was their march they have come and gone since Christ was born, and we who are living to-day have been born and have lived to know the blessings of that great event. Aye, and twenty more shall roll away and others will be born who have longer to wait than I to know of the same great blessing; and thus it was, though long to wait, that my friend finally came with a cudgel and arbitrated matters between me and the cat to my entire satisfaction; and then he lay down on the prairie and rolled, roared and bellowed to his heart's content.

No doubt it was funny, but serious thoughts are often aroused on humorous occasions, and I lay down too and just thought serious things and drank in the fresh morning air, which for some time I had been too busy to appreciate.

When we got to camp my companion told of my adventure with inspired tongue, and then everybody laughed and I was the butt of many jokes and much chaffing. One man in particular, taking great delight in my weakening, as he called it, at sight of a wildcat, said he could take one by the neck and tie it with a pocket kerchief without getting a scratch.

We laid the cat on the ground, and as we had nothing that would measure in feet and inches measured it with a needle gun. It was two inches more than the gun from tip to tip, which would make something over 4 feet. The tail was not more than 2 inches long, so that this measurement was all cat. To have stretched its feet and legs to the furthest would have given an extent of over 6 feet. On each ear were a few long hairs, which formed a tassel. Its body was long, round and slender and seemed but little larger than its powerful forearms.

When we first arrived at this place, and before we had built any permanent camp, as we were sitting around our bivouac fire at night, we were surprised at the mew of a cat. All around us it traveled and kept up a constant mew, but only once did it come within the circle of firelight. It was a large domestic tom, and snow white. The second night he came a little closer, and the third night came into camp and made himself at home. He had been with us several weeks when I captured the wildcat. Out of curiosity to see what he would do, I got Tom and carried him out to where the dead wildcat lay. I carried him in such manner that he could not see it till I put him down within 6 inches of the dead cat's face. At sight of it he gave one frantic yowl, and

Natural History.

The Petrified Forest National Park.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—In the House of Representatives to-day Mr. Lacey, Chairman of the Committee on the Public Lands, secured the passage of the bill (H. R., 9635) setting apart as a public reservation Townships 16 and 17, Ranges 23 and 24, east, Gila and Salt River meridian, Arizona, to be known as the Petrified Forest National Park, and to be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be to prescribe such rules and regulations and establish such service as he may deem necessary for the care and management of the same, and for the preservation from injury or spoliation of the mineralized or fossilized formations or deposits, natural curiosities and wonders within said park. The act authorizes the Secretary of the Interior in the exercise of his discretion, to rent or lease, under rules and regulations to be made by him, pieces or parcels of ground within the park for the erection of such buildings as may be required for the accommodation of visitors.

All funds arising from the privileges so granted shall be covered into the Treasury of the United States as a special fund, to be expended in the care of the park.

All persons who shall unlawfully intrude upon the park, or who shall, without permission, appropriate, injure or destroy any of the mineralized or fossilized formations or deposits found therein, or other natural wonders or curiosities therein, or commit unauthorized waste, or who shall violate any of the rules and regulations prescribed, shall, upon conviction, be fined in a sum of not more than \$5,000, or be imprisoned for a period of not more than twelve months, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

In support of the bill, Mr. Lacey said:

One of the most remarkable of the natural curiosities of the American continent is known as the Petrified Forest, or Chalcedony Forest, of Arizona. This region has not been extensively visited by the American public. When properly cared for and supplied with suitable accommodations for visitors, it will take its place with the Yellowstone, Yosemite and Mount Ranier national parks. It is not far distant from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which is one of the wonders of the world.

I will quote from the report of Prof. Lester F. Ward, paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Ward's report will soon be published, and I only make such quotations from it as will explain the importance and necessity of the proposed park. The Territorial Legislature of Arizona in 1895 recommended the establishment of this proposed park. This request led to Mr. Ward's examination, which he made last year. Mr. Ward in his report, among others things, says:

"With regard to the scenic aspect, I can safely say that it has never been exaggerated by any who have attempted to describe this region. The pictures given in the letter of the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution are not overdrawn, and the more or less glowing descriptions of Möllhausen, Marcon, Newberry and other explorers fall far short of what might truly be said from this point of view. These petrified forests may properly be classed among the natural wonders of America, and every reasonable effort should be made not only to preserve them from destructive influences, but also to make their existence and true character known to the people.

"Some of the most important considerations that can be urged in favor of the importance of this region compared with other petrified forests rests upon its geological relations. In the first place, it is much more ancient than the petrified forests of the Yellowstone Park, of certain parts of Wyoming, and of the California Calistoga deposits. These latter are of the Tertiary age, while the Arizona forests belong far back in the Mesozoic time, probably to the Triassic formation. The difference in their antiquity is therefore many millions of years. Scattered blocks of silicified wood do indeed occur in the Trias at other points, but this is the only region in which they are in such abundance as to deserve the name of a petrified forest.

"In the second place there is no other petrified forest in which the wood assumes so many varied and interesting forms and colors, and it is these that present the chief attraction to the general public. The state of mineralization in which much of this wood exists almost places them among the gems and precious stones. Not only are chalcedony, opals and agates found among them, but many approach the condition of jasper and onyx. The degree of hardness attained by them is such that they are said to make an excellent quality of emery.

"The particular region known as the Petrified Forest of Arizona lies in the area between the Little Colorado and the Rio Puerco, fifteen miles east of the junction, seventeen miles east of Holbrook, and six miles south of Adamana station, on the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad, which measurements terminate on the outer edge of the area, on the west and north sides. It is about eight miles square, and falls chiefly within Township 17 north, Range 24 east, but extends a short distance on the south into Township 16 north, and on the west into Range 23 east.

"The region consists of the ruins of a former plain having an altitude above sea level of 5,700 to 5,750 feet. This plain has undergone extensive erosion to the maximum depth of 700 feet, and is cut into innumerable ridges, buttes and small mesas, with valleys, gorges and gulches between. The strata consist of alternating beds of clay, sandstone shales and massive sandstones. The clays are purple, white and blue, the purple predominating; and the white and blue forming bands of different thickness between the others, giving the cliffs a lively and pleasing effect. The sandstones are chiefly of a reddish-brown color and closely resemble the brownstones of the Portland and Newark quarries on the Potomac River and at Manassas, in Virginia, but some are light brown, gray, or whitish in color. The mesas are formed by the resistance of the massive sandstone layers, of which there are several at different horizons, to erosive agencies, and vary in size from mere capstones to small buttes or tables several miles in extent, stretching to the east and to the northwest.

breaking from my grasp disappeared in a thicket, and we did not see him again for three days. When he did return it was with the same caution as at first.

How Tom came to be there, eighty miles from the nearest settlement, we never knew. We left him there when we moved and never heard from him after.

Some weeks later I was out for a ramble one sunny afternoon in company with one of the men from the camp. Our wanderings took us to where a bend in the stream encircled a cluster of a dozen rather large cottonwood trees. As we approached them an object in one of trees attracted our attention, and on closer inspection it proved to be a wildcat sunning itself in a fork of the tree some 50 feet from the ground.

We had no gun with us, but I agreed to sit under the tree while my companion went to camp and got the rifles. As he left I told him to be sure and bring Smith (the man who tied wildcats up in his kerchief) back with him, as we might need him before we were through with the cat.

My companion soon returned with the rifles, Smith and a shepherd dog, which followed them. The shot was mine by right of discovery, but I yielded to my friend's importunities for the first try. He stationed himself in front of the cat where a fair shot at the head offered, while I stationed myself on the opposite side of the tree, prepared to follow up the attack if necessary. The shot was an easy one, but went too low and only broke the cat's jaw. At the crack of the gun it sprang from the tree, and drawing its forefeet up to its jowls and its hind ones up to flank, sailed like a shingle or a flying squirrel straight at the shooter and landed in the tracks hastily vacated by him by falling and rolling over backward. I took a flying shot at it as it sailed downward, but only succeeded, as I afterward learned, in laying the skin open about 6 inches along its ribs, doing no particular damage.

When the cat landed it ran into the bushes, with the dog in close pursuit. The yells of the dog soon located the direction of the chase, and following on we found the cat perched on the limb of a fallen tree some 8 feet above the ground in the center of a dense tangle of vines and bushes. A rifle shot tumbled it to the ground, the dog charging out of the thicket as it fell.

To get the cat out of the tangle was a task which Smith promptly volunteered to perform. Crawling on hands and knees, Smith made his way slowly toward the cat and was just reaching out to take hold of it when it raised to a sitting posture, drew back one paw as if to strike and gave a savage growl. Smith never thought of his pocket kerchief, but just came out of there backward, leaving a great part of his clothes hanging to the bushes. He came out faster than he went in, and when he regained his feet on the outside his complexion would have made the manufacturers of lily white ashamed of their efforts. I mildly asked him why he didn't bring the cat along, but he said he would be dodged if any measly cat hunters was going to make a retriever of him. This event gave us relief from jokes about my cat adventure, which were growing very old by constant repetition.

These rehearsals bring several other wildcat adventures to the stage door, but I think I hear the tinkle of a bell.

THE PARSON.

Sam's Boy.—XIX.

The Boy Famous.

SAMMY did not continue long in that way of feeling. The praise that he got was more than enough to soothe any pangs of remorse that were raised by Uncle Lisha's story of the life he had taken.

It came from almost every one, and almost unstinted. Even his Grandmother Purington went so far as to say: "That 'ere boy hes done suthin' wuth while for onct which the men couldn't or wouldn't du," then heaved a deep sigh and had recourse to her smelling bottle; "but it'll be a massy if it don't finish spilin' on him, an' set him trampoosin' fur an' near, wi' a gun an' a haoun' dawg, the hul indurin' time."

His father looked somewhat chafallen when he learned the identity of Sammy's victim, but complimented him generously on his sharpness in forestalling her tricks. "An' didn't I tell ye you'd git your shot when the time come?"

Gran'ther Hill hailed him from the window to repeat what he had long ago foretold, that he would one day make a keen fox hunter. Mrs. Hill rejoiced that a new defender of her poultry had arisen, and best of all, the pretty face of his sweetheart was wreathed with a proud and happy smile.

Whenever he stopped at a house where he was known for a drink of water when he was hunting, the fame of his exploit had gone before him, and the good wife was sure to offer doughnuts and cheese to the protector of poultry yards. Old fox hunters condescended to talk to him of hounds and foxes, and treated him as an entered apprentice of the craft.

But Antoine was incorrigible. "Ah'll hear 'em said, some of it, dat fox you'll git hees skin of it, was he so hol' jes gat ready for dead for hol', an' fall off de walls an' keel hese'f. Den some of it said, de fox was be so scare of de nowse de gawn mek raght in hees face of it, he'll had some kan' o' fit in hees heart an' come dead so. Naow, yot tol' me de way he was, Bawb. Ah'll an't tol' somebody, me."

"You can go an' look o' the shot marks in the pelt if you want tu find aout," Sammy answered, testily.

"Poh! Dat ant not'ing," Antoine scoffed. "You could shot it jes well hafter hees dead as 'fore. Oh, Ah'll de boy for keel de fox w'en Ah leave in Canada, jes wid club. Ah'll see fox on de lot, hunt some mices, den Ah'll hid mase'f behin' stump an' shreek jes lak mices, 'Speep! Speep!'"—drawing in his breath between his compressed lips—"an' dat foxes he'll stick his ear an' come raght where Ah'll be an' Ah'll stroke it wid club! Yas, sah, Bawb! An' Ah'll do dat two-tree tam, me. Den one tam Ah'll skreek so preffic Ah'll fool-de fox so bad, he'll come jomp raght hover de stomp an' touch hol' mah back neck an' ant le' go fore Ah'll holler lak loons. 'F you'll ant b'leeve dat, you look dat scars. What you tink for dat, hein?"

A convenient cicatrix left by a boil of long ago furnished a confirmation of the story, yet Sammy was incredulous and asked rather impudently, "Which is the biggest fools in Canerdy, the folks or the foxes?"

"You sassy leetly causs!" Antoine cried, in a towering rage. "You t'ink de peop' in Canada ant know some more as you damn Yankee?"

"No, they don't!" Sammy stoutly asserted, loyal to his own people.

"Bah gosh, den Ah leek you for show you de Canada mans he ant rembler so much every day as de Yankee mans know all hees lak tam!" And with that he advanced in series of short jumps, seeming to lift himself by the baggy seat of his trousers and uttering a frightful roar from his disturbed and violently shaken visage.

He cut such an absurd figure that at first Sammy thought it all a joke, but a second look at Antoine's face convinced him that his wrath was genuine. Though frightened, Sammy was of no mind to run, but backed away from his assailant, searching the ground out of the tail of an eye for some means of defense. Presently he discovered the boy's natural weapon, a stone, and laying hold of it stood at bay, and at once felt strengthened.

"Naow, don't you come a-nigh me, Mr. Antoine," he said.

Antoine executed another series of leaps without advancing, and roared more terribly, but Sammy stood his ground with his weapon at a ready, whereupon the expression of the Canadian's face changed from intense wrath to a blank, then to one of astonishment, and then began slowly to widen into an intended expression of mirthfulness, but it was a mournful failure. A little beyond him Sammy caught fleeting glimpses of a faded fur cap showing and hiding behind a scrawny thicket of wild plums in a roadside fence corner. The old cap had a familiar individuality, and beneath its torn and notched visor shone a pair of honest, kindly eyes watching every motion of Antoine.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" Antoine roared hilariously. "What hailed you, Bawb? Ant you t'ink Ah'll was jes in funs? You t'ink Ah'll mad? You ant t'ink Ah'll wan' hurt you, don't you? Bah gosh! Ah'll lak you fader sem Am do mah brudder. An' all hees fam'ly, bah gosh, too! T'row dawn you stone, mah boy, t'row him dawn."

Sammy hesitated, not quite convinced by Antoine's friendly declarations of the expediency of disarming himself.

Just then the old fur cap with Pelatiah Gove under it walked from behind the plum tree thicket and lounged into the road.

"Hello, Antoine!" he drawled; "you an' Sammy hevin' a argerment this mornin'?"

The Canadian wheeled about quickly quite taken by surprise, and Sammy quietly dropped the stone.

"Gosh a'maghty, Peltare, you mos' scare me!" cried the first, violently exhaling the words. "Ah'll ant know you was in four mile, me."

"I p'sume likely," said Pelatiah. "You was makin' consid'able noise one spell."

"Gosh! You hear me?" Antoine laughed, apparently much amused. "Ah'll was jes try for had leetly funs wid de boy 'baout hees fox."

"Gol, is that all? I cal'lated by the noise you made you was hevin' one o' them mad fits o' yaurn," said Pelatiah demurely.

"Bah gosh! 'F you'll ever see me w'en Ah'll mad Ah guess you'll ant t'ink so!" said Antoine with a scornful laugh and a terribly fierce look. "Four mans can' hol' me, an' mak holler shook de winder! Ah'll was honly wisper distance. Say, Peltare, Sammy pooty smart boy for keel dat hol' fox all 'lone, Ah tol' you, hein? He'll goin' mek jes such mans lak hees fader."

"He'll make a good one, then," said Pelatiah, "'most as good as they make 'em in Canerdy. Come, Bub, be you goin' towards hum? I was goin' tu git a leetle job done tu Uncle Lisher's," and with that they parted, company with Antoine, who henceforth spoke only in praise of Sammy's exploits.

"My, I was scairt!" said Sammy, exhaling a long-drawn breath when out of earshot. "I s-pected he was goin' tu give me a hidin'."

"Wal, he wouldn't ha'. I was a-watchin' on him from behind the bushes," said Pelatiah meekly.

"You was? Oh, Peltier!"

"You was right 'long as you kep' holt o' your stun, only I was feared you'd drop it when he begin a soft-sawd'-rin', an' so I come aout."

They plodded on in silence till they came to the shop. When Sammy was absent from it, Pelatiah entertained Uncle Lisha with the morning's adventure while the old man sewed up a ripped seam of his bootleg.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Matter of Evidence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 22.—In some of the cases, which have been prosecuted by men zealous in the cause of game protection, concerning the serving of game out of season by restaurants, I note that the usage or procedure seems to be accepted as correct, when the complainant orders a quail, or other game bird, eats part of it and puts the rest in his pocket as evidence.

Why is it necessary for a game warden, duly appointed by law, or duly appointed by force of insistence, to eat game which is illegally served, when he can secure the bird as evidence without eating it or a part of it? If it is served at all, the bird is then in the possession of him who orders it, and it is not at all necessary in the way of evidence that he then eat it or a part of it.

To a man up on a fence, it appears very much like a crafty manner of obtaining a good game dinner out of season, cloaked under a demonstration for the enforcement of law, and displaying the same appetite for game out of season which is possessed by men who are fond of game, yet have nothing to gain by notoriety.

If it is illegal to serve certain kinds of game out of season, it is morally illegal, if not illegal by the letter of the law, to eat it. Still it may be a more satisfying and enticing manner of convicting a caterer—the eating of the bird which he serves, then testifying against him afterward.

LUCIUS ANDREWS CHILDRESS.

"Winding among the buttes is the famous Lithodendron Creek, so named by Lieut. Whipple in 1853.

"The valley of this creek is narrow in the northern and central parts of the area, and there are several short branches or affluents, but at the southern end it broadens out and its rugged, spurred and cañoned slopes are highly picturesque. Here is located its principal petrified forest, and this is the region that has been characterized by some as Chalcedony Park. The petrified logs are countless at all horizons, and lie in the greatest profusion on the knolls, buttes and spurs, and in the ravines and gulches, while the ground seems to be everywhere studded with gems consisting of the broken fragments of all shapes and sizes and exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow. When we remember that this special area is several miles in extent, some idea can be formed of the enormous quantity of this material that it contains.

"Besides the fact that this bed lies wholly within the petrified forest area, there is another important circumstance which serves to give it special prominence. One of the most celebrated objects in the whole region is the well-known Natural Bridge, mentioned by so many travelers and referred to in the documents quoted at the beginning of this report, consisting of a great petrified trunk lying across a cañon and forming a natural foot bridge on which men may easily cross. This occurred on the northeast side of the above-mentioned mesa near its rim, and the bed in which it lies is the coarse sandstone which holds all the petrified wood. The Natural Bridge therefore possesses the added interest of being in place, which can be said of but very few of the other petrified logs of the region.

"The cañon or gulch has a due north direction and is very precipitous, beginning only 200 yards above the bridge and rapidly broadening in its descent. At the point where the bridge crosses it it is about 30 feet wide, but the trunk lies diagonally across and measures 44 feet between the points where it rests upon the sides of the cañon. The angle is nearly 45 degrees, and the tree lies with its roots to the southeast and its top to the northwest. The cañon is here about 20 feet deep, and from its bottom and sides several small trees are growing, some of which rise considerably above the bridge. The trees are mostly cedars, but there is one cottonwood (*Populus angustifolia*). The root is quite near the brink of the cañon, but rests on a solid ledge for a distance of 4 feet, so that there is no probability that, in this dry region, it will be endangered by further erosion. The total length exposed is 111 feet, so that more than 60 feet of the upper part lies on the left bank of the cañon. At about the middle of the cañon and above where the coating of sandstone still adheres, it measures 10 feet in circumference, giving a diameter of over 3 feet. At the base it is now 4 feet in diameter, but the thickness of the incrustation is not accurately known. At the extreme summit the diameter is reduced to 18 inches. As in the case of practically all of the petrified logs of the region, there are no indications of limbs or branches at the top.

"No one denies that visitors to this region usually carry away with them as much as their means of transportation will permit, but this consists usually, of course, of the smaller objects that lie in such profusion on the ground. At the first view it might seem that the immense quantity of such objects makes it impossible that any appreciable impression can ever be made upon the whole mass in this way. This is the same kind of reasoning, or rather unreasoning, that has led to the practical extinction of the buffalo, and which threatens to exhaust the sources of natural gas. But the class of persons known as relic hunters is very large, and the number who will in the future visit the petrified forest is destined greatly to increase. They usually carry with them some concealed tools or instruments, and with these they are perpetually breaking off pieces of objects, which they wish to carry away as souvenirs. In this way the finest trunks are being hacked to pieces and disfigured. For example, there are several places on the Natural Bridge where this process has been going on until quite large holes or unsightly cavities have been dug in the upper side of the trunk. The small pieces, chips and blocks that lie in such profusion on the ground vary greatly in form and coloration, and it is, of course, always the most symmetrical and brilliant that are first picked up, and these will eventually be so culled out that only the plain, unattractive pieces will be left.

"Leading citizens and prominent public men in Arizona are sincerely desirous of preserving this interesting spot from vandalism and wanton destruction, and many of them think that this can best be done by making it a national reserve and appointing proper guardians to take charge of it. As they show, the expense of this need not be large. A single mounted ranger, such as now patrol the forest reserves of the Colorado Plateau, would probably be adequate for this purpose for some time to come.

"As nearly all visitors must approach the forests by way of the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad, it is clearly to the interest of the road that they be made as attractive as possible, and there is no doubt that the officers of the road will gladly co-operate with the Government in this matter. A few years ago the nearest railroad station was Corrijo, which is some six miles west of north of the upper forest. The inconvenience of this was apparent to the railroad authorities, and they have recently established a station due north of the forests, only seven miles from the nearest margin and about eight miles from the Natural Bridge. This station is Adamana, the name being modified from the only person living there, Mr. Adam Hanna, upon whom now falls the duty of conducting parties to the petrified forests. Mr. Hanna derives considerable revenue from this source, especially as it is usually necessary for parties to stay over night, and he takes care of them. But this house is not convenient to the station, and is not adapted for a hotel, and as the number of visitors increases it will be necessary to provide more ample accommodations. There will need to be a hotel with civilized conveniences, and it will eventually be to the interest of the railroad company to provide such, as also suitable conveyances and guides."

This tract of land is unsuitable for cultivation and has no value outside of its scenic beauty and fossil curiosities. The people of Arizona desire that it should thus be set apart. The wanton destruction by the use of powder and dynamite will continue until the region is protected by law. Reckless men destroy these great curiosities with

explosives in search of the beautiful crystals from the interior of the trunks of the trees.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the sunny climate of Arizona can take care of themselves, but the Petrified Forest will be destroyed unless it is protected by law, and it is proposed by this bill to create a national park for the preservation of this wonderland for the enjoyment of posterity. The bill which is now before the House has been prepared for that purpose, and when enacted into law will add the Petrified Forest National Park of Arizona to the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, Rainier and the other wonders of nature around which the Government of the United States has thrown its protecting mantle.

Summer Molting Plumage of Male Ducks.

It has long been known to a few gunners that the male mallard, and some other ducks, assume during the summer a plumage very different from that which they commonly wear during the autumn, winter and spring, and not unlike that of the female. This is not generally known, and even by ornithologists has not been at all understood. Recently, however, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, for the last quarter of 1899, Mr. Witmer Stone, in a paper entitled "The Summer Molt and Plumage of Certain Ducks," has thrown much light on the subject.

Mr. Stone calls attention to the fact that in only one of our ducks—the old squaw—does the adult male possess a distinct winter plumage which is different from the breeding dress, that the old males of all our other ducks remain in the same plumage from the time they arrive in autumn till their departure northward in spring, and that judging by analogy we should suppose that since these ducks show no tendency toward a change of plumage when they leave us in the spring they must retain the same feathers that covered them during the winter until the end of the breeding season, when a complete molt should occur and a new dress be assumed exactly like the one just shed.

That this is not the fact is known, and as stated, the "summer plumage," "molting plumage," or "plumage after the breeding season" has been described in some species. The first record of this peculiar summer plumage in the male ducks is found in the supplement to "Montague's Ornithological Dictionary," 1813, under the head of "The Pintail (*Dafila acuta*). The observations made on some domesticated birds are given as follows: "In the month of June or beginning of July these birds commence their change of plumage, and by degrees after making a singular mottled appearance, especially on the part of the body which was white before, became by the first week in August entirely of a brown color. The beautiful bronze on the head, the white streak on each side of the neck, and all the white beneath, as well as the elegant scapulars, had entirely vanished, and to all appearance a sexual metamorphosis had taken place. But this change was of short duration, for about the latter end of September one of the males began to assume the masculine attire * * * and by the middle of October this bird was again in full plumage."

Twenty-five years later the naturalist Waterton described a similar molt in the male mallard, and as time went on other species were found to undergo like changes. In Mr. Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds," a number of species are given as having a peculiar summer plumage resembling the female. Such are the mallard, bluewing and cinnamon teal, the gadwall, widgeon, pintail and scaup. On the whole, however, very little is said in the books about this change.

Mr. Stone's examination of four species of eider ducks brought back from the Arctic by Mr. E. A. Mcllhenny, and taken near Point Barrow, throws considerable light on the subject, and Mr. Stone is disposed to believe that in all ducks where the plumages of the male and female are markedly different we may expect to find this double molt and dull summer plumage in the male. He points out that this summer plumage is in no sense a nuptial dress, and that while it may begin to appear before the young birds are hatched, it is not seen until after the mating season is over, and is distinctly a postnuptial dress. The change is chiefly restricted to the head, neck, breast and scapulars; in other words, to those parts which are most conspicuously colored.

A very important point in connection with this summer plumage, is that the annual molt of the flight feathers does not begin until it has been fully acquired, and that as soon as the new flight feathers have become strong enough to be used the dull plumage as well as the remainder of the old plumage is lost, the molt of the body feathers proceeding in the usual way. In other words, this dull plumage lasts only during the period while the birds are unable to fly, for, as is well understood, ducks molt the quill feathers of their wings all at once, and for a time lose the power of flight. Now at such a time a dull plumage would naturally be useful in rendering the bird inconspicuous, and thereby protecting it, and this, Mr. Stone believes, is the explanation of this curious summer molt. He adds that the feathers of this plumage are very poor and loosely constructed, like the "first" plumage of young birds, which is only a temporary summer dress.

Mr. Stone quotes European authors who have described eider ducks of different species in this dress, but have called them young males, evidently not appreciating the meaning of the change. He then goes on to describe in detail this summer plumage in four species of Pacific eiders, and in the red-breasted merganser, from which it appears that up to July the nuptial dress of the male is usually retained, but that by the latter part of August and in early September this "summer molting plumage," as Mr. Stone calls it, is fully assumed.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, April 24, at 8 o'clock.

April 24—Eugene Smith. "Notes on Some Local Fishes and Batrachians." WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary American Museum of Natural History.

Spring Notes.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Spring time is coming," though when it will actually arrive in earnest is somewhat problematical. Anyhow, it has come according to the almanac, and my daughter picked a bunch of "pussy willows" on Sunday, and on Tuesday I was delighted by the sight of a pair of robins flitting and coquetting on the rim of a toman, which, with a bit of bare ground around it, had appeared above the snow, on the lawn south of my window.

Then they began flying about among the trees as if in search of a place to build a nest, but it was cold and raw yesterday, and they did not put in an appearance. The snow has gone from the middle of the road, leaving a broad streak of mud, and the country teams have discarded runners and come into the village on wheels. The side paths are yet merely ditches, where the snow plows cleared them in the winter, and between them and the roadway is a sheet of ice 4 or 5 inches thick, through which numerous little brooks are cutting narrow channels. If this sheet of ice extends under the top snows into the woods, as I fear it does, I pity the squirrels and other little "wool" folk, for the fallen nut must be inaccessible, and I fear game, as well as fish, will be scarce the coming year.

I can indorse what my friend Commissioner Wentworth has said as to the drying up of the brooks last summer and the probable extermination of the trout in all southern New Hampshire, and now we are to be favored in this town by another "forest raid" by the Diamond Match Company, who have secured all the pine timber of any consequence about here, and are stripping the hills as fast as possible, while the oak which grows among them has been secured by a furniture factory. My squirrel-shooting days are over, and my grandchildren are all girls, so it does not touch me personally, so far as game is concerned, but I fear the brooks will dry up worse than ever, and I hate to see the hills as bare as those of Scotland, for we have not the moist climate in summer to keep the streams full. I am sorry to see by Mr. Hough's letters that the spring shooters are still busy slaughtering the migratory birds in the Western States, and fear the canvasback and the mallard will follow the wild pigeon and the buffalo unless the general Government interposes soon, but I have said enough on this subject for one man not directly affected.

I might, however, call attention to one point—summer woodcock shooting. The sportsmen of some of the Middle States complain that if they do not shoot woodcock in July they cannot get them at all. Now I do not believe this. The question is as old as the days of Frank Forester, when it was pretty clearly shown that woodcock "took to the woods" during the moulting season, reappearing later, and I know they have not gone south, for one of the best days I ever had with those birds was one sunny first of November almost forty years ago here in New Hampshire.

Let me add my little tribute to the memory of Fred Mather, whom I shall sadly miss from your columns. It is some years since I have seen him, but I have read and enjoyed all he has written. I first met him in Philadelphia in 1876, at the meeting of fish culturists and commissioners at the Centennial Exposition, and afterward at Holyoke with Prof. Milner, when I was after shad fry, in an attempt to restock the Merrimack River, and have had more or less correspondence with him since, always redolent, on his part, with that quaint humor which so strongly marked his character, and I sincerely regret his departure for the better land. I am very glad, however, that almost the last words he wrote were an indorsement of one of my hobbies—the English spelling of the name of the "winnish," or "wannish"—for I can see no reason for using the French alphabet, when we have a fuller one of our own, on the authority of a tribe of Indians who never had an alphabet, and will accept the words as I have spelt them as readily as if they were spoken by any Canadian from the French spelling. *Quantum suff.* VON W.

Wild Pigeon Days.

WE have been "looking backward" to-day, and feel again that thrill of delight when as a great favor we were allowed to spend an evening with our father on Black Creek, seated in the old flat-bottomed boat and commanded to "keep still" while the man paddled quietly, and father, standing with spear in hand, watched for black bass or pickerel, guided in his sure aim by the bright fire of pine knots or hickory bark from the jack fastened securely at the end of the boat.

And those delicious pigeon pies! None needed to be denied the "dainty dish fit to set before the king." The sky was fairly darkened by the flight of the birds, and at eventide what a twittering and chirping from the myriads of these pigeons literally swarming on the trees on the creek's bank. It needed no skillful shot to bag this game, as it was as plenty as the quail for the Israelites.

They still fish for bass and pickerel, but the pigeons come no more.

Last season, however, at our little place in the country in a thicket of underbrush growing back of the apple orchard, were seen wild pigeons smaller than the old-time ones, but some were shot by a sportsman, and they were certainly of the same species.

Can any of your readers enlighten us in regard to these birds?

Have they been seen elsewhere? It would be a blessing indeed to the farming community if they would come in great numbers, as with so many insects, pests and fungus diseases the farmer would now welcome the pigeon and appreciate its value as never before.

SARAH B. BOWERMAN.

[To persons who have time and again looked up the reported occurrence of the passenger pigeon in various localities, and have found that the bird seen was something entirely different, the phrase "wild pigeon smaller than the old-time ones" has a suspicious sound. Were not these supposed small pigeons merely mourning doves; birds which in shape and flight more or less closely resemble the passenger pigeon of childhood days? In many parts of the land these mourning doves are still abundant, and in many places they are slaughtered as

ruthlessly as ever were the wild pigeons, but as their numbers are so much less, fewer can be killed at one time, and they still exist, though growing constantly scarcer.]

Hawk and Carrier Pigeon.

WEST POINT, N. Y., April 6.—On March 3 I saw a duck hawk strike and kill a pigeon, and scaring off the hawk I rescued the body of its victim. It was a carrier with an aluminum band on its left ankle marked T—54758, the letter T lying on its side. To whom does this pigeon belong?
WIRT ROBINSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Very Old-Timer.

CHICAGO, Ill.—From time to time we get word of one of the old-time plains hunters of a past generation. Sometimes these men prove fakes and frauds, and most often their experiences are not of consequence. It is therefore a discovery of singular interest to get word this week of a man who was not only an old-timer of the West, but whose very long life entitles him to respect if for no other reason.

The Morning Record, of Traverse City, Mich., bearing date of March 2, recounts the birthday celebration, at Traverse City, of the one hundredth birthday of Dan Whipple, who for ten years past has been a citizen of that country. The event was one of considerable consequence, and Mr. Whipple was greeted by many friends.

It is said of Dan Whipple that the story of his life, if written, would read like a romance, instead of the actual experiences of an ordinary mortal. He was born March 1, 1800, a century ago, at Franklinville, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., a farmer boy. At twenty-two he started alone for the great West, which seemed to call him. He saw Chicago when it was but a group of hovels. He traveled most of the way on foot to the Missouri River, where he made a partnership with George Trasker, and together they trapped all over the Indian country of the upper West beyond the river.

In 1843 Whipple joined the Fremont expedition across the Salt Lake country and over the mountains, a journey of fourteen months, all full of hardships. It is not stated which one this was of the Fremont expeditions; but it is stated that about eight years before the Civil War Whipple became the friend of Kit Carson, and that they hunted together all through the Rockies, fighting Indians and having the customary experiences of that land and time. They crossed the Rockies together, and Whipple is said to be mentioned in earlier publications as figuring in many of Carson's exploits. Whipple was in the wildest West for forty years, and during that time crossed the Rockies no less than six different times. His story might have been that of the dime novel Indian killer, for his sweetheart was murdered by Indians while he was yet a young man, and from that time on he was upon a perpetual warpath. Of these things Whipple does not speak very freely, and indeed he seems to have been very reticent about his whole life, never in the least vaunting himself. One must confess never to have noted his name in the records of the early plainsmen and explorers, or at least not to have retained recollection of the fact; yet his story outruns that of the oldest of our old-time Western men. How he has been overlooked so long is something of a puzzle, but it is to be hoped that he may yet live many years.

Whipple comes of a centenarian family. He declares that his father was 113 years of age, and adds the most startling statement that his grandfather lived to 133 years. His father served in the war of 1812. Dan Whipple himself served for four years in the Northern Army in the Civil War, enlisting with the First Iowa Volunteers. He was at Pittsburg Landing, Pea Ridge and other important engagements. He was in California in the gold days, but preferred hunting to mining. After the war he came to Michigan. Three years ago, when ninety-seven years of age, he was on a bear hunt in Michigan Upper Peninsula. Just before his birthday he walked seventeen miles in one day, in deepish snow, and he walked five miles on his one hundredth birthday. He is said to be still a hale old man, though failing perceptibly in the last ten years. His photograph was taken at the occasion of his centennial day. He lives at the house of Alex Mason, near Traverse City, Mich.

Here is surely an old-timer, and his story is worthy of something better than the exploitation of the Sunday press. The newspaper which tells his story as above is a modest one, and makes its statements in good faith, so that one may not doubt the essential accuracy of its story of Dan Whipple's life. Strangest of all is the fact that Whipple himself seems not to have attracted attention as an old Western man before to-day. He should outrun Ruxton, be comrade to the shade of Bill Williams and friend of the living Bill Hamilton. These old men are a precious legacy of the past, but they seem doomed to an oblivion never earned by the character of their deeds.

Distinguished Offenders.

Fish Commissioners Kercheval and Vogelsang recently spoiled a nice dinner out in San Francisco. The dinner was to have been given by Assistant District Attorney W. H. Alford to District Attorney Byington, Frank Gould, Gavin McNab and other politicians. It was announced as a game dinner, though the game season was closed. The two officers on search found 2,160 dressed quail, 240 ducks, many grouse, etc., all in possession of two poultry firms. The game was boxed and marked "blackbirds." It was given to charitable institutions. The district attorneys seem to have been unskilled in their business.

An Iridescent Dream.

Last week there appeared in these columns a story regarding the Minnesota National Park prospects, in which some mention was made of the work done by the United States Government in the "preservation of the headwaters" of the Mississippi River. It was remarked there,

and with what is no doubt truth, that the head of water in the river was not much affected, except as the lumbermen desired. In this connection it is interesting to note comment of a very different nature which was made on this same work some years ago, the instance in especial point being a two-page article in Harper's Weekly of Jan. 9, 1897. The writer of that article was an enthusiast over this preservation business, and he undoubtedly saw in these big Government dams a work which to his mind would be of great usefulness all along the river. It is an iridescent but empty dream, this old-time view of these reservoirs up in the pine woods, as witness a few quotations from the text of the story:

"At any time from the early spring months until the late autumn—until the frost king has begun his sway, in fact—the Mississippi River for nearly 400 miles of its course can be controlled, regulated, manipulated! From his office in St. Paul Major Jones, directing the operation of the system, can send out orders which will, at a given hour, bring to any part of the river in all this upper portion a given amount of increased flow, in any depth from ½ inch to 2 feet 6 inches. * * * It is a strange power which this man wields—the controlling of hundreds of miles in the course of one of the mightiest rivers of the globe, holding it in check, steadily supporting it in time of sore need, raising it from its rocky bed, where it lies a stricken giant, prone and weak, undone by the tremendous attacks of the deadly, devastating drought * * * This vast reservoir system stands unique among the engineering enterprises of the world. It accentuates anew the mental equipment of the men of the nineteenth century. It has been a magnificent help to the noblest stream of water on the globe, giving it for all time to come the splendid aid of the strong arm of man."

Now, isn't that all very nice writing—nice to read and to think about? And is it not too bad that the old steamboat men and the river guides and all that half amphibious element which ought to know about these things cannot agree with the writer of those lovely sentences? They think the old Mississippi could always take care of itself pretty well without the "strong arm of man," and that she did not formerly languish very much on her rocky bed.

There are some few partial truths in the above enthusiastic article, prominent among these the statement that the reservoir system has been a "magnificent help." It has indeed been a magnificent help—to the lumbermen! When they are through with it it is likely the river will be left to languish again the way it used to do. And, by the way, since the big Winnebigoishish dam was blown out last year we haven't heard that the Gulf of Mexico has gone dry, or anything stopped the Minneapolis mills, have we? And yet the frost king has held his sway there for at least one solstice. He will be holding it in a yet warmer region before those dams are worth one-tenth of what they cost to anybody but the lumbermen who are stealing the Indian pine. Take one-tenth of what they cost, give the Indians one-tenth of what is theirs, and you will be doing some justice to the Indians and some good to the people. As to the dams, they are nice things. We all used to like to build dams, when we were boys. But blow them all out, and methinks the Father of Waters would still be found doing business at the old stand.

The Wishininne Club.

The Wishininne Club meets daily at a certain Randolph street place, the assembly hour being 1 P. M. sharp. There are some bankers, some merchants, an artist or so, the librarian of the biggest library in the city, some men prominent in politics, the president of the Board of Education of Chicago, etc., etc., so that it may be seen that wealth, beauty and culture are there in absolute profusion. Yet no one of the members is proud either of his wealth, his beauty or his culture. Every one who comes there is a sportsman and is proudest of all of his doings by lake or river, in the fields or forests. Each man is a good shot and a good angler, or thinks he is, though openly scoffed at by his fellows. They are talking of establishing a little game preserve and club of their own one of these days, not a thousand miles away from Chicago, though that is not yet to be called news.

After luncheon is over at the Wishininne Club there is daily a brief symposium on things pertaining to sport, and occasionally one hears a story a bit out of the ordinary, true or not so true. Yesterday conversation began upon angling matters, and some one mentioned the fact of a muscallunge being caught up at Fox Lake, with a spoon hook fast in its mouth. "The odd part of that," said Mr. Wells, "is the fact that this was the same spoon hook lost by Buff Clark there more than a year ago."

"Pshaw, that's nothing," said Mr. Pope; "that's happened lots of times. I've heard of such occurrences a hundred times myself."

"Yes," said Mr. Wells, reflectively, "I know it; so have I. The only strange thing about this is that Mr. Clark lost that spoon two years before, and it was up in Rice Lake, Minn., more than 600 miles away."

No one said anything at this. It was rather a delicate thing to comment upon. "Moreover," continued the story teller, "the spoon hook had Mr. Clark's monogram on the back, so there could be no doubt as to the identity of the spoon—none whatever."

"Oh, certainly not—not in the least," said everybody hastily, lest Mr. Wells should think his veracity questioned.

Thus encouraged, the first speaker went on: "Singular thing," he said, "what odd circumstances sometimes take place out hunting. Now, about twenty years ago, down in this Calumet country, where the Kleinman boys used to shoot, one day Henry and Abe Kleinman were out shooting ducks, or, rather, at this time Henry was shooting and Abe was two miles away, in a wagon, driving across the bottoms. A duck came across where Henry was and he fired at it and apparently did not touch it, which was the first time such a thing ever happened in the life of Henry Kleinman. Henry sat down and began to cry, because he thought he was going to be sick, or something. Now, Abe turned around and saw this duck come on not hit, and was thinking what a sad thing it was for one of the family to miss a duck. The bird came right on over him as he sat in the wagon, but he had no gun and could not shoot. He pulled up his whip and pointed at the duck. It gave a convulsive struggle and fell flat to

the ground! I might say it fell in the wagon, but it didn't, only near the wagon, and Abe went out and got it, thus saving the honor of the family. Henry had hit it in the wing bone with one shot. When it saw another Kleinman pointing at it it tried to rise swiftly, and the extra effort broke the shattered wing bone. That is really a true story."

"Oh, of course, of course," said everybody. "That reminds me of something of the same sort that happened up at Fox Lake," said Mr. Pope. "Mr. Wells is right in saying this is true, for he was the hero of my story, which is quite similar. We were standing in our blind one spring day and bluebills came across and he fired at them. They went on a half mile, not hit so far as we could see, and then one of them quietly lit out in the lake. Old man Stanley was out with ex-Mayor Hemp Washburne, of Chicago, and Hemp, he says, 'Let's go over that way, and I think I can hit 'em if they don't fly. So they went over, and he kept ready to shoot till they got within 10 feet of the duck, and then Stanley told him not to shoot, for the duck was dead. And so it was. Now, who ought to have had that duck?'"

"The one that saw it first," was the opinion of the legal department.

"But that isn't the only time I ever heard of such a thing," continued Mr. Pope. "My friend Brewster was out in Iowa shooting last September, and he was across a marsh a mile away when he saw a man shoot at a mallard. As in Mr. Kleinman's case, it flew on as though not hit, and came so close to Brewster that he raised his gun to shoot at it. Just as he did so it let go and came down stone dead before he had time to pull trigger."

"That story seems really to be a very common one," said Mr. Graham Harris, judicially.

"I'll never forget," said Mr. Clark, the bank president, "about a little day I once had hunting with this same gentleman, Mr. Washburne. Dick Turtle came to one of us and said he knew where we could get a good bird dog, and we asked where, and he said, 'Out in the dog pound.' Sure enough we did find a pretty fair looking bird dog there, and we bailed him out for \$10. That next morning we started out before daybreak to try for some shooting, out southwest of town, and we had the dog tied behind the buggy. Three different times we had farmers call out to us, and point at something or other behind us, but we thought it was nothing important. 'They just ain't used to seeing me dressed up this way,' said Hemp, who was Mayor then. Well, we drove out about six miles and stopped to look around. We found the pace had been a bit too strong for our new dog. He was stone dead, and had the hair wore off him where we had been skating him along the right of way of the road."

"Well, of all fool things!" said Mr. Dennis, the smoker on his left.

"And that ain't all," said Mr. Clark. "That night, when we came back to the horse and buggy, what do you think we found? We had left our horse hitched up all right, head pointed away from the buggy. On this both Mr. Washburne and myself agree perfectly. Well, when we came back, that horse was standing, still hitched up, and without a strap broken or twisted, but with his head pointing to the dashboard! Now, how do you account for that?"

It was the unanimous opinion of the legal department that the horse must have turned a somersault, and indeed this would appear to be the most logical theory. But what made him throw the somersault? That is still a mystery.

"I heard a singular thing the other day," resumed Mr. Wells, "told by Charlie Beck, of Evanston. He was out goose hunting, down along the Kankakee River, some time ago, and was shooting at the geese with buckshot for his load. He shot one goose hard, and it flew off, with no sign of immediate stopping. Two days later the goose was found in a tree top, two miles below. The heavy shot had cut open its body, and as it flew across this tree it actually was entangled by its protruding viscera and so held fast."

"A friend of mine shot a man once," said another, "and this reminds of a funny thing that once happened to Jack Parker, the well-known trapshooter, over at Detroit. Jack was sitting on a fence about 30 yards ahead of his companion, when they were out snipe hunting, and the other fellow shot Jack good and plenty as he sat on the fence, knocking him off on the other side and making him awfully mad. The careless shooter was scared more than Jack was, and he seemed to get a bad case of rattles. He came running up to Jack with tears in his eyes, and holding out a big red apple he had found in his pocket. 'Oh, Jack, Jack, I didn't mean to; I didn't mean to! Here, take this,' he sobbed. He wanted to square himself the best he could, and as it happened this apple did it, for Jack burst out laughing and let it go at that, though he never tires of telling how the fellow looked, coming up with a red apple as a peace offering for a skin full of shot."

"Well," said another one, "I expect some of the funniest things that ever did happen have happened to shooters and fishers. Now, for instance, take the case of the joke the Saginaw gang played on their friend Charlie Davis, over there. They were all out on a trout fishing trip, and they had to leave the wagon and walk a little way to the stream. Mr. Davis had along a bottle of gin which he prized very much for medicinal purposes, as it had been recommended by his physician as a tonic after a case of the grip. This bottle he placed in a spring of cold water near where the wagon was left, and went away forgetting it. Not so careless was another member of the party, who went over to the bottle and poured out the gin, refilling the bottle with water. He said it was a shame for a man to drink gin, anyhow. That night when they all got ready to start home, Mr. Davis bethought him of his bottle of gin, and also thought it was time for a bit of tonic. He went over in the dusk of evening to the place where he had left his medicine, and picking up the bottle took a good pull at it. A look of horror overspread his face as he turned toward his friends. 'My God! boys,' said he, 'I'm ruined! I've got diphtheria! I've lost my taste!' He has never yet heard the last of that story."

At this point the club adjourned for the day.

Wild Turkeys in Oklahoma.

I was talking to-day with Fred Taylor, one of the old-

est old-time shooters of Chicago, and a man who spends each winter in the Indian Nations, where he was long engaged in the cattle business. Mr. Taylor says that the turkeys, not long ago nearly cleaned out over a wide strip of country there, seem now to be abundant again in some parts of that country, especially the Caddo, Kiowa and Comanche, and Choctaw reservations. He said he had no trouble in killing all he wanted last winter. The settlement of Oklahoma opened about 6,000,000 acres of land, but left about 13,000,000 acres untouched by settlers below there. The opened lands are now held by farmers who have many of them grown rich since the wild race for land seven years ago. The game was largely killed off of that country the first year after it was opened, but some of it took refuge in the Indian lands not opened, where not everybody is allowed to hunt. In these close districts the turkeys and deer are still to be found.

"I made one hunt in Arkansas a few years ago, in the thick woods country," said Mr. Taylor, "and I want to say to you that if you have to hunt turkeys in the deep woods you'd better buy 'em. In the Indian Nations in the old days it was common to see a thousand turkeys on one roost in a single night. They fed out over the ridges and prairies, but every night every turkey would come into the creek bottoms to roost. They always roost over water, if it's only a little bit of a creek. One or two of us killed 32 turkeys out of 40 shots; in one roost."

"We used to go down there and have great shooting. Fifteen years ago five of us went down there from Chicago; as I remember it was John and Bill Haskell and Jack Whiting and myself, maybe one other, that went in, and we were there on the South Fork of the Canadian for a couple of weeks or so. We killed 360 turkeys, and we brought 120 of them back to Chicago. It is hard to give a turkey away down there. No one wants them. An Indian won't touch a turkey under any circumstances."

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Phantom Moose.

ABOUT a hundred miles north of the St. Lawrence River, deep in the Laurentian forest, is a lake, called by the Indians' Woulumkok, and by the white trappers Kowenkok.

It is accessible only by canoe and trail. Its clear, cold waters are prolific in fish—the great Northern pike, with its perpendicular bars of gold; the muscalonge and the large gray trout. Black bears are often seen on its shores, and moose and caribou visit it. Surrounded on all sides by the illimitable woods, dense and tangled as when Champlain and his dusky allies threaded the intricate mazes of the Canadian wilderness, it is a typical forest lake—an "eye of the forest."

That it has or ought to have its own mysteries and legends will sufficiently appear by an incident now veraciously chronicled.

I visited it last August, crossed it in a canoe and went beyond, northward, by trails to Lake Baude, Lake Duval and Sleigh Lake, camping for several days and nights.

On the trail near Lake Woulumkok the huge track of an animal was plainly visible here and there, but I took no particular thought of it until a subsequent event brought it to mind.

Later in the season, when the autumn winds were driving the first snow clouds over the lake, a hunter friend, whom I shall designate the Veteran, arrived with his guides at the southern shore and embarked. As he was sitting in his canoe wrapped in a heavy shooting coat and caressing his good rifle while the snow flakes whirled around his head, the leading guide, Aimé, called in low tones, "Un original, un original!"

The Veteran roused himself, and looking ahead, saw in the lake, moving through the water toward the shore, a monstrous pair of antlers, like the branches of a wide-spreading oak.

Urged by Aimé's nimble paddle, the canoe jumped ahead. The chase lasted for five minutes. It seemed half an hour. Then the enormous bulk of the animal rose from the water, looming up at the side of a large rock on the edge of the beach. He stood between the canoe and the rock. The Veteran, cool as a Laurentian morning, firm and steady of nerve and muscle, blazed away, broadside on, from the canoe. The monarch dipped his big antlers, as if with magnificent courtesy he acknowledged a salute, but the royal dignity of attitude only aroused the sportsman's ambition to secure such a rare prize, and he pumped the magazine of his rifle empty of its lightning bolts; yet, except for the courtly bowing of his head, the moose appeared undisturbed by the roar and din and the pelting of the balls.

As he started for the woods the Veteran and his guides leaped ashore and rushed after him, but Mercury-like wings seemed to spring from the feet of the beast, and he swept through space with incredible speed and ease. The hunters recollected afterward that as they pursued they heard no sound of crashing through the bush, no dashing or rattling of antlers against the tree trunks, but that with the silence of the falling snow flakes the coveted game rushed on until he vanished behind the drapery of the low-hanging cloud.

Diligent search was made for him, but without success. The solution of the mystery was to be learned where the waters of the lake met the shore.

Perplexed in the extreme, the hunters returned to the rock on the beach, and found six scars on its granite face, showing conclusively that all the balls of the magazine had torn clean through the body of the beast.

Then the Veteran knew that he shot at the Giant Phantom Moose of Lac Woulumkok.

J. W. H.

New York Preserve Trespass Law.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under Section 236 of the Fish and Game Law just repealed, an individual owner or lessee of the premises upon which it was claimed a penalty had been incurred was authorized to bring an action for its recovery without giving security for costs, and any other individual could bring an action upon giving such security.

Under the law just enacted this right has been entirely taken away from the owners or lessees of premises who are the ones primarily interested, but given to outsiders upon their giving security for costs, as will appear by

reference to Section 188 of the law just enacted, which is in part as follows:

"Actions by Private Persons or Societies.—A private person except the owner or lessee of premises upon which a penalty is incurred, on giving security for costs to be approved by a judge of the court in which the action is brought and any society or corporation for the protection of fish or game, may recover in his or its name any penalty imposed by this act, and shall be entitled in case of collection to one-half of the recovery; the balance shall be paid to the Commission."

As I am the owner in part or wholly of a couple of lakes or ponds, I am interested in trying to find out why a right of action to recover penalties should be denied to me while it is given to an outsider who has no interest in protecting my property.

J. S. V. C.

A Bag of Turkeys.

WHILE I was engaged in having assessment work done on some mining lands in Newton county, Ark., in December, 1899, I was informed by some boys who came to our camp that on the mountain north of us I could find a large drove of wild turkeys. Now if anything makes me feel happier than to see a bunch of these splendid birds feeding I do not know what it is.

The mountains in that section are very rugged and heavily timbered, but the woods are rather open, the undergrowth being sparse and small. The timber is white, black and post oak, hickory, beech, walnut, cherry and a half-dozen other kinds, and such timber! Walnut 6 feet in diameter, and white oak the same; in fact, nowhere in the South does such a wealth of timber exist.

One bright afternoon, taking my shotgun, as good a one as any gun I have ever seen, I climbed the steep mountain for about one mile to where a beautiful spring bursts from the rocks. I stopped and was enjoying the solitude of the gloomy, grand old forest when I espied a yellowhammer on a small tree and shot him. This disturbed two gray squirrels that ran to the top of a large wild cherry tree, but two loads of No. 6 put them in my game bag.

I then started north along a path, but had only gone a short distance when I walked out of the path to look down into a grove of post oaks, when I beheld a sight that put my heart to heaving like a trip hammer. Twenty-six as fine turkeys as I ever saw, not 200 yards distant, were feeding as though nothing could harm them, and paying no attention to the noise I had made killing the bird and squirrels. Armed only with a shotgun with some No. 2 shot cartridges, I began the task of getting in reach of those turkeys.

Down on my knees and hands I went, and after forty minutes of hard work I was within 75 yards of them. Selecting two big gobblers that were close together and in line. I gave them both barrels, and maybe there wasn't a racket on that hillside. One of them began to flop and whirl around like a chicken with its head cut off, and the other flew about 200 yards at right angles with the remainder of the drove that had gone over a high bluff into a ravine about one-fourth of a mile from where they rose. He came to the ground, staggered a few steps, rose and when he had gone perhaps 100 yards he let go and came tumbling down dead. I ran to the first one, and hanging him up in a small tree, followed the other, and did the same with him.

Just then I heard some dogs on the opposite side of the mountain begin to bark and a boy to encourage them. I knew this would turn the other turkeys back, so I hurried across a small draw and around to the north of where they came to the ground and climbed on some large rocks, where I had a good view of the mountain side. In a minute or two I saw two hens coming for me on a dead run, and waited until they were within 40 yards. I gave one of them the left hand barrel, and as the other rose I knocked her a clean summersault.

I now had four as fine turkeys as I ever saw, and not caring to hunt any more that day, I hung the two hens over my back and carried them to the gobblers, and when I finally got them all together I tied their heads together.

By resting frequently I reached camp about sundown, where I was received as a hero by Harry, my seven-year-old boy, who loves hunting and hunting stories as well as I do. We feasted like kings for a few days, and when these turkeys began to grow beautifully less under the attention which they received from the family and the five men who were working in the zinc mines for me, I took the same gun and went to the same mountain; but that is another story, and if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want to hear it I'll tell it another time.

J. E. LONDON.

As to Hogg Island Brant.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a very recent issue of your valuable paper a short article appeared entitled "Attacked by Brant on Hogg Island." It described a night flight of brant about the lighthouse, where the keeper and his friend procured guns and in sheer self-defense, I presume, killed 268 of the poor, blinded birds, who were on their annual trip to Canada—a place of safety for birds in the spring. Do you not think that it would be an act of humanity and preservation toward brant and other birds who may be journeying northward in future springs to their breeding ground, to ask the Government to have placards posted about that island giving its name?

M.

DUNNVILLE, Ont., April 2.

Good Signs in Ohio.

MANSFIELD, O., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While it has been a very stormy, snowy March in this middle northern section of the State, we have not had any of the deep snows with hard crusts that are reported from other parts of the country. I was out with my shotgun the other afternoon, when, as I approached a bushy pond, where I hoped to hear and see a stray flock of mallards rise from the middle of the bushes, a bevy of about twelve quail whirled up from all around me and scattered in an adjoining woods. Also saw a fox, squirrel and a rabbit in my walk of not over three miles from town. Pretty good signs even if "one swallow doesn't make a summer," that the quail and other game wintered in good shape around here at least.

H. S.

Spring in New England.

BOSTON, April 7.—Mr. L. Dana Chapman, Secretary and Treasurer of the Megantic Club, is just out of the woods from a flying trip to the club's preserve. It took two days each way to make the trip, including a couple of night rides to and from Portland to Boston. By rail the matter was easy as far as Rangeley and Dead River, but the rest of the way had to be done by teams, and the last five miles on foot. He found his camp keepers and guides all right, and engaged in hauling in supplies, the last part of the distance on hand sleds. The snow was from 5 to 7 feet deep, thawing a little in the middle of the day, but freezing to a very strong crust each night. He believes that this crust would have borne teams in good shape in the morning, but late in the day they would have been utterly lost in the snow. He took a number of photographs of snow scenes. One of the camps is entirely buried in snow, only the chimney being visible. Another camp is out of the snow only as to the roof. As to the game in that region, the guides say that the deer are all right, a great many having yarded not far from the different camps. As to partridges there is a good deal of doubt. The deep snows, followed by crusts, may have been decidedly disastrous. The guides have seen but little of them since the winter set in.

What is termed The Boys' Party, of the Monomoy Brant Club, has just returned from its week's shooting at the club's preserve. There were six or eight members and invited guests in this party, including Henry F. Colburn, of Newton; A. H. Wright, of Abington; Hon. R. G. Gray, of Walpole; E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence; Joseph Dorr, Benjamin Dorr, Edward Bigelow and two or three others, of Boston. The party had about the worst of tides for shooting at that point, since the shooting from the boxes has to be done at low tide, but they succeeded in getting thirty-one brant and three geese. One party had been down before this, but had indifferent success. The third party—six in number—is there at this writing. Mr. E. Frank Lewis made a number of pictures with his camera, and they promise to be very interesting when finished, especially one that should take in a flock of about thirty brant. Harry Reed, usually with this party, was hindered by business, though expecting to go up to the last moment.

SPECIAL.

The Massachusetts Game Bill.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to your correspondent, Special, in your issue of April 7, in regard to the Massachusetts game legislation being in a bad way, we will have to differ with him. Our bill, which he calls the Bennet bill, is really House Bill No. 549. This bill prohibits the sale of partridges and woodcock for three years, with a slight change in the opening of the season on all game birds till Oct. 10, and this went before the Legislature on a favorable report from the Legislative Committee on Fish and Game—9 to 2 in favor of the bill—instead of having leave to withdraw, as stated by Special.

Not at all. We do not think we are in a bad way; we think that the people are beginning to see the right and justice in preserving the partridge, and that to stop its sale is the only way to do it. A. B. F. KINNEY, President Massachusetts Central Committee for the Better Protection of Game.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Old Story.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of to-day is a query from W. W. Hastings, who wishes to know about the story of "The Two Highlanders." It was written by James Hogg, oftentimes called the "Ettrick Shepherd," and can be found in Hillard's Second Class Reader of 1856.

The scene is laid on the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson Bay. The characters are two brothers Macdonald, and the adventure resulted from their finding a cavern containing a litter of pigs nearly half-grown. Mack, the smaller man, undertook to crawl in and dirk the shoats, while Donald stood guard at the entrance. Simultaneously with the first squeals from the pigs an old boar made his appearance, "roaring and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage-gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming Mack; besides, the boar was so hard upon him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for anything, so settling himself firm and cocking his gun, he took his aim, but that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire. He at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all."

The gun failed to go, and the boar raised the siege in a hurry, Donald avoiding the charge and fleeing precipitately. The animal pursued him but a short way and returned to the burrow; fortunately, it had to drag itself into the mouth of the den, where its hind feet were powerless. At this juncture Donald seized its tail and held back for all he was worth while the boar pulled, and shoved with all his might when it tried to back out.

"Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered in what way he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking Donald was playing a trick upon him, but the darkness continuing, he at length bawled out, 'Donald, man, Donald; what is it that stops the light?'"

Donald was too breathless to reply at first, and Mack repeated his question. "Donald's famous laconic answer has often been heard of. 'Donald, man, Donald; I say, what is it that stops the light,' cried Mack. 'If the tail breaks, you'll find what it is,' said Donald."

Donald finally got a chance to use his dirk with effect and put an end to the suspense and darkness.

Of course this hunt resulted in much meat. The story tells that they had previously killed a wild turkey, which would seem a very northern range for that bird.

I cannot close this note without mentioning my sorrow upon reading of the death of Fred Mather. I only knew him through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but that was to know him well, and I have read everything he ever wrote for it. I, too, trust that he will meet the men he has fished with, for the list is longer than he knew of.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

Jones' "Wild Western Scenes" is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

It seems to bear the earmarks of the book wanted, and a line to that firm would make verification easy. I haven't seen the book myself, so am shy of definite statement.

J. P. T.

Sea and River Fishing.

More About the Boardman.

If you want to know anything about fish, fishing or fishing tackle; guns or game; boats or places to use them; or any other old thing wherein there is pure sport, just address yourself to the FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood and prepare to be astonished and grateful, for well will the results merit these emotions.

I wanted to know about Osage orange for rods, so I inserted a modest request for information in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM, and great has been my reward. Osage orange, bethabara, hickory, dogwood, osier willow, shadblow and many other woods and their treatment are now an open book to me, and more, I have enough bethabara and lancewood to enable me to put my newly acquired lore in practice fixing up my two fly rods.

The same mail that brought the paper with my letter in it brought also the first answer to it from a brother angler in New Jersey. He said: he didn't know anything about it himself, but gave me the address of another who did, from whom I received a very cordial letter stating that he made a heavy rod for salt water fishing of Osage orange, and it stood the test of killing a 37-pound fish that took over an hour of hard work to land. Then from Racine, Wis., another wrote that he and his fishing companion each made a bass rod of the wood, and after the first small bass had been done to death the tool would have answered admirably to fish around a corner with. They took good and plenty and kept all they got.

A letter from a Grand Rapids man, who is not a stranger to the Boardman, contained some very timely instructions as to the treatment of our native woods and was accompanied by several pieces of bethabara and lancewood for working into tips.

A Toledo, O., correspondent sent me a circular describing a two-piece silk-wound rod and offered to send me a couple to try. I sat right down and wrote him, "Don't." It would only add to my burden, for alas! I cannot spare the price. I have five children, of whom four are large enough to fish, and it's going to be a hard scrap to furnish them with the necessary tackle.

The only one who responded to my call that I cannot forgive until I have been up the river and surrounded a good rainbow is a rod maker, who send me his catalogue and shattered the last remnants of my peace of mind.

Owing to serious sickness in my family I have been unable to answer as yet, individually, the many kind letters received, but will endeavor to do so at an early date. All I can do at present to respond to this kindness of my brothers of the rod is to invite them to go a-fishing with me up the Boardman.

A gentleman in Pittsburg Pa., writes to ask if I think it would be a good place for him to spend his vacation. I have not answered him yet, for I don't know what to say; and lest a brother angler, lured by what I have told of the Boardman, should come here, and, luck being not with him, get no fish, and so feel justified in speaking of the stream and my tales of it in an uncomplimentary manner, I will give a short description of the stream and its inhabitants as I have known them for the past twenty years, and let others judge for themselves.

Traverse City lies at the head of the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay near the northern end of the lower peninsula of Michigan. It is a bright, clean city of 10,000 inhabitants, entered by a line of steamers from Chicago and three railroads. There are good hotels, livery stables and roads, and the walking is excellent.

The waters available for trout fishing extend from the forks, thirteen miles southeast of town, over forty or more miles of river to within two miles of the new court house. One can take the 6 A. M. G. R. & I. train to Keystone, five miles; Slight's Siding, eight miles, or Mayfield Bridge, twelve miles, fish all day and return on the evening train in time for a late dinner. Lunch can be foraged from any one of numerous farm houses. To get to the forks a team is necessary and a tie pass can be had up the track without asking. The spacing of the ties is just uneven enough to suit the gait of a weary soul who has just missed the last train or whose horse has got tired waiting for a bite and gone home on his own account, as my boy and I have experienced.

The stream can be waded most of the way and is clear of brush, so that casting a fly is a pleasure unmixed with any temptation to raise the temperature. The lower three miles can be negotiated dry footed from the bank. When I try it I generally either slip or jump in before I have reached the second pool below the Boardman Electric Light Co.'s dam.

And the fish, they are there in goodly numbers and satisfactory size. All you have to do is to convince them that you "know a bank" where they would be happier. The native speckled trout were always there. Seven or eight years ago the rainbows were planted and have thrived, spreading both up and down. One was taken last summer near the bay within a few rods of my shop. The German brown trout were planted a few years ago and have grown in size and numbers very fast. A friend and myself each took one longer than my arm on the last day of the season last year. Mine measured 21½ inches, which would reach from where my arm leaves the body to the crotch between the thumb and hand. Have

just measured with a good 2-foot rule. Ed's fish measured an inch more, but I am suspicious his arm is a trifle longer than mine. E. Hough, in the issue of March 24, in speaking of the Père Marquette, tells of fish being hooked that were as "long as your arm," but gives 3½ pounds as being the heaviest landed. I don't doubt that they have hooked fish as long as the one before mentioned, for I find my arm is shorter than I should have guessed, being only 19 inches on the front side, and to the tip of my middle finger 26 inches. I manned the net and landed for a friend a rainbow that weighed 3½ pounds and measured 21 inches. I have caught one that weighed 4½ pounds and seen one that weighed 5 pounds. Wash Pound, for many years a conductor on the G. R. & I. R. R., and formerly a station master in the Union Depot in Grand Rapids, caught one of 6½ pounds, and C. Germaine secured a fish of 6¾ pounds. I heard from a reliable source of one man who last season got both a 2-pound speckled trout and another, either a rainbow or German brown, that weighed 6½ pounds dressed. I am tempted to keep the climax until I have heard again from Mr. Hough and the Père Marquette, but it is hard to get the stopper in while there is such a whopper in the bottle, so here goes:

Four miles up the river is a dam, a pond and the before mentioned power house, where the wheels go around to the end that we may have light on our city streets. Under the power house is a wheel and under the wheel is a deep, deep hole. In the power house was a man, Pete by name, who loved to watch the trout play in the deep hole under the wheel. Now, one day, Pete saw a big fish in said hole. Coincidences often occur, and in this case the coincidence was that there was a spear within easy reach, and, human nature being weak, Pete speared that fish, and it tipped the scales at 9½ pounds. But alas for Pete. Had he been as wise before as he was after he would not have told the tale so freely, for it soon reached the ears of the authorities, who seized his carnal body and made him pay the State penalties in the sum of \$27.50. Pete doesn't spear any more fish, or, if he does—

To illustrate that one must have his luck along and right on tap all the time, I will spin a little yarn, as we sailors put it. Three years ago last summer my wife drove into town from camp, and overtaking on the road a thirteen-year-old boy, then unknown to her by name, invited him to go up and stay a few days. She had watched his eager interest and helpfulness while I was securing minnows for bait in the bay, and thought he "ought to go fishing," and judged he would be welcome in camp; and events proved her to be correct in both particulars. He hurried to his hotel, collected an old jointed bamboo pole and a brass reel (his father having taken everything else in that line with him on a yachting trip to Lake Superior) and started. I had a short silk line I had discarded, which he took and proceeded to fish. Three days he worked, undaunted by bad weather, without getting anything to speak of. The morning of the fourth and his last day was clear, with a cold north wind blowing, but he started up stream dangling a minnow on a short line until, coming to a very swift riffle with a high clay bank rising from the edge of the water, he dropped his bait over a small log, where none of us wise ones would have wasted an instant's time. Slap! There was one just there, and he did not wait for the minnow to more than touch water. The boy clapped the butt of his rod under one leg and lifted, just as we used to when pitching hay, and lo! a 4½-pound rainbow shot up over his head and hit the bank 10 feet behind him. Letting out a mighty yell, he dropped the rod, and throwing himself on the fish as it came down the bank he whooped and shouted until my boy, who is a little younger, came to his assistance. Then, each getting a good hold of the gills of the fish, they carried him back into the brush, and taking a piece of the line with which he was caught, passed it double through the gills and started in triumph for camp. On the way there the double strand of line broke under the weight of the fish. Now, how did the single strand hold to throw the fish over the boy's head and 10 feet up the bank if it was not that luck was with him and absent from the fish?

The boy introduced himself as Nelson Maynard, a son of ex-Attorney-General Maynard, whom I had met and known twelve years before in Grand Rapids. He caught another fish of about 2 pounds and expressed them both home.

The Rev. D. Cochlin, of the Congregational Church here, is a devoted fly-fisherman, and a successful one, too. He caught two big basketfuls in one lucky day, and if I remember right has caught at least two rainbows of over 5 pounds.

But if any one comes here expecting to get a basket of big ones every day he will be disappointed. They are not the rule. Many who have come here with large expectations and left with small results declare the stream fished out; but this is not so. They are there in plenty, but are well fed and adepts in all the arts that vex the angler's soul.

Our favorite flies are first and always one royal coachman somewhere on the line; then professor, Reuben Wood, silver doctor, silver and brown hackle, Parmachenee, Belle and white miller. No. 6 hooks are small enough. I prefer No. 4 usually.

If any one who can manipulate the fly à la Taylor comes along next season I want him to come in and see me. I'll hitch up the old horse, take him up the river and turn him loose where I know there are fish and take a lesson or two. I have wasted valuable hours at it and shall probably waste many more unless some kind angler straying in these parts will take pity on me and show me how.

I am not going to spill ink inviting Mr. Hough to come up and try hollering in my rain barrel, but if he should come this way and I get wind of it I will get out my club and endeavor to take him just at the base of the ear. I haven't any stern wheel ducks or air holes that spout bullheads in a living geyser, but I can show him several and various holes where there have been caught trout that were longer than his arm. I haven't any idea that he can come this way, for I believe he has more invitations on file than he could accept if he lived a hundred years and didn't have to work; but if he does I hope he will bring the FOREST AND STREAM luck along.

The mention of a hundred years reminds me that

Uncle Dan Whipple, an old hunter and trapper living a few miles west of here, was the honored guest at a banquet given by some of his friends on his one hundredth birthday, which occurred a few weeks ago. He walks into town and back and is hale and hearty. The story is told that he stepped into a shooting gallery one day last summer, and, picking up a rifle, knocked all the boys' scores into a cocked hat.

Guess I'd better stop, or this will get to rambling, like the story of the widow's ram in "Roughing It."

V. E. MONTAGUE.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.

Floundering After Flounders.

MASSAPEQUA, Long Island, April 2.—Most people interested in fishing or sports of any kind think it necessary to travel many miles West or South to discover game of sufficient importance to warrant any enthusiasm in the catching, and especially many of them may feel a real contempt for such a common fish as the flounder, which has never to the writer's knowledge been poetically or artistically considered. Nevertheless, there are conditions and circumstances which render this fishing romantic and enjoyable enough to attract even the most poetic and astute fisherman.

Probably more New Yorkers go "floundering" in the spring of the year than trouting or any other kind of fishing. This is due simply to the omnipresence of the flounder. You can find him anywhere from the Long Island Sound to the Harlem River, and from the Great South Bay to the Narrows, and from there to the Hudson. People go up to Pelham Bay and catch them by the score, and down into Jamaica Bay and haul them in by the hundreds. At this spring time of the year the flounders come out of their muddy quarters hungry and ravenous for food, and they bite and swallow whatever morsel of bait you may drop down to them.

The flounder is not a gamy fish, but it sometimes pulls hard—especially when large and heavy—and above all you do not have to wait long for him to make up his mind whether he wants to get caught. When the gamy trout bites, the sharp pull and rush send a thrill of joy down the pole to the hands of the sportsman, but the long waits between the bites are often discouraging. Floundering is very different; it is more like crabbing. You drop your line overboard and in less time than it takes to tell it, you have a bite. Nine amateurs out of every ten will call floundering the better sport every time, owing partly to the fact that they lack the patience and skill necessary to appreciate the little niceties and aesthetics of trouting. Besides, most amateurs judge their catch more by bulk and weight than by any quality of the fish. This also operates in favor of the flounders, and makes a point for them that all beginners give due weight to.

But fishing for flounders early in the season sometimes has its drawbacks, as we discovered recently in Jamaica Bay. We went out one bright morning in March in a small skiff and valiantly rowed five miles against a strong tide, and then casting anchor just off the channel where the fish were known to hang out, we rested a while and then proceeded to drop our lines overboard. As the tide was a pretty brisk one, we loaded the hundred feet of line with heavy sinkers, and whenever we caught a fish it seemed as if we were hauling in a small whale. The uncertain weather of March renders life on the salt water a little unpleasant at times, and though the morning opened bright and clear, it was soon manifest from the appearance of the scurrying clouds that we would have a typical March day. Some fishermen tell you that it is on such windy days when the surface of the water is ruffled that the flounders strike the best. Our experience seemed to verify this fact, for we soon began to haul in the big flat fish as fast as we could handle the lines. In less than an hour we had nearly half a hundred flounders, varying in size from ½ pound to big 5 and 6 pounders. This good luck kept our enthusiasm up to such a pitch that we heeded not weather or waves.

We might have continued on this way indefinitely had not two things happened. One was the gradual withdrawal of the fish from our vicinity, and as the bites became fewer and far between, somebody looked up at the clouds and remarked:

"It's getting squally. Don't you think we'd better get back to shore?"

Nobody seconded this proposition, but ten minutes later another of the party indicated his willingness to land on dry earth again by violently parting with his breakfast. Then we all realized for the first time that our small boat was rocking in a most dangerous manner in the waves of the channel. The tide was rushing out to meet the ocean, and the wind was coming up from the opposite direction in heavy squalls. The two met in a violent little dispute which caused the waves to rear up in anger and show their teeth. Now, for the benefit of those who disclaim any pleasure or attraction in floundering for flat fish, I assert that we were so deeply absorbed in our fun that not one of us noticed this state of the elements until one of our number became sea sick. Then our desire to get back to dry land possessed us with such force that we weighed anchor without even trying to haul in our lines.

Unfortunately, as soon as the anchor was pulled up our boat was thrown into the trough of the sea and drifted rapidly out into the worst part of the channel. It was then a question of wind or waves. One pulled us seaward and the other shoreward. We had one pair of oars, and these we put overboard just as quickly as possible, and one of the most skillful rowers took his position on the seat to turn the tide of battle in favor of the wind. At this juncture, just when our ship seemed balanced between the sky and water, one of the long fishing lines cavorted around and tangled itself almost hopelessly with three others trailing over the side. There was no question about somebody having a bite, and from the actions of the line we judged it to be a big fish. But we were so anxious about our getting ashore that we did not even stop to haul in the tangled lines. It might have been well for us had we taken time to do this, for then the accident might never have happened. The expert rower of the crowd raised his oars high above the white-capped waves, caught a good hold of the water, and pulled mightily for the shore. Then once more swinging his oar upward he caught the tangled lines, and the next wave striking it at the same moment knocked it out of his grasp. We all

made frantic efforts to recover the oar, and in so doing precipitated the crisis that followed.

Of course none of us knew exactly how it all happened, but we were all floundering in the chilly water and desperately clinging to an upturned boat. The channel was deep at this point, the waves large and feathery, but the wind was gradually backing us to one side, where, to our joy, we saw the protruding top of a mud flat. We immediately proceeded to help the waves by kicking and paddling as best we could with our hands and arms. In this way we worked the boat into shallow water, and then proceeded to walk to the mud flat, where at least temporary quarters of safety were open to us.

In our eagerness to get on dry land and out of the chilly water, less attention was given to the boat than it deserved. When all four of us stood shivering out of the water, with mud up to the ankles, and the flat less inviting than we first thought, we discovered that our boat was slowly floating away, not by the tide or wind, but drawn by some invisible power from below. Could it be that the flounder which had caused all the trouble was actually running away with our skiff after stranding us on this desert island of mud?

This certainly seemed the only explanation to the curious phenomenon, and we all started back in the water after the craft. But the boat moved so fast, and we trod through the thick mud so slowly, that it was in deep water before we could reach it. Then, as nobody dared venture forth in the chilling deep water of the channel loaded down with wet clothes, we mournfully returned to our mud island and held a council of war.

Those who have had experience with the mud flats of Jamaica and Great South Bay know something about our predicament. At a distance the soft slimy mud seems to offer an inviting surface to rest on, and it looks like solid ground; but no quicksand ever more cruelly deceived a victim. There is absolutely nothing in its favor. The mud is soft and sticky, and one has no chance to rest on it. Even the little feet of the snipe make deep impressions on it. In the spring of the year it is colder than water, for frost and ice actually stay in it a few inches below the surface, and our feet felt as if they were packed in an ice cream freezer with plenty of rock salt around to hasten the freezing process.

The sun overhead was bright, and the air had the odors of spring in it, but under feet it was cold and wintry. The wind still blew in violent gusts, ruffling up the bosom of the bay. Our boat was no longer drifting, but seemed anchored in midstream, with the wind and tide occasionally shoving it first in one direction and then in another. It was a predicament long to be remembered, and not easily brought to an end. We waited in vain for a boat to appear in sight, and shouted ourselves hoarse. Hour after hour passed, and not until late in the afternoon did assistance come. Then some fishermen returning home sailed up and rescued us from the mud flat. We were more dead than alive then, but every man had life enough in him to demand an investigation of the upturned boat.

We sailed out to it and pulled it to the mud flat, where we righted it. Then we hauled in the tangled lines. We expected to find a monster fish on the end of one. Instead of one large fish we discovered eight flounders on as many hooks, two on each line. They were all alive and decidedly energetic. Then we all breathed the one sentence in unison: "I thought so."

That was our full catch for the day, the rest having been overturned with the boat into the bay, but we ate every one with double relish, for in so doing we felt that we were getting the only revenge possible against such cold-blooded creatures.

G. E. W.

"Modern Fishculture."

In Fresh and Salt Water.

SINCE 1857, when Theodatus Garlick, the "Father of American Fishculture," gave us "A Treatise on the Artificial Propagation of Certain Kinds of Fish"—this country with its great wealth of fish species, and scores of fish hatcheries, probably exceeding in their operations of propagating fishes artificially all the rest of the world combined—we have had very many valuable reports of fishing commissions and special papers on fishculture, and but a beggarly array of books devoted exclusively to the art of fish hatching.

Fry, Norris, Slack, Roosevelt and Green and Stone comprise the list of American authors of their technical book, and to-day Stone's "Domesticated Trout," a standard authority upon the cultivation and care of the brook trout, survives; the others being out of print, obsolete, inaccurate, or unreliable at this time, so that the field was ripe for "Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water," by Fred Mather, a contemporary of most of the authors mentioned, but a man who advanced in experience beyond all but one of them, and who was equipped to bring a book on artificial fishculture down to date, and the title he selected was a peculiarly happy one, for the book is modern in every sense.

Nearly all works upon fishculture, American or European, have been devoted solely to the propagation of fresh-water species, and almost without exception to members of the salmon family, but the pages of "Modern Fishculture" are not so circumscribed, for nearly, if not all, the fresh-water fishes, fall spawning and spring spawning, are treated; salt-water fish and shell fish and even frogs have pages devoted to them. The information given is drawn largely from the author's personal experience, and as he was a pioneer fish breeder he had a vast fund of information at his disposal, but he has added chapters upon certain subjects from the pens of others who have given them special attention, and has also treated of matters kindred to fish breeding, so that the book is a fund of valuable information aside from the mere handling of fish eggs and the rearing of fish fry. In a very few instances one may differ from the author's opinions, such as the value of fresh-water shrimps as fish food; the benefits to be derived from the introduction of fresh blood in stock fish, and, particularly, the relative value of fry and yearling trout for planting; but believing in planting fry rather than yearlings, though in a hopeless minority, he advocated and practiced it consistently. These, however, are minor matters when viewed in connection with the great amount of practical information drawn from long practice contained in the volume.

The book is divided into eight sections, with forty-eight chapters. The first section, 144 pages, is devoted to "Trout Breeding" and "Water Supply," "Pollution of Waters," "How Nature Does It," "Eggs of Trout," "In the Hatching House," "Hatching Trays," "Taking Trout Eggs," "Number of Eggs in Trout," "Care of Trout Eggs," "Care of Fry," "Feeding Fry," "Growth of Fry," "Putting Out the Babies," "Streams," "Ponds," "Drains," "Dams," "Screens for Ponds," "Temperatures," "Food for Adult Trout," "Natural Foods," "Planting Fry," "Time to Plant Fry" and "Transplanting Adult Fish," are but a portion of the subjects treated in the twelve chapters constituting this section. It is most difficult to select any one of the subjects for specific mention in detail, for nearly every one should be read in connection with the others, but on one page Mr. Frank N. Clark, who some years ago surprised fish breeders by going back to the use of gravel in his hatching trays, explained why he did so, and it seems that he keeps his trout eggs on gravel only until they are eyed, and then they are placed on trays as is the custom in other hatcheries from the beginning of the hatching process.

Hatching troughs, trays, hatching tools, etc., are figured and illustrated in this chapter, and the method of stripping a fish is shown from a photograph so accurately reproduced that the spots on the trout, and particularly its fins, white-bordered on black, pronounce it to be our native brook trout that is in the operator's hands. In the matter of feeding fish fry, the author has gathered together the methods employed by fish breeders generally in this country and Europe, and it can be read with profit by others than those engaged in fish breeding, for there is a woeful ignorance in the minds of so many people in regard to the necessity for feeding fish, and later the author treats of food for adult fish. The only extract that will be taken from the book in this notice is this: "I would not recommend any person to undertake to raise young trout by artificial feeding in troughs or boxes for the first three months unless they can feed them every hour. The appetite of the juvenile trout is as frequently intermittent as that of other young animals, and requires one to stand over them almost constantly." When this fact is thoroughly digested it may be forced upon the reader that adult trout do not lose their appetite with their growth, and that planting trout in waters that do not contain food in abundance will prove an abject failure.

Section two is devoted to "Other Trouts and the Salmon," and the brown trout (common brook trout of Europe, and since its introduction into this country called Von Behr trout by the U. S. Fish Commission, and "German trout" by those who know no better), and rainbow trout receive considerable attention. The author commends the brown trout very highly, and advocates their planting, apparently without restriction, and if they destroy our native trout, which he doubts, it will be the survival of the fittest in his opinion. This idea will find comparatively few supporters in this country, for, excellent fish as the brown trout is, it certainly does grow faster and larger than the native brook trout, and it does not, thus far since its introduction, prove to rise to the fly or even take bait as readily as the native fish, and complaints are constantly made that the introduced fish have driven out our brook trout, and that it is not the survival of the fittest.

Section three, "Other Salmonidæ," is devoted to grayling, the whitefishes and a special chapter on the culture of the whitefish.

Section four, "Other Fresh-Water Fish, with Free Eggs," covers the mascalonge, pike, pickerel, shad, fishes that are hatched in hatching jars, instead of on trays in troughs like the heavy free eggs of the trout and salmon.

Fishes with adhesive eggs are treated in the eleven chapters of section five, and the list is a long one. Adirondack frost fish, smelt, black basses, crappies, white perch, pike-perch, sauger, catfish, carp, alewives, sturgeon and yellow perch are considered more or less at length, with special articles on the black bass, and on pike-perch culture. In the treatment of pike-perch eggs after impregnation and the bath of loam water, it would seem to be a great saving of labor and time to "blow" the eggs—i. e., place them in a metal cylinder of loam and water with intake at the bottom, and by blowing through the intake pipe separate the bunched eggs, which are immediately coated with the loam in the water. This is the method employed in New York.

Section six, "Parasites, Diseases and Enemies," is particularly interesting, and the next section, seven, is devoted to salt-water fishes—codfish, tomcod and lobsters.

The last section, eight, is devoted to miscellaneous subjects, and here may be found the number of eggs in different fish, and the character of eggs, in a table; how to measure the flow of water; fishes which guard their young; how fish find their own river; terrapins; the blooming of ponds and a chapter on fishways, with figures of different forms. One table, quoted from Mr. Titcomb's measurements and weights of fry trout, shows from actual records that the estimate commonly employed by fish breeders that each pound of trout will produce 1,000 eggs, is quite out of the way, for 31 pounds 634 ounces of trout produced 38,580 eggs.

The information contained in "Modern Fishculture" is direct and to the point, with no useless verbiage, and it covers about everything one may desire to know on the subject, and the book in its entirety will doubtless become a standard text-book on fishcultural operations.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fly-Fishing and Systems.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: My advent here is rather an effort to straighten out a tangle than to criticize either dry-fly or the so-called Taylor system of fly-fishing, being a practitioner of both, though the latter unknowingly, according to its present classification.

Any student of entomology is pretty well satisfied that the species of dragon fly are more favored with speed power, compared with the May fly, which is much less so. The maneuvers of each are at wide variance as to flight, hovering over and dropping in the water.

If, as it appears, from these two specimens of insect life and their families are evolved separate and distinct systems of fly-fishing, what of the almost countless intermediate classes or varieties, the flight and maneuvers

of which can be seen for the looking? System, discovery, genera, color, form and size—yes. General manipulation to conform to actions for enticing our finny friends, "the enemy"—no. Letters patent belong to nature's wide-open book, for she discriminates not and unfortunately all of her students do not get into print. It is therefore unjust to known, and many unknown, past masters of the art of successful angling now to flaunt as a discovery nature's tuition, to hover or even spat on the water her strong-winged specimens, deftly drop the weak, drop and play the intermediate as the case may call for, or even commingle all this without regard to sect. Mr. Taylor evidently must be a student of nature, and I take it as an injustice to accredit him with being efficient in and relying solely upon one single part of the whole, more especially as teasing or humoring permits of numerous variations.

It is beyond human skill to closely imitate with a lone line all that we see. If, then, there is any real system whatever in sight, let it be propounded once and for all that it is centered in the art of approach, good eyesight, with an ever-present inclination to use it. Once acquired, the results (at very much less than 10 yards) must deeply impress one as being no particular individual's system, dry or wet, but a simple application of certain pages of that same wide-open book. Furthermore, in stream fishing it will clearly illustrate that trout were not born absolutely proof against capture, particularly to the coaxing, humoring, "rise-in-spite-of-it" powers of semi-dry work, to which no one does or could lay claim; nor, for that matter, to any practical imitations of the natural in flight, dip or drop, varied actions followed, partial or full recovery, movements submerged, etc. With due reverence to the valued works of Halford and others, we must agree that there is in this connection much unwritten though not always unknown.

The crank, deep in the mysteries of rare fly material, who, for well-defined reasons, governs, or attempts to govern, the dressing of a fly by grades of soggy, one-quarter, one-half, three-quarters and full dry, may be rated daft perhaps; but nature gives him so many alluring invitations that it is hardly his fault, and there is method in his madness in that it is in practice and has been for years. But no system is claimed for it; neither for the curious rod movements not down in the standard books nor easily described, yet which are a part of a work, involving, of course, rapidity or stillness of surface water and just what a modern-build rod over a certain pitch, consistent with convenient handling, can or cannot be made to do.

If all possibilities of success in fly-fishing are covered by following the two extremes of insect life mentioned, Nemo's statement can be easily demonstrated beyond contradiction. A possible plea for his silence—is it perhaps due to the fact that most of our open waters in the East are now overfished, and the abuses that might follow every angler speedily becoming a close practitioner of nature must tend to annihilate the sport, since the time is not yet when the ranks could satisfactorily settle the vexed question of "how many" as a day's catch? Is he selfish or humane—which?

M. G. S.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 7.—After all, considerable fishing was done on the opening day of the season in this State and the day following, especially down on the Cape and in that vicinity. Mr. Luther Little, Dr. Langmaid and one or two others were down on their preserve on the Cape. This preserve is mostly cranberry bog streams, where, under favorable conditions, the fishing is good. Generally the box owners have kept them flooded over winter, but the past winter they have tried the experiment of leaving them bare. This was rather favorable to the early fishing, and Mr. Little caught nine trout, while his friends were also successful.

Dr. J. C. Maynardier, of Boston, was down on the Cape and took thirty-four trout. Mr. J. Russell Reed made a fair catch at the opening, taking eight trout. The Chamberlain preserve camps, at Bourne, had a number of fishing guests on the opening day, and some pretty good strings of trout were taken.

Salmon fishing in Nova Scotia has begun early this year. Mr. J. B. Baxter, with Dame, Stoddard and Kendall, has a report of two salmon already taken at Mill Village, Port Medway River. Quite a party is being formed to start for that location about April 19. Last fall Mr. Baxter sent Dr. Baker, of New Jersey, down there, who was in quest of good fishing. He was happily surprised at the sport he realized. He caught all the trout he desired. The average length of the trout taken was 14 inches, or slightly over 1 pound weight. He hooked six salmon and grilse, and landed three grilse. The others were lost under the miserable condition of poor hooks.

BOSTON, April 9.—A special from Weirs, N. H., says that the fishermen are just getting through with one of the best seasons of ice fishing on Winnepesaukee and Winnepesquam ever noted, with some of the largest trout taken. The ice is beginning to get thin and unsafe, and the fishermen are now giving their attention to trolling in the open bays and at the mouths of entering streams. A big string of trout and cusk were taken last week by Manchester fishermen, through the ice, while but few fish have yet been taken in the open coves and bays, trolling. Under the laws of New Hampshire the brook trout season is now open, but nature has put on a close time of its own, the brook trout still being locked in ice and full of snow water. It is feared that the trout season will be a very poor one, when it does begin, for the reason that all of the streams were unusually dry last fall, throughout the entire mountain and lake regions. It is feared that the trout were killed by the dry weather, and that the streams will never again be good till restocked, either by nature or the Fish Commission.

An instrumental organization for the protection and propagation of fish and game in New Hampshire is the Belknap County Fish and Game League. This organization held its annual meeting last week and chose a board of officers: President, Julius E. Wilson, Lakeport; Vice-Presidents, William R. Clough, Alton; Charles O. Jenkins, Belmont; A. J. Pillsbury, Tilton; Thomas S. Fuller, Gifford; Thomas Coggawell, Gilmanston; John T. Busiel,

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenhill Hill, Conn.

Foxes and Hounds.

DUNBARTON, N. H., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The past season in this section has been an unusually poor one for fox hunting. Foxes were very scarce. For some cause they apparently did not breed to any extent last spring. I have heard of hardly a young one being killed, the majority being old dog foxes of large size. Again, the running has been very bad. Nearly all the time there was just enough crust to hold up a fox. While our dogs would follow under such conditions for some time, it was very hard on them, cutting their feet and legs badly. Occasionally there would be a day when there was good tracking and pretty good running for the dogs, but almost invariably on such days the wind would blow a gale.

One of my neighbors shot twelve foxes during the winter, which is much the best score of any fox hunter in this locality. I have been hunting foxes about here for something over twenty-five years, and my experience has been that with a medium-sized, moderate-running dog which gave tongue fast and regularly, the average fox would stick to a comparatively small range, but as the years pass and the number of hunters and dogs increases, our foxes have been growing wilder each season. During the past winter nearly every one would either run straight out of hearing, or if circling at all it would be over a large tract of country, very seldom crossing the same place twice during the day, and also keeping a long distance ahead of the dog, and it did not seem to make much difference whether the latter was slow or fast.

I see by a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* that some Massachusetts fox hunters have been up to Aroostook county, Maine. Some years since I went for several seasons in succession late in November to that region lying north of Patten, Maine. I was after caribou, and at times went some sixty miles north of Patten. Judging from the tracks, foxes were very plenty in that region. From what I heard from men living along the road from Patten to Ox Bow, there were no fox hounds at that time owned there. The native hunters said they did not want any hounds around, as they would chase deer and caribou. I did not hear of many foxes being killed in that region, although it was said a few were poisoned. I have killed in all some three hundred foxes, and with one exception all were killed in this neighborhood. The exception was one I killed in Township No. 7, some twenty miles north of Patten. I shot him with a .45-90 rifle, the bullet cutting off a foreleg near the body. This fox was the finest red one I ever killed, and had a brush fully twice as large as an ordinary fox.

As for the fox hounds said to be owned in some parts of Aroostook county, we in this section have always preferred dogs of similar build. I have one now—a small mottled hound with some patches of black and tan, standing 18 inches at the shoulders and compactly built. He has been as good a fox dog as I ever owned. He is eleven years old, and I did not expect he would be of much use the past winter, but he holds out in a remarkable manner. One morning early in March (our hunting generally ends by the middle of March) I took him out to the woods just back of my house, hardly expecting to start a fox, as there was quite a crust—enough to hold up the dog most of the time. The old dog started one about 10 A. M., and ran him well until 4 P. M. That night there came about an inch of snow, and I went out the following morning. The dog was pretty stiff and footsore, and followed along in my snowshoe tracks until I found a fairly fresh fox track. The dog started off as eager as ever, jumped the fox and followed him until after noon. He was badly used up when he came home, and it took him a couple of days to get over it.

I know there have been some of what I call first-rate fox dogs owned in this vicinity. They were dogs which would work up an old trail, start the fox and follow him all day unless he holed. They were dogs with good clear voices, giving tongue fast and regularly after the fox was started. They would stick to a fox and follow him out either in roads, on stone walls or almost any place an old fox would take to when trying to throw the dog off, and they knew enough to come home after the run was ended. Some would pay no attention to other hounds they might hear. This depended usually on how they had been brought up. If trained to run alone they usually did so.

If the Maine dogs will do what is claimed, they certainly are ahead in some points of any we have had. I never knew of a good running fox hound which could be called off a fresh fox trail unless he was completely tired out, and I never knew of a number of dogs being taken out together and being under such control that only the dog which was told to would go off on a good track. If they were all being led and but one let loose, it might work. We find it pretty hard to get one of our fox hounds off a fresh track, even when we can get on the trail ahead of him.

Hunting foxes in our New England style entails considerable hard work—long tramps, a good deal of standing around in cold weather and shots usually few and far between. Nevertheless, there are a good many men who thoroughly enjoy it, and the number seems to be increasing. To some the love of the music of a hound is hereditary. Others acquire it. No matter how it comes, it is usually incurable. I have killed all kinds of game to be found in the regions where I hunted, from a snipe to a moose, and hunting our foxes is still as attractive as ever. In this region we get a pretty good dose of winter, with snow usually for four and sometimes five months in the year, yet I always regret in a certain sense to see it go off in the spring, and this year perhaps more than ever. I cannot hope that my old dog will be able to

Surely not from *Game Laws in Brief*.

I fished in Mianus River, near Greenwich, Conn., yesterday; caught ten trout which averaged nearly a quarter of a pound each. This for average size is better than I have ever done in the Adirondacks. F. S. D.

New York, April 1.

For a Study of Monstrosities.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. C. G. Seligman, St. Thomas' Hospital, London, is engaged in experimental study of monstrosity production in fishes, and it is his intention to publish the result of his inquiries, hoping it may throw light on some vexed questions—heredity, degeneration, and generally of antenatal pathology. As I mentioned in a note in this paper a year or more ago, Dr. Seligman has undertaken this work purely from a scientific point of view, and has no financial interest in any fish hatchery. I inclose some queries which I would like to submit to the fish breeders of the United States and Canada, and if any one can answer any of them and will forward the answers to me, I will pass them on to Dr. Seligman, who will give proper credit to all who may throw any light on the subject. I have sent copies of these questions to the United States Fish Commission, but desire to reach all the fish breeders in the country and therefore ask for space in *FOREST AND STREAM* as the best means of doing so, and will ask that in making replies to all or any of the queries the numbers here given be used. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Questions.

1. What salmonidae have you bred?
2. Have you seen double—i. e., two-headed, two-tailed, etc.—monsters hatch out of the eggs? Mention species in which you have observed these.
3. Have you seen any two-tailed fish in which there was not doubling of the head end of the body?
4. Have you ever seen any monster (double or single) alevins of the grayling?
5. Have you ever seen any triple or quadruple monsters?
6. Have you ever counted the number of monsters hatched from a given batch of eggs, taken from one or more fishes—the number of eggs in the batch having been counted or estimated?
7. Have you any facts tending to show or do you think that any one species or variety—e. g., *S. lenensis* is a variety of *S. fario*—produces more monstrosities than another? If so, was any one form of monster especially common?
8. In any of the cases you have observed of monstrosity production, have you considered that you could account for the formation of monsters? If so, how?
9. Do you consider external conditions—e. g., heat, cold, movement, etc.—responsible for the production of monsters? If so, are there in your opinion critical or special periods during which time their action on the ova produces monstrosity? Give any cases you may have observed.
10. Have you bred any hybrid salmonidae. If so, what crosses have you obtained? In these was there (a) a large proportion of barren eggs; (b) a large proportion of monsters?
11. In hybridizing, did you find that the milt had always to be from one of the species, the ova from the other? Thus it is commonly said that zebras, the hybrid between *Salmo furio* and *Salmo (Salvelinus) fontinalis*, are only produced from the milt of *fontinalis* and the ova of *fario*, or that the milt of either could indifferently fertilize the other.
12. Have any of your hybrids deposited fertile eggs in the ponds they are confined in?
13. Have you been able to spawn any of your hybrids?
14. If you spawned or milted any hybrids, were you equally successful with cock and hen fish.
15. If you spawned any hybrids, with what milt did you fertilize their eggs?
16. Did these eggs produce (1) healthy alevins, (2) a large proportion of barren eggs, (3) a large proportion of monsters?
17. Which parent did your hybrids most resemble in (1) color, marking, shape, etc.; (2) capacity for growth; (3) habits generally?
18. If you obtained fertile eggs from hybrids, did the fish so produced breed true to the hybrid type or tend to revert to that of either? If the latter, how?
19. Can you correlate the number of (1) barren eggs, (2) monsters, with the age of the strain of your stock fish—i. e., with the amount of inbreeding in your stock fish?
20. Do you habitually fertilize by the wet or dry method? The method employed and any departure from usual method should be noted in answering above questions.

Anticipation.

Now the balmy wind is blowing,
And the daffodils are showing,
Every fisherman looks forward with delight;
For the honey bees are humming
That the warmer days are coming,
And the gamy bass will soon begin to bite.

In the blush of dawning tender,
In the coruscating splendor
Of the myriad liquid opals on the grass,
There is thrilling inspiration,
As in glad anticipation
The angler goes a-fishing for the bass.

As the noontide rays are beaming,
Shi-She-Bogo-Mah is gleaming
Like the heaving, jeweled bosom of a queen;
When from out the water flashing
Leaps a cavalier so dashing,
And the lordly bass appears upon the scene.

When the sun is fast declining,
All his golden glories shining
From the portals of his palace in the west;
And the daylight slowly dying,
Brings the swallows homeward flying,
Cast the fly: the hungry bass will do the rest.

As above the lilies fragrant
Darts a swift, erratic vagrant,
'Tis the night hawk, with his sharp incessant cry,
Like a swerving arrow glancing
Thro' the clouds of midges dancing,
Then the eager bass is watching for your fly.

When the breeze the pool is wrinkling,
While the bobolink is tinkling,
As he warbles in the meadow, half asleep;
When you hear the robin calling,
As the shades of night are falling,
Then the bass will take the fly upon the leap.

Earthly honors, wealth and glory,
Crystallized in song or story,
Are but triumphs which the angler can surpass;
When the happy man is luring,
Hooking, playing and securing,
With scientific skill, a gamy bass. ZERO.

Fish at the Boston Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can it be possible that Mr. A. N. Cheney, in publishing his article in the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM* under heading of "Fish at the Sportsmen's Show," intended that the public should understand that the fish at the Boston show were not in as good condition as those which he exhibited in the New York exhibition? It certainly would seem so, for if he did not agree with his friend, the Old Salmon Fisherman, why should he have published the article?

My reason for taking the matter up is that I do not think it just to the management of the Boston show, who, at an expense of several thousand dollars, produced for the edification and instruction of the public one of the most complete and improved modern aquaria ever constructed, practically demonstrating that large as well as small fish can be transported and exhibited for almost any length of time in reasonably small tanks, if proper paraphernalia and care are used, and that the fish can be kept in perfectly healthy condition and without the appearance of fungus.

It is very surprising to me that Mr. Cheney should allow anything to appear over his signature that would seem to compare unfavorably such an exhibition as the one in Boston with the one which he managed in the New York show, where it was evident that very little money had been expended or trouble taken beyond the securing of a few small tanks and the transferring in cans of a few fish. I might here say that all of the fish at Boston were transported in one of the U. S. Government Fish Commission cars, which was kindly loaned by the Government for the purpose, and which greatly simplified the moving of fish to Boston without injury, but greatly increased the expense of the undertaking.

In order that the public may make a fair comparison of the two exhibitions, I will give a list of the fish exhibited here, and invite Mr. Cheney to publish in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a list of the fish exhibited in New York. The Boston list is as follows: 200 brook trout (yearlings), 200 rainbow trout (yearlings), 200 Scotch sea trout (yearlings), 200 steelhead trout (yearlings), 200 Atlantic salmon (yearlings), 200 landlocked salmon (two years old), 50 albino landlocked salmon (two years old), 25 Dublin Pond trout ($\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ pound each), 25 brook trout from Diamond Pond ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound each), 10 rainbow trout (large), 12 Loch Leven trout (large), 8 aureolus or Sunapee trout (large), 12 lake trout (large), 5 landlocked salmon (large), 12 large-mouthed black bass, 12 pickerel, 4 cusk, 10 goldfish, 10 golden tench, 10 green tench.

Mr. Cheney visited the Boston exhibition and very carefully examined the aquaria and the fish exhibited therein, and in the March 10 issue of your paper said: "It is the best exhibit I have seen anywhere at any time—not a permanent exhibition—and so far as the exhibition in Boston goes, it cannot, in my opinion, be excelled by any permanent exhibition in this broad land."

Now, I would like to ask Mr. Cheney if he saw fungus on any of the fish in the aquarium here, or if he saw any fish that did not look to be in healthy condition? We had here exhibited fish of the salmon and trout families weighing all the way up to 18 pounds each, and it can be proven by many experts, including the Fish Commission of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, that not a sign of fungus appeared on them from the opening to the closing of the show, and that not one fish was removed from the aquaria for any cause whatever. Can Mr. Cheney make this statement in regard to the New York exhibition? RICHARD O. HARDING.

New York Trout Opening.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why do the daily newspapers use up space on subjects of which they know nothing? I beg to call your attention to the inclosed clipping of yesterday's New York Herald, regarding the opening of the trout season.

First—Where did the person who wrote this article get the information that "the New Jersey season has been open since March 1"?

Second—That "in Orange and Rockland counties it was difficult to get trout to rise," etc.

Third—That "some trout were caught north of Tarrytown Heights," and lastly, that "the trout season legally began in the entire State [New York] on April 1."

run another season. I can get another, but the old fellow and I are used to each other. As he lies in the sun on the piazza I say to him, "Old dog, we have hunted our last fox together." He answers by thumping the floor with his tail, as much as to say, "Who knows? I have no idea of dying just yet." C. M. STARK.

New Orleans Bench Show.

THE following classes have been opened for the New Orleans Show, May 3 to 6. Entries close April 21, 1900:

Class 126A. Corded poodles, open dogs and bitches: First prize, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 130A. Poodles other than black, open dogs and bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 149A. Bull terriers, open dogs and bitches, 30 pounds and under: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Toy terriers, other than Yorkshire, under 7 pounds: Kennel prize, \$8 for best four.

Class 218A. Novice dogs: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 218B. Novice bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 218C. Limit dogs: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 218D. Limit bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 219A. Open bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 221A. Bedlington terriers, open dogs and bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 245A. Pomeranians, open bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 251A. Toy French poodles, open dogs and bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 204A. Scottish terriers, novice bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 205A. Scottish terriers, limit bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

Class 206A. Scottish terriers, open bitches: First, \$5; second, diploma; third, diploma.

The following special prizes have been offered: M. Scooler, cup for best Scottish terrier; A. M. Hill, cup for best American fox hound; Oakdale Kennels, cup for best dog or bitch entered and owned by a lady; Terry & Juden, a silver-trimmed walking cane for best fox terrier in local classes. L. Grunewald Company offers a roll of music for best dog owned and entered by a young lady. J. D. Blakemore offers one box cigars for best pointer in local classes. John Bergey offers one box General Steedman cigars for best setter in local classes. Albert Mackie Grocer Company, one box Hoffman House cigars for best collie in local classes. One box Robert Mantell cigars for best St. Bernard in local classes.

A. E. SHAW, Supt.

Cleveland Kennel Club.

CLEVELAND, O., April 7.—Herewith is list of classes that the various judges will judge at our coming show. We have been favored with additional prize money from the Collie Club, as well as several other club specials. We also have club specials from the Spaniel Club, St. Bernard Club, Fox Terrier Club and Boston Terrier Club—all worth competing for. Then, too, our club will give a special prize of \$8 for the best exhibit of four of the following breeds entered and owned by one exhibitor, namely: Mastiffs, St. Bernards (rough), St. Bernards (smooth), Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, fox hounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels (black), cocker spaniels (any other color), collies, poodles, bull dogs, bull terriers, Airedale terriers, French bull dogs, Boston terriers, beagles, dachshunds, fox terriers (smooth), fox terriers (wire), Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, Black and Tan terriers, Pomeranians, pugs.

Major J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J., will judge Russian wolf hounds, greyhounds, deer hounds, fox hounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs.

H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass., will judge bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, French bull dogs, Boston terriers, beagles, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs, toy terriers, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, ruby spaniels, Prince Charles spaniels, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds.

F. A. Hartleb, Carnegie, Pa., dachshunds.

Chas. H. Mason, New York, N. Y., will judge Great Danes, collies, old English sheep dogs, poodles, Irish water spaniels, Clumber spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, bull dogs, bull terriers, Airedale terriers, fox terriers, Black and Tan terriers, Bedlington terriers, Welsh terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Pomeranians and miscellaneous.

C. M. MUNHALL, Sec'y.

Reynard's Sly Tricks.

Nor long ago the Washington hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North Valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open fields, when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox they took it up, young Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds.

Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pressed and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and an even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly chased by hounds. The fox had run some twenty miles, and while crossing an open stretch of country was in danger of being run down and killed. In a field through which the fox was running with the hounds close to its heels was the cellar of an old house, with a portion of the walls still standing. The fox made straight for the old cellar, leaped into it and made its escape through a narrow opening in the walls. The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell mell, only to find Reynard gone and themselves in a trap, as the hole in the wall through which the

fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through.

When the hunters rode up they found the pack in a trap, with one of the hounds wedged fast in the hole through which the fox had made its escape. By the time the hounds were gotten out of the cellar the fox was safe in its hole.—Philadelphia Times.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.

Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can. Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

June.

16-18. Eastern Division meet, Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass.

Muskoka in Winter.

ON March 27 Secretary-Treasurer Begg and the writer headed for Muskoka to look after some of the details for the camp. Leaving Toronto on G. T. R. at 5 P. M., we made Allandale at 7:30 for supper, and then had to wait until 9:10 before we could get a train for Muskoka wharf. We walked over to the town of Barrie, which is pleasantly situated on the shore of Lake Simcoe about one and a half miles from Allandale, while we chatted over the prospect of attendance at the 1900 meet. Having a 50-cent supper below his vest, the Secretary felt quite optimistic, and prophesied anywhere from 300 to 500 registered members, and was willing to bet a bunch of bad cigars that there be over 400 in camp. Before train time we had walked through most of the principal streets of Barrie, and still had half an hour to spare, which we spent in gazing into store windows like a pair of five-year-olds about Christmas time.

Boarding our chair car, we decided to go through to Bracebridge, fearing that we might not be able to drive over the ice from Muskoka wharf to Port Carling, a surmise that afterward turned out to be correct. We arrived at Bracebridge at 12:40 A. M., and put up at the Queen's Hotel. Breakfasted next morning at 8:30; tried to get an ad or two for Year Book without success. Hired a team and driver to take us to Port Carling, said to be twenty-two miles from Bracebridge. Started at 10 A. M. The sleighing was a bit soft, but the scenery even in winter was well worth the trip. At times we drove through primeval forest, dotted here and there with the small log houses of the settlers. There are only small patches of arable lands in this district, so the settlers depend very largely on sheep growing and lumbering to make both ends meet. The road had more ups and downs and twists than any I had previously gone over, and it is easy to understand the saying current in Muskoka, "That the Creator, after he made the farm lands, the mountains, etc., of North America, had considerable odds and ends left over, and these were dumped into the Muskoka district to fill up." Several times, when driving along the hillside road, we all had to hike out on the upper runner to keep the rig from capsizing.

We arrived at the Port Carling Hotel at 12:30, just in time to partake of a good dinner. We telephoned to Port Sandfield, about four miles away, and engaged a surveyor to come down and measure off the paddling course on the ice and locate the quarter, half and mile points. The Secretary and myself walked over to the camp and located the ice house, which W. Hanna & Co., the general store keeper of Port Carling, who will also run the camp store, is to build and fill. Mr. Hanna will pay \$25 for the store and ice privilege. As he runs one of the supply boats, on this lake, we should get an excellent service, as he has had many years' experience supplying summer cottagers.

We located the finishing line for both the paddling and sailing races, directly in front of the large camp dock and headquarters, where the races can be seen by every one.

By 4 P. M. the surveyor and an assistant arrived, and we took to the ice, which, by the way, was still 32 inches thick, and covered with 6 inches of snow and 3 inches of water. Wishing to be sure of the points, we all plodded through the slush and snow until the mile course was laid out. It is the longest mile I ever saw, and I am sure no time records will be broken over that course. The starting point is so far away that it cannot be seen from headquarters, and we decided to ask the regatta committee to make every paddling event that is over

a quarter of a mile to be with a turn, so we can all see the start of the races; also the turn and the finish, right from headquarters. The snow is still from 2 to 4 feet deep among the trees in camp, though rapidly disappearing under the warm March sun. About 5:30 we drove over the ice back to the hotel, secured a couple of ads for Year Book, had supper, and at 7 P. M. started on our twenty-two-mile drive back to Bracebridge. Arrived at 10:30 good and tired.

Next morning we took the train for Gravenhurst, and looked up a couple of likely parties to handle the catering for the camp mess; also called on the owner of a small steamer, which can be hired at about \$18 per day. It will hold about forty persons, and in case we cannot secure suitable rates from the navigation company, we purpose hiring this craft and taking members to camp and return for 50 cents per head. We secured a \$20 ad for Year Book before leaving Gravenhurst on the 3:40 train for Toronto, where we arrived about 8 P. M., feeling that we had put in a couple of days' good work.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Commodore.

TORONTO, April 2.

The British Canoe Association.

THE general committee meeting of the British Canoe Association was held at Anderton's Hotel on the 16th instant.

Warsash, on the Hamble River, near Southampton, was the site chosen for the next meet, which will commence on July 28, and continue till Aug. 18. Mr. Percy Nisbet was the proposer, and Mr. F. Cecil Lane the seconder, the voting being unanimous. Mr. Nisbet reported that he had made several visits to this place, and inspected it at all states of the tide, and it seemed to him to be a most suitable spot for a meet, being readily accessible from all ports, and within easy reach of splendid racing and cruising waters.

Mr. Clayton, who, at the annual general meeting, had proposed Strangford Lough, now withdrew his proposal, as he would be unable, owing to business, to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. T. H. Holding proposed Lough Neagh, but it received no support, as, although no doubt it was a splendid place, it was considered too far away and difficult to reach.

The annual meeting was fixed for Aug. 13, and the regatta for the 11th, the programme for the latter to be settled by the London Committee, and issued before the commencement of the meet.

The Commodore, Mr. Bartley, announced his intention of giving three prizes for a race. The Vice-Commodore, Mr. Percy Oliver; the Rear-Commodore, Mr. H. Clayton, and Mr. G. U. Laws, all promised to give prizes.

As the R. C. C. racing meet is to be held from July 14 to 25, and, therefore, just previous to the B. C. A. meet, those members of the former club who have not had enough racing and also wish to indulge in some camping out can easily sail round from the Solent and satisfy their craving.

After the committee meeting, about fifty members and friends sat down to dinner, and after a pleasant repast all hands adjourned to the concert room, where the "Camp Fire" was to be held. The room was tastefully decorated with numerous flags and an excellent programme was got through, including songs and instrumental music by Messrs. Lumley, Goldsmid, Fair, Gould, Hewer, Sadler, Schneider, Cassidy and others. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the programme was the exhibition of lantern slides of photos taken during the various meets, etc., by Messrs. Clayton, Carr, Fair and others. Thanks to the indefatigable Camp Steward, Mr. Percy Nisbet, the evening was a complete success, and resulted in half a dozen applications for membership being received, mostly from members of the R. C. C.—The Yachtsman.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

There was a full measure of patriotism at the "Camp Fire" of the British Canoe Association on Friday last at Anderton's Hotel, songs, lantern views and speeches contributing to the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Percy Nisbet took occasion, in replying to the toast of "Success to the B. C. A.," to refer in some detail to the proposed revival of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, in the approaching agitation for which he is taking a prominent part. Mr. Nisbet is, we understand, preparing the evidence on behalf of the R. N. A. V., and is likely to have a good case to put before the authorities. There was evidently, from the reception of Mr. Nisbet's speech, a strong inclination among the B. C. A. members to give hearty support to the revival of a corps which would enable them to join a volunteer force of a particularly congenial character. A report last week from Cambridge, and a recent one from the Clyde, tend to show that the agitation for the resuscitation of the R. N. A. V. in some form will be received with general favor.—The Yachtsman.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—R. D. F. Bayley, New York.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

Rosamond.

Auxiliary Cruising Yawl.

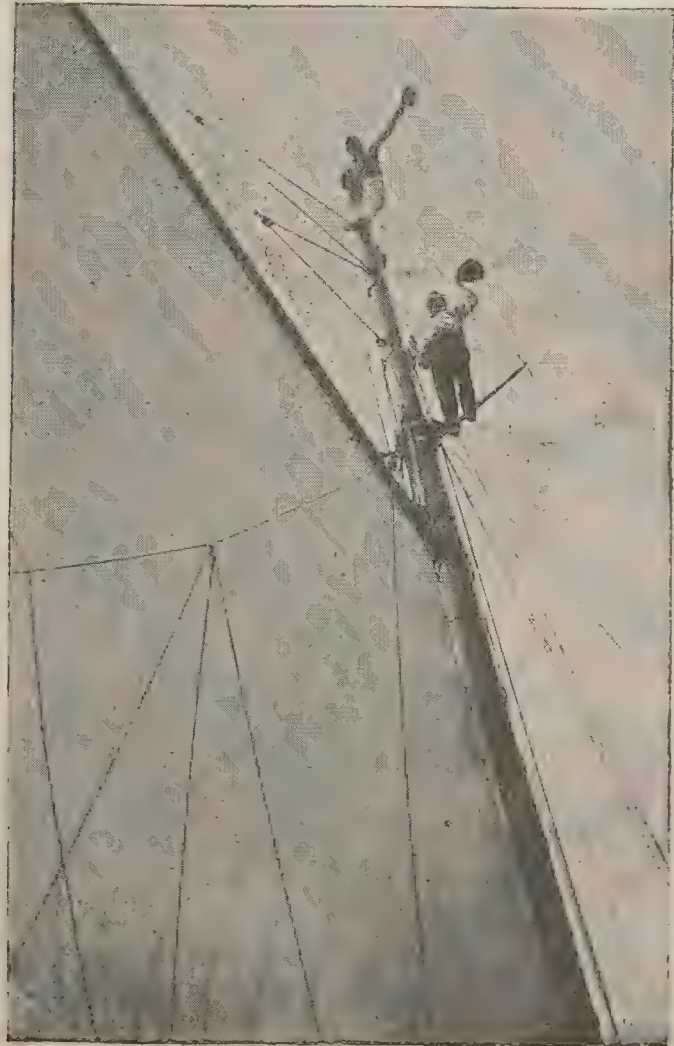
It is too early yet in the history of gasoline and other liquid fuel marine motors to fairly estimate the value of every one of the numerous combinations of hull and engine. Some are good, some indifferent, and many are positively bad, through the impossible character of the combination, defective design of hull or motor, or faulty details in the latter. If it has done nothing else, however, as compared with steam, the hydro-carbon motor has already produced one type of yacht whose utility and



ROSAMOND—THE LAUNCH.

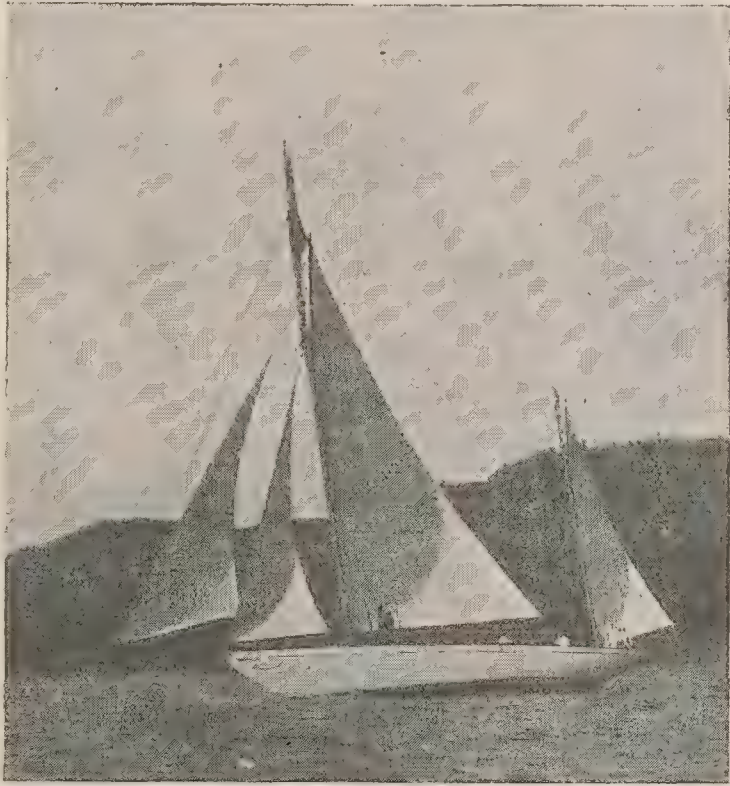
real value has already been proven, though it is not yet well clear of the experimental stage. For many reasons this type, the true sailing auxiliary, was not possible with the aid of steam in sizes smaller than 65 to 75 ft. l.w.l.; but with the modern naphtha or gasoline motor a really practical auxiliary cruiser may be had on dimensions that are almost diminutive. The small auxiliary steam yacht, as built for the past fifteen years, is a pretty poor specimen of a vessel, a combination of steam yacht hull of alleged high speed form with a disproportionately large deck house of the show-case type, mostly glass, the best space in the vessel monopolized by the machinery, forcing the owner into mere cubby holes in one end or the other, while the toothpick spars are fit only to carry flags. The marine engineer has had his own way from the first in the designing of these craft, and it must be said that he has made a most signal failure of the type.

The improvement of the hydro-carbon motors and their increasing popularity has within the past three or four years made possible a sailing auxiliary of an entirely different type, and where the problem has been worked out from the standpoint of the yacht designer, rather than of the marine engineer, some very satisfactory results have been obtained. In many cases the work has taken the form of the alteration of an old sailing yacht by the installation of a motor sufficient to drive her from four to seven miles in a calm, the old sails and spars still being the main motive power and the accommodations of the sailing vessel being but little curtailed by the appropriation of a small space for the motor and tank. In other cases the problem has been worked out on clean paper from the start, the design showing a hull of the usual sailing type, with a reasonably large and efficient rig, the motor being purely auxiliary. Since the first experiments were made about six years ago of installing small gasoline motors in several old cutters of about 30 ft. l.w.l., many old yachts have been successfully converted and some new ones have been designed which have given excellent satisfaction.



sailing only, as a cruising yawl in which safety was the first consideration, and comfort the second. The gasoline motor was an after-thought, so that the design was made solely with a view to sailing, the only modification being in the rudder and after deadwood. Rosamond was designed and built by her owner, Mr. W. J. Starr, of Eau Claire, Wis., an amateur yachtsman and designer. She was designed for use on the upper Mississippi and later on the Great Lakes, the owner sailing her himself with the aid of one A. B. and a boy. The accommodations were planned to suit the owner and his family. The idea of the yacht was in contemplation for a couple of years before she was laid down in the fall of 1897, and the extensive facilities for procuring good lumber which that section of the West affords had been utilized in laying in a stock of the tough Wisconsin swamp white oak, tamarack (hackmatack), both in knees and planks, cork pine (white) and butternut, the latter for the interior joiner work, as it is very light and also stands dampness well. The yacht was built by day's work, a small force of good men being hired and the work carried on slowly, every piece of wood being specially selected. All the work was done under the direct supervision of the owner, and no pains were spared in making a perfect and lasting vessel. The decision to make her an auxiliary was reached before the building begun, but the not unusual experience followed—an engine from the East, promised in June, was not yet ready for shipment at the end of August; and as the water was exceptionally low in the shallow Chippewa River through the summer of 1898, no attempt was made to complete her for that season. She was launched in October, 1898, and the engine installed, and when the river was at its highest, in April, 1899, she made the trip down under her own engine, but without spars in her, to the Mississippi, the deepest vessel that has ever navigated the shallow Chippewa. She afterward steamed and sailed down the Mississippi to La Crosse, then returned to Lake Pepin, an enlargement of the river, where she was used through the season. This spring it is proposed to take her down the river to Alton, Ill., up the Illinois River and through the Illinois and Michigan Canal into Lake Michigan.

Lake Pepin includes a stretch of the Mississippi about twenty-eight miles long and from two to four and a half miles wide, surrounded by hills from 400 to 600 ft. high, so



ROSAMOND.

that there is always a chance to test the stability of a sailing yacht. Steady breezes from any one quarter are unknown, and the puffs and squalls from the hills have their counterparts in the currents and eddies of the river.

One run of seventy-five miles down the river from above Wabasha, Minn., to La Crosse, Wis., was made in seven hours; the run back against the current taking fifteen hours. Under engine alone the taffrail log has shown on different runs from 5.9 knots to a little over 7 knots. There being no sailing yachts in the vicinity of Lake Pepin, Rosamond has never been tested as to speed under sail beside others of her class, but in ordinary sailing she seems to be fast, and she handled most satisfactorily. A tiller 4½ ft. long serves to control her easily at all times, and though the local conditions are such that she is sometimes at one minute under full lower sail and the next under mainsail and forestaysail or jib and mizzen, she balanced well under all combinations. The engine is of the two-cycle type, three cylinders, each 5½ by 5½, with a battery igniter, and also a small magneto-dynamo belted direct to it; the horse-power is estimated at 14 to 15, and it turns up from 350 to 380 with a 24 in. wheel. The engine is very compact, sets low in the yacht, and its center of gravity is also very low, the entire weight being below the L.W.L. As far as space goes, it is partly under the companion ladder, the fore end being covered when not running with a casing of hardwood which looks like a small sideboard. A good muffler is used, the exhaust coming out under the counter and the sound is only that of a heavy breathing. Under power the yacht turns in less than twice her own length, a useful quality in the narrow channels of the Chippewa River. As shown by the accommodation plan, very little useful room is sacrificed to the motive power, and the yacht has quite as much room as the ordinary deep center-board craft without power.

The arrangement of the deck and interior is peculiar, but has proved very satisfactory. By means of a strong round to the deck beams and floor, full headroom is secured under the deck in the middle of the vessel. Where the floor is necessarily higher, abaft the centerboard trunk, a comparatively short cabin trunk is used, giving full headroom; forward there is a large hatch and skylight giving headroom in the galley. In this way the deck beams amidship are kept intact, strengthening the

hull, and yet no headroom is sacrificed. The plan is superior in every way to the usual wide trunk from mast to cockpit. When under sail, the tail shaft is disconnected and the wheel left to turn freely, which it does with no apparent drag. The dimensions are:

Length—		
Over all	60ft.	8in.
L.W.L.	40ft.	
Overhang—		
Bow	8ft.	8in.
Counter	12ft.	
Beam—		
Extreme	15ft.	4in.
L.W.L.	13ft.	4in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	5ft.	



Lowest	3ft.	
Counter	3ft.	8in.
Draft—		
Hull	4ft.	6in.
With board	10ft.	6in.
Displacement, long tons	19.00	
Ballast, long tons	8.00	
Ratio of ballast to displacement	41%	
Midship Section—		
Area	31.00 sq. ft.	
Coefficient	52%	
Distance from Station O	21.90ft.	
C.B. from Station O	22.25ft.	
C.L.R. from Station O—		
Hull only	22.66ft.	
Hull and board	23.10ft.	

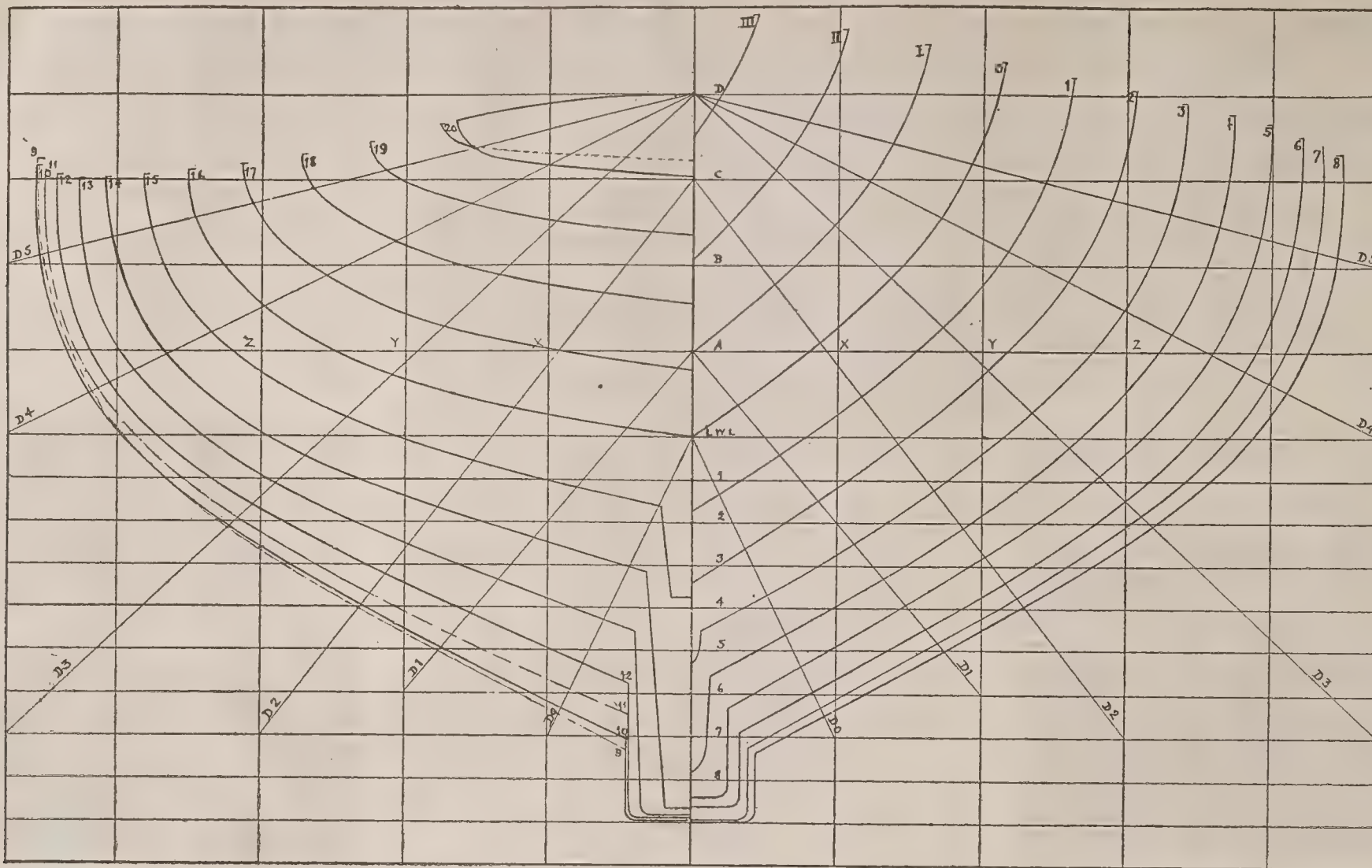
SPARS.

Mainmast—		
From Station O	7ft.	
Deck to hounds	38ft.	
Pole	14ft.	9in.
Mizzen Mast—		
From Station O	43ft.	4in.
Deck to hounds	27ft.	6in.
Pole	4ft.	
Bowsprit—		
Beyond fore end of L.W.L.	23ft.	10in.
Gammon to crane	15ft.	
Main boom	35ft.	9in.
Mizzen boom	20ft.	9in.
Main gaff	28ft.	9in.
Mizzen gaff	15ft.	6in.
Mainsail	1,175 sq. ft.	
Jib	298 sq. ft.	
Staysail	227 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	400 sq. ft.	

Total2,100 sq. ft.

The weights included above under the head of "Ballast" are in detail as follows:





ROSAMOND—BODY PLAN.

Iron keel	10,600lbs.
Bolts and iron floors	1,400lbs.
Engine and fittings	1,500lbs.
Tank, filled	500lbs.
Inside ballast, iron.....	4,000lbs.

Total 18,000lbs.

The construction plan and further details will appear next week.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.—III.

APROPOS of the employment of displacement as a factor of measurement, as advocated in the letter of Col. Bucknill, published last week, a suggestion to this effect was made by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff as long ago as 1892, and since then he has devised several tentative formulas in which displacement and other similar factors are used inversely, so to speak, or as divisors, with a view to placing a premium on each. In the first place, in 1892, Mr. Herreshoff suggested three different rules, each having the old factors waterline and sail area as dividend, but different factors as divisors—namely, custom house tonnage, cubic contents and displacement. Since then he has devised a number of different formulas, five of which we give as follows. Each is based on the Seawanhaka rules, but with the two old factors multiplied instead of added, the product being divided by the new factor and a constant. For the sake of brevity, the following symbols are used:

- L—Length on L.W.L.
- S—Sail area.
- D—Displacement.
- M—Midship section measured to deck.
- m—Midship section measured to L.W.L.
- C—Cubic contents.

The last element is the total bulk of the vessel up to the deck, including the topsides. The formulas are:

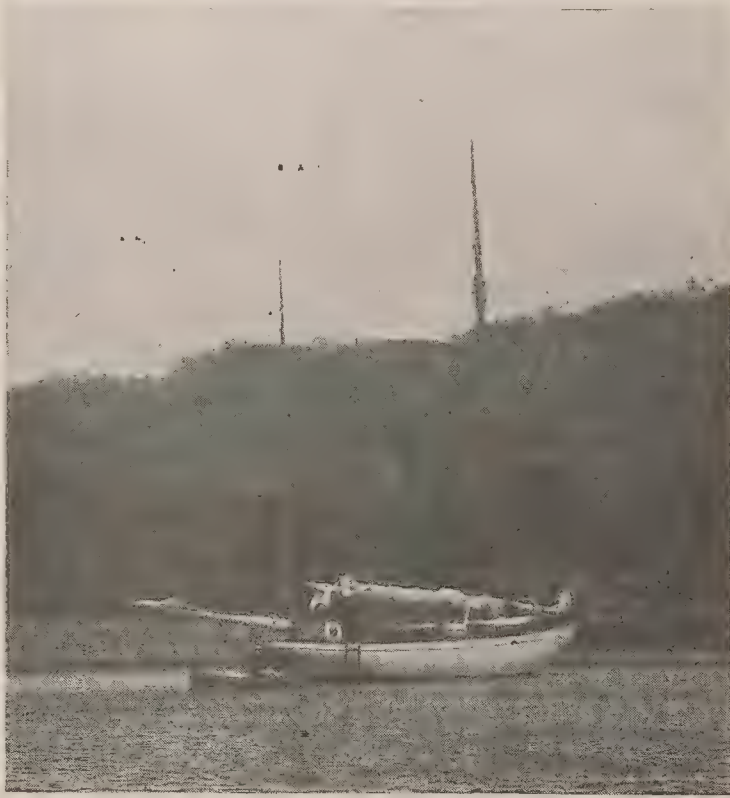
$$1. \frac{L \times \sqrt{S}}{7.5 \sqrt{m}} \quad 2. \frac{L \times \sqrt{S}}{5.5 \sqrt{M}} \quad 3. \frac{L \times \sqrt{S}}{5.8 \sqrt{D}} \quad 4. \frac{2L \times \sqrt{S}}{7.8 \sqrt{C}} \quad 5. \frac{L \times \sqrt{S}}{4.8 \sqrt{C}}$$

The end of all these proposed formulas is the same, to induce the designer to take a fairly large body and consequently to produce a yacht with some amount of internal accommodation. It would require a good deal of serious study in order to estimate the probable effect of each rule and to compare them intelligently, but it is evident that with the constants given, or others if they should prove faulty, any one of the above might be made to produce a yacht of reasonably large body. As to the practical value of the various factors in the divisors, neither cubic contents nor custom house tonnage, as originally proposed, seem suitable. The latter is worthless as applied to yachts, especially the modern ones, as it fails to measure their true volume. The use of either would put a premium upon a large and bulky hull, but not necessarily on displacement. It might pay to build a fin-keel of high freeboard and long ends, to get the required cubic contents, but of limited displacement, the result being a poor type of yacht. The formulas numbered 2 and 3 seem the best adapted to actual practice.

Assuming that either will give a yacht of reasonably large body, there is still no guarantee that the general type will be in any way satisfactory. While the lack of adequate displacement is one of the salient evils of the modern yacht, a mere increase of displacement does not necessarily correct the whole evil. Had a rule of this kind been adopted eight or nine years ago, when the weakness of the Seawanhaka rule was first apparent, it might have been sufficient; as at that time a yacht of good displacement had also moderate proportions of beam and draft. Since then, however, designers have become accustomed to the free and unrestricted use of both beam and draft solely as levers and unassociated with good displacement, and they have not been slow to appreciate the value of these factors. Even if compelled to take a

moderate amount of displacement to-day by means of a rule similar to those of Col. Bucknill and Mr. Herreshoff, they would in all probability—unless the tax on sail were heavy—adhere to a semi-fin type of great beam and draft and very shallow body, a machine of the "brute" type with limited accommodation. In regard to the Herreshoff formulas, their author has made no effort to give publicity to them or to secure their adoption, and it is not even certain which, if any, he personally prefers, or whether he considers any one as fully adapted to present requirements.

In our opinion any rule which will work to the permanent benefit of yachting must in some way take cogni-



AT ANCHOR—LAKE PEPIN AT SUNRISE.

zance of the relation between displacement and the two dimensions of beam and draft. Unless it does this it cannot reach the true source of evil, the employment of excessive dimensions to give power to a hull of small or even moderate displacement. It is quite possible that in addition to such a direct grasp upon the middle body of the yacht, it may be necessary to deal in some way with the evasion of the measured middle-line length by excessive heeling, though this becomes less profitable as the displacement and depth of body are increased. There is at the present time evidence of another attempt in the near future to frame a satisfactory rule; the Larchmont, Seawanhaka and several other clubs have recently appointed special committees to report at the end of the season. It may be said in passing that these committees will find plenty to guide them in the numerous failures of their predecessors. Unfortunately, every one of these failures tends to create a greater amount of distrust on the part of the average yachtsman in all connected with measurement legislation and thus makes it more and more difficult to secure the hearty adoption and thorough trial of a really good rule if such should be discovered.

Capt. John Codman.

CAPT. JOHN CODMAN, the able and earnest advocate of free ships, died at Boston on April 6 at the age of eighty-six. John Codman was born in Dorchester, Mass., on Oct. 16, 1814, and was the son of the Rev. John Codman, of that town. He entered Amherst College, but left in his junior year, 1833, finishing his education at sea. He became a captain in the merchant marine, and traveled

extensively. He was known as an advocate of free ships and free trade, and wrote for many periodicals.

Among his publications are "Sailors' Life and Sailors' Yarns," "Ten Months in Brazil, with Notes on the Paraguayan War," "Review of the Report of the Special Committee on Navigation Interests," "The Mormon Country; a Summer with the Latter-Day Saints," "Free Ships; Restoration of the American Carrying Trade," "Round Trip, by Way of Panama, Through California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Colorado," "A Solution of the Mormon Problem," "Winter Sketches from the Saddle by a Septuagenarian" and "A Biographical Sketch of William Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Mass." Mr. Codman's mind remained clear to the last.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. was held on April 4, at which Chas. T. Pierce was re-elected Chairman, Chas. P. Tower Secretary and C. D. Mower, Treasurer. It was decided that the championship series should include all annual and other races, sailed on Saturdays, between May 30 and Sept. 22, inclusive. The date of the Bridgeport Y. C.'s annual event was changed from Aug. 11 to July 14, and that of the Huntington Y. C. from Aug. 25 to Sept. 18. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will sail its fall regatta on Sept. 8 and the Manhasset Y. C. will take Sept. 15 for its final race.

As Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell was unable to accept the Presidency of the Yachtsmen's Club owing to his absence from New York. Com. David Banks, Atlantic Y. C., has been elected in his place.

The annual meeting of the Yacht Masters' and Engineers' Association was held at the rooms at Tebos Basin on April 5, about fifty-five members being present. The following officers were elected: Pres., J. H. Pruett; Vice-Pres., John Leonard; Treas., Elbridge T. Bishops; Sec'y, Henry T. Smith; Quartermasters, George E. Nutter and Charles E. Wood; Trustees, T. I. Miller, Charles E. Wood, Charles Darling, W. C. Bonning and Henry Lang.

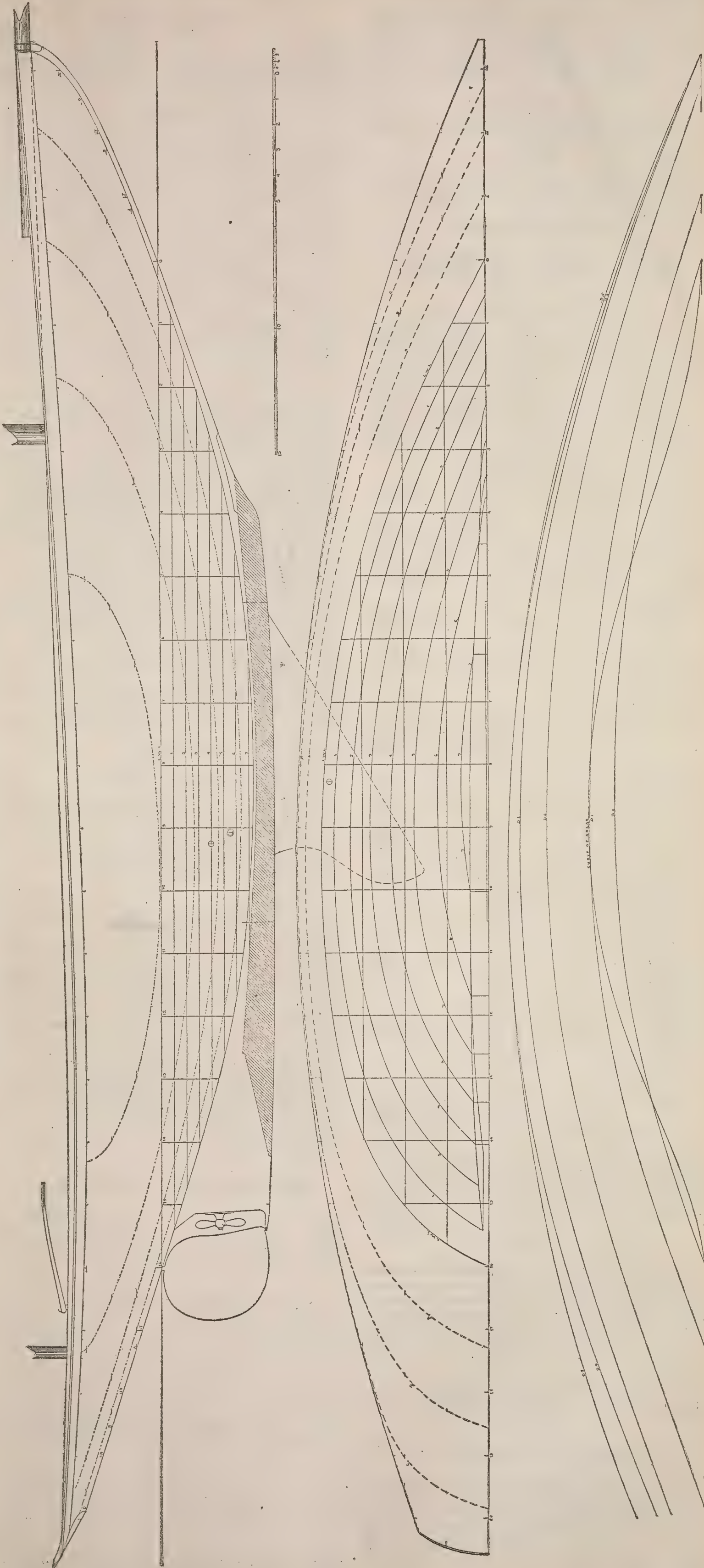
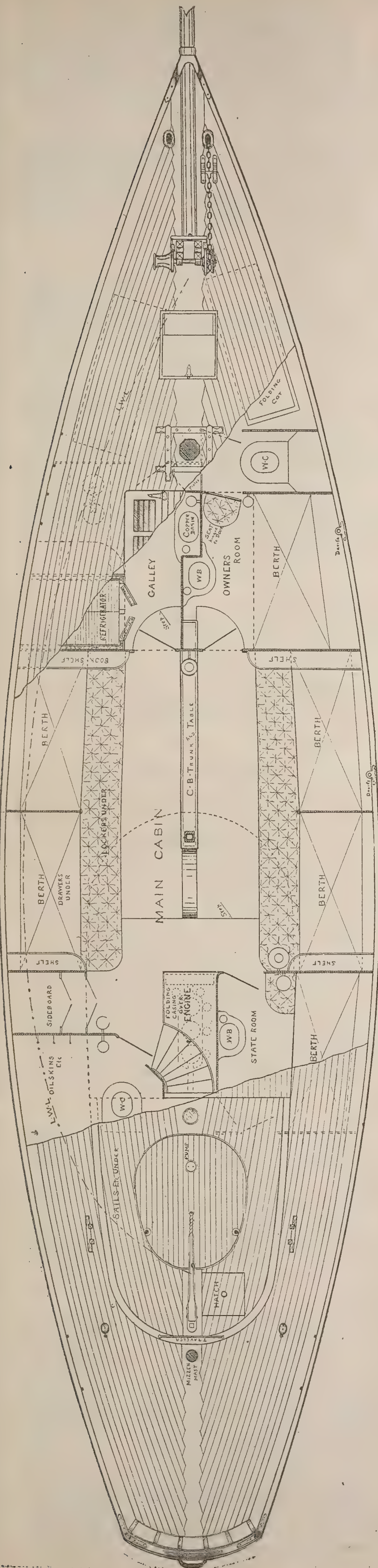
Anita, steam yacht, has been sold by J. H. Flagler to George B. Wilson, of Philadelphia.

The annual meeting of the Kill von Kull Y. C., of West Brighton, S. I., was held on April 5, the following officers being elected: Com., John Croak; Vice-Com., George W. Hubbard; Treas., George H. Tredwell; Fin. Sec'y, John J. Caughey; Rec. Sec'y, Anning S. Prall; Governors, Jacob I. Housman, William Anderson, D. F. Simonson, A. J. Hinton and R. B. Jones.

May, steam yacht, Com. Alexander Van Rennselaer, Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, arrived at Philadelphia on April 2, after a cruise of seven weeks in the West Indies.

The Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, held its annual meeting on April 3, the following officers being elected: Com., Alderman John F. Loudon; Vice-Com., D. Smith; Rear-Com., Geo. Underwood; Sec'y, J. E. Foster; Treas., F. S. Knowland; Meas., W. Hales; Asst. Meas., A. Phillips; Sailing Committee, R. Slee, H. Sweetlove and W. Windler; House Committee, J. Greig, R. Tyson and R. Slee; Auditors, W. D. Thomas and C. Macdonald. The retiring Commodore, Owain Martin, has held the office for four successive years.

The White Bear Y. C. held its annual meeting on



ROSAMOND, AUXILIARY CRUISING YAWL. DESIGNED BY W. J. STARR, ESQ., 1898

March 31 at the Aberdeen, in St. Paul, electing the following officers: Com., L. P. Ordway; Vice-Com., Geo. C. Squires; Capt., T. L. Wann; Sec'y, W. S. Morton; Treas., H. Van Vleck; Meas., Eugene Ramaley; Ex. Com., Messrs. Griggs, Douglas, Stern and Murray; Sailing Com., Capt. T. L. Wann, S. C. Stickney and A. MacLaren.

Magnet, steam yacht, has been sold by E. D. Trowbridge to Lotham A. Fish.

The two cutters of 46ft. l.w.l. building at Bristol for Mr. Ames and Mr. Cord Meyer were launched on April 3, being named Altair and Sirocco.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shoot to-day was varied with April showers, sunshine and shadow, good shooting and the kindergarten class no April 1 joke, as Paul Becker did the experts up with the revolver, beating his best yet with 47 rings. Dr. Twist also beat several experts in his class medal with pistol, and Mrs. Waltham took the honors with .22 rifle. Capt. Kuhnle came prepared for fun, but learned of the death of a dear friend and put his weapons gently aside. Wm. H. Seaver (Trombone), the great shotgun champion, has cast his lot with us. He represents the Winchester Arms Co. Drs. Trask and Beaman are also shotgun cranks; these, with Fendner, all attended the shotgun tournament to-day. Pape, Dorrell and Young did fine average work with rifle.

Scores, off-hand shooting, Columbia target; 200yds. with rifles and 50yds. with pistols, and .22 and .25 rifles:

Class medals; one entry only; rifle experts:
F O Young 8 3 1 4 6 2 3 6 6 9-48
A H Pape 7 4 3 5 5 7 6 4 7 6-54

Sharpshooters:
G Manuel 12 7 14 5 8 6 10 2 9 6-79
C M Daiss 8 8 15 15 4 8 5 1 9 8-81
F S Washburn 12 9 4 8 9 13 11 2 9 6-83
Marksmen: G. Hoadley 103, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 110, P. Becker 120, Dr. J. F. Twist 120, E. A. Allen 164.

Pistol experts: F. O. Young, 11, 3, 3, 4, 5, 3, 5, 5, 6, 4-49; * C. M. Daiss, 72; G. M. Borley, 72.

Sharpshooters:
*Dr J F Twist 7 5 5 8 3 3 5 11 4 6-57
*G Hoadley 4 9 2 3 3 10 5 6 9 11-61
*F S Washburn 75
*P Becker 76

Marksmen: G. Manuel, 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 14, 5, 2, 5, 4-69; F. S. Hassmann, 78; Mrs. Waltham, 84; Mrs. Manuel, 102; E. A. Allen, 117.

All comers and members re-entry matches—

Rifle medals:
F O Young 7 6 1 10 3 3 2 8 6 3-49
A B Dorrell 13 2 4 9 5 5 3 5 1 6-53
C M Daiss 14 8 1 2 13 6 8 15 4 4-73
F S Washburn 19 1 5 11 3 4 17 12 4 3-79
G Manuel 7 9 10 7 5 13 8 2 6 13-80

Rifle record scores:
A B Dorrell 6 6 2 4 2 9 13 4 3 5-54
*F O Young 3 8 4 2 5 2 3 1 8 3-39
*G Hoadley 2 4 5 6 2 6 4 1 5 8-46
*P Becker 14 3 12 6 7 2 7 1 2 7-61
*Dr J F Twist 10 8 4 6 3 5 5 9 2 14-66

Pistol medals:
*F O Young 3 8 4 2 5 2 3 1 8 3-39
*G Hoadley 2 4 5 6 2 6 4 1 5 8-46
*P Becker 14 3 12 6 7 2 7 1 2 7-61
*Dr J F Twist 10 8 4 6 3 5 5 9 2 14-66

Pistol record scores:
G M Borley 2 2 3 10 6 3 3 8 4 6-47
A B Dorrell 2 10 8 4 2 5 3 5 3 8-50
Mrs. Manuel 92
G Manuel 93

Twist revolver medal:
Paul Becker 3 11 5 2 3 3 6 6 4 4-47
(Colt's service revolver and
L. & R. service charge.)
F O Young 67 61
Dr Twist 92 103

.22 and .25cal. rifles:
*Mrs C F Waltham 6 2 2 4 1 3 3 1 2 2-26
*G Hoadley 5 2 3 1 1 8 2 3 1 3-29
Dr J F Twist 5 3 2 3 3 1 5 1 2 4-29
*22 short Peters cartridges.

Peters .22 long rifle.
Peters prizes of cartridges were won as follows:
January prizes: Pistol, expert, Young; member, Becker, .22 rifle, expert, Manuel; member, Mrs. Waltham.
February prizes: Pistol, expert, Daiss; member, Hoadley, .22 rifle, expert, Dorrell; member, Mrs. Waltham.
March prizes: Pistol, expert, Young; member, Becker, .22 rifle, expert, Capt. Kuhnle; member, Hoadley.

F. O. Young, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 10-13.—Baltimore, Md.—Regular spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two days at live birds; added money. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Palmyra, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Palmyra Club; targets and live birds.

April 13.—New Haven, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club; targets.

April 13-14.—Newark, N. J.—Two days' target tournament of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 14.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

April 17-19.—Peru, Ind.—Fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club; two days targets; one day pigeons. Jack Parker, Mgr. Chas. Bruck, Tournament Sec'y.

April 18-19.—Cincinnati, O.—Merchandise shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club; first day, live birds; second day, targets.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.

April 19-20.—Sodus, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Sodus Gun Club; \$56 added.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April —.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 3.—Walcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 9-10.—Natchez, Miss.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the Gialliard Gun Club. F. C. Sampson, Sec'y. John Parker, manager.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

June (First Week).—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, manager.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y. 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

July —.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. A. Leach, Pres.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme for the first Interstate target tournament of this year is now ready for distribution. This tournament will be held on the grounds of the Walsrode Gun Club at Hutchinson's Lake, twenty minutes' ride on the trolley cars from Trenton, N. J. Shooting commences at 7:30 each day. To reach the grounds take the White Horse and Yardville cars at State and Warren streets, if coming via Philadelphia & Reading; if by Pennsylvania R.R., take the cars at Clinton Street Station. There are ten bluerock events each day, of which seven are each at 15 and three at 20 bluerocks. The entrance is based on 10 cents per target. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system, four moneys, in the ratio of 5, 3, 2 and 1. Guns and ammunition forwarded to W. B. Widmann will be delivered at the shooting grounds. Targets 2 cents. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The Interstate Association Rules will govern. All paid trade representatives may shoot for targets only. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's manager, will manage the tournament.

In a practice shoot at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on April 8, Mr. O. Von Lengerke made the excellent score of 49 out of 50 live birds. As the Watson brand of bird is known to have a Harveyized exterior and a very flat trajectory, the performance mentioned is excellent.

The monthly target tournament of the Medicus Gun Club will be held at Interstate Park, April 25. Shooting commences at 10

A. M. sharp. The moneys will be divided by the Rose system, four moneys; open to all; targets included in entrance money. There are nine events, of which three are at 10 targets, 85 cents entrance; two at 15, \$1 entrance; two at 20, \$1.25 entrance; one at 10 pairs, \$1, and the ninth event is the Medicus challenge plate, value \$50, for two-men teams, 100 singles per man. Any club in good standing can enter one or more teams. Entrance \$5. Three wins (not consecutive) take the plate. All contests to be held at Interstate Park at monthly shoots of the Medicus Gun Club. For further particulars address Dr. C. E. Kemble, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Silas B. Keith, Palmer, Mass., writes us as follows: "At a meeting held in my office, Palmer, Mass., the Massachusetts Shooting Association was formed with the following officers: President, Dr. H. B. Perry, of Amherst; Secretary, Dr. S. B. Keith, Palmer, Mass. The Association comprises Palmer, Amherst, Winchendon, Gardner and Brookfield. During the summer shoots will take place at each of the above towns. The winning team will receive a beautiful silver cup, and each member of team a gold badge. The dates for the shoots are as follows: Amherst, April 19; Palmer, May 30; Brookfield, July 4; Winchendon, Aug. 14, and Gardner, Sept. 1."

The Sodus Gun Club, of Sodus, N. Y., announces that April 19 and 20 are the dates for its spring tournament. There will be \$56 added money. The magatrap will be used to throw targets. There are ten events on the first day, with a total of 125 targets and a total entrance of \$6.25. To the 10-target events, \$1 will be added; to the 15-target events, \$2. There are sixteen events on the second day, 235 targets in all, and a total of \$14.50 entrance. Moneys divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10. There are \$5, \$3 and \$2, first, second and third, average to those shooting through the programme.

The Peters Cartridge Co., in connection with the Gialliard Gun Club, of Natchez, Miss., will hold a two-days' target tournament May 9 and 10. There will be guaranteed purses contributed by the Peters Cartridge Co.; also there will be contributed two trophies, one of which will represent the individual championship of Mississippi and Louisiana, the other for teams of three men from clubs of either of these two States. This will be the first tournament in that section of the South for several years past and should draw a good attendance of shooters.

The pocket score book devised by Forest and Stream Publishing Co. for the use of trapshooters meets with general approval. It contains a copy of the Interstate Rules for targets and live birds, and the pages are ruled to keep a record of place, date, traps, weather conditions, number of shooters, guns, loads, birds, events, etc. The pages are ruled to keep scores from 1 to 25. In size this book is 6 by 2 3/4 in. Price, 50 cents.

The letter to the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club announcing that the club will again resume its shoot will be pleasing information to all its host of friends. The shoots will take place at Interstate Park, excepting three. The particulars concerning the first shoot are set forth in the communication aforementioned.

The Freehold Gun Club, of Freehold, N. J., will hold a handicap shoot, rain or shine, on April 14, commencing at 10 o'clock. The prizes and conditions set forth by the club are \$5 entrance, targets extra; 100 targets; \$2 must accompany entrance. The prize is a piano, valued at \$300. C. C. Snyder, secretary.

Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) desires that we mention concerning the booklet which gives a brief biography of herself, that copies of it are not for sale, but will be sent to all applicants on receipt of one 2-cent stamp. Her address is Nutley, N. J. BERNARD WATERS.

Oneida County Association.

UTICA, N. Y., April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual meeting of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was held in this city last evening and was largely attended. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Henry L. Gates; Vice-President, Dr. W. H. Brownell; Secretary, Charles R. Mizner; Treasurer, Oscar A. Wheeler; Directors, Gustavus Dexter, Thomas L. Davidson, Wm. A. Ainsworth. The Treasurer's report showed the organization to be in a very prosperous condition financially. Several new members were admitted.

The annual State shoot will be held in Utica, June 4-8, under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, and matters pertaining thereto were discussed at last evening's meeting. Much enthusiasm was manifested. It is expected that several hundred sportsmen will be in attendance at the shoot. There will be target shooting on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and Friday the entire day will be devoted to live birds, including the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy. On each of the first three days there will be two State events at 25 targets. Three magatrap will be used. On one of these the State events will be run off, at the second competition will be open to amateurs only, while at the third the events will be open to the world. The local association will contribute \$500 in cash as added money in the several events. In addition to these events there will be a merchandise shoot, which will be open to all comers, the prizes being articles donated by friends of the Association. W. E. WOLCOTT.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, April 8.—The annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club was held on Saturday night, April 7. The secretary's report showed the membership of the club full to the limit and eight applicants on waiting list. A large attendance was at the live-pigeon contests held during the winter, and which will be continued through April, an average of over 400 pigeons being trapped for each event, a total of nearly 6,000 being used during the season. Only eight members delinquent on last year's dues, and those good.

The treasurer's report showed all bills paid and a cash balance on hand of \$234.48. The club decided to put in a magatrap for the coming season's target shooting, which begins the first Saturday in May and continues every Saturday until the first Saturday in October. Club is divided into three classes—A, B and C. Club decided to enter one or more teams in the State shoot held here the first week in May.

Election of officers as follows: Thos. P. Hicks, President; Thos. Eaton, Vice-President; Dr. J. W. Meek, Secretary; C. W. Stiger, Treasurer.

Thos. Eaton and C. P. Richards were elected directors for three years to fill the places vacated by O. Von Lengerke and Dr. S. Shaw, whose terms of office had expired. W. P. Northcott was re-elected captain.

The club is in a thoroughly flourishing condition in every respect. J. W. MEER, M.D., Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed to its columns.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY.

4125545111431152524114554
E H Tripp, 28, 4125545111431152524114554
Indianapolis, Ind. 22022022222022222220220-20
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"Jeffries," 27, 5552554432551153
Greensboro, Ala. 211022*22200020

The attendance was from all parts of the United States and Canada, and proves the typical quality of this shoot as the truly

American handicap. A counting of the noses shows the different State delegations to have been as follows:

New York.....	52	Texas.....	3
New Jersey.....	37	North Carolina.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	21	Georgia.....	2
Ohio.....	15	Iowa.....	2
Illinois.....	11	Ontario.....	1
Connecticut.....	8	California.....	1
Virginia.....	6	Florida.....	1
Massachusetts.....	5	Delaware.....	1
Maryland.....	5	Montana.....	1
Minnesota.....	5	Tennessee.....	1
Indiana.....	4	Alabama.....	1
Nebraska.....	4	Missouri.....	1
Rhode Island.....	4	Michigan.....	1
Wisconsin.....	4	District of Columbia.....	1
Maine.....	4	South Carolina.....	1
Kentucky.....	3		

Forfeits.
The following were the forfeits, entries not being completed: W. R. Nold, St. Louis, Mo.; J. M. Green, Washington, D. C.; F. W. Cooper, Mahanoy City, Pa.; H. Schimmel, Easton, Pa.; C. W. Feigenspan, Newark, N. J.; D. I. Bradley, New York; W. A. Wiedeubush, Fairmont, W. Va.; W. T. Irwin, Chicago, Ill.; J. P. W. Stuart, New York; R. A. Welch, New York; Hunt Smith, Chicago, Ill.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Post Entries.
The post entries were fourteen in number, as below: J. L. Rehrig, Weissport, Pa.; H. C. Hirschy, St. Paul, Minn.; G. B. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.; C. H. Woolley, Pleasure Bay, N. J.; E. N. McCorney, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. C. Butler, Philadelphia, Pa.; D. C. Byers, Rochester, N. Y.; G. E. Painter, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. B. Hopkins, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; H. M. Heffish, Secaucus, N. J.; M. D. Stevens, New Haven, Conn.; Col. Thos. Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; C. H. Stockwell, Troy, N. Y.; J. P. Burkhardt, New York.

Character of the Interstate Association.
The trapshooters of the different parts of the country all have a very good idea of the magnitude of this great annual tournament. The guarantee of its future is to be seen by a glance at the following list of its officers, among whom are many of the most prominent men in the industrial side of the American sport:
Directors—J. A. H. Dressel, President, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company; Irby Bennett, Vice-President, of Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Edward Banks, Secretary-Treasurer, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, Ltd.; John L. Lequin, of Hazard Powder Company; A. W. Higgins, of Laffin & Rand Powder Company; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.
Executive Committee—John L. Lequin, Chairman; Irby Bennett, A. W. Higgins.
Tournament Committee—Irby Bennett, Chairman; J. A. H. Dressel, A. W. Higgins, W. F. Parker, of Parker Brothers; Edward Banks, E. S. Lentilhon, representing E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Company.
Club Organization Committee—O. D. Delano, Chairman, of Le Roy Shot and Lead Works; Paul North, of Cleveland Target Company; Chas. Tatham, of Tatham Brothers; C. E. Willard, of International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Company.
Subscribers to the Interstate Association—Tatham & Brothers, 82 Beekman street, New York, manufacturers of American standard shot; Le Roy Shot and Lead Works, 261-263 Water street, New York, manufacturers of "Eagle Brand" shot; Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport, Conn., manufacturers of Trap shells and loaded ammunition; American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, Ltd., Oakland, N. J., manufacturers of Smokeless shotgun, rifle and revolver powders and all grades of gun cotton; Cleveland Target Company, Cleveland, O., manufacturers of bluerocks, the magatrap, expert traps and electric pulls; Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., manufacturers of repeating firearms, shells and loaded ammunition; Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., manufacturers of the Parker gun; the Hazard Powder Company, 44, 46 and 48 Cedar street, New York, manufacturers of powders—"Blue Ribbon" brand, smokeless; E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Del., manufacturers of gunpowder—smokeless shotgun and rifle powders; Laffin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York, manufacturers of "Laffin & Rand Smokeless" and "Orange Extra" sporting powders; Remington Arms Company, 315 Broadway, New York, manufacturers of Remington guns; International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Company, 903 Empire Building, 71 Broadway, New York.

Future of the Interstate Park.
It was regretted that the great Interstate Park could not be entirely completed in detail in time for this tournament, but it was far enough along so that any one could see that it is to be a magnificent thing. When the Casino is finished there will be rooms for billiards, bowling alleys, shooting galleries, etc. This much money would buy in any locality, but money cannot purchase in all localities grounds so good as these for the purposes of a pigeon park. They are well nigh perfect now, and will be entirely so when completed.

The Train Service.
Through the influence of Capt. Dressel and his friends, the Long Island Railroad gave the attendance at this great shoot a very excellent train service. They have put in a tidy little station at the park, and have made it possible for shooters to get in and out with perfect comfort. They ran their special train clear to the incline of the bridge, and the 6 o'clock special was a vast convenience to the belated crowd.

The Western Party.
The Western delegation this year was large and able, as it always is, and none the less so from the fact that it came in detachments and not in a solid body. Mr. J. L. Head brought with him in his party nineteen persons, and a very pleasant and representative party they made, reflecting great credit on Mr. Head for his diligence in getting together a traveling band on the short notice allowed him. They are unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Head ought to be elected president of the United States. The following was the membership of this Western party: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stevens, of Moline, Ill.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; Louis Painter, Osceola, Ia.; J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. Ramaley, St. Paul, Minn.; Capt. Ben Eich, Mt. Sterling, Ill.; John England, Springfield, Ill.; J. T. Hall, Loami, Ill.; W. D. Hillis, Libby, Mont.; Ed Bingham, Chicago, Ill.; H. Hirschy, St. Paul, Minn.; Jack Parker and son, Fred Parker, Detroit, Mich.; J. H. Cavanagh, Peru, Ind. Messrs. C. M. Powers, W. R. Crosby and C. W. Budd joined the party here for the West-bound trip.

What the Winner Used.
As it happened, the last three guns left in the Grand American Handicap were Parkers. Mr. Bates, the winner, used U. M. C. Trap shells and Dupont powder. Further comment on the equipment of the different shooters is rendered unnecessary by our complete table of guns and loads.

Earlier Winners of the Grand American Handicap.
The winners of the Grand American Handicap from its inauguration up to date have been as follows: In 1893, Mr. R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia; in 1894, Mr. Thos. W. Morley, of Lyndhurst, N. J.; in 1895, Mr. John G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa.; in 1896, Mr. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass.; in 1897, Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; in 1898, Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y.; in 1899, Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; in 1900, Mr. A. H. Bates, of Ridgetown, Ont.
The study of the table of scores will show where each of the previous winners dropped out in the contest for this year. Mr. Welch, the first winner of the handicap, was prevented from shooting this year by a severe attack of illness, which at this writing still confines him to his bed. A glance at earlier reports will show the magnificent performance which the shooting Mayor from Keithsburg, Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, has made in these shoots. He has twice won the capital prize and this year again was at the score when the time came for the shoot-off on 25.

Absent Through Sickness.
It has above been mentioned that Mr. R. A. Welch was too sick to enter in the contest this year. Still another well-known shooter to be stricken down at the wrong time of the whole year was Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia. Mr. Gilbert, with his friends, Mr.

Marshall, Mr. Budd, Mr. Heikes, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Leroy and Mr. Loubert (the latter two from Massachusetts), all stopped at Jamaica, within a few miles of the shooting park. Just a day or so before the handicap, Fred Gilbert was taken sick. He expected to be well enough to enter the big shoot, but on the contrary grew worse, and for a time it seemed that he would be obliged to go to the hospital, as his condition alarmed his friends, a severe attack of peritonitis threatening to give him most serious trouble. The morning of the handicap dawned fair and nice, and Fred's friends had to leave him to go over to the park. The poor boy lay in bed with the tears streaming down his cheeks as he bade them good-by and wished them good luck. There is just the faintest suspicion that Fred took in a little money, although he did not shoot. Not everybody knows these trapshooters perfectly. They are a free masonry of great big free-hearted men.

Heavy Handicap.
The two shooters of the entire assemblage who were most heavily handicapped were handicapped by accident, each of them having lost an arm. These were J. A. Flick (Mingo), of Ravenna, O., and W. S. Cannon, of Newark, N. J. The performance of each of these gentleman was highly creditable, Mr. Cannon getting into the persimmon class with 23 out of 25.

More About How the Shoot Was Run.
Besides the regular score sheets kept by each scorer, a permanent score sheet was kept by each for the information of the shooters. A board shutter, within the scorer's box, was hinged to the window inside, and on the face of this a large score card was fastened. The shutter opened and closed in manner similar to a door. When a shooter left the score, the scorer opened the shutter marked a 1 or 2 or 0 or *, accordingly as the shooter had used one or two barrels, or his bird was not killed or was dead out, then closed the shutter, and the result was apparent to the shooter at a glance, and he knew what was entered up against him. Thereby he was enabled to detect an error if there was one and have it corrected promptly, besides the satisfaction of knowing at all times what was scored for or against him.

The retrieving was done in a manner devised by Mr. E. D. Fulford, and being peculiarly adapted to the system of trapping used, it was eminently successful. Three screen doors, one at each end and one in the middle, afforded ingress and egress to the boys in the pit under the traps. These doors, when closed, were flat with the surface of the ground; when open they served as a signal that all was not ready for the shooter's turn at the score. A speaking tube communicated from the scorer's box with the trapping pit. The entrances to the pit were designated 1, 2 and 3. If a bird was killed in the outfield near No. 3 the trapper called through the speaking tube, "No. 3 out." The boy, on coming out, knew at once that he was to look in the outfield for the dead bird. No. 3 in, or No. 2 or 1 right or left or in, gave corresponding information, and No. 1 or 2 or 3 knew that when he heard his number called he was the one to go, and that he was to look in or out, or right or left, for the bird. If the bird came in and fell so near the dead line that the boy whose duty it was to throw the balls at the sitting birds could gather it more quickly than the boys in the pits could, he ran for it and retrieved it.

As to retrieving the birds, the Association acted on the theory that if the shooter hit the bird properly it could be gathered by any of the boys engaged to do the retrieving. The question entirely rested between the shooter and the bird. There was no question whatever between the boy and the bird other than the simple one of running out to it and gathering it in. As a consequence, there were many who thought that they had exceptionally grievous hard luck stories from the loss of birds which flew out, but which could have been gathered by an acrobat or a dog, or by crafty circumvention. The correct theory, however, and the one there in use, was that the shooter should so hit his bird that it could be gathered at once. That was his part to do. The retrieving boy was not required to supplement the killing which the shooter did not do.

Boys vs. Dogs.
The trial of boys in the work of retrieving proved their superiority over dogs, in a shoot of the magnitude of the Grand American Handicap. It is true that a dog might retrieve some one bird more quickly than a boy could, but in retrieving all kinds of birds through a prolonged period, the result is far in favor of the work of the boys.
Dogs waste much time now and then by chasing wounded birds out of bounds, by pointing them, by dilatoriness, and by disobedience in general. If they do not sight the birds when they fall, much time is wasted in attempts to direct them to it. After a few hours' work, they become weary, and when weary they work slovenly and reluctantly. Many dogs, employed as retrievers, after a few hours' work give out entirely. Dogs from the peculiar anatomy of their skeleton are not good weight carriers. All the objections enumerated are eliminated when boys are used. Besides this, a kennel of retrievers would entail a large expenditure to keep them in training and condition, and would require the services of an expert the year round to train them and keep them in training. The question of a dog being better able to catch a wounded bird than a boy is has no standing in the matter of retrieving.

The Official Scores.
Never before in the history of the Grand American Handicap was the office of the compiler of scores so rushed to its full capacity as it was at the handicap last week. In previous handicaps three traps were the greatest number used; last week there were four of the Fulford traps. Their greater number and more rapid action fed the compiler's office with score sheets most bountifully. Notwithstanding the greater volume of business thus poured in upon it, all the scoring details were handled with admirable accuracy and expedition. Whatever part of the competition was ready to begin, the score sheets were complete and in readiness for it. The manner of keeping the scores was simple. Each scorer was furnished with like lists, containing 25 names, but each list otherwise bore the number of the set of traps at which it was used; thus the lists were numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4. Lists containing the names of the next 25 shooters were distributed to the scorers about the time the first lists were filled, and the latter lists were then brought to the office of the compiler of scores, where they were entered on the larger score sheets together, thereby making a complete score. Fifteen manifold copies, neatly and legibly kept, were made for the representatives of the press and distributed to them. When the last gun was fired, vouchers were ready for the payment of the winners, the payment of the help and the closing of the financial affairs of the handicap, involving thousands of dollars, the matter of vouchers coming within the department of the compiler of scores. In short, so thoroughly organized and efficient was this department that it handled the infinity of detail of its office without a hitch.

Traps and Special Rules.
The Fulford traps were the objects of much interest, and much deserved encomium. They added to the expeditious manner in which the competition was conducted and closed. In their mechanical features, they worked faultlessly, and fulfilled all that was and is claimed for them by their inventor. They are prompt and positive in their action, and being simple in design and strong of construction there is but the remotest of possibility of breakdowns or faulty working. They are so devised that any bird having the necessary strength is sure to fly or at least leave the trap. Out of the thousands of birds trapped last week at the Grand American Handicap, there was but an insignificant number of sitters, probably not an average of 1 in 100. The birds were good in themselves, it is true, but aside from this the birds, good or bad, are made to leave the Fulford traps promptly by the simple and effective mechanism of them. Also, the automatic mechanism is all that its name implies. The puller cannot in any way so manipulate the pull as to spring a known trap. All that he can know is that when he pushes the lever some one of the five traps will open. Taking delays and all into consideration, about 120 birds an hour were trapped on an average. Some hours, when the competition was in greatest action, probably 150 to 175 birds were trapped, but these figures by no means are a measure of the traps' capacity. Quite enough to say that they were equal to all that was exacted of them.

On the matter of a shooter at the score who calls "Pull" and fires his gun before the trap opens or after it opens, the Interstate Association made a definite ruling during the handicap. It decided that if the bird escapes it is lost. This now is the ruling of the Interstate Association. It is sound and based on common sense and the equity of the competition. The opening of the trap is but an incident of the competition, and is a consequence of the shooter's order "Pull." It is only one of the many incidents consequent to that order. The order "Pull" denotes that the shooter declares himself in the competition, and being so, must abide by his own competitive doings, be they for his advantage or against it.

The Boy from Pittsburg.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner won new laurels by the perfect manner in which he organized and conducted the greatest shoot on earth. With four sets of traps in action, with all the concurrent departments, scorers, cashiers, etc., there was not an incident which could be called a hitch from start to finish. It was all so thoroughly and efficiently organized that it ran like a piece of perfect machinery.

Mr. Edward Banks had charge of the department of compiler of scores, a position he has filled with eminent success for several years past. All the intricacies and minutæ were handled with ease and dispatch, as if they were so much matter of routine; and every different stage of the competition was anticipated and provided for, so that whether the matter was score sheets at the traps or scores up to date for the newspapers, or rebates for birds, or vouchers for winnings, the department was always up to date.

Mr. Myerhoff was chief cashier, a position which he has filled with eminent success before, and which he likewise did last week, so that, as with the other departments, the capacity of the office was equal to every call upon it.

Mr. Thomas Morley, who is in charge of the birds at Interstate Park, proved himself an expert of the first class in the duties of his office. There was but one delay, and that a trifling one, for which he was in no wise to blame. The birds gave out at the end of Wednesday's shoot, the first day of the handicap, so that about twenty-five men did not shoot their last bird of the 16th round at No. 4 set of traps. On investigation, it was found that in the bye bird shooting in the morning about 500 birds had been killed, which was an unexpectedly large number, and a vigorous degree of shooting which could not be foreseen. The birds, taken all in all, were a marvelously good lot.

The South.

The Baltimore squad, from the land of terrapin and oysters, made a record of which a like number of men from any city might justly feel proud. Of these Mr. J. R. Malone killed 25 straight and was the runner-up for the cup, forcing the winner to shoot 31 birds before the tie was determined. Messrs. Hood Waters and A. H. Fox killed 24 out of 25, and were very successful also in the other events. They shot in excellent time and with admirable precision. Mr. J. C. Hicks, who also was shooting in fine form, killed 23 out of 25, while Mr. H. P. Collins was among a lot of other good shots who were opposed by hard luck, and lost five out of their first 20. Thus, out of 120 shot at by this party in the G. A. H., they scored 111; out of the 100 shot at by the first four, 96 birds. This is a truly great performance.

Guns, Loads, Etc.

WHAT THE 25S USED.

Gun.	Weight.	Shell.	Powder.	Shot.
H D Bates.....	Parker.....	7.13. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
J R Malone.....	Parker.....	7.15. U. M. C.....	3½ Schultze.....	1½ 7½
Phil Daly, Jr.....	Parker.....	7. 6. Leader.....	48 Schultze.....	1½ 7
J L Smith.....	Smith.....	7. 6. Smokeless.....	3½ E C No. 2.....	1½ 7
"Arno".....	Lefever.....	7.14. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
T A Marshall.....	Cashmore.....	7.12. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
"Dr Casey".....	Smith.....	7.15. Acme.....	48 L. & R.....	1½ 7
Col A G Courtney	Remington.....	7.14. Trap.....	3½ Schultze.....	1½ 7½

WHAT THE 24S USED.

J D Gay.....	Parker.....	7.11. Leader.....	41 Dupont.....	1½ 7
G T Hall.....	Smith.....	7.14. Leader.....	3½-3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 8 7½
"Leroy".....	Remington.....	7.15. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
"Morrison".....	Winchester.....	7.12. Leader.....	45 Hazard.....	1½ 7
C C Nauman, Jr.....	Clayboro.....	7. 8. Trap.....	45 Dupont.....	1½ 7
D D Gross.....	Francotte.....	7.12. U. M. C. Trap.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 7
C W Budd.....	Parker.....	7.14. Trap.....	3½ Hazard.....	1½ 7
A H Fox.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Trap U. M. C.....	3½ E C.....	1½ 7½
"Hood".....	Smith.....	7.15. U. M. C.....	3½ Schultze.....	1½ 7½
F S Parmelee.....	Parker.....	7.10. Trap.....	3½ Schultze.....	1½ 7½
J J Hallowell.....	Smith.....	7.12. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
J C England.....	Winchester.....	7.15. Leader.....	45 Hazard.....	1½ 7
H J Lyons.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Leader.....	42 Dupont.....	1½ 7
Levi Fulton.....	Parker.....	7.14. Leader.....	42 Dupont.....	1½ 7
H D Kirkover, Jr.....	Parker.....	7.14. Leader.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
"A P Smith".....	Purdy.....	7. 6. U. M. C.....	3½ Schultze.....	1½ 7
A H King.....	Scott.....	7. 9. Leader & Trap.....	48 Dupont.....	1½ 7½
T H Greer.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Leader.....	48 L. & R.....	1½ 7
E E Neal.....	Parker.....	7.15. Trap.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7½
W R Crosby.....	Baker.....	7.12. Leader.....	48 E C.....	1½ 7
E M Stout.....	Lefever.....	7.14. U. M. C.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
G H Piercy.....	Smith.....	7.15. Trap.....	3½ E C.....	13 16 7½
H B Fisher.....	Smith.....	7.12. Leader.....	44 Hazard.....	1½ 7
J T Rehrig.....	Lefever.....	7.14. Leader.....	3½ Dupont.....	1½ 7
M C Stevens.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Leader.....	40 L. & R.....	1½ 7½
D C Byers.....	Greener.....	7. 4. U. M. C. Trap	& Winchester 48 Dupont.....	1½ 7½ 7

WHAT THE 23S USED.

W S Canon.....	Francotte.....	7.12. Smokeless.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 8
E D Fulford.....	Remington.....	7.12. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
J C Hicks.....	Smith.....	7. 9. U. M. C.....	40 Dupont.....	1½ 7½
Thos Martin.....	Parker.....	7.14. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
R Dwyer.....	Greener.....	7. 8. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
Capt A W Money	Parker.....	7. 8. Win & U. M. C.....	48 E C.....	1½ 7
W S King.....	Scott.....	7.14. U. M. C. & Win.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 7½
Allen Wiley.....	Francotte.....	7. 8. Smokeless.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
F D Lentilhon.....	Parker.....	7.14. Trap & Pigeon.....	3¾ Hazard.....	1½ 7
"Rich".....	Remington.....	7.14. Leader.....	3¾ Oriental.....	1½ 7
"R Rahm".....	Parker.....	7.14½ Traps Leader.....	42 Dupont.....	1½ 7
F C Butler.....	Greener.....	7. 8. Trap.....	41-48 Dupont.....	1½ 7
J S Fanning.....	Smith.....	7.15. U. M. C. Acme.....	48 L. & R.....	1½ 7
S M Van Aven.....	Daly.....	7.10. Winchester.....	38 Walsrode.....	1½ 7
Geo W Clay.....	Parker.....	7.10. Leader.....	41 Dupont.....	1½ 7
"Jay Eli".....	Cashmore.....	7. ½ Metal & Trap.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 6
R O Heikes.....	Parker.....	7.15. Trap.....	3¾ E C.....	1½ 7
G A Mosher.....	Syracuse.....	7.10. U. M. C. & Win.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 8 7
Wm Wagner.....	Parker.....	7.13. Trap.....	50 E C.....	1½ 7½
C E Geikler.....	Scott.....	7. 7. Leader.....	44 L. & R.....	1½ 7
F E Sinnock.....	Parker.....	7.12. Trap.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 8 7
Howard Bucknell	Cashmore.....	7. 8. Smokeless.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 7
"Jim Jones".....	Scott.....	7. 7. Smokeless.....	48 Schultze.....	1½ 7
O R Dickey.....	Parker.....	7.12. Rapid.....	40 E C.....	1½ 7
"Blake".....	Smith.....	7. 9. U. M. C.....	3¾ Hazard.....	1½ 7
Jno B Hopkins.....	Parker.....	7.10. Leader.....	39 Rifleite.....	1½ 7
Louie Painter.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
H M Helfeacker.....	Francotte.....	7. 8. Trap.....	3¾ 1½ Schultze.....	1½ 7
G E Greiff.....	Francotte.....	7.15. U. M. C. & V. L. & D.....	48 E C.....	1½ 6
"Price".....	Purdy.....	7. 9. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
Geo Roll.....	Remington.....	7. 8. Trap.....	3¾ Dupont.....	1½ 7
"Puck".....	Parker.....	7.12. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
Fred Schwarz Jr.....	Parker.....	7.14. Acme.....	44 L. & R.....	1½ 7
C Von Lengerke.....	Francotte.....	7. 6. U. M. C.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7½ 6
Capt Barker.....	W Richards.....	7. 9. Trap.....	3¾ Schultze.....	1½ 7
A L Ivins.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Leader.....	34 Walsrode.....	1½ 7
J G Knowlton.....	Greener.....	7.12. Leader.....	38 Rifleite.....	1½ 7
John Parker.....	Parker.....	7. 8. Ideal.....	3¾ Kings.....	1½ 7

Friday, April 6, Fifth Day.

On Friday, the last day of the programme, there were two events, the Consolation handicap and the Auld Lang Syne sweepstakes.

The Consolation handicap was at 15 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received, as was fully explained in this programme. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap had one yard added to their handicap. High guns governed the division of the moneys. Many of the shooters, after missing a few birds, withdrew, when there was no chance of winning. A very high wind prevailed, blowing from left to right across the traps, carrying many hard-hit birds out of bounds, besides adding to their swiftness of flight. The scores: Hillis, 27yds., w.; Morley, 28, 12; Gross, 28, 13; "Phil", 27, 14; Townsend, 27, w.; L. Painter, 28, w.; Lambert, 27, 13; Lefever, 27, w.; Stephens, 27, 12; Leroy, 29, 11; Van Allen, 29, 15; Sandford, 26, 12; T. Marshall, 32, 13; Budd, 30, 15; Harrison, 27, w.; Hoffman, 27, 14; Ondawa, 27, 13; Fanning, 31, 15; Price, 29, 15; Hicks, 29, 13; Brucker, 27, 13; Parmelee, 31, 14; Werk, 27, w.; Pooler, 27, w.; Capt. Barker, 32, 13; Roll, 31, w.; Schwarz, 28, w.; Hood, 27, w.; Dickey, 30, w.; Puck, 27, 14; Linderman, 28, 14; Fisher, 28, w.; Robin Hood, 30, 12; Col. Courtney, 29, w.; Wayman, 28, 15; Blake, 29, 15; Jackson, 29, w.; Howe, 27, w.; Post, 27, w.; Ewart, 26, 14; Capt. Money, 29, 13; J. A. R. Elliott, 31, 13; Travis, 27, 15; Nauman, 29, 15; Sterns, 27, w.; Zwirolein, 28, w.; Cubberly, 29, w.; Sampson, 27, w.; J. L. Smith, 28, w.; Banks, 27, 13; Dr. Vincent, 27, w.; Fulford, 31, 15; Keller, 27, 13; Mackie, 28, w.; Fox, 29, 13; Neal, 29, w.; Heikes, 31, 15; Tripp, 28, w.; Bates, 29, w.; Donley, 27, 12; Applegate, 28, 13; Col. Anthony, 28, 13.
The second event was the Auld Lang Syne sweepstakes, 12

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THE MINNESOTA PARK.

WHAT are the Minnesota National Park people trying to do?

They are trying to influence Congress to retain for the nation at large a pleasure ground covered with stately pines and many oaks, maples and cedars, in which are three great lakes—Cass, Leech and Winnebigoish—seventy smaller lakes and numberless small streams, feeders to the Mississippi River, which latter meanders through the tract. The waters of this region have abounded in fish for thousands of years and do abound to-day. These woods harbor deer and moose by the thousand, and will do so for all time if preserved.

The Government owns this land, subject to certain Indian rights. The lumbermen of Minnesota, through the efforts of certain State representatives in Washington, are trying to force through a measure known as the Nelson bill, which practically will rob the Indian of the timber and then drive him off the reservation.

The park proposition involves the taking over of the timber and land, at proper valuation, by the Government and the payment quarterly of the interest on such valuation to the Indians; the leaving of the Indians unmolested on the reservation with land allotted to them upon which to live. The Government, it is proposed, shall step in and go to the necessary expense in building roads and making other necessary improvements. Yearly the Government, under well-known forestry rules, shall cut the mature timber only. This would mean a perpetual cutting of the timber and a perpetual replenishment. The natural attractions of the park, the primitive life of the Indian resident tribes and the magnificent fishing, all will tend to make this a resort second not even to the Adirondacks or Maine woods and lakes.

In preserving these woods the Government would be protecting the very source of the Mississippi River—the reservoir, in fact—that runs through a valley to which it is estimated 31,000,000 inhabitants to-day are contiguous.

BIRDS AND FEATHERS.

A MEETING of the feather workers of New York was held on Friday of last week to protest against the enactment by Congress of the Hoar bird bill. This measure forbids importation into the United States of birds, feathers or parts of birds for ornamental purposes or for any purpose except for food. The protestants prepared a set of resolutions setting forth the milliners' side of the case. It was contended that the birds of which the feathers are principally used in millinery are barnyard fowl, pigeons, crows and game birds; and it was represented that inasmuch as fashions are constantly changing, the style which in one season demands plumes of gulls and egrets will in another season call for some other birds and so give the gulls and egrets a chance to replenish their stock. If, as submitted, the feathers chiefly used are those of domestic fowl, the millinery establishments need not particularly concern themselves to oppose the enactment of the bill, for the domestic fowl is clearly not included in the intent or language of the act. If, on the other hand, the feathers used are those of wild birds, whether game or otherwise, there is every reason for the adoption of the law to discourage the destruction of these species for millinery supply purposes.

A pertinent comment upon the situation is found in a report sent to the State Department by Minister Conjer from Peking, who tells us that upon a petition of the Society for the Protection of Game in China, sent through the consular body in Shanghai, the diplomatic corps unanimously requested the Tsungli Yamèn, as a temporary measure, to prohibit the exportation of pheasant skins. This was done because a great demand had recently sprung up in European markets for their plumage, which increased the price in China inordinately, and the birds were consequently being so ruthlessly slaughtered that, if it were not in some way stopped, the pheasants would very soon have been entirely exterminated. The Tsungli Yamèn granted the request, and the necessary orders to the customs officials have been issued. This is understood to be only a temporary expedient which may serve until there can be prescribed and enforced some rules and regulations in regard to close and hunting seasons, which will otherwise avert the extermination of these beautiful birds, which are very valuable to the Chinese and the

foreigners living in China, but of no great importance elsewhere.

Thus in China, one of the last countries on earth we would look to for a lesson in game protection, recourse has been had to the same expedient which has proved the salvation of the game supply in more than one of our own States—the prohibition of the shipment to market.

OUT OF PAWN.

A CURIOUS find of ancient arms was made in this city the other day when a collection of unredeemed pawn shop pledges was brought out from a stable loft, where it had been gathering dust for years. When the boxes were opened they were found to contain articles which, as the tickets showed, had been pledged between the years 1841 and 1851. It was a curiosity shop of antiques—clothing of styles long ago forgotten, musical instruments, mechanics' tools, household effects, and along with the rest no less than sixty fowling pieces. These were flintlocks and muzzle-loading percussion locks. Some of the old arms are elaborately engraved and are handsome specimens of the gunmaker's art. In their day they must have embodied the perfection of firearms. We may well believe that in the case of more than one of these pledges it was only some dire necessity and the cruelty of fate that compelled the possessor reluctantly to part with it for the pitiable fraction of its worth received in exchange. The owner of a good gun had abundant use for it in the forties. There was game galore, and one had no need to travel to the ends of the earth to find it. Right here on Manhattan Island in the middle of the century there was shooting on lands still wild where at the century's close are blocks of houses and miles of asphalt streets. The unfortunate individual who pawned his shotgun in the forties, however lively his fancy may have been, could hardly have dreamed that when it should come forth again to the light of day, this piece of gunnery, perfect in its time would emerge among the sportsmen of a generation by whom it would be regarded only as an antique. Is it possible that if any of the up-to-date guns which are put into pawn to-day—if perchance such transactions there be—shall remain unredeemed for a half century, they too will then come forth to be regarded as curiosities only and to serve for ornament and not for use, antiquated reminders of what the sportsmen of 1900 were equipped with as compared with the perfected arms of 1950?

CADDIES.

THE report comes from a Connecticut town, where sundry factory strikes are in progress, that the caddies of the local golf club, having caught the infection and "gone out" with a demand for increased pay, spend their days jeering the players, who are compelled, perforce, to lug their own clubs and chase their own balls over the links. The caddy is a product of the great game deserving of some attention. He constitutes a new element in the community, and is developing traits which are sometimes the despair of parents and teachers and employers. It happens in numerous instances where golf gives employment and remuneration to numbers of boys and girls that the employment is so congenial and the remuneration so generous that the children become demoralized and uncontrollable by ordinary methods. They persistently play truant, and it is simply impossible to keep them in school. They shirk ordinary work with contempt, because for the service on the links they receive pay in excess of what could be earned at any regular occupation, and are given gratuities which bear no reasonable relation to the value of the services rendered. This is demoralizing, because it instills in the minds of the young when they are at a receptive age the notion that it is right to get something for nothing, and the converse principle that it is desirable to do as little as possible for as much as possible. The system of lavish rewards for services rendered is such that it instills contempt for the hard-earned remuneration of common industry, and one effect of the system is to train up a class of spongers and paupers. It is not a wise bringing up. The teachings must be unlearned if the caddy is ever to get down to a business basis of earning a living, and if, when his caddy apprenticeship is ended, he shall reconcile himself to doing an honest day's work for an honest price. For the prevailing conditions the caddy cannot be blamed; it is his misfortune that, being young, he can know no better, and

that having in him the making of an honest man he should be made a parasite.

The golf caddy is only one type of a large class of those whose notions of the value of their services are exaggerated by reason of the complaisant generosity of their employers. The man of limited or moderate means finds a growing expensiveness in sport, wherever the personal services of others are involved, and for this he has to thank his fellows who can afford to spend their money with a free hand. The wages demanded by boatmen and guides are often out of all reason; but they are fixed not so much by a determination of actual desert as by the scale of reward wealthy employers have been prompted to pay. If one is planning a moose hunting expedition into the wilds of Timbuctoo, he very likely discovers that the unreasonable cost of the expedition has been determined for him by sundry hunters who have preceded him, and who out of their abundance have paid in wages and gratuities a sum which may for him mean actual embarrassment. This is to make sport a luxury—something it should not be.

ZONES.

WE print to-day anew a proposed system of uniform game laws to be adopted for application to certain defined zones of latitude embracing the United States and Canada. This is not a novel proposition. It was suggested in 1873 by Mr. Chas. Hallock and his associates, who at that time involved a very complete system and won for it very general approval and acceptance. The proposition failed then and has failed repeatedly since, although often brought to the front. The failure has been due to a lack of any competent body to put the plan into operation. There is no central authority which can designate zones of uniform laws and then secure the enactment of the laws to cover the zones. It is simple enough to gather representatives of different parts of the country together in national sportsmen's conventions and to resolve that for each section a certain system of seasons should prevail. It is quite another thing, and hitherto it has been proved to be an impracticable thing, to put the resolutions into effect. There is little reason to hope for uniformity in larger degree than such as may be achieved with groups of adjoining States. It will be recalled that a few years ago an endeavor was made by conferences of the fish and game commissioners of the New England States to secure for that limited geographical area a system of uniform seasons; but the result was never achieved. The North American Game and Fish Protective Association, which was formed in Quebec last winter, has, we believe, undertaken to accomplish something in the same direction, to make uniform the laws of the Provinces and States which adjoin them. For the most part the membership of the Association is made up of those who are best informed respecting the necessities of game legislation, and many of the members are in positions of influence and authority; the outlook for some actual attainment here is therefore unusually bright. But as for a system of uniform game laws covering any large territory of the country, we believe that it must be counted among those things which are Utopian and beyond attainment.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WE print in full as an expression of principles which have a bearing much wider than in their application to Massachusetts the able argument made by Mr. Heman S. Fay before the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game in support of the bill to prohibit the sale of game birds. The argument is in effect a contention for the preservation of an article whose perpetuation is asked for the benefit of the people at large as against a class, and a small class. It has come to this in Massachusetts, that the continued pursuit of the partridge for the market has reached a point where the existence of the bird is imperiled. Under such conditions no expedient may reasonably be neglected which can change the course of things which threaten the extinction of the bird. All logic and experience point to the prohibition of the sale as a solution of the problem. The various facts stated by Mr. Fay and the deductions drawn from them are impossible of refutation. It is sincerely to be hoped that the cause which he so well represents may prevail with the present Legislature.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Waist Boat and the Gig.

THE story of the waist boat's crew in their "Pull to Windward" was received with so much good will that I feel tempted to tell of a little race they had soon after.

After Mrs. Camp's death the Vision went up to Valparaiso for some stores that had been sent out from home. There were a large number of vessels in the harbor, and among them an English sloop-of-war, her captain a typical Briton, jovial and big-hearted, but with an abounding faith in the superiority of everything English.

The Englishman's pet hobby was his gig, a beautiful six-oared steel-built boat, a splendid model, and very highly finished.

The officers of all the ships frequented the few places of amusement in the city, and of course soon began to get acquainted. Yankees are proverbial for their brag, but as far as my experience goes the English are just as bad. It was not long before notice was taken of the British captain's faith in his gig, and his firm belief that his gig was the finest boat in the world; not only that, but that his gig's crew could outpull any crew that ever roamed old Neptune's domain. Many little scrub races were had with different ships' boats going to and fro between ship and shore, which always came out a victory for the Briton.

There was no mistake. The gig was not only a fast boat, but she had an excellent crew. They were all young, muscular seamen, who looked as if they had the skill and muscle to win a race and were not afraid to use it. The talk of boats and boating, best crews and the like was not confined to officers. The seamen soon began to blow about their respective boats and crews. Quite a number of little scraps occurred between the English and American seamen. The general opinion, however, was that the English crew could beat any crew brought against them.

All this time the stroke oar of the waist boat had been watching events. The second mate of the Vision, who headed the waist boat, was interviewed. "Mr. W.," says stroke, "I think we can beat that Britisher."

The matter was talked up. Mr. W. had seen his crew on many a long pull; he knew they were game; he knew also that they could pull for all day if need be, and when the stroke begged for a chance to try conclusions with the Englishmen he was willing to agree to anything. Says the stroke: "Mr. W., give us a five-mile pull and we'll show them fellows something."

Mr. W. goes to Captain Camp and talks the matter over. Captain Camp has faith in the waist boat, but says: "Boys, the English boat is built for speed. She is in perfect condition. Her crew are used to beating every crew they have ever pulled against. I don't want you whipped, but I do hate to hear that English skipper always bragging on the superiority of anything English. I guess we'll have to give him a try."

Next day, while enjoying a game of billiards with the Englishman, the old question of fast boats came up. Captain Camp listened a while, then said very quietly: "Captain, I've an old boat on the cranes that I believe can beat your gig."

"What!" said the Englishman. "The boat isn't built that can beat my gig."

"Well," said captain Camp, "your men certainly do pull well, and your boat is a beauty, and very fast; but my crew have the staying qualities, and for a long race they would certainly win."

"Thunder and lightning!" roared the Britisher; "you don't know English brawn. That's just where the fun would come in. The longer the race the better for my men. That's where English muscle will count—in a long pull."

And so the talk went on. Finally they began to talk money. Other captains took sides, until nothing was talked of but the prospective race between the mongrel boat's crew from the old spouter and the tried and proved men of the sloop-of-war's gig. Bets were made freely, and though many of the Americans in port were afraid of the English crew, their patriotism compelled them to back the Yankee.

All arrangements were finally concluded. The boats were to start from the landing place, round the quarantine buoy and return—a course of about six and one-half miles. There was a marked difference in the boats and crews when they came to the scratch. The Englishmen were stripped to the waist and were a fine set of men. The clear white and red of their firm, healthy skin, their confident, easy air, all gave promise of victory. Their boat, too, was a marvel of neatness and polish. Her smooth side shone like a mirror, while her brass work glistened in the morning sun.

The Yankee boat was old and patched; her paint was rubbed and faded; she had no brass work to polish, and the many scars she had received on the whaling grounds did not augur well for her speed. But her crew—no two men were alike; hardly any two were of the same nation. They were not stripped for the contest, and their shirts, of various colors, frayed and patched, did not make a great show. Their only preparation was for each man to tuck his old hat under his throat and quietly wait for orders. Stroke oar had coached them until he was confident of the result.

Boats and boatmen were everywhere. Never had a larger gathering been seen in Valparaiso harbor. The crowd were about even as regarded their choice, but all felt that only by a miracle could the Yankees win.

The commandant's boat had hard work to keep a space clear for the start. Everything was finally arranged. The boats waited in readiness. The starter stood with pistol in hand. "Are you all ready?" "All ready," was the answer. "Go!" and at the crack of the pistol away they went.

The English crew were first over the line, and with their short, jerky strokes nearly lifted their boat out of the water at every pull. Where were the spouters? Says Stroke: "Boys take it easy. Hold your wind; long and steady is what counts."

The English boat drew ahead. They were pulling magnificently, but they were doing their best and were not

sparing themselves, while the Yankee boat was hanging to their wake, the men swinging back and forth with the regularity of a machine, their long, easy whalemens' stroke taken with perfect ease, but sending the boat ahead nearly as fast as the Britisher.

As they near the quarantine buoy Stroke begins to moralize: "Boys, we'll have to pick her up a bit; those fellows are pulling like fun."

The English gig is first around the stake. As they pass the whale boat on their home stretch they give a triumphant cheer. "Wait," says Stroke. "Boys, reach a little further."

By the time the Yankee turned the stake the English boat was nearly a hundred yards ahead on the home stretch, but her crew had done their best, while the Yankee crew were fresh as kittens.

"Now," says Stroke, "if you've anything in you let it out. Twine, are you here? Where's big John? What! Are you all asleep?"

They were doing their best. Each man with shut teeth and eyes fixed on his oar was working as if he meant to win. Many a long pull they had had together on the whaling grounds, and they had driven that same boat five miles to windward in the teeth of a gale. Were they going to let a man-of-war's crew beat them? Not much.

Half way home the waist boat laps on to the gig. The Englishmen make a spurt and hold their own for a dozen boat's lengths, but it's their last effort. Slowly but surely the Yankee craft creeps past them, opens a gap, and the gap gets wider until the homely old spouter crosses the line 50 yards ahead and going easy; and they were fit for another pull as well. "Ki," says the Kanaka; "that's all e same fun."

But the English crew pulled well. They did their best, and had they had the training of the Yankee crew, with their better boat they would have won the race. While the whalemens were comparatively fresh, the Englishmen were barely able to sit in their boat. It is needless to add that the waist boat's crew never had to go thirsty after the race; but they were very modest withal and bore their honors meekly.

The English skipper never boasted of his gig after that; but he was a gentleman, for when he met the waist boat's crew in Payter some six months afterward he filled them full and sent them aboard in his own boat. And that's all the story.

TARPON.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

VII.—Salmon Destruction.

ITS fisheries constitute one of the greatest economic resources of Alaska, but these have been little exploited, except so far as the salmon are concerned. Of these there are, as is well known, half a dozen species, not all of them of equal value. Spending most of their time in the salt water, the salmon run as far as they can get up the fresh-water streams in summer, and there deposit their eggs. Many of the fish die before they return to the salt water; many others are destroyed by enemies of one sort and another, and it is commonly believed by the local fishermen that after a salmon has deposited its spawn the question of its death is one of a very short time only.

The world's output of canned salmon comes chiefly from our Northwest coast, and this output is said to have been in 1897 not far from 3,000,000 cases, with forty-eight one-pound cans to the case. Of this, Alaska produced about 1,000,000 cases.

In most salmon streams the fish appear to be about the same size and age. The females are likely to be very similar in appearance; the males all resemble each other. There are, however, exceptions to this rule; that is, some streams are entered by more than one species.

The spawning ground sought by the salmon is usually sandy or gravelly bottom in a pool or eddy, but sometimes the beds are swept out and the spawn is deposited where the bottom is covered with stones, varying in size of from that of a hen's egg to a man's fist. During the winter the eggs of the salmon hatch out, and in the spring after the ice passes out of the lakes the young salmon move down the streams and can often be seen in large numbers at their mouths.

It is an astonishing sight to witness the ascent of a small salmon stream by the fish, urged on by the reproductive desire. They work their way slowly up over riffles, where there is not nearly enough water to float them, but they seem to have the power of keeping themselves right side up, and so long as it does not fall over on its side a fish 6 or 8 inches deep can wriggle over shoals where the water is not an inch deep faster than a man can run. On such a stream one may catch in his hand great salmon weighing 10 or 12 pounds, or may kick them out on the bank with his feet. And while the appearance of a man in the shoal water will at once alarm the fish and send them darting in all directions, up or down the stream, or even out on to the bank, yet they soon return, and again begin to work their slow way up through the shallow water.

If one inquires of an individual connected with salmon fishing in Alaska something about their numbers, he is at once told of the millions found there, and informed that the supply is inexhaustible. The same language will be used that all may have heard in past years with regard to the abundance of the wild pigeons, or of the buffalo, or of the fur seals of the Bering Sea. But if the investigator will continue his conversation and ask for the details of to-day, he will learn that it now takes far longer to secure a given number of fish than it used to, and that the fishermen are forced to travel much further from the cannery than formerly in order to secure their catch of fish. Usually, as the reserve of the new acquaintance wears off and he becomes interested in his subject, it will become evident that the supply of Alaska salmon is diminishing, and diminishing at a rapid rate.

The salmon in the early summer come up from the deeper waters toward the mouths of the fresh-water streams, and for some weeks may be seen in the bays, inlets and fiords collecting in great numbers, preparatory to running up the stream. At this time they may be taken in considerable numbers in such places by trolling with the hook and line, and afford good sport. At morning and evening they may often be seen in great numbers leaning out of the water, sometimes fifteen or twenty following one another, all leaving and entering the

water almost at the same place, as if chasing one another.

When the fish have at last congregated at the mouths of the rivers, the work of the cannery begins. They seldom cast their nets unless fish are actually to be seen, but when the salmon are visible the seine, from three to five hundred fathoms long, is swept through the water, and the captured fish are loaded on to the steam tug, which then takes them to the cannery.

The fishermen who manage the small boats and sweep the nets are either Indians or Aleuts. The crew of the steam tug are usually white men, while those working on the wharf and in the cannery proper are all Chinamen, except for an occasional foreman or skilled mechanic.

After the tug is tied up to the wharf, two or three men equipped with single-tined forks toss the fish from the tug's deck to the wharf above, where they are received by other men similarly equipped, who pass them along to the gang who clean the fish. The man at the end of the table seizes a fish and cuts off its head and slides it along to the next man, who by two rapid cuts along the back takes out the backbone and loosens the entrails. It is then pushed on to the next man, by whom these loose pieces and whatever blood there may be in the visceral cavity are scraped away, the tail is cut off and the fish is thrown into a tank of water. From this it is lifted and placed with many others in a large tray, which is wheeled into one end of the cannery building. All the previous operations have taken place on the wharf, without the cannery and over the water, so that usually all the waste products fall down into the salt water below, where a part is devoured by the trout, which are constantly to be seen swimming about; a part by the gulls and other birds which congregate in great flocks near at hand, and the remainder is swept back and forth by the tide, much of it being carried away, but enough being left on the beach to give the place a decided odor of its own.

The tray of cleansed fish is placed at the end of a long machine, where a belt, divided by wooden partitions standing at right angles to it into compartments about 18 inches square, is constantly ascending at an angle of about 40 degrees to the top of the machine, which is 10 or 12 feet above the floor. This belt is formed of short boards linked together. The board cross partitions above the belt are not continuous, but have two or three divisions wide enough to permit heavy knives to pass down through them. Above the belt, not far from the top, is a cam in which are set a number of large knives, and this cam, revolving at the same rate with the movement of the belt, sends down a set of knives through each compartment as it moves along.

As the belt moves on, a single fish is placed in each compartment, is carried upward, is cut by the revolving knives into one-pound pieces, and when the compartment reaches the point where the belt turns to pass downward again, the fragments of the fish are thrown out on a table. All this machinery works automatically.

From the elevated table where the pieces of the fish lie, another carrier belt runs down toward another table. This is just wide enough to hold the cut-up fragments of fish, each one of which is to fill a can. A man standing by the upper table keeps placing the pieces of fish close to each other on the belt, and they are carried downward to a point where there is a great rammer just large enough to fit into a one-pound can. This rammer works constantly back and forth across the belt carrying the fish. Opposite to the rammer is another horizontal belt carrying a row of open empty cans, the mouths of which lie toward the belt which carries the fish. The tin cans move at such a rate that the mouth of one is opposite the rammer at each forward motion that it makes, and at each forward motion the one-pound fragment of salmon is jammed into an empty can, the can is carried on, and another empty can follows it, into which another piece of fish is thrust. This goes on without interruption, minute after minute and hour after hour, so long as the supply of fish holds out.

The belt carrying the filled cans now throws them out on a wide flat table surrounded by men, one of whom sets them on end as he receives them from the machine. Those that are completely full are whirled across the table to a man who with a cloth wipes the grease or moisture or salmon flesh from about the open end of the can, in order that when the cover is soldered on, the solder may take proper hold of the tin. Those not quite full are thrown to another man, at whose right hand is a pile of bits of salmon flesh. He fills the can and pushes it along to the wiper. The latter, as soon as he has finished with the can, slides it across to another who places a fragment of tin on the contents in such a position that it will be under the middle of the cover, which is now put on by another man, standing near the end of the table. The filled and covered cans are constantly gathered up and placed in trays by two men, who carry them across a short passage and set them down near a man who is attending to the soldering machine. They are laid side by side on a belt which runs down to a metal trough just as wide as a can is high and lower at one side than at the other, the lower side being full of molten solder. The trough and solder are kept hot by a blast beneath them. The cans are moved forward by means of a heavy chain hanging over them. The belt carries the cans down to this trough. The edge of the cover where it meets the can rolls along for 10 or 12 feet through this molten solder, then the can passes on to another belt, is tipped so that it stands on its bottom and passes along on the belt to a point where men stand with trays ready to carry the cans over to the testers, whose business it is to learn whether the cans are absolutely air tight or not. For this purpose a large number of cans are set in a strap iron crate, which is lowered into a tank of water. If bubbles arise from a can, it is evidently not tight, and is removed and another one put in its place. In this way five, ten or twenty cans may be taken from the crate, which is then lifted out and carried over to the great boilers, into which crates full of cans are rolled and where they are cooked by steam for an hour.

The defective cans are passed over to the solderers and by them carefully examined, the holes soldered up by hand and the cans then go back to the testers, to take the place of other defective cans in subsequent crates.

After the cooking process the cans are gone over again to see whether any are defective, and are then stacked up in great piles on the floor. From these piles

they are taken to racks, ranged over tanks of shellac, and when one of these racks is full, by a simple device the Chinaman dips its contents into the vat beneath, lifts it out and leaves it there to drain. The shellac soon dries; the cans are removed from the rack and again stacked up on the floor, where the final operation of putting on the labels goes on. When this has been done they are ready for casing, forty-eight one-pound cans going into a case.

The salmon of Alaska, numerous as they have been and in some places still are, are being destroyed at so wholesale a rate that before very long the canning industry must cease to be profitable, and the capital put into the canneries must cease to yield any return.

This destruction of salmon comes about through the competition between the various canneries. Their greed is so great that each strives to catch all the fish there are, and all at one time, in order that its rivals may secure as few as possible. With their steam tugs, their crews of white men and Aleuts and their immense seines they sweep, first the waters near the canneries, and then, when these have been cleared out, go further and further away, until at present many canneries, having exhausted the nearby waters are obliged to send their tugs 60 or 70 or even 100 miles to find fish for the pack. The fish are caught with seines, some of which are 300 fathoms long, some 450 fathoms, and I was told of one 750 fathoms and 18 to 20 fathoms deep. These seines are run out near the mouths of the rivers where the fish are schooling preparatory to their ascent, and of course everything within the compass of the net is caught. Not only are salmon taken by the steamer load, but in addition millions of other good food fish are captured, killed and thrown away.

One of the best known salmon districts of Alaska may be chosen as an example of what this wasteful method will do for any river. I was told recently by a person very familiar with the canning industry and with Alaska that the catch of salmon in the Kadiak and Chignik districts—which put up nearly 44 per cent. of all the Alaska canned salmon—for 1896 was nearly 360,000 cases; for 1897 it was about 300,000 cases; for 1898, 90,000 cases, and that up to midsummer in 1899 the fishing had been practically a failure. And what is going on in the Kadiak district is going on in other districts. Competition is so very sharp between the great canning companies, as well as between the smaller individual concerns which run canneries, that each manager is eagerly desirous to put up more fish than his neighbor. All these people recognize very well that they are destroying the fishing; that before very long a time must come when there will be no more salmon to be canned at a profit. But this very knowledge makes them more and more eager to capture the fish and to capture all the fish. This bitter competition sometimes leads to actual fighting on the water as well as in the courts. A year or two since one company which was trying to stop another from fishing on ground which it claimed as its own, sent out its boats with immense seines, and dropping them about the steam launches of its rival tried to haul them to the shore. This action led to long litigation, which resulted in a verdict for the company attacked.

So it is that the canners work in a most wasteful and thoughtlessly selfish way, grasping for everything that is within their reach and thinking nothing of the future. Their motto seems to be, "If I do not take all I can get somebody else will get something."

Congress has passed laws governing the taking of salmon in Alaska, but they are ineffective and there is scarcely a pretense of enforcing them. It is true that inspectors are brought up each year on the revenue cutter to see that the law is enforced, and of course these inspectors see very clearly that the law is violated in every direction. Where the violations are so flagrant that they force themselves on the inspectors' notice they tell the canners that they are doing wrong, and that the violations of the law must cease. The canners reply to them, "Yes, we know you are quite right; it is wrong. We do not wish to do as we are doing, but so long as others act in this way we must continue to do so for our own protection. Speak to our rivals about this. We will stop if they will." The rival companies, when spoken to, make the same reply, so accusations are bandied back and forth. Nothing is done and the bad work goes on.

Nor are the concerns satisfied with capturing the vast quantities of fish as they are schooling in the salt water preparatory to running up the streams to their spawning ground. To do this systematically would catch most of the fish, but it would not catch them all—it would not make a clean sweep. So on many of the streams the companies build dams or barricades, designed to prevent any fish from ascending. Drawn by instinct to the mouths of the rivers, the fish crowd to them trying to ascend, pushing forward, going only in one direction, and never becoming discouraged so long as life remains. None ever turn back, and so, in the course of the summer the whole number which in the natural course of things would ascend a river finally collect at its mouth. If the nets are systematically drawn, all these fish are caught; not one escapes, and the river is absolutely despoiled of breeding fish for that year. Not one ascends, and so, of course, no eggs are deposited and no fry are hatched next spring.

Of course this absolute obstruction of the streams is practicable only on the smaller rivers. But it is carried out to a greater or less extent all through the Territory wherever it can be done, and yet "the erection of dams, barricades, fish wheels, fences or any such fixed or stationary obstructions in any part of the rivers or streams of Alaska * * * is declared to be unlawful," and is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$1,000 or imprisonment at hard labor for a term of 90 days, or by both such fine and imprisonment, and by a further fine of \$250 per day for each day that such obstruction is maintained.

There are certain rivers too large to be barricaded, and up these some fish run, notwithstanding the continual netting at their mouths. Such rivers often head in considerable lakes, where the fish spawn. It is the common practice of many of the canners to fish with nets in such lakes, and with an utter disregard for consequences to catch the fish while occupied in depositing their eggs.

As the natives of Alaska, many of them Aleuts, subsist largely on salmon, the regulations of the Treasury Department permit them to fish for food, and they are not subject to the general law which provides "for the pro-

tection of the salmon fisheries of Alaska." Advantage is taken of this liberty to still further destroy the fish. The Indians catch all the salmon they wish and sell them to the canners, and this goes on indefinitely wherever the prohibition against fishing is in any degree regarded. Of course the Indians, ignorant of the law, and, like the white man, eager for present gain, are glad to catch the fish and to sell them.

On some streams it is easier to take the fish in traps than it is to stop them by means of barricades, and then net them from the water below the barrier. In such places traps are built with wings and low dams up which the fish can pass into a pool or lake, which at its head is dammed up by an impassable barrier. When the pool is full, or nearly so, it is swept clean by the net and is left empty to be filled again. Thus all the breeding fish of a season may be and often are caught.

I was told that one of the great corporations established in Alaska had received permission to establish a fish hatchery, and that the employees of this company during the day catch fish to strip for the hatchery and at night take them back to the cannery and can them.

It is well remembered that the island of Afognak, lying just east of Kadiak Island, and in one of the richest salmon regions of Alaska, was set aside some years since by Presidential proclamation as a forest reserve. Formerly there was a cannery on this island, but it has been discontinued and its machinery moved away. This, however, does not make much difference in the destruction of the salmon. The streams of Afognak Island are constantly fished by means of nets and barricades, and this reservation, like some of those within the limits of the United States, is a prey to whoever may be the first to despoil it.

By the law passed June 9, 1896, now in force, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to provide for the protection of salmon fisheries of Alaska,'" it is specifically provided:

1. That streams shall not be dammed or barricaded nor traps used on them to prevent or impede the ascent of the salmon to their spawning grounds, and that the Secretary of the Treasury shall establish and enforce such regulations as may be necessary to insure compliance with the provisions of the law relating to salmon fisheries of Alaska.

2. That salmon shall not be taken except with rod or spear above the tide water of any stream less than 500 feet in width except for purposes of propagation; that nets and traps may not be laid or set for a distance of more than one-third the width of such rivers nor within 100 yards of any other net or seine in said rivers; that no fish may be killed, except in Cook's Inlet and Prince William's Sound, between midnight on Friday and 6 o'clock in the morning of the Sunday following; that no salmon may be caught in any manner or by any appliance, except by rod or spear, in any stream less than 300 feet wide between 6 o'clock in the evening and 6 o'clock in the morning on each day of the week.

3. That the Secretary of the Treasury may set aside certain streams in which no fishing may be permitted, and that he may establish close seasons to limit the duration of the fishing season, or may prohibit the fishing entirely for one year or more.

4. The appointment is authorized of three inspectors of fisheries and their salaries are named.

5. Penalties for violation of the provisions of this act are announced.

As has been said, the law in force is entirely inadequate, but it is, of course, easier to see where it fails to protect than it is to suggest amendments which shall make it efficient. Persons in Alaska interested in canneries have expressed the opinion that a tax should be laid on the output of each cannery, and that this tax should be used to support hatcheries by which the supply of salmon in the streams might constantly be renewed. It is obvious that Congress, which enacts the laws, can know but little, or nothing, about the actual necessities of the case. The present law, which provides for the appointment of three inspectors to look after a Territory one-fifth as large as the whole United States, where there are no means of transportation and where every stream that is 6 inches deep is a salmon stream, is simply to waste the small amount of money that is paid to each one of these men. Many of the provisions of the present law are excellent so far as they go, and its chief weakness lies in the fact that no means are provided for enforcing the statute.

It is obvious that the expense of enforcing the law protecting salmon in Alaska should be borne by those persons who are engaged in the business of catching and selling these salmon. The canners should be taxed presumably on the output of their factories, and the revenue received from this source should be used from year to year for the purpose of restocking the streams and of protecting them. It might be practicable also to lease certain streams to certain companies on reasonable terms, not permitting them to fish except on the streams that they have leased.

The whole question of the protection of these fisheries is not one of sentiment in any degree. It is a question as to whether the material resources of Alaska are worth protecting. Beginning twenty years ago in a very small way, Alaska has produced up to this time about 7,500,000 cases of salmon entire. The output of these salmon fisheries to-day is worth approximately \$3,000,000 a year. Certainly such a resource is worth saving and making perpetual.

G. B. G.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sam's Boy.—XX.

WINTER school was in session again with Mr. Mumpson in his accustomed place, and the families of the district impatiently waiting their turn to board the favorite teacher, who never found fault with fare or accommodations, and was always on the friendliest terms with his entertainers.

Now he was lodged for a fortnight at Joseph Hill's, whose good wife was exercising her culinary skill to the utmost for his sake, and every member of the household doing the best to make his sojourn pleasant. When the family was fairly seated at the bountiful supper, the patriarch never failed to ask:

"Wall, schoolmaster, haow many lickin's hev you gi'n these 'ere young uns to-day?"

Mr. Mumpson, clearing his throat, would answer apologetically, "Why, the fact is, Captain Hill, they've all behaved so uncommonly well that I haven't been obliged to chastise any one to-day."

"Good Lord!" the veteran cried, with hands uplifted, "a hul day an' nary a lickin'. That wa'n't the way we uster l'arn young uns in my time. When I kep' school I hed me a good blue beech gad handy, an' I used it tew, an' I tell ye the's nothin' tu beat blue beech for tu make a young un remember his lesson. Why, when the country was new an' all woods, a man 'ld take his boys tu the corner trees of his lot an' tie 'em up tu 'em an' give 'em an almighty good hidin' wi' a blue beech, an' I tell ye what, they wouldn't never forgit them corners."

"I should think they would be likely to remember," said the schoolmaster.

"Jes' so, an' jest the same it'll make a boy remember the lessons he l'arns aout'n books. It 'ld help aour Bub an' Ben amazin' if you trim 'em aout 'baout every other day." He glowered upon the boys, who cautiously raised their eyes from their plates enough to see that the fierceness of his glance was tempered by a mirthful twinkle of the deep-set gray orbs that shone so keen beneath the overhanging brows, that Mr. Mumpson, given to poetic imagery, likened them to ambushed sharpshooters. The boys were thankful that their school days had not fallen within the harsh sway of their grandfather.

The veteran was very fond of the schoolmaster, and the two got on excellently, notwithstanding Gran'ther's harsh criticism of modern modes of education.

"What's the good o' this 'ere Matthew Mattick's tarnal books?" he demanded. "He hedn't got 'em made when I was goin' tu school, nor yet a-keepin'—do' know as he was borned as he never'd orter b'en, an' we got along jest ezactly as well—an' then this 'ere grammer. What is it for?"

"Why, Captain Hill, grammer teaches us to speak and write correctly."

"Oh, thunder, we spoke an' writ so't we understood one 'nother, an' what more d'ye want? I tell ye, they're all flummadiddle, your grammer an' your Matthew Mattick an' your square-rhut. Square-rhuts be cussed! Raound rhuts is good 'nough for or'nary folks! In my time we l'arned readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmestic, an' if a feller ciphered as fur as the rule o' three, he was king-pin. More'n them wouldn't ha' helped us none 'baout choppin' an' loggin', an' squabblin' wi' Yorkers, an' fightin' Injuns an' Britishers—no, no, not a sou-markee! But what I should like to know is, what on this livin' airth you, yourself, be everlastin'ly a-studyin' an' a-readin' that 'ere consarned Latin lingo for every identical night. Be you expectin' for tu go a-missionaryin' amongst them Latin critters? Wouldn't they eat ye, suppose?" he added, glancing at the master's lean figure.

The young man had pleasanter intercourse with his aged host when settled for the long evening in his armchair with his pipe alight. He told of the bitter feud of the Green Mountain Boys, and New York land speculators, of scouts and battles in which he had borne part, or repeated as he had heard them told by actors and eye-witnesses the bloody tragedies of the old French War, whereof the schoolmaster made careful and copious notes with a view to future use in his projected "Early History of Vermont." His finger slipped from its place in the shut volume of the Iliad; and he forgot the battles of Greeks and Trojans as he listened with pride swelling his heart to the unsung heroic deeds of his own humble ancestors.

One evening during their season of waiting their turn to entertain the master, the Lovel household was at supper with the addition of Polly Purington to the number. Polly had the privileges of a member of the family, and ran in at meal time with perfect freedom if it suited her convenience. Perhaps this was more than usually the case now that there was a "spelling school" that night.

"Oh, Sammy Lovell!" she cried, shaking her knife at her nephew after buttering a half of one of Huldah's buttermilk biscuits, fleece-white and fleece-light in spite of the much-abused pearlsh, and overlaying it with the honey of Sam's wild bees, "if you didn't make me ashamed the way you got your 'rithmatic lesson to-day!"

The boy's face blazed red hot with shame at having his shortcomings so ruthlessly exposed, and he did not hesitate to retaliate by a sharp thrust in the only explanation he could give: "I don't care. They're awful hard sums! Mebby 'f I hed somebdy tu set by me an' show me half the time, I—I'd be smart at figures."

"Why, Sammy, who does?" his mother asked.

"You ask Aun' Polly," he answered, casting a vindictive glance at his buxom young aunt, whose cheeks began to outburn his own. "I don't tell tales out o' school!"

Little Polly had no scruples when so good an opportunity was given, and piped up shrilly and eagerly, "Oh, I know who! It's Mr. Mumpson! Every time Aun' Polly gits stuck, he goes an' sets by her an' 'splains an' 'splains."

"What be you young uns talkin' about?" said Polly Purington, her eyes flashing angry glances upon her nephew and neice. "Mr. Mumpson don't show me no more'n he does anybdy."

"Ah, ha, Miss Polly! So that's the way the cat jumps, is it?" said Sam, looking at his sister-in-law with a quizzical expression on his surprised face.

"I don't care, it hain't no sech a thing!" she cried, pouting.

"No, you don't look as if 't was," Huldah quietly remarked. "My! Your cheeks'll set your hair afire."

Presently the schoolmaster and the Hill boys and girls came in, having come so far back to get a better start, as they said; and then after a little bustle of preparation the company set forth in the double track that hoofs and runners had made along the snowy road. The young ~~my~~ led the van with all manner of pranks that the exuberant spirits of youth could suggest, until they seemed to be in a competition of grotesque forms with the distorted moonlight shadows. After them followed the grown-up boys and girls, more staid of mien, yet breaking out now and then in some irrepressible freak; and last of all Sam and Huldah, each carrying an iron candlestick and spare candle, and each with newly awakened eyes upon the schoolmaster and Polly, who walked before them, a well-mated pair, Huldah thought, but for a matter of eight or ten years' difference in their ages.

She was fairly out of patience when Sam allowed his attention to their demeanor and her own pantomimic comments to be so far withdrawn as to listen to the wild barking of a fox far away in the hills, faintly heard among the echoed shouts and laughter of the youngsters.

While the young and the middle-aged thus wended their way to the schoolhouse, the elderly folk bided at home sharing the light labors of evening housekeeping with the dogs and cats. Uncle Lisha excused himself on the plea that he "couldn't spell 'baker' w' the book open afore him"; Aunt Jerusha on that of "rheumatiz," and Timothy Lovel declared for the snug corner between the stove and wood box.

The cozy restfulness of the room might tempt any one to remain in it with the elderly people, whose light labor was little more than pastime that did not interrupt conversation except when Aunt Jerusha counted the stitches of her knitting. Uncle Lisha braided a woodchuck skin whiplash in most approved contour of swell and taper, and Timothy Lovel braided long, bristling ropes of corn husks for mats, while the stove roared, popped and crackled a lively accompaniment to the long, monotonous song of the tea kettle, the moving and smothered dream-baying of the hound and the purring of the cats.

Hooks and poles over the stove supported a few strings of late-dried apples and some shriveled rings of pumpkin like necklaces of old gold, beside two or three clean dish towels slowly waving in the currents of hot air. On the corner of the scoured kitchen table a tallow dip in a bright iron sticks with snuffers, tray and extinguisher beside it, dimly lighted the work and cast faint shadows on the ceiling of choice ears of seed corn stretching across the cracked and wrinkled whitewash, and on the walls shadows of chairs and great and little wheels, one saddled with its bundles of white rolls, the other crowned with its distaff full of fluffy flax. Their shadows were plain silhouette, for the wheels and the reel that clicked at every fortieth turn, most coveted plaything of children, were shoved close to the wall as if symbolic of their retreat into the background of the passing years, where the cards and the loom had already taken their places. The rolls were made by the carding machine; most of the cloth woven at the factory where much of the woolen spinning was beginning to be done. So the arts of hand-carding and hand-weaving were no longer indispensable parts of a girl's education, and even the beautiful and graceful art of wool-spinning was no longer taught to every girl. Old folks mourned the degenerate days when the musical hum of the great wheel should be no longer heard.

"If Polly does up an' git married, I do' know what she'll do for a settin' aout," Uncle Lisha said, as his eyes wandered over to the silent wheels and reel. "I don't s'pose she could spin a run o' yarn tu save her."

"Law sakes! Her mother's got a 'stro'nary settin' aout all pervided—more'n as much ag'in as Huldah ever had; stuff 'at she's saved up, an' stuff 'at she's spun, an' wove no eend o' linen sheets an' woolen sheets for winter, an' tew thirty-paound live-geese feather beds!"

"Wal, Huldah's Polly'll know haow tu spin an' weave, I'll warrant ye, an' not be beholden tu nob'dy for her beddin'," Uncle Lisha said.

"I d' know 'baout that," said Timothy, shaking his head dubiously. "It's all for bein' pop'lar naowerdays, an' mebbey Huldah'll foller the fashi'n wi' Sis. She's a-cuttin' an' sewin' rags tu weave her a carpet for the square room, an' fust ye know, a h'us'mat won't be good 'nough for the front doob."

"I'll resk Huldah," Uncle Lisha declared, more loyal to his favorite than her father-in-law was.

"Ye can't tell what women folks'll du when they git envious an' tryin' tu be the pop'larist," Timothy insisted. "There's Goves' folks—coarser'n all tow, the old ones be, but the youngest girl she's up an' had her a m'lodeon, they call it! My senses!"

"Yes, I know, an' it squeaks an' grunts ju' luk a litter o' hungry pigs."

"Sho, naow, Lisher!" Aunt Jerusha expostulated. "I hearn Philurg a-playin' on her music, an' it's raal poety."

"Poety! Oh, you go 'long wi' your nonsense!" the old man snorted contemptuously. "I'd 'nough sight livver hear you a'tunin' up on the big wheel. But that don't signify; Huldah hain't Goves' folks," and with that the subject was dropped, while the unison of drowsy sounds resumed its sway, punctuated by the slow tick of the clock and the sharp irregular crackle of the fire.

Gran'ther Hill, from his judgment seat, growled his denunciation of modern spelling and swore by the Lord Harry. "It shouldn't unjint his time-honored methods, an' he wa'n't a-go'in' nigh the blasted spellin' bee." But Joseph attended, and even stood up to spell.

The scene recalled to the elders the evenings of their youth, so slight were the changes the years had wrought in the room. The plaster of the walls was but little more broken, the desks and seats but little more scarred by the knives of a succeeding generation. The rusty stove and battered pipe roared and crackled as of yore, and there were the familiar odors of old unpainted woods and musty books, and the lingering mixed fragrance of the pies, cake, doughnuts, apples and cheese of cold dinners, all dissipated for the instant by the influx of fresh outer air brought with each new arrival, and then settling to resumption of their sway. But how changed the faces—new ones in the places of old and youthful ones grown mature, and all bringing to the scholars of former years a realization that they were growing old.

The exercises began with the choosing of sides by the schoolmaster and Sam Lovel; and the choice of Solon Briggs to put out words, which part he performed to his great satisfaction, not always suffering himself to be confined to the spelling book for words, but sometimes made excursions into his own wonderful vocabulary, as when he gave out "supergubernosity," which no one could spell, to Solon's satisfaction. Joseph Hill was at no loss for ways of spelling the words that came to him, but was greatly troubled in his choice of the right way. However, he had reason to be proud of the proficiency of his children, and was much comforted thereby.

Then some big boys and some little boys recited "Casabianca," "Marco Bozaris," "Hohenlinden" and other district school favorites, some delivered in bold strident voices, others in abashed and trembling, but all in an unvarying sing-song which according to the popular idea constituted the principal difference between poetry and prose. Then the smoldering fire was made safe in a covering of ashes, the candles were blown out and the company dispersed in the best of humor, each side taking its "spelling down" with jokes and laughter.

An insight peculiar to the feminine mind revealed to Huldah that the schoolmaster and Polly were far gone in love, and as she was not displeased by the discovery, except for not having made it sooner, nor realized that her sister was no longer a little girl, she made no secret of it. It soon became a matter of neighborhood gossip. Mrs. Purington could not approve of a match that was not of her own making. For which reason and because she opposed everything on principle, she made unpleasant remarks to those around her, while she comforted herself with silent and somewhat dry weeping and deep drawn inhalations of hartshorn.

"Nob'dy never asts my 'pinion 'baout nothin'! I hain't nob'dy only Polly's mother, an' 'tain't reasonable they should when it consarns her futur' well-bein'. Oh, dear suzzy day! It seems as 'ough the Ol' Scratch owed me a gretch an' was payin' on't off in son-in-laws. One a fox hunter, an' naow it's tu be a schoolmarster. Not but what schoolmarster's well 'nough, but why couldn't it ha' b'en a minister, or a marchant? Their wives can be someb'dy. Wall, what can't be cured must be endured, an' like 'nough Mr. Mumpson'll take tu the ministry arter a spell."

Taking this view of future possibilities she became more reconciled to Polly's engagement, and the course of the young people's love was permitted to run smoothly, except that Polly was taken from school and sent to the new Academy down in Lakefield.

Sammy and his sister continued to trudge to school together summer and winter, really as fond of each other as ever, but becoming a little less companions and playmates as the tastes of the boy and girl more distinctly asserted themselves, and each began to have confidences and secrets that were only for other boys and other girls.

The time soon came when he was grown so tall and strong that his services were needed on the farm, and the musty, choky little schoolroom knew him no more when the spring birds were singing, nor in the summer days.

Sometimes in the soft May weather the big boy would dig worms and get the tackle ready and make Uncle Lisha supremely happy by coaxing him out for a day's fishing. What pleasant memories of the old days it brought back, yet how changed were the conditions, for the caretaker now was the tall, strong boy, and on his stout arm the old man leaned. The pleasant fall brought frequent days even in the midst of corn-husking and potato-digging, when the frosty grass and windless air were temptations too strong for Sam to resist, and he and his boy struck for the woods.

"I'd ruther husk nights an' dig pertaters nippin' cold days 'an tu waste sech a mornin' as this!" Sam would say, but would not find his conscience quite stilled until the mellow music of the hound drowned its voice.

At last Sammy quite outgrew his cramped seat in the district school, and vacated it forever. Mr. Mumpson had inspired him with some desire for learning, and there was some talk of sending him away to the Academy where Polly had been. While he was dreading this departure from home into the great unknown world outside the Danvis hills with heart-sickening qualms, great events occurred to change the course of humble lives, as well as the course of nations.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Committee on Public Lands, which has had under consideration the bill providing for a bison preserve in New Mexico, have reported to Congress an amended measure and a recommendation that a suitable area shall be set aside in the Territory consisting of a tract of 20,000 acres and at a nominal rent for the domestication of the experiment which Col. C. J. Jones wishes to make in the domestication of buffalo. The proposed lease is to run for twenty years, and in return for the use of the land and the protection afforded by the Government Col. Jones is to deliver to the United States a certain proportion of the increase of his herd. The enterprise is in the hands of Congressman Lacey, who has manifested so much commendable public spirit and activity in allied fields, and it is probable that while Congress has objected to the former proposition, which called for a more extensive territory, the project in its present form may be approved.

As Secretary Kimball, of the Massachusetts Association points out in a communication published on another page, whatever may be the result of the effort to secure this amendment, the agitation of the subject and the harmonious co-operation of the sportsmen of the State cannot fail to be of distinct and abiding advantage. The sportsmen of Massachusetts have learned that in their union there is strength. There is every reason why the plan of working together which has here been adopted should be adhered to for further efforts in the future. We believe that this at least may be counted as one of the steps of progress attained by the effort to prevent the sale of partridge and quail.

Natural History.

The New Mexico Buffalo Park.

The Committee on the Public Lands, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 6062) to set apart a preserve for American bison, and for other purposes, beg leave to submit the following report, and recommend the accompanying substitute for the bill.

Charles Mair, of the Royal Canadian Society, in May, 1890, made the following statement:

"There is, perhaps, no fact in the natural history of America which brings such reproach on civilized man as the reckless and almost total destruction of the bison. * * * At this time there are in all probability not 500 animals alive on the continent."

When America was discovered the American Indians, measured by their flocks and herds, were as opulent as any people on the globe. The bison was the common property of all. He took care of himself both winter and summer, and furnished a never-failing supply of food and raiment for the aborigines. Through inconceivable ages this animal had become adapted to the soil, climate and surroundings. The bison is the most typically American of all of the indigenous beasts on the continent.

In 1832 the last of the bison was killed east of the Mississippi River. Before the development of the railroads vast herds of these animals avoided the destructive effects of the white settlements by emigration to the Far West, and down to as late as 1870 they still numbered very many millions. The building of the Pacific Railroad was the signal for the destruction of these vast herds. They were slaughtered without mercy, for sport and for profit.

The most pitiful story in the history of all animal life is Prof. William T. Hornaday's report on the extinction of the American bison. The mania for slaughter seems to have affected every one. The English lord, the miner, the cowboy and the emigrant slew right and left, dotting the plains with thousands upon thousands of tons of bleaching bones that have since been gathered up and transported to the sugar refineries on the Atlantic coast. These herds, that could have readily been converted into domestic animals and preserved as a permanent source of wealth, have been literally swept from the face of the earth.

The cattle which have taken their place are unable to withstand the rigors and severity of the changeable climate. Where the bison turned his head to the storm and fought it out with the blizzard, the American cattle of to-day turn tail to the wind and drift to destruction. The bison was clothed expressly to resist the severity of the climate in which he was living. Prehistoric man, in his long warfare against the mammoth, left not one to tell the tale. Necessity for food, no doubt, was his excuse, and the slow breeding of these gigantic beasts made the extermination comparatively easy. When America was discovered the bison was the king of American beasts. By ages of gradual modification and natural selection an animal was developed, fitted in the most admirable way for a life in the vast region from Hudson Bay and Great Slave Lake to the Gulf of Mexico.

The United States Government has tardily attempted to preserve some of the wonders of nature on the continent. The word "extinction" does not quite literally apply to the bison, but we have arrived at a point where nothing but heroic treatment will prevent this animal from joining the dodo, the great auk and the mammoth.

Prof. Hornaday thinks that there are at present 400 living buffalo in the whole world. The herd of the Flat-head Indians, the Buffalo Jones herd, the Goodnight herd, the Corbin herd, a few specimens here and there in zoological parks, remnants still of perhaps twenty in the Yellowstone National Park, and a few scattered "wood buffalo" west of Hudson Bay, embrace all that are left of the countless millions of a generation ago.

Col. C. J. Jones was engaged with others in the general slaughter which nearly exterminated the buffalo. He realized that very soon there would not be a living specimen of this wonderful animal, and he attempted to preserve at least a small herd from destruction. He accordingly went systematically about the capturing of calves, driving with him milch cows to preserve the little captives, and he has at present about 100, the descendants of these captured calves. It is gratifying to find that his humane experiment was not unprofitable. The Government tried to save 400 of these animals in Yellowstone Park, but in that high altitude, with its rigorous weather and the relentless destruction of the animals when they wandered beyond the limits of the Park, it is not probable that there are more than twenty still alive. The climate of the Yellowstone Park, the high altitude, and the heavy snows there have all proven great barriers to the preservation or propagation of these animals.

In a more favorable climate, with adequate protection and opportunity for ranging, breeding may be successfully carried on. Experience has shown that in close confinement most of the calves are males, but on the open range, under more natural conditions, the birthrate of the two sexes is about equal. If no one were now willing and able to try the experiment of restoring a sufficient number of these animals to insure them from total extinction, it would be the duty of a great Government like ours, regardless of expense, to do whatever could reasonably be done to that end. Thousands of dollars have been spent in vain in the mistaken effort at the Yellowstone. Col. Jones called attention to the dangers of that experiment, and offered to round up and save them from destruction; but the offer was rejected, and head-hunters, wolves and the failure to breed have almost annihilated this herd.

Practically all the animals with which to try this experiment of domesticating the buffalo are under the control of Col. Jones. We recognize the fact that the buffalo, like the Indian, must be domesticated or disappear; but it is also true that an adequate home must be found for the few remaining, or else they cannot be protected and preserved. After a few generations of domestication their breeding can no doubt be carried on without the broad range that now seems necessary. To turn these animals out on the plains of any of the Western States or Territories to take their chances with domestic cattle would result in their destruction. A range sufficiently large and

at the same time fenced in should be provided for that purpose. The owner of this herd is willing to bear all the expense of this experiment and asks no Government aid. He cannot turn these animals out on the open range without danger of their entire loss.

In New Mexico the buffalo finds his natural home, both summer and winter. There remain vast areas of unoccupied public lands where the buffalo formerly roamed and bred with much fruitfulness. Out of the 600,000,000 acres remaining of the public lands, it is proposed by this bill to set apart a tract of 20,000 acres; not free of charge, as the sheep and cattle men now use that land, but subject to a nominal rental of one cent an acre, and also two buffalo in kind which are to be delivered to the Government each year, for the use of the public parks.

Owing to a misunderstanding of the boundaries, the original bill provided for an unnecessarily large area, and the hostility of the sheep and cattle men was at once aroused. The committee, in reporting back this bill, have cut the amount down to such dimensions that we believe the bill would meet the approval of even these interested parties. The addition of this herd of buffalo, instead of being an injury to New Mexico, will be of positive advantage, because it adds an additional industry, or, rather, restores one which has been destroyed. The lease is a temporary one, and runs but for twenty years. If it is found that the animals sufficiently increase under this arrangement the lease could be renewed, otherwise there would be no harm done in terminating it.

George Bird Grinnell, in 1892, estimated the Yellowstone buffalo at 400, and reported that they were increasing. The writer of this report visited the Yellowstone last summer, and from the best information he could get there were not to exceed twenty-three still alive. At \$10 a head, the 10,000,000 of these animals that existed only a few years ago, would be worth \$100,000,000.

In 1873 Congress passed a law to protect the buffalo, but the President of the United States failed to sign it, and it did not become a law. The failure to sign this bill might be called another "crime of '73." Action then would have been in time. The failure to act now in this matter will be fatal. We believe that the Government should make this experiment. It ought to be made, even if it had to be made entirely at public expense, but under the plan proposed by this bill the Government will not expend a single dollar. The land to be used for the purpose is public land. It belongs to the people. The whole people of the United States are concerned in saving our nation from the reproach of allowing the entire extinction of the American bison. Our children's children would curse us, and they ought to, if we do not prevent this reproach on the American from being consummated.

There is another important feature connected with this experiment. Domestic cows can be placed on this range and crossed with the buffalo bulls. This is no longer an experiment. The product of this cross is an animal with a coat heavy enough to resist the severest Western winter storm. This, however, is only an incident to the real purpose of the plan, as there would be no attempt made to breed from the female buffalo anything but the pure-blooded bison. The addition would be made by breeding domestic cows, and so the production of the pure bloods would not be in this manner decreased.

Your committee earnestly recommend the prompt passage of the substitute for the bill.

International Ornithological Congress

THE Third International Ornithological Congress will be held during the Exposition at Paris, June 26 to 30, 1900. Invitations have been sent out to ornithologists throughout the world urging them to be present and to take part in this congress, which will undoubtedly bind together by closer ties the naturalists of all lands, as did the two previous meetings of this nature, the first held at Vienna in 1884 and the second at Budapest in 1891.

The honorary president of the Committee on Organization is Prof. A. Milne Edwards, Director of the French Natural History Museum. A Comité de Patronage has been appointed, consisting of ornithologists from all countries, among whom of the Americans are to be named Dr. G. Elliot, Mr. Robt. Ridgway, President of the A. O. U., of the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey; Mr. Harry C. Oberholser, and others.

The congress will include general sessions, sessions of the sections, and excursions to various scientific establishments. The five sections into which the congress will be divided are these: (1) Systematic ornithology, including anatomy and paleontology. (2) Geographical distribution, including migrations. (3) Biology, including nidification and oölogy. (4) Economic ornithology, including the protection of birds, bird culture, acclimatization. (5) Organization of a permanent International Ornithological Committee.

While French will, of course, be the language of the congress, and its publications will be in this language, nevertheless papers may be read and remarks made in English, German or Italian.

The general programme of the congress will be as follows:

First section: Systematic ornithology, classification, description of new genera and species, nomenclature. Anatomy and embryology of birds. Paleontology; classification, description of new genera and species; ancient faunas, the relation of extinct to living species.

Second section: Geographical distribution of birds. Existing faunas species which have become extinct in historic times. Migrations. Accidental occurrences. Appearance of rare species in certain countries.

Third section: Biology, habits, nidification, oölogy.

Fourth section: Economic ornithology; protection of species useful to agriculture; destruction of noxious species. Shooting for sport. Acclimatization. Bird culture.

Fifth section: Organization of an International Ornithological Committee and the defining its duties; election of new members.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Remembered Incidents.

Vagary of a Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To a thoughtless boy, brimful of the hunting instinct, everything wild is game. So I must have a gun. For a dollar I got a second-hand ancient-looking single muzzle-loader, very well made and in good order. I regarded it with a sort of veneration, and a mixture of melancholia that, perhaps, cannot be explained, and which made me think of old deserted garrets, dingy basements and cellars and log huts, and all such weird places as only a Dickens could portray. Well, this gun was as mysterious to me, as it was liable to call up unholy emotions, if not force blasphemous words. Had I believed in witchcraft, as some do, I might have supposed it the object and I the victim of a "spell." I had shot guns before, none of which had surprised me as this one did.

I used to delight in shooting crows. One day, finding a dead horse by the roadside, my boon companion and I had it dragged into a field near a stone wall, behind which we built a bough house. A hole was made by removing the stones of the wall, through which to poke the gun. What sport we would have! But, alas, my tricky gun! Sometimes but the least portion of the powder exploded, making a noise but a little louder than the report of the cap. The charge would be pushed out with just force enough to drop the shot a few feet from the muzzle of the gun. I don't remember that I got a single crow off that bait.

A Bold Robber Crow.

The house in which I lived, just on the outskirts of the village of Highland, N. Y., had around it some tall locust trees. One day, while standing by one of the trees, which was about 15 feet from the house, I heard a rustle in the top branches, then cries of alarm and distress. At that moment a crow issued with a young robin in its mouth and flew rapidly away, the baby bird screaming with all its might and the mother in hot and noisy pursuit; but she soon gave up the chase. I must declare that my blood warmed a little at the sight.

Where a Woodcock Was Found.

One day in the Shadica, N. Y., woods I shot a woodcock, but neither my eyes nor the dog's nose were keen enough to discover the whereabouts of that dead bird. I was puzzled. Yet so sure was I that I had killed my game that I was more than loath to give up the search. I then called to mind that I had shot him after he had risen above the small trees, and reasoned that he might have found a lodgment, so I jarred a tree. Sure enough, down he fell at my feet, plump. N. D. E.

Big Game in Trouble.

BOSTON, April 14.—That a deer is wonderfully tenacious of life every hunter is well aware. Not only can they stand against the gun, unless well aimed, but they can endure the rigors of nature in a remarkable manner. The other day the ice was clearing from the Kennebec River in Maine. At Augusta the river was full of floating ice and debris. Commissioners Carleton and Stanley, with P. O. Vickery, were in a club house that commands a good view of the dam and the rapids below. They were watching the ice and logs go over the dam. All at once a live deer appeared on a cake, rapidly drifting down to the dam and the roaring rapids below. Breathlessly they watched a deer going to destruction in a manner that they were powerless to hinder, though it is many a deer they have saved from the forces of those who would slaughter them illegally. Doubtless the poor fellow had attempted to cross on the ice somewhere above and been carried down stream as the ice started. With a cringe and a backward brace, the deer seemed to prepare for the final plunge of 20 feet over the dam. The big cake of ice tipped, tottered and plunged. The men watching expected to see the deer's dead body coming out of the undertow several rods below, but they were mistaken. Quickly his head appeared above the seething waters, and going down with the current a few rods, he struck out for the shore, which he soon reached. He climbed up the bank, shook himself, bounded over a fence, trotted across the fields and disappeared in the woods. Whether this story has been told over again, and below the dam at Augusta, it is not certain, but a Maine down-river paper has it that a handsome deer was seen one day last week on a cake of ice—below Augusta—and floating out to sea. Boatmen tried to reach him, but did not succeed. It is hardly probable that the deer came back, after going over the dam, and again tried a cake of ice for a ride.

In line with the great suffering of the big game in Maine, from the terribly deep snows, comes the story of a moose, overtaken by a railway train on the Portland & Rumford Falls line, a short distance above Houghton's. Unable or unwilling to attempt to mount the high banks of snow on either side of the road, the animal trotted down ahead of the train till it came to a culvert, where it must jump or be run over. It leaped down into the bed of the stream, where it again had sure footing and but little snow. The snow was fully 5 feet deep on either side of the stream. The moose, doubtless somewhat injured by its jump, made but little progress up the stream. The train was brought to a stop and all hands went up the stream to view it. Word was carried down to Rumford Falls, and an extra engine with a number of people, some armed with cameras, went up to see it. Through the courtesy of Mr. J. E. Stephens I am able to give the FOREST AND STREAM a picture of the moose, as it appeared in the woods. The Fish and Game Commissioners were at once notified, and Mr. Carleton wired orders for the moose not to be harmed, but to capture it if possible. Later he sent word for a wire fence to be built around the animal, which was done. Still later, the moose was taken down to Houghton's. Mr. Stephens writes that she (he says "she," though Commissioner Stanley, my informant, understood that it was an 800-pound bull) took kindly to being captured after she found no harm was intended to her. It is understood that the Commissioners think of putting the moose into some State park, but that the inhabitants of the country where it was found believe that it ought to be released in that section. It is well

known to hunters that several moose have lived for some time in the vicinity of the mountains in Byron, and around Metallic Pond, to the west a few miles of where the train overtook this one.

Commissioner Stanley says that the deer are very numerous in the vicinity of Dixfield, his home. They have been seen almost every day the past winter, by somebody. Dogs have given a great deal of trouble, even the shepherds and collies, farmers' dogs, being determined to chase every deer they can get track of. Several dogs have been killed for this reason.

The big cow moose, taken a few miles above Houghton's, on the Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad, of which the FOREST AND STREAM already has an account, has been taken down to Merrymeeting Park, Brunswick, for treatment. Mr. Stewart, keeper at that park, and an expert with game animals, was sent up after this moose on Friday. He was shown a photograph at Rumford Falls before he saw the moose. At once he pronounced it a bull, the bell and the hump on the back indicating the sex. But he was a little chagrined when he found it to be a cow after all. It is reported to be a beauty, however, weighing about 800 pounds, and almost entirely black. Mr. J. E. Stephens, who photographed the moose, has been given the honor of naming her, and she is to be called Lady Bemis, Bemis being the celebrated camps of Capt. F. C. Barker, at the foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, at the terminus of the P. & R. F. R. R. Mr. Stewart found that the hind legs of the moose had been so badly injured, doubtless from her jump down over the trestle, in front of the railway train, that it was best to take her to Merrymeeting Park, where there are good facilities for treatment. He thinks that she will be all right in a few days, and later she will be taken to the State Hatchery Park at Monmouth. It is also suggested that she will be shown at the next Boston Sportsmen's Show; the biggest moose ever shown in captivity. It seems that the two buck deer from Merrymeeting Park shown at the Boston Show this year both died before reaching home. Mr. Stewart asked permission of the Commissioners to capture another, and while at Houghton's after the moose he secured a nice buck, which he also took back to the park. Even the school children were given a sight of the big moose at Rumford Falls, through the courtesy of the railway officials, who allowed the car to be stopped for that purpose. SPECIAL.

Crossbills in New York Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The appearance of crossbills (*Loxia*) of both species in New York and southern New England has several times been noted in FOREST AND STREAM during the past winter. Their coming during the cold weather is not surprising, though unusual, but after their last appearance late in February I hardly expected to hear of them again.

Nevertheless this morning I saw a dozen red crossbills—including one male in particularly bright plumage—in the same locality whence they have been once or twice reported this winter—156th street near Broadway. They were working hard at the cones of a yellow pine and an adjacent Norway spruce, but acted as if the feeding ground had already been gleaned over. They flew from one tree to another and then back again, passing rapidly from one branch to another, and then, seeming quite discouraged, took wings, flying south toward a group of hemlocks in Trinity Cemetery. It will be interesting to see whether they linger longer in this vicinity. G.

NEW YORK, April 14.

Gulls on the Susquehanna River.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., April 10.—The Williamsport Sun of to-day reports: "The river between the Market street and Pennsylvania railroad bridges yesterday morning was alive with sea gulls. There must have been 150 in the flock that circled about and finally settled down on the surface of the water, and many people watched their maneuvers with much interest. It is supposed that the gulls were driven up the river from the Chesapeake Bay by a storm, as they usually go ahead of a storm. Such an unusually large flock of gulls has never been seen hereabouts before, it is said."

The gulls appeared during Sunday and left same day. The species which generally appear in front of our city in the spring months are the Bonapartes (greatest number), herring (occasionally), ring-billed (not common) and black-headed, or laughing (rare).

AUGUST KOCH.

The Queer Ways on This Planet.

At the time of my visit I found upon the earth many strange and interesting creatures. The habits and ways of some of them are extremely singular. None are more so than those of a certain kind, known as human beings, who seem to regard themselves as of the first importance, and as exceeding all the others in intelligence—doubtless a mistake. These will destroy every kind of beautiful, remarkable, attractive or wonderful thing, of which, it seems, there once was the greatest profusion, both in numbers and variety. Their powers of destruction are so very great, and these powers seem to develop so enormously by being constantly exercised, that one could never believe, without personal inspection, the havoc that they work among nature's most precious treasures, not one of which, even the very least thereof, can these human beings, of themselves, make. No sooner are these things gone than these human beings bitterly bewail the loss. They show by every sign and sound one would believe them capable of making how deep is their pervading regret at being deprived of what they themselves have so persistently destroyed. Nor is this all. They try in various very curious ways and at great trouble to themselves to restore many of these same things even while continuing their astonishing practices of destruction. They show willingness to do almost anything whatever in the way of restoration, except to stop destroying—which really seems to a visitor to their abode all that would be necessary, nature, apparently, being able to do the rest. Indeed, from such observations as could be made upon the earth at the time which I mention (being constantly occupied by the great number of other and remarkable things in view), it seems that no real restora-

tion is accomplished without nature's being the real promoter.

Nothing escapes this all embracing destructiveness; but their especial delight is to deprive every living thing besides themselves of its existence. The numbers and kinds of ways used are past mentioning. If one of their number can only succeed in producing some new instrument, or new way, more effective in its certain destruction of living beings, that one is sure of untold rewards. Yet beside, or with, yes! even as a part of, this universal manifestation of destructiveness, there appears as equally pervading a wail for the loss of the creatures destroyed. To understand this caused me no little perplexity during the visit I refer to, and indeed I cannot cease from wondering at it yet.

TRIBRACH.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Turkey Hunt.

It was evening when I reached Oasis and found the young ladies still of a mind for the turkey hunt which had been planned. For Oasis had two visitors—Miss Mary C. Breckinridge, daughter of Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, and Miss Frances, daughter of Coahoma, of the FOREST AND STREAM circle. Monte (Dr. Carson) had agreed with me that they should have a hunt, and between us we had found the location of a good "range," covering several hackberry flats about half a mile from the river, down near the chute of Island 63. Monte lived nearer the range, and was to meet us on the ground at 5 o'clock next morning.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, with music, and with plans and preparations for the morning's trip, which must begin very early. And then the party dispersed, to dream of many gobblers ringing, clear, through the dawn-mantled forest. Later, the wind came up swiftly, and was bringing scurrying clouds from beyond the tall cypress tops to the southward, boding rain and disappointed hunters. Past midnight, though, it gradually went away, taking the scurrying clouds with it, and when we mounted our horses at 3 A. M. we rode out under a clear sky.

An eight-mile ride brought us to the edge of the cane ridge beside the first flat, and here the horses were tethered and all gaudy cloaks and hats hidden under a fallen tree, so that we were now clad in the somber colors of the brown tree trunks and dead leaves.

Waiting for Monte a short distance down a blind road, his "yelper" was soon heard, in answer to our signals; then we decided to make a test upon him of the color of our costumes (for day had now fully dawned), by sitting in the open, about 20 feet from the path, and remaining motionless. Monte, oblivious of our presence, stopped directly opposite to us to examine the trail (we could have touched him with a fishing rod), and remained what seemed a full minute. He was on the point of riding away, when a gentle yelp from my turkey caller brought him about with a smile of recognition.

The rising sun now shone red through the lower branches, and there came all of the music of the wild woods. Sang the redbird that wakens with the turkeys, the oriole, robin and many thrushes, and then a colony of jaybirds that conversed comically, with wink and gesture. Our party now divided, Miss Frances accompanying Monte, while Miss Mary and I paralleled their course for awhile at a short distance. A squirrel on a near-by tree was pointed out to Miss Mary.

"It's a hump on the tree!" she said, with disapproval, and declined to look while I went over and shook a vine. Somehow she must have seen though, for as soon as there was animated motion in the tree, she became more interested. We didn't shoot the squirrel, for fear of disturbing the gobblers.

The music of the woods was there, only there was no gobble, and Miss Mary's patience flagged. "Turkeys are a myth," she said.

Something must be done, so we plowed through the thick canebrake toward another flat, she sometimes behind, but mostly in the lead. When we reached the open woods again, she selected a good log for an ambushade and I plied the yelper, when there came a prompt answer from across the flat.

I had shown her how to press the gun against her shoulder so it wouldn't kick, for she had never pulled a shotgun trigger. In fact, her experience with firearms dated back just a fortnight, when she had an afternoon's target practice with the rifle. With confidence for the result, she was now shown how close to let him come before shooting, and she rested the gun muzzle out over the log while an occasional call was sounded. The turkey was getting very much interested, too, when, to our disappointment, a shot from off behind us frightened him, and he stopped answering.

We now waited quietly for some time, with now and then a little yelp or a "cluck," and had almost despaired of having another response, when a twig snapped, and Miss Mary said: "Listen! Here come Fanny and Monte."

I cautiously peeped over the log, and there, not twenty-five paces from us, came a big gobbler, all fluffed up and strutting! Very vain and boastful he looked, taking three forward strides before a strut. He was coming nearer, so that prompt action would be necessary.

"Now, Miss Mary, don't move a bit," I cautioned.

Her gun lay across the log, pointing in the direction from which the first answer had come, with its muzzle among some twigs, to free it from which the gun had to be withdrawn entirely from over the log, and pushed forward again in a new place, as this turkey was approaching from a different quarter, very much askance to the log's position. This difficult movement in the face of the enemy was successfully accomplished.

"Now take the gun cautiously, aim carefully at his neck, low down, and shoot. Don't hurry!"

She did it just that way, and over rolled that big bird. With great exultation we then bore down upon him, and saw him flutter, then quiver, then lie still. On the lower part of his neck was much evidence of No. 5 shot. Miss Mary then looked much prouder than the turkey had looked a few moments before, and very justly so—and

said turkeys were not a myth any more. I realized this myself, as I bore this tangible specimen to where our horses had been left. He must have been some high official among 'em.

There may not often be seen a prouder cavalcade than turned through the portals at Oasis toward midday, with trophies swung from saddle bows. Dismounting, we received just-earned plaudits, and were long and reluctant to realize that the hunt was over.

MISSISSIPPI.

Treed by a Bear.

DURING the fall of 1884 Frank K. and my brother Ed came out to the camp in the Sandia Mountains, N. M., where I was working at helping the cook and cleaning up the cabins of the miners, to make a hunt.

They had walked about thirty miles across the mesa, and being very tired we waited for a day or two before taking this hunt, so that they might rest. Ed had borrowed an old Phoenix rifle, and Frank was armed with his father's .45-75 Winchester, while I used the camp "blunderbuss," a Spencer carbine.

The evening before we set out we were all three practicing at small syrup cans and found that Ed was the only one who could hit the mark; but at that distance (50 yards) he was obliged to raise his sight up to the 500-yard notch; and again, the sight was so loose that it would jar down at every shot. Ed was also armed with a .44 Colt's revolver, but having only six cartridges we knew better than to use them up in practice. After supper we sat by the fire for a couple of hours, listening to the tales of narrow escapes from wild beasts told by some of the miners. As Frank and I were only about fifteen years of age and Ed but four years older, and as all were fresh from the East, one may well imagine that these stories were probably invented for our benefit. Just before we turned in there came up from the cañon the cry of a mountain lion. One could see the color fade from the faces of both Ed and Frank, and perhaps it did from mine also, although I had heard him nearly every night for over a month. Both Ed and Frank said the next morning that the lion had spoiled their sleep.

We left the camp shortly after daybreak and started up the cañon. Near the head of it we jumped a "flag-tail" which looked to us as big as a house, for we had never shot at anything larger than a jack rabbit. We all missed the deer. An hour or so later, while going up over a rise, we ran into a large band of blacktails. We let go into them, taking no aim, but just shooting in their direction. As they went up the mountain we could see one of them falling behind the rest. As the last of the band disappeared over the crest the wounded one walked into a bunch of piñon scrub on top of a small ridge some distance from us. After an hour's work we reached the spot where it had disappeared. We could see nothing of the deer, although there was plenty of blood sign about, which led over the ridge and up a small gulch. It was decided that I was to remain where I was, Frank was to go to the next ridge, and Ed was to go up the mountain to the head of the gulch and then come down it so as to turn the deer toward us. When the others had left me I picked out a comfortable spot and sat down to watch. I suppose I had been seated about an hour when I heard the report of Ed's gun, and a moment after I again heard it twice in quick succession. I yelled to Frank: "Come on—I guess Ed has him!"

As Frank joined me we heard something coming down the cañon. We stood still, and in a moment there came in sight a good-sized bear cub, squealing at every stride. I fired at him and he turned up the cañon again. Frank fired, but the bullet only hit the ground behind him, driving a lot of rotten stone at the cub's rump, which greatly increased its pace and squealing as it disappeared. Even then it did not strike us what it was that had caused Ed's shots, but running and stumbling along, we at last reached the head of the gulch, where we paused to rest.

As we stood there leaning on our guns we heard Ed's cry of "Herb! Herb! come down the mountain!" Hurrying up toward him, we at last came where we could see him.

He was up a small pine tree, and reaching up on the tree and nearly touching him was a monster cinnamon she bear. Near her lay a dead cub. The bear was standing up and would put her arms around the tree and shake it, and then step back and look up to see if Ed was still there. She would then gnaw at the tree for a moment or two and then start to shake it again, growling fiercely all the while. We were about 200 yards from Ed as I yelled to him to shoot her with his revolver, as I could see that he had lost his rifle. Upon my advice he pulled it, reached down and aimed between her eyes; but just as he pulled the trigger she raised her head to look at him and the ball, grazing her lower lip, entered her throat. As the lead struck her she sprang back, fell and began rolling down the mountain toward us, Ed firing his remaining shots at her as she went, but not hitting her. As she started to roll I went up a tree, while Frank, dropping his gun, went down the gulch as fast as his legs would carry him.

The bear rolled until she stopped within 50 yards of me. I watched her from my perch. She was spinning around on her back, tearing and biting at everything within reach. After five minutes, seeing that she could not regain her feet, I slid down the tree and ran to and picked up Frank's gun. I then crawled up to within 15 yards of her, rested the rifle on a rock and let her have it. At the fifth shot she lay still, so I concluded that she was dead.

I then went up to Ed. Before I got to him I could see that he was badly hurt, as one of his legs was swinging and dripping blood. When he reached the ground he fainted. I at once ripped off the leg of his pants and saw that his leg was broken and there were three long gashes down the calf. Tying a stick along the leg from the knee down to prevent it from swinging, I started to staunch the flow of blood. While binding the leg up with my shirt Frank came up, and together we soon had Ed fixed up and in better shape. He then told us his side of the story:

After going up the mountain as far as he thought necessary he had seated himself to take a short rest. He had hardly done so when he heard a peculiar grunting

noise. Looking up he saw about 50 yards off two bear cubs wrestling with each other. Not dreaming of the results, he had carefully raised his sight, shot and killed one of them. The other turned and made off. At the same moment, out from behind a boulder walked the old one, swinging her head and growling. She then shambled over to her cub, nosed it for a moment, then raised herself upon her haunches, and with a "Woof! Woof!" gazed around for the slayer of her cub. Ed, who had kept cool, carefully aimed at the butt of her ear and pulled the trigger. But he had forgotten to raise his sight, and consequently the bullet struck her very low in the neck. He at once shoved in another cartridge, raised the gun and let her have it just as she dropped on to all fours to charge him. This last shot hit her in the paunch but did not stop her.

Ed dropped his gun and started for the tree. Just as he swung himself up she reached him and struck his leg with her paw, causing his wounds. She then began to try to shake him out. After shaking the tree a few times she went over to her dead cub, smelt of it and then returned more enraged than before. So he clung there with that bear so close to him for over an hour and forgot that he had a revolver.

After Ed had finished speaking we decided that, as it was almost sundown, and as it would be impossible to get him to the camp, we would stay where we were for the night.

Frank soon had a little bough shelter built and a fire made, while I skinned the cub. We then took his hide, and wrapping Ed in it we were soon chewing bear meat without salt, but with plenty of ashes.

As it began to grow dark we thought it a good plan to fire a signal shot or two, knowing that if we were not at the cabin by dark it was more than likely that some of the miners would come out to look for us. So we fired a shot about every fifteen minutes and kept up a big fire to guide them. About 12 o'clock we heard an answering shot, but it was near daylight before the boss and two of the miners put in an appearance.

With their experience, strength and the stimulants they brought Ed was soon feeling much brighter, and within three hours was at the camp. A couple of the men were sent back with two burros and soon returned with some of the meat, a monster bear hide and two smaller ones, for when the men had arrived at the old bear's carcass they found the other cub smelling around it and had killed him.

Everything having been made ready, we lifted Ed into the boss' light wagon and were soon on our way to Albuquerque, where we arrived in good condition at about 9 o'clock that night.

HERB.

Moose Hunting.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed for some time the various articles on moose calling and the different sized rifles that our sportsmen from nearly all parts of the country are interested in. Now I don't claim to be an expert myself on either subject, as it is one that admits of various opinions, but on my different trips along the coast of Alaska I have had occasion to get quite familiar with both moose and rifles, and it has been my pleasure to meet some of the noted big-game hunters of this country.

In speaking of moose calling, I cannot agree with the idea of calling the animal to within 25 or 50 yards and then deliberately shooting it down like a beef in a pen.

I think a true sportsman will enjoy the pleasure of the chase and the thrill of excitement that is always required to hunt the animal in its native haunts and to follow its footprints through the bog and mire, over the valley and over the ridges.

It requires tact to follow and come within range of the quarry in this way, and when you have got it down you feel as though you had accomplished something.

Now about the rifles. I find that it is all nonsense in weighting yourself down with one of the old-style guns when the .30-30 will answer the same purpose, and in fact I consider it much more effective than the English express or any large caliber.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Harry E. Lee, of Chicago, when he brought out some of his noble game to the coast, from the interior mountains of Alaska. He had a number of the grandest specimens I have ever seen, and he got them all with a little .30-30 Savage, and in conversation with his men they said he had never used but one shot on each animal. I could hardly believe this at first, as he had among his collection some fine specimens of the mountain sheep (*Ovis dalli*), two enormous bull moose, three caribou, one of which is universally acknowledged to be the record caribou of the world. Mr. Lee was fortunate in getting this grand specimen out whole and now has it mounted in his office, also three large grizzly bears, besides a number of smaller specimens of both animals and birds.

I made a special examination of each skin to see about this one-shot business, and to my astonishment there was only one bullet mark in each. Now this goes to prove that the small caliber can do the business.

But people must not expect that Mr. Lee had any picnic in getting his game. On the contrary, he had made a trip that but very few would care to undertake, and in several instances came very near losing his life. Another thing that the average hunter must not forget, and that is, Mr. Lee is an expert shot and a very cool, nervy fellow. He has hunted in all parts of the country and all kinds of game, and not only secures the choicest specimens, but makes a study of each animal and bird, for scientific purposes and his own pleasure and knowledge. His office is worth going a long way to see, as he has animals and birds of the choicest varieties, from nearly every State and Territory in the Union; also Canada and Mexico. I doubt if there is another private collection in the world to equal it, and the beauty of it is that he got them all with his own gun, as he will not have any specimen only what he secures himself.

Now I should think that a gentleman like Mr. Lee could give a very interesting account of this much mooted question of moose calling and also which rifle is the best, for all kinds of game, as he has a regular arsenal of guns of all makes and sizes and has put them all to the severest tests on the different kinds of game. I for one would

enjoy very much reading an article from Mr. Lee's pen, and his experience with the different rifles on large game, and I am sure that every reader of your valuable paper would also be interested, as well as benefited, thereby.

C. F. PERIOLOT.

The Massachusetts Bill.

No. 5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith you will find a list of the members of the Executive Board of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, organized Jan. 4, 1900, at a delegate convention of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs held in Boston.

Whatever may be the fate of our bill, H. 549, which has been recommended to the Committee on Fisheries and Game, and reported favorably by that committee, the members of the Executive Committee have all worked with great zeal in attending meetings and hearings, circulating petitions, etc., and they are entitled to great praise for their earnest efforts to stop the sale of woodcock and partridges, and to shorten the open season. Great credit is also due the various sportsmen's clubs represented in the Central Committee.

If the same spirit of harmony shall continue, it will be but a few years at the longest before the Massachusetts sportsmen will be granted anything of a reasonable nature which they may ask of the Legislature.

A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester Sportsmen's Association.
Geo. H. Palmer, New Bedford, S. Massachusetts Fish and Game League.

Heman S. Fay, Marlboro, League of American Sportsmen.

Dr. J. T. Herrick, Springfield, Springfield Sportsmen's Club.

William B. Finney, Lynn, Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association.

John S. Bleakie, Falmouth, Old Colony Club.

H. A. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

J. E. Tweedy, North Attleboro, North Attleboro Fish and Game Association.

Joseph H. Wood, Pittsfield, Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club.

Herbert E. Tuck, Haverhill, Haverhill Gun Club.

Henry Hanson, Fall River, Fall River Fish and Game Protective Association.

A. M. Lyman, Montague, Hampshire Agricultural Society.

Henry H. Kimball, Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

I desire to mention the name of Representative H. D. Hunt, of North Attleboro, a member of the committee, who has been most active in promoting our interests from the first. He is a member of the Sportsmen's Club recently organized, and which is doing a great deal for the cause. Representatives Hancock, Sprague and Collins are entitled to much credit for the stand they have taken in the committee. It has been a busy winter for the committee, more than thirty different bills having been referred to it. Whether successful in securing our bill or not, no pains have been spared, and a vast amount of labor has been performed by the Executive Committee of the Central Committee, and the seed sown this winter can hardly fail of bearing fruit for the better protection of our birds and other game.

I inclose the argument made by Heman S. Fay, Esq., before the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, in favor of House Bill No. 549, reported favorably by said committee after recommitment, with some changes, as House Bill No. 1203.

Many bills were presented to the Legislature from different sections of the State for the purpose of greater protection of the game birds. One of these provided a prohibition of shooting for a period of ten years; another for five years, and still another for three years. The sentiment that very stringent measures and much greater restrictions must be adopted to save the remnant of quail, woodcock and ruffed grouse is universal among sportsmen and others who are accustomed to study the existing conditions, and who are, without exception, in a state of mind bordering on alarm at the great scarcity of game birds reported from nearly all parts of the State during the past year.

The Massachusetts Central Committee, composed of delegates from forty different sportsmen's and farmers' clubs, together with members of the Legislative Committee of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, after several conferences, recognizing the great scarcity of birds, especially the partridges, were unanimous in recommending an open season of not more than two months, and prohibition of the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse at all seasons. Absolute prohibition of shooting they believe to be unnecessary, provided snaring and market gunning can be stopped, and to accomplish this they recognize the necessity of prohibiting the sale; that only by taking away the market can market-hunting be brought to an end.

It is becoming more and more a recognized fact that the market is the key to the situation. The writer has often heard the late John A. Loring say, "A market being provided, either for game birds or game fish, there will always be found men who will do the rest."

The Central Committee favor this bill because they think it will be adequate to restock our covers, and because they regard it as a measure that can be easily enforced.

In supporting the bill, sportsmen of the western counties willingly sacrifice early woodcock shooting, from a desire to promote the general good, and from the same motive right-thinking and broad-minded citizens who are not sportsmen consent to forego the eating of woodcock and partridge, unless provided by friends who are sportsmen.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Boston, April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past week a bill to change the legal limit in the length of lobsters from 10½ to 9 inches was substituted for the one reported by the Committee on Fisheries and Game which favored retaining the law as at present. The vote was 68 in favor to 67 against, and shows so small a margin that the friends of the 10½-inch law hope that at the next stage (which will be the second reading of the bill) they will be able to effect a change. It has been the contention

of the lobster-catchers of the southeastern section of the State that their business suffers great injury from the present restriction. A score or more of them appeared at the hearing before the committee in behalf of a 9-inch law.

Lobster fishermen from other sections of the State and the dealers are divided, some favoring the change and others desiring the law to be continued as now. It is understood that our Commissioners are opposed to any reduction in the legal length, and many people believe the day is not far distant when the remnant of Massachusetts lobsters can be preserved only by several years of close time.

I inclose herewith a copy of the bird bill of the Central Committee, No. 549. The bill reported by the committee differs from ours in three particulars: (1) A change of the opening of the season for shooting quail, woodcock and partridges from Oct. 1 to Oct. 10. (2) The bill reported by the committee limits its application to a period of three years. (3) The committee shortens the shooting season for "wood or summer duck, black duck or teal" by closing it on March 1 instead of April 15. The change last mentioned is acceptable to our committee, and I believe will meet the approbation of all unselfish believers in protection, for the reason that spring shooting is universally acknowledged to be very destructive.

In fixing on Oct. 1 as the date of opening, the Executive Committee took into consideration that in giving up the last half of September the woodcock shooters, especially in the western counties, were making quite a sacrifice. Some members of the Legislative Committee probably were not aware of that fact, and as one member was opposed to opening on quail earlier than Oct. 15 as at present, an agreement was reached by the committee to compromise on Oct. 10 as the opening on the three birds. Senator Leach and Representative Mills opposed the bill.

I will now speak of some amendments that have been offered in the House. Representative Mills, the clergyman from Newburyport—an opponent of the bill, it will be observed—gave notice of an amendment to prohibit the killing or having in possession for three years.

The friends of the measure in the House feel confident that this amendment will not be adopted.

Representative Feiker, of Northampton, has given notice of an amendment to provide for opening the season on woodcock in Berkshire, Franklin and Hampden counties on Sept. 15.

In all probability the latter amendment would not have been brought forward had the committee's bill fixed on Oct. 1 as the opening instead of Oct. 10.

The sportsmen in the western counties have always claimed that many of the woodcock took flight southward before they have been allowed to shoot them, and naturally enough they regard Oct. 10 as too late for the opening. But in a letter from one of the leading sportsmen of Pittsfield—Mr. J. M. Stevenson, a former member of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game—I am informed that this subject was discussed in a recent meeting of the Rod and Gun Club there, and while considerable disappointment was expressed, it was the sentiment of the meeting that if an attempt to change the date (Oct. 10) would endanger the passage of the bill, it should be allowed to stand as reported by the committee.

This, I believe, is the spirit which animates sportsmen generally throughout the State. Our friends in the southeastern part were reluctant to have the month of December cut off. With them that is the favorite time for hunting. The urgent need of decisive action is recognized by all, and too much cannot be said in praise of the disinterestedness manifested by those who have signified a readiness to make sacrifices for the general good.

In closing I will say that, while aware that we are not yet "out of the woods," we are hopeful for the success of the bill; and even if it fail of passage, the good seed sown this winter will not be lost. Some of it, surely, has not "fallen upon stony ground," but on soil that will cause it to germinate and bring forth fruit.

The circular sent out by the North Attleboro Fish and Game Association—born Jan. 1, 1900, and now numbering more than eighty members, and carrying on its roll Mr. Harry D. Hunt, of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, and Mr. J. E. Tweedy, of our Executive Committee—may serve as a model for others.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Boston, April 16.—I am sorry to be obliged to disagree with so good an authority as Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, in which he says concerning House Bill No. 549, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 14: "That bill [the Bennet Bill] was certainly turned down by the Legislative Committee, and the Walker Bill reported favorably upon. Later the House has taken up Bill No. 549 and sent it to the committee, asking that they amend it so as to permit of the sale of both partridges and woodcock during the open season. The primary object of that bill was to prevent the sale of partridges and woodcock for three years." Mr. Kinney seems very confident that his bill will become a law, and I very much wish that it might, but I am positive that the marketmen are perfectly sure that no bill can be passed, at the present session on Beacon Hill, that proposes to stop the sale of game during open shooting season. Saturday I saw several of the leading marketmen in affairs legislative, and I want to assure Mr. Kinney that they are so certain of no legislation this session to prevent the sale of game that they are not giving themselves the slightest uneasiness. Hence, I again say that game legislation is in a bad way in Massachusetts, and by the close of the session I am afraid that Mr. Kinney will be obliged to agree with me. The marketmen well know, and doubtless Mr. Kinney is aware, that at least one member of the Fisheries and Game Committee is determined that no bill shall become a law that does not permit of the sale of game whenever it is open season for shooting it.

SPECIAL.

Argument in Favor of Prohibiting the Sale of Woodcock and Partridge.

The game birds within the limits of the commonwealth belong to the people in their collective sovereign capacity, and the people, through the Legislature, may provide when and how they shall be taken and sold. Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; *Magner vs. People*, 97 Ill., 320; *Whitehead vs. Smithers*, 2 C. P. D., 553; *State vs. Judy*, 7 Mo. App., 524.

They may provide that they shall not be transported out of the State after they have been taken or killed, and such a law is not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States respecting interstate commerce. *Geer vs. Connecticut*, 161 U. S., 518.

It is hardly necessary to give much time to the consideration of the right of the Legislature to pass this law; in fact, we are somewhat surprised that the question should be raised, for it is not a new question in the laws of this commonwealth, even, for some provisions of law prohibiting the sale of game for a part of the year have been in existence almost beyond the memory of man, and if the Legislature has the power to prohibit its sale for a part of the year it can prohibit its sale for the entire year. It is only a question of degree, nor are we without precedent of absolute prohibition the entire year, as note the law regarding the Mongolian pheasant, which was formerly imported from England and sold in our markets. Nor is the idea of the total prohibition of the sale of game anything particularly new, for over a dozen States of this Union already have some law of this character.

Three of the New England States have similar laws, and a law prohibiting sale came very near of passage in the State of Connecticut at the last session. Maine last year passed a law prohibiting the sale of partridge and prohibiting any person having the same in possession except for his own consumption, so in that State they cannot even be given away. The States of New Hampshire and Vermont prohibit their sale except for consumption as food within the State. This, with their limited market, would be as much of a protection there as prohibition of sale here. These three States with their vast tracts of woodland to protect their game birds are far in advance of Massachusetts in restrictive legislation; in fact, this commonwealth has the poorest game laws of any Eastern State, if not of any in the entire Union.

As there can be no question with regard to the right of the Legislature to pass the law, we come to the question of whether or not the people want the law, and how they have expressed themselves upon the subject. Over fifty witnesses have testified in favor of this law at hearings before the Committee on Fish and Game, and of those that appeared and wanted to testify, not over half were heard, for lack of time on the part of the committee to hear them. These witnesses represented all classes of our people. There were members of the Legislature and others of high standing in the community, together with those from the humbler walks of life. The laboring man left his bench to come and ask for this law. Besides those who appeared personally to testify, more than fifty petitions, signed by judges of our courts, State, county, city and town officers and other individuals, have been filed, these representing in the aggregate thousands of our citizens, who, being unable to be personally present, have requested by their signatures the passage of this law. The bill is also supported by a resolution of the State Board of Trade, the old Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and over forty different organizations, representing farmers' clubs, game protective associations and sportsmen's clubs. From the fact that the organization which undertook the work of presenting this matter to the Legislature did not come into existence until Jan. 6 last, and that there was neither time nor opportunity to work up any sentiment in support of this law, this spontaneous outburst in its favor, which has come from every part of the commonwealth, is nothing if not marvelous. It shows that there is a deep-seated anxiety upon the question of the preservation of our game birds, that it has been a matter of very serious thought in a great many minds and that it was only waiting for some opportunity for its expression, waiting for some organized effort, when it has moved as in a flood. Ever since the hearing before the committee, petitions have been constantly coming in to us, and movements in localities before unheard from have taken on form and action.

It would be impossible, for want of space, to go into any detail of the testimony, as given by the witness at the hearing before the committee, or to refer to it here, except in the most general way. It showed conspicuously the great scarcity of all kinds of game, particularly of the partridge and woodcock. To be the better understood we shall use the name "partridge" here instead of ruffed grouse, the proper name of this bird, as that is the name more generally used in this section. Many of the witnesses were men who had hunted for years and had sold a large number of birds in the market. These all agreed that the time had come when the marketing of birds must be given up or that in a very short time the partridge would be exterminated; some said in one more season like the last season, some gave them more time, but none more than three years, with an open market for sale. The marketmen testified that the partridge was getting very scarce and that something would have to be done if they were to be saved, and one said that he would be glad if the sale of woodcock was prohibited, because they were so scarce that it was almost impossible to fill an order, and that if the sale was stopped it would relieve them from the trouble of making the attempt. They also testified that partridges sold as high as \$2.50 per pair last season. It must be remembered that those men were wholesale dealers; as a fact, these birds sold as high as \$3 per pair at retail during the last season. When it is considered that one of these, as far as matter of actual nourishment is concerned, is not worth much, if any, over 25 cents, it will be seen that such an exaggerated price over any intrinsic value not only shows their very great scarcity, but is really a premium offered upon their extermination.

The testimony of ex-Congressman Walker was of importance. He stated that birds were very scarce, so scarce that they did not furnish sufficient inducement for him to go hunting, and that he did not go into the brush during the last season. He also stated that forty years ago he and a friend killed thirty birds in one day, about one-third of which were partridges, though they were hunting particularly for woodcock. The woodcock and partridge have their own particular habitat and peculiar cover, yet they are also found to some extent in cover common to both. This and the fact that they were hunting for woodcock will explain why a larger part of their bag was woodcock.

Witnesses testifying regarding the present conditions

stated that last season they would start, upon an average, from two to six partridges in a day, and that killing one in three of all birds started was a fair average. This would be more particularly true where a large number were started. It will be seen that upon this basis two men, hunting forty years ago, would start ninety birds in a single day's hunt. These statements will illustrate something of the relative conditions between the game of to-day and forty years ago. The testimony also showed that within the last five years the decrease in game had been particularly marked, thus proving, that as their numbers are constantly growing less, the percentage of their decrease is much greater until they are fast approaching the vanishing point. Nor is this all the testimony. The public press is aroused to the necessity of immediate and radical action.

We quote from an editorial which appeared in the Boston Evening Transcript of Feb. 6 last.

"Every one is willing to admit that the decrease of game in this State is alarming, the slaughter last season being the largest ever known. * * * To stop this and allow the game birds of Massachusetts to increase would be to give to this State a part of the large revenue which now goes to other States from Massachusetts' sportsmen. Some adequate protection is demanded, and that at once."

We also quote from another editorial in the same paper of Feb. 14 last.

"There is just one way in which the game birds of Massachusetts can be protected, and that is by stopping their sale in the market at all seasons, close or open. * * * No matter how many shoot in the field or covert, provided they are not pot-hunters or market-hunters, such shooting will not keep up with the increase of game. It is the snarer and the man who shoots for market and gets 75 cents or \$1.50 for each ruffed grouse who despoil the coverts. Prevent the sale of birds and their occupation is gone. Do away with the conditions which put a money value on game and which make it possible for the village loafer to make \$5 a day with his gun. Absolute prohibition of shooting would work an injury only to the man who observes the law and to the boys and young men who hang around the hotels and bar rooms instead of being in the woods and fields at the time of the year when such recreation is most helpful."

We wish again to quote, this time from a report of a lecture delivered by Frank M. Chapman, in his Lowell Institute lecture on "The Relation of Man to Birds." This has appeared since the hearing before the committee.

"I believe that the world will see the day when man will have outgrown the desire to kill any creature which calls forth his powers of endurance or skill as a hunter, but it will be in the ages to come, and meantime we must accept human nature as we find it, and so far as we can, control the physical by the moral self. I would draw the sharpest line between the true sportsman and the market-hunter. The former hunts for the pleasure of hunting, the latter for the business of killing. The former measures success by the excitement and interest of the chase and often returns from a most enjoyable outing empty-handed. With the latter, success is measured by the number of birds killed or trapped; it is a purely commercial enterprise. With the true sportsman the bird or beast pursued is only a definite object to take him afield. He longs for the 'tonic of the marshes,' and without the naturalist's deeper interest and insight into nature, finds his pleasure in matching his wit against the cunning of the wary duck and geese. * * * The sportsman's interest in game protection is too obvious to require comment. If an open season of three months results in continued decrease of the species, he restricts the time when it may be legally killed to two months, or even prohibits its killing for a period of years. And in order that he may back the game laws with those relating to trespass he acquires control of large areas of land by purchase or otherwise, and stocks them with game of various kinds, for which he furnishes food and shelter. He even hatches game birds in incubators and later releases them in his coverts. In short, he does everything in his power to make good the loss which his shooting occasions. And if our song and non-game birds had protectors who were one-half as ardent as are the champions of the game birds, we should not be now hearing stories of their alarming decrease. Consider the question from a humane point of view, as you choose, the fact remains that the sportsman is the best bird protector we have to-day. He it is who fights the market-gunner and pot-hunter; he it is who has secured the enactment of laws prohibiting the sale of game in close season, and he it is who will eventually prevent the sale of game at any season, thereby assuring us of the continued existence of our game birds."

Now this is no accident. The fact that our best minds see the decrease of bird life with alarm, that they all sound the same note of warning, that they all see only one proper and efficient remedy, and that remedy the total prohibition of the sale of birds, shows that we are fast approaching a crisis and that what is to be done must be done quickly.

With partridges selling in the market at from \$1 to \$1.50 each, what class of our people does the present law favor? Certainly it is not the man of moderate means, for he could not afford to pay so large a price for so small an amount of nourishment. Then the present law discriminates in favor of the rich against the poor man, for the latter must, himself, go and get the partridge, or go without—he can't afford to buy it, and is not as likely as the man of means to have a friend who will give it to him. Then is there any hardship in compelling the man of wealth, with plenty of time at his command (and time is another advantage in favor of the man of means, for few of the laboring men can afford much time even), to make the necessary effort, to go and get the bird himself, or go without? With the partridge as scarce as it is to-day, it takes skill and knowledge, that skill and knowledge born of constant practice, to get many of them. The laboring man cannot afford the time for this constant practice. The man of means can. The market-hunter, who is constantly in the woods, has both that skill and knowledge, and he uses both to obtain the birds that none but men of wealth can afford to buy, so we see that the present condition gives to the market-hunter a monopoly of the hunting, and to him who can afford to buy at present prices all of the birds that the market-

hunter shoots, and the partridge is being exterminated in the interest of these two classes. If birds were plenty there might be some sense in this talk of a man having the right to exchange a partridge for four pounds of steak—if the man could get the bird with which to make the exchange—but by far the greater per cent. of the men who would make the exchange if they had the bird, can't get the bird to exchange. Of what use is it to talk about a theory based upon conditions which do not exist? We are facing a condition, not a theory. In whose interest is this "four pounds of steak" argument offered? Not in the interest of the man of means certainly, but professedly in the interest of his poorer neighbors. But cannot this latter class be trusted to decide the matter for themselves? We will venture the assertion that there is not 10 per cent. of the men who occasionally go into the woods but favor the prohibition of sale asked for. They all realize, but too clearly and too keenly, the advantages that the market-hunter has over them, an advantage that is daily increasing. They know the present conditions regarding the scarcity of game, for they see them; and they see them with alarm, and they see, also, that if the market-hunter is not stopped, and that quickly, their one pleasure of hunting is gone, and gone forever.

Once the partridge is cut off he will never return. It is for this reason that they would give up the right to sell, for they realize as no one can who does not come in contact with the actual conditions, that the hour is already late, so we say, can't they be trusted to decide for themselves? Or is this show of principle merely a pretense, and under cover a movement in favor of the man who sits down—who can afford it—to "a small bird and a cold bottle"?

In all, four men appeared in opposition, but not one single laboring man, as that term is generally used, appeared against the law, while scores of them appear in its favor. This was somewhat of a surprise, particularly in view of the fact that the law was publicly discussed through the Worcester county press for weeks before the hearing. The city of Worcester was canvassed, but not one single laboring man found who would oppose the law. This is all the more remarkable because with the thousands who live in that territory and were interested in this matter, not one could be found who had not become so thoroughly convinced by the logic of actual contact with existing conditions that a plausible argument could win over to opposing his own interests. Some of these laboring men, when business is brisk, have but a part of a day in a week for this pleasure. How keenly then must they feel the injustice of existing conditions when they see the present law against them continued, which gives the market-hunter the privilege of scouring the woods for five days in the week and also a chance to start out upon the morning of the sixth ahead of them so that when they start out at noon to enjoy their half-holiday they only find that the market-hunter has been there before them, and that the woods have been cleared. If this law is passed the market-hunter is cut off and the birds which he takes for five days and one-half ahead of them, will be there for them when they start out for their only holiday and relief from the cares of a laborous life. Is it then any wonder that they favor the new law, and are willing, even more, are anxious to give up the "privilege" of having the market-hunter take the birds, together with the "four pounds of steak" which belongs to them, with equal right and even with greater equity, as it was not intended that these birds should be used only by a few men as a matter of business, to the exclusion of all the rest of our citizens; that is, that they should all be consumed by the market-hunter for the purpose of "revenue only," and the epicure who can afford to pay the price of "four pounds of steak" for the bird, which is not worth, as nourishment, more than the price of one pound. It would seem as though this "four pounds of steak" argument was a two-edged sword, for if a bird is actually worth for consumption as food the price of "four pounds of steak," it is quite right that the great bulk of the entire stock should be sold in the market to those who can afford to pay these very large prices, those possessed of more or less wealth, and thus the species be exterminated. And if they are not actually worth the price of "four pounds of steak," in fact, are not worth more than one pound, what condition of things does it show, what does the fact that they bring in the open market four times their actual value indicate? But we can go further, for last season they actually sold in open market for six times their actual value for consumption as food. Does this not prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that they are not only getting, but are, very scarce.

The present law and the conditions it has made has in fact prohibited the sales of these birds to the poor man and the man of moderate means, for neither can afford to pay \$1.50 for an article of food not worth much, if any, more than one-sixth of that amount for the purpose of consumption as such. There is one law of supply and demand applicable here which neither of these classes can escape, viz., the supply of money to satisfy the demand of the stomach.

Now if the present conditions in conjunction with existing laws work a prohibition of the purchase of these birds upon a majority of our citizens (and these two classes constitute a majority) is it not time that some law should be passed which would place all classes upon an equal footing? If the laws and conditions work at present prohibition for a majority, should not a law be made which will make prohibition for all? In other words, if at present the majority must themselves go and get these birds or go without them, isn't it about time the minority also had to go themselves and get them or go without them? Is there any hardship in this proposition? Is there any reason why the accident of possessing a larger part of the money should give substantially an exclusive right to these birds which the commonwealth intended for all the people?

Of the sportsman we need not speak here; he is well known in this commonwealth as the class which is embraced by that term, including some of the best of our citizens. He represents the highest type of manhood. It is the men which are included in this term who ask for game laws, and who see that they are respected. Indeed it is considered by those who are at all conversant with the facts that any game law to be in any degree effective must be favored by the great body of the sportsmen, that without their support and active co-operation in its enforcement any law upon the subject would be a dead

letter. This was the testimony of all the witnesses, particularly Chairman Collins and Mr. Brackett, of the State Commission, both of whom testified that it was to the sportsmen that they looked for aid in furnishing testimony and in furnishing money to enforce the law and secure its observance. Even a few wardens paid by the State could not cover the territory and penetrate to every part of the State as does the sportsmen who have every means of knowledge, and when they enter upon its enforcement the poacher finds that he plies a dangerous trade. The enforcement of any law yet has its difficulties even with this large body of citizens behind it, as was shown by the testimony of Mr. Wood, of Pittsfield, who produced at the hearing upon this bill (to illustrate this difficulty) a net over 10 feet long which was taken from parties who were trying to catch trout with its aid, the net being set in a pool in a stream and the stream whipped for a long distance to drive the fish into it. This also illustrates the effect of a market. Trout are not taken in this manner for sport; the takers want them for the money value there is in them, and they would destroy them by wholesale for that purpose as the market-hunter would now exterminate the partridge, even to the last dollar that there is to be obtained out of them.

There is, however, a money value in game which this commonwealth should not overlook, and the way to realize that value is to preserve the game, and to have it increase, so that the large amount of money which is every year carried out of this commonwealth to other States by sportsmen who go in search of game may be retained at home. The State of Maine long ago saw this, and for years has been making laws to protect her fish and game, so that to-day she has one of the strongest codes of laws to be found anywhere, and this has meant money to her, last year the amount left in the State by sportsmen being more than three millions of dollars. It was Maine that last year prohibited the sale or even the giving away of the partridge. If this commonwealth was alive to its real interests, some of this money (for many of our citizens go to Maine) might be retained at home.

The State of New Hampshire realized last year a round \$5,000,000 from her transient visitors, including summer boarders. No small portion of this is to be attributed to the fish and game attractions in that State, which she, like Maine, has fostered for years. This phase of the question was particularly dwelt upon by Chairman Collins of the Fish and Game Commission.

There is hardly a railroad of any importance in this country which does not issue a special catalogue to sportsmen. This is done to obtain business; they see money in it. Can't this commonwealth conduct its affairs with some degree of business skill?

The only remedy, and one which will save these birds, is to destroy the market. If you do not do this the market will destroy them, as it has been with the buffalo, the wild pigeon, the wild turkey and other species too numerous to mention. It is the insatiate desire of some men to turn everything in sight into money, and to do it at once. With the market closed their power for harm is gone.

It is claimed that the decrease of woodcock and partridge is to be attributed to natural causes, and not to the market. That there are not now as good feeding grounds for the woodcock, because the alder patches, where they find their food, are not cut off frequently enough, owing to the decrease in demand for small alders, that the alders are allowed to grow large, thus shading the ground, while formerly when they were cut off, the sun got in, sweetened up the ground, and thus made good feeding grounds for the woodcock. Without going any deeper into the merits of this claim, let us ask why did the woodcock thrive before the foot of man ever entered the alder patches for any purpose? Are not the wild birds adapted to the natural conditions of the country? Did not nature arrange and adapt one to the other in a most perfect manner, or can it be claimed that the birds in a state of nature must have an artificial habitat all manufactured for them by man in order to thrive? A mere statement of the case is a sufficient answer. Regarding the partridge, it is claimed that the cutting off of the pine woods, which affords them protection in severe weather, is the reason that they are so rapidly disappearing. Can you take a ten-mile ride over any of our country roads without seeing pine woods, sufficient to protect 100 birds, where we have one bird to-day to protect? Even if they needed pine woods to protect them, it would not require a vast tract to protect a few birds. This claim is absurd, but we can go further. The evidence showed that partridges were comparatively plenty in the vicinity of the Blue Hill reservation. Upon this reservation no hunting is allowed and the birds have increased thereon, and spreading out therefrom have caused this increase in the surrounding territory, and yet this reservation is not exempt from all climatic conditions which apply to other parts of this commonwealth.

Another very important matter should not be lost sight of, and that is that the supply of partridges cannot be replenished once they are exterminated here. They cannot be obtained in other States and transported alive for the purpose of propagation as quail can; they will not live in captivity, nor can their eggs be hatched out by the domestic hen and a brood raised, so if we do not preserve those we have the species will be lost to us forever.

It is suggested that the sale of property should not be prohibited, that game is property, and hence the sale of game should not be prohibited. This seems plausible, but one difficulty with it is that game is not property. It belongs to the people—that is, it belongs to the commonwealth, which holds it in trust for all the people, and not for a few of the people that they may use it as a matter of merchandise for their own gain, to the exclusion of others. Some men—the market-hunters—are making the killing and sale of game a business. He is taking the game that belongs to you and to me and converting it into cash, and so it is taking your cash and my cash and putting it into his own pocket. The law would not allow him to put his hand into our pockets and take the cash out. Is there any more reason that he should be allowed to take the game which does not belong to him, but to us, and turn that into cash for his own gain? But you may say we will let him sell his birds, but he shall not sell those that belong to others. Such a law, if it could be enforced,

would be satisfactory, but "there's the rub." If you turn him loose he will take everything in sight, and there is no way to prevent it but to cut him off entirely. One of these market-hunters living in the town of Northboro killed over 500 birds two years ago, and when seen last season said he had killed between 300 and 400 at that time, and this was before the end of the season. Can there be any question but that he has taken more than his proper share? Yet he is but one of many of his class. Is there 300, or 100 or even 50 birds for each of us in this commonwealth? Let us take a different case by way of illustration. We will suppose the commonwealth should get 1,000,000 pigs and turn them loose in a large section of our territory, then say to her people, "I give you these pigs; let each of you go and help yourself to my bounty." But after a time, if it should come to the knowledge of her representatives that men were making a business of getting the pigs, taking them to the Boston markets and selling them, would it, not be the duty of our law makers to at once step in and put a stop to the traffic? Would they ever be excused if they stood by and allowed the pigs to be exterminated? Would not the people have a right to stop this business? The game was not put here by the commonwealth; it was already here when the commonwealth came, but she received it in trust for her people. Is she fulfilling that trust if she allows laws and conditions to exist which enable a few men to rob the great bulk of our population of their share of this trust property, or is this to be allowed to go on against the protest of the injured parties?

The preservation of our game is by far of greater importance to our laboring men and those who are compelled by circumstances to take their pleasure in the vicinity of their homes than it is to the man of means, as he can, and often does, go into the neighboring States for his recreation. Laws, therefore, which will protect and will increase the supply of our game birds receive, as they should, very strong popular support.

In conclusion, we ask for this law because it is right. We ask for it that we may save these birds from being exterminated. We speak for it in the name of thousands of our best citizens, in the name of the laboring man, in the name of over forty organizations representing the farmer, the land owners, the men of the professions, and our citizens generally in every station and walk of life, in the name of the witnesses that were heard and those that were not (we may say here that had the committee found time to hear all those that were present at the hearing we should have produced others—we had them at command), in the name of the petitioners upon more than fifty petitions filed in this case. We represent all classes but the market-hunter, whom we do not care to represent, and who is entitled to no consideration upon this question, and finally we ask for this law for the value in money it would represent to the commonwealth, for if she, like her sister States, would foster her game and fish interests, it would represent to her, as it does to them, millions of dollars annually.

Uniform Season Zones.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Trusting that this item may provoke discussion that shall be beneficial to the cause of game preservation, I venture to ask the following questions and make a few suggestions:

Is it not possible to have some sort of national understanding, agreement, or law if you please, by which we may be enabled to have a business-like and intelligent system of game protection and open seasons in the several States—not uniform as to date of opening by any means, but have all open seasons in all the States fixed somewhere within certain prescribed dates and limits?

Is it not within the limit of possibility to have the open season in all the States confined to the period from Sept. 1 to March 1 of the following year, restricting the open season in any State to a limit period of three months?

If the scheme proposed be not altogether too Utopian in its scope, I beg leave to offer the following suggestions as to open seasons for the several zones:

New York—except Long Island—Ohio, Michigan and the more northerly States, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, with open seasons for the several kinds of game fixed for reasonable limits between the dates named; Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania belt, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15; Delaware, Maryland belt, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; Virginia, North Carolina belt, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; Florida, Alabama belt, Dec. 1 to March 1; in all belts, seasons to be fixed as above noted for the various kinds of game, but within the date limits named.

Absolute prohibition of all game killing between March 1 and Sept. 1 in any portion of the United States.

West of the Rockies certain changes of the date limit of the several zones would probably suggest themselves, but I think you will agree with me that no kind of game found within the limits of the United States should be killed before the first day of September nor after the first day of March.

I am quite well aware that this theme is not exactly new, in fact is somewhat ancient, but I, and perhaps very many of the other readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, would like to see its merits discussed in the pages of your paper; much good may be done thereby—certainly no harm can be done.

We of New York State can at least make the effort to have an absolute close season between Dec. 15 and Sept. 1 of the following year, and can discuss the fixing of open seasons for the several kinds of game; let us say deer, Sept. 15 to Nov. 15—Oct. 1 would be a better date for the opening; ruffed grouse, Sept. 15 to Dec. 1, although we will have to shorten the season way within these limits if we care to have any grouse left; quail, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; ducks, geese, all members of the snipe family, also squirrels and hares, Sept. 1 to end of season limit.

Season on Long Island to open fifteen days later and remain open fifteen days after close in other portions of the State.

The length of the open season in some of our States, especially on wading birds and ducks—our own State is not a whit behind—violates all established principles of game protection, and if we are to prevent the extermination

of many species of our game birds and mammals we have got to come to something like that which I herein suggest.

I trust all your readers will not cry out "chestnuts" at this but will give us their views, provided, of course, you will give us space.

TROY, N. Y.

M. SCHENCK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Old-Time Glory.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—Something of the old-time glory of this part of the country as a duck-shooting region has apparently returned. I have earlier mentioned some of the big bags of ducks made this spring by shooters in the Illinois River country, and there is more to be said of that same region, which seems to be the most fruitful in heavy returns this season. All along the best of the old marshes of the Illinois the birds have been in this month in numbers such as have been unknown for years, and Meredosia, Hennepin Club, Mud Lake, the Sny country, Chillicothe and other historic localities the stories, more or less suppressed, leak out of very heavy shooting.

I was lately speaking of the fact that I had met Fred Taylor, one of old-time duck shooters, who was just starting out a couple of weeks ago to have a shoot at his marsh around Mud Lake, near Bureau Junction, Ill. Fred is just back from that point, where he shot with Dr. H. C. Buechner, late of the Maksawba and Horicon clubs, and to-day Abe Kleinman told me they killed about 2,000 ducks on the trip, eighty-five ducks being the highest bag for any one day. This would seem to indicate steady as well as good sport. This, with the Dr. Hunt bag at Meredosia, is the heaviest shooting of which I have heard.

Mr. Clark, of the Hibernian National Bank here, to-day got a telephone message from his pusher up at Fox Lake, Ill., to the effect that the ducks are coming in there to-day in thousands, more than have been seen all this spring at that point. The ice has now gone out of the Fox Lake chain. There is little doubt that this would be the day for Fox Lake, to-morrow also good. Some of the Wishiniane Club members may take a run up there this week.

The fact is, there has come a sudden turn in our weather, which means much in the lengthening of our duck season. Last night and to-day we have been having a regular winter snow storm, which has covered the ground several inches deep. This storm seems to have extended about as far south as Centralia, Ill. It was not snowing at Cincinnati, O., last night at 9 o'clock, though a cold rain storm was assailing the Ohio Valley region yesterday. This cold storm has without doubt caught the ducks well up on their northern pilgrimage, and has sent them back on their course, as it is colder and storming north and west of here. It is very likely that the big Fox Lake flight comes from the north, and not from the south. I should prophesy good sport for the next few days at Eagle Lake, in Waukesha county, above the Fox Lake chain, and the lakes of lower Wisconsin. That is a good point when there is a heavy flight on Fox, and when it is heavily pounded there, as it is certainly being pounded to-day.

Koshkonong Lake, of Wisconsin, ought to be prime this coming week, if one can in the least predict from weather conditions. That means redheads and canvasbacks. Indeed, the flight in on Fox Lake to-day is said to be made up largely of canvas and redheads. Somebody is going to have fun up there.

Mayor Gone Shooting.

When you look at our sporting Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, he seems to be a pretty healthy sort of man, and you wouldn't think he was subject to fits of illness. Yet such is the case, and it nearly always catches him just about the time the snipe or ducks are in, or the trout rising well. About then his health begins to need bracing up, and he slips away. He slipped away yesterday for a rest at Swan Lake Club, down in the Illinois Valley, and he should just about have hit the best of conditions for his health, if this snow storm has extended that far south, as it very likely has. We shall see him come back in a few days, looking better. There is at least one Western Mayor who knows the virtue of the open air.

Along the Kankakee the sport at ducks seems not to have been relatively so good as on the bigger Illinois. Yet some bags have been made, and we shall hear of more after this cold snap. Our reliable friend Bill Haskell has been at the Maksawba Club once or twice, and came back the first of the week from his last trip. He got twenty-six ducks and four jacksnipe.

To show the unwisdom of the early bird upon certain occasions, it may be noted that the jacksnipe mentioned by Mr. Haskell were killed six days ago, on ground which is now 4 to 6 inches deep under snow, which snow leaves the surface of the earth too cold for any self-respecting worm to inhabit. Methinks the jacks must go back south again. Yet the old shooters, such as Abe Kleinman, say that they will not go south again, but will hug along the banks and ditches and try to stick it out. This storm will be short, of course. Bill Haskell is making plans to go snipe shooting next week, and thinks the birds will be in then in numbers. This week there were millions, or at least thousands, of the prairie plover, sometimes called "sand snipe," flying all over the marsh down at Maksawba Club, and one party killed over 100, one gun over sixty, etc. This means that the jack flight is also at hand, and I presume that the birds will crowd the edge of the snow pretty closely. It was time for the duck season to end by natural as well as legal reasons, but it is likely that both duck and snipe season will be longer than was anticipated this spring.

Golden Plover Later.

The golden plover flight comes later than the jacksnipe flight in this section, the former birds coming over this part of the North about the time the meadows get green and warm. The Kankakee marshes, since their extensive drainage, have become poorer jacksnipe grounds and better plover grounds, the burnt meadows on the edges of the marsh proving very good feeding places for the plover after the grass starts. Again I would suggest that an eye be kept on the high prairie northwest of

this city about the 20th of this month or thereabouts, for the plover should be here then if we have no more snow storms.

Ethics of Spring Shooting.

Mr. Spencer Aldrich, of New York city, writes me this week about some questions of ethics in spring shooting, and I beg leave to quote his letter, which reads:

"I am much interested in reading your weekly letters in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and notice in the issue of March 10 last an account of one Italian Joe, who is a great snipe shooter, and you refer to his killing 600 plover in one day, and if he had been alone without two greenhorns would have killed a thousand birds that day. Do you not think that, in view of the limited supply of game, such slaughter as this in one day should be strictly forbidden by law, and if there are no laws against such indiscriminate slaughter in the State where Italian Joe shoots, would it not be well to start the ball rolling and endeavor to have the Legislature limit the number of birds per day to be killed by any gunner?"

"In reference to snipe, is it not also very unsportsmanlike to kill them in the spring, as they are going off to breed? In our own State snipe in the spring are protected on Long Island, and cannot be shot until their return from the North in the summer. They leave here about the middle of May and commence returning the first part of July. It has always been a mystery to me how snipe could leave here the last of May, go north to breed and return with full-grown young by the middle of July. This seems an incredibly short time for them to raise their broods, and it may be that the snipe which come here in July are different ones from those that arrive here and depart in May. I would like to have your opinion on this subject at your convenience."

"I have been much amused at your articles about 'Gokey of Dawson,' and, as I have been there on several different occasions, I can fully appreciate your remarks about his remarkable character and his accomplishments. I notice, however, in that State, that the prairie chicken supply is diminishing rapidly, and think the season opens about one month too early, but suppose in time this will be better regulated."

There is not the least question that Mr. Aldrich is right in his evident conclusions. Joe told me he killed 600 plover in two days, not one day, though perhaps I did not report him quite accurately, or else Mr. Aldrich has misread the mention. It is much the same thing whether he killed them in one day or two. It is true also that he ought not to kill so many in two years, and I wish he would not do so—wish, indeed, with all my heart that not a bird killed in the whole country could be sold in any market of the country. But what shall Mr. Aldrich do with Italian Joe? He must begin far back, to teach him and his kind, and it is only for us to be patient with them as we can, and to try to show them the folly and the wrong of their ways. I like to shoot with Joe, and it has always happened that we never got a flight so heavy that we killed very many birds, nor should I ever help him or any one else to kill so many as 600 in two days. As to stopping his selling them or killing them, that is something different. The State of Illinois does not stop him at any given number for his daily bag, and it is not apt to set a limit to the daily bag. It lets him and others shoot snipe and ducks in spring. Frankly, I do not believe Mr. Aldrich or myself will ever see spring shooting stopped or forbidden by law in Illinois. We will remedy our laws on fowl in Illinois, as they will their laws on grouse in Dakota, when it has grown too late to make much difference. Of course, the newspaper man has to give the facts as they come, big bags and all, and if we kick too strongly on such things we get disliked—not that that makes a great deal of difference in the strenuous life.

As to Mr. Aldrich's Long Island jacksnipe, it is quite possible that his July snipe are bred right there on the ground, though perhaps this may not be the case. It is sure that these birds breed all around this latitude in Illinois and Indiana, though the main flight goes north of here to breed. Within the past few months comment was made in these columns upon this very fact. The nests of the jacksnipe are rarely seen. It is not likely that the jacks which leave in late May bring back broods in July. It is far more likely that they breed about the middle of May and raise their young on the spot where they are found in July. The south-bound flight of these birds does not begin ordinarily until cold weather or want of feed starts them down.

Notes of Travel.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—For one used to the busy whirl of a great city, a trip to New York is the best tonic in the world. The doctors all say there is nothing like rest. From time to time, as I have been obliged to go to New York to rest, I have felt pleasure in saying a word or so about the rural scenery along Manhattan Island, and perhaps a word or so more will not jar the island any worse.

In many ways New York resembles Mokence, Ill., on the Kankakee River. There is an island at Mokence, and the river surrounds the island at times of high water, just as at New York. They do not charge to ride over the bridge at Mokence, in which respect that city is superior to New York. The fishing is also better at Mokence.

The Raines law is one of the most interesting sights of New York, if you see it right. A stranger goes into a place where they have music, and sits down to think. Near him is a plate, with a weary sandwich on it. It is against the law to eat this sandwich on Sunday. The waiter says, "What'll you have?" and grabs the sandwich for fear you will eat it. Really, you don't want to eat it at all. New York is a funny place. At Mokence they are not afraid of losing their sandwich.

As I crossed New Jersey, I found material for an Eastern sporting note. One of the country papers had an item, "A rabbit is reported to have been seen in the central part of the State this week. Great excitement prevails."

Some of the signs which are displayed on the streets of New York are singular. One reads: "No stranger should leave the city without taking a package of our cocktails with him." This was at the time of the big shoot on Long Island. I am told a good many strangers took home packages of the above nature. At Mokence they do not do this.

Daniel Boone was an unsociable sort of man. He went

out over the mountains to Kentucky, and took his brother with him, and then sent his brother back home over the mountains to Virginia to get some powder and salt and things of that sort. His brother was gone a year. You can make the same trip on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad now in ten hours.

George Washington was another Eastern man who had odd ideas. He started to build a canal across the Alleghany Mountains. He did build it, too, as far up the James River Valley as Buchanan. He owned all that country, including the Greenbrier River and a million million dollars' worth of coal and iron, getting this in a land grant. He sold it out for chewing tobacco. If he had held it, he would be the richest man on earth to-day, if he wasn't dead. As to the canal, some one came along and built the old B. & O. road, and it was all over with the canal.

It was much later than the B. & O. that the C. & O. road was built. It also is over one of the loveliest parts of America. From Virginia to Kentucky—this is the New Mountain road, which takes the place of the Old Mountain road, over which D. Boone and his friends traveled. Virginia and Kentucky are two pretty warm States.

On the train was a gentleman from Richmond, Va., and we fell to talking about the Old Dominion. I ventured to say, just to show my historical knowledge, that Virginia was in at the beginning of the United States. He said something very much better. "Yes," said he, "and by —, she'll be in at the finish, too!"

The C. & O. Railroad runs eastward up the Ohio River 150 miles. Then it jumps to the Kanawha River; then it goes up the New River, which runs into the Kanawha River. After it leaves the New River it goes up the Greenbrier River. Then you are near the summit, and not far from Old White Sulphur, and New Red Sulphur, and all sorts of other sulphur springs. You are also near the old McCoy and Hatfield family feud country, but that has nothing to do with the sulphur. Going on East, you cross the Shenandoah and its lovely valley, go over the Blue Ridge and come into what my friend from Richmond calls God's country. It is indeed a lovely land.

Some of my friends wanted a river awhile ago for a canoe trip. They should run this Greenbrier River. We ran along by it for fifty or sixty miles, and it drove me wild. A lovelier stream never lay out doors. My friend, Graham Harris, now of Chicago, but once of Virginia, says that the Greenbrier was always rated a good trout stream. Now they tell me it has been stocked with bass, and offers fine bass fishing. White Sulphur and the Greenbrier, both at one trip; that would be an ideal holiday for some tired man—better, methinks, than even New York or Mornence.

The Greenbrier runs into the New River, and it is a shame. It ought to run on forever, clean and unsullied, and empty into some sweet cloud of a clear summer sky. The Greenbrier is deep, pure, green, a spring-fed limestone stream. The New River is different. Discolored with the wash of the mines, wide, tumbling, riotous, turbulent and discontented, this North Carolina River is not to be compared with the sweet Greenbrier. You cannot run the New River with a boat, they say, and indeed it looks ugly and wicked. In places it is 60 feet deep; and again you can wade it. It has traps set for you. The Greenbrier has no trap. If it tipped you out it wouldn't hurt you, and would apologize for wetting you. It meets the roily flood of the New, and refuses to mingle with it for half a mile, still showing clean and clear far down the conjoint waterway. Probably George Washington intended this river as part of his trans-Appalachian Canal, but it has not yet been harnessed, and may it never be. Will not some one try this stream and tell about it?

Illinois State Game Reserve Association.

A game protective and propagative society has been formed, with State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday as its President, and with Sangamon county as the immediate field of operations. The Secretary is H. C. Garvey, of Buffalo, Ill., and the Treasurer, Hon. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield. The Directors number among their lists Governor Tanner, Judge Burke, of Chicago; Mr. G. C. Edwards, of Springfield; Messrs. Loveday, Garvey and Van Cleave. The membership in rank and file is composed of the farmers of Sangamon county, who have agreed to take the Mongolian pheasants, the quail and squirrels which will be distributed by the Association, and protect them from shooters. The grounds controlled amount to 21,000 acres, and more farmers are coming in all the time. The society has now in its hatchery at Buffalo fourteen Mongolian pheasants, whose eggs will be distributed free to the farmers. There will also be put down 200 pairs of quail and about 200 pairs of squirrels. These distributions of game are to be made at the charge of the new society, which has no funds except those raised by the first assessment of \$25 per member.

The farmers of Sangamon county have agreed to protect the prairie chickens already native there, for a term of three years. The land owners make a contract in the form of a lease, the consideration reading for \$1 in each case, this conveying the privilege of raising game and of shooting same by those bearing permits of the society, and by no one else, the farmer being warden to prevent shooting by any one else. It may be seen that this is exactly the method employed by Mr. W. I. Spears in his Mississippi preserve, mention of which was made in these columns last winter. It is the intention to shoot no prairie chickens or squirrels for three years, though members may shoot some quail, as the stock of that bird is already good. Sangamon county was once one of the greatest game regions of this or any other Western State.

This Association is confessedly an experiment and an object lesson. The attempt to establish a State game preserve failed. Now, if this preserve can be shown to be a success, it may be possible to refer to it in a later effort to interest our apathetic legislators in practical game protection. Whether it will ever get up so far as that or not is not essential. Every one of these private preserves is a good thing. It saves some game, it adds some game, and it advertises to the ignorant and careless public the value of the game. There is every reason to hope a very substantial success for this initial movement in Illinois, and it is promised by the projectors that, should it prove desirable and successful in Sangamon county, the same movement will be carried over into other counties, and

the work made as nearly as may be a State work. That this shall be the event of the action of these public spirited men is much to be hoped, and perhaps after all we may yet report progress from benighted Illinois, the land of spring shooting and unlimited bags of game. There is an old saying about the man from Missouri, who said: "It may be so, but you've got to show me." The actual Illinois shooter has been much like the fabled Missourian. Perhaps this is the best way to show him.

Yet Another Pheasant Preserve.

Speaking of this public or semi-public work of game propagation, it gives much pleasure to mention another movement in the same direction, this time by a private individual, one of the many who are in these days going in for the rearing of the foreign pheasants. The word comes from Mr. M. B. Hifner, who is superintendent of the public schools at Mortonsville, Ky. Mr. Hifner writes:

"I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and am much interested in your weekly contributions. I want to try pheasant rearing, and write you to know if you will kindly give me the address of parties having the golden pheasants. I do not find them advertised in any of my papers."

I wish some one would come to Mr. Hifner's help. The best I can do is to refer him to Mr. Howard F. Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., who has done more in rearing pheasants than any one I know in the West. I feel quite sure Mr. Bosworth can set the inquirer right and will be glad to be of any assistance he can. The lovely region around Mortonsville should carry these birds handsomely.

Col. Cooper in Washington.

I came through Washington last Tuesday night, and as I did so I said to myself that it was 10 to 1 that Col. Cooper, of Chicago, was right there at that time, and that it would be a good thing to stop over and look him up. This I wish might have been done, for the fact proves that the telepathic message of the doughty Colonel's magnetic personality was correctly understood. He was there all the time; and he was splitting wood.

This morning's dispatches from Washington state that Col. Cooper, leader of the movement for the Minnesota National Park, and Mrs. Lydia P. Williams, President of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, appeared before the House Committee on Indian Affairs yesterday. They spoke to a resolution introduced by Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, in the House yesterday, which resolution provides for a special commission of inquiry, twelve members from the House and Senate, to go up into Minnesota and look into this question, and to report not later than next January. The resolution carries an appropriation for \$10,000 to cover expenses of this trip.

It may be imagined what Col. Cooper and Mrs. Williams would say to that committee. Weary of oratory that committee may be, but they could not evade a direct and straightforward enthusiasm like this that they saw. Col. Cooper is more than a remarkable man. One does not like to say it of him openly, for personal reasons, yet it is true that his work in this park movement has been that of a man of far more than the average brain and will power. We laugh at such men sometimes, but we come to applaud them when they succeed. Sometimes we honor them, and then again sometimes we forget them. We ought to remember Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, whether he wins or loses in this fight. We ought to remember with him Mr. Tawney, of Winona, the member who introduced this measure that means so much for his State, the man who has thus kept his promise made on the trip last fall—as will all the other Congressmen who were of that party. We ought to remember, win or lose, the lady who represents more than 5,000 women of Minnesota in this demand for a public park worthy of that name, a proposition possible now, but soon to be impossible forever.

Col. Cooper promised to bring this thing before Congress. He has made good his promise. He has done enough now to entitle him to the words "Well done." Yet those do not know him who think this is more than the beginning. Granted his health, and he will be at the side of that committee next fall. There will be no split train, no divided party, no traitors in the camp. The Commissioners will see that country this time, and see it in all its loveliness, in also all its desolation. They may see this picture, and may see that, the one which the lumbermen have made. They may see the great and beneficent work of the Government dams, which this people have paid for and given to the lumbermen to use. They shall see God's big trees, God's bright waters, God's blue sky. Then, if they want to keep the people of America out of there, and let the lumbermen in, and rob and starve the Indians, who originally found and have always loved this upper Mississippi River region—if they want to do that, let them go home and admit to their own wives and families that they are politicians, and not statesmen.

This would be the greatest nation on earth if we had honest politics. It is the greatest anyhow. We shall have honest politics; it is almost sure, in this Commission, which faith in Col. Cooper and his colleague from the State of Minnesota bids us accept as a foregone conclusion. They never can escape the eloquence of this blue-eyed man who loves to go a-fishing, and loves to see others go a-fishing. Tawney, Cooper, Mrs. Williams; set those names down as the armor bearers of what is going to be a success.

Let Col. Cooper's law clients wait. Let everything wait. This park is the thing. Give Col. Cooper this park, and he will rest content, and have no higher ambition. Which of us had done more in life?

Now, the FOREST AND STREAM is read by many thousands of good people all over these United States. Every one of these people has a representative in Congress. It costs two cents to write to him. Every one of these readers who has read the FOREST AND STREAM understands this subject well enough to tell his Congressman what he thinks is right about it. Your Congressman is Congressman not by the grace of God, but by the grace of you. Don't be afraid of him—he's a heap more afraid of you. Write and tell him what you think is right. You know more about it than he does. Imitate Col. Cooper. Split a little wood. Let us have the park.

The Tent on the Marsh.

As showing in some degree the interest taken in duck

shooting, even in the sinful season of the spring, witness two tents which have been on the marsh at Water Valley for a month or so this spring. In one of these tents there were at one time thirty-nine shooters. In the other there were for some time twenty-one shooters and two negro cooks, this latter party going on the marsh before the middle of March, and therefore being obliged to take the cold snap of that season, which they weathered patiently, waiting for the flight.

Mr. Paul Tarbel's article on the Kankakee duck shooting is interesting and lifelike, but I am afraid that not all of our tenters could claim so high an average as he meets in his shooting on the Nickel Plate grounds (just below the old Maksawba grounds). Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, who goes to Water Valley, went three times and didn't get a duck, which is pretty tough luck.

Discharged.

Messrs. H. R. Wills, of Alton, and C. C. Jones, of Sandwich, Ill., who called twice last week and found me out, leave cards stating that that I may "Consider myself discharged." They apparently overlooked the fact that I had already gone off to New York.

End of Duck Season.

Our duck season for Illinois closes April 15, which is Sunday next. Then we have five days in which to dispose of the lean and fishy product of the spring shooting, which has accumulated in the markets.

Try It the Other Way.

Governor Roosevelt has signed the bill which prohibits shipment of game outside the State of New York. If he will sign one prohibiting the shipment of game into the State of New York, the West will elect him President of the United States. We may do it anyhow some day, but we would prefer this bill first.

The Jacksnipe Are Up.

April 14.—The jacksnipe are up. Last Monday Oswald Von Lengerke killed fifteen jacks at Koutts, Ind. He goes again to-day. This, added to the Haskell bag of last week, shows that these birds are pushing just as far north as they can. The snow of three days ago has now nearly disappeared, and it is not likely it drove the birds down. Very likely one might now shoot jacksnipe on the Kankakee region on ground still showing snow. The weather is now warm, and if it holds so this coming week will show the birds in good numbers.

A Good Sheep Head.

To-day Walter Dupee, of this city, told me that one of the rams he killed in Lower California has horns that measure 17 inches around the base. This is a very extraordinary head, much beyond the average. It must, however, still take a back seat when compared to the premier head which poor Billy Jackson, of the Blackfoot country, gave me some years ago. Mr. Dupee is still more than an inch shy. This grand head of mine, or of Billy Jackson's (God bless him; he died last winter), will beat them all from now to the finish of things, in all likelihood.

Where to Write About Jacksnipe.

Several parties want snipe addresses, and names of men on the grounds. I would recommend such inquirers to address Geo. Glissman, at Koutts, Ind.

Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., writes me from his home, after his safe return from Cuba, where he spent the winter:

"I passed hurriedly through Chicago about a fortnight since on my road from Cuba. We want to see you again this summer, and I want to arrange some time to take you trout fishing where there really are trout—not the mere suspicion or shadow of trout, but the real, genuine thing. I believe it is the understanding you are to come, and so there is no chance for excuses or regrets or anything of that sort."

I have told Mr. Brown that, though beguiled many a time and oft by this Lorelei fish, I was always ready to be fooled again. If I ever find myself up in his neck of woods, we will go out and try the stream that Mr. Brown has hid out. We won't get any trout; but we will come back and tell just how it happened that we didn't. As I remarked to him about trout fishing, a fellow knows he isn't going to catch any trout, but he thinks he will. All of which seems ungenerous in view of so kind an invitation. Now, do you suppose such a thing might happen as that Mr. Brown really has found a stream with trout in it, somewhere? If so, it were well to be on the safe side, and not take any chances by staying home. On the whole, one's feeling is that he ought to go. It's just once more! And this time we'll surely get them!

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

North Carolina Snipe.

OREGON INLET, N. C., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While hunting yellowleg snipe along the coast opposite the Albermarle and Pamlico sounds last week, I saw more English snipe than I have seen at one time in many years. There were frequently fifty in the air at once. I shot twenty-three—all I could use—and stopped. They were in excellent condition, and were very large birds. The bay snipe are not here in abundance, the weather being too cold (temperature to-day, 36), but it is a capital place for them from the middle of April to the first of June, and again in August and September. I spent Sunday with Capt. Edward Gould, formerly from Cape Cod. He has erected a nice little hotel at Manteo, on Roanoke Island, and it is beautifully kept. Any readers of dear old FOREST AND STREAM who are fond of English snipe or shore bird shooting could not find a more delightful place, nor do I think better shooting anywhere.

There are some black brant left. I saw a beauty caught in a shad net last Friday.

Capt. Joe Hayman reported the first school of large bluefish last Thursday, and some large gray trout (weakfish) were caught here Saturday. This is perhaps one of the best places in America for bluefish and weakfish fishing with hand line or rod and reel.

MORE ANON.

Game in Central Indiana.

CARTERSBURG, Ind., April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is seldom any game notes from this, the central part of Indiana, appear in *FOREST AND STREAM*, though Mr. Hough seems to cover the northwestern part pretty well. With us the past winter was a very open one, but one light snow a few inches deep in the early winter, and one sleet storm of short duration. Last fall there was a very heavy crop of rag weed and fox tail, two of the main sources of food for quail, besides the thousands of acres of wheat stubble, which gave our quail unlimited quantities of their favorite foods. The quail went into winter in splendid condition, full grown and very fat. Hawks are rather numerous, but on account of the heavy mat of rag weed in their feeding grounds, and heavy coverts of thickets and corn fields, not many quail have been killed by them; in fact, I have seen the remains of but one quail since the closing of our shooting season on Dec. 31 last.

Last fall we had the heaviest crop of quail that has been known here for years, and as comparatively few were killed during the open season, the prospects of this being the banner quail section next fall are encouraging indeed. I know of twenty-five coveys of quail within a radius of three-quarters of a mile of my house, containing from eight to ten birds to the covey.

Duck shooting does not amount to much here, as our streams are all small, and there are no lakes or marshes in this part of the State, but occasionally one or two are killed during the flight. A few snipe are killed in the small swamps surrounding springs, generally the last week in March and the first of April, but they did not stop with us this spring.

On March 28 I saw a bunch of about seventy-five wild pigeons flying in a southeasterly direction, just above the treetops. They were taking the same course of the last big flight we had, back in the seventies. A neighbor, who followed trapping them during this flight, said he saw a similar bunch a few days before, but these were flying in the opposite direction, and so low down that he had a splendid opportunity of observing them.

A perfectly white possum was killed by Mr. Charlie Ford a few days ago. It is the first one I ever saw, and I never heard of but one other. Are they considered a rarity? The tanned skin occupies a space on the wall of my den, alongside that of a jet black skunk, and the contrast is very striking.

ARTHUR M. DAVIS.

Utica Association.

UTICA, N. Y., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting in this city last evening. There was a good attendance, and a great deal of interest was manifested in the proceedings. Secretary John D. Collins submitted his annual report. An interesting talk concerning fish and game matters followed. Treasurer George L. Bradford presented his annual report, which showed the financial condition of the Association to be highly satisfactory. Both reports were accepted. The Secretary offered appropriate resolutions on the death of Amasa S. Oatley, one of the directors of the Association, and the same were adopted. The President and Secretary were authorized to sign on behalf of the Association a petition asking for the appointment of George W. Nelson, of Oriskany, as one of the State game protectors.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Gustavus Dexter; Vice-President, William M. Storrs; Secretary, John D. Collins; Treasurer, George L. Bradford; Directors, M. M. Colby, W. E. Wolcott, Elon G. Brown, T. Jay Griffiths, George L. Bradford, William M. Storrs, W. C. Logan. Adjourned.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

In the Sourdnehunk Country.

BOSTON, April 5.—I have been a reader of your journal and its predecessor for fully twenty-five years. It may interest your Mr. Burnham that last November I followed his route (using his rough map published two years ago in *FOREST AND STREAM*) from Sourdnehunk Lake, by little Sourdnehunk, Thissell Pond and stream down to Webster Lake and found it absolutely correct.

W. T. JENKINS.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Spring in the Adirondacks.

MR. L. MARTIN writes me from New York city: "Will you kindly inform me if there is likely to be fly-fishing in the Adirondacks as early as the week of April 22 to 29, and also where is the best region to fish? I have had Lake Pleasant and also Cranberry Lake recommended to me and would like to know if there is a choice between them. If the snow water is not out by the 22d I shall have to wait until the last of May, in which case I should like to take my sister with me, and ask if the trip can be made through Fulton Chain to Raquette, to Long Lake, to Anthony's Ponds, to Tupper Lake and Childwold Station, and if these are good fishing grounds, or if you can suggest a better ten days' trip."

It is a most difficult thing to do, suggest fishing grounds for another, for what may be good fishing for one may be indifferent fishing for another, and conditions may exist which will cause poor fishing where it is ordinarily fair to good. I was in the office of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission in Albany when I read the letter which I have copied, and I showed it to Major Pond, Chief Protector, who recently returned from the very region mentioned, and asked him to make a memorandum reply, which follows:

"From the present outlook, as the weather has been of late, the snow will not be out of the Adirondacks by the week commencing April 22; neither will the ice have left the principal lakes.

"With that state of affairs you could hardly expect to take many trout, particularly with the fly. Cranberry Lake fishing does not, as a rule, open as early as in some other waters. Of course, you know that to reach there you have to drive about thirty-odd miles, either from Canton or De Kalb Junction or over a rough road of ten or twelve miles from Benson Mines.

"The latter part of May is much better for a fishing trip in the Adirondack Mountains, and as a rule at that time the fisherman will be ahead of the black flies, which begin operations about June 1. The waters will all be open the latter part of May, and then one can go by boat through Fulton Chain to Raquette Lake, and through by Long and Tupper Lakes to Childwold. Your correspondent would have a short drive from Tupper Lake to Childwold, but the road is very good. He will find fairly good fishing all the way through, and after he reaches Childwold, if the fishing about Massevepe Lake is not satisfactory, a day's trip back to Bog River would land him where there is excellent trout fishing."

I have quoted Major Pond's memorandum in full, as it may be of interest to others than Mr. Martin who contemplate visiting the Adirondacks for the early fishing; but for fishing pure and simple, with no idea of touring the North Woods, the Seven Chain Lakes is an excellent place, though somewhat removed from the beaten paths. To reach the Seven Chain Lakes take cars to Saratoga Springs, and thence to North Creek over the Adirondack Railroad, and stage from North Creek to Indian River, sixteen miles. From Indian River to the Chain Lake House (Alvin Hutchins, proprietor, P. O., Indian Lake) it is seven miles over a road that is not a turnpike; but the fishing is better, because, perhaps, the road is no better. Once at Chain Lakes there is nothing to do but return by the same route followed in going in, unless one desires to follow a trail and water ten miles to Newcomb, and my advice would be to return to Indian River and home by rail. The Seven Chain Lakes will always have a very tender place in my affections, for my first visit to the Adirondacks was made to these lakes, long before any timber was cut on their shores, and before any one dreamed of erecting a camp there for any purpose. It was not a journey of a summer's day to get in there when I was a boy, and to this day the great tide of Adirondack travel has passed by the place, leaving it off the beaten path of the Adirondack tourist.

The Fish Show in Boston.

The editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* has referred to me a letter written by Commissioner Wentworth, in which he shows that he is not altogether pleased with one of my notes on the fish exhibit in Boston, and now Mr. Harding criticises the same note on this subject in the current issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. What is the head and front of my offending?

My friend Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., wrote me a letter, from which I quoted, saying that the Boston fish showed fungus, and I was not impolite enough to contradict him and say it was not so. There was no fungus on the fish when I saw them, and Mr. Harding quotes me correctly when he says it was the best fish exhibit I have seen anywhere at any time, etc.; but it did not follow that there could be no fungus on the fish when Mr. Mitchell saw them later. And what if there had been? It did not reflect in any way upon the management of the fish in Boston or the excellence of the exhibit, for it would not have been at all surprising if the fish showed fungus after handling, for trout have always shown fungus when the skin is abraded, and they will to the end of the chapter, and it is not an alarming matter if they do. Yearlings nibble the fins of one another and produce fungus, and male trout at spawning time fight one another and produce wounds that cause fungus, and no man can prevent them from so doing.

Instead of criticising or comparing the Boston show with the New York show to the detriment of the former, I went entirely out of my way in my friendly feeling for the Boston management and the show, which I had commended in the superlative, to explain why fungus was not to be considered as evidence that the fish were not healthy, and said: "It is almost impossible to transport large fish and confine them in small space, as is necessary in a fish can, and in the tank at the exhibitions, and not have the fish suffer more or less from bruises, and fungus follows wherever the skin is abraded; but it does not follow from this condition that the general health of the fish is bad, and fungus can be cured and is cured."

I mentioned that it was more of an undertaking to move large fish and keep them in good condition than was apparent to the ordinary observer at the show, and added: "In the most careful of handling the fish may be bruised, or they will bruise themselves, so that often their noses will give one the impression that they are in a worse condition than they are; but they recover their normal condition, as a rule, when they are returned to the stock ponds from which they were taken."

In other words, a gentleman had written me that he had discovered, after I had been at the show, that some of the fish were fungused, and I had said it did not amount to anything if he had; and then two active gentlemen let their imaginations play tricks with their reason and arraign me for praising the show and defending the management by giving excuses for a condition which the first gentleman believed he had discovered.

However, to be more specific and answer Mr. Harding categorically, I did not intend that the public should understand that the fish at Boston were not in as good condition as those I exhibited in New York, and nothing that I have written can be so construed, even by the most specious reasoning; but Mr. Mitchell had a perfect right to comment upon what he believed he saw at a public show, and I had no right to say his comments were not true. The only comparisons that have been made between the two shows are made by Mr. Harding at considerable length in last *FOREST AND STREAM*. In *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 10 I did say: "Coming from Boston to New York, I saw the sportsmen's shows, one directly after the other, and so could compare the fish exhibits at the two places if I had the desire; but I have not the desire. * * * The latter (New York) is the smaller exhibit, as no attempt has been made to show more than a sample of the work of the Commission in rearing trout for public distribution; and under the present conditions existing at Madison Square it is not possible to have more than a meager exhibition of the products of the State hatchery stations."

I devoted a column and a half to the Boston show, and Mr. Harding has quoted what I thought of it. But to continue my categorical reply: I did not see any fungus at Boston, and would not have mentioned it if I had, as it would not have implied poor health of the fish under the circumstances. The last query I cannot answer as I would like, for some of the fish at New York were removed. First a tank broke and some few of the trout went out on the ground, and later the same tank cracked and the fish were removed until it was repaired; but no fish were removed for other reasons until the show was over; and whether they were or not has nothing to do with the case. Instead of trying to make a mountain out of nothing, it would have been much more simple for my critics to have said that the Boston fish were not fungused and that the old salmon fisherman was in error in so thinking, and that would have been all that was necessary, although I believe when I wrote the note in *FOREST AND STREAM* quoting Mr. Mitchell I had then said all that was necessary to explain away any possible adverse criticism of the Boston show, and certainly in return for praise I did not expect to get a brick.

Black Bass Law in New Jersey.

Greenwood Lake is finally redeemed from the operations of those who would catch spawning black bass, for New Jersey has passed a law which opens the fishing season as follows: "It shall be unlawful to catch, kill, take or have in possession any black bass, pike-perch, yellow perch or white perch, except only from the 15th day of June to the last day of November, both dates inclusive, of each year; or any pickerel or pike, except only from the 1st day of May to the last day of November, both dates inclusive, of each year, under a penalty of \$10 for each fish caught, killed, taken or had unlawfully in possession; and it shall be unlawful at any time to kill or have in possession any pike-perch less than 12 inches in length, or any white bass less than 9 inches in length, except for the use of stocking waters in this State therewith under the direction of the Fish and Game Commissioners of this State, under a penalty of \$10 for each pike-perch or white bass so killed or had in possession."

The New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners are to be congratulated upon their intelligent action in framing this bill, which is now a law, to give the black bass of the State sixteen days of grace from the statute which has been in force for so many years, and I will predict that before many years more have passed New York and New Jersey will be urging a uniform black bass law to open not before July 1. New York has ceased to furnish the small-mouth black bass to applicants, and the people are beginning to understand that they must depend upon the natural increase of the fish if they would preserve their fishing, and slowly they are finding that black bass spawn through the month of June and that they must be protected during that period to keep up the stock.

Commissioner Halsey, of New Jersey, who sends me a copy of the law I have quoted, writes me: "We had a hard fight at Trenton this spring, but we have changed the black bass law from May 30 to June 15, but in the 'give an take' with southern members we were compelled to omit 'This act shall take effect immediately.' Thus, under our law, the black bass amendment will not be in force until July 4, 1900."

Why New Jersey should provide a legal limit of length for pike-perch, a fish which can be hatched artificially by the million upon million, and fail to provide a legal limit of length for black bass, which cannot be hatched artificially, deponent sayeth not.

Fly-Casting Rods.

My friend Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, asks me to write a note in this column explaining why the fly-casting records of recent years in this country do not give the weights of rods and particulars of lengths used. I would do so if I could, but I do not know myself. Mr. Marston says the records we publish on this side are useless for the purpose of comparison with records on the other side, as no mention is made of the style of rod used, and this is true. In the days of the National Rod and Reel Association tournaments the weights and lengths of rods used

were always given in the score books—in fact, the rules prescribed the length of the rods. For instance, Rule 3 reads: "No single-handed fly rod shall exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length, and shall be used with a single hand."

Rule 5 reads: "No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods; but in the contests with light rods of 5 ounces and under an allowance of ½ ounce shall be made in favor of such rods as have solid reel seats."

In salmon casting there was no restriction on the length of rods, but in black bass contests the rods were limited to 10 feet in length, and in heavy bass casting (striped bass) the rods were limited to a length of 9 feet. About a year ago I asked in a general way in this column for information in regard to style of rod used by Mr. Mansfield and other casters in the far Western tournament, but nothing has been published on the subject that I have seen. Perhaps Mr. Mansfield will furnish the information that is now desired by Mr. Marston.

The Eel Again.

The first matter referred to one of the new Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners of New York State relates to the eel, and is contained in the following letter from Southold, L. I., and is signed by B. W. Case: "It has been an open question in regard to spawning of eels. Eels do not spawn; they produce their young alive, the same as the shark or dogfish. If the Commission wants to make it an object for me I can produce the young eels." He does not say how he can produce them, but the assumption is that he thinks he can produce them alive from the female, "the same as the shark and dogfish"; and in this Mr. Case differs radically from the scientists who have studied the eel more thoroughly and more intelligently than he seems to have done; but I quote the letter simply to show what people actually believe on the subject of eel reproduction.

Antiquity of Fish Feeding.

Mr. Chambers writes me further in regard to the lines he sent me referring to feeding fishes: "In the copy of FOREST AND STREAM which reached me to-day I find the half dozen lines on the feeding of fish that were discussed in recent letters of our correspondence; and though the author in whose compilation I read them (the Rev. W. B. Daniel) only mentioned the translator and not the author, which is one of his customary tricks, I fear, I have ascertained from other sources that they come from the "Prædium Rusticum" of the Jesuit Father Vaniere, who in sixteen books, modeled on the Georgics of Virgil, sings the pastoral delights of agricultural and country life in general. Book XV, in which the lines I sent you occur, is entitled "Stagna," and as the name implies is devoted entirely to a description of fish ponds. It first appeared in the edition of 1730, which was published at Toulouse."

This proves that the necessity of feeding fish was recognized before the art of artificial propagation was discovered in 1741, for it is now generally conceded that the monk Dom Pinchon, in 1420, simply transferred the naturally impregnated fish eggs from one water to another and did not take the spawn by hand, as Jacobi did, and to-day, 170 years later, there seems to be a general apathy in regard to feeding the fish hatched in such great numbers by artificial processes. Fish breeders realize that fish must be fed, for they are obliged to feed their stock fish and the young hatched from them; but it is the general public to whom I refer. Three years ago a fish protective association made an application to the fish commission of the State in which the association is doing excellent work in protecting fish, asking for a certain number of trout to be planted in a brook named in the application. Had it been possible to grant the application and the trout had been planted, they would have starved, for the brook did not furnish food enough for even a small number of the fish asked for, and yet the men composing the association are intelligent men, prominent in the ordinary affairs of life; but not one of them, sportsmen and anglers as they were, understood that they must feed the fish they planted or that the water must provide it, or the fish would perish from starvation.

A. N. CHENEY.

In Rhode Island Waters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Trout fishing has not been of the best thus far this season in this section, although in the south county there are said to be plenty of the speckled beauties in the brooks. The weather, however, has been so cold and the brooks so high that the fish have not bitten to the satisfaction of the fishermen who have visited that part of the State in quest of them.

Flatfish are being caught in quite large numbers off the wharves below this city, more especially at Pawtuxet, Riverside and Bullock's Point and near the oyster beds in the lower bay. These fish were nearly ten days late in their appearance this year, but as a rule they are of larger size than usual. Herring and shad are being taken in large numbers with scoop nets, as they are making their way up the waterways and deposit their spawn in fresh water.

Although the weather has been quite cold for this time of the year, the usual bird life is in evidence, and nearly all of the early migrants arrived about on schedule time. In the suburb where I reside bluebirds, robins and song sparrows have been very plentiful, while it is very noticeable the absence of the tyrannical little English sparrow. This morning I started out for a short tramp through the woods, and in about two hours' walk noted the red-shouldered hawk, cooper hawk, osprey, crow, flicker, phoebe, robin, bluebird, field sparrow, song sparrow, black and white creepers, cat bird, meadow lark, chickadee, chipping sparrow, red-winged blackbird and grackle. On the beams under an old barn I found a nearly completed new nest of the phoebe. Upon my return home I referred to my notebooks and found that on April 21, 1895, which was warm and pleasant, I took a nest and four eggs of this bird near Rehoboth, Mass. The same pair occupied the same old barn for several years, and I always found eggs a number of days earlier than in any other locality.

W. H. M.

Food of Young Muscalonge.

IN this closing year of the nineteenth century perhaps the most marked feature of zoological science is the strong trend it is taking toward economic problems or its application in the interests of man.

In the historical development of a science we must recognize the succeeding periods of investigation and discovery, then experimentation and application. To the scientist this means first the discovery and description of specimens representing species, next classification or systematic grouping and perhaps the regrouping of these species, then investigation of life habits, discovery of the relationships of the organisms to the economy of man, suggestions and primary experimentation for their propagation if beneficial, or reduction if obnoxious, to the interests of man, and finally these are followed by the general efforts of the public to do whatever the experimenting scientist has shown to be possible. This is economic science, and it is only through such means that the interests of mankind at large can be subserved by the persons who study these subjects. This is science for its practical value, and not "science for science's sake" as has been the motto of a rapidly fossilizing school of naturalists. What is the reason or justification in knowing or doing anything if it is of no use? Many have been the men in former years who have advocated "science for science's sake," and their names and laboratories have been unknown, their value being found only in the possibility that they may have enabled more practical naturalists to follow. Others have believed in "science for man's sake," and these have been the Fultons, the Whitneys, the Morses, the Edisons and other beneficiaries of the race.

Electricity has taken such wonderful strides only because specialists have shown how it can be made of practical value to mankind. If such men as Edison had devoted their time to the personal pleasures of investigating rare or unimportant phenomena that were of mere personal interest, as we have known a few impractical scientists to do, much of the world that is now lighted would literally be in darkness at present.

Many zoologists have been trying to find and describe new or unique forms of life, neglecting the great problems of the benefits to mankind from those that are common about them. This has continued until our once abundant native fishes, birds and mammals have become so greatly reduced in numbers and so nearly pushed to extinction that even the populace has had to cry aloud for facts regarding the causes of this extermination and possible methods of preventing it. Many naturalists are only commencing to awaken to the realization of these needs and come to the assistance of our too rapidly perishing valuable forms of life. The remedy of these evils is plainly to be found within the scope of State biological stations, and that is why so many persons have very earnestly urged the establishment of such a station for the State of New York. It is to be regretted that two persons of the New York State Legislature could see fit to defeat such a measure after it had passed the Senate, and had nothing else in the way of its establishment. In each State there is a demand for a zoological Edison, to show to the persons who wish to see an abundance of fish, game and birds how to "push the button" and let nature "do the rest." It is true that there are many persons who are working along these lines, and the one who is doubtless foremost among them is that able and wonderful naturalist, Dr. S. A. Forbes, Professor of Zoology and Entomology in the University of Illinois, and Director of the Illinois State Biological Station. For years the published reports of his investigations have been of untold value, and he, if any one, is to be called the "Father of State Biological Stations." When he asked for money with which to establish the Illinois station, he promptly received three times the amount named. So much for the difference between generosity in Illinois and the obstinacy of at least a few legislators in New York.

In one of the recent publications of the Illinois State Biological Station we read the following from Prof. Forbes:

"The art of fishculture is to our waters what the art of agriculture is to our tillable lands. Each was in the beginning purely empirical, resting on a small store of common knowledge gained by the crude experience of the uneducated and the untrained. Agriculture has now been largely placed on a scientific foundation, and vigorous efforts are making all over the civilized world to extend, to deepen, and to render more exact in every direction our acquaintance with the sciences which underlie the practice of this oldest of the arts. The development of fishculture has, however, lingered far behind that of its companion subject, compared with which it is indeed still in the stage of barbarism. We treat the product of our natural waters with a degree of intelligence and skill scarcely above that which the Indian exhibited in his rude attempts at agriculture before the time of Columbus. Our biological station was founded in part with the hope of helping to do for fishculture what forty or more agricultural experiment stations are now doing for the agriculture of the United States."

Relying upon the essence of these reports, as well as upon the results of our own investigations, especially as Field Naturalist of the Illinois Station, we now officially attempt to answer some of the questions by Secretary Gould, of the New York State League, concerning rearing young muscalonge, asked in FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 10, 1900. Mr. Gould has asked many pertinent questions about the food, habits and needs of the young muscalonge that can be answered only through investigations such as can and should be made at a biological station. The answers to these questions are to-day not known to mankind, but it would not be difficult for a trained naturalist to commence with the first hatching of the fry of the muscalonge in May and determine their food and the changes in their food and feeding habits from the time they are very little fellows up until they become adult fish.

Yet this is not enough. To act intelligently we should know not only the food of the fish in question, but also the food of its food in turn, until we come to the vegetation and finally the inorganic elements: the composition and temperature and other characters of the water, the nature of the soil or mud, the amount of direct sunshine,

winter and summer conditions of the water, and other factors that would help to render desirable kinds of vegetation abundant in such a place.

It is a great principle in biology that all animals depend either directly or indirectly upon plants for their sustenance, and the vegetable kingdom in turn lives upon the inorganic or mineral kingdom.

With the subject in question it is these relationships for the muscalonge that we need to discover. While it is true that these are not known for this species of fish, the muscalonge not occurring in Illinois, where most studies of this nature have been made, it is known at least in part for certain closely related species. The pickerel and pike belong to the same genus as the muscalonge and their feeding habits have been fairly well studied, although these studies were made in waters differing greatly from those of New York.

Prof. Forbes has shown that species of fishes which as adults are wholly piscivorous or fish-eating have three great dietary periods in their lives. During the first of these they feed on the very minute organisms in the water, especially small crustaceans such as daphnia and cyclops, in common with nearly all species of very young fishes. We know that these crustaceans in turn feed upon algæ, especially on one-celled algæ, or the minute "green scum," "green slime" and related forms of aquatic plant life. These algæ in turn owe their existence to the mud, the dissolved substances in the water, the light and heat of the sun, and a properly quiet condition of the water.

The second stage in the food of young fishes is the insectivorous stage, when they feed mostly or wholly upon small insects—larvæ and pupæ, as well as adults—and upon some of the larger crustaceans. The black bass is in this stage when it is about an inch in length. Last summer we caught several very little large-mouth black bass in the stomachs of which we found nothing but adult individuals (about fifty in number) of a very small aquatic bug (*Corisa burmeisteri*). The insects which fish take at this stage may feed either upon other insects, mollusks, crustaceans, or vegetation, but mostly upon the latter.

Some species of fishes, such as the brook trout, never change the bulk of their diet from that of the second stage. In fact, a few, such as the paddle fish or "spoon bill cat" (*Polyodon*) of the Western waters, never change from the diet of the first stage. Other fishes of the more voracious kinds, such as the lake trout, pike, pickerel and muscalonge, live almost exclusively in the third or fish-eating stage.

It can be seen that these three stages correspond to three distinct sizes of food, not from choice, but from necessity. In the first place, when the newly hatched fry are first ready to take food, they are not only too small to eat fish, but are also too small to eat insects. In fact, in this stage many insects and worms (leeches) destroy them. They must have food, and as they are not adapted to eating vegetation, as does the tadpole, their natural food must be the smallest animal organisms in the water. These are especially the small crustaceans named, which are not larger than the head of an ordinary pin, and look like animated grains of cornmeal darting through the water.

As the young fish become larger they find it necessary to take larger forms of food, and the aquatic insects and larger crustaceans. Without the development of special collecting apparatus the fish can no longer obtain the more minute material in sufficient quantity to supply its needs, hence the change to large food. Thus we see that the presence or absence of certain structures or adaptations limit and determine the kind of food that can be taken by the possessors of those structures. For example, a fish with mouth parts like those of a sucker could not take the same kind of food as a pickerel, any more than the latter could feed in the same way as the former.

Some very young fish have an apparatus for taking food entirely different from that possessed by the same kind of fish when it becomes older, while on the other hand, some kinds, such as the muscalonge, when adult, have strong teeth in mouth and throat and other adaptations for taking food which must differ very decidedly in every way from that taken when younger.

Every angler knows the nature of the food of the adult muscalonge and also knows that it is a fish of the cold Northern waters. It is certainly one of the most voracious fishes known, and in habits is to be closely compared with its congener, the wall-eyed pike or pike-perch (*Stisostedion*). Such fishes are the wolves of the waters, and their introduction should be attempted with great care and knowledge of the waters into which they are to be placed. Where they become abundant they effectually kill off nearly all other kinds of fishes in the waters they inhabit, especially if it be an isolated pond or lake where other fishes do not freely migrate into it. If said pond or lake contains only the coarser or less valuable forms of fishes, it may be well to stock it with muscalonge and wall-eyed pike, but if fine fish or other desirable game fish are abundant it is certainly advisable to prevent these wolves beneath the waves from exterminating more valuable forms of life. Here again is decided need of biological investigations to determine what waters should be and what should not be stocked with such fish.

Knowing these facts, we can see what is necessary. Mr. Gould's idea of rearing ponds is excellent. There should be several in each county. Make the pond much deeper in some parts than in others. See to it that it has a good supply of cool water, with plenty of shade bushes and trees, especially along the southern and western sides. If it is possible to arrange a side ditch to turn the muddy water through during a freshet, do so. Before putting in the fry, transplant vegetation from a quiet pond, and in the shallower parts plant the *Myriophyllum*, a kind of aquatic "moss" that is found so abundant in the stream at Caledonia and at Castalia, O. This vegetation will support the small crustaceans and insects, and when these become abundant, turn in the fish fry. The number of fry the pond will support depends entirely upon the abundance of the minute forms of life upon which the fry need to feed. This can be determined by examination and properly regulated. When the fish become larger, transfer them to another pond and secure small minnows from the creeks for them. Do not keep any other fish or minnows in the rearing.

It is to be regretted that two men in our State Legislature last week prevented the possibility of this kind of

work being done experimentally by the State. It would prove of great value.

H. A. SURFACE,
Chairman of the Biological Committee N. Y. State Fish
and Game League.
ITHACA, N. Y.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Destruction of Mississippi River Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, as I know very well from many letters received, took interest in the story printed last August in the FOREST AND STREAM describing the magnificent sport of fly-fishing for black bass along the Mississippi River near La Crosse, Wis. This style of fly-fishing is so unique and of so great a sporting interest that it is worthy of attention for all reasons, and certainly it is a sport which ought to receive at least decent opportunity for perpetuation, since it is something which has more than a local reputation and in which more than a local pride is taken. It is therefore with grave regret that I read in a current issue of the La Crosse Press that the market fisher has begun his work among the small-mouths of that neighborhood—a fish so noble in every quality as to be worthy of a better death.

Our friend A. Booth, the big market fisherman of this city, seems to be the purchaser of the La Crosse bass. There has been a regular fishery established by a certain party near La Crosse, which has been kept up pretty much all winter, trammel nets being the means used for taking the bass. The fish were shipped each week. One week the shipment was 950 pounds, another was 600 pounds, while many weeks saw over 400 pounds shipped. The total was in the thousands of pounds, and this of bass which are without doubt the gamest fish of all America, far outclassing the bass of any other waters of the West. The fish warden seems to have been hibernating. The market fisher and the market buyer never hibernate. What the result will be next summer when we go up there for a try at these grand small-mouths is something to be seen, though it is not far to go in the supposition that the tons of fish taken away will not improve the fishing. La Crosse will get much more out of her bass if she will take a shotgun and chase her net fisher out of the county and her warden out of the State.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Day with Florida Kingfish.

We had been laying off to go kingfishing all winter, but one thing or another prevented. Last week an old-time friend from the North happening along on the final wind-up of his once-in-a-lifetime trip, we resolved to go anyhow, and show him that Florida fishing is not all on paper. Accordingly, the next A. M., with fair wind and tide, and a rousing breeze from the northwest, we left the wharf at Miami, in the snug little schooner Rosina, bound for the fishing grounds off the reef, between Cape Florida and Fowey Rocks Light.

Getting into deeper water opposite Bears Cut, we put out the lines for Spanish mackerel, but with little success, though there has been lively sport trolling for the speckled beauties all winter. A delightful sail of an hour and we run out the Cormorant Channel, between the long lines of black and red buoys that mark the entrance into Biscayne Bay, over the bar and out onto the ocean, where the bright green rollers warn a man to get his sea legs in proper working order.

Now for his nibs, the kingfish, who run in schools, and are always ready for business. A 3-16-inch cotton line 50 yards long is the proper thing, with largest size hook and heavy copper wire leader. A piece of red and white flannel or large trolling squid is all the bait necessary. This fishing with a hand line may not meet with the approval of your scientific angler, but with all the surroundings, a jumping schooner, tearing through the green seas, the balmy air and blue sky that are ever typical of Florida, and the voracious kingfish, constantly striking at your bait and frequently jumping 6 to 10 feet into the air, makes sport enough for most any man. One well-known fisherman, ex-resident of the White House, who fishes here, prefers to take them with reel and tarpon tackle, and some royal sport he has of it.

Your patient and enthusiastic tarpon hunter may fish for days and never get a strike, but for the man who wants sport and lots of it, let him try the kingfish off the Florida Keys.

But to get back to my narrative. We take the dinghy on board and get out the lines, and no sooner overboard when the bait is eagerly snapped up, and now the fun begins. The kingfish behave much after the fashion of their larger neighbor, jumping high in the air, in an endeavor to shake out the hook.

It was worth going 100 miles to see our friend B. enjoy the sport. Seated flat on the deck, with his feet braced against the taffrail, and shouting like a schoolboy, he would fight it out, hand over hand, with these savage beauties, regardless of blistered hands, and finally bringing his prize alongside. Nor was the lady of the party far behind, for she pluckily hooked and brought to rail the largest fish caught, which pulled the spring balance down to 28 pounds.

Well, we trolled for four hours, standing out to sea for a mile or so, then back in shore, hooking and losing many more than we landed, until all hands were willing to cry enough. The total day's catch footed up nineteen fish, ranging in weight from 15 to 28 pounds—a total of nearly 400 pounds, enough to satisfy any reasonable man. Our otherwise perfect day was slightly marred by a dead calm, when four miles from home, but our clever captain promptly got out his lantern and dinghy, and furnished a white ash breeze, which soon landed us alongside the wharf.

Of all the souvenirs which our friend took back north with him, I doubt if there is any which he prizes more than the photograph of that catch of kingfish from Biscayne Bay.

CAMERAMBLER.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, April 16.—Still the ice lingers in all the Maine and New Hampshire trout and salmon lakes. A special from Weirs Saturday night said that the ice was not out of Winnepesaukee and Winnesquam, and would doubtless linger for some days longer. These lakes are usually the first of the New Hampshire trout lakes to clear. Still, a good many fishermen are on the ground and have tried trolling in the open bays, but without success. Some fishing through the ice is still being done, though the sport is getting dangerous. Neither Sebago Lake nor Lake Auburn, in Maine, is clear, and they are always the first of the Maine lakes to open. Considerable disappointment will be felt if the telegraph does not announce the clearing of Sebago before the 19th, Patriots' Day, a legal holiday in Massachusetts. A number of fishermen have planned to spend that day and the remainder of the week at Sebago, if the ice is out, including several members of the Sebago Club. Last year Sebago was not clear till April 23, and in 1898 it cleared April 19. Both these years were very late, as the ice is sometimes out there before the first of April.

Fishermen from Boston continue to go down to their fishing preserves Saturday and return Monday morning. "They do not fish Sunday," so the saying goes, but they bring home strings of trout, indicating that the fish must bite remarkably well Monday morning. Claude H. Tarbox and R. H. Jenkins fished the brooks in Byfield a week ago Monday morning. Mr. Jenkins did not get a strike. Tarbox got one good trout. Dr. Maynard fished the brooks at Lakeside again Saturday or Monday, and brought back a string of twenty-six trout. He is one of the most successful fishermen that go down to the Cape preserves, having taken over thirty trout on his first trip. On the whole, trout fishing has been pretty good at the Cape preserves, but very poor on the country brooks, doubtless because they were so badly dried up last year. Al Tompkins is a fisherman all over. He was up to Concord a week ago Saturday, but found the brooks full of snow water. In many places it was impossible to tell where the Sudbury River actually was, the meadows and marshes were so badly overflowed. The conditions were not good for trout fishing, but he got a dozen good ones.

SPECIAL.

BEMIS, Me., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to innumerable questions as to when the ice is going out of the lakes, I would like space in your columns to say that at present it is beyond the power of man to tell. The ice is as firm now as it has been during the winter. The snow has melted a very little in the woods, and yesterday was as rough on the lake as it has been this winter. At times one could see only a few rods, the snow was blowing so thick. Notwithstanding this, it is thought the ice will be out by the middle of May at the latest. The water was very low in the fall, and as soon as the snow melts to raise the lake the ice will have lots of chance to work from shore to shore, which will have a strong tendency to break it up.

Capt. Barker has a large force at work now getting the camps and boats ready for the summer. The Upper Dam house, which has been partially rebuilt since last season, is nearly completed, and will be ready for the spring fishing.

A cow moose appeared at one of the logging camps near here a few days ago, and appeared to be not the least frightened. She would allow people to approach within a few feet, when she would begin to bristle up, which was enough to send the cold "shivers" up the ordinary mortal's spine. The Game Commissioners ordered her captured, and at present she is in a stable ten miles below here. She will be taken to a game park in the southern part of the State.

W. W. SMALL.

As to Sticklers.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have made a point of reading the interesting and instructive matter presented each week in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for months and years back, and expect to do so for months and years to come.

The contributions of your Boston correspondent, Special, I have read with much interest. If my memory serves me correctly he has been a stickler, uncompromising, vehement and denunciatory, in respect to principles and enforcement of the game laws of Maine—uncompromising for game preservation, vehement in urging enforcement of the game laws and denunciatory of law breakers; in short, a stickler of sticklers for law and order.

The law-abiding citizen is the foundation of society. He concedes that the laws of the land are the laws for all its citizens. There is hardly a law but what is a hardship to some man or some men, but all laws are on the basic principle that they confer the greatest good on the greatest number.

I am glad to note that Special is so ardent in the interests of game protection; in the enforcement of law; in denouncing those who break the laws. I am glad he is a stickler.

But let us pause a moment. In FOREST AND STREAM of April 14, under an article bearing the caption "New England Fishing," Special seems to cast a rather peevish fling at Sunday laws as follows: "Members of the Tihonet and the Monument Club went down from Boston in good numbers Saturday last, and if the sticklers for the enforcement of the Sunday law want to interfere, they should have their officers on these club grounds every Saturday night to remain over Sunday."

Is Special sincere in his advocacy of law enforcement in Maine, or is he talking after the manner of the demagogue? Is he earnest for game law enforcement according to his own personal inclination, and with merited reservation about all other law which is personally obnoxious or objectionable to him? Is he to be commended for being a stickler? Are others to be held in contempt for being sticklers?

Read in the light of other previous remarks by Special about this Massachusetts Sunday law, this is to be interpreted as indicating that your correspondent does not approve of the Sunday law and is therefore inclined to ridicule its enforcement. This appears to be another illustration of the very common phenomenon of a sports-

man strenuous for the strict enforcement of all fish and game laws save some particular one which hits him or his friends. I am astonished and chagrined thus to find that our Boston stickler for Maine game export regulation leaves his principles behind him when he gets down on to the Cape of a Sunday.

The true way to enforce respect for law is to be law-abiding one's self. If I reserve the right to violate laws of which I disapprove, though approved by others, then others have an equal right to violate laws to which they object, though I may be a stickler for the observance of them.

LUCIUS ANDREWS CHILDRESS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the fourth annual dog show of the San Francisco Kennel Club, San Francisco, Cal., May 2-5, is now ready for distribution. Entries close April 22. Office, 238 Montgomery street. H. H. Carlton, Sec'y.

The Atlanta Kennel Club, Atlanta, Ga., has issued its premium list for its show on May 9-12. Mr. E. M. Oldham is superintendent. Mr. S. E. Taylor, box 700, Atlanta, Ga., is secretary. The judges are Major J. M. Taylor, of Rutherford, N. J., and Mr. Henry Jarrett, of Philadelphia. Georgia foxhounds will be judged by a well-known Southerner. Special railroad rates have been granted by the South Eastern Passenger Association. Entries close April 30.

Yachting.

The third of the new 70-footers will be named Virginia by her owner, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has named his yacht Rainbow, while Vice-Com. Belmont's is Mineola II.

It is reported that Mr. Will Fife, Jr., is now at work on plans for rebuilding Shamrock, and that he has fitted up a model testing tank. Though Mr. Watson has not confirmed it, the English papers give the story of a new yacht from his designs for Sir Thomas Lipton, and Capt. Sycamore, who steered Valkyrie III. at New York in 1895, is mentioned as the probable skipper. Nothing has been heard from Sir Thomas Lipton, and it is probable that the new challenge for 1901 will not be sent until midsummer.

We learn with regret from our English exchanges of the death of Mr. J. A. Brand, of the Minima Y. C., the first challenger for the Seawanhaka cup in 1895. No particulars are given, but as Mr. Brand was a young man and in good health, his death was apparently very sudden.

The Eastern Y. C. will give a \$100 cup for a series of three races in the 25ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, to be sailed on June 16, June 29 and July 21, provided ten entries are received for the series.

The Yacht Masters and Engineers' Association has decided that all yacht captains associated with it shall give discharge papers to such seamen as have served faithfully under them.

The executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts held a special meeting on April 12, at which the question of the 25ft. class championship was settled in a manner which promises to be satisfactory to all parties. By this plan the territory of the Association has been divided into three circuits, one north of House Island, Manchester, one between House Island and Minot's Ledge Light, and one south of the latter point. The three series will be known as the North Shore, Boston Bay and South Shore championships. A series of non-conflicting dates for the three circuits will be arranged for all championship races, so that it will be possible for an owner to sail in all races of the class. To win the championship of the whole class it will be necessary for a yacht to sail at least five races in the Boston Bay series and three in each of the others. Those owners who do not wish to make the entire circuit have the local series to fight for. The Duxbury Y. C. has already promised a \$150 cup for the championship of the South Shore circuit.

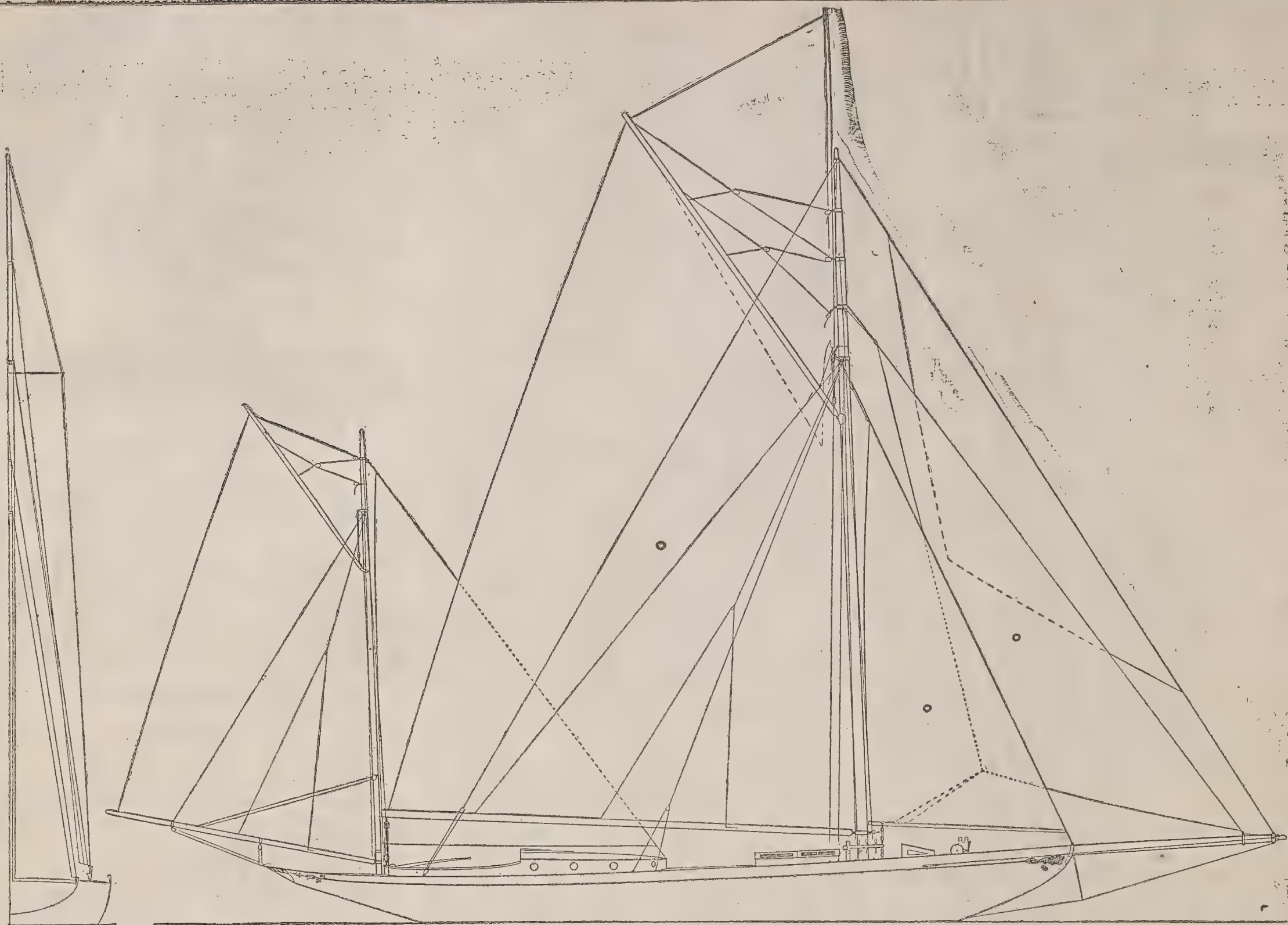
New Factors in Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial comments in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 7, on the new measurement rule, proposed by Thalassa, leave little to be said; the objections there raised seem to be fatal. A new rule which encourages or even permits the building of fin-keels with unlimited draft and beam is not needed in the United States.

The other notable features of Thalassa's article are the abandonment of the single-formula type of rule (which is encouraging), and the absence of any reasons for basing classification and time allowance upon L.W.L., which has no causal relation to speed. It would have been interesting had it been stated why the relations were not fixed between D. and L.W.L. instead of between D. and S.; and why time allowance was not made to depend upon S., which is the direct and only cause of speed.

The unwillingness of most makers of new rules to discuss the philosophical basis of their rules has been marked. The only reason that has generally been given for expecting good results from a proposed new rule is that the



ROSAMOND—SAIL PLAN.

author believes it will work well with new boats because he has applied it to the old ones and finds that it handicaps them fairly well. This is no reason at all, because the new yachts are certain to be different in type from the old ones; and furthermore, this test has been applied and proved worthless in the case of every change of rule in the past.

A new measurement rule should come with better credentials than the mere recommendation of its author. First of all, it should have a logical basis, which should be stated in terms that can be understood by any yachtsman. If time allowance be abolished, measurement rules have but two functions, viz., (1) classification, and (2) restrictions on form and construction.

It would add interest to the discussion of measure-

oak, six sets of the former, sawn to shape, being used, all sided 3in. The oak frames are steamed and bent, sided 2 1/8 in. All frames are moulded 3in. at heels and 1 7/8 in. at heads; and the spacing is uniformly 15in. Abreast of the mast two diagonal bent oak frames are used on each side. Heavy wrought iron floor straps are fitted to each alternate frame throughout the middle of the hull, with arms from 2 to 3 1/2 ft. long, riveted to the frames. All these frames were carefully fitted to place and then galvanized. On every other frame floors of oak plank were used. The clamps are double, an outer clamp of white oak 6 1/2 x 1 3/4 in. running the entire length, with the deck beams jogged down 1/2 in. into it, and an inner clamp of spruce, of the same size, stopping just abaft of the mizzen mast, worked up to the lower side of planksheer, the beams being jogged in for their full depth, as shown in the sectional view. There are also two bilge clamps on each side, of white oak 5 x 1 3/4 in., running the full length, the fore ends being joined by knees, while the after ends are bolted to chocks just inside the transom.

The deck beams are alternately of oak and tamarack, 2 3/4 x 2 3/4 in. They are sawn to shape and left square at the ends, where they jog into the clamps or butt against the carlins, but the lower edges are worked on a moulding machine, as shown in the small diagrams. The whole beams have the edges taken off, and the half beams are cut away almost to a T section.

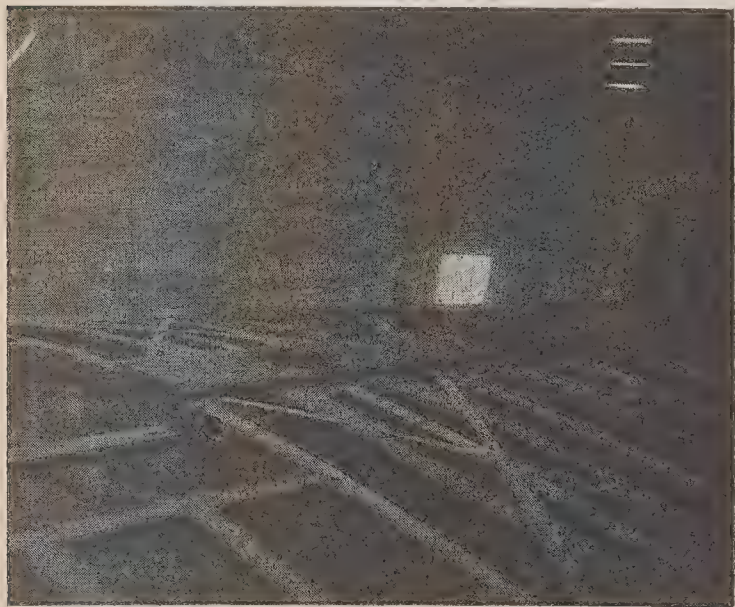
The whole frame is thoroughly strapped with galvanized steel, 1/8 in. thick and from 1 1/2 to 2 in. wide, each strap starting from the keel and turning over the head of a frame, continuing across the deck, being screwed to the frames and deck beams at every intersection. The garboards, broads and next two strakes of planking are of the swamp white oak, then tamarack is used to a foot above the water, the rest of the topsides being cork pine. The sheerstrake is of white oak, the planksheer is of

white oak 1 5-16 in. thick, and the deck planking is white pine, 2 1/2 x 1 5-16 in. All parts of the frame, keel, stem, deadwoods and the inside of the planking were thoroughly soaked with hot creosote and oil of pine tar before setting up.

The sides of cabin trunk, skylight and hatches are of



On the Upper Mississippi.



Deck framing about mast, showing deck beams, carling and steel straps. The moulding of the beams is shown about the fire hatch.

ment rules if they who think that the two purposes of such rules can be better attained by a single formula than by separate regulations specially suited to each purpose would state their reasons for this opinion.

SEXTANT.

Rosamond.

Auxiliary Cruising Yawl.

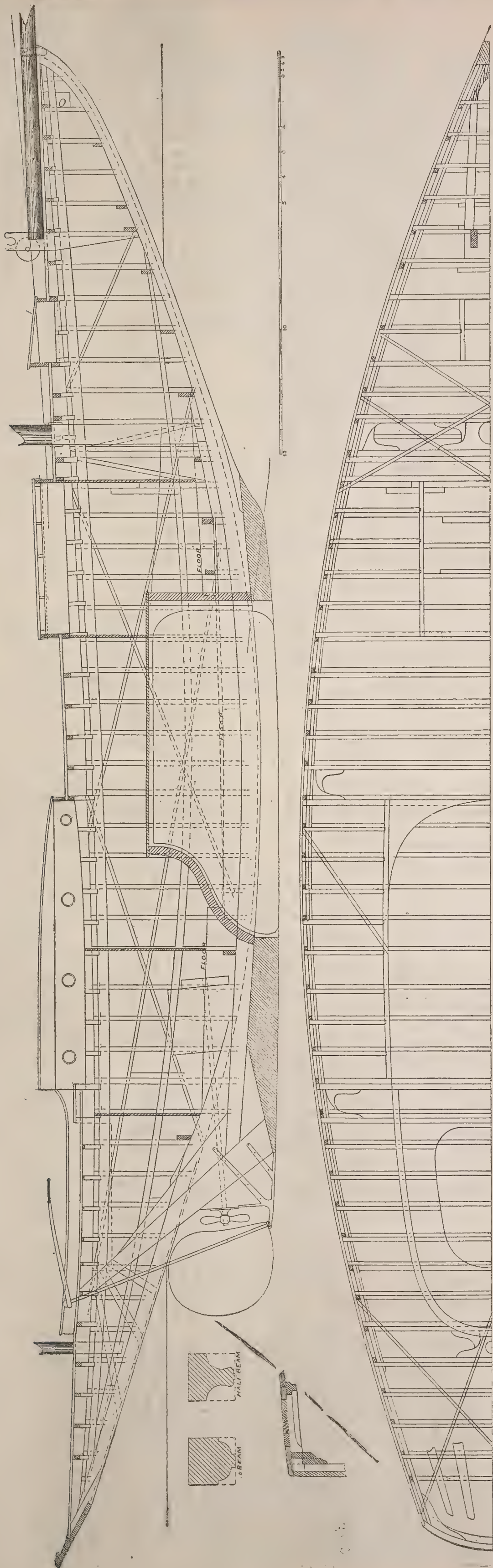
THE accompanying illustrations show the general construction of the yawl Rosamond, whose lines appeared last week. The keel, stem, sternpost, bedpieces, horn timber and deadwoods are of Wisconsin swamp white oak, one of the toughest varieties of the wood. The keel is 9 1/4 x 18 in. amidships, tapering to the ends. The sternpost is built as first planned for the wooden rudder of a sailing yacht, but a false piece has been added aft to carry the stern bearing of the screw shaft. The shoe is a heavy forging with long arms, securing the false piece to the sternpost.

The frames are of tamarack (hackmatack) and white

best Tabasco mahogany, 1 1/2 in. thick. The top of the trunk is of white pine, 7/8 in. thick and 2 1/2 in. wide, with an inner skin of 1/4 in. butternut, laid diagonally with varnished cotton between. The butternut forms the inside finish of the trunk. The trunk beams are of tamarack, 2 x 2 in., spaced 12 in.; all worked like the deck beams. The interior joiner work is of butternut, the ceiling being of 3/4 in. beaded stuff. The drawers and lockers are of white and red cedar. The dining table has leaves of quartered red oak, paneled to allow for swelling,



After end of trunk, cockpit, cockpit rail.



ROSAMOND, AUXILIARY CRUISING YAWL. DESIGNED BY W. J. STARR, ESQ., 1888.

hinged to the centerboard trunk. There are four large spring berths in the main cabin and one in each stateroom. The large skylight gives perfect ventilation to the owner's



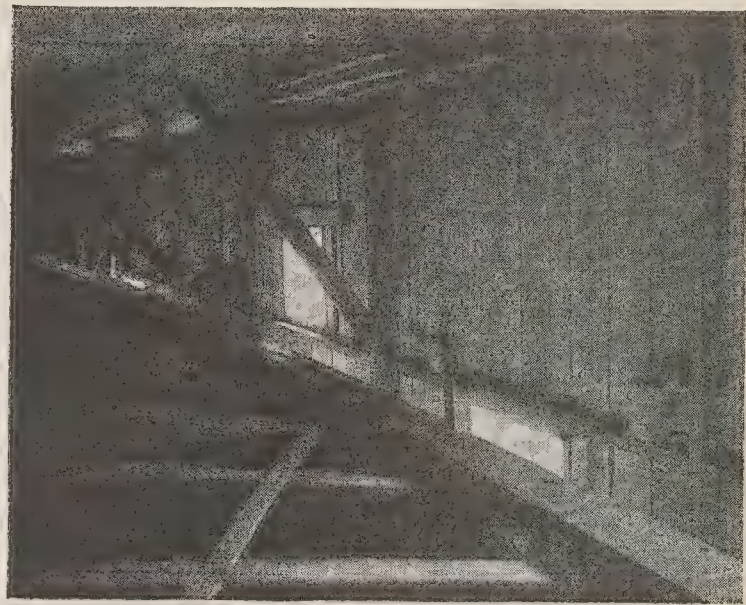
Looking aft from fore hatch, showing skylight opening and sides of trunk.

stateroom and the galley, and the after sash on the port side makes an opening for ice in the large refrigerator, which is packed on all sides with mineral wool. The fore



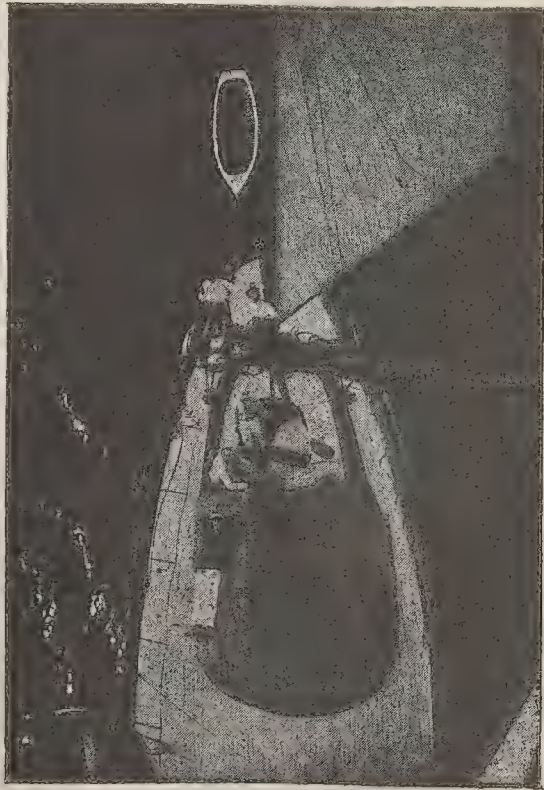
Looking forward from the cockpit, showing cabin beams and sides, whole beams abaft cabin; also two bilge clamps on each side.

hatch has plate glass windows in each side. The head-room in the main cabin is from 6ft. 1in. to 7ft.; in the staterooms and gallery about 6ft. 2in. Each stateroom



Deck beams, planksheer and diagonal straps.

is furnished with the Pullman metal bowl and pump, very light and convenient. A "blue-flame" oil stove is used in the galley. The gasoline tank is of heavy boiler iron,



A Birdseye View.

W. S. Granton 41, W. B. Hund 36, L. S. Chandler 34, W. N. Swasey 29, E. F. Tooker 37, H. May 26, F. J. Kane 30, S. H. Stewart 19, R. O. Berry 29, J. E. Kline 41, J. C. Roberts 32.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: J. D. Heise 399, L. Brune 462, J. Gefkin 573, J. Wolbke 656, W. C. Morken 692, O. Lemcke 745, J. De Wit 758, H. H. Burfield 768, H. Huber 900, C. F. Rust 1107, F. Koch 1210.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 216; second champion class, H. Huber, 219; first class, J. F. Bridges, 210; second class, D. Salfeld, 193; third class, not won; best first shot, F. Brandt, 25; best last shot, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, J. Utschig, 441; first class, H. Burfield, 410; second class, not won; third class, Otto Lemcke, 386; fourth class, Dr. F. Cranz, 350; best first shot, John Utschig, 25; best last shot, Dr. Cranz, 25.

Independent R'fles. monthly medal shoot: G. Kellenberger 30, A. Dietrich, 26, H. Gaetgen 20, C. Granz 35, Skouran 16, C. H. Meierdicks 21, H. Helmke 31, B. Steffens 33, H. Riehnardt 6, C. Iverson 29, H. Kuhlke 41, J. Donovan 17, P. Schoenig 40, Dr. W. A. Meierdicks 39, C. Schneider 40, H. Herning 15, H. Miener 13, A. Wolferman 18, J. W. Reilly 2, F. Wild 23, Lieut. H. Hansen 19, J. Helmbuck 11.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

May 2-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of Walsrode Gun Club. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canochet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

April 13-19.—Cincinnati, O.—Merchandise shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club; first day, live birds; second day, targets.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—Tournament of the Hingham Gun Club. Principal event, 100-target handicap. Gus O. Henderson, Treas.

April 19-20.—Sodus, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Sodus Gun Club; \$56 added.

April 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Second open contest for the Greater New York and vicinity trophy, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10:30 o'clock. John Wright, Mgr.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April —.—Springfield, Ill.—Contest for Republic Cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 2-4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Lebchner's Dexter Park spring tournament; targets and live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 9-10.—Natchez, Miss.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the Galliard Gun Club. F. C. Sampson, Sec'y. John Parker, manager.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 14.—East New York, Brooklyn.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. Team race between Fultons, Hudsons and Oceanics. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

June (First Week).—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, manager.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Sioux Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

July —.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. A. Leach, Pres.

Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap, free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Contest for Sportsmen's trophy, the first and third Fridays of each month.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird shoot second and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Eureka Gun Club's club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—First Saturday of each month at Watson's Park, Garden City Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

In "Western Traps" this week Mr. E. Hough presents a most interesting batch of news.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Association, Worcester, Mass., will hold a shoot on April 27.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail always matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On Monday of this week Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., received a letter from Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin, Cartridge & Target Co., who is at present looking after the interests of his company in England and on the continent of Europe. In his letter Mr. North states that the English target shooters are extremely anxious to meet American target shooters in a team race, and suggests that a team of ten men be sent over from this country to England to take part in such a race; the match to be for \$2,500 a side. Mr. North feels satisfied that the Americans couldn't lose. So confident is he as to the ability of his countrymen to defeat the Britishers that he has entered into an agreement with the largest ammunition and powder companies of England, that in case a team be sent over the match shall be shot, best two out of three, 100 targets per man, the targets to be thrown from 50 to 55yds., with American rules to govern as to the height they are to be thrown; the Americans to use one barrel, with the privilege of using 1 1/2oz. shot, while the English are to be allowed the use of both barrels, but only 1 1/2oz. shot. The rules of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of Great Britain allow the use of both barrels, but limit the load of shot to 1 1/2oz. Mr. North suggests that if the team could be got together it should sail immediately after the Interstate Association's target tournament at Interstate Park in June. There would then be plenty of time for the team to get into shape, shoot the three matches in London, and then go on to Paris, where there is an international clay-bird meeting, with 2,500 francs as a prize in one event, and 20,000 francs in all, open to the world. This meeting opens July 5. Mr. North is also fairly confident that an international team race of Americans vs. the Rest could also be arranged at the Paris tournament, with a satisfactory purse for which to contest. The scheme is at present in embryo only, and it is too early at present to make predictions as to whether it will be adopted or not.

The first shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club since April 22, 1899, took place on Saturday of last week at Interstate Park, Queens. It was a distinct success in every particular. On Saturday of this week the first of the regular weekly shoots takes place. The main club event will be the contest for the President's cup. There also will be a cup for the competition of non-members who are friends of the club members. The competition will be at live birds. Later, when the target traps are installed, there will be competition at both live birds and targets. Shooting will commence at 12:45, and the club events upon the arrival of the 1:54 train from Long Island City and the 2 o'clock train from Flatbush avenue station. The shoot last Saturday was marked by charmingly good fellowship, and is auspicious of a successful future.

Dr. F. C. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., shot in the Grand American Handicap, and his manner and success in handling the scatter gun won the admiration of the experts. On Friday of last week he was one of the visitors at the Carteret Gun Club, and in the 25-live-bird race, \$25 entrance, he won the handsome piece of plate. He stood at 29yds., and tied with Mr. D. I. Bradley, 31yds., on 23. In the shoot-off Dr. Wilson won in the third round. The other scores were: Messrs. G. S. McAlpin, 31yds., 22; L. T. Duryea, 29yds., 22; C. H. Stanley, 29yds., 21. W. S. Edey, J. M. George, J. B. Ellison, J. S. Smith, C. M. Chapin and T. Atkins withdrew.

Elsewhere in our trap columns we publish a copy of the old Long Island rules, which were old when many old snooters of the present-day were young. Matches nowadays are occasionally shot with these rules governing, and are unintelligible to the average shooter, owing to the absence of knowledge in respect to the conditions imposed by them. They will afford a double gain to the reader; first, in a knowledge of what the rules are, and second, in a comparison of the ideas of trapshooting of the past and present which they afford. The old Rhode Island rules are almost identical with these. On the grounds of humanity, however, they are not in public favor.

In the Grand American Handicap Mr. Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, N. J., contested, and was ill at the time, but he gamely stayed in the competition till he was forced to quit from physical inability to proceed further. It was the beginning of a dangerous illness. His host of friends will grieve on learning that he is seriously ill now from an attack of typhoid fever, complicated with pneumonia. The last reports were that some hopes were given by the doctors for his recovery. Gentle, kind and an ardent sportsman, he had the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and all fervently pray for his speedy return to health.

The second open contest for the Greater New York and vicinity trophy will be held on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club on April 30, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10:30 o'clock. This trophy has been won three times in succession by Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, and if he should succeed in winning it in the next contest it becomes his personal property. If he does not his previous wins are wiped out and the competition begins de novo. Any one who does not enter by 1 o'clock will be out of the competition.

The friends of Mr. Fred Gilbert, in New York, understood that he departed for his home in the West with his Western friends after the Grand American Handicap. On Tuesday of this week it was learned that he was too ill to journey Westward with them, and had been staying in his quarters near Interstate Park. On Monday of this week, Mr. Frank Harrison took him to his home in New York city. We are informed that the great shooter is now recovering rapidly.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that tournaments of the Association for 1900 are arranged as follows: Trenton, N. J., May 2 and 3; Richmond, Va., May 23 and 24; Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 11 and 12; Newport, Vt., Aug. 7 and 8; Salem, N. Y., Sept. 12 and 13. The clubs, secretaries, etc., are given more in detail in our list of "Fixtures."

The Fulton Gun Club has claimed May 14 for an all-day shoot on its Crescent street grounds, East New York, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be a team race as a main feature between the Hudson, Oceanic and Fulton gun clubs. Mr. A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475, New York, will give all necessary information on application.

Mr. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., informs us that he was confined to his bed a number of days from the effects of a badly sprained ankle, which occurred just before the Grand American Handicap, at which event he was engaged to act as scorer. He states that fully a month will elapse before he completely recovers from the injury.

The shoot of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Friday and Saturday of last week, was its first annual two-day tournament, and considering the amount of shooting elsewhere on those days in the vicinity of New York it was quite a local success.

A wet day greeted the contestants in the match at Interstate Park on Thursday of last week. Fifty birds was the measure of the competition, and the result was R. L. Packard, of New York, 44; "Dr. Woods," 43. In the Medicus handicap, 20 birds, prize a pigeon gun, "Dr. Casey" won.

At the club shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, April 7, Mr. E. F. Hammond took first honors in Class A. On Decoration Day the club will hold an all-day shoot.

BERNARD WATERS.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

THE spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association was well attended, the throwing down of the bars resulting in a strong support from the experts.

Tuesday, April 10, First Day.

There were forty-six shooters in the day's events. Ten events were scheduled, but the last was not shot on account of darkness, and was declared off.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20
Elliott	14	20	19	15	20	20	19	19	14
Linderman	15	20	17	13	17	15	18	11	19
Gay	14	20	15	15	18	20	18	13	18
Hood	14	18	17	15	13	17	17	13	18
Leroy	15	19	20	14	19	17	17	14	17
Fanning	12	17	19	14	19	16	18	15	19
Norman	13	19	18	14	20	20	19	15	16
Pierce	15	18	18	14	18	16	18	11	17
Hillis	13	19	18	13	18	19	18	14	18
Martin	15	20	19	12	20	19	20	14	19
Dr Wilson	15	18	17	14	17	15	20	12	20
Stenus	12	9	18	14	18	18	13	14	14
H B Tracey	14	19	17	14	20	19	20	15	18
Haywood	15	17	19	14	18	18	16	14	17
Dupont	11	20	19	12	16	17	19	12	15
Lupus	11	20	19	14	18	16	19	13	15
Trego	13	18	17	14	18	13	16	12	17
Hill	11	17	19	14	19	17	17	14	15
Anthony	13	16	18	14	20	15	18	14	19
H L Smith	14	19	18	14	19	18	15	18	18
Jeffries	12	16	20	12	18	17	19	14	18
E C	13	17	17	14	19	16	20	10	18
Keller	7	15	17	14	19	13	17	13	14
Oursler	11	14	12	9	15	13	19	7	..
W F Smith	14	13	18	13	17	17	18	13	..
Collins	7	15	14	11	13	11	13	13	..
Hallowell	14	19	17	12	18	17	14	14	..
Reif	13	16	17	8	18	11	13	11	..
Willis	12	19	14	9	11	8	12	5	..
Courtney	14	17	18	12	18	17	19	14	..
Wagner	11	17	15	13	19	18	17
King	11	14	14	9	16	11	9
Glover	12	16	15	..	20
Leland	13	11
Du Bray	12	16	18	..	19	14
Malone	12	19	19	20	13	19	..
Starr	15	20	18	15	..
Brown	12
Gent	15	14	19
Nelson	14
Francis	11
Kroh	17	15	18	19	..
Phelps	10	12	14
Jack	16	12
Edel	14	10
Luike	5

Wednesday, April 11, Second Day.

There was a good support in the target events, and the greater number of contestants shot entirely through the programme. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high man in the total of the two days' target shooting. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20
E C 16	17	17	19	14	20	20	19	11	19	19
Gay, 18	14	19	18	12	17	19	20	14	17	19
Hood, 16	14	20	19	15	19	19	17	11	12	13
Leroy, 18	15	19	19	15	19	19	17	14	19	19
Fanning, 18	12	20	19	14	19	19	20	15	18	18
Courtney, 16	13	18	16	14	17	16	14	10	18	16
Hillis, 18	12	19	17	13	17	14	16	11	16	17
Norman, 18	12	19	17	15	20	16	18	14	17	20
Dr Wilson, 18	12	20	17	15	18	19	16	15	17	19
Hallowell, 18	13	18	14	15	15	17	14	13	17	14
Linderman, 18	14	18	16	14	20	17	18	13	18	12
Stearns, 16	14	14	14	11	15	17	15	14	16	18
B F Tracy, 18	14	17	16	13	20	18	16	12	18	15
Price, 16	15	19	19	15	13	20	14	10	14	17
Elliott, 18	15	20	18	15	19	18	16	14	18	17
Hayward, 16	15	17	19	15	16	18	18	15	16	19
Malone, 16	11	16	15	11	18	18	19	15	19	19
H T Smith, 16	13	20	15
Lupus, 16	13	20	14	14	20	19	19	14	18	18
Hill, 14	15	17	16	13	20	16	20	13	19	17
Anthony, 16	12	18	18	14	15	19	18	8	18	15
Trego, 16	10
W Smith, 10	13	18	18	13
Baughman, 16	10	14	14	11	13	12	17	11	17	15
Wells, 12	13	15	19	16	17	19	16	10	16	13
Leland, 18	12	12
Collins, 16	11	12	17	11	9	11	13	8	12	17
Dupont, 16	13	18	18	13	18	19	18	14	17	12
Du Bray, 16	13	..	18	11	15
Burnham, 16	..	20	14	16	18	18	14	16	17	..
Minnick, 16	..	19	13	15	16	16	14	19	16	..
Martin, 16	..	19	14	19	18	18	13	17	20	..
Coulbourn, 16	13	14	..
Franklin, 16	9	11	..
Francis, 16	10	12	..

Thursday, April 12, Third Day.

The weather was stormy and unfavorable for good work. Some rain fell in the morning, and the day was cloudy. The programme was shot through nevertheless.

The performance of Mr. A. H. Fox, one of the crack local shooters, was admirable, he going through the programme of the day without a miss—32 kills in all. The scores:

Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds included; 30yds. rise; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; high guns:	
Hicks	2202021-4 Elliott 2211212-7

WESTERN TRAPS.

A Voice from the Dead.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 14.—Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* may perhaps remember something of the old Cook County Trapshooters' League, which died a more or less violent death some time ago. It would appear from advices at hand to-day that this league and its troubles are not to remain quietly in the grave. A communication just at hand from Mr. T. P. Hicks and Dr. J. W. Meek, respectively president and secretary of the Garfield Gun Club, brings up some of these old complications. These gentlemen ask that their club be set right.

It seems that among the manifold prizes of the old league there was a set of bluerock traps which was won by Garfield Club. This set of traps was used during the league shoots, and was taken from ground to ground. Some of the time they were left at the store of Von Lengerke & Antoine. Garfield Club, in asking for the set of traps, was told by that firm that they had not been received at the store. Some discussion followed on both sides. Meantime Mr. C. P. Richards, treasurer of the league, who had a little cash left on hand at the close of the league shoots, was instructed to pay all proper claims of the defunct league and refund the several clubs their proportions of the remaining moneys. Garden City Gun Club, by its officer, Mr. H. Levi, brought suit against Mr. Richards for its pro rata. There was also a contested claim for some cash prize, between Garden City and Cicero gun clubs, which had not been adjusted. The whole matter seems to have had a general Killkenny aspect.

Eventually the suit of the Garden City Club was dismissed and settled. Garfield Club, however, never got their traps. Mr. Hicks and Dr. Meek says they offered to make affidavit that the set of traps in question was, after the close of the last shoot on Garfield grounds, delivered to Von Lengerke & Antoine. The last shoot of the series was held on Eureka grounds, and Garfield Club, supposing that the same set of traps was used there, and having no special use for them themselves, did not call for them at the store for some time. When the traps were finally claimed by Garfield Club, Mr. Antoine said they had not been received at the store. Then came hot words, Mr. Antoine finally offering to give a new set of traps if Garfield would file affidavit that they had left the traps at the store. The matter was left finally to the decision of the executive committee of the dead league, and these decided against Garfield. The traps seem then to have joined the league, under the general category of gone but not forgotten.

Now comes the climax. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Antoine had often made search for this missing set of traps, and they could not find them, and did not think they had them. They had in storage a lot of material for different clubs, among this some Garden City Club stuff. This spring, in digging away in the basement among this stored stuff, in a place apart from the stock of the firm, Mr. Antoine was a bit surprised and perhaps horrified to find this disputed set of traps. He at once saw his mistake—the mistake of his clerical force, rather—and at once proceeded to make it right, after the only manly and businesslike fashion. This he did in the following letter:

CHICAGO, April 13, 1900.

T. P. Hicks, President Garfield Gun Club, City:

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure that I inform you that I have at last found the Cook County League set of bluerock traps.

At the same time I must express my sincere regrets at the annoyance and the many discussions my assertion that the traps were not in my firm's possession caused the different clubs composing the league.

I owe all connected with this much-regretted circumstance my apologies, and I trust such will be accepted.

There are five traps and a wire pull, and I am holding such here pending your instructions as to the disposition you desire made of the same.

As I understand that your club has decided to use a magatrap and may therefore have no use for this set of traps, I offer you my services in disposing of such, if you desire to do so. Very respectfully,

CHAS. ANTOINE.

After this very frank and proper admission, but little remains to be said of the whole matter. It may be added that Mr. Antoine got the donation of the set of traps from the Cleveland Target Co. in the first place. It is not to be supposed that the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine would misuse a trust, nor is it to be believed that Garfield Club would say they had not anything which they really had. It is too bad there should have been the least misunderstanding, and it is the pleasant office of *FOREST AND STREAM* to advise all parties to shake hands and forget the past. There is really no vindication necessary on either side, for there was only a mistake, which has been squared by the frank admission which the above letter shows. The best thing to do now is for everybody to bury this unfortunate league and everything connected with it, and let it stay buried and forgotten. No one has been at fault through intention, and in law it is the intent that counts. When the other fellow says he's sorry, that settles it.

Oom Paul.

Oom Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., is at this writing over in dear old Lannon, from which village he writes under date of March 17, regarding his experiences:

"To-day I am an Irishman; yesterday I was an Englishman, and all the time I am more an American—a Yankee American—than ever. Great country, this, and great times here just now during the war excitement. You go to a music hall and you are bobbing up and down all the time as though you were in an Episcopal church. Every singer, male or female, saves his country in some way or other, and the band plays God Save the Queen, and everybody stands up and sings it, too, then some one waves a flag and things sort of break loose. Talk about the English being reserved and not excitable! The day the news of the relief of Ladysmith reached London was one of intense excitement. You never saw such crowds. Then the Queen came to London, and more excitement. Great time to be over here, and I am glad I had the chance to be here."

Chicago Happenings.

We are getting ready now for targets and for the State shoot. The weather has come off mild after the snow storm of the middle of the week, and the boys are coming out of winter quarters. To-day Garden City Club shoots, and at Watson's there will also be a little race between Messrs. Walter Dupee and his friend John A. Drake, 100 birds, \$100. Scores of this will appear elsewhere.

Last Monday Mr. Dupee and Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke shot a 50-bird race, the score being 38 to 45, in favor of Mr. Von Lengerke, as see scores elsewhere. A return race is demanded by Mr. Dupee, and this may perhaps be shot this coming week.

When the writer was East last week at the Handicap, he met Mr. Louis Duryea, of New York city. It may be remembered that once upon a time Mr. Duryea was defeated here in a race with Mr. W. P. Mussey. It is in violation of no confidence that one says it is very likely Mr. Duryea would come to Chicago to shoot the same race over again if this should please Mr. Mussey; or he would meet the latter at New York if preferred.

A 100-bird race has been arranged for April 28, to be shot at Milwaukee, \$100 per man, loser to pay for birds, between Geo. Roll, of Chicago, and Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee. Forfeits were posted two days ago, and word comes from Dr. Williamson to-day that he will shoot, the match having been taken up by friends of the two parties, who made Charlie Antoine stakeholder pending word from the principals. The race will be shot at 10:30 A. M., and after that there will be sweeps. Quite a party from Chicago should go up to the Cream City. The race itself is anybody's race.

Crescent Gun Club, of Chicago, is hardly so big as its namesake in New York, but it is big for its size. It will hold regular shoots this season at the grounds, one block west of Kenzie avenue, on Archer avenue, on following dates: April 15, 29; May 13, 27; June 10, 24; July 8, 22; Aug. 5, 19; Sept. 2, 16, 30; Oct. 14, 28; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9, 23. This club extends an invitation to all shooters on any date. Bluerocks from a magatrap, at \$1 per 100 to visitors. E. Fitzgibbon is secretary, 150 La Salle street.

Nebraska State.

The pleasing and alluring words, "\$1,000 added" adorn the front cover of the programme of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, April 24-27, at Omaha. This is the twenty-fourth annual of that body. Interstate rules govern. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, targets 2 cents; birds 25 cents. The shoot will be held on the grounds of the Omaha-Dupont Gun Club. The mixed programme is a good one, and the names of G. W. Loomis, secretary, and J. C. Read, manager, are guaranty enough. Besides seeing Choctaw Loomis and Plumber Read, one also sees, at Omaha, Frank Parmelee. The three are worth the cost of admission, though if they all shoot it may cost something to see them.

E. Hough.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 14.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. The small attendance is accounted for by the fact of this being the last day of the open season on ducks in this State, and many of our regular shooters were away on the lakes and marshes.

Only one more of our series of live-bird shoots remains to be contested. Dr. Meek by to-day's score lands winner of first honors, and championship trophy for the year without further contest, as it is impossible for anybody to overtake him in the remaining shoot. Dr. Shaw and S. Palmer will probably tie for second place, while R. Kuss and T. P. Hicks are now tied for third place, and the four trophies will undoubtedly be held among the shooters named. The winner of first, Dr. Meek, now stands with a percentage of exactly 95 per cent. for the season, and shoots from scratch, 31yds. The doctor is a firm believer in small shot, and in all his contests in wind and storm and 31yds. handicap has stuck to No. 8 shot in first barrel and No. 7 in second, and the combination has proved a winner.

The season of target shooting opens on first Saturday in May.

Thirteenth trophy contest, 10 birds, distance handicap:
L Thomas, 27.....211*101100—6 A Hellman, 27.....11*1201*22—7
Dr Meek, 31.....12211111—9 L Wolff, 26.....0000112010—4
C H Kehl, 26.....00*2012100—4 T P Hicks, 31.....*12210122—8
Dr Shaw, 31.....02122222*1—8 S E Young, 29.....2010022211—7
T Eaton, 27.....02122222*1—8 Dr Liddy, 30.....1010101220—6
E S Graham, 31.....111121111—10

Sweepstakes, 6 birds, \$2:
C H Kehl.....000001—1 S Young.....20*120—3
T Eaton.....100*10—2 Dr Liddy.....200122—4
T Hicks.....021212—5

Practice, 10 birds:
Frauenholzen.....2220012111—8 C H Kehl.....01002*0200—3
L Thomas.....100*2000021—4 Dr Shaw.....1221201211—9
Dr Meek.....12120*1111—8

Sweepstakes, 6 birds, \$2:
C H Kehl.....*20220—3 Frauenholzen.....100110—3
Dr Shaw.....222222—6 T Hicks.....121211—6
T Eaton.....01*211—4 S Young.....011222—5
A Hellman.....221221—6 Dr Liddy.....101221—5

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 7.—The trophy contest of the Eureka Gun Club resulted as follows to-day:

Stannard.....11011110110111111111—22
A S Adams.....1011110101111111011011—20
Goodrich.....11111111010111111111—23
H B Morgan.....11110101110101010101—13
J C Lovell.....1011110101011011011111—20
Lindemeier.....110111001000110010000011—11
R B Mack.....1101100101000110110011—15
Richards.....11110101111111111011—22
R Kuss.....11100101110101111111—19
Buchta.....0101000011010010111011—14
Ed Steck.....1111111101010111111011—21
Mrs Carson.....0101001110100011100111—14
Dr Carson.....1001001101101011011010—15
Cornwell.....1111111101100111111111—22
Dr Morton.....100001011011011010100110—14
A C Borroff.....1111101101100001110111—18
Hanford.....0111000000101110100001—11
Antoine.....1011111111111111111110—23
Whitman.....11111111111111110101—23
James.....0010010011010101111111—16
Parker.....1101110010101101001110—16
J L Jones.....10100101000110010000001—10
Dr Arnold.....111101010011011

Garden City Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside Crossing, Ill., April 14.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club had for a main event the shoot at 15 birds. All stood at 28yds. The scores:

Irwin.....211220102222122—13
White.....122222112122222—15
Odell.....1101012010121112—12
Amberg.....11212021221222—14
Fanning.....200102000212210—8
Day, 2.....20121*20011122210—12
Crow, 1.....21111*211112122—15
Leffingwell.....11221211221*2*—13
Geddis.....21111111201211—14
Lee, 2.....22001210212112121—14
Adams.....02122221222111—14
Weils.....22121220222111—14
Jones, 1.....1210221110100211—12
Reeves.....20112210122121—13
O'Brien.....1202212*2100222—11
Barto.....221202120222211—13

On the same day and at the same place the 100-bird race between J. A. Drake and W. Dupee took place. Drake shot at 110 birds:

W Dupee.....02222221*22*221022202120—19
0022*122*2222222222*2020—18
22000112222202210222*021—19
202212222022221*1221*22—21
J A Drake.....22021*112222220112220212—21
021222122222211210120*20—18
201*10200220*121120222100—15
22220222202222021212122—21
201*1—3-78

On April 11 a 50-bird match was shot between O. Von Lengerke and W. Dupee:

O Von Lengerke.....2222222220222222222222—24
2222222220222222222222—22-46
W Dupee.....22122020*212121*222*0121—19
11*2222*222012202*1221012—19-38
RAVELRIGS.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 14.—I have pleasure in reporting satisfactory progress with work pertaining to the twenty-sixth annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, opening Monday, May 7.

The convention will be held at the Great Northern Hotel, Tuesday evening May 8, 8 o'clock.

The tournament will be held at Watson's Burnside Park, beginning on the 7th and concluding on the 12th day of May.

Three sets of live-bird traps, two sets of Sergeant system and one set of expert traps will be in commission during the entire week.

Liberal added moneys to both target and live-bird events should attract shooters of the State, and in the open events (all except three State events) medals and cash additions to regular purses are expected to draw largely from outside.

Briefly, the programme will be as follows:
First day, Monday, May 7: Open to all. Shooting to begin 9 A. M. First event, 7 live pigeons, \$5 entrance, to include birds. Money divided, 60 and 40 per cent. Second event, 10 live pigeons, \$10 entrance, to include birds. Money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Those making the highest score in second event will divide money prize and shoot off miss-and-out for gold medal donated by Juergen & Anderson, manufacturing jewelers, said medal to become the personal property of the winner. Generous addition of cash in both first and second. Targets same day. Five 15-target events, \$2 entrance each, and five 20-target events, \$2.50 entrance each. Sergeant system. Division of moneys 40, 30 and 10 per cent. In 15-bird events; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. in 20-target events. Cash to those who participate in every target event this day, \$20 to first high, \$10 to second high, and \$5 to third high average.

Second day, Tuesday, May 8: State team shoot, four members of the State Association and from one club to constitute a team, 10 birds per man, \$10 entrance, including birds. Officers of the Association out of personal funds provide and pay for four beautiful medals to go, one each, to the four individual members of high team; medals to become the personal property of the winners.

The Association will add in cash \$10 for each and every team that participates. The cash donation will be divided on the percentage plan, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The Great Northern Hotel offers a loving cup, to cost \$50, to the club furnishing the greatest number of teams participating in this shoot. Should two or more clubs enter same number of teams, the cup must be shot for by four men, representing each team. The cup to become the property of the club the winning team may represent.

L. C. Smith cup, emblematic of individual State championship at inanimate targets. Winner of cup this year will receive 60 per cent, and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of

the entries at next year's inanimate target event. This event will be shot over expert traps, unknown traps, known angles, one man up. First prize, L. C. Smith cup; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$15; fifth prize, \$10.

Second day target programme will be the same as upon the first day.

Third day, Wednesday, May 9: Open to members of the State Association only; Board of Trade diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of the State at live birds. The winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries; 10 live birds, entrance \$10, including birds. First prize, diamond badge, value \$500; second prize, cash, \$65; third prize, cash, \$25. To the shooter making the combined highest average in live-bird events in team shoot on the 8th and in the Board of Trade diamond badge shoot on the 9th, Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., will give one of their 12-gauge \$100 grade hammerless guns, made to order.

Fourth day, target programme: Five-men team, 20 targets per man, \$15 entrance, Sergeant system; teams to consist of five men who are residents of one State, not necessarily members of the same club. No one permitted to shoot on more than one team; as many teams from a State as may wish to enter. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Fifth day, Thursday, May 10: The Dupont smokeless powder championship trophy, open to the world, 25 live pigeons, \$25 entrance, birds extra; handicaps, 28 to 31yds.; \$1,000 purse guaranteed. Division of money, high guns, based on number of entries.

Fourth day target shooting: Repetition of first day's target programme.

Fifth day, Friday, May 11: Open to the world; five-men team, 10 live birds per man, \$50 entrance per team, including birds; 30yds. rise; money divided into 50, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Each team must be composed of shooters resident of one State, and they must have resided in the State they represent ninety days preceding the date of this event. As many teams as wish may enter from one State. Shooters need not necessarily belong to the same club, but any one man can shoot on two teams.

Sixth day, Saturday, May 12: Open to the world, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance; division 60 and 40 per cent.; 10 live birds, \$10 entrance, including birds; division 50, 30 and 20 per cent. During the balance of the day miss-and-out and sweepstake shooting.

Sixth day, targets: In addition to moneys offered in regular target programme a handsome medal donated by Spaulding & Co., jewelers, costing \$50, will be awarded to the 85 per cent. or under contestant member of the Association who shoots in the greatest number of events during the tournament and makes highest average, not exceeding 85 per cent.

Your sportsmen readers are respectfully invited to take part at our tournament. Shells, guns or other material shipped to John Watson, Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill., will be found upon the grounds at opening of the tournament.

WM. BRUCE LEFFINGWELL, Sec'y.

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Herewith is the record of our first shoot, April 8, season of 1900:

It began most auspiciously. The close season of game began April 7, and the boys have to content themselves with the artificial instead of the real. Nearly all of the familiar faces were seen at the score yesterday, and considering the high wind and the fact that all were out of practice, very creditable scores were made. A prominent Minneapolis gentleman, Mr. McKay, and a splendid shot, has now located here, and the club will be initiated into the most modern methods in vogue in the North, where trapshooting is about next to baseball in popularity. All the appended events were at 30 yds., and averages are calculated on those firing over 50 shots. The prize shoots will be arranged at a special meeting to be held this week:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
McKay.....	7	8	10	9	8	9	6	N Harris.....	8	7	8	9	7	4	..
Saucier.....	6	7	7	6	9	7	7	Stone.....	7	9	6
Benedict.....	8	10	9	8	9	10	..	Tibbitt.....	6	4	5
Le Pitard.....	1	2	2	Lhote.....	4	6	2
Williams.....	5	..	3	Huff.....	4	3
Hubert.....	3	3	6	2	Hayes.....	3
R Pitard.....	0	..	0

Averages: McKay, 57 out of 70, or 81 per cent.; Saucier, 49 out of 70, or 70 per cent.; Benedict, 59 out of 65, or 90 per cent.; Harris, 43 out of 60, or 71 per cent.

Some doubles and walking matches were had, in which Mr. Harris was high gun.

The other participants shot less than 50 in the singles.

L. GERTERS, Capt.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

N. D. E., Central City, Wis.—Will costiveness or worms in a dog cause fits? Ans. Yes. For costiveness or worms, see the remedies advertised by Dr. H. Clay Glover, D. V. S., 1293 Broadway, or Spratts Patent, 245 E. Fifty-sixth street, New York.

N. M. B., Warren Street, Syracuse, N. Y.—Do the legs of birds hang down when they fly? I speak of ducks, snipe, quail and partridges. Ans. No. The legs of these birds do not hang down when they are flying. The old field shooters you quote are right as to the legs of quail and partridge, but wrong as to those of ducks and snipe, the legs of which stick straight out behind in flight. Just as they are about to alight, however, all these birds drop their legs. You may have seen this done by ducks when they were hovering over decoys just before alighting. Sometimes it can be seen in snipe, and herons show it very plainly indeed. If you ever saw wild swans flying over you, not very high up, you must have noticed how their black feet showed against the white plumage.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 3. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and transfer of passengers and baggage from station to hotel. These rates include accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

Side trips may also be made to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington; Old Point Comfort, opposite which the Monitor and Merrimac met in their memorable struggle; and Richmond, Va. These side-trip excursion tickets may be obtained by holders of Pennsylvania four tickets at the following rates: Mount Vernon, 75 cents; Old Point Comfort, \$3.50 via steamer, \$6 all rail; Richmond, \$4.

For itineraries, tickets and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

Francis Bannerman, of New York, came to Springfield yesterday to make arrangements for the shipping of 10,000 Mauser rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of Mauser ammunition from the armory. He had bought this tremendous lot of arms from the War Department last week, but the sale had been kept secret until yesterday, when Mr. Bannerman announced it. He bought not only the rifles and cartridges, but the bayonet scabbards and the bayonets.—Springfield Republican.—Adv.

The portable sportsman's refrigerator, made by Foster, Stevens & Co., Grand Rapids, seems a useful addition to the fisherman's outfit. It is an ice box in which one may bring home his catch in good condition, but it can be used also on the trip out as a camp chest. The fish are put in glass fruit jars. Each day's catch can be kept separate, and a whole week's fish be brought home as safely as the last day's catch.—Adv.

Plenty of ducks and snipe at Shelby on the Kankakee marshes. The Monon Route, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

It is well known that no person who regards his reputation will ever kill a trout with anything but a fly. It requires some training on the part of the trout to take to this method. The uncultivated, unsophisticated trout, in unfrequented waters, prefers the bait; and the rural people, whose sole object in going a-fishing appears to be to catch fish, indulge them in their primitive taste for the worm. No sportsman, however, will use anything but a fly, except he happens to be alone.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BILL.

SECRETARY HENRY H. KIMBALL, of the Massachusetts Central Committee, reports that there is a fair outlook for the success of the measure in which the sportsmen of the entire Commonwealth are so deeply interested. It has passed the second reading, and there is encouragement to believe that it will become the law.

The defeat of the amendment to forbid the killing of birds for three years was in the true interest of sport. Whatever may be the merits of a long term close season in any given case, here it manifestly is uncalled for if the anti-sale law shall prevail. With a system which provides a properly limited shooting season and entirely stops the sale of game, there will be adequate protection for the supply. If Massachusetts shall close its game market, there will be game enough for generations of sportsmen to pursue.

The solution of the game protection problem in New England and everywhere else is found in the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—*Stop the sale of game at all times.* The principle is sound in theory and efficient in practice. It gets at once at the root of the subject instead of legally dawdling at the tips of its outer branches.

The experience of the past in game protection should be a true guide for the action in the present and the future. The statute books are burdened with a multiplicity of laws on the subject. Each year finds new attempts at more lawmaking, and laws are piled on laws till the subject is almost lost in the legal obscurity. Yet they do not protect. That is the history of the past.

The experience of the past further has shown that the game supply of America is wholly inadequate to meet the trade demands. If the demand of a single year for it were fully met, it would result in the practical extermination of many species and the depletion of others to a degree which years would not restore.

So long as the markets are open for the purchase and sale of game, so long will the present laws and their enforcement prove inefficient or inoperative. The history of game protection in the past indicates no other result. It has fully demonstrated, however, that there are two classes who are interested in game, namely, those who are interested in it for sport, and those who are interested in it for profit.

The sportsmen as a rule are law-abiding and public spirited. They are not so selfish in their own concerns as to be blind to or heedless of the rights of their fellows.

The class which is interested in game for profit has a large percentage of men who will capture and kill game regardless of game laws. With an open market anywhere available, the demand will be met to the extent of the lawbreaker's ability. Such is the history of the past. So long as there are those who can legally or safely purchase, so long will there be those who will endeavor to get the goods to sell. The great cold storage plants are an evidence of this. They are a part of game law history.

Close seasons for two years or three years would give the game a chance to multiply were all men law-abiding alike. Long close seasons of years, however, in practice are a discrimination in favor of the lawless poacher. All game laws are alike to him. He heeds them not. But the law-abiding sportsman observes them. The law of the long close season in practice gives the poacher a monopoly of game taking. It reduces competition. He has greater resources to draw upon and more game to sell. It is the history of the past.

The game of America is gradually but surely becoming exterminated by the demands of trade. It is not even in sufficient numbers to meet the demands of sport. Indeed, in many large areas the game has been entirely exterminated. In others, partially. The causes of this are still in existence. Their effects in the future will be similar to those of the past. The same old patchwork legislation will have the same old disappointing results. On the one hand is the poacher who is under the remote ban of a law which is inoperative or difficult to enforce. On the other hand is the purchaser who is restrained by no law at all, or by a law which is cumbrous, inefficient or so technically faulty that conviction is almost impossible under it.

The poacher may be caught, but the odds are all in his favor against it. The wealthy town dealer or purchaser may buy without fear.

Stop the sale of game at all times. Make it illegal for the purchaser to buy game, as well as illegal to take and sell it. While it is legal or safe to buy, there are always those who will run all risks to sell. The history of blockade running during wars, where thousands of dollars are riskily involved, demonstrates on a larger scale that men will run even greater risks for the sake of gain than ever comes into the trade of poacher.

All laws which apply to the poacher and not to the buyer, leave the poacher to act as before. Shut the market to him, and he ceases to be a poacher in action. He cannot market his goods, and the incentive to capture is no more. So much for the poacher in forbidden seasons.

In the open season, when the market-hunter may legally kill for market, he is the true game exterminator. He follows his vocation day in and day out from early till late. He travels from section to section as he depletes cover after cover. Stop the sale of game and his vocation would be ended. Leave the markets open, and the game will flow to them whether the season is legally open or closed. Stop the sale of game and there is no incentive then to take it by other than the sportsman. Stop the sale of game at all seasons, and the problem of game preservation is solved. That, too, is a part of the history of the past.

THE LAST OF THEM.

ONE of the very rarest of living birds, and one apparently soon to become extinct, is the curious flightless rail of New Zealand. This bird is quite closely related to the gallinules, but is nearly as large as a goose, and is incapable of flight. It is interesting, as answering in one respect to the old definition of the *Ratite* or birds possessing no keel to the breast bone, which, of course, means that there was no point of attachment for the powerful muscles which operate the wings in flying birds. Three or four species of this great rail have been described, some of which are certainly extinct and others apparently are just on the verge.

In 1898 another specimen was taken of *Notornis hochstetteri*, which is the name given to the form of this rail inhabiting the South Island of the group. This specimen, which was a young female, is only the fourth that has been taken. It has been described and figured in a paper by Sir Walter L. Buller, published in Vol. XXXI. of the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute.

The bird is described as being the size of a goose. Its breast is a beautiful rich dark blue, duller on the head, neck, back and belly. The legs are rather short and stout. The bill is extremely heavy, triangular in shape, and is bordered by a red shield somewhat like that of the gallinules or the coot of North America.

Although *Notornis* cannot fly, it is extremely swift of foot, and its size, strength and powerful beak no doubt protect it from many enemies. The specimen in question is a most interesting capture. The first of these birds taken was captured in 1849, and the second in 1851. Both

these are in the British Museum. The third was obtained in 1879 and was bought by the Dresden Museum for 100 guineas—about \$500. The most recent specimen is described as much the best yet obtained, and \$1,500 has already been offered for it. It may readily be imagined that the time is not far distant when *Notornis*, like so many other birds and mammals, will have been civilized out of existence.

In a recent letter to the London Times, Mr. T. Digby Pigott describes what seems to be an instance of the extinction of a species of bird by a hurricane.

Previous to the great hurricane of September, 1898, which devastated portions of the West Indies and of the North American coast, one of the tamest and most common birds on the Island of St. Vincent was a small hummingbird, not yet identified, but easily recognized by its erect crest. Since the hurricane this bird seems to have entirely disappeared, and a seven weeks' sojourn on the island by a gentleman familiar with the bird failed to reveal a single specimen. Interested in the absence of this formerly common species, inquiry was made about it, and the fact appeared that none of the birds had been seen since September, 1898. Other hummingbirds, which were formerly much less common than the species referred to, are still found in St. Vincent, though perhaps not in numbers as great as formerly. It is suggested that the missing hummingbird was the smallest of the three species known upon the island, and therefore the most easily killed, and that this is the explanation of the disappearance, but this hardly seems sufficient to account for the matter.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHEN a new political administration came into power in New York city in 1898 Park Commissioner Clausen turned out of office Dr. T. H. Bean, the director of the Battery Park Aquarium, to make a place for a certain Col. Jones. Dr. Bean, as a veteran, was not subject to dismissal without cause, and in order to evade the law Commissioner Clausen resorted to the transparent trick of abolishing the office and making a new one, in which Col. Jones was in due course snugly ensconced. Dr. Bean brought suit for reinstatement, contending that as a veteran he could not be discharged without cause, and that in abolishing the office Clausen had not acted in good faith. He obtained an alternative writ of mandamus for his reinstatement. The Appellate Division has just affirmed an interlocutory judgment overruling Clausen's demurrer to the writ. The main ground of the writ was that Dr. Bean had made no demand for reinstatement; but the court holds that in a case like this, "where the Commissioner has actually taken steps to abolish an office, and when the allegation is that these steps were taken in bad faith, there certainly can be no presumption that any demand upon him would induce him to reverse the action which he has taken. In such cases, therefore, no demand is necessary." In other words, Clausen played a trick which the courts will not sustain. Drawing an inference from other cases of like nature, we may look with confidence for Dr. Bean's reinstatement in a position he had filled so admirably, and in which the public interest—as opposed to political spoils chicanery—demanded his retention.

Whatever may be the existing law in relation to shooting and fishing on the Sabbath, clearly the law-abiding sportsman is bound to respect it, and to observe it quite as gracefully and unreservedly as he does any other game law. On no other basis may one consistently contend for the observance by others of the game and fish laws in general. To shoot or fish on the Sabbath in violation of the law and to defend it on the ground that on that day alone has one the time to give to the sport, this is only to give in another form the argument by which the shooter or the fisherman in close season excuses himself by the plea that if he does not have his sport in the close time he cannot have it at all, and this is simply a demand for personal, individual license as opposed to the general good as sought to be safeguarded by the statute. If a fisherman wants to fish on Sunday or in any other forbidden season, it is his privilege to change the prohibitory law if he can, but so long as the statute remains on the books he is bound by the obligations of good sportsmanship—which is good citizenship—to respect it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.—XXI.

It was many years since the cinder-paved streets of the Forge Village had sounded with the metallic notes of fife and drum, not indeed since the farce of June training had fallen into dishonor and disuse, and was remembered only in the titles, which still clung to the surviving officers of the old "Floodwood Militia."

But now, on a bright April day in the year 1861, it was vividly recalled to the minds of elderly men by the unwonted military strains ringing through the usually quiet thoroughfare from the front of Clapham's store, where a fifer and two drummers who had fortunately preserved the traditions of the past were shrilling, rattling and booming the inspiring notes of the national airs with hearty good will.

There was the usual attendance of boys, to whom the strange demonstration meant only a new source of fun, though they were somewhat awed by the grave faces of their elders, which seemed to denote a lack of proper appreciation of the occasion.

A remarkable seriousness pervaded the assembling yeomanry; those who walked singly toward the chief point of interest, the groups that gathered lingering on the way, and the crowd that thronged in front of the unfinished new annex to the store, were very quiet, though so evidently moved by suppressed excitement.

One would never have thought that these plain, common, unsentimental men could be so deeply stirred by patriotic emotion, not blatantly boasting of what they would do, but quietly determined to do all men could do to uphold the honor and the life of the nation which were now assailed.

Clapham sat in an arm chair on the stoop, reading yesterday's daily to a group. Among the listeners stood Joel Bartlett, now a venerable white-haired man, with his back turned upon the musicians, whose noisy performance he quite ignored.

"President calls for seventy-five thousand troops," Clapham read. "Bombardment of Fort Sumter still continues. Governor Fairbanks calls a 'extra session' of the Legislature. Enlistments goin' on rapid. Fust regiment nearly full, an' so futh, and so futh."

Sam Lovel and his son were just then passing, and stopped a moment to listen.

"Fellow citizens of Danvis!" shouted young Lawyer Danforth, a recent importation, who had just displayed his virgin shingle over his office in the chamber of Clapham's store, and now had visions of a captaincy and future civil preferment. "Fellow citizens!" he repeated, making himself heard during a break in the music, "your country expects every man to do his duty. Walk right up and enlist!"

"Hev you?" some one asked.

"No," Danforth answered; "I'm going to Adams to recruit men to-morrow and expect to enlist them."

"Oh!" the questioner remarked, dryly, as Sam passed into the room, where a lieutenant of the regular army sat writing at an empty dry goods box.

"Ye would not give heed to the words of the prophets, and now the judgment of the Lord has overtaken ye," said Joel Bartlett, solemnly. "Woe, woe be unto them against whom His wrath is kindled."

"That's true enough, Joel," a younger neighbor said, "but I calculate it's kindled hotter ag'in the other fellers and the Lord kinder wants us fur a scourge tu 'em."

"The sin o' slavery is the cause on't all, an' we're all guilty," Joel responded.

Sammy was looking around for his father, when he saw him coming out of the recruiting office and went to him. Sam's face was very grave, yet shone with a holy elation.

"Come, boy, let's go hum naow," said he, passing an arm through his tall son's, whose head was on a level with his own.

"In a minute, daddy; just let me speak tu Peltier Gove," said Sammy, and he slipped into the crowd and then into the office, where he found Pelatiah at the impromptu desk. "Mr. Gove," he asked, "has father 'listed?"

Pelatiah regarded him fixedly a moment and pointed to the name of "Samuel Lovel" on the roll, and under it he saw that of "Pelatiah Gove."

"Let me put my name daown there, Mister," said Sammy, standing very erect, while the young officer ran an admiring glance over the handsome young figure.

"Is your father willin', Sammy?" Pelatiah asked.

"He didn't ask me," Sammy said, with a little laugh, and having completed his enrollment, quietly rejoined his father. "Let's go over where the women's makin' the flag," he said, and the two went over to the town house, where a score of young women were sewing the stripes of a new flag together, and fixing the stars in the blue field under the direction of Mr. Mumpson, the schoolmaster.

Some giggled and gossiped as if they were at a quilting, while a few plied their needles with grave faces, as if duly impressed with the holy significance of the work upon which they were engaged.

Among them was Aunt Polly, now two months a bride, after many years of courtship. There was a serious yet almost exultant look in her eyes as they dwelt fondly on the pale face of her husband.

"Maybe it's wicked, but I can't help feelin' glad you can't go," she whispered.

"It would be hard for us to part, dear child, but no harder than for many others," he said, sadly, "and it's hard to stay behind when you can't tell folks just why."

"The folks that don't know will give any reason but the right one."

A pink and white checked, golden-tressed and blue-eyed lass came over to the pair.

"Why, Mr. Mumpson, you hain't goin' tu waste your time makin' flags, be ye? Ain't you goin' tu enlist?" she simpered.

"No, Miss Nancy, I don't think I shall enlist," the schoolmaster answered, quietly, with a sad smile.

Nancy Barnes opened her blue eyes. "Why, I don't see haow a man can help it, they du look so neat all dressed up in the uniforms. I see a hul snag o' em daown tu the Fair last fall, as much as fifty, an' they did look splendid—only the c'los' was gray—blue's ever so

much pootier. Jes' look a' that lieutenant 'at's 'listin' of 'em! My! hain't he jest lovely? I tol' Jim I wouldn't never speak tu him nor yet look at him ag'in if he didn't go." She blushed to a rosier hue, and simpered a sillier smile. "Why, Mis' Mumpson, I should think you'd make Mr. Mumpson go!"

"He gen'ally does what he thinks is best," Polly answered, rather stiffly, with an evident wish to end the conversation. But Nancy was of no such mind.

"Why, he hain't tew old, is he?" she asked, with a sneer. "He 'pears tu be well 'nough tu git 'raound an' eat his meals when he's boardin'." "I hope he hain't feared! Oh, I hate a coward. He needn't be, for pa says they'll settle it all up in a month. They won't fight."

The schoolmaster's pale face flushed scarlet, and his wife flashed out angrily at his insulter. "He a coward! It's a lie! You don't know what you're sayin', Nancy Barnes." He'd go fast enough if he could without my sendin' him, but not tu strut 'raound in blue clo'se. He knows there'll be fightin' enough, an' that's what he'd go for. "I would da'st tu send him, as you have Jim, poor boy. S'posin' he never comes back, as many a one never will—I wouldn't be in your shoes."

The pink of Nancy's cheeks faded all to white, and she beat a hasty retreat from the angry fire of Polly's eyes.

Through the open door, as Sam and his boy entered, came the songs of robins, and the long-drawn sweetness of a lark's note from the nearest meadow mingled in the soft April air with the martial din of fife and drum, sounds of gentle peace and dreadful war strangely blended.

"Why, Aunt Polly," said Sammy, noting the scared face of the retreating girl and the wrathful one of his young aunt, "hast the fightin' begun to home, an' amongst the women?"

"I suppose they're all in a hurrah daown tu the village? Many 'listin'?" Huldah asked, as the family sat at supper that evening.

"Why, yes, tol'able many," Sam admitted. Something in his look and tone made Huldah's heart stand still.

"Oh, Samwil, hev you?" she faltered, and Sam nodded his head gravely.

"You wouldn't think much on me if I didn't, Huldah."

"I know, but it seems as if the' was enough others."

"S'posin' they all said so."

"The Lord bless you and all," and she bowed her head.

"Peltier has, tew; an' Billy Wiggins, an' young Tom Hamlin, an' he hain't but eighteen," said Sammy.

"So young," sighed Huldah, laying her hand on her tall son's shoulder. "But they can't have my big boy yet. He must ta' care o' manny an' his sister an' brother."

"But, mother," Sammy said; and then with some pride, "I—I hev 'listed. I thought you'd want me to go with daddy."

Huldah groaned aloud, and Sam choked with conflicting emotions.

"Oh, must I give you both up?" she gasped, and she and Aunt Jerusha retired to hide their womanly tears.

When the company was full Sam was unanimously elected captain, and Pelatiah first lieutenant, greatly to the disgust of Mr. Danforth. Poor Mr. Mumpson was rejected for physical disability and consoled himself with the increased love and respect of Polly, and in teaching the Danvis youth a new lesson.

There were a few days of hurried preparation before the Danvis volunteers bade sad farewell to home and loved ones and went into camp with their regiment in the town where the First Vermont troops were mustered. For several it was their first railroad journey, and new and strange experiences followed thick and fast. These humble, unknown men were suddenly become the observed of all observers, and the pets of fine ladies and gentlemen—accustomed all their lives to come and go at their own sweet will, they were now subjected to rigid discipline and unquestioning obedience to men formerly of their own station. It came hard at first to show due deference to the gold lace and buttons of new-made brigadiers who were yesterday village lawyers, now far more impressed with their new dignity than were the modest gentlemen of the regular army who came to set the rude machinery into smoothly working action.

The half of Danvis came to see its soldier boys in camp, to admire them on parade, to pity their hardships of sleeping on straw under canvas, drinking creamless coffee from tin cups, and eating monotonous pork and beans off tin plates, and wonder how heroically they bore it all.

Then came the final farewell to the people, the green fields and bright streams of their beloved Vermont, to the grand landmarks of the towering mountains fading to fainter blue further and further behind. Then the proud march through great cities, gay with innumerable banners, amid applauding crowds, and the coming at last under sunny Southern skies to the scenes of real, dreadful war, the thunder of cannon booming from afar, the sight of wounded men fresh from the first skirmishes, and the sickening fear that untried courage might fail at the actual test. Now came camp life in earnest, the awful loneliness of the picket line, weary marches and bivouacs in rain and mire with scant rations and sometimes none at all—and usually to no purpose. Letters came from them to the friends at home, and were always opened with dread, then read with devout thanks that they brought no evil tidings. The good schoolmaster wrote letters full of cheer and neighborhood news to the few who had no near friends at home, and got many a silent, heartfelt blessing in return.

One day, Uncle Lisha, exempt by age from all labor, came back from his semi-weekly trip to the post-office, leaving heavily on his staff, and led by Sam's second boy, his present constant comrade, and brought a letter from Sam that told of a great movement of the Army of the Potomac about taking place. For all its hopefulness there were solemn words in it that might be a long farewell, and Huldah's always anxious heart was very heavy. How anxiously all waited for news, only those know who have suffered a like experience. Then came rumors, then assured tidings of an overwhelming disaster to the army and then many days of fear and hope and suspense, while word of the loved ones was waited for. With what devout thanksgiving was it received at last, news that they were all unharmed and free. Many more such seasons were to be passed through, and one continuous heartache before

the brave regiment fought its way to final victory and the cruel war was ended. When it returned with thinned ranks and torn banners and boys grown to bearded veterans, it brought safely back its members to the Lovel household.

Huldah bravely bore the four heavy years of heart-ache and hope deferred, when her brave beloved was happily restored to her, but the humble hero Pelatiah (always tenderly remembered by his Danvis friends and comrades) sleeps under the alien sod of Virginia. Every year there are flowers on Louizy's grave for his sake.

Old men and women are they all now who survive, to whom the memory of that cruel war is a troubled dream, its sorrows softened by the kindly hand of time, many of its hopes unfulfilled.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Chief Washakie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several days ago I received a letter from Mr. Ed Carter, of Fort Washakie, Wyo., stating that old Chief Washakie had died on Feb. 19. Believing that many of your readers have heard of this famous old chief, and having, while on a hunting trip through that country last fall, secured several good photographs of the old man, I am inclosing you a copy of the same, thinking that you might like to reproduce it in FOREST AND STREAM.

Big Chief Washakie was probably the most unique and deserving of all the Indians. As some one has said, he was the "Napoleon of the red man," and while he himself was always at peace with the whites, it was not through fear or desire to curry favor, but because he realized that the cause of the Indian was dependent upon the good will of the "pale face."

Washakie's followers frequently broke away and went



WASHAKIE.
Long Chief of the Shoshone Indians.
Photo by C. P. Ambler.

on the war path, but the old chief always rounded them up, and by diplomacy would quiet them down.

You will notice in the photograph that the old chief is dressed in a manner which would lead one to believe that his poverty must be great, but such is not the case, as he had had ample opportunities and was also a pensioner under the Government.

When President Arthur and Gen. Phil Sheridan visited Fort Washakie in 1888, Chief Washakie made a lasting impression upon them. The old chief met the President arrayed in the garments of a very poor Indian, while all around were gayly bedecked warriors in paint and feather headpieces. The President was amused to see the gorgeous raiment of the warriors while the chief was so plainly clad, and turning to the latter, he said: "Why is it I find the great Peace Chief so plainly clad while those who look to him for orders sit in gorgeous array and haughty demeanor?"

The old chief smilingly said: "I am the chief only as far as being the speaker of these people is being concerned. I speak for the lowest as well as the highest, and he is best entitled to the respect and trust who does not fall a victim to his own vanity, and who fears not to stand in the place of his most wretched subject."

President Arthur never tired of telling Washakie's reply. It was characteristic of the man.

I asked the old chief and some of his followers to allow me to take their photographs and inclose a copy of each, thinking that the same as a matter of comparison might be of interest.

This grand old man was close to a hundred years of age, had been a great chief among his people, not only from a diplomatic point of view, but was also a great warrior and a good hunter. He was covered with scars, and many stories are still told of his prowess on the war path and the game trail.

C. P. AMBLER.

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Photo by C. P. Ambler.

DICK AND CHARLEY WASHAKIE.
Woman wearing elk teeth dress.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

VIII.—Some Life on Sea and Shore.

At the Glacier's Front.

WHERE the glacier enters the sea, grinding over the rocks, carrying down gravel, silt and the finely pulverized glacial mud; where the ice is continually falling from its front in great masses; and the water is literally ice cold; where the front, too, is constantly receding, moving further and further up the channel, and the place of the ice is taken by the salt water, the freshly exposed shore is lifeless. Yet after a time this lifeless shore becomes the home of various sorts of marine life. The glacier recedes, the warmer waters of the inlet come and go with the tide, the sun warms the earth, so long ice covered. Each time the waters advance with the flowing tide life or its germ is brought to the barren shore, and some of it remains there. Of this the first is plant life, for plants go ahead. The biologists, who studied the life of the shores of the inlets, found seaweed close to the foot of the glacier—that is to say, not more than half a mile below it. A little further down, perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the ice front, a few very young and small barnacles were found clinging to the stones of the beach. Next below these were found small mussels, and still further away, perhaps a mile and a half below the ice, life is as abundant as four or five miles further down the inlet. The largest creatures found in the mud and sand were the sea sausages; they are the pioneers, making channels through the mud, and in their wake follow two sorts of marine worms, a crab and a clam, which inhabit the burrows which they make. Primarily, seaweed is the food of all this life, but it is not the direct food of all, for many of the small animals feed on their neighbors.

In the Inlets.

Further down the inlet, and in those where no glaciers come down to the sea, the life of the waters is marvelously abundant.

On the rocks along the inlets, when the tide is low, appears, always near high water mark, a band of gray barnacles; below that another band, shining black, of mussels, clinging closely to the rocks, and beneath these is the brown or green seaweed. All this usually lies in the shadow of the great evergreens which overhang the water, and is rarely touched by the sun.

Traveling with the restless tide backward and forward through the inlets are long stems of the giant kelp torn from their beds by the storm or by the passage of some large vessel. Smallest at the bottom where its slender rootlets grasp the rock, or even some little pebble in the mud, the stem of the kelp tapers very gradually perhaps for 50 or 60 feet until the surface of the water is almost reached, when it suddenly grows thicker, at last expanding into a globular head, from which the long wide leaves grow to wave unceasingly in the tide-swept channels. The slender stems which grow far beneath the surface of the water were the fishing lines of the primitive Indians, and are still used by them. They are so strong and tough as to be almost beyond the power of man to break, and when wet are readily knotted together, and it is with these that the Cape Flattery Indians still catch 200-pound halibut.

In the waters of the inlet are floating many things strange to the eye. Curious jelly fish which may be seen, yet hardly felt, which have form but apparently no substance. Some of these are brilliant in color; others are without color, save for certain white lines that surround their circular bodies or sometimes appear to divide them into sections.

At one point far from the ice, and where the water presumably was fairly warm, one of the party spent an hour or two with his nose very close to the surface of the water, as he watched the occupations of the different

marine animals that live close to the shore. Here there were many little crabs, the largest about the size of a silver half-dollar, which clambered about over the rocks like so many goats and fed upon the seaweed. They walked slowly about, plucking the food with their curiously enlarged white claws, using the right and left alternately, so that while one held the food against the mouth the other was gathering a fresh supply. The crabs seemed wholly intent on what they were doing and paid little attention to anything except the business of feeding. The largest were deep purple in color, while the smaller ones seemed always dull grayish green, which was precisely the color of the rocks on which they fed. They seemed to get along very comfortably together, but occasionally if a small crab approached too near a large one the latter

motion, which ceased only when they had grasped some morsel of food which was floating by. When this happened the arms were quickly drawn into the cell, the valves closed, and the animal for a time remained quiescent.

In many places there were seen sea urchins, or, as they are sometimes called, sea eggs, and star fish, which moved very slowly over the bottom. The sea urchins, which are of many sorts, are covered with long spines, and by means of a continuous motion of these spines have the power of making journeys of considerable length. They are eaten by the crows and ravens, which find them uncovered at low water, and carrying them up into the trees reach the soft body by breaking away the shell. Such broken shells are often found on the beach, and sometimes far back in the forest.

The star fish are extremely numerous and of many sorts, sizes and colors. They travel about in part by using the slender suckers with which their arms are provided and in part by hooking their arms about the angles of the rock and thus pulling themselves forward for short distances.

Seafowl.

Steaming along among the narrow passages in the quiet inlets, the ship constantly disturbed the water birds that had their home there. There were gulls of many sorts floating lightly on the water or circling about and following the ship; ducks, loons or grebes, which flew as the ship approached, or dived to come up close under the shore, or even behind the vessel; flocks of crows feeding along the wash of the shore, and with them hoarse-voiced ravens, which were less shy than the crows and flew up into the trees to wait until the steamer had passed. Sometimes from behind an island or from some little bay a flock of a dozen western Canada geese would rise on the wing and swing about near the vessel, uttering mellow honkings, which often called out two or three men with their rifles.

When the open sea was reached, cormorants, murres and puffins were seen, and sometimes flocks of old squaws; and, as we proceeded further north, of harlequin ducks.

On the Muir Inlet, 600 feet above tide water, one of the party found a nest of white-tailed ptarmigan with six eggs, and secured these and the mother bird. At the sea level the willow ptarmigan was abundant. The birds of the land were not numerous, by comparison with those of the sea. There were ptarmigan of two sorts, the dusky grouse, the Canada grouse or spruce partridge, two or three sorts of thrush, two or three of warblers, a song sparrow, Steller's jay and a few others.

It was in the Muir Inlet that the first jaeger was seen. Later, at Kadiak Island and in Yakutat Bay, and again in Port Clarence, they were quite common.

In Yakutat Bay, flying over the waters, or resting in great numbers on the icebergs, were many gulls, chiefly kittiwakes. They were breeding on the north side of the bay, both along shore and on sloughs back among the timber, and they were often seen roosting on the dark fir trees. On the north side of the bay, also, were seen loons, probably black-throated divers, whose call was almost like



"THE RICH PROFUSION OF FLOWERS."

Photo by E. S. Curtis. Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

would make a threatening dash at the little fellow, which would at once retreat with many defensive demonstrations of its claws.

Fixed to the sides of many of the stones were long curved white tubes. Some of these were empty and deserted, while from others protruded a cluster of crimson tentacles, the whole looking like some beautiful red flower supported on a white stem. If a finger or a stick was cautiously thrust toward the flower, and it was touched, it at once disappeared into the tube, which seemed empty. A little later a small dot of red would make its appearance far down in the tube, would gradually grow larger, and slowly the arms would appear and resume their flower-like appearance.

The barnacles which covered the rocks above a certain line were not the least interesting of the living creatures to be seen along the shore. When left bare by the tide they showed no signs of life; but as soon as fairly covered each little pair of valves opened and the tiny arms were extended and swept through the water with a regular

the quack of a duck, but with a little grate in the note. Short-eared owls were seen here, breeding.

Cliff Dwellers.

Five or six miles below the front of the Muir Glacier is a little bay near which are two or three islands on whose lofty vertical cliffs many sea birds were breeding, chiefly cormorants and puffins, with not a few great white-winged gulls. Often the gulls could be seen in pairs, the female sitting on her nest and her mate standing by her. The shags were clustered on the ledges, their long snaky necks outstretched as they watched us. Many were seen swimming in the water or sitting in rows like soldiers on the floating icebergs. Usually the puffins could not be seen on the cliffs, for their nests were for the most part holes in the rock, but they were constantly seen flying to the cliffs, and again away from them, or their light-colored heads could be seen at the mouths of their holes. Some specimens of these birds were needed, and one of the party landed at the foot of the cliff, and stand-

on the rocks there, tried to kill some of the birds after the boat had moved off. He was not very successful, the shots being chiefly at puffins, which buzzed along like so many quail darting out of the brush, and were not easily hit.

Land Birds.

One of the most interesting things about the bird life of this northern country is the great abundance and tameness of the ravens. At Sitka, Wrangell and indeed all along the coast they were extremely abundant, and no one seemed to take the trouble to kill them. At Wrangell a raven was seen to rise from the beach with a bit of food in his bill and fly off, pursued by three or four others. The burden which the bird carried was heavy and seemed to hamper him, and he was being overtaken by the others, when suddenly he shifted the load from his bill to his claws. Then he flew much better and easily kept ahead of his pursuers. At Metlakatla the ravens were ridiculously tame all through the village, alighting on houses like pigeons and sitting on stumps or fences until very closely approached. They were very noisy and had a variety of notes. Two that were preparing to mate sat side by side on the ridge of a house, and the male continually reached his head over the neck of his mate and uttered low coaxing or caressing notes.

Perhaps nowhere in the world are eagles more abundant than in these waters. It seemed as if a pair were passed every half mile, and their great nests were continually seen in the trees along the inlets and ridges; they were prominent objects as they sat on the trees near the water.

Striking among the birds of the land, often seen when we went ashore, was the broad-tailed hummingbird, darting about among the brilliant flowers of the hillside and often alighting to rest on the twigs of the evergreens. The Indians of southern Alaska use the feathers of these birds in the ornamentation of their shaman dresses, and the way in which they capture the birds is interesting. A great slug, 4 or 5 inches long, in color greenish, mottled with black, is common here in the forest. The Indians take this slug and whip it with a fine twig, which causes it to exude a copious mucus or slime, which is very viscid and tough. With this mucus they anoint small twigs, which they place along the flowers where the hummingbirds come, and if they alight on these twigs they are caught and cannot get away.

Mother Love.

Walking from the Indian village in Yakutat Bay over to the high hills behind, two or three of the party came upon a mother willow ptarmigan with a half dozen young. The old bird was anxious for her little ones, and walked about within 3 or 4 feet of the party clucking uneasily, while some of the downy young ones hid in the grass and two or three scuttled up the trail to get into the underbrush. When one of the young ones was caught and held in the hand, the mother bird rose on the wing and flew several times about the head of the man who was holding it; then she alighted on the ground and walked close to him.

When on the ground she clucked somewhat like a setting hen, but with a deeper tone, and after the young had been released she called to them, warning them to remain hidden, with much the same note that a hen uses to warn her chicks when she sees a hawk in the sky. When at length the people walked away from her the ptarmigan also walked away into the alder bushes. She was in summer plumage, her wings and a few breast feathers being white, while the remaining plumage was black and tawny, somewhat like that of a female Canada grouse.

It was a pretty sight to see the mother's devotion and her entire fearlessness when the yellow and brown young one was in the hands of its captor.

On Islands of Bering Sea.

The ship left Port Clarence early in the morning of July 13, and sailed southwestward through a light fog which covered the water. The barometer was falling, and it rained at intervals through the morning, with a rising wind in the afternoon. About 4 o'clock St. Lawrence Island was sighted, and soon afterward the vessel entered a shallow bay west of Northeast Point and anchored about two miles from shore.

Two boat loads of people landed and spent some time on the island, collecting a few birds, among them old squaws, eider ducks and Pribilof sandpipers, as well as three young swans still in the down. It was here that the polar bear hunt, already alluded to, took place.

On the tundra at Port Clarence a number of golden plover were seen breeding, and here they were observed to utter not only their usual call notes, but also a song which reminded the observers a little of the bluebird's warble, and also in some degree suggested the melancholy cry of the upland plover.

After a brief stop here the vessel proceeded on its way, and the next day about 3 or 4 in the afternoon Hall Island began to appear, and by 5 or 6 o'clock it was close ahead of us.

After an early dinner a boat landed on Hall Island, which is about five miles long by one and a half or two miles wide, and is of volcanic origin. At either end rounded mountains, composed of broken-down lava rock, rise 1,500 feet above the sea. The fauna and flora are purely Arctic. There are no trees or shrubs.

The landing party consisted of twenty-two persons in a heavily overloaded boat; but the sea was smooth and there was no surf, and the shore was reached without difficulty. The air and the water were full of sea-fowl of all descriptions—gulls, puffins, murres, guillemots and others—and the cliffs which overhung the beach were crowded with birds, which were constantly coming and going. One of the first things detected on landing was a young snowy owl, lying on the bare tundra 50 feet above the beach. Not far from it were the remains of an old house, the condition of the wood showing that it had been built many years ago.

As soon as the landing was made the bird men scattered out and began to shoot. This is the type locality for a snowflake—the hyperborean—and as these birds were very abundant, an effort was made to secure a good series. Several of the big-game hunters started out in different directions to look for Polar bears. One of them

was obliged to hunt down the wind, but he climbed to the ridge of the island, a weathered core of lava, and followed this, looking down into the valleys and ravines on either hand. As he climbed higher the fog grew thicker, until at length it was so dense that it amounted to a fine penetrating rain, which soon wet his clothing. Everywhere over the island, and especially high up above the sea, were seen the tracks of lemmings through the grass, and a few upland birds were noticed. Among these were chiefly Coues' sandpiper, the snowflake, and a young red-poll recently from the nest. The flowers were abundant, but all of them Alpine forms—saxifrages, *Sedum Claytonia*, ground willows, etc. After a walk of an hour or two he turned back, and circling around the hill he at last left the lava blocks and reached the tundra. Here, as the fog lifted for a few moments, men could be seen in every direction, cracking rocks, gathering plants and stealing up on small birds. To have fired a shot here from a rifle would have been as dangerous as to do the same thing on Long Island on one of the deer-hunting days.

It was at this point that the bear hunter had an opportunity to bag a botanist. A lifting of the fog showed, 75 or 70 yards off, an arctic fox, standing looking hard in another direction, sometimes jumping from side to side and sometimes up in the air, and generally acting in a most eccentric fashion. After the fox had been watched for a little while, it became clear that it was looking at something still beyond it, and presently a black object showed above the distant ridge and then disappeared. This was repeated again and again; then something white appeared, to be replaced by black, which again turned to white. The bear hunter was not astonished at the bewilderment of the fox, for how should this small animal be able to recognize from such glimpses as it had of him, a botanist, with his tin case on his back, who was alternately stooping and rising as he moved about in his collecting. The fox studied the object for some time, but at last became suspicious of it and took to his heels. He ran a short distance, then stopped and looked back, and then ran again. If continued, his course would have brought him quite close to the bear hunter, who contemplated trying to kill the animal; but while he waited and watched the dogs shut down so as to hide everything from view, and a few moments later, when it had lifted, the fox had disappeared. A little further on a sandpiper flew up from the tundra, and with mournful cries fluttered feebly along for 20 yards, and then fell on the ground, where she lay with outstretched quivering wings. Sunk in the tundra at his very feet was a nest, a cup-shaped depression in the moss, containing four beautiful eggs, green in color, and with heavy, wide, rich brown markings on the larger end. The nest appeared to have no lining, but the eggs rested on the dead leaves and moss of the tundra, into which the bird had pressed her body to make a hollow for her eggs. Noticeable as a part of the inner surface of the nest were the stems of a curious white tubular lichen, which is a characteristic plant of the tundra.

By this time many of the party had returned to the beach, where they had built a good fire of drift wood and were getting warm and dry. Among the specimens collected were two arctic foxes, a fine adult snowy owl, almost pure white; four young owls, many snowflakes and one of their nests, sea birds' eggs, a specimen of Sabine's gull, and a number of lemmings. It was interesting to wander along under the wonderful bird cliffs seen here. Many, many thousands of murres, puffins, auklets, gulls, cormorants and guillemots nest here, and beautifully adorn the cliffs. It was most interesting to see the birds going and coming.

In all the wanderings over the island no sign whatever was found of bears having been there. The party reached the ship about midnight.

The next morning almost the whole ship's company went ashore on St. Matthew Island, where we were now at anchor. There was the usual popping by bird men; the same rich profusion of flowers; the same cliffs, variegated with the different hues of decomposed lava, but there was not here the same wealth of sea-fowl life. A few puffins, guillemots, cormorants and gulls nested on some of the cliffs near the beach where the boats were drawn up, but they were not in anything like so great numbers as the night before on Hall Island. Down near the shore the air was clear, and one could see for a long distance; but when the hills had been climbed the fog grew so heavy that nothing could be seen. Two or three hours later there were fires built on the beach, and almost the whole company had collected there. Among the captures was a young sandpiper, taken by one of the young girls, a good many small birds, king eiders and old squaws. About midday the boats took the party to the ship, and by 3 o'clock St. Matthew Island was dim in the fog. G. B. G.

New York Fish and Game Commission.

ALBANY, April 21.—(Special.)—The terms of the present Commissioners expire on April 24, on which day they hold their final meeting. The newly appointed Commissioners have been invited to attend this meeting. They have signified their acceptance of the invitation, and it is understood they will be entertained in the evening by the retiring Commissioners, probably at the Albany Club. On the following day the new board will organize and assume control of the department. While it is probable the new board will make some changes in the field force of the department, it is thought that all the office employees will be retained in their present positions. There are only three places in the department which are in the exempt class of the State Civil Service classification. These positions are that of the assistant secretary, confidential clerk to the Shell Fish Commissioner and the cashier and stenographer in the New York office of the Commission. The present assistant secretary is Capt. C. A. Taylor, who was appointed soon after the office was created by an act of the Legislature in March, 1896. The confidential clerk of the Shell Fish Commissioner is Dr. William E. Sylvester, of New York city, a son-in-law of Senator John Raines. The cashier and stenographer is Miss Cora B. Kansire, of Rochester. MATHER.

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Among the Sugar Maples.

LAST fall, while on a wheeling trip, I spent the day with a cousin over in Ontario county, N. Y., and while we were going over his large farm he pointed out a place in the forty-acre wood lot where, years before, he and his sons had made maple-sugar in the old primitive fashion just for the fun of the thing. It was a charming location, a wooded dell, with a pretty little stream running through it, protected by hills from the cold winds, and as I looked at the old charred logs between which had hung the great iron kettles I thought what a taste of nature it would be to come down here in the early spring and boil down sap in the old-fashioned way, even as Uncle Lisha and the Danvis crowd used to do among the Vermont hills. I hinted as much to Cousin Charley and his son George, and they both acquiesced so heartily and cordially that the next spring, when the right time came, they would telephone me, and my son and I would come on the first train and they would arrange for our transportation over from the station.

So the winter wore away, and I heard incidentally of George purchasing fifty sap buckets and getting a supply of wood ready, and when in the latter part of last March the maples in front of my house began to give evidence of returning life and the robin's notes drowned out the chatter of the English sparrows, and I received a telephone call from Livonia, I knew what was coming before I took down the receiver. It was Cousin Charley sure enough, and "Come next week" was the burden of the message. Verging on middle life, and always living in town, I had never even seen the process of sap boiling. There were people whom I knew in my own vicinity who made a business of sugar and syrup making with all sorts of new-fangled evaporator pans, with comfortable shelters and every modern convenience, but I wanted none of that. I longed for an experience of the old-fashioned sort, the same as our fathers did it, when maple sugar and wild honey were the only sweetening to be had.

Of course my seventeen-year-old boy was very sorry to leave school for a few days—they always are, you know—and packing our traps, we were off on the morning of March 28 full of enthusiasm, and as we trudged up the hill to the station a casual observer might have found difficulty in telling which was the younger of the two. The man who drove us over the farm said it was a good sap day, emphasizing his remark by a sounding blast in the folds of a bandanna handkerchief. So, although it was cold, we were cheered by occasional glimpses of the sun, and when we drew up at the gate the skies had cleared and the air was soft and balmy.

A hearty welcome from Cousin Amelia and the girls, backed by a good chicken dinner, put us to rights; and donning our clothes and high boots we were ready for Charley and George, who just then drove up with the old pung that had been in the family eighty years; and piling in, we went trotting down the long lane through the drifts and mud toward the sugar bush. As the trees were somewhat scattered, we had a barrel in the sleigh and gathered all the sap from the outpost buckets before reaching the camp. It was critical fun, holding on to that slopping barrel as we went up and down hill from tree to tree; but we finally got there without accident, our barrel brimming full with the sugar water.

George had the big logs all arranged, the crocheted stick in place for one end of the pole, and a convenient stump for the other end, plenty of dry and green wood for the fire and everything ready for the boiling, which was to begin the next morning. After securing the sap, about 200 gallons, we went back to the house, and how we did eat! And then we smokers smoked by the fireplace and the young people sang at the piano, and played cards, and we went to bed early, for to-morrow was to be a busy day in the sap bush.

The level rays of the morning sun were just peeping through the east windows of the big dining room as we finished our last round of buckwheat cakes. The chores had been all done up before breakfast, so we were at the camp in good season. How good I felt in my old blue sweater and corduroys! and I lifted with a will on the big kettles as George chained them fast to the cross-pole. There had been a sharp freeze during the night, making a solid crust on the snow, that held us up readily. The sap was frozen on top, but we smashed the sweet ice merrily, and soon had the kettles filled and the fires started. It was somewhat of a slow process to get the kettles boiling, but by 9 o'clock they were "walloping" blithely. Then, as the sun mounted the sky, the sap began to flow freely, and what with gathering it, keeping the westing kettles full, feeding the fire, skimming the sap, and keeping the pipes going, everybody was busy. I took several walks through the softening snow, looking for evidences of awakening wood life, and I found them in abundance. Bluebirds were trilling everywhere; a gray squirrel went bounding over the snow far down the vista of the woods. The broad plantigrades of a coon showed freshly in the snow, disappearing in an old hollow tree, so I knew he was there, but I built no fire in the convenient hole at the foot, contenting myself with the thought that he was surely snugly ensconced away up in that hollow trunk, where his rights should be respected. Bees buzzed about the sap-pans, and on a little dry spot surrounded by snow was a lively little grasshopper sunning himself as contentedly as though it were July.

The preponderance of green and wet over dry wood in our supply made an occasional trip for shagbark necessary, and all hands would forage about among the hickories and strip off the ragged shags and bring in great armfuls. Then the fire would blaze and crackle and the sap would wallop furiously in the fierce heat, and everybody would stand back.

At noon time George volunteered to keep the kettles boiling while the rest of us went to dinner. We pitied him as we filled up with the substantial provided at the farm house; but his mother remembered him bountifully in a big basket that the boy and I hurried down to him before anything had time to cool. The young man had done his duty well, and we found the best fire yet blazing around the big black kettles. While George ate we poked the fire into still greater fervor, and guessed at the probable result in gallons of our day's work; when suddenly "chick" came the sound of cracking iron and a rent

Natural History.

A Pair of Tame Quail.

BURNSIDE, La., April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last summer, while on a farm in the mountains of Virginia, I had the good luck, or bad luck, if you will, to get some quail eggs from the nest of a poor bird that the mowing-machine had run over. The quail was killed and most of the eggs, which were nearly ready to be hatched, were broken. However, I got nine of them and took them immediately to the house, and I placed them under a little bantam hen, taking away her own eggs, upon which she was setting. In about one week five of the eggs hatched out. Unfortunately three of the little quail were killed by the hen stepping upon them. The two that remained grew up to be strong and healthy birds; and strange to say, they have never deserted their foster mother, the little bantam hen. When the quail were nearly grown the bantam proceeded to set again, but the quail were faithful to her and would feed around in the grass near where her nest was, and at night they both would nestle close by her side in the nest. After the hen had been allowed to set for a short while her eggs were taken from her and the nest was broken up. She then took the quail in charge again, and all fall and winter she has faithfully gone about with them. The hen would scratch in the leaves and soft loose earth and cluck to her adopted children, and they would run to her and pick up seed or insects just as little chickens do.

These two quail are absolutely fearless of people, and a call will bring them both running to you. The cock bird will take crumbs from your fingers, but the hen, with the



BOB AT HOME.

shyness (?) of her sex, will run away with a chattering sound and her crest erect if you attempt to be too friendly. The inclosed kodak picture shows the cock bird quietly picking up some crumbs which were being thrown to him from the top of the steps. At night they would roost on top of a honeysuckle covered trellis by the side of the hen. This is my first experience of quail roosting in bushes or vines. They were soon broken of this habit by an owl's attempt to catch the bantam hen one night. After that the hen was every night placed in her box, and a small opening was left for the quail to go in. But they would not go into the box, preferring to roost under one of the rose bushes. All winter they have followed the old hen. The overseer wrote me in the latter part of February that they were beginning to whistle "Bob White." I have never heard a quail whistle "Bob White" except when they were paired off in the early spring and during the nesting period. February in Virginia is a winter month and much too soon for birds even to think about mating. Down here in Louisiana the first time this season that I heard "Bob White" was on April 9. So my little friends in Virginia are tuning up a long while ahead of our birds down here. I hope very much that they will nest near the house and bring up a brood, and remain tame enough to be watched through the summer.

W. P. M.

Spring in the Adirondacks.

ESSEX, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lake Champlain is still ice-locked. I have just returned from a trip to the mountain region about Dix and McComb, April 16. There is 3 feet of snow on a level on the north side of the range, and there has been no thaw at all to raise the brooks. The trout for the most part lie in darkness under the winter's accumulation of snow and ice, which still cover the larger streams, and the deer are still confined to their yards. It will be a month before the ice is off the mountain lakes, and a good many days before there is any possibility of the brooks being cleared of the snow water.

I spent two nights in the woods and traveled twenty or twenty-five miles on snowshoes. I was looking for bear, but there is too much snow for bruin, and though I went over a country where bear sign was plenty last fall, I could find no tracks. On Spotted Mountain, an offshoot from McComb, I went through a continuous deer yard for more than a mile. I think fifty deer were wintering there at an elevation of 3,000 feet in the evergreen forest. The deer seemed in poor condition, though they had considerable feed in places in old lumber roads on the red maple shoots, and where they had bitten off the buds the sap had started to run, and the icy pendants tasted as sweet or sweeter than the sap of the sugar maple. In other places they had browsed on the balsam tips in preference to the other evergreens.

The deer had not visited the lower levels at all. I saw only very few tracks on the hardwood ridges, where an occasional deer had ventured out on the coast. I visited the deer as little as possible, as they had hard sailing when they got off their paths, floundering in the deep snow, and knocking off patches of hair on the stubs. I could have touched some of the deer if I had cared to follow them. The snowshoeing was fine, and I never enjoyed myself more than on this trip, albeit I had no luck from the hunter's standpoint.

Writing of it in cold blood, it does not seem the most pleasant thing in the world to boast of blinding storms on the summits of icy mountains, or to sleep with the snow banked up on either side several feet above one's head, or to have wet feet and no warm food, and no neighbor nearer than an old hoot owl in a spruce tree. These things on paper look disagreeable, but combined the ingredients, like some nasty tasting things, form a very wholesome medicine—though I guess I am off in my simile, for it is an injustice, anyway, to compare camping and medicine.

J. B. B.

Disturbing Nature's Balances.

ACCORDING to a report from Delaware a contract has been made with good shots in that State to furnish the bodies of 20,000 meadow larks, bluebirds, redwings and other songsters for millinery purposes. The birds are by no means without friends, and the announcement of the proposed Delaware slaughter is met by a vigorous protest. Among the Audubon societies earnest action is urged to prevent the wholesale slaughter. In reply the Milliners' Trade Review makes some interesting disclosures. It declares that fashion will have nothing to do with the four varieties of birds mentioned, that sparrows are not worth one cent a hundred, and that both owls and crows can be bought more cheaply in Europe than in this country. Most of the feathers worn in America, the editor continues, are those of turkeys, chickens and guinea fowls. The same ingenuity that has turned glucose into the products of sugar and beef fat into butter has been exercised in the feather trade, so that a bird on a hat has a bill of wood, breast plumage plucked from a chicken and beautifully dyed, legs of twist silk and eyes of glass. With poultry feathers, dyes, cotton, buckram and paste a manufacturing milliner, it is said, can outdazzle the birds of a tropical forest.

Probably this is true as far as it goes, but a look through the warehouses of the world would reveal a huge accumulation of birds killed for ornament in dress. Nor is there any sufficient assurance that the traffic is not carried on in a wanton and wasteful manner. A bird flitting before a man or boy with a gun is often made a target as a mere test of marksmanship. It is difficult to prevent the extermination of the most valuable birds, like Bob White, whose cheerful note from the next field is one of the delights of country life. What is needed in general education is a thorough impress of the fact that a reckless disturbance of nature's bounties is one of the direct roads to national and racial decay. One entomologist estimates that but for birds there would be an insect to every square inch of land in the State of Illinois. Another asserts that the tree sparrow each season destroys 875 tons of noxious weed seeds in Iowa alone, and the Department of Agriculture sets forth the great value of hawks and owls in keeping down the small rodents with which the farmer contends. Ruskin refers to the bird myths of ancient races as a standard of intelligence. Appreciation of birds, as vitally related to man's welfare, is by no means confined to modern times.

In many States the stock of game is dwindling steadily and fish are disappearing from the streams. These subjects are seldom heard of in State Legislatures, and yet they are an intimate part of the highest political economy. A definition of a forest that recently appeared in a publication from the Government Division of Forestry deserves a place in every mind. "Although composed of trees," it runs, "the forest is far more than a collection of trees standing in one place. It has a population of animals and plants peculiar to itself, a soil largely of its own making, and a climate different in many ways from that of the open country. Its influence upon the streams alone makes farming possible in many regions, and everywhere it tends to prevent floods and drought." It supplies fuel, a necessity of life, and lumber, "without which cities, railroads and all the great achievements of material progress would have been either long delayed or wholly impossible." It is safe to say that, as civilization progresses, political bodies will give a more serious consideration to these potential matters.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

That Old Story.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "That Old Story," as told by W. B. S. in FOREST AND STREAM of April 14 seems to be going the rounds again. Old stories, like old fashions, will come around after a few years. I heard the old story fifty years ago, when I was an eleven-year-old kid on my father's woodland farm in Ohio. We did not have juvenile books or papers in those days as the youngsters now have, and received our instruction and entertainment around the big fireplace on winter evenings. My father in his younger days had traveled as far south as New Orleans, and I suppose had picked up this story down there, as it was told of two darkies—Cuffee and Sambo—who went out hunting possums for their Christmas feast in the woods of Arkansas. Coming to an opening in the hillside, they suspected it might be the abode of possums or some other game, Sambo crawled into the hole to investigate, and to his astonishment ran against a young bear, which he tried to drag out by the hind leg. During these proceedings, a good deal of noise being the result, Cuffee on watch outside discovered an old bear coming on the run, with evident mischievous intent. Armed with nothing but a club, Cuffee could not do much to stay the progress of the ursus. He grabbed her by the tail as she blocked the entrance to the den. Sambo within seeing his light shut off, called out, "Hullo dere, Cuffee, what darky de hole?" Cuffee could only reply, as he held on to the bear's tail "like grim death to a dead nigger." "Look out, dere, Sambo; tail holt break, you know what darky de hole!"

Now let somebody else tell the same story with a different variation, if any is known. I have no doubt that it is like many other stories that have started away back nobody knows when or where, and varied to suit different localities and people. Holding on to a bear's or boar's tail is rather insecure to obstruct his movements.

SENEX.

appeared in the edge of our smaller kettle, extending down in a jagged line for about 5 inches.

George looked at the damage ruefully.

"I don't see," said he, "what should have made that kettle crack. It has done duty for more than fifty years right in this family. Barrels of soap, oceans of maple syrup, and hundreds of yards of carpet rags have all been treated in it, and it has stood fires that the Hebrew children could never have survived. Why it took this particular time to 'bust' I can't see. Pa sets great store by that kettle, Cousin H., and I guess you had better break the news of its cracking gently to him when he comes down this afternoon, and, say, don't say a word to ma about it; it's her pet kettle."

I agreed to do as George requested, and for fear we might crack the other one, we let the fire go down; and upon my word, the more we let it alone the fiercer it burned, and the more savagely the kettles boiled. When Cousin Charley came down they were still flopping furiously, and when we told him, he only smiled, lit his pipe, put on more wood, and remarked that it wasn't cracked far enough to injure it seriously.

At 4 o'clock George went to the house to help Jim Hennesy, the hired man, do the chores, and now came the struggle to boil down the sap by 6 o'clock to the point where the product could be put in three large tin pails to be carried to the house, to be clarified and receive its final touches on the kitchen range. We worked like stokers on an ocean liner, and at just 6 we took off the kettles, strained the syrup, piled up the implements, and each with a heavy pail but a light heart took our way for the house, almost a mile away. Just try carrying a full milk-pail of syrup, 11 pounds to the gallon, a mile over sodden fields and slippery snow banks. It was a weary tug, with many rests; but Cousin Charley cheered us up with stories of the war of '61, in which he had been an active participant, and soon the windmill, the barns and the house came into view, and at last we stumbled in, exhausted, but happy, for supper awaited us.

The next day we visited and gathered the sap, which did not flow very freely, the weather having turned cold. That evening a couple of neighboring cousins came in and a young man who, I suspect, would like to be a cousin, and we had warm sugar and cool cider, and everybody took a look at the row of cans full of the results of our labors in the sugar bush. The next day being Sunday, we only took a quiet walk through the bush, noting gladly that the sap was flowing very freely, insuring a good boiling for Monday; but Monday we had to go; and as we drove away to catch an early train with a basketful of cans of syrup, we saw George and Jim Hennesy driving down to the woods again to repeat the process of boiling down maple sap in the good old primitive way.

H. W. D. L.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

The Girl on the Farm.

"THE boy on the farm." It is always the boy. One would think that there were no girls on the farm at all or they were very stupid creatures who never saw anything nor ever had any fun.

I know a woman who spent a most happy childhood on a farm. The great broad prairie swept away to the north and again to the south. To the east a few lonely farmhouses dotted the landscape, while to the west the prairie brought at a river and the timber on its banks.

That girl learned to do all the things that her brother did; fished in the ponds for "cats" with a pin for a hook and then in the river with a real hook, but to this day she declares that she had the more fun with the old bent pin.

In memory of that crooked old pin she fished last summer in Alaskan waters, in the trout streams of the Cascades and in the far-famed Yellowstone River.

This girl spent many a happy hour on the banks of the ponds, where she learned all about tadpoles and water bugs, and was quite sure when the ducks were all found dead and laying in a pile on the banks of the pond one day that that bad boy of Parkington's had done it, but learned later that the ducks had done it themselves by eating leeches, the silly things.

This girl drove the cows to the pasture, waked up the rabbits, who by a series of brilliant dashes always made their escape, almost trod on a plover, who fled from her nest in a halting and seemingly maimed condition, and so deceived the little child who thought to catch her and just as she was about to lay her hands on her the wily dame cut the air with her wings and disappeared toward the setting sun.

Grouse and quail were abundant in Illinois in those early days and there was always a string of these birds on the back porch, but now there are very few of these birds in the central part of the State.

There were cattails down by the pond and strawberries hidden under the big compass weeds, flowers and bees on the prairie. There were toads and snakes to swallow them and a little girl with a hoe to choke the snake and make him release his half-swallowed prey.

Wild geese and ducks nested in the tall grass of the ponds, while stately cranes, like fine old gentlemen of the old school, waded in the water.

Hand in hand these children roamed the fields and the prairie, as far as it was safe, for there were wolves in those days a plenty, and savage they were, too, when driven by hunger.

They put horse hairs in the watering trough just to see them turn to snakes. The father said that they'd do no such thing, but Pat said they would, and the children believed Pat.

In winter there was skating, sleighing and spelling school. There were apples to roast, nuts to crack and cider to drink sent by the grandfather over in Indiana.

From nadir to zenith the world was full of things to be investigated. The heat rising from the earth, the eclipse of the sun, the growing trees, the birds' nests, the sprouting corn, the blind mole in the garden. Indeed, the prairie was a vast saga book, a page to be read every day.

Yes, indeed, there are girls on the farm who are quite as wideawake as their brothers.

That girl now whom I have been telling you about hunts and fishes with her husband now, and is quite the happiest woman of my acquaintance.

She reads FOREST AND STREAM and says that she could better do without her cook book.

MRS. JAMES EDWIN MORRIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

California Deer Hunting.

"GREAT Nova Scotia, boys, get a fire started and let's have grub!" This seemed exactly to express the idea of all present, as we took the pack off the horse at the old camp one beautiful summer evening, in fine shape to punish a full-grown meal after our tramp over the hills. It was not long before the pungent odor of burning fir branches, mingled with the fragrance of the forest, made a combination with the frying pan and coffee pot that was irresistible to a hungry mortal.

When the ensuing onslaught was over, dishes washed, things put to rights, and the odor of tobacco was the principal feature in the cool night air, we settled comfortably around the camp-fire and arranged for the morrow's hunt. The conversation naturally turned upon the subject of deer, and Josh was requested to give us a life history of the deer in these parts.

"All right," he said, "but it is not such a very easy thing to do. It is a case of now you see 'em and now you don't. In former times, when deer were plentiful and unsuspicious, it would have been no difficult matter to learn a great deal about them; but nowadays they are very shy and wary during the greater part of the year, and they fool me completely sometimes. Even the oldest hunters do not agree upon some points concerning them. However, here is all I know of the deer inhabiting this particular locality [coast region just north of San Francisco Bay].

"The first period of a deer's life is naturally fawnhood, as it might be called. The fawns first see the light in March or April; about half the does having twins, or, at least, that proportion of fawns seems to survive the first critical time of infancy. It is probable that twins are the rule, and that many die in the first few days of existence. When they are still very small and weak the mother hides her fawns in long grass or in the brush, while she feeds near them, and the little things will lie as close as mice, never moving unless actually run into by a person or some natural enemy. The doe may be chased away by some stray dog, but until called by their mother the little fawns will lie perfectly close until almost stepped upon. Some are occasionally caught in this way by men or dogs. When strong enough to travel easily they usually follow their mother, as she feeds or goes for water, playing together, chasing each other around and cutting up all sorts of antics.

"Some people claim that at fawning time and for a while afterward the doe's track has no scent at all, as a matter of protection against any wild animals following her and thus discovering her fawns. This I do not believe. It seems too absurd. In all probability, however, the scent glands in the foot of the very young fawn are not developed to any extent, and their own tracks would be difficult to follow. In a couple of months, however, the scent of the fawn is fairly strong, for I have known dogs to run out at a doe, and then go back and chase her two fawns successively, though they had scattered a little from where their mother was first started. In fact, during the hunting season, in July and August, some dogs will deliberately run the fawn in preference, probably knowing that they have a chance of catching it if it is at all weak. It sometimes seems most remarkable how a doe will find its fawn again after they both have been chased a long distance in different directions. I am afraid that stray dogs do a good deal of damage in the very early summer by separating them so effectually that they do not come together again, and the fawn dies of starvation, or else is very much stunted in its growth for want of mother's milk. In fact, I feel perfectly justified in shooting any dogs that are running wild upon my premises at this time, and as far as that goes, at any time out of season, when caught chasing deer. I have seen several yearlings that were only half the size they should have been, and ascribe it principally to this cause.

"By the middle of September the spots on the fawns are very indistinct, or even quite gone, and on the males the knobs of horns begin to show. Up to this time the does stay with their young ones, usually in small clumps of timber such as bay tree, young fir and madrone, or near the edge of heavy redwood or fir forests, and do not mix with the bucks, though these may be lying in the brush near the camping places of the does. During the mating season the does are apt to be found anywhere, as they move around a great deal, the fawns following them. This commences about Sept. 7 and lasts till November.

"In winter the deer are all pretty well mixed up, and seem to prefer the tops of the ridges, where the air is warmer. A nice sunny knoll covered with short brush will look toward spring as if a flock of sheep had lived there. A great part of the time the deer live upon browse, but in early spring they seem to fancy a little green grass, and may be seen feeding in the open at any time of day. In fact, they do this more or less until June, though as the days grow longer and warmer they are less often met with during the middle of the day.

"The fawns stay with the does until fawning time comes again, when the yearlings scatter around more, though it is a common sight to see an old doe with both its young and its yearling fawns feeding with it.

"Sometimes in May the deer seem to be possessed of a playful spirit, and occasionally may be seen chasing each other about in a most laughable way. I have never been close enough to one of these scenes to determine whether any bucks joined in the sport, but from a distance have seen several deer of different sizes apparently playing a game of 'tag' or 'hide-and-seek.' One or two would hide behind a bush or rock on a rather open hillside, while the others would chase madly around and around in an irregular circle. Those which were hidden would not move till the others actually ran into them, when a wild race would ensue. As they would often disappear for a while in some near-by thicket it was usually impossible to determine the result of the game; but the part carried on in the open was exceedingly interesting. I am inclined to believe that it is indulged in only by does, yearlings and fawns, as the horns of the bucks are so soft and tender at this time of year that they are very careful about exposing them to damage.

"The bucks shed their horns in December and January and are hornless until about the middle of March or the first of April, when the new growth starts in the form of soft velvety knobs. These grow rapidly, and some time in June have reached their full development. During the growth of the horns the bucks live either in very open high brush or timber, or else in very short brush, so as not to injure their antlers when so soft and tender by having to force their way through thick bushes. Of course individuals vary a good deal as regards the rapidity of the horn growth, but during June most of them are undergoing the hardening process. By July 1 some of the antlers will be thoroughly hard and bare, while others will still be in the velvet and bleed when scratched; but the great majority of the deer will have the velvet all off by July 15. During the hardening process the bucks lie in very short chemical, with their heads well in the sun, or else among scattered poison oak bushes or other light stuff, where the sun can strike well in. I have several times run slap into a buck lying on a sunny hillside in a small, isolated clump of poison oak bushes, and occasionally could have shot one before it jumped, only it seemed like taking an unfair advantage. I have also once in a while seen a pair of antlers sticking up above the chemical, where it was not over 2½ or 3 feet high, but in this kind of brush they generally choose a bed where their horns cannot be seen, and yet where the sun can shine right down on them.

"Hunters generally believe that as soon as their horns are sufficiently hard they seek particular trees called 'rubbing posts,' and rub the velvet off against them. There has been a good deal of discussion upon this subject, of which unfortunately I have seen and heard very little. Some people claim that the bucks do not rub off the velvet at all; that it simply peels off by itself, as it dries, and that all the marks on the trees we find are made by the bucks when they feel in fighting mood in the fall. I am inclined to believe that they 'rub' at both periods, or perhaps at 'any old time.' In our dry summers the marks on the trees do not stay fresh long, and it is impossible after a few days to say how long they have been made. I have found a great many of these rubbing places, but never to my knowledge have I started a buck actually at one, nor come across any absolutely fresh scars on the trees; but most certainly have shot bucks in July having bits of fresh bark sticking to the rough bases of their horns, with the velvet wholly or mostly off. Some day I hope to have the time and opportunity to solve this problem. However, these 'rubbing posts' are rather a curiosity, and are surely used at some period. They are for the most part either bay, live oak or willow trees, and sometimes a tree will be chosen that stands right out on an open hillside, with no brush or other trees near it, though generally in the vicinity of a spring or rivulet. On the other hand, the rubbing tree is in the midst of a thick grove of trees acres in extent—so thick and dark that cattle will not penetrate its shades. The bucks seem to like a clump of several small trees close together, perhaps with the same root, and to work their horns among them, the bark of these trees being usually scraped and scarred very low down, sometimes within a few inches of the ground. Other places will be live oak trees on steep hillsides, with overhanging branches reaching almost to the earth, or perhaps willows growing out laterally will show scars and scratches along the trunks and branches for several feet.

"Each buck apparently has a particular rubbing tree, but whether he visits others or not or seeks the same one for several years is rather difficult to determine. But the fact remains that these scarred trees are comparatively widely scattered and are not often come across.

"For two or three weeks after the horns are clean the bucks stay out in the brush, though apt to be found in heavier stuff than before; but after Aug. 1 they commence to go deeper into the heavier chaparral or timber, probably because of the flies and mosquitoes. By the middle of August they seem to be nearly all—at least all the large ones—in the heaviest timber or higher brush they can find, and at this time are exceedingly difficult to start out with dogs. They are now moulting, the red hair being very long, and this on falling out gives place to the blue gray. At this time of year, if you see a deer 'in the blue,' as it is called, you are pretty safe in taking it to be a buck, for the does do not shed quite so early, and in fact seem never to become quite so blue as the old bucks. These latter lie in the most inaccessible places during the moult, generally near a spring or small stream, and are now at their fattest. At this period they do not travel at all to speak of, but apparently browse and drink on the spot, making their beds near the water and not going far from it. Whether they ever sleep twice in the same bed or not I do not know, but if a person crawls through the right sort of spots he will find the little rounded oblong places where the dead leaves have been pressed down by the deer's form thickly dotted about.

"In the latter part of September and for the greater part of October the deer are very bold, and travel about a great deal, even throughout the daylight. They have gotten over the moult and are seeking mates and fights. Occasionally they may be seen from the house or even from the much-traveled country road at this time. Or perhaps a doe will be seen running along a hillside, stopping every few moments to look back, and soon a buck coming along with his nose to the ground, also stopping at intervals to raise his antlered head and see whether his mate is in sight. A fierce combat might be witnessed by watching with much patience in some likely spot. Personally, I have never seen anything more serious than a large buck lunging at a small one to keep him from interfering with his highness' flirtation; but others more fortunate have witnessed mighty struggles, and skulls with locked horns have been found.

"It is a popular belief that age has something to do with the number of prongs on a buck's horns, but in this region at least there is absolutely no connection between the two beyond the second year. A buck at one year of age will have 'spikes' (single horns, with no branches at all), and at two years should have at least one horn forked and generally has both. Very rarely a two-year-old will have spikes, and very long ones at that; but this is only a freak. Some few are also found that have a long spike on one side and a fairly large fork on the other that are surely three and perhaps four years old.

As a general rule, however, forks appear at two years, and after that there is no telling. An old buck may have only forks, while a young one has three or four points on each horn. I am perfectly convinced that a buck may have a number of points one year and be a forked-horn the next. Probably after a warm, open winter, with plenty of feed, more nourishment reaches the horns than when a deer suffers from cold and wet continually.

"The size of the horns—that is to say, the length and weight—seems to vary greatly with locality and also may be affected by too much interbreeding. Right on the coast, where there is much fog and where the deer are more numerous, the horns are much larger than upon the deer living ten miles inland. Comparatively small deer on the coast may carry a larger pair of horns than we would ever dream of seeing upon the biggest buck we have about here, and yet the distance is not over six or eight miles as the crow flies. On the other hand, the deer forty or fifty miles further in the interior have large horns again, apparently having a longer period of growth and shedding the velvet later than here.

"In this locality the deer, when started by dogs, are liable to 'take out' in almost any direction, irrespective of wind or anything else, though in certain cañons they seem to have some preference for particular runs. Yet in some seasons they apparently prefer running right down hill, which means but a small chance for a shot in the heavily brushed cañons, the greatest opportunity for the hunter usually occurring when they run up hill for a way, or else run out on about the same level. In other parts of this coast down hill seems to be the invariable rule."

By the time Joshua had finished this discourse, interrupted as he was by numerous questions put by Ned and myself, the fire had burned low and we were ready to turn in. We decided the next morning to hunt some chemical points that ran down into a very large and heavily timbered cañon about a mile from camp.

With the first streaks of dawn we were on our way. For some time after we got to work luck was against us. Several deer were started, but all "took down" into the big cañon and gave us no chance. Finally, the dogs ran against an old-timer, which, sneaking through us, passed away below Josh on the dead run. It was a terribly long quartering shot, but he let drive and broke a hind leg as it was crossing a small opening. It ran around a very steep hill covered with short brush, and we soon heard the dogs baying, their voices sounding as if they had the deer away down in the cañon. Joshua followed the track around the hill as fast as he could go, coming on top of a ledge of rock about 10 feet high. To his surprise he found that the sound had been thrown away from us by this rock, and below, right at his feet, was the buck fighting the dogs.

Fearing it would break away down the tremendously steep hillside, he plugged away in a great hurry. The buck dropped and he jumped down beside it to bleed it, laid down his rifle, pulled out his knife and grasped a horn with his left hand. Then something happened. Josh said he did not know at once what it was, it came so suddenly, but it seemed a sort of cross between a bargain sale and an avalanche. Ned had heard the shot, and running around from his stand saw the affair across a small gulch. He did not stop to study out the details as he evolved the idea that he was wanted on short notice, but he described the scene as a grand agglomeration of dogs, deer and Josh, with bits of brush, rocks and much dust as concomitants. He said it was a moving scene, but Josh afterward maintained that it was strictly agricultural, for, as he had unwittingly cultivated the deer's acquaintance, he certainly had plowed up the ground and rolled down the hillside, and his feelings were harrowed. He said this, however, while he was endeavoring to gather up the fragments of himself that remained, and was perhaps unduly excited.

Ned said that he could not shoot, because at times Josh seemed to have horns and a tail, and at other times it looked like a dog fight. Just as he would see the deer long enough to think about plugging away Josh would come out on top, and then it would be all dogs again in another second. So, making his way with all possible haste, he arrived on the scene in time to save some remnants of all concerned by watching his chance, and, when the deer came on top again, driving his knife through its heart.

Hearing Ned's shouts and the general racket, I rushed toward the spot, but arrived only in time to see him give the "coop de grass." Results: One buck, somewhat the worse for wear; most of Joshua; three badly disarranged but grimly excited dogs, and a path down the hill that would have done credit to a young cyclone.

We hauled Josh out of the debris and laid him out to get his wind. He was a sight. Some of his wardrobe was decorating the hillside in rather disintegrated bits, and the missing parts were replaced by varying quantities of blood, dust and muddy perspiration. His first words on getting his breath were: "Thanks, awfully; I'm somewhat scattered, but not demoralized."

The buck proved to be a very old "forked-horn." His front teeth were gone and it seemed as if he had not shed his horns in the previous winter, for, though long and heavy, they were very much blunted at the points. But for this the little episode might have turned out more seriously. It seems that Josh, as before remarked, had grasped one horn when he stooped down to bleed the animal, having his knife in his right hand. Quick as a flash the apparently dying buck had jumped up, and with a vicious lunge knocked him flat on his back and commenced probing with his horns for Joshua's interior anatomy. The only thing to be done was to grab the other horn and hold on. This was accomplished without dropping the knife, and it took all of Josh's strength and agility to keep the deer from punching him in the stomach. He could not use his knife, as he did not dare to let go with his right hand. He would brace himself against a bush on the steep hillside and try to throw the deer over on its back; but the old warrior was too lively for that, in spite of a broken leg and a bullet just above the heart, and when he went over would break Josh's brace and take him along. It was altogether a lively tussle and Joshua was fortunate in escaping with no further damage than a lot of bruises and some pain.

ful but not serious cuts on his legs. He helped get the deer out of the brush, but was rather stiff for a few days afterward. On our return to camp and while we were having a good smoke after a wonderfully welcome meal, he gave us the following advice:

"When an old buck has some bullets in his hams and in his lungs, He does not care a nickel who he jams or who he bungs; But gets right down to business and mixes matters up In a manner disconcerting to the hunter and his pup. He lunges and he plunges, and don't care where he hits, If he can punch the nimrod into little bits of bits. If he gets his deadly work in and gives you one good touch, You can bet your blooming hide won't be good for very much. So beware the wounded bucklet and do not fool around, You may find yourself transported to the Happy Hunting Ground."

We usually do something to him when he gets off any of his doggerel, but this time we let him off and put in the rest of our stay in quiet enjoyment of being alive in the beautiful woods. JAY EM.

Stubble Rhymes.—II.

THE hunter's quill is from the wing
Of quarry in the bag; his lay
And skit are based on hits. I sing
The misses of an autumn day.
It was the time when grouse are ripe
And quail are piping in the corn,
Our party flushed a lonesome snipe
Near Nelsonville one frosty morn.
Sauntering o'er a rushy mead
When up jumped Mr. Scalopax;
"The honor's yours," the Major said.
His twist my skill did overtax.
On sped the snipe, the air he spurned;
In rushy mead we silent stood
A moment more; the snipe returned,
Loath to leave feeding ground so good.
The Major quickly forward drew,
The nut-brown stock his bronze cheek kissed;
A jeering "scape," How swift he flew!
And flying yet? Too true, we missed.
Our comrades wink the weather eye,
But comrades kind forbear to goad;
We note the recognition sly
And silently trudge down the road
To wealth of woodlands wide and deep
In which the tangled cow-paths run
Through thickets dark where perdu keep
The game we seek with dog and gun.
See yonder where twin sparkling streams
Come singing from the forest glade,
Their melody like voices seems
From distant, dim cathedral shade.
And in the pool below the bend
That mirrors clear the upper air,
The brown trout hide and often lend
A dainty to our bill of fare.

And now what has the Mayor found?
He answers low the question shout:
"A mystic circle on the ground—
A dozen quail, tails in, heads out."
Will he the huddled bevy bleed?
At one fell shot the stubbles loot?
A sportsman he above such greed
And scorns a sitting bird to shoot.
He feasts his eyes upon the sight,
Then forward steps the game to flush:
Away they go like arrow's flight—
To tell the rest would make him blush.
And yet that Greener often brought
The fleeting quarry to the earth;
Congratulations followed hot,
Instead of overt, covert mirth;
As faring o'er a Turk's domain,
Two grouse rose wild before his gun;
In seconds two he grassed the twain:
They flushed: Bang! Bang! The spurs were won.
A double on ruffed grouse! In vain
He says, "Tis naught," and loads his gun,
The triumph light in eye says plain.
"Amen," when comrades chime, "Well done!"
But what is Alma doing there
By yonder fallen maple tree?
Bold Cap stands staunchly, head in air;
Ruffed grouse he has not less than three.
What thrill of expectation lies,
And big with possibility,
In that brief time before the rise
That shatters one's tranquillity!
A rush of wings athwart the gloom
And Alma shows them simply this—
What "might have been" the quarry's doom.
How easy 'tis a grouse to miss!
The consolations sweet and strong
Then proffered by these aimless wights
Were soothing as the ceaseless song
Mosquitoes sing on summer nights.

The Mayor and the Boniface
Were hunting late—'t was afternoon—
With Daisy Girl to set the pace
For Flash, whose quest was quail or coon.
He was declared—so deep of tongue,
So long of wind and longer bounds,
Whene'er a cottontail was sprung—
The deep despair of rabbit hounds.
Anon he made a wider cast,
On brow of hill he staunchly stood:
"Ho, Mayor, see, he has them fast!
Who calls our noble Flash no good?"
"Make haste! Who says this sport is tame?"
Up they climber with toil and trouble,
There before them lay the game—
Black pig rooting in the stubble.
The pig astonished, raised his head
And waved his ears. 'Tis passing strange
The dog incontinently fled,
Showing wondrous speed and range.
"Zounds!" cried the Mayor. "What a pace!"
"When pork's the game he seems to blink."

"He's English, and," laughed Boniface,
"A trifle shy of Boers, I think."
Yet judge not Flash too harshly, friend,
For bears have just as wildly fled
To cover where the bulls contend
When pork has raised its drooping head.

The sun was set; the friends fagged on
With ample bags a burden sweet,
When from some ferns near Little John
A brace of quail like shadows fleet
Went swift away. The tubes of steel
Too quickly spoke; and wide the mark
As when unsteady diners feel
For fickle key holes after dark.
Then Colonel shot; the soaring quail
Make merry of his shooting gear
While passing harmless from the hail
Which perforates the atmosphere.
Poor Boy! Such shooting sends him home
With nameless pain and protest dumb,
While phantom colics flit and roam
Around his pericardium.

L'Envoi.

What law occult and deep-concealed
Affects the gun that not a thing
Escapes indoors, which in the field
Accelerates the fleeting wing?
Unerring aim is not the boon
That tyros think. Who has not learned,
The misses of an afternoon
Are sauce piquante to all concerned?
With lamps aglow, the gloom dispelled,
While after-dinner wreaths ascend,
And o'er each bird post-mortem held,
How well the hits and misses blend!

ALMA.

My First Tiger.

BIG-GAME shooting is verily the "sport of kings." It requires nerve and coolness, and it is a sport that none but the rich can indulge in, unless one's vocation takes him to those parts of the world where the monarchs of the forest are found. As a British military officer this was the case with me. Having traveled and hunted in many countries where big game exists, and being passionately fond of the sport, it may be imagined that I reveled in it to my heart's content on every possible opportunity. As tiger shooting is to me the most fascinating and delightful of all big-game hunting, I will endeavor to give a brief account of how "Stripes" is brought to bay by Englishmen who indulge in this glorious sport.

In central and southern India the tiger is hunted generally by being driven by beaters, who surround the spot where he is supposed to be in a semi-circle and drive him out toward the part which is left open, and where the hunter or hunters are posted, either on the lower branches of trees or on a rock or boulder, or somewhere where they can get a good sight and have free range. In northern India elephants are used for driving tigers, and the hunters sit on the elephants' backs in howdahs and shoot from there. It affords some idea of the spectacle of a big tiger hunt given by one of the great Nabobs for the benefit of his guests to know that as many as four hundred elephants are sometimes used to beat up and drive the tigers. Another method is sitting up over kills—that is, sitting up at night a short distance from the carcass of a cow or buffalo which the tiger has killed the night before, and waiting until he comes for his nightly meal.

Great swells and prominent persons who visit India for pleasure and are fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of the hospitable princes and nobles of the country are almost always treated to a tiger hunt. It is a most imposing and elaborate affair, no pains nor expense being spared to make a success. The howdah elephants are as a rule enormous tuskers, perfectly trained and accustomed to this particular sport. The pad elephants are smaller, and ridden by a single mahout sitting on the neck, are used for beating up the game. As stated, three or four hundred elephants may be employed in a drive like this. They form in a huge circle or semi-circle, which gradually closes in and the tiger is beaten up. Then the fun begins. If he is shot and wounded the probabilities are that he will charge the nearest elephant, sometimes getting on to the animal's back, and occasionally into the howdah itself. The howdah elephants are very bold and will stand a tiger's charge heroically, but the pad elephants often get terribly scared and rush off, causing a panic among the others, when the line is broken and the tiger very likely escapes.

I do not like the practice of shooting from elephants, for though it is most exciting, particularly if there happen to be two or three tigers in the circle, still I do not call it true sport. If the ring is well kept, the drive well conducted and the elephants well trained, the tiger has little chance for his life; he may charge and maul half a dozen elephants, kill a mahout or two, and frighten a dozen or so more almost to death; still, do what he will, he is the target for several rifles, and as the ring gradually closes in on him the result is almost always his death at frightful odds. No, I do not call it real sport. Everything I have ever shot I have killed on foot, and that is where the fascination of the sport comes in—the expectation, the feeling of a tinge of danger, yet the reliance on one's own nerve and coolness and the accuracy of his rifle. I will say, however, that in a dense jungle where there are no rocks or boulders to get upon in order to see, one is obliged to take advantage of some elevation in order to have a ghost of a chance to discover a tiger unless he comes out suddenly right on top of you, which is not pleasant.

This point of vantage is generally the lower branch of a tree, just high enough to command a good range. However, I would never get up a tree unless it was absolutely necessary, because of an experience I once had.

I was camping in a district where tigers were known to be, and after tying up for three nights without results, on the fourth, one of the water buffaloes—native cow of the country—was killed; arrangements were made for the beat, and at midday, when the tiger after his heavy meal is soundest asleep, we started to beat him up. The jungle was thick scrub, well wooded, with several wind-

ing nullahs or dry watercourses, where in many places the growth was very thick and afforded excellent cover. The beaters were sent a long way round—I had about 300 of them—watchers were posted in trees to signal the tigers, and my shikaree placed me in a tree about 12 feet from the ground and cut down the branches and foliage in front of me, giving me an excellent view of a comparatively bare spot in the jungle, where he said they would drive the tiger, and "Master would have a good shot." After a while the sound of the tom-toms and shouts of the beaters were heard in the distance, and as the sound gradually increased as they came nearer, my heart went pit-a-pat; for, like all young big-game hunters, I expected to see the tiger the moment the beaters began to drive. However, on they came, and the first thing I saw was a beautiful peacock flying straight for me, and it sailed clean across my bows; then came a hyena, then a jungle sheep followed by two small spotted deer; and shortly afterward a black bear with a couple of cubs came bundling along, all within easy range, and you may imagine how I itched to be at them. But I was after tigers, and to have shot at anything else would simply have meant to have lost the tiger if he was there. This is one of the sweet temptations that the tiger hunter has to undergo; he must shoot at nothing else, for the tiger will assuredly turn away from the direction of the shot, and if there is no other channel of escape for him, will break through the beaters as sure as fate. There I sat. The beaters were now not more than a quarter of a mile from me, and I began to think that we had missed the tiger, or that he had got away unseen, when all at once I thought I saw a shadow on my left, and turning my eyes that way I saw a magnificent tiger sitting on his haunches listening, his tail moving from side to side, and the sun shining upon his striped and yellowish skin. Yes, there he sat asking to be shot if ever a tiger invited it. He was broad side on and not more than 25 yards away.

I almost fancied I could see his magnificent head and handsome skin adorning the hall of the old house at home.

I was sitting facing the bare spot before alluded to, and was looking in almost the opposite direction, and the first knowledge I had of the tiger's presence was the shadow I have just mentioned.

The boughs of the tree prevented me from turning to get a shot. I tried to do everything; shoot from my left shoulder, then with one hand; and seeing I could do nothing without moving, and knowing at the same time that if he saw me he would be off in an instant, I slung myself round to face him and almost fell out of the tree. His quick eyes detected me in a second; and he was up and off. I sent both barrels after him, but only to see him disappear in the jungle unharmed and untouched.

In speaking of tiger hunting, I must explain that no one thinks of going after tigers unless he knows them to be in a certain neighborhood. In my young and ardent days I went out time after time, in spite of the protests of my shikarees, and never even saw nor heard of a tiger. The mode of procedure is this: You send your shikarees out during the wet season, when it is impossible to shoot, not only on account of the rains, but also because of the luxurious vegetation which makes the jungle so dense. They remain away a month or two, perhaps three, and then the head shikaree comes in and reports, leaving the others where the tigers are. These fellows will tell you how many tigers there actually are in the neighborhood for miles and miles around; they will also tell you how many of these are tigers, how many tigresses and how many half-grown ones, etc., although they may not actually have seen one, so expert are they in tracking and comparing the size and character of the "pugs" footprints.

If the shikaree's report is favorable you lose no time in getting off with your camp. A tiger hunting camp is quite a transport, for things are easily carried by bullocks and camels. Coolie hire is cheap, and the average Britisher likes ease, comfort and good food wherever he goes.

Having got pitched in a comfortable and shady place near water, and having had a good sleep, for you have perhaps ridden for two or more days, resting, of course, at different points, for the shikaree who has gone back with your servants, tents, rifles, provisions, etc., in order to have everything ready for your arrival, has left you a very good idea of the route. The next thing to do is to buy from the natives several water buffaloes—the native cows of the country. These are tied up to trees at different likely places in the jungle before nightfall, and by their bellowing they attract the tigers if in the neighborhood and anywhere within earshot, and if they are not, the shikarees take good care to place the cows at points where they know the tigers are in the habit of going.

If there has been a kill, arrangements are at once made for a drive, and with this object in view, two or three hundred natives, or more if it is a difficult country to beat, from the surrounding villages are sent for. The people assemble at the camp, bringing their native musical instruments, tom-toms, etc., with them, and gladly tender their services for what in American money would amount to about two or three cents a day.

The head shikaree then gets the whole crowd of beaters off in charge of his subordinates, maybe a mile or so away from where the buffalo was killed, or perhaps more, for the tiger has been carefully tracked in the direction to where he has gone to lie up and sleep through the day after his hearty meal, for he is sure to have sought the thickest part of the jungle to lie down and snooze until the "dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth," when he will, if undisturbed, emerge from his retreat and with stealthy tread, ever watchful eye, and always on the alert, approach in silence to feast again upon his victim of the night before. SHIKAREE.

New York Pheasants.

At a meeting of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last week, Mr. James H. Annin was removed from the office of Superintendent of Hatcheries, a position held by him for five years. The cause of the removal was stated to be Superintendent Annin's refusal to obey the orders of the Commissioners respecting the distribution of the Mongolian pheasants bred at the Bath hatchery. There were 500 of the birds, and when the Commission recently decided to distribute them, they were informed by Mr. Annin that the birds had already been sent out by order of Edward B. Babcock, a brother of Commissioner Babcock.

Duck Shooting on Great South Bay.

DURING the week of the Grand American Handicap a party of gentlemen, headed by the veteran duck shooter Mr. Frank Lawrence, decided to take a trip to Great South Bay after ducks. As duck and brant had been reported plentiful arrangements were made for two days' shooting. The party consisted of Messrs. Thomas McCahill, of the Hotel Marlborough; William Monroe, of Brooklyn; Frank Lawrence and Isaac Ford, of New York.

Arriving at the meeting place, which was to be the Flatbush Station, L. I. R.R., Brooklyn, it was discovered that Messrs. Monroe and Ford had come without guns. Their excuse was they did not know much about duck shooting and cared more for the outing.

At Babylon the party were met by Capt. Gus Smalling, who escorted them to his boat, the Bettie E., which was all fixed up for the occasion and was supplied with double battery and some 150 decoys. Sail was hoisted at once and they started east toward Fire Island Light. At Cedar Island Flats a stop was made to look around over the grounds and pick out a suitable place, there being a great many things to consider, such as depth of water, feeding grounds, wind, tide, etc. It was finally decided to fix out on Kidney Shoal, several miles east of Fire Island Light.

While the captain and mate were putting out the battery and arranging the decoys a coin was tossed to see who would go out first. The lot fell to Messrs. Monroe and Ford, who at once took their places in the battery, and as both men weigh over 240 pounds each it was difficult for them to keep close; consequently the birds saw them first, as it were, and their shots were few. Their two hours being up, Messrs. Lawrence and McCahill got in. By that time the wind had died out and the birds stopped flying. Mr. McCahill got disgusted and signaled the captain to come out and get him; and as Mr. Ford refused to go out again Mr. Monroe got in with Mr. Lawrence. In about half an hour from that time the wind commenced to blow and the ducks commenced to move; and at the end of two hours some twenty nice broabills had been shot and gathered.

The next morning daylight found Mr. Lawrence and Mr. McCahill in the box with everything favorable, and the result was that forty-four more were added to the bunch, which was now large enough for any party to feel proud of. At 11 A. M., the weather looking threatening, a start for home was made, all being well pleased with the trip.

B. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Jacksnipe.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—The jacksnipe are up in hundreds and thousands over this part of the country. Telegrams from Kouts, Ind., to-day, state that the birds are there in very great numbers. I have a telegram to-day from Johnnie Klehm, of Arlington Heights, that the birds are in there also, and this point is sixty miles north of the main grounds of Indiana and lower Illinois. From Lockport comes word that the birds are in on the spring marshes. Elgin is not yet heard from, and it is thought that the season will close (next Wednesday) just about the time this more northern locality is beginning to get good.

Last week Mr. O. Von Lengerke, who has become one of our most ardent snipe hunters, was out and got a bag of eighteen, his friend Mr. Harry High getting fourteen the same day. This was at Kouts. This week Mr. Edwards is down at the same place, and is having good sport.

Day before yesterday Mr. Jas. Harding, who lives at Forty-seventh street, this city, bagged thirteen nice jacks right near his home, actually within the city limits of Chicago.

The sag country, southwest of here, was good for only two days. Yesterday it gave but poor returns to those who went out there.

At Maksawba Club the birds are coming in to-day, and the ensuing week promises good sport there, probably as good as has been known for many seasons. The high water is general, and though this scatters the birds over a lot of country, it brings up more in numbers.

Hon. Hempstead Washburne, ex-Mayor of Chicago, went yesterday to Coal City, on the Santa Fé. He says there is a nice, easy bit of marsh down there, where one does not go knee deep, and where he can get a decent bag none the less. Lorenzo is touted also as a good point on the Santa Fé.

The big marshes are so wet this spring that one needs to know the game in order to get a good bag. After 9 o'clock and thence on to 11 A. M. hunt the wet marsh, so says a good snipe shot here. Then go to the dry marsh and warm meadows.

Plover.

The golden plover are not up yet in any considerable numbers. At Peru, Ind., this week, some 100 miles below here, I saw several flocks of these birds, but they do not seem to have worked so far up as this point as yet. The last week of May is held the best for this bird, and as it happens, the last week of May is this year cut off from the permitted things. Methinks this will break Italian Joe's heart, or mayhap his conscience.

Robins.

Some shooters shoot ducks, some shoot snipe and some shoot robins. If you were raised in Europe, and never dared own a gun, and if you came to this land of liberty to grow up with the country, you maybe might like to use your liberty by shooting anything you came across. Some shooters of this city feel that way about it, thinking that freedom ought to mean freedom, or else the country should take down the sign. Monsignors Angelo Shiloto and his compadre, Angelo Ghedotto, were out after birds this week, and shot anything they could, including several robins. They showed these to Deputy Ratto, who had them fined \$60. They are said to have confided to friends their personal belief that this is not really a land of the free.

Wisconsin Law Broken.

There are some citizens up in Wisconsin who also think

this is no longer the land of the free. Wisconsin has abolished spring shooting, or passed a law prohibiting it; not exactly the same in point of results. Many violations are reported from Fox Lake, Wis., and two men there killed fifty-seven ducks on one day. The game wardens got around just too late.

The Mauser in Peace and in War.

Friend Hotchkiss, of the Fox Lake Representative, states that he killed three geese this year with his Mauser rifle, out of flocks which came too close to his eagle eye. The Mauser is great in peace and war.

From Vermont.

Mr. N. P. Leach, of the Robin Hood Powder Company, Swanton, Vt., is in town this week looking around. It is not Mr. Leach's first trip West. He has crossed the Rockies fourteen times, and has shot as far north as the Saskatchewan, as far west as Vancouver Island. Mr. Leach is a shooter, an angler and a naturalist. He brings to mind his earlier statement as to the identity of the dusky mallard and the regular mallard of the West. Mr. Leach kept some dusky ducks or black mallards for many years. At the end of six years he saw the heads of his black ducks begin to turn green, their backs to show lighter colors. They did this in the spring, growing dark again in the fall. In twelve years his black ducks had changed color completely and were full plumaged mallards such as we see all over the West. He says the Kankakee marshes are about the western limit of the black duck, east of which the black duck is seen almost exclusively.

This is very curious information indeed. Mr. Leach says it is simply another case of coloration, just as the black and silver gray foxes are really red foxes, and just as the black squirrel of the East is the gray squirrel of the West. He says that he notes that a black fox is always heavier than a red fox. A black moose is apt to be heavier than a light colored one. These things are matters for reflection. Who can tell what makes one fish from a pool red in meat, another pale yellow? The same can perhaps explain how food or climate can differentiate ducks into mallards and black ducks.

The Minnesota Park at Washington.

Col. Cooper is back from Washington, and I had a long talk with him to-day. It may be best to let him use his own words as to what he modestly thinks may have been accomplished by his visit to Washington. He speaks in highest terms of his assistants there, and says that Congressman Tawney, of Winona, Minn., deserves much praise for what he has done. The park matter was never in so good shape as it is this day. If the joint commission is appointed, as it appears very likely may be the case, it is almost sure that the investigation will be honest, thorough and painstaking. That means that the timber thefts are stopped, and is tantamount to a declaration for the reserve. Col. Cooper, Mr. Tawney, Mrs. Williams—let these names be remembered. This is what Col. Cooper said to-day:

"Yes, I have just come from Washington, where I was looking after matters connected with the proposed Minnesota National Park, for the best part of three weeks.

"The great problem was, and has been from the start, to get a common ground satisfactory to the Representatives of the State of Minnesota in the National Congress. The reason is that when any legislation is proposed affecting the property or interests of any one State, there is a comity existing which rather requires (in all cases where men might differ) that the consensus of opinion of the representation from such State should be in line with the proposed legislation.

"I found none of the Representatives of Minnesota hostile to the creation of the proposed park, but rather concerned as to how it might affect their constituents, and also as to the wishes of the latter.

"Hon. James W. Tawney, of Winona, Minn., one of the strong characters in the House, both in point of ability, influence and mental acquirements, had suggested during the Congressional expedition last fall that the proper evolution of the park idea would probably be the creation of a joint commission from the House and Senate to look into the entire matter, and report to Congress. When I arrived in Washington Mr. Tawney was unfortunately absent, at the bedside of his sick wife in Minnesota, but my acquaintance with the Members of Congress and the Senators from Minnesota was such that I could talk the matter over with them freely and fully, and it was all the more fortunate, because Minnesota happens to be represented to-day in Congress by a class of men who, each in his own way, is a mighty fine specimen of statesmanship, and all that is implied therein, and who are recognized in both Senate and House as a very great credit to their great State.

"It was owing wholly to the high character and ability of the two Senators and the seven Representatives from the State of Minnesota that it was possible to get them to either actively or tacitly agree to a joint resolution in the House and Senate appointing a joint commission to investigate and report respecting this proposed park. You must understand that there are people in Minnesota; constituents and friends of their respective Representatives in Congress and Senators, who are rather opposed to the creation of this park, more from want of understanding the matter and its proper effect upon them and their interests than otherwise. The result of it all was that on April 11 Mr. Tawney in the House and Senator Davis in the Senate introduced the following joint resolution:

Joint Resolution Concerning Certain Chippewa Indian Reservations in Minnesota.

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a commission consisting of the Chairmen of the Committees on Indian Affairs and Public Lands of the Senate and House of Representatives and five members of the Senate, to be appointed by the President of the Senate, and five members of the House of Representatives, to be appointed by the Speaker, is hereby created to investigate the question whether it is practicable and desirable for the United States to create a national park upon and within the lands known as the reservations of the Mississippi Chippewas, Leech Lake, Winnegoshish and Cass Lake Indians, in Minnesota, the said

lands comprising an area of about 830,063 acres, including Leech, Winnegoshish, Cass and numerous smaller lakes, together with the Mississippi and other rivers and streams, comprising about one-fourth of the entire tract as water area.

"Sec. 2. That said commission is authorized to employ experts in forestry and an Indian interpreter to aid in the work of inquiry and examination; also to employ a clerk and stenographer and such other clerical assistance as may be necessary, said experts, interpreter, clerks and stenographer to be paid such compensation as the said commission may deem just and reasonable.

"For the purposes of the investigation said commission is authorized to send for persons and papers, and, through the chairman of the commission or the chairman of any sub-committee thereof, to administer oaths and to examine witnesses and papers respecting all matters pertaining to the duties of said commission, and to sit during the recess of Congress; and said commission, or a sub-committee thereof, is authorized to visit said reservations for the purpose of making personal inspection thereof, and also to ascertain the disposition of the Indians thereon toward having said region converted into a national park.

"The Secretary of the Interior shall detail from time to time such officers and employees and cause such maps, charts and photographs of said region to be prepared and such information to be furnished for his Department as may be requested by said commission in its investigation.

"Said commission shall, on or before Jan. 15, anno Domini 1901, make report to Congress, which report shall embrace the testimony and evidence taken in the course of the investigation, also the conclusions reached by said commission on the subject examined, and any recommendations said commission may see proper to make by bill or otherwise, with the view of securing such legislation as shall be in the interest of the United States and said Indians.

"Sec. 3. That any vacancy occurring in the membership of said commission, by resignation or otherwise, shall be filled by the presiding officer of the Senate or House, respectively, according as the vacancy occurs in the Senate or House, representation on said commission.

"Sec. 4. That the sum of \$10,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, to pay the necessary expenses of said commission, such payments to be made on the certificate of the chairman of said commission.

"In each body the above was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. In the House a sub-committee of five was appointed to consider the joint resolution and report back to the general committee. The sub-committee was composed as follows. Messrs. Lacey, of Iowa; Curtis, of Kansas; Stewart, of Wisconsin; Stephens, of Texas, and Little, of Arkansas.

"In the Senate the sub-committee was composed of Senators Quarles, of Wisconsin; McCumber, of North Dakota, and McLaurin, of South Carolina.

"We hope for a report from the sub-committees to their respective general committees, and by the latter to Congress, recommending the passage of the joint resolution as introduced, or with such modification as the two committees may think proper, and the passage of the joint resolution by the two Houses of Congress before the close of this session.

"The proposition is so fair a one (viz., to create a tribunal of such high character and disinterestedness as this must necessarily be, charged with the duty of investigating and determining whether 'it is practical and desirable for the United States to create a national park,' within the region in question), that whether one is for or against the creation of the park, it should make no difference, because this tribunal is bound to settle that question fairly and righteously in the interests of the United States and the people thereof and the State of Minnesota, and also of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota.

"In my opinion, the only difficulty in the way lies in the tremendous pressure of business upon the members of Congress at this present session. I have never seen a body of four or five hundred gentlemen interested in a business, who were so laborious, painstaking and worn out a lot of people as the Senators and Members of Congress of the United States at this present session. They give evidences of it, not only in their constant employment, as you see them at Washington, but also in the strained lines of their faces. They look more tired and worn out than any lot of men you will find in this awful square mile down here in the heart of Chicago.

"By the way, if this joint commission is created, if the movement for the national park has no other beneficial effect, it will certainly have this, to take a lot of these servants of the people (and they are servants in truth and in fact) up to northern Minnesota next summer and give them, while they are discharging their duties, a rest and recreation to which they and their associates in both houses of Congress are all justly entitled.

"To make it short: When this movement was started last summer, the gentlemen interested in promoting it had every confidence in the fairness and ability of the Congress of the United States to do what would be just and right. As one of those parties, I must say that the confidence which I then had has since my experience of the last three weeks ripened into absolute assurance.

"This statement is made upon the confident belief that the great body of anglers and hunters, lovers of nature, friends of the Indian and thoughtful citizens, who look into the future with grave apprehension at the slaughter of our forests, will each, in his own way, let his Representative in Congress know his wishes."

Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, chairman of the House sub-committee, is just the man who would have been most desired for that place. He is always at the front when matters of game and forest preservation are concerned, and he will go into this work with no lukewarm spirit and no underdone information. Mr. Curtis, of Kansas, is the author of a bill in this very connection which has attracted some attention, and which has been earlier mentioned here. The name of Mr. Stephens, of Texas, is not so familiar, nor is that of Mr. Little, of Arkansas. Mr. Stewart, of Wisconsin, ought to have seen enough forest history about acre. That is about what the Indians are still getting.

There is every reason to hope for the success of the park movement. It has reached success to-day in a very large measure. The lumbering operations on those reservations have been stopped. Now if the commission goes in

there, the day of the lumbermen is done, so far as this public property is concerned. The only strange thing is that there should be any pause or hesitation about telling these lumbermen that they must not take what is not theirs. Thus far it has been a magnificent theft. It has given the Indians five cents an acre for their pine, and cost ninety-five cents to get the five cents to them.

Value of the Louisiana Purchase.

I see from a C., B. & Q. Railway folder at hand today that the cost per acre to the United States in the Louisiana purchase was about two and one-half cents per acre. That is about what the Indians are still getting for it. Certain lumbermen pay about \$100,000 for pine lands from which they have been cutting pine (on the Red Lake reservation), worth on the market at low valuation one and one-half millions of dollars. I would rather be a lumber thief than an Indian under this Government.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Florida Quail.

BROOKLYN.—Up to this winter I never had killed a quail. Although I had gone to places near New York city time after time and tried my hand, I always found birds scarce and got few shots, so that it seemed absolutely impossible for me to learn to hold on to a quail when I did get a chance. Not discouraged, however, I decided last February to visit Florida, and very fortunately was recommended to a place where I found grand shooting. I don't believe there is a place in the United States where there are more quail than where I was. We got up anywhere from fifteen to thirty coveys a day, and big full coveys too.

It is all open shooting down there. The people hunt from a wagon, and you can drive right through the woods anywhere. They use wide ranging dogs, as one can see so far, the ground being practically free from underbrush. We got up covey after covey so fast that I soon "caught on," and before the trip was over was able to get my share of birds.

One place in particular, called the Hurricane, seemed alive with quail, and I actually kept my gun barrels hot, so fast did the birds get up. It was here I learned to shoot, and I will certainly never forget that place.

I was at Lake Ogden, about sixty miles west of Jacksonville. The shooting there is mostly controlled by Giles Tompkins, of Lake-Ogden, with whom sportsmen stop. Any further information can be obtained by addressing him. There is room for a number of sportsmen there yet. Some places have never been hunted as yet. Old Pop Tompkins has some fine dogs and a good team and surrey. All hunting is done from the wagon, and when the dogs point you get out, go over and scare up your birds, shoot into them and then either go for the single birds or go back to the wagon and drive on till you strike another covey. Down South they usually hunt coveys and do not mind the scattered birds, although I think that with a close ranging dog that will drop to shot, the single-bird shooting is the grandest sport of all.

I have often received good points from FOREST AND STREAM, and if this note will put any brother sportsman in the way of getting the best of quail shooting, I shall be glad.

B. L. L.

Dr. John T. Stetson.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems to me very proper and desirable that mention should be made in your paper of the great loss sustained by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in the death of one of its Vice-Presidents, Dr. John T. Stetson. He was among the early members, and for more than twenty years had held some important office in the Association, for the greater part of the time that of Vice-President. On more than one occasion he was requested to take the Presidency, and was once elected to that office, but his modesty was such that he declined to accept the responsibility.

The Association never had a more faithful servant, or a more devoted and self-sacrificing friend.

It was among our members he numbered most of his bosom friends, and many times in presence of the writer and others he has declared that he had derived more enjoyment from the associations there formed than from those of any other organization with which he had been connected. Whenever a meeting of the Board of Management or of the Association was called, unless he was out of the city he was sure to attend. He was an ardent lover of the allurements of the forest and the stream, and until within the last year or two was accustomed to make an annual pilgrimage to the North Woods of Maine.

The pleasant memories of the many trips it has been my pleasure to take with the genial doctor are indelibly impressed upon memory's walls, and even "time's effacing fingers" will not obliterate them so long as life shall last.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

The Massachusetts Game Bill.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter of April 12 I spoke of the valuable services of Representative Harry D. Hunt, of North Attleboro. I have not been able to secure a copy of his speech in favor of our bill entire. Some of the points he made against Representative Mills' amendment to prohibit shooting of woodcock, quail and partridges for three years were that such restriction was unnecessary and not likely to accomplish the results expected; that as the State is not surrounded wholly by water, it would be impossible to keep out shooters from across our borders, and at the expiration of three years, in case the birds became abundant, a horde of hunters would rush in and in a very short time would kill off all the birds; that such prohibition would be greatly to the disadvantage of the laboring man whose means are not sufficient to admit of his going out of the State for such recreation as could be provided by Massachusetts covers if market-hunting could be stopped. Incidentally, he said that, inasmuch as he had not had the advantages of ministerial learning like the member from Newburyport, he could not be expected to be conversant with the style of controversy adopted by

that gentleman, and that the sportsmen of the State with whom he had become acquainted did not belong to a class of men that needed any vindication from men like the clergyman from Newburyport.

He called attention of members to the character of the organizations represented in the convention called by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association last December, and enumerated some of them, as the Massachusetts Board of Trade, Massachusetts Forestry Association, Board of Agriculture, Board of Education, agricultural societies and farmers' and sportsmen's clubs, numbering in all more than forty, and representing every county and most of the chief cities of the State. The Mills amendment was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and an amendment offered by Representative Haskell of Beverly to change the date of opening the shooting season from Oct. 10 to Oct. 1 was passed by a vote of 63 to 31.

The bill was then ordered to the second reading without a call for a verification of the vote. That is the position of our bill at present, and we expect it will take its third reading and engrossment in a few days.

At all events, your readers may expect to hear further accounts of whatever may occur of interest in or about "The Hub."

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Trip Into Southern Oregon.

My daddy left me gear enough:
A couter, and an auld beam plow;
A nebbed staff, a nutting tyne,
A fishing wand with hook and line;
With twa auld stools and a dirt house,
A jerkenet, scarce worth a louse,
An auld pat, that wants a lug,
A spurtle and a sowen mug.

—Willie Winkle's Testament.

WERE it not that our daddies leave some of us "a fishing wand, with hook and line," or an inherited love of them, how much richer many of us would be in worldly gear; but oh, how much poorer in that which goes to make us happier and better men!

My good old daddy gave me my first "fishing wand, with hook and line," nearly half a century ago, and my granddaddy gave me my first lessons in its use, and thereby no doubt I was doomed to some loss of riches, but to the gain of health and pleasure. God bless them both for the same! I pity the soul with chords so unattuned that they fail to vibrate when fishing is mentioned. Show me the man who loves to fish (mind you, "to fish," and not alone to catch fish) and I will show you a man of kindly nature, and with warm friends, though, perchance, not many of them. He may be poor in worldly wealth, but he is rich in pleasurable, peaceful and innocent experiences—experiences that bring no sting to memory; that bring no sigh of regret or blush of shame at their recollection. You see, I classify those who love to fish apart from those who love to catch fish. The former are alive to everything that appeals to contemplative minds. The ripple and gurgle of the stream; the rustle of the grasses by the water side, the sigh of the pines, the play of the lights and shadows—all these, and a thousand other trifles, give pleasure to the one who loves to fish. He is not alone dependent upon the thrill imparted by the fighting fish, although he enjoys that also. And I have noticed that the man who loves to fish generally catches his share.

But there are those who love to catch fish, who see none of these things, and who if they do not come back with full creels are sour and disappointed, and seem to have no pleasant recollection to repay their loss of time. As my tale unwinds you will be introduced to one such, who introduced a note of discord among an otherwise happy party of anglers.

No doubt had I not learned to fish I would either have been a richer man, or dead, both of which I have got along without very comfortably thus far, and still hope to till I fall like the leaf in the autumn of my years. As I have before said in these columns (vide an account of a trip to the McLoud River), I never let a fishing trip wait on opportunity, but when the chance comes I embrace it and let poor opportunity go hang. Therefore it came about that in the last days of July, when these words came to me over the telephone from my old fishing partner and friend, B., "Meet me at the club on Saturday night; I have a fishing trip planned," I at once answered: "All right, old man; I'll be there." According to agreement, we met on the appointed evening, and after our first greeting this is what he shot at me:

"Old man, I've got the finest trip planned that we have ever had together during our outings of sixteen years."

"Well, well; no preliminaries, but tell me at once where it is."

"It's Pelican Bay, in Oregon."

"Pelican nothing! You know I don't care for salt-water fishing, and neither do you."

"But that is where you are jumping at a conclusion too quickly, owing to a pre-existing association of ideas in your head. This is no salt-water trip. I allude to Pelican Bay on Upper Klamath Lake, in southern Oregon."

"Why, B., that lake, according to all accounts, is no good for fishing, as the water is impure in summer."

"Just read that railway folder," said he, "and you will know as much about it as I do!"

He handed me the folder, and of all the glowing and fascinating accounts of a sporting country I ever read that beat them all.

It was a warm number, and no mistake. So hot was it that my mind became at once inflamed. Never before have I seen such a procession of game and fish walk and swim across such an innocent-looking folder. Bear, deer, grouse (two varieties), quail, geese, ducks (all varieties) and snipe were there, waiting patiently for the coming gunner, while 25-pound trout were lying in wait with gaping mouths, impatiently looking for artificial flies, while the natural insect was passed with contempt. All of this seemed just a trifle unnatural, but was so

well told that by the time I had reached the end I was all on fire. This was just the place I had been looking for all my life, and at last, behold the Mecca of my hopes!

Then and there the trip was planned, and on the night of Aug. 15 my comrade and myself started on the Oregon express with high hopes of a pleasurable outing. Away and away, in the hot August night, northward over the great Sacramento Valley, morning finds us at the gate of the mountains. Up through the cañon of the Sacramento River we go almost to its very source, crossing and recrossing it a bewildering number of times, and following its windings to every point of the compass. It is a wonder the engineers do not get dizzy and fall out of their cabs, with trying to follow the windings of the road. Some of the curves are so abrupt that the engine scarcely misses the rear car on the turn. At least, that is the way it seems to the passenger. The path to sweet Rosamond's bower was not in it with the track of the C. & O. line. Finally we leave the cañon and climb the shoulders of grand old Shasta, whose noble head, covered with eternal snow, poises itself above the surrounding peaks, and dominates the landscape.

Past Black Butte, or Muir's Peak, we go, a great isolated pinnacle of volcanic rock, with five distinct craters on its almost unscalable summit. Then on through Shasta Valley, a rich cattle country, till we begin to climb the main range of the Siskiyou, which we cross with many more twistings and turnings, and crossing of dangerous looking trestles, and diving through tunnels, until at last we emerge through one of the last to welcome the sight of the panorama stretched out before us, as we gaze down into the head of Rogue River Valley and know that our journey is near its end. Here again we twist and turn to get down to the level of the valley below us, until one gets seasick on dry land trying to keep one's bearings. At last late in the afternoon we reach Ashland, the termination of our journey by rail. This is a lovely little town, lying on the western slope of the valley, and here we take stage in the morning for Pelican Bay.

Previous to leaving our own State we had been having some unusually cool and cloudy weather, but up here it had been raining and was threatening more. So after supper we went out to purchase a mackintosh each to protect ourselves next day, as the stage was to be an open affair, with nothing to keep off the rain.

As we sauntered down the street toward the business part of the town, we came first to a drug store. Now, I always have some reason for entering one of these, so in we went. A neat, dapper little woman came forward to wait on me, and after leaving we saw by the label on our purchase that she was owner, clerk and all, in her own person. A little further down we entered a hardware store for some trifle, and another engaging female came forward to wait upon us. Next we entered a dry goods house to seek our mackintoshes, and still another enticing fairy in petticoats came forward, and in answer to our inquiries regretfully informed us that there were none in their stock at present, but that if we could wait a few weeks for a consignment of goods that was ordered from the East we could have our wants attended to. My friend looked as though he wanted to sit right down to wait for them, but I roused him from his dream, and sought further. A little way down the street we entered another establishment, and oh, dear! another sweet charmer came forward—and the others were not in it!

Yes, she had "oodles" of mackintoshes for sale, but they were put away on the high shelves for the summer, and she would have to get a step-ladder to reach them. B., with his usual gallantry, jumped forward and got the ladder from her fair hands and saved her blushes by climbing it himself. In fact, I think he would have attempted to climb a rope, go down a bannister or chase a rainbow had she asked any one of those favors of him. The coats were brought down, and I was soon fitted, but his needed many smoothings, pulls and pats at the hands of the fair saleswoman before it would fit. At last I pulled him regretfully away, and as we reached the sidewalk he turned to me and said: "This town is good enough for me; I'm going to come and live in Ashland."

Oh, the sly old fox! He still has an eye for beauty, although at his time of life he should keep it fixed on the Star of Bethlehem.

It rained during the night, and morning came with lowering clouds and a chill air. The "stage" consisted of two double-seated express wagons, drawn by a span of horses each. There were four passengers, besides the two drivers and the baggage, which seemed a light load for four strong horses. We were destined to think otherwise before night.

Our driver was a case of organized rheumatism, with Star tobacco as a motive power. Away we started for our fifty-mile drive, which we expected to make in about ten hours, including stoppages, but which lengthened out into fifteen. The first four or five miles went very well till we crossed to the eastern side of the valley and began a long ten-mile ascent to the summit of the Cascades. Here we found a fearfully sticky adobe soil, rain-soaked from the previous night's downpour. Then our troubles began. The horses began to ball up and slip; the wheels became solid revolving masses of mud that could only be gotten rid of by the use of an axe. One after another of the passengers had to resort to riding Shanks' mare, as the horses could barely pull the wagons with the baggage. We did not have to "walk and carry a rail," but did have to carry sticks to punch the soil off the feet; otherwise there would soon be a mass several pounds in weight hanging at the end of each leg. Oh, it was a picnic.

Had it been a fair day with good roads the drive would have been a delightful one, as from many points the views are very fine, as we found on our return trip. At about midday we reached the summit three hours behind time. Then began the descent on the eastern slope, which was rough, but free from adobe, until Dead Indian Prairie was reached. Of course this name excited my interest, and I asked the driver to give me its origin if he could; do so. Between energetic ruminations of his beloved Star, I finally got the following:

In the early days of the Rogue River settlement, a band of Klamath Indians came over the Cascades on the route we were now traveling and raided the farms of the settlers, driving off all the stock in the valley. The white men organized a pursuing party with such celerity that they overtook the thieves in this prairie and soon re-

turned with all their stock. They reported that the whole band, some thirteen in number, had quarreled over the division of the spoils and killed each other off until there was but one survivor, and that this one had committed suicide through lonesomeness, presumably.

There is an air of truth about this little narrative that at once challenges our entire belief.

At one point of our journey the clouds lift and the sun shines out, revealing Mount Pitt to the northward, rearing its beautiful pyramidal cone 10,000 feet into the air, covered with a thin mantle of dazzling new snow—a beautiful sight.

About 3 P. M. we reached our dinner station, and after a fair meal and a change of horses resumed our journey, nearly four hours late. On we went again, through seemingly interminable stretches of gloomy fir forest, over a second summit some hundreds of feet higher than the last, then down its eastern slope, jolted and jarred by rocks and great protruding roots until aching bodies complained in every joint.

About 7 P. M. we came to a break in the forest called Lost Prairie, and I am satisfied from its looks that the man that lost it never tried to find it again. Here at last the weather kept its promise of the day, and a heavy shower proved the wisdom of our Ashland purchases.

In the gloaming we came to the Lake of the Woods, a lovely little get, set in unbroken forest, miles in extent. As this country has been made a Government reservation there is some hope of this lake remaining in a state of nature without the defilement wrought everywhere by the lumbermen. At present its waters are barren, although pure and cold, and eminently fitted to be the home of the gamy rainbow. I am sure that Oregon's progressive sportsmen will not let it long remain in this condition.

From this point onward to our destination our road ran through a continuous forest for ten more weary miles. Night was now upon us and the darkness under the thickly growing firs was a thing to be felt. The rocks and roots got to be still more in evidence, and the seat cushions got tired of being sat upon so long and presented many knobs and wrinkles that we had failed to note earlier in the day. Finally, just before we would



JACKSNIPE AT HOME.

shoots, and I von't come here unless you varrents me veevty!"

And away he went, regretted (?) by all. Adieu! Oh, das ich der oder deines gleichen, nie wieder sehen möge, aber jedenfalls wird es wieder passieren.

Tired and worn out, my friend and self went to bed that night, expecting a long, refreshing sleep. We were given a double-bedded room in the main building, the lower part of which consists of one large room, with what Uncle Lisha would call a "linter" kitchen, while the upper is divided into several sleeping rooms by thin board partitions. Consequently, whatever occurs in any part of the building is the common property of all within

"Pardy!" he called to me; "oh, Pardy! Wake up and stop that noise!"

"Confound you!" I answered, "I ought to get up and fire you out of this room for accusing me of such snoring as that. Did you ever know me to do it in all these past years that we have camped together?"

"No, I never did," said he, "but you went to bed so very tired that I thought it possibly might be you. What will we do?"

"Hammer on the wall," I answered, "and wake him up."

"I don't like to do that," and he lay still for a moment.

Presently he got out of bed and groped around the room a moment in the dark, and a crash resounded throughout the house that might have wakened the fish out in the lake.

The snoring ceased, and B. got into bed again, but in two minutes it was worse than ever.

"For God's sake, what shall we do?" groaned he. And again he was advised to "hammer on the wall." He arose a second time and groped around as before; then came another crash, followed by the rolling of some metallic substance over the bare floor, winding up with a clatter as it reached the wall. And the snorer only snored the louder, each blast of his bugle bearing a note of triumph.

Thoroughly exasperated, B. struck the wall a few vigorous blows, and "Hey! What? What?" ejaculated the awakened offender, and we heard him turn over. Peace reigned!

"Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that snores again. That's what's the matter!"

—Shakespeare—with alterations.

When we awoke the morning was well advanced, and the songs of the birds and the call of the ducks from the marsh caught our sleepy senses. As we arose I asked, "What was it that you raised that infernal racket with in the night?"

Partner simply pointed under the bed to where a tin candlestick with a broken candle lay.



A KLAMATH MEADOW AND MT. PITT.



LAKE OF THE WOODS.

have died, the lights of Pelican Lodge gleamed through the darkness, and we were saved.

We received a friendly welcome from the proprietor and half a dozen guests, and a very bad supper, the French chef having "struck" that very evening. After supper my friend went out to look after our baggage and I retired to the general sitting room, which was done by simply moving to the other end of the apartment. I maintained a standing position (out of respect to the memory of the stage cushions) by the piano, smoking a cigar, when a descendent of Abraham, with a bay window extension, approached and addressed me. His voice had been a dominant note in the chorus ever after our arrival, and from the tenor of his words I learned that he was much disgruntled and was going to leave the next morning. He spread his legs wide part, stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and his cigar in one corner of his mouth, at an angle that endangered his eyebrow, and turned loose:

"My tear sir, you have come here for some shbort. Ha! Now, I tond't vant you to be disabbooted, so I am going to gif you a bointer. De droudt are here, budt you gan't gadch 'em! 'Yes, de droudt are here; you gan go oudt and see dousants of 'em, but dey ton't vill pite, und you gan't make 'em. I hafe been here vife tays, und nefer got a droudt. It is not Crary's [the proprietor] vauldt, it is de vauldt ov de tam railroadt. Dey advertise how many droudt are here and how pig dey are, und I kets excited. Dey dells me dat I kot to ket me some new dackel vor to holdt dose droudts, und I puy me a new reel vor vourteen tollars, und a new line vor vour tollars und a halluf, und a kross of new vlies vor dree tollars und a halluf a tozen; altokedder aboutt seventy-vife or eighty tollars vert, undt, I nefer kets a tam droudt! To Hades mit Belican Pay! I kets efen on somepoty vor dis!"

"Well," I answered, "I'm glad you forewarned me, so that I won't get my sights too high. Still, if there are thousands of trout here, I think either my friend or myself will be able to coax some of them to bite."

"You mark vot I dells you, you von't ket a tam droudt! De blace vos no koodt! I'm off vor home in te morning, und ven I kets pack I dells some of dose beoples dot I dont'd like bretty much dot dey must be sure und come up here. I vandts somepoty pesites mine selluf to ket soldt."

And away he went to vent his spleen on poor Crary. The next morning, just before the stage left, I heard his raucous voice again assailing the same individual to the following effect:

"You say dot if I don't gatch no droudt, I must come up later und shoott some tucks? Now, tond't ask dot unless you gan bromjise dot I kets veevty pirts a tay. I know vere I-kan ko und ket dwendy-vive efory tay I

as walls. On being ushered into our apartment, the presence of mosquito nettings and numerous splotches of blood on the white cloth lining on the walls bore an ominous look to me, who dread a mosquito worse than "Auld Cloutie." We went to bed hoping for the best, drew the nettings around us, and sank quickly to sleep.

In the course of an hour or less I began to get uneasy and conscious of some disturbing sound, which gradually awakened me to the knowledge that some one in the house was snoring the shingles off the roof. It was exasperating to think of such an annoyance having to be borne throughout the night, when we were in such need of rest. Presently I could hear my companion begin to get restless, and soon knew that he was awake also.



A SEVEN-POUNDER AND ITS CAPTOR.

We dressed and descended to breakfast, which, owing to the defection of the cook, was worse, if worse could be, than the previous night's meal. After being graveled by cold, muddy coffee, bread like a piece of wood pulp and hot cakes that would stretch out large enough to make a yacht's spinnaker without tearing, we went out to take a look at our surroundings. Seeing some inviting looking sleeping cabins on the hill back of the lodge, we at once tackled Crary for one of them that had been vacated that morning by some of the departing Hebrew contingent, and secured it. After the departure of the stage, Mr. Crary also left for Ashland, in search of a cook, having temporarily secured the services of the wife of a neighboring cattleman to serve in that capacity until his return. My friend and myself then engaged her husband to act as our boatman during our stay and went down to the boathouse and chose a boat for use during the same period. Then we moved our belongings to the cottage, and after getting settled took a stroll around the grounds. If poor Fred Mather had been with us he would never again have needed information about service berries. The hillsides were covered with the bushes, some of which were veritable trees 20 and 30 feet high and at this time of year were covered with purple berries. There were thousands of small birds feeding upon the latter, the majority of which were Gambel's sparrows.

As we looked toward the east, to the front, to the left, to the right, for miles, spread a great marsh, within which lay Pelican Bay and its several arms, or creeks, as they are locally termed. These are hidden from sight by the growth of willows that line the banks, excepting a bit of the head of Spring Creek, where the lodge stands.

To the left the marsh was open back to the foot of the mountain, and as we strolled down toward it hundreds of birds arose, like to a flock of blackbirds from newly plowed lands. B. said, "Snipe!" I said, "No!" I said so from the fact that there were such numbers of them and also for the reason that some of them were alighting upon a log fence than inclosed a portion of the marsh. But as we approached closer, the fact that they were really snipe became apparent. Such a sight one seldom sees, and never, unless in their breeding grounds, such as this was. They sprang up from under our feet like flies from a molasses barrel. It was "scaipe! scaipe! scaipe!" on every hand, and the whistle of their wings was like a strong wind in the tree tops.

And all this within 200 yards of the lodge! It was almost incredible. I ran back for my camera, and on my return spoiled several plates trying to snap a number of the birds upon the ground. But the little rascals, when routed, became shy, and when they alighted, as they would do right under my nose, would at once disappear in a cow track or other depression in the soft ground in as marvelous a manner as a flock of young ruffed-

grouse. In a photograph which I made here there were in the immediate foreground, within 10 feet of the camera, five snipe when I snapped the shutter, and not one is visible! I can pick out three with a glass, but it is because I know where they were at the time of taking the picture. They are all crouched in slight depressions, with their beaks straight downward along their breasts, and their markings blend so closely with the marsh grass and other surroundings as to make them practically invisible—another of the wonderful protections given by nature to her children. On the following day I did succeed in getting a pretty good picture of one of these birds, which stood up honestly before the camera, and is herewith given.

I backed into a growth of willows, arranged my camera, and B. and another guest stirred up the snipe and drove them to me. A dozen others are hidden in depressions all around him. The foreground is very dark, owing to the shade cast by the willows in which I was hidden, or some of them would be visible. The bird that shows was caught just as he alighted, and is pretty good for such a difficult subject. This is one of the great breeding grounds for snipe on the Pacific coast, and it is to be hoped that it will always be kept a part of the Government reservation, as it is now, and that, as now, it may always be protected by a live game warden.

The morning was bright, but cool, with no breeze, and it was useless to go out after trout in such conditions; but as we wanted to look the ground over we took our rods along in case of accident, and called our boatman for a start. I will give a rough map of Pelican Bay, and its creeks, so that in alluding to certain localities the reader can follow understandingly.

Spring Creek, at the head of which stands the lodge, has its origin in some monster springs, which boil up from its bed with great force and volume. The temperature of the water as it comes from the bottom is 42 degrees Fahrenheit at all seasons of the year. The water is absolutely pure and clear, and most delicious to the palate. The creek averages about 125 yards in width and has an average depth of 5 feet. It is in the neighborhood of a mile in length. Not many trout were visible in it as we made our way down, though I had noticed hundreds of rises upon its surface earlier in the day. As we leave the creek and enter the bay, the whole extent of the latter is seen at a glance. On the north shore the mountain comes down to the water in gentle slopes, but in all other directions, excepting a small opening into the lake, the bay is inclosed by flat, marshy shores, fringed with willows, tules, waukus, marsh grass and other water-loving plants. As we advanced slowly along the north shore we began to see trout lying in the clear water on all sides. Never before have I seen such a sight, and I have angled upon many waters in the course of nearly sixty years of life. In no spot in the bay is the water over 15 feet in depth, and the bottom is a light-colored volcanic mud, free from moss and nearly all other vegetable growth, so that by standing up in the boat on a calm day like this the eye commands a wide circle, at least 150 yards in diameter, within which radius every trout is visible.

And such trout! They fairly took one's breath away. Scarcely one of them was less than a pound in weight and some were so large that we dared not estimate how much they would weigh. The largest were not less than 3½ feet long, with a girth in proportion. They would swim ahead of the boat, leisurely, herding up into great droves, until some of them would get alarmed, when they would all shoot off in circles and fall in behind us again. We passed along the whole north shore in this way and up Short Creek for a mile or more, with the trout continually gathering and dispersing; then turned around and came back, pretty nearly over the same course, with the same experience.

To say that we were excited at such a sight is to say but little. We could not forbear casting, although we saw it was useless. It seemed incredible that among so many trout none were in the humor to bite. It was of no use—the fish darted away in alarm every time the fly struck the water. Brother Hough's method of "annoying" a trout may work in a place where they can't get away from the fly, but in water like this it is ineffective.

After a couple of hours' rowing we returned home and sat down to whistle for a wind.

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks!" Thus quoted B.

"Blow, good devil, and you'll get the cook!" was my petition.

Neither adjuration had any effect, and the day passed in inaction till the sun began to sink behind the crest of Mount Pitt, when our boatman said we might get a rise in the shade of the mountain on the north shore.

As we rowed quietly down the creek a sound struck my ear to which it had been a stranger for twenty-five years, or ever since I left the East. It fixed me as motionless as a dog at point and sent the blood hammering at my ears, as it used to do in youth. It was the booming drum of the ruffed grouse. Again and again did the Bump! bump! bump! Bump-bump-bump-unip-mp-p-p-p-p! roll out over the waters with the same old measured beat, and which seemed to come from all points of the compass at the same time. My friend had never heard the sound before, and I doubt that he heard it now, even after I called his attention to it. In his mind it waked no memories, but in mine, so keen was the delight that it brought to my heart my eyes brimmed over. The wing of the unseen bird brushed the chords of memory, and the harmonies evoked submerged my soul.

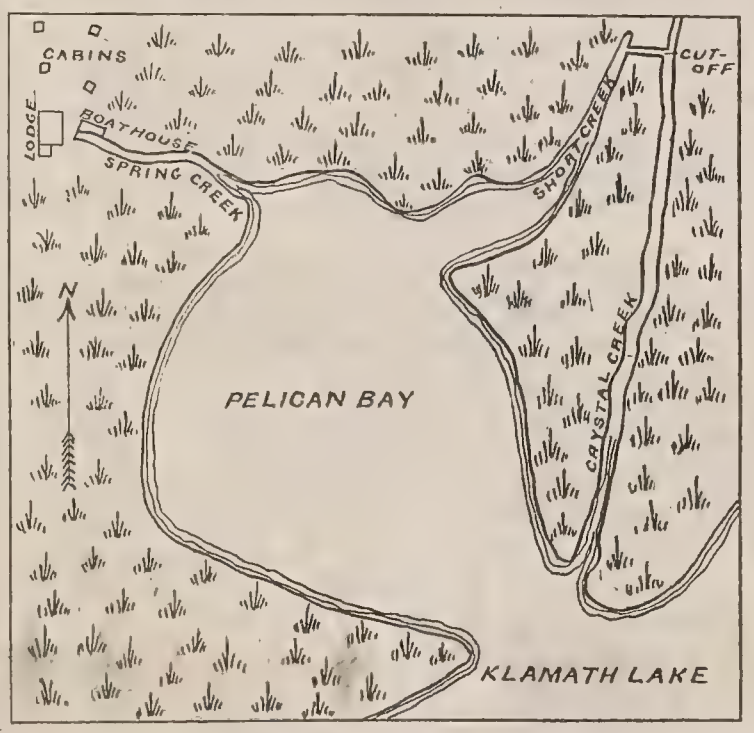
Once more I was a care-free, happy boy, roaming the springtime Eastern forest. The delicious aroma of the maple sap was in my nostrils; my hands were full of May flowers; my feet rustled among the last year's leaves, or crunched through the remaining patches of softened snow. The long roll of the red-headed woodpecker's well-beaten drum resounded from his post on the dead limb of a hemlock. The "chip" of the junco and cheerful notes of the first song sparrow echoed in my ear. Suddenly, from the well-known old "drumming log," came the Bump! bump! bump! of the wily old "drummer."

As the notes died into silence I winked my watery eyes, and looked around, and, behold! I was gazing on an Oregon marsh, with a gloomy fir-covered mountain in the foreground and my native woods and youth, oh, so far away.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes,
'In listening to this ruffed grouse's eerie drum,
Thinking of days bygone, not those to come.'"
Tennyson—with alterations to fit.

We again skirted the north shore, casting all along it without ever a rise. B. got tired and put on a spoon and trolled, while I sat and looked on. Pretty soon he had a strike, and a fine 4-pound fish broke water 40 yards away, which was safely netted after a game battle. Right there I fell from grace and put on a spoon also, but fish as hard as I knew how I could not get a strike, while he landed three more fine fish, weighing respectively 2½, 3 and 4 pounds. Discarding the spoon in disgust, I resumed casting, and presently a huge pair of jaws came up out of the shadows and engulfed the fly, and the fight was on. It was not so long nor so game a fight as many a 2-pound trout has given me, but the reason was discovered after netting him. He was hooked far down in the gills and was bleeding very freely, and according to my experience a fish hooked in this manner is always too much weakened to fight well. It weighed 6½ pounds after our return to camp, by which time it had dried out considerably, and had lost weight, so that I call it a 7-pounder, though I may have to stretch it an ounce or two.

The accompanying photograph gives a very poor representation of the trout and his captor; the background not showing the fish properly. It was a genuine rainbow, 26½ inches long, and had it not been that it was hooked in the manner spoken of, it would have given a game fight. This was glory enough for one day, and we returned to eat our first well-cooked meal. In our cabin that night, with the mosquito netting draped closely over our beds, we slept the sleep of the just in peace and quietness. Only as I was dropping to sleep the voice of



THE FISHING GROUNDS.

my friend broke the stillness of the night to the following effect: "I vant to gif you a bointer: dere vas droudt here, budt you gan't gatch 'em!"

The next day we found that we had "glutted the market" with our catch, as we brought in over 20 pounds of fish, so we agreed that we must go slow and put back all fish under 4 pounds in weight. This seems an absurd statement to make, yet it is true, and such action is necessary in like conditions. We could not catch fish and have them wasted, and that was what must happen if we had much luck and saved all we caught. There were but ten persons in camp and five of them were anglers, all anxious for sport. Supposing that each one brought in but two fish daily, of an average weight of 2½ pounds (which is small for these trout), what was to be done with them? No right-minded man will kill a noble fish, knowing it must rot or be fed to the hogs. To one who has never been in such a locality as this (and I confess that I never was before), it would seem that the narrator of such a tale must be a monumental liar. Think of liberating a 3½-pound trout because he is too small to keep! Thousands of good anglers, better by far than I am, or ever was, never caught so large a fish. Yet, you must remember the conditions. This is a new country, hard to reach, and anglers are few. And, withal, this is an ideal habitat for growing large trout. There is the whole of the large Klamath Lake as a feeder, food is plentiful and no better water lies on the face of the globe than lies here. The whole bottom of the bay is studded with thousands of springs of nearly ice-cold water, which come bubbling up from the centers of the innumerable little miniature craters which dot its sands in all directions. Klamath Lake "blooms" or "works" every summer, and the trout that remain in it get unhealthy and unfit for food. Thousands run out of it at that season, to live in the pure waters of the bay and its tributary creeks; hence the size and number of its trout.

We need not have worried about this day's catch, however, as only one came to hook, and that was captured by B. The evening turned cold and disagreeable; and when biting time came it was too chilly for fish to rise. As we were returning to camp, we were passed by a stern-wheel steamboat making its lumbering way to the same destination. Such a peculiar craft was probably never before built, and may well be described. It was a great, square, scow-shaped thing, built out of hewed timbers and housed in with rough unpainted boards. Its motive power was the engine of an old steam thresher, geared to one end of the stern wheel by means of a chain. The other end of the wheel had twisted under the force of its work, and had thus become a screw, which pulled the stern of the boat around and tended to drive her in a circle. She had so little surplus steam that she was like the boat in Abe Lincoln's story, "She would stop when the whistle blew." Whenever and wherever she ran out of fuel the captain would jam her nose into the bank, and

himself and the whole crew (one boy) would go on shore and cut wood. Her tiller was a horizontal windlass, with four old wagon spokes driven into one end, for arms, and the tiller ropes were of common hemp, running through cleats without pulleys. Her pump was an old five-gallon oil can and rope operated over the side from the roof—beg pardon, upper deck—and one joker said the boiler was filled by pouring water down the whistle pipe. This may have been untrue.

A party of six new guests came by her; so a larger market for trout was promised, providing that they did not prove to be successful fishers.

It rained that night, and in the morning the surrounding mountains were covered with snow. We spent that day chiefly by the fireside, catching only two trout in the evening, which were taken by my companion, and neither of which would weigh over 3½ pounds, but which we kept, as the cook wanted fresh fish. The next morning opened fair and sunny, with a brisk, warm breeze blowing. We followed the east shore of the bay, casting as we went, and B. soon had a good trout hung, but as it was under the limit it was liberated. He soon had another, which fell in the same class, and was treated in the same manner. Then I had a strike, and there was a volcano out in the water, from the center of which there burst a scimitar of gold and silver, incrustated with rubies and diamonds. 'Twas a sight to gladden the heart of any man, no matter how blasé he might be. Back with a splash it went, and struck the water "a-runnin'." Then ensued as fine a twenty-minute battle as I ever had a fish put up against me. It tried every wile that a fish ever knew, leaping and shaking itself time and again. It had the line pretty nearly all out three times, and when it was finally checked on each rush would come charging straight for the boat like a streak of light. It finally came to the net, fighting to the last, and was safely landed in the boat. It measured 21 inches in length and weighed 5½ pounds. It was one of the fattest and finest colored trout I ever caught, and was in prime condition. This one fight was well worth the time, cost and trouble of the whole trip.

The wind went down, the bay became a mirror and the fishing ended. We rowed down to Crystal Creek, and my companion caught a nice fish of 2½ pounds on the spoon just as we entered its mouth. We went ashore on an old Indian camping ground to wait for a breeze, but the water remained perfectly calm, and we gave it up and returned to camp. In the evening we went out again, and caught several fish, all but one of which were under the regulation size, and were returned to the water.

The next day was calm and hot again, but in the afternoon we rowed down to Crystal Creek, hoping for a little breeze later in the evening. It did not come, and we lay under the willows, watching the great trout leap tantalizingly after the passing insects till dusk.

The sixth morning opened in the same discouraging manner, and we did not go out until evening, when we went up Short Creek and cast for some time in vain. We finally put on spoons and caught six, four of which were put back.

The following day was to be our last upon these waters for the season, and we did want a favorable one. It came with a fine breeze, and we went out on the east shore, and for two hours had regal sport. We brought in five trout over the stipulated size, the largest of which was a trifle over 6 pounds. This one came to my hook, as it seemed that I had the luck to catch the largest fish, while my friend far outran me in numbers.

On our return to Ashland my friend started out to call upon his lately made acquaintances in the dry goods line, and I went along to see that he did not stay out too late. In our travels we entered a sporting goods store and found an original character in the proprietor, P. W. Paulson. He had all kinds of curiosities in his shop from a framed war document of the Revolution, down to a Mauser rifle lately taken from a dead Filipino. Among the rest was one of the rarest curios I ever saw. It was a short section of an oak tree 8 inches in diameter in one direction, and 14 in another, being a part of the tree where an old fork had existed. Firmly embedded in this, and with nothing but the projecting ends in sight, was one of a deer's antlers. Probably the deer, in shedding time, had rubbed it off or caught it in the fork of the tree, where it had lodged and had slowly been incorporated into the tree by the latter's advancing growth and thus safely preserved from the attacks of rodents and the effects of moisture.

The following day we returned home after one of the pleasantest outings we ever enjoyed, and with the fixed determination to go again the next season, and to remain long enough to catch all the trout we wanted, and also to have the first week in September to spend among the ducks, snipe and grouse.

And now, in conclusion, let an "old stager" give a word of advice to the young angler. Don't think that it is all of fishing to catch fish. Should he once get imbued with that false notion, nearly all the joys of angling will be lost to him and he will become a mark for contempt among his brethren of the angle, even as was our Hebraic friend of Pelican Bay. As good old John Dennys sang nearly three hundred years ago:

"I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compass of the lofty skie;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that in the ayre uprolled;
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from Tithonus' bed.

The lofty woods, the forrests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches tresh and green,
In whose cool bow'rs the birds with chaunting song
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen.

All these, and many more, of His creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see;
And takes therein no little delectation
To think how strange and wonderful they be,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry skie."

AUREAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

New England Rods.

BOSTON, April 21.—The ice is out of Sebago Lake, Me., and this opens the season for landlocked salmon fishing, although that is the first of the trout or salmon lakes to clear. The ice went out of the big bay on the 16th, and the whole lake was clear the next day. This clearing was eight days earlier than last year, when the ice went out the 24th. In 1898 it cleared April 19. Four of the members of the Sebago Club and invited guests left Boston Wednesday for Sebago. In the party are Messrs. H. S. Fisher, W. T. Farley, W. B. Saul and H. L. Chatman. They are to be gone till Monday, and expect great salmon fishing. A number of Portland fishermen will be on hand, and Lewiston and Auburn anglers have had their tackle ready for some time. It is altogether likely that Sebago will be thoroughly fished this year. While the fishing is slow there the reward is great when one catches a salmon. Fish up to 8 and 10 pounds are common, while landlocked salmon of over 30 pounds have been found there; probably the largest of the species in the world. Hence the name, *Salmo sebago*. It is a curious fact that the fish have been there for time immemorial. It is thought that the lake was once accessible to salmon from the sea, and that they may have been shut off from the salt water by some changes in the outlet, and hence become landlocked.

If the clearing of Sebago is to be taken as an indication of the clearing of the Rangeleys and Moosehead, Maine fishing will be early. Moosehead cleared last year May 8 and the Rangeleys the 9th and 10th. Eight days earlier than last year would be at a very early date in May, and much earlier than the average, which is not earlier than the 12th or 13th at the Rangeleys and the 9th or 10th at Moosehead. All will depend on the weather, however. As warm weather as has been experienced for a couple of days would clear all these lakes by the first day of May.

Several good strings of trout were brought up from the Cape Friday morning. These trout were not caught on Sunday, but on Patriots' Day, when there is no law against fishing. It is worth noting that the attempt to repeal the law against shooting and fishing on Sunday in this State is making no headway, but the Legislative Committee has lately heard the argument of the two clergymen, one contending for the repeal of the bill, and the other as earnestly urging that the sanctity of the Sabbath be sustained. The clergyman urging the repeal of the special Sunday shooting and fishing law is termed a populist by his colleagues, but he believes that the Sunday law cannot be enforced against the rich and influential, and hence he would have no obstruction put in the way of the people who have to labor all the rest of the week.

Spring shooting along the coast of Delaware has been indulged in by Boston sportsmen lately. Mr. Harry B. Moore and Dr. French, both great lovers of the rod and gun, have just returned from two weeks of snipe shooting near the Delaware Breakwater, at Milton, Del. They found snipe shooting all that could be asked. The beach, stretching for many miles, with intervening marshes, makes an ideal snipe ground. Mr. Moore says, however, that the hardest bird he ever attempted to bring to bag is the Wilson snipe. "He goes every way and quicker than lightning." The hunters greatly enjoyed the outing, but say that one must be prepared to put up with local thriftlessness and neglect. Nature has done everything for the country, but every hotel is afflicted with an old black mammy for cook. She does everything in the same old shiftless manner, and fried or done in hog grease. The finest sweet potatoes in the world are right at hand, but they taste altogether too much of rancid lard. While they were there the shad season was on, and they enjoyed the shad fishing. Some beautiful roe shad were taken, and sold six for \$1. Mr. Moore sent some of them to his friends here, in the vicinity of Boston. They had one or two cooked fresh from the water, but alas! they were fried in the same hog's fat. Hunters who visit that part of the country may expect to live on the fat of the land, but not the bounties that nature has provided.

BOSTON, April 23.—At this writing the ice still lingers in Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, Newfound and the other New Hampshire trout and salmon lakes. Lake Auburn, Me., is not yet reported clear, though the departure of the ice is hourly expected. Other Maine waters may be late, although Sebago cleared eight days earlier than last year. It is suggested that the nearness of Sebago to the sea caused the relatively earlier clearing, compared with other New England waters, the winter having been light at the seaboard, but exceedingly severe a few hundred miles inland. Neither is Cobosseecontee nor Winthrop Lake clear of ice. Still, the weather has actually been hot for three or four days, and such weather continued will greatly hasten the opening of the fishing season. A great deal of interest centers about the clearing of the Rangeleys and Moosehead. For the edification of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the annual departure of the ice from the Rangeleys may be noted for the past eighteen years. The figures are copied from FOREST AND STREAM files:

In 1882 they cleared May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 16; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2; 1895, May 7; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 12; 1898, May 1; 1899, May 9. Moosehead is pretty sure to be clear about a couple of days before the Rangeleys.

Some of the Boston fishermen made the best of the 19th, Patriots' Day. The weather was fine and warm, and good strings of trout would have been made but for too much snow water. A party of four went on the night train Wednesday, and were early at a brook not far from Biddeford, Me. They got no trout. The streams were swollen to full banks and very roily. Mr. J. H. Jones, with Mrs. Jones and "the boy," who is to be a fisherman, went up to a camp some of the marketmen own on the Concord River. The water was high, besides it was next to impossible to get shiners for pickerel bait. They got no fish, but did catch a monster turtle weighing 30 pounds. Mr. Wesley C. Hemmenway and his son fished a stream very near the city of Nashua, N. H., only a part of the day. Mr. Hemmenway got six good trout and the son three, besides throwing back a good many small ones. A lover of good tackle himself, Mr. Hemmenway delights in making presents to his fishing friends of old, worn-out hooks and bits of string. These he will put in some con-

spicuous place, labeled "His outfit," "His tackle," or some other catch words. The night after his fishing on Patriots' Day he received by mail a hook and line. The hook was one made for a peculiar purpose; not a hairpin, but useful to hang paper on; the line, a piece of wrapping twine. The whole was labeled "Your tackle." He thinks he knows where it came from. Mr. G. A. Valentine, with some friends, fished a stream in Connecticut, not far from Bridgeport, the other day. The weather was fine and the water clear. Asked how many trout they only answered, "The brook was fine; nice holes; clear, rocky bottom. We had a nice lunch on the shore. We got home safely."

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—Mr. Edward G. Taylor, of the "Taylor system," came in this morning to see if I was going up to the Prairie River this spring to have a try for some of the trout we left there last year. I expect I am, or at least I said I was. Nothing like making promises to yourself and friends, you know.

The Brulé is tipped to be good this year on points accessible from Lake Vieux Desert. Guides there say they get big ones—2 and 3 pounds.

Mr. Fred Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is getting ready to head a party to the Père Marquette, in Michigan, about May 11. He wanted to know if I was going along, and I told him of course I was. I can just as well promise him as anybody else. It ought to be good over there, too, this spring.

As yet none of our anglers have been out for trout. It is still too early and too cold in our trout country. The first week in May is early enough for Wisconsin, though the law is off April 15. The two weeks in the middle of May are the best. May 1 is opening day in Michigan, and that is usually late enough there to mean fair sport.

Bass.

The bass are running now at Cedar Lake, the earliest of our bass waters about Chicago. Some more fishermen are going down to try Cedar Lake to-morrow. It is too early. Give the bass a chance to spawn.

Spearing.

The run of bass on the spawning grounds has begun on Minnetonka and White Bear lakes, near Minneapolis, Minn. Deputies have made several arrests on White Bear of spears who could not resist the temptation to go out jacking for bass. Andrew Esklund, a foreign born citizen, who thinks this ought to be the land of the free, was fined \$10 for being too fluent with the spear. Otto and John Johnson, of the same locality, were also fined for spearing, or getting ready to spear.

In Wisconsin a great many violations of the law are reported by men detected spearing. Fox Lake, Wis., has been afflicted by these gentry. What with the bait casters who go out on the spawning beds and spears who do the same thing, the wonder is that our bass supply holds out even as well as it does.

Swat the setting hen. Soak her in the neck. She has no business to be setting. *A has the hen*, as we say in Chicago. Down with her. Let no hen guilty of setting, be she bass or game bird, be allowed to escape.

Fish Maps.

Agent Beutner, of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, has prepared a good set of charts showing the districts in that State where different varieties of fish may be found in greatest abundance. He is prepared to tell an angler where to go for trout, for bass, for muscallunge, etc., and will furnish this information to inquirers: His charts are prepared after long labor by the deputy wardens, and he thinks them reliable.

Improvement in Fly-Fishing.

I believe we are coming to a day of improvement in our American fly-fishing methods—that is to say, improvement over the old-time cast-down-stream-and-drag-it-across-the-way, which sometimes takes trout, and which is the usual form in which fly-casting is practiced by the average man. I am sometimes amused by the comments which appear now and then on the "Taylor system," which is really only an independent discovery, with local variations and improvements of the old dry fly art. Some men have known all about it for years; others pooh-pooh at it. Some can't work it, and others think no one else ever did. Yet those who read of it, even those, methinks, who know all about it and have fished that way for years, none the less go out and try it a little in secret. This is improvement. It is not enough to slam a fly on the water and rag it through after any fashion, trusting to innocence on the part of trout to yield a basket to the angler. As our streams become more fished, we need more and more skill, and it seems that in due-time we shall have it.

For instance, I hear again from Mr. J. O. Averill, the fly-fisher from Japan, whose very able article on Japanese fly-fishing was printed in these columns more than a year ago. Mr. Averill has come back to New York to live, and he writes me as below this week:

"I am sending you a 'fly' made on the Japanese principle by Farlow, of London, to my order. I found this most taking when worked in the 'live insect' style. Its bushy hackle and cork body give it excellent flotation, and it resembles an insect of our Japanese streams very closely in color; but also, I believe, presents about the average color effect of numerous insects about most streams. I wish you would give this fly a trial when you go off on your next fishing trip. Use it in the 'Taylor system' and I think you'll find it taking."

"I have been able thus far since my return to this country to get only 'the next best,' viz., reading about sport and planning expeditions for the future. I have made several (mental) trips with you and done great execution with my Japanese 'snagging.' Perhaps some day this dream will come true."

"I ache at this season to be off to the streams. It is the 'old spring fret' of the Anglo-Saxon when the 'red gods' call. I wish I could be off with you to some Michigan stream; but never mind, I'll read about it."

One of these days Mr. Averill and Mr. Taylor must

meet and have it out about the 'systems.' As to a trip on the Michigan waters, I shall be very happy to promise Mr. Averill to go.

Colorado.

Capt. Jas. W. Steele, late of the army, and an old-time Westerner, who has had his eyes and his wits about him in his wanderings (he is a Chicago man now, by the way), has written the text of the beautiful booklet put out by the Burlington road, which is entitled "Colorado." Many books might be written on this delightful theme, but we may imagine none could be more truthful and graceful than this, by a keen lover of the mountains and streams. Not all railroad literature is of much account, but this is good.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trout Ponds.

[We here give a chapter from the trout breeding section of "Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water," by Fred Mather.]

Ponds.

THE first thing to be considered is the intention of the owner and what he wishes to do with his pond or ponds. He may want as large a pond as possible in which trout will feed themselves and afford him fishing for himself and friends, or to market some trout each spring. He may wish to have a hatchery and rearing ponds to stock his main pond with, or to have a series of ponds in which to grow trout on artificial food.

There are several ways in which trout may be cultivated, dependent upon the extent and character of the water and the inclination of the owner as to the amount of time he cares to devote to it, and the expense which he is willing to incur in beginning, which, as in most other affairs, bears some relation to the prospective results. With proper facilities, intelligent fishculture will prove as remunerative as any of the minor industries of the farm, such as bee and poultry keeping, but it is only very rare and exceptional places where it can be made a separate and distinct business which would warrant a person in devoting his whole time to it.

Where the spring rises upon a farm and flows some distance through it, with some fall and space to make ponds, the conditions are most favorable. It is very difficult to give directions for making trout ponds which will be applicable to all places, but it is safe to say that the very worst location and form for them is in a ravine where they are made by a series of dams thrown across. Such an arrangement is sure to come to grief, sooner or later, and if the dams are so strongly made as to resist an unusual flood from suddenly melted snow, or heavy rains, then the leaves and other riff-raft will clog the screens until the increased pressure carries them away and the fish have a chance to escape. The smaller the trout the more difficult it is to confine them, not only on account of their ability to escape through a small opening, but in consequence of their desire to continually seek that opening—a desire which is intense during their first year of life, but which decreases until it is so much diminished that large fish of say three-quarters of a pound can hardly be driven from deep water.

If only one pond is contemplated in which the fish are to be placed to seek their own food and care for themselves, then it may be made as large as the stream which supplies it will admit of—that is, it must not be so large that the water will get above 70 degrees Fahr. in the bottom of the pond. Depth will give coolness, or if there are springs in the bottom the fish will congregate there at the hottest times, while the warmer water at the surface and shallow edge is favorable for the production of insect life for their food. The stream above can be covered with gravel as a spawning ground, and the young will have a chance to escape being devoured by the larger fish by keeping in the shallows.

A pond of this kind was made at West Bloomfield, N. Y., on the farm of Mr. Stephen H. Ainsworth, a gentleman who was among the first to engage in trout culture in New York, beginning about the year 1858. He had a marshy spot of ground, formed by many small springs, whose united currents in the driest times made a stream scarcely larger than a lead pencil; and digging this out he made a pond 50 x 100 feet, which was 16 feet deep, and covered over, where he raised many fish under great difficulties. In a dry season the supply barely equaled the evaporation, and no water passed from the pond; and on several occasions he lost his largest fish from the heat, until, in the year 1871, he removed the trout and substituted black bass. Yet he had accomplished enough to be an authority upon trout culture in that day, and is now quoted to show what can be done with little means, although I should never advise any one with only his facilities to make an attempt at trout raising. And the point to which attention should be directed is the ratio of depth to surface in his pond; if he had exposed more surface to the weather, or made his pond less deep, he probably would never have kept a trout through the first summer. In cases of a rise in the temperature the large fish are the first to suffer.

Large Single Ponds.

It is difficult to give directions which will be suitable for all places, but I will repeat that a dam in a ravine is the worst form. In such a place it seems better to make a small dam, and lead the water from it into ponds at the side of the ravine, and let the floods go down the old channel. My own ponds, at Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, New York, were made in a piece of low, flat land, with a plow and road scraper, using the earth, gravel, etc., taken out to fill up around the ponds. Afterward they were finished with pick and shovel, and a dry stone wall was laid around them merely to hold the banks, but they were small, only 60 by 15 feet and 5 feet deep. The first one built was laid in cement, but was no better than the others. In some places there is muck enough to pay for the digging in manure; but if the water can be kept off, such ponds are not expensive. Here is the cost of one of mine of the dimensions above given:

Two men and team two days.....	\$10.00
One man with shovel two days.....	3.00
Team and man hauling stone three days.....	10.50
May laying wall three days.....	4.50
Screen boxes.....	3.00
Man on day ditching.....	1.50
Total.....	\$32.50

The cost of stone was not added, as there was a quarry on the farm.

Naturally sloped banks of soil, sodded to below the water's edge, are best for all ponds over 100 by 200 feet, but surface water must be kept out. All ponds of the size named I call "large," because when we come to consider the "small ponds" of the professional fish-culturist it will be found that they are so narrow that every fish in them may be seen at all times.

The single large pond can only be worked to its greatest capacity by having a hatchery, taking and hatching the eggs, rearing yearlings and turning them out in the following spring after the water has been drained off and all trout of the previous year taken out, thus raising and marketing two-year-old trout each year, and a trout above that age is worth no more than any other fish, in market. See chapter on "Marketable Trout." All trout ponds should be drawn down once a year, or the trout will have a muddy flavor from decaying vegetation.

The bottom of the pond should be flat, if not level, and the fish should be removed with a net, instead of draining off the water to take them out. One of my mistakes will illustrate this: An original idea, one of those which so often come out of the little end of the horn, was to have a drain-pipe at the bottom of the pond stopped with a plug, and then make a deeper place in the center, so that when the water was drawn off the fish would be all there ready to be dipped out with a hand or scoop net. What could be more handy? An improvement! After being in use three years it became necessary to take out the large trout and transfer them to another pond, and the water was drawn off. When about a foot was left the fish began to get alarmed and rush around, stirring up the water, which had appeared like crystal, until the motion of the fish could be seen, and when drawn down as low as possible they naturally gathered in the pit, where they were dipped into tubs of clean water by a man in rubber boots. While in the pit they began to show signs of distress by keeping their noses out of the water, and the man who was dipping them said: "It smells like gun-powder." Then another idea, not original, dawned: the fish were being asphyxiated by the foul gas or sulphureted hydrogen!

The sluice at the inlet was opened, but too late. Out of the 2,500 fine breeding fish, only thirty-nine were saved; they died even after being placed in fresh water while still breathing, and an expensive lesson in the dear school of experience was learned. I had seen the Southern darkies muddy ponds when collecting specimens for me, and knew that this gas, which lies at the bottom of all waters in which there is anything to decay, was a deadly poison if stirred; but the thought never occurred that the fish would do their own "muddying," as the darkies called it.

This experiment shows another fact: fish which feel secure in from 3 to 4 feet of water, and show no alarm at persons walking at the edge of the pond, and which will come readily to the surface to feed in your presence, or even take food from your hand, will, in water of not over a foot in depth, be as timid as wild fish just taken from the brook. This sense of security is gone; hence it is better to take them with a net large enough to sweep the pond. It also shows what a little oversight or false reckoning may do toward sweeping away the results of expenditure and labor. In fact, there is none among our domestic animals more difficult to manage, for the beginner, than trout, if they may be allowed to be domesticated; and their tendency to go astray is excelled by the element in which they live, which is notorious for having a way of its own, which is never our way, and for seeking it at all times; hence in trout culture the great difficulties to be overcome are, to confine the water so that it is secure under extraordinary strains of flood and accident and to confine the fish—the latter being hardly as difficult as the former.

If the owner does not care to go into the business of hatching trout for a succession, as described, he should provide good spawning places such as are mentioned in the preceding chapter, and see that nothing molests the spawning beds in winter. In this way he may get a few trout which escape the old ones, which will keep them from becoming too plenty.

Ponds in a Series.

In making a series of ponds in which fish of different sizes are to be kept and fed a different system is pursued, the ponds being made small, in order that the water may be changed quickly, and so sustain more fish, and the stock can be seen and its condition known at all times. Such ponds may be 50 to 60 feet long by 10 to 12 wide and 4 to 6 deep, with sides of clay, if that is the material dug through, stone, or wood. A spawning race should be made at the upper end, 20 to 30 feet long by 4 feet wide, the bottom sloping from 1 to 2 feet where it enters the pond; this will give the pond a shape like a long-necked bottle.

There should be a fall of at least 6 inches from the pond above into the spawning race, more if the lay of the land will permit, in order to aerate the water. For need of this see chapter on "Transportation of Fish."

The raceway should be covered with gravel at all times; for if the fish are not well, or are troubled with parasites, they resort to swift water and gravel bottoms to rub their sides and clean themselves. This gravel should be from half an inch to an inch or more in diameter.

In facing the pond with boards the pressure of the earth must be provided for, or the sides will soon fall in, or at least become badly bulged. To prevent this, lay timbers on the bottom and frame the uprights into them; nail the boards on the outside of the uprights, which should extend above the ground and be braced apart by joists running across the pond a foot or more above water. Even these will spring in time if not kept stiff. Ponds well built require but little work to keep them in order—an occasional stopping of muskrat

or of crawfish holes, and in the spring to repair damage from frost, if any, or to patch up a bank or wall. There are hard soils where neither wood nor stone is needed (except on the spawning races, whose sides should be vertical), but may be made at a slope more or less inclined. Willows planted near the pond are valuable as shade trees, or floats of boards may be of use in keeping the water cool, besides being a sort of protection from the little kingfisher.

Perhaps an account of the way I made the ponds for the New York State hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, will be of interest, for they involved great labor. I took charge on Jan. 1, 1883, and started work. An old building was used to hatch eggs obtained elsewhere, and there was a spring reservoir some 300 feet long by 20 wide, which had been made to turn a turbine wheel in the old building. This reservoir was high enough to bring water into troughs on the floor of the second story, from where it went to the floor below and was again used. Some holes in swampy land below had been intended for trout ponds, but they were covered with water from the harbor at high tide and geese swam up to the hatchery.

The north side of the island is hilly, some hills being 200 feet above tide, and they are glacial drifts, sand, clay, gravel, etc., plowed out from the mainland by the ice. Such a hill was within 500 feet, and I filled the old holes with sand, leveling the swamp. Then "ponds" were staked out and left as the sand was dumped around them, on the principle that the Irishman said cannot be made; said he: "They take a long hole and pour brass around it." So we made ponds. These were temporary ponds, merely for use until the State could afford better, and the raceways were made of the cheapest hemlock boards.

In 1887 there was an appropriation for a new hatchery made at the insistence of Commissioner Blackford, and I planned to put it as high as the inflow from the reservoir would bear, as the water went from the hatchery to the ponds, and when it was up high we could control it. When the ground was staked out for the building the northwest corner was thirteen feet in the air. It looked queer, but the levels were correct. The foundation was built and I filled the grounds until there was no queer look about it. The old ponds were filled and new ones of sand built with their bottoms where the old surface was.

For a time it was dangerous to step near a pond, but it settled hard. Walks and flower-beds were laid out and a road made east of the ponds, which is as solid to-day as can be. The sand holds water well. The carting of sand and gravel cost the State much money, but it is worth it. It is the most important hatchery in the State of New York to-day. I established the culture of smelts, lobsters and tomcods there, and if Mr. Blackford had not been removed from the Commission for political reasons, I would have made a park of the place and have gone on with experiments in hatching oysters and clams. But a change of administration led to my discharge, and to-day a great unsightly ice-house stands in the center of what was to be my "park," and there is a stable where a "conservatory" for water plants and the breeding of fresh-water crustaceans and insects was planned; and my dream of a trout park and all its adjuncts is over. Blessed be the small-souled politicians, for they will never develop into anything greater!

Drains.

If the lay of the land permits it, there should be some way of lowering the water in order to clean the pond. If the pond is dug in the soil there should be a drain-pipe put in, and this, if of wood, may be stopped by a plug. But a plug is difficult to get out when the water is several feet deep; a box on the inner end with a sliding gate which can be lifted by a hook fitting into a hole is better. Do not plug the lower end of the pipe and leave the upper end open or you have a harbor for eels, water snakes, or at least a hiding place for a large cannibal trout, for a trout of that kind prefers solitude. If the drain is a square box-trunk it may be turned up at a right angle and used as an overflow stand-pipe, if the water is not required to be kept up for any reason. In this case make a sliding groove for the dams, which may be lifted one by one, and are kept down by pins or wedges at the top.

Tile pipe are not good for drains. I have laid them and relaid them many times, cementing them most carefully and then reinforced the joints with another coating of cement, but tree roots would force their way in somehow and either fill the pipe or break it. At Cold Spring Harbor, New York, I piped a spring from an upper level in 6-inch tile pipe, and it filled up with roots. In one case the root of a locust tree had found an entrance, and while only as thick as a sheet of letter paper and half an inch wide where it went in, we took out 37 feet of branching, matted roots, which nearly filled the pipe. Then I had the pipe relaid with extra care, but to no purpose; the roots would have water and knew how to get it, even where there was no leak. Here is a chance for a question about the habits of tree roots in their search for water; but having fought this "instinct" of roots for many years, I have given up trying to solve the riddle.

Remembering these things, when we obtained another spring to bring down, I bought 4-inch iron "soil pipe," caulked the collars with oakum and then ran lead around on the oakum. After this the lead was caulked, and the pipe will carry water for a century without interference from roots. This method, and pump logs, are the only means I know of to convey water underground without interference from roots, if there are trees near. A willow or a locust will send roots a hundred yards for water, if it is there, while on the other side of the tree the roots might not extend 50 feet.

It is said that iron-filings mixed with cement will keep roots from the joints of drain tile. Having no experience with this, it is mentioned without comment.

Dams.

These cannot be too carefully made to contend with pressure, leakage, muskrats, crawfish, frost and other things which are ever working to help water get to the

lowest possible point. The following is from a newspaper which came after this chapter was begun:

NUNDA, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1899.—Miller's Dam went out this morning. The washout, which resulted from undermining by muskrats, entails heavy loss to mill owners who have utilized the water. The disaster occurred at a time when the valuable ice crop was nearly ready to harvest. In building a dam, whether of earth, stone, logs or a combination of any or all of these materials, the greatest care must be taken to lay the foundation so deep that no trickle of water excavation, of muskrat or crawfish can go under it, and at the sides the dam should extend so far as to prevent such mishaps.

So much depends upon the nature of the ground and the materials to be used that it is impossible to go further into the construction of dams than to say: Make them about twice as strong as you think they need be and—then make them a little stronger.

Screens for Ponds.

Screens should be made at least ten times larger than the space required for the water. For instance, if the flow will pass through a hole 6 inches square, the screen should be at the least calculation 19 inches each way, giving 361 square inches, which will allow for some portions of it to become clogged, and yet pass the water through easily; this also diminishes the chance of stoppage by its slower flow. A good form for a small outlet is a trough, say 6 feet long by 2 feet wide and 20 inches deep, with a dam near the lower end about 15 inches high. When the screens are placed in this, above the dam, slanting the top down stream at an angle of 45 degrees, it gives a good screen surface, the dam being placed at the height at which the water is to stand in the pond and the screen made to slide between slats. Great care must be taken in setting such a trough, if in earth, that the water does not work around and under it, or that frost does not lift it out of place; the former may be provided for by wide flanges, which make a sort of bulkhead and obstruct the direct passage of crawfish, earthworms or other borers, which, by starting a small leak, will soon cause a large one before its presence is suspected. To guard against upheaval by frost, in a climate where the brook trout love to dwell, is a more difficult matter; but my own experience on this point leads to a preference for light soils for tamping around the outlet box, instead of clay, which I first used on account of its resistance to water, but afterward abandoned, after a winter's fight with frost, in favor of a sandy, gravelly soil which was found to serve the purpose as well, as far as the frost was concerned, but which afforded excellent digging for the crawfish (fresh-water lobster) with which the stream was infested, and whose tunnels, once made in clay, never by any chance closed up; and, knowing their dislike to work in either sawdust or tanbark, a space of about a foot was filled with these materials so that there was a barrier running around the box, backed in front and rear by soil which was thought to be the least affected by frost.

The screens should be made with as large spaces between the slats or wires as the size of the fish demands, and it will be found convenient to have the outlet boxes of the different ponds and the frames all of one size, so as to be readily interchangeable. The wires or slats for the fish of half a pound and over may have a half-inch space between them, and for this purpose well galvanized iron wire is best, or, if not convenient, a screen can be made of planed lath, set edgewise; while for yearlings well-tarred wire cloth of four wires to the inch is necessary, and for the fry during the first months at least fourteen wires to the inch. Screens for the inlets are best placed perpendicularly, in order that no trout may lie under them and shoot up stream when the screen is raised. The disposition of water to find its own way, and that way being always different from our way, combined with the disposition of trout, in their younger days, to prefer any location rather than that which we have provided for them, renders the subject of screens and appliances for confining them a very important one to the fishculturist, and one liable to defeat all his calculations and waste all his time, labor and money, if not properly considered. I have kept sharks and whales in confinement, and have seen the wildest of beasts and birds so kept, but of all animals that man confines there is none so uncertain to be found in the morning, where it was apparently so secure the night before, as a brook trout of an inch and a half long. It is an impossibility to confine them in a stream, and very difficult in a pond, as a crack or worm hole in a board, or in the earth or masonry, will be found by a hundred little eyes, and its size tested by half as many heads; and if water flows through it, they are very apt to follow, no matter where it may lead, nor whether return is possible. The instinct of a trout impels it to jump at a fall or in going up stream, hence provision must be made to stop them from leaping over the inlet screen by a projecting board or other device, more especially in the fall of the year, when they wish to ascend to the upper waters to seek suitable places for spawning.

If the fry are kept for the first nine months or a year in "rearing boxes," it is not so hard to confine them as it is in the outdoor ponds, where the woodwork has to be fitted into the earth; and this system has its advantages, which are security of confinement, compactness, the ease with which they can be inspected and the larger ones removed from their weaker brethren, and the protection from bird, beast, reptile and insect enemies to which their relatives in the outdoor pond are exposed. To counterbalance these advantages, we have in the rearing boxes more care and labor, and less natural food. Still, if the labor can be given, it is the surest way, for the first three months at least, after which time they are better able to stand the exposure of outdoor ponds and avoid their enemies, which decrease in numbers with increasing size.

There is always one fence in summer time which detains the trout more effectually than any screen. This is the stream of warm water which the trout brook empties into, and, although they may seek its depth for food in winter after running down off the spawning beds, the first hint of a rising temperature sends them back to the cooler spring waters.

A good self-cleaning screen for large trout is a re-

volution cylinder of wire cloth. Make disks of 18 inches with four strips to stiffen the cylinder and cover this with No. 2 wire cloth. Run an axle through it and set it so that it will revolve in the current, with 6 inches of water to turn it; i. e., set it in water to that depth. A half inch below the cylinder set a board edgewise under its center, and all leaves and fine trash will be passed without clogging. This can be made to fit a trough or box. A coarse screen should be placed in front of it to catch sticks.

ANGLING NOTES.

Feeding Fish.

Mr. G. H. Richards, of Boston, sends me a letter from which I make the following extract: "I appreciated some remarks which you made in your 'Angling Notes' in *FOREST AND STREAM* some little time ago as to the progress in fishculture abroad compared with that in this country. I acted long ago on some hints received through you, partly from Mr. Von Scheidlin's communication, which you lent me, and from other sources. As a result, I have entirely avoided liver, horse and meat in general in feeding the fish raised from a small hatchery which we run for stocking some club waters. The difference in the appearance of our fish compared with those of the ordinary fishculturer is very marked. We turn out most of them as fingerlings, but a few yearlings, which we kept over until last fall, had all the brilliancy of wild fish in the spawning season. We have some European sea trout eggs now hatching, and I hope in a few years to know whether they will run to the sea and return to the same streams in this country, as they do abroad."

The Von Scheidlin method of feeding fish, particularly trout, is to feed them natural food, bred for the purpose, and the inventor of the method has written me some wonderful accounts of the success he has met with. In fact, it is so wonderful we can scarcely comprehend it. The method is a secret one, and I have already referred to it in this journal so far as I was able to do so, as Mr. Von Scheidlin, an Austrian civil engineer, and his partner, Mr. Rakus, a fish breeder, desire to sell the secret of their method of fish feeding, which is, in brief, to breed natural foods in certain proportions—different foods at different ages of the fish—to produce with one proportion fat and with another proportion muscle. When I say that Mr. Von Scheidlin has told me that by his system of feeding he has reared trout that at twelve months of age weighed 2 pounds, it will be understood why I say it is so marvelous that we on this side can scarcely comprehend it.

Mr. Richards' mention of sea trout, *Trutta*, reminds me to say that some sea trout have been planted in the waters of New York State, and if they have remained where planted it is possible that some may be taken this year. They are descended from a lot of eggs I imported for a newspaper with which I was at one time connected, and several generations were reared in fresh water before any of the young were planted in wild waters. In Europe the sea trout is landlocked in several districts, and it is one of the finest of angling fishes, and I wonder that further effort has not been made to introduce the fish over here, particularly the landlocked form. A friend who has taken them in Scotland tells me that he considers the sea trout the finest game fish that swims.

Fish and Game Reports.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, writing me from London about the third annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York, mentions the illustrations in this wise: "You certainly have the art of making your official publications more exciting reading than those in this country. Your third report is not less interesting than the two preceding volumes. The fish portraits are admirable. Those of birds and mammals, if I may be critical, are less satisfactory in color—e. g., the wood duck (p. 256), of which the exquisite plumage would have received more effect if shown on a quieter background."

I happen to know that the Commission has made an effort to have the fish and birds accurately represented, and to this end no expense has been spared; and yet there have been some failures in a minor degree, as Sir Herbert points out. The deer in the first report, for the year 1895, show just what the figures were taken from—stuffed specimens—and the artist was so accurate in his reproduction that it did not require to be labeled "stuffed." The artist and all concerned regret that the illustration was used. No backgrounds are used for the fish, and in the bird illustrations a background is only worked in (and is of secondary importance) to bring out the figure more plainly, but at the same time give an impressionable idea of the haunt of the bird figured. The bird drawings for the forthcoming report were submitted to an expert in bird life, and upon his suggestion some changes were made, which the artist conceded were proper.

The State printer spares no expense in reproducing the colored drawings, and the work is done by lithography, requires from twelve to eighteen stones to get the exact colors in the originals, but when completed it is difficult to separate the lithographs from the original drawings.

The demand for these reports is so great that not half of those who apply for them can be supplied; but the number of copies is limited by law, and when the edition for any one year is exhausted the Commission is powerless to supply more. Just here I will give an extract from an editorial in a Rome, N. Y., newspaper, the Sentinel:

"The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of this State has issued the complete report for 1897, and it is a model of art as well as of information—a worthy successor to the reports of other years. These reports have been more elaborate than any others in this State, and no doubt have been so wisely. Their influence has been toward arousing the public to an appreciation of fish, game and forest protection. By making the documents attractive by illustration and by neatness, the facts have gained vastly more attention and deeper lodgment in the public mind than would dry statistics. Considering how important it is that all should realize what great gain is possible from development of our woods and streams, it is worth going a long way to accomplish that realization."

The press of this State and other States and Europe has commended this report without a single criticism of the cost of preparing the volume. The foreign newspapers—the Times, Daily Mail, Pall Mall Gazette, Academy, Field, Land and Water, Fishing Gazette and other journals—have reviewed it in different years and urged that the British Blue Book be modeled after it. Many public documents are printed only to go in large part back to the paper mills, or are piled up unused in the departments that issue them; but the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission reports are read and preserved, and to-day the Commissioners that issued them find it impossible to get copies of past reports when they urgently desire to do so for special purposes.

A. N. CHENEY.

New Jersey Shore Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 21.—Not within many years has fishing been slower than is the case along our coast. While shad are very plentiful and are being taken each day in the pound nets, nothing of interest to the angler has developed. Herring too are very abundant, and it is ordinarily understood that the bass move in company with both of the former species, but very few have been taken in the nets and none on the hook. The winter flounder usually so abundant at this season of the year, is very scarce in our rivers, not more than a dozen so far as I can learn having been taken. They are taken freely in the nets at sea, but apparently are holding aloof from our tidal streams. White perch are, however, on the move and are beginning to take the hook freely, and that affords some relief.

Sickness has prevented my visiting any of the trout streams, but reports are fair. Some good catches have been made, and the fish are reported to be in fine condition. Manager Harson of the Eatontown hat factory one afternoon recently took four 34-pound fish, casting from his office into the stream which passes directly underneath. This I believe to be one of the most unique experiences in the history of trout fishing.

LEONARD HULIT.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contest, series 1900, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 15. Wind, east; weather, perfect:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Casting %
H Battu..... 80	93	91.4	75.10	83.7	75
W E Brooks.... 80	89	87.4	65.10	76.7	54
E Everett..... 80	93.4	89.4	71.8	80.6	..
H C Golcher... 103	92.4	93	70	81.6	..
F M Haight.... 69	89.8	89.4	75.10	82.7	..
S A Heller.... 61	..	74	57.6	65.9	..
C Huyck..... 91	92	87	63.4	75.2	..
A E Lovett.... 100	94	93.8	75.10	84.9	78
W D Mansfield.. 95	94.8	75.10	85.3	90.3	..
H F Muller.... 90	92.4	85	76.8	80.10	65
F H Reed..... 85	92.8	91.4	66.8	79	70
C C Stratton... 73	89.8	77	65	71	68

Judges, Everett, Muller and Haight; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Huyck.

Contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake April 14. Wind, west; weather, clear.

Battu..... 90	87	89.4	62.6	75.11	83.4
Brotherton... 105	79.4	83.4	68.4	75.10	51
Brooks..... 92	72.4	80	58.4	69.2	..
Everett..... 100	89.4	86.4	66.8	76.6	..
Golcher..... 116	86	88.8	72.6	80.7	..
Lovett..... 115	94	91.4	76.8	84	73.1
Mansfield..... 93.4	92.8	75.10	84.3	83.1	..
Muller..... 100	90.8	74.4	73.4	73.10	..
Skiner..... 81	81.8	84.4	68.4	76.4	58
Young..... 91	88	87.8	73.4	80.6	..

Judges, Brotherton and Muller; referee, Everett.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

As to Field Sports.

MAN has ever been a hunter or a fisherman. The pursuit and capture are dear to him in practice and cherished in memory. In the world's literature, the part devoted to the sports of land and water is far from being insignificant in volume, in universality of interest, or the genius and numbers of its contributors.

From the earliest dawn of history, man has been endowed with a passionate fondness for the fatigue, excitement, danger and success or defeat incident to the chase. This impulse was a necessary instinct, for by it in his earlier days savage man was impelled to seek a subsistence. Nor even then was the chase devoid of sport; for who can portray the delights which profoundly stirred man's being when pursuit was rewarded by capture, after strength and craft were taxed to the utmost in the strife for conquest?

The successful hunter must needs be strong, brave, enduring, with a good nerve, a steady hand, a true eye, and keen intelligence withal. Are not these the qualities of the men best fitted for the battles of life? Savage man in his rude way and civilized man in his gentle way, alike prize them. He is proud of the success of his most valiant ancestors; proud of the success of his friendly compeers, and proud of his own success. Since the time when savage man could first put his thoughts in words, his traditions were of the deeds of mighty hunters and mighty fishermen.

When he evolved into higher planes of life, and the pen enabled him to give his thoughts permanency, the literature of dog and gun, of rod and reel, was not neglected. It has grown with civilization. It has been enriched by the contributions of the ages.

The time came when all men could not be hunters. Instinctively man was a hunter, but the necessities of life forced him to become a tiller of the soil. Still, while his hand was on the hoe, his fancy could be roaming where the birds and beasts had their habitat. Being gifted with

imagination, he talked of them and wrote of them, and found that there was a pleasure in it all, even though he was denied their pursuit.

With a higher civilization came a better understanding of nature and nature's creatures. Savage man was burdened with superstitions of deities and demons of mountain and valley; civilized man adores the infinite handiwork spread before him on every side, so majestic in scope and so beautiful in its details. There are all the delicacies of texture, variety, harmony and beautiful coloring to please the eye, let it gaze over the landscape whither it may; and the hunter of the present day has a refined sense of enjoyment far removed from the savage joy of primitive man who killed and was happy.

At the present day the artistic features dominate the sport. Guns, rods, costumes, boats and the thousand and one other things which make up the tools of sport are works of art. Their application is artistic too. Whether a man fishes or fowls, he, if up to modern standards, must have an artistic equipment and apply it in an artistic, skillful manner. The artistic features are what please man most. He demands them. The appreciation of the beautiful and the skillful dominates the sport. Man thus has learned to take his sport in better ways. It is idealism with barely enough realism to give it tangibility upon which to rest.

As to Its Literature and Art.

While the literature of the dog and gun and rod and reel has been of rare excellence, and increased with the passing of the years, the pictorial talent, till within a comparatively modern period, has lagged behind. Not that there has not been diligent and repeated attempts, and not that there has not been abundance of enthusiastic appreciation of the value of true art, but that the gift of good painting apparently is rarer by far than is the gift of good writing. There are thousands who have a gift which enables them to appreciate the beautiful, but of these thousands there may not be one who is able to create a work of art. The writer of a beautiful idea may express it in a handwriting devoid of all pretense of beauty, and yet the idea itself is not thereby marred. The painter of a beautiful idea is conceded no such indulgence. His work is in the domain of realism, and it must impress the beholder accordingly.

While the true genius in art has always been rare, there were certain special considerations in field sports which therein barred the way of the artist. Some artists excel as draftsmen, some as painters of landscapes, some as painters of animals, some as colorists. He who succeeds best as a painter of field scenes must excel in all. He must have a correct knowledge of the anatomy of man and dog; otherwise what he strives to consider serious will appear as simple caricatures to the educated eye. Man and dog being right, the setting of field and forest must be right too, else there is an essential missing. Then all the technical details of the sport must be right—the man must hold his gun right, and with an air of purpose and alertness becoming the situation; the dog must be doing his part correctly and showing a proper spirit, and there must not be any incongruities of detail which negatives the whole, such as woodcock shooting on sand and rocks, or snipe shooting on a rocky mountain side.

As to Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus' Great Work.

These thoughts came to me not long since when I had the fortunate privilege of gazing upon a grand painting from the brush of the famous artist, Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O. This magnificent work is owned by Mr. S. Murray Mitchell, and adorns the office of the Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia, of which he is the proprietor. It is 6 x 16 feet, and is divided into three panels, on which are painted life-size portraits of Mr. Mitchell's dogs—ten in all. In color, the dogs are black, white and tan, and orange and white. So true is the portraiture that any one who knows the dogs would recognize them one from another in the picture at a glance. In the right hand panel is the black, white and tan dog Signal, lying down, while close by, side by side, sit Maggie and May, serenely contented. In the middle panel is the orange and white field trial setter, Sandy Gladstone, on point, supported by Pink, Jan and Doskey, all in spirited pose, as if becoming to dogs which are at the climax of capture or escape. The left hand panel contains portraits of Ida, Thacker and Helen, one of which in the foreground is in the act of picking up a quail which she is hurriedly gathering to retrieve. A sportsman stands in the background. Thus, besides being excellent, lifelike portraits of the dogs themselves, there is such a deft composition that there is a theme of both home and fields interwoven; the dogs contentedly lying down in one panel, the dogs on point and back in the next panel, and the dogs retrieving game and rallying to their master in the third panel. The dogs are all well-bred setters, and the texture of their coats and their coloring are depicted with a marvelous realism. There is a different landscape in each panel, yet all with such warmth and harmony of coloring as to form a pleasing picture in itself. Art connoisseurs who have seen it have pronounced it a faultless work in artistic technique, composition and fidelity to its subject.

In passing it may be mentioned that Mr. Osthaus has painted several other famous field pictures, one of which portrayed Mr. W. W. Titus with two famous field trial dogs, all life size, in a Mississippi scene of woods and fields. This picture was shown at the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden three or four years ago, and was always the center of an admiring audience.

He has painted the portrait of nearly every field trial dog of note which has run within recent years, and his work is always marked by the same elegance and accuracy, whether in oil, water color or pencil. Incidentally he paints equally well in other branches of his art. He is an indefatigable worker, and apart from his hours of recreation has no idle moments. Being a thoroughly practical and finished sportsman himself, he knows how every detail of a field scene should be composed. The chicken shooting of the prairie, the quail shooting of the North and South, the woodcock and snipe shooting, are all as an open book to him, for he has passed days and weeks with them all. He also is an adept with the rod and reel in matters of the bass and trout.

But one might be with him for days or weeks and never know that he knew how to fish, or shoot a bird on the wing, or paint a picture, for he is the last one of all

men to speak of what he has done or does or can do; and there is not the slightest doubt but what if he knew the purpose of the writer to publish this he would earnestly rise to object; but as he doesn't know I feel safe till we meet.

B. WATERS.

Points and Flushes.

"The Dog: Its Management and Diseases," by Woodroffe Hill, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, has reached its fifth edition. It is a comprehensive treatise. In it is to be found advice and information on every point which is likely to arise for the consideration of the dog owner. From the first chapter on general management, which treats of food, exercise, washing, grooming, clothing, kennel management, disinfection, administration of medicines, nursing, etc., through all the seventeen chapters which follow, and which treat of the causes, symptoms and treatment of diseases, the technical language of the profession is avoided as far as possible, and therefore it is intelligible to the layman who reads it. The work is nevertheless up to the most advanced standards of scientific research and practice. It contains 531 pages and is attractively and instructively illustrated.

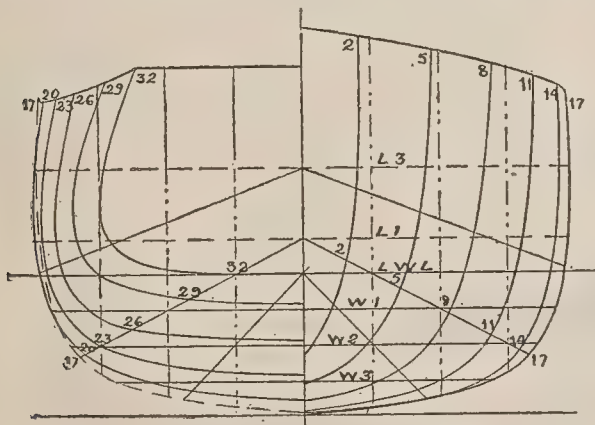
Yachting.

THE rival schooners Amorita and Quisetta are now being overhauled and altered for a lively season. The former is at Piepgrass' Yard, City Island, where her steel bulwarks will be removed, the upper portion of the centerboard trunk will be cut off and a lighter cabin trunk will be fitted. Mr. Brokaw will spend the early part of the season in Europe, but the yacht will be raced in his absence. Quisetta is at the Morgan Iron Works, New London, where her fin will be deepened, lowering the lead keel a foot, and her sail plan will be considerably increased.

THE executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts has decided that the four 25-footers now building by Hanley at Quincy Point do not comply with the requirements of the rules and are not within the class. The measurement of the height of cabin trunk has been taken by the builder at the side of trunk instead of at the highest point. Consequently the cabin trunks are all deeper by the amount of crown than the rule allows.

A High Speed Yacht's Launch.

THE ordinary service of a yacht's power launch does not call for a specially high speed, as this entails a sacrifice of several valuable qualities, such a craft being as a matter of necessity most frequently used to carry a number of passengers safely and comfortably in either rough or smooth water at a moderate speed. The launch here illustrated was designed to attain the highest possible speed under certain fixed conditions attending her use as a part of the davit fleet of a large steam yacht; (1) the total weight for hoisting not to exceed 4,000lbs.; (2) the hull to be strong enough to be hoisted by the ends and carried permanently at the davits. The design was made by Col. Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken, the son and nephew of the two original owners of the sloop Maria and the schooner America, an amateur whose tastes have kept



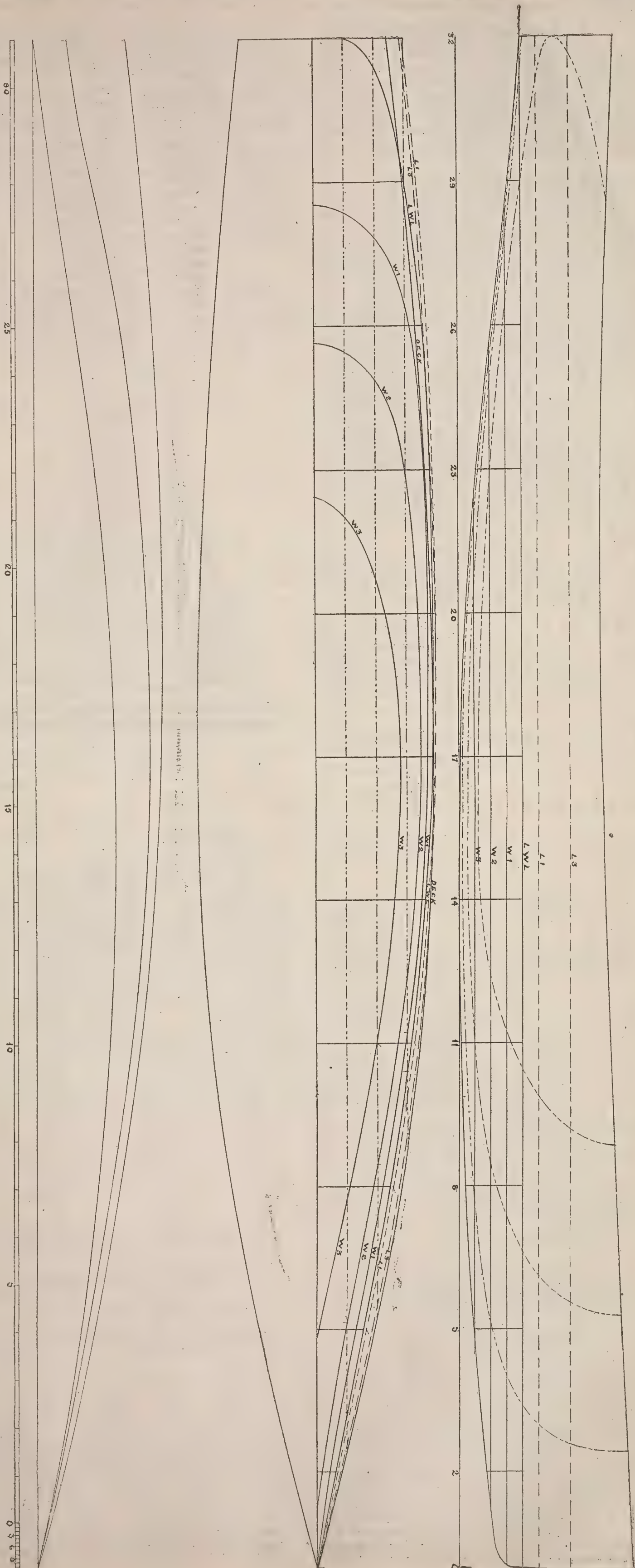
him in close touch with naval architecture and marine engineering.

In order to obtain the necessary strength with the least possible weight of construction, the deep and narrow form of hull was adopted, giving a maximum of stiffness in a vertical direction, the engine and boiler being placed amidships and the hoisting chains being very close to the ends in order that the launch might be swung inboard at times. The dimensions are:

Length over all	32ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	5ft. 1 in.
L.W.L.	5ft.
Draft	1ft. 4 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 4 in.
Least	1ft. 8 in.
Transom	1ft. 11½ in.

The engine is 4 and 8½ x 5½, compound, with a Thorneycroft launch boiler; a specially designed outboard condenser was used, with a Blake combined air and feed pump. The launch was used last season, but no thorough speed trials were run; on one occasion she made a run of twenty-four miles up the Hudson River, starting with a young ebb tide, in one and one-half hours. From this and such other informal runs as were made, it seems probable that on the measured mile she would realize over rather than under the speed suggested at the outset, of fourteen knots. If built from to a somewhat larger size and for speed only without regard to hoisting, the lines should give a very fast boat.

Fleur de Lys, schr., Chas. Smithers, arrived at New York on April 17 after a cruise of three months in the West Indies.



HIGH SPEED YACHT'S LAUNCH. DESIGNED BY COL. EDWIN A. STEVENS, 1899.

A Fin-Keel Raceabout.

For several years past the knockabout, originally a keel boat of moderate section, has been a fin-keel in all but construction, the newer raceabout being quite as extreme. The recent change of the rule has made it possible to build a true fin-keel, a canoe hull with separate metal fin, and the first boat of this type, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, will be seen this season in the raceabout class. She is described as follows by W. E. Robinson in the Boston Globe:

Two very interesting additions to the raceabout fleet this season will be the boats which Crowninshield has designed, one of which is for C. H. W. Foster and the other for Crowninshield himself, to succeed his last year's Pirate, which captured the class championship from a fleet of half a dozen new and as many old boats. The Foster boat will be interesting from the fact that she will be the first fin-keel ever built for the class, while the Crowninshield boat will attract attention from the improvements sought over last year's champion. Added interest to both will be given for the reason that they are designed under the new rule of the Knockabout Association, which does away with the requirement of a definite amount of ballast and demands only that the boats do not fall below a specified minimum weight or displacement.

It is, in fact, this new rule that allows the fin-keel to come into the class with a fair chance of winning, for the type was practically barred under the rule demanding 3,500lbs. of outside ballast. By the minimum displacement rule the designer may put his weight either in the hull or in the ballast, as he pleases, so long as his boat has the requisite 5,900lbs. of displacement. He is prevented from building a boat of light construction by the same scantling restrictions that have been in force for several years past and that have produced boats of reasonable solidity and strength, but he is given a little more liberty in design than before, and can now vary to a certain extent the factors that go to make up the total weight.

Advantage of the new rule has been taken by Mr. Foster to build a fin-keel for the reason that the type has always been a favorite with him, and because he likes to try experiments, particularly where he has a chance of success, as seems to be the case at present.

The framers of the new rule desired that experiments should be made, with a view to securing the fastest possible boat under the restrictions, and Mr. Foster is helping them out. They believed, though, that nothing of safety or convenience would be sacrificed by changing the rule, and their expectations in this direction seem likely to be fulfilled, for there is nothing in the Foster design that indicates a lessening of the good qualities of the class, while at the same time there is promise of additional speed.

For his own use Crowninshield adheres to the type he has developed by successive seasons of experience, and it will be an added feature of interest to see how his own ideas compare with those he has worked out for Mr. Foster. The two boats will therefore be closely watched, not only for their sailing with the rest of the fleet, but for their sailing as against each other.

The Crowninshield boat is 31ft. 10in. over all, 20ft. 11in. water line, 7ft. 7½in. extreme breadth, 7ft. 2½in. water line breadth, and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 3,550lbs. of lead on her keel and will have the 600 sq. ft. of sail allowed under the restrictions.

As compared with Pirate, last year's champion, she has lower and longer ends, about 1in. more beam and 2in. greater draft. She also shows a trifle more fullness in the water lines both forward and aft, and in general a further attempt to get the greatest length when heeled that is possible under the rules. There is also a slight difference in the lateral plane to secure a better disposition of the lead and a little less wetted surface.

The weight of the lead is carried to the lowest possible point by flaring the sides of the keel outward toward the bottom of it, so that the widest part is lowest down, as in Columbia and other fast boats, both large and small. The keel is about 10in. thick at its widest point. The shape of the keel and of the lateral plane promise excellent power for holding on in turning to windward.

The hull of the boat shows the easy round of the bilge, the slight rise in the floor and the sharp turn at the garboard that have been characteristic of the fast boats in the class, and with the long and easy sweep of the fore and aft lines, promises easy driving at high speed as well as good lifting power and stability in a sea way.

Unlike last year's boats this one will have no cabin house, but simply a cockpit with a coaming of the usual height. Her frames are of oak and her planking a single thickness of mahogany, which will be finished bright. Her sail plan will be of the high and narrow type that has been proved to be the most effective.

Altogether, she is a very promising successor to Pirate, and should be decidedly faster.

The Foster boat is 31ft. 11in. over all, 20ft. 10½in. water line, 7ft. 8¾in. extreme breadth, 7ft. 5in. water line breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. Her fin is of ½in. Tobin bronze, and is 4ft. long. The lead bulb at the bottom of the fin is 5ft. 6in. long and 1ft. thick in its widest part. Its forward end is flush with the fin, but its after end projects 1½ft. beyond it. This is done to secure the proper balance, while cutting away the fin to save wetted surface. There are 2,950lbs. of lead in the bulb, and the shape is such as to offer the least possible resistance to forward motion.

In model the boat shows a shoaler hull, harder bilge and flatter floor than the new Pirate, as well as a square instead of a curved garboard, all of which changes are necessary parts of the fin keel design, as against the semi-fin hitherto developed. The lines are very easy, though, and because of her form the boat should lose nothing in stability by reason of less outside lead than her competitor. She will carry about 200lbs. of inside lead for fore and aft trimming.

A novel and interesting feature of the boat's design is one that permits her fin to be shifted forward and aft so that her best trim and balance may be obtained by careful experimenting. The fin is bolted to angle irons that in turn are bolted firmly to the oak keel. The bolts in

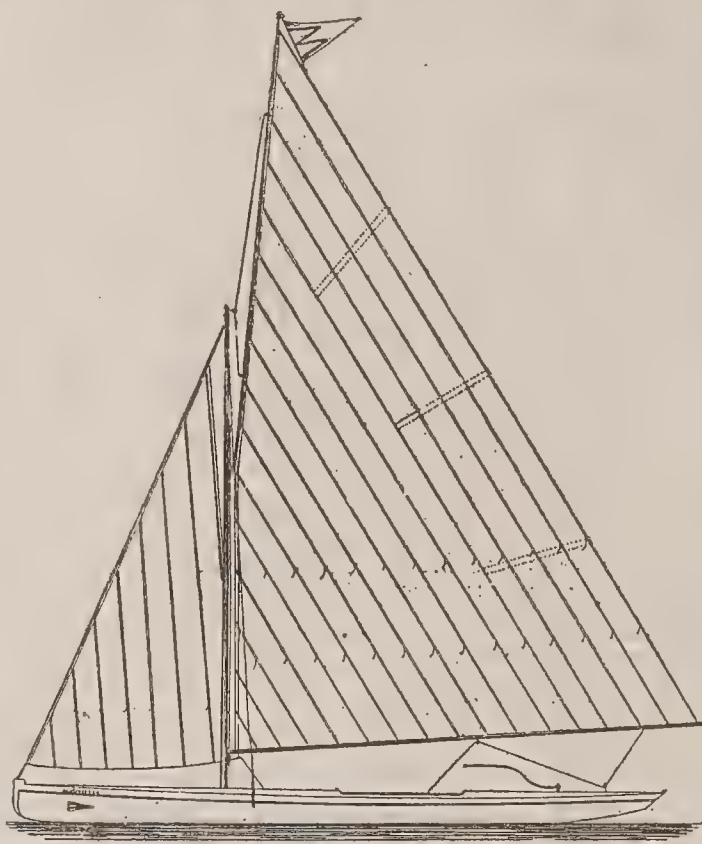
the fin are 6in. apart, while in the angle irons are holes 3in. apart, so that the fin can be shifted 3in. at a time in either direction desired. Of course the boat must be hauled out to make the change, but a record of performances with the fin in varying positions will in the end give the desired results.

In hull construction the boat is the same as the other, except that she is double instead of single planked. There is practically no difference in the sail plans.

A novel feature common to both boats is that their masts can be shifted 6in. either forward or aft to secure the best possible balance in sailing. The shift cannot, of course, be made under sail any more than can a shift of the fin in the Foster boat, but experiments can be made and the results noted. Both boats will be under sail long before the racing season opens, so that their owners will have time to experiment and to secure what seems to be the most satisfactory results.

A French Sharpie.

We copy from the French journal the Yachting Gazette the accompanying design of a little sharpie, which is very much superior in the matter of appearance at least to most of the scow type; the sheer plan and top-

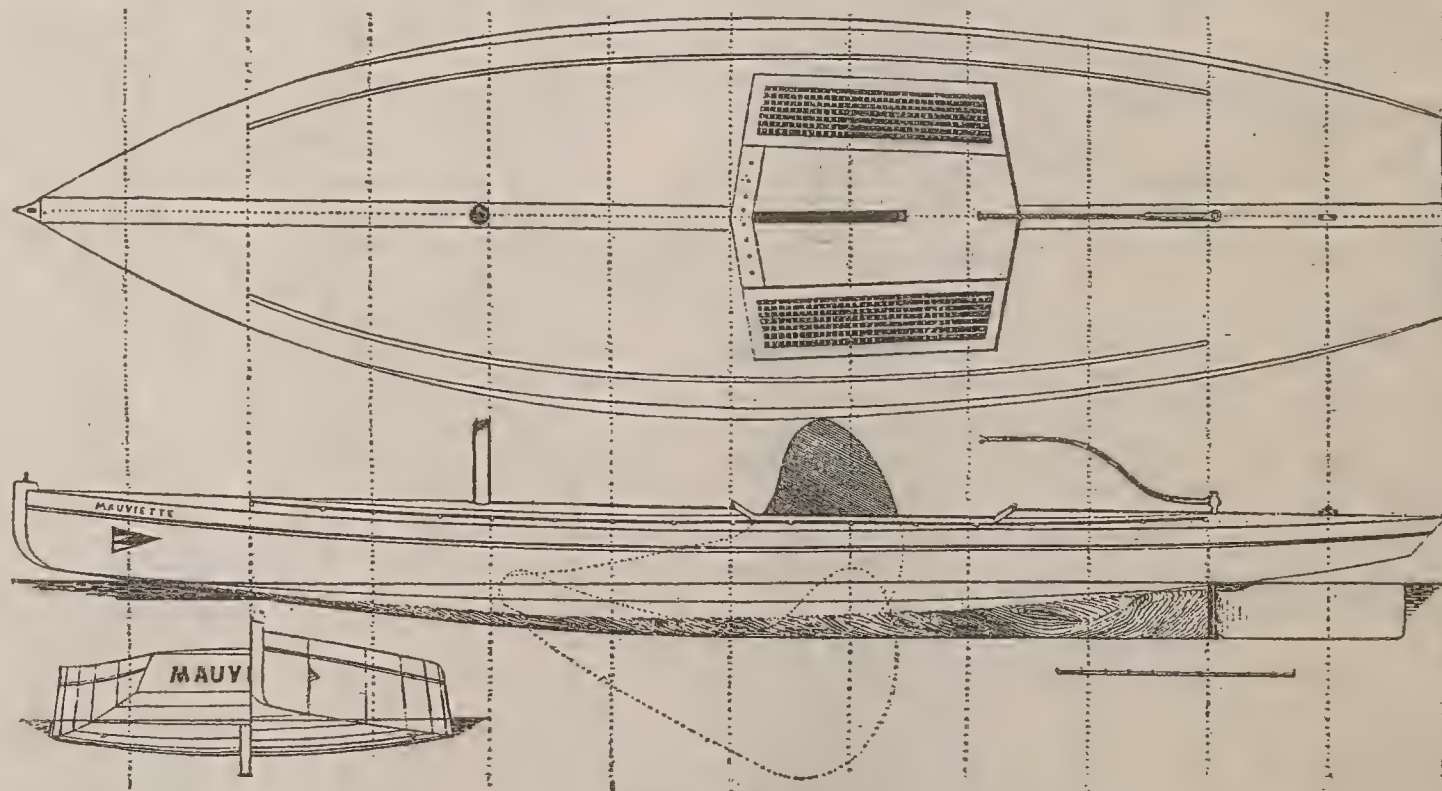


sides having a very shipshape look. The yacht was built at Angers for Mr. M. Marquis, her dimensions being:
Over all 19ft. 8in.
L.W.L. 14ft. 9in.
Beam 5ft. 7in.
Draft—

Hull 8in.
With board 2ft. 9in.
Sail area 190 sq. ft.

The Lake Sailing Skiff Association.

The sailing of small open boats has always been a favorite amusement of the yachtsmen of Lake Ontario, and the "skiff" has long been a popular institution on Toronto Bay and Burlington Bay (Hamilton). The term itself has at times been subjected to pretty hard use, being made to cover almost any sort of small craft from the shapely St. Lawrence skiff to the most extreme form of scow and pumpkin-seed. At the present time the racing of the mosquito fleet along the west end of Ontario is



A FRENCH SHARPIE.

under the care of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, organized in 1893, and the boats are safeguarded by a number of salutary restrictions. The Association includes the Royal Canadian Y. C., Queen City Y. C., Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club and National Yacht and Skiff Club, all of Toronto; the Royal Hamilton Y. C. and Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, and the Parkdale Sailing Club, of Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto. According to the revised rules of the Association, a "skiff" shall not be over 18ft. corrected length, and shall carry no "hiking board" and no ballast except a centerboard, the weight being limited to 150lbs. for the first class and 100 for the second and third classes. No skiff shall be allowed in the races

unless she is sufficiently buoyant to support herself with her ballast and crew; and in all cases the garboards and keel must be the lowest part of the hull; having once sailed as a yacht in any race, a boat is barred from the skiff races. The skiffs are measured by the Seawanhaka rule, except that the sails are measured by the Y. R. A. method, and the class limits are 18ft., 16ft. and 15ft. The first, or 18ft., class, is limited to 25ft. over all, and a minimum breadth of 6ft., no limit of freeboard; the second class to 24ft. over all, a minimum breadth of 5ft. 2in., minimum freeboard of 12in. and a sail area of 330 sq. ft.; the third class to 17ft. over all, minimum breadth of 4ft., minimum freeboard of 9in., and not over 250 sq. ft. of sail. In the larger classes the placing of the rudder is optional, but in the third class it must be hung outboard.

This year a new "special ballasted class" has been established, the over all length being limited to 25ft. 6in., the l.w.l. to 16ft., the breadth to a minimum of 6ft., the freeboard to a minimum of 15in. and the sail area to 33 sq. ft.; each boat carrying at least 600lbs. of ballast either as a fixed keel, inside ballast or weighted centerboard. The draft with crew of three on board is limited to 4ft. in keel boats and 6ft. for centerboards of not more than 200lbs. weight, all heavier boards being limited to 4ft.

The construction is also limited, the 18ft. class having ½in. planking and an average section of frames of 1 x 16in. square to each foot; the 16ft. class having ¾in. planking and 1in. square; the 15ft., ¼in. planking and ¾in. square, and the ballasted class ½in. planking and 1¼in. square for the middle of the boat with a reduction at the ends. The 18ft. class is allowed a crew of four and the other classes three all told. The present officers are: Pres., F. E. Walker, Victoria Y. C.; Vice-Pres., R. Thos. Cuff, R. T. S. S. C.; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., Guy F. Judd, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Ex. Com., T. Riley, F. Birely, G. F. Crawford, E. K. M. Wedd, R. Slee, T. A. E. World and W. A. Watts. The Association has now two perpetual challenge cups, the Walker cup and the Kiteley cup, for the 16ft. and the 15ft. classes respectively.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Elsa II., steam yacht, E. R. Dick, arrived at Havana on April 18.

The Mobile Y. C., of Mobile, Ala., has elected the following officers: Com., T. G. Bush; Vice-Com., Thomas L. Cook; Sec'y and Treas., William E. Mickle, Jr.; Governing Committee, F. E. Overall, T. E. Hogg, T. A. Chamberlain; Meas., M. J. Parker.

Mongoose, knockabout, has been sold by Simeon Ford to Mrs. Louise L. Starr, of Philadelphia, who will use her about Islesboro, Me.

Enterprise, steam yacht, Messrs. F. C. and Nelson Perin, of Baltimore, will sail shortly on a long cruise to the Mediterranean and through the Red Sea.

Endymion, schr., George Lord Day, arrived at New York on April 18 after a cruise in the West Indies, having sailed from New York on Jan. 31. She will refit for a cruise in British waters and possibly as far as the Baltic.

A meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held at the Parker House, Boston, on April 20, Com. Butler Ames being re-elected, with D. C. Percival, Jr., as Vice-Com. The following amendments to the racing rules were adopted:

All races and yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of the regatta committee of the club or of judges appointed by them. All matters shall be subject to their approval or control and all doubts, questions and disputes shall be subject to their decision. Their decisions shall be based upon these rules so far as they will apply; but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the regatta committee shall keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea and

discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior speed and skill. The decisions of the regatta committee shall be final. If any yacht be disqualified the prize shall be awarded to the next in order. The regatta committee shall decide on the prize winners as soon as possible after the conclusion of the race, and they shall post their decisions in the club house as soon as made. Any yacht duly entered for a race, whether starting in the race or not, shall, in the event of the race being resailed, be entitled to a start; but no new entry for a postponed race shall be received under any circumstances whatever.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular shoot for all comers and members in re-entry matches. It was one of California's ideal days. Scores on Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

All comers and members, any rifle, medals and prizes, 200yds. Pape and Mannel shot Young and Daiss a match or 50 shots, as follows:

A H Pape.....	5 7 5 8 1 5 6 2 3 4—52
	7 7 8 9 5 13 4 10 5 4—72
	8 3 7 2 8 6 1 5 2 5—50
	3 9 8 2 4 8 5 8 7 1—55
	11 4 3 5 3 7 9 5 4 4—55-284
G Mannel.....	13 5 9 9 10 11 5 11 9—82
	9 7 2 7 11 20 23 8 3 5—95
	14 5 7 17 13 11 5 7 1 9—89
	5 12 8 12 13 12 11 5 12 14—104
	11 10 12 12 13 7 6 5 8 10—104-481
F O Young.....	11 5 7 5 6 2 4 12 3 5—60
	3 4 7 7 3 4 4 4 5 3—44
	7 4 7 9 3 6 2 8 7 3—56
	7 5 4 9 9 4 6 2 4 10—60
	4 3 5 7 7 1 4 10 3 4—48-268
C M Daiss.....	30 16 10 4 9 23 12 7 9—117
	11 10 8 11 8 6 9 27 10 5—105
	4 9 13 13 2 6 9 2 17 3—78
	5 10 6 3 5 10 3 6 6 10—64
	3 2 5 7 9 4 6 17 9 5—67-431

Young and Daiss won by 49 points. Pape and Young shot their Pape rifles and used Kings' semi-smokeless powder, primed with Dupont's. Young averaged 53.6, or 5.36in. ring; Pape averaged 56.8, or 5.68in. ring; Daiss, averaged 86.2, or 8.62in. ring; Mannel averaged 96.8, or 9.68in. ring.

Rifle record scores: E. E. Beaman, 115, 116, 129; G. Mannel, 89; Dr. J. F. Twist, 187.

Paul Becker shot the following with his .30-30 Winchester repeating carbine, using a new 200gr. bullet, which the Ideal Company made for him, and L. & R. smokeless powder: 5, 8, 7, 4, 8, 8, 6, 9, 22, 2—79, or a 48 Creedmoor, which is worthy of special note.

All comers and members, pistol, medals and prizes, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 52; F. S. Washburn, 61, 71, 71; Hassmann, 73; Mrs. G. Mannel, 80.

Record scores, pistol: Mrs. Mannel 65, Hassmann 66, Mrs. Waltham 75.

Twist revolver medal, all comers and members, 50yds.:

F O Young.....	56 58 61 61 61 63
C M Daiss.....	60 61 67 79 84
P Becker.....	61 74 78 80 84
Dr J F Twist.....	79 81 82 87 92

Mrs. Mannel 99, Mrs. Waltham 113.

Twenty-two and twenty-five caliber rifle medals, all comers and members, 50yds.:

F O Young, 50 consecutive shots...	1 1 3 1 1 2 2 3 3 3—20
	4 1 1 1 3 1 3 3 2 2—21
	3 2 2 1 2 4 3 1 2 2—22
	—27
	—28

Mr. Young used Stevens Favorite, Peters long rifle cartridges. E. E. Beaman, 28, 39; G. Mannel, 28, 36; Mrs. Waltham, 32, 36. Twenty-two caliber rifle record scores: E. E. Beaman, 26, 28, 30, 31.

Prizes of 22 cartridges from Peters Cartridge Company were won this month as follows: Pistol, experts, Young, with 41 rings. Revolver, members', Becker, with 47 rings. Twenty-two caliber rifle, experts, Young, with 20 rings. Twenty-two caliber rifle, members, Mrs. Waltham, with 26 rings.

C. M. Daiss made 11 cartridge buttons (our club badge) and presented them for most times won on flags of first three scores of each shoot, to continue six months. The metal was from the Maine, and Daiss is an expert in the art of making medals, as well as good scores.

Pape, upon finishing his 50 shots, attended the Schuetzen prize shoot and made 94 in four shots and 71 in three shots, consecutive tickets, walking off with good amounts to his credit. Here is a paragraph from one of our morning papers worth printing, viz.:

"At the honorary rings the fusilier from Sacramento executed two shots of 73 each out of a possible two at 75 each."

Ye editor who sat upon Young for translating German into Columbia target measure and vice versa will groan in spirit when he reads that translation of German target into American count. Dr. B. H. Foreman, of Ione, writes that he tied the pistol record of 29 on Columbia target. F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Under date of April 17 the Herald states: "Nearly a score of revolver marksmen met in Conlin's gallery, on Sixth avenue, last night to discuss conditions for the Franco-American team match by cable. It was the regular meeting night of the United States Revolver Association, but as the president was unable to be in attendance it was agreed to postpone the meeting until after the receipt of the official challenge from the French marksmen, which is now on the way here. Before this decision was reached, however, B. F. Wilder, secretary of the U. S. R. A., read a letter he had received from M. Gastinne-Renette, secretary of the French Revolver Committee, in which the conditions under which the Frenchmen would compete with the Americans were specified. These conditions were similar to those cabled to the Herald from Paris several weeks ago. The only changes of note were that the match should be shot between June 7 and June 20, and owing to the uncertainty of the weather conditions that the teams be not restricted to any single day between those dates. Another amendment to the original conditions is that the names of the team members be cabled to the opposing side at least eight days before the meeting. Those present at the meeting thought favorably of the amendments, and all were pleased at the prospects of an early settlement of negotiations for the match. All were convinced that the challenge would be accepted as soon as received."

The United States Revolver Association held a meeting at 16 West Thirty-first street, on Monday evening of this week, to consider the matter of a cable match, but no challenge being on hand the meeting was not in a position either to accept or decline. These were present: Dr. C. T. Adams, W. E. Carlin, A. A. Cohen, John W. Christiansen, Charles H. Chapman, A. S. Franklin, A. C. Gould, George S. Geis, W. H. Hall, A. L. A. Himmelwright, A. S. Jones, Sergt. W. E. Petty, Lieut. R. H. Sayre, Gen. Bird W. Spencer, H. Schrader and B. F. Wilder. The following resolution was passed: "If the U. S. R. A. does not receive a challenge from France this week, that the executive committee be empowered to communicate with the president of the French committee, stating the position of the U. S. R. A."

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

May 2-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of Walsrode Gun Club. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Naragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

April 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Targets and pigeons. G. W. Loomis, Sec'y-Treas.

April 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Second open contest for the Greater New York and vicinity trophy, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10:30 o'clock. John Wright, Mgr.

May 1-4.—Springfield, Ill.—Grand Tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

May —.—Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament.

May 2.—Westminster, Md.—Tournament of the Westminster Gun Club; live birds and targets.

May 2-3.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's tournament.

May 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

May 9-10.—Natchez, Miss.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. F. C. Sampson, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

May 11.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr. Second day, May 25.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 14.—East New York, Brooklyn.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. Team race between Fultons, Hudsons and Oceanics. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Newell, Ia.—Amateur target tournament of the Newell Gun Club. H. G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago, Ohio.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 25.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Decoration Day live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

June (First Week)—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, manager.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

July 1.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. J. F. Padiford, Sec'y.

July 17-19.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Under date of April 21 Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, one of Greater New York's most skillful trapshooters, writes us as follows: "Owing to certain circumstances the Lebohner spring tournament at Dexter Park, under my management, will not take place on dates claimed over two months ago—May 2, 3 and 4. In place of these dates Mr. Lebohner will hold two one-day live-bird tournaments on Friday, May 11, and Friday, May 25, beginning at 9:30 A. M. sharp for the introductory event. This will be followed by three regular events. For the three high guns in the total of the three regular events Mr. Lebohner will add \$15, divided \$7, \$5 and \$3, each of these days. Time permitting, other events will be shot. All events handicapped by the manager. Events as follows: Introductory, at 9:30 A. M.; 7 live birds, entrance \$3; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent; class shooting. Regular event 1, 10 live birds, entrance \$5, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; class shooting. Regular event 2, 15 live birds, entrance \$7; Rose system; four moneys, divided 12, 6, 3, 1 points. Regular event 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$5; class shooting; four moneys, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. In all events, birds are extra at 25 cents each. Shooters may make an additional high gun stake in any of these events by notifying the manager before each event. John H. W. Fleming (Johnnie Jones), official scorer of the late Grand American Handicap, will have charge of the scores. Mr. Fred Lebohner will act as cashier. Lunch for shooters and refreshments handy. Regular dinner at a nominal price on the grounds."

"The Breechloader and How to Use It," by W. W. Greener, a work well known to all shooters, has passed into the eighth edition. Each year since its first appearance a revised edition has been published, but the eighth has been rewritten. Certain portions have been condensed and much new matter has been added. There are fifteen chapters, with captions as follows: "The Shotgun; Its Invention and History;" "The Parts of a Modern Gun;" "Types of Modern Guns;" "Caliber, Weight and Shooting of Guns;" "Wildfowl and Duck Guns;" "The Choice of a Gun;" "Shooting: the Flight of a Load of Shot;" "The Gun Room, Casserie;" "Gun Stocks;" "The Fit of Guns;" "Handling and Care of Guns;" "Ammunition and Explosives;" "The Gun: How to Use It;" "Trapshooting;" "Sporting Rifles;" "Rudiments of Rifle Shooting." It will thus be seen that there is no point in theory and practice of shooting left uncovered. The price of this work is \$1.50, and it can be obtained from the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

From the Sun we clip the following: "Walter W. Watrous and C. S. Guthrie, of the Carteret Gun Club, were present at the opening of the London Gun Club's shooting season on April 7, and took part in several contests. In the Oxford and Cambridge handicaps, sweepstakes of \$15 each, with \$125 added, Guthrie was third, killing 8 birds. Watrous missed his first. Guthrie missed his first in the next event, all at 27yds., and in the third competition, a handicap, he killed 5 and was third. He was handicapped in the latter at 30yds. On April 10 Watrous was tied for third place with two local marksmen, with 5 kills, and Guthrie was third in another with 8 kills. In the small miss-and-out events shot after the regular programme, Guthrie killed 20 out of 21 and won or divided a majority of the pools. On April 12 Guthrie won a \$15 sweepstake, at 29yds., and Watrous won a \$10 handicap sweepstakes."

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has issued invitations for the second open contest of the trophy emblematic of the championship of Greater New York and vicinity, at targets. Practice sweeps commence at 10:30. The trophy event will begin at 1 o'clock, and after that hour no entries for it will be received. Contestants to be eligible must reside within a radius of fifty miles of the City Hall. The grounds are situated at city line and Enfield street. Take Kings county "L."

On Saturday of this week the New Utrecht Gun Club will shoot at both targets and live birds, at Interstate Park. Shooting will begin at 12:30. Club events will be shot off on the arrival of the trains leaving Flatbush avenue station at 1:54, and Long Island City at 2:05. Mr. T. W. Morley won the first cup in the open contest last Saturday, after a closely contested shoot-off with Mr. E. Banks. Mr. Fessenden won the second cup.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a live-bird shoot under the auspices of his club, at Interstate Park, on Decoration Day.

Mr. Thomas Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., announces his fourth annual tournament at live birds and targets, to take place on Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 21.

The Sherburne Gun Club, of Sherburne, N. Y., will hold a one-day target tournament on July 12. Mr. I. F. Padiford is the secretary.

The next shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association will be held at Palmer, Mass., on May 30.

The amateur tournament of the Newell Gun Club, to be held at Newell, Ia., May 16 and 17, has eleven events on the programme of the first day and twelve on the second day, all at targets. There are two events at 10 targets, seven at 15 targets and two at 20 targets, on the first day, with an entrance based on 10 cents per target. The programme of the second day is the same as that of the first, excepting that there is an additional event, No. 12, for the northwestern Iowa championship medal, at 25 targets, entrance 50 cents. The magautrap and bluerocks will be used. Professionals and manufacturers' agents can shoot for targets. Moneys divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. For the highest average each day, \$2.50; for the highest general average, \$3. Guns and ammunition shipped to H. G. Hall will be cared for and delivered at the grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day.

The Westminster Gun Club, Westminster, Md., has issued the programme of its tournament, which is to take place on May 2. Shooting commences promptly at 10 A. M. The competition is open to all. All shooters will be handicapped by distance. The introductory event will be at 5 live birds, \$3, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The second is the Westminster Handicap, 10 birds, \$5, birds included, handicaps 25 to 32yds.; purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. There are six target events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. The Sergeant system will be used. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The tournament will be under the management of Messrs. J. W. Smith, J. L. Reifsnider, Jr., and Dr. Baughman.

Keep in mind the second contest for the trophy emblematic of the championship of Greater New York and vicinity, which takes place on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, April 30, at 1 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10:30. John S. Wright is manager. No one can enter for the trophy after the contest begins. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan has won it three times, and if he wins it again the trophy is thereby put out of general business. If he is the best shot, he deserves to win it; but all the good shots should rally and determine satisfactorily who is the best shot. Incidentally if a shooter should defeat Mr. Feigenspan he will know that he has been at a shoot.

In the 10-bird trophy event at the Fountain Gun Club's shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday of last week Dr. Wynn killed straight and won the trophy. Hereafter the club will hold its monthly shoots at Interstate Park. The members will engage the special trolley parlor car to conduct them to and from the Interstate Park, the same as heretofore at Dexter Park. The clubs are quick to recognize the modern appointments of the Interstate Park grounds, the complete fitness of the grounds themselves and the complete transportation facilities offered from all points.

Mr. John Parker, the efficient representative of the Peters Cartridge Company, and tournament manager, managed the tournament at Peru, Ind., most successfully. He will manage the Peters Cartridge amateur tournament at Natchez, Miss., on May 9 and 10. It will be held under the auspices of the Gaillard Gun Club. There will be \$400 guaranteed purse and merchandise prizes. The State championships of Louisiana and Mississippi will be matters of contest, and proper trophies will go to the winners, and be emblematic of the honors won.

The final contest for the Francotte gun, offered by John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, as a prize, to be won in a series of contests, took place last Saturday. Mr. R. Phister was the winner. He made an admirable competition for it against most discouraging competition, he shooting from almost scratch (2 points), against all kinds of handicaps, long and short. The win was a popular one, and deservedly so, for "Woods" is one of the most popular, as well as most skillful, shooters.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will arrive in New York some day in the latter part of this week, to commence the preparatory work of the great target tournament to be held at Interstate Park, commencing on June 11. The target traps are being installed, and the events of the programme are under consideration. Keep in mind that there is \$1,000 added money to this great target competition.

On May 4, on the grounds of the Columbia Fishing Club, at Eltingville, Staten Island, the Jeannette Gun Club and the aforementioned club will hold a live-bird shoot for trophies, of which each club respectively donates three. The handicaps will be from 25 to 32yds. Each event for the trophies will be at 7 live birds. The competition is open to members only.

Two of the most skillful of the Carteret Gun Club's famous shooters, Messrs. D. I. Bradley and W. S. Edey, were booked to sail for England on the St. Paul on Wednesday of this week. They will dally a while in England, participating in some shooting there, thence go to Paris, the trend of travel at present being thitherward.

In the monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club on Tuesday of last week there were four out of thirty-five contestants who killed straight in the trophy event at 10 birds. Of these, "Dr. O'Connell" (Mr. L. H. Schortemeier) was the only one who stood on the 30yd. mark.

In the Denver Gun Club's shoot, Denver, Col., on April 14, the State championship medal was won by Mr. A. B. Daniels. He broke 91 out of the 100 targets shot at. The scores of his competitors were: J. W. Garrett 89, Pickett 87, Armstrong 84, Sedam 86.

In the shoot on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, April 19, at 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, for a valuable gun, Schultz won with a clean score. He stood at 30yds., as did Hayward and Price, who were each only one bird less.

The regular programme of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, to be held July 17, 18 and 19, will be issued some time in June. There will be \$300 added money; ten 15-target events each day; Rose system; four moneys.

It is rumored that the famous trapshooter Mr. R. A. Welch has abandoned his European trip, which he had in contemplation, with an incidental purpose to shoot in England and at the Paris Exposition.

On Thursday of last week in the trophy event of the Sheephead Bay Rod and Gun Club, Sheephead Bay, L. I., Mr. John J. Pillion killed straight and won. The event was a handicap.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, under date of April 22, sends us a telegram from Excelsior Springs, Mo., as follows: "Owing to Gilbert's illness, have postponed Republic cup race indefinitely."

On Saturday of last week Mr. G. S. McAlpin, standing at 31yds., in the contest for the Oakleigh Thorne cup, on the grounds of the Cartaret Gun Club, scored a second win for it.

At the Lincoln Gun Club's shoot, Lincoln, Neb., on April 19, Mr. W. R. Crosby killed 25 birds straight, standing at the 32yd. mark, in the main event, and won first alone.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a live-bird shoot under the auspices of his club, at Interstate Park, on Decoration Day.

Mr. Thomas Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., announces his fourth annual tournament at live birds and targets, to take place on Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 21.

The Sherburne Gun Club, of Sherburne, N. Y., will hold a one-day target tournament on July 12. Mr. I. F. Padiford is the secretary.

The next shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association will be held at Palmer, Mass., on May 30.

BERNARD WATERS.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., April 18.—The scores made at our shoot to-day follow:

Wadsworth	111011111001111110111110111	25
	111110111111111111111111111	28
Fowler	11111111111010101110101	20
	111011011111111111111111111	21

E. A. W. Sec'y

Peru Fourth Annual Tournament.

PERU, Ind., April 19.—Judged from the standpoint of numbers, the fourth annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club was not a great success, since it shows only fifteen entries or so, against fifty to sixty-five in the earlier shoots which established the reputation of this club for giving the biggest shoots in the State of Indiana. The test of numbers, however, is not the only one in forming an estimate of a tournament. Mr. J. L. Head, the president of the club, and head hustler in general in these Peru shoots, was keenly disappointed at the scanty attendance, yet he was the only man there who was disappointed. The shoot was a very pleasant one indeed, and if the whole circuit in the West this season proves as nice in all ways as this eye-opener on the banks of the Wabash, we shall, none of us, have occasion for complaint. There is always a limit, a turning point, in the size of anything. The largest apple is not always the best to eat. The fat lady in the museum is not necessarily the superior of a lass not half her size, so far as ability to keep house is concerned. Perhaps we are to see a season of smaller shoots. It is hard to guess at the next development in the shooting game. Perhaps—and this is far more likely—the fact that this was just after the Grand American Handicap, and very early in the season, cut down the turnout of the trapshooting legions.

The weather was another factor that militated against the success of the shoot. Mr. Head announced that the weather at Peru was always good, but he spoke too soon. As a matter of fact, the weather could not have been worse for the first day. It might have been better the second day. It was not until Thursday, the third day, that the sky cleared and the sun shone warm and bright. That was live-bird day, and it was minus the stiff wind, which would have made it better, and which on the day previous had made the target game a hard one. On the whole, Mr. Head may be advised to be a little more careful about the weather next time, and this is the sole criticism on his shoot.

The handling of the shoot was done by Jack Parker, and that is enough to assure smoothness in all details. He and Mr. Head were busy, and they kept everybody else busy, the programme being run off, of course, with no difficulty, since the number of shooters was so few. A magautrap took care of the target industry, there being a nice set of expert traps on the side. The live-bird traps were laid off to the left of the magautrap on live-bird day. The programme alternated 20-bird and 15-bird events in targets, bluebirds being shot at 2 cents. A high-average purse was created by deducting one-fourth cent per target from the purses, so that the management only netted one and three-fourth cents per target. Messrs. Snow, Apperson, Young, Mingo and Head were the five guns among whom this average money was equally divided, each man getting \$2.42. Cash was handled by Mr. Brackenridge, and satisfactorily.

This shoot is considered an amateur shoot, and has been run on such lines, agents shooting only for targets and being allowed to compete for none of the money except the average money. They did not make very big wages, but they met the boys and showed their goods, and they made friends, as these men always do, for themselves and their houses. The live-bird shooting was open to all.

Heikes and Courtney represented the gun trade, and the Remington and the U. M. C. Co had a good setting forth. Fred Quimby was on hand for the Schultze & E. C. Co. Mr. N. P. Leach, all the way from Swanton, Vt., was present, to look about a bit. Mr. Leach is manufacturer of the "Robin Hood" powder, which Charlie Young is shooting this year for the house, and which a great many other trap shots are using, because they find it good. Charlie Young shot in good places all along. Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati, publisher of the Sportsman's Review, was actively engaged with the targets and birds, and assisted Admiral Courtney at night in holding lodge meetings, at which ambitious candidates were initiated into many mysteries. Mr. Werk has attained the dignity of the title of "Pop," which is thought to outrank that of "Admiral," and he is a very popular Pop. Besides these were many gentlemen from nearby points: Mr. Adamson, of Muncie; Mr. Livingston and Dr. White, of Elwood; Mr. Cadwallader, of Danville; Mr. Snow, all the way from Cleveland, O.; Dr. Britton, of Indianapolis; Mr. Flick ("Mingo"), the one-armed shooter from Ravenna, O., who shot at the handicap in New York; Mr. Apperson, of Kokomo; Mr. Clark, of Wabash; Messrs. Geo. Ledger and Mr. J. Smith, of Huntington; Mr. Geo. Elliott, of Rochester; Messrs. Joe Blisstein and N. W. Thompson, of Lafayette. That portly and good-natured devotee of the traps, Mr. Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., was there, and was heard from in the scores. Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville, came over for the live-bird shoot, and he went away with it, too, it may be added, as may be seen further on. Messrs. Head and Cavanaugh were the only local shooters to go through the programme.

Tuesday, First Day.

Only a dozen or so could be picked up by the 'bus at the hotel when the time came to start. Jimmie Head was nonplussed that no more shooters were there for his shoot, but he had to take his medicine. Everybody had to take it. It was rain, rain, rain, and blow, blow, blow, pretty much all day. A screen was put up back of the firing line to protect the shooters, and this mitigated matters. Tents were used for meeting rooms, dining hall and scoring offices, and all were comfortable, even if there were not very many of them. This was the first of the target days, and the scores ran as below, Snow, of Cleveland, going out with high average for the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	10	10	10	10
Head	13	18	14	17	12	15	13	15	11	16	7	7	8	6
Cavanaugh	9	16	10	15	9	12	11	18	11	12	9	4	4	..
Thompson	12	17	12	15	10	13	13	18	13	16	7	9	7	7
Robin Hood	14	17	14	19	12	18	13	18	13	19	10	10	9	..
Cad	13	18	14	18	13	14	12	18	9	17	10	10	9	5
Ledger	9	16	12	19	11	16	12	17	12	9
Smith	13	15	12	13	11	18	11	18	13	17	6
Slow	13	17	12	17	18	16	11	16	11	19	6	7	10	..
Partington	12	19	12	17	14	19	14	17	12	18	8	8
Apperson	15	17	15	18	15	18	14	17	13	16	8
Snow	15	19	13	18	15	20	14	18	13	19	..	10
Elliott	12	14	14	18	12	14	13	..	13	19	8
Adamson	10	..	11	..	12	..	9	..	10	..	8
Mingo	14	18	13	20	12	15	12	14	12	14	..	9	10	..
Rike	13	14	17	13	16

Nos. 11, 12 and 13 were extra events, not on programme. No. 14 was 5 pairs. All events over a magautrap, except the 5 pairs, which were over three expert traps.

Wednesday, Second Day.

The weather was slightly improved, but still very raw and unpleasant, with a rude wind; which made the targets dance all sorts of ways, and sent many shivers into the marrow of the hardest spectator. Shooting was not begun until after 10 o'clock, but with a few extras at the close of the programme the party was back at the hotel in time for an early dinner. The magautrap worked well all day, and the shoot ran like the ordinary well-greased machine of a modern and up-to-date tournament. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	10	10
Rike	9	15	14	18	10	15	13	15	15	19	..	7
Courtney	13	13	14	15	11	16	12	17	14	19
Heikes	14	20	13	18	14	17	11	17	14	18	10	10
E. Werk	13	18	10	10	13	10
Cavanaugh	7	11	8	19	13	16	11	18	14	18	7	7
Cad	9	17	13	18	15	14	13	15	14	16	9	7
Robin Hood	10	19	14	17	10	17	13	19	13	19	9	9
Partington	12	15	10	17	9	16	11	16	10	13
Snow	14	17	12	17	15	15	20	14	18	8	9	9
Head	11	16	15	18	14	18	11	18	14	14	10	7
Mingo	12	16	12	18	13	16	13	18	14	17	10	8
Adamson	6	17	14	..	15	8	17	..	10	..
Apperson	13	18	14	16	11	17	14	20	14	18
Jack	10	..	19
Livingston	..	5	..	9	..	13	..	3	7
White	..	13	..	5	..	4	..	5
Clark	14	15	15	16	14	18	8	10	..

Nos. 11 and 12 were extra events after regular programme.

Thursday, Last Day, Live Birds.

Relenting, the weather now came off beautifully bright and warm, and the hearts of all rejoiced. It was a merry party that went out to the grounds late in the morning. No one but Mr. Head was unhappy, but the latter had a kick. With a good hot gang of shooters ready for a long day with the birds, he could only furnish about 300 pigeons for the traps. He had been disappointed in getting birds, and though his men were out nearly all appointed in getting birds, was the best they could do. There was but little wind, yet these birds proved clinkers on the average, though of that mixed character which detracts from the very highest sport in live-bird shooting. Some of them were very good indeed, and the lot was far above the average seen at the shoots in smaller places. Of course not all towns can have a park like the Interstate. The traps were rigged with wire pulls, and the wires were nearly

invisible in the grass, so that sometimes the trapping boys or others would trip over a wire and set free a bird from the traps. One such accident set free three birds at the same time. In all 9 birds were lost in that way. Time might have been saved by a keener handling of the boys, who had to run from the crates clear out around No. 1 trap to serve No. 5, and who thus lost time. No one cared for this, as it was seen the birds would not last very long anyhow. They were shot out in two events, and it was close cutting to finish the second, those who missed 3 birds dropping out for the others to go on with the birds. Birds were included in the entry, \$20, for the two events. The live-bird shooting was open to all, and it brought out two or three shooters, such as Adamson and "Smoke," who never shot live birds before. Lamb was another new one, though known as a good field shot.

Out of seventeen entries in the first event, eight went straight, over half falling out in a 5-bird race. Heikes and Courtney were both seen to be shooting strong. Voris was in good shape also, and Young was apparently due to kill them all. Rike got only 4, and so did Head, but it was only matching coppers in a 5-bird try, so it went for fun. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

3 3 4 5 1	4 5 4 1 4
2 1 2 2 2-5	0 2 1 2-8
Parker, 30,.....	Lamb, 27,.....
3 3 1 5 3	4 1 2 4 1
2 2 2 2 2 5	0 2 * 2 2-8
Voris, 28,.....	Werk, 28,.....
2 2 2 1 1	4 3 5 3 8
2 2 2 2 2-5	0 2 * 1 2-8
Robin Hood, 30,.....	Quimby, 28,.....
5 5 2 4 2	4 2 3 2 4
2 2 2 2 * 4	2 0 2 2 2-4
Cavanaugh, 26,.....	Rike, 28,.....
2 1 5 1 5	5 1 1 4 2
2 * 2 2 2-4	1 2 1 2 2-5
Head, 29,.....	Courtney, 29,.....
2 4 4 2 3	2 5 3 2 4
2 2 2 2 2-5	1 2 2 2 2-5
Heikes, 31,.....	Clark, 27,.....
1 3 1 4 1	4 4 3 3 3
1 0 2 0 2-8	2 1 2 2 2-5
Aukerman, 26,.....	Cad, 28,.....
3 2 5 1 5	5 3 2 5 2
2 1 2 2 2-5	2 0 2 2 2-4
King, 27,.....	Parsons, 27,.....
5 4 3 4 5	..
2 2 0 0 2-8	..
Mingo, 27,.....	..

The second event attracted more interest, though still all too short. It brought out nineteen entries, and was quite a warm little sweep. This was a handicap, and it saw more than one 26yd. man, thence up to 31, where Pa Heikes shot alone in solitary grandeur. It was soon seen that the birds were not going to tolerate any careless work, and one after another of the good ones tripped upon one stinger or another, and the score began to get ragged early in the game. At the 6-hole there were fourteen men out of the nineteen left in, but from there on the pace got too hot for a good many of them. At this point Voris was picked by some of the observers as a very likely winner; Young, Heikes, Courtney, Rike and Head having already dropped one each, and Head, King, Aukerman, Parsons and Smoke having "gone to the barn" to rest after missing 3 each. In the seventh round some more fell out, Voris being now the only straight left. At the eighth round he killed again, and it looked likely he would win the main money alone. He killed again on his ninth bird, and on his last also scored, though only with the second barrel, his first being rather loosely delivered. Voris thus won alone, taking down \$47.50. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

3 4 1 5 1 5 2 3 2 2	..
1 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-9	9
3 3 3 1 4 3 4 2 4 5	..
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-10	10
Voris, 28,.....	..
3 5 3 2 5 2 1 5 1 1	..
2 * 2 2 2 2 * 2 2-8	8
Parker, 30,.....	..
1 4 2 4 3 5 3 5	..
0 2 1 2 0 2 0 w	..
Quimby, 28,.....	..
5 2 4 3 4 5 5 3 4 4	..
1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2-8	8
Heikes, 31,.....	..
2 3 8 5 4 1 3 4	..
2 2 1 * 0 1 2 0 w	..
Werk, 28,.....	..
4 5 5 3 2	..
2 * * 2 0 w	..
Head, 29,.....	..
4 2 5 4 1 4 4 2	..
2 0 2 2 2 * 2 0 w	..
Cad, 28,.....	..
3 4 1 2 2 4 4 1	..
2 2 0 2 2 * 2 0 w	..
Courtney, 29,.....	..
2 1 2 1 4 2 2 3 5	..
2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 * w	..
Lamb, 27,.....	..
8 5 4	..
King, 27,.....	..
5 5 3 2 2 1 1	..
2 0 2 0 2 2 * w	..
Clark, 27,.....	..
4 2 2 2	..
* 0 2 0 w	..
Aukerman, 26,.....	..
1 5 5 8 5 4 5 5 4 1	..
2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 2-9	9
Rike, 28,.....	..
1 1 4 5 2	..
2 0 2 0 0 w	..
Parsons, 27,.....	..
1 4 3 1 2 4 2 3 2	..
1 0 2 0 2 1 2 1 2-8	8
Cavanaugh, 26,.....	..
5 4 3 5 4	..
2 0 2 * 0 w	..
Smoke, 26,.....	..
3 2 3 1 4 5 1 4 5	..
2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 w	..
Mingo, 27,.....	..
1 1 4 4 1 4 4 1 2 2	..
0 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 1-8	8
Adamson, 26,.....	..

Following the main race there was a miss-and-out, \$3, birds extra, to use what birds were left. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

1 2	3 2 3
2 *	2 2 2
Werk,.....	Card,.....
5 5 5	2 5 1
2 2 2	2 2 2
Heikes,.....	Vons,.....
2 1 2	4
2 2 2	0
Rike,.....	Parker,.....
5 4 5	1 2 5
1 2 2	2 2 2
Apperson,.....	Robin Hood,.....

At the close of the live-bird shooting the magautrap was set to work again, and several little target events were run off, scores of which follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	10	Targets:	15	15	15	10
Rike	15	13	14	10	Roney	1	2
Mingo	12	13	13	..	Donelson	8
Cad	14	10	13	7	Dake	7
Smoke	8	11	9	8	Wagner	3
Cavanaugh	14	11	6	8	Robin Hood	15	13
Clark	15	14	13	8	Voris	10	11
Heikes	15	15	15	9	King	8
Head	13	15	12	8	Lamb	10	9
Jack	13	13	10	..	Aukerman	13
Fan	10	9	..	7	Courtney	10
Daniels	9	2	..	6

Occurrences.

During the target shooting on the second day Charlie Young bethought himself to spring a joke on the Admiral. Therefore he removed from the shell case of the latter all his cigars and also all his shells. Courtney shoots Schultze powder, and when he found that he had been robbed he uttered a roar that shook the hills. He spoke in very liberal terms of the low-down people who hung around a trap shoot on purpose to see how many shells they could steal, and told Mr. Head that he ought to have a watchman out there to keep his patrons from being robbed. About then Charlie Young innocently came up and offered Courtney some of his shells, ostensibly loaded with "Robin Hood." This seeming to Courtney the best he could do, he took the shells, "How do you hold with them?" he asked Charlie. "Oh, about the same as you do with your own shells," said the latter; and on this basis Courtney began the next event, not knowing that Charlie had given him some of the very shells which were missing from the shell box. Courtney did pretty well with the new shells, and in fact only missed one bird with them. Emil Werk, Jack Parker and others, who were in the secret, stood near him on the line and told him he was doing pretty well, but that the new shells had too much kick, too much smoke, too loud a report, etc. To much of this Courtney agreed, saying that he would have made a straight score if he had only had his own shells. After conversing on the matter some time, he said that the shells Charlie gave him were "about like his own," except that the report was a little different, and of course there was more smoke to them. He was induced to criticize the new shells at some length before it was explained to him that he had been shooting his own shells! Then he tried to explain, very vehemently, that he knew it all along. The boys laughed at him for the rest of the shoot. Sad is the power of imagination, which later is the life of trade.

The heavy-weight squad had a fair representation. Courtney, Rike, Werk and Heikes shot in line, and they put up a formidable front.

The averages of the high guns were: Snow .320, Apperson .313, Young .309, Mingo .298, Head, .293.

"Cad," of Danville, has much the appearance and conduct of a shooter of the first flight.

Jack Parker wishes especial attention called to the fact that the Peters Cartridge Co.'s amateur tournament, to be held at Natchez, Miss., May 9-10, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club, is to be a high-class affair, and well worth attending. There will be \$400 guaranteed purse and merchandise prizes. Jack manages the shoot himself, and that settles it. Manufacturers' agents shoot for targets only. Proper emblems are put up by the company, carrying the State championship of Louisiana and Mississippi. Address F. C. Sanford, secretary, Natchez.

Mr. Livingston, of Elwood, Ind., was advancing in good terms the attractions of the Elwood tournament, May 23-25. There are to be two days of targets and one of live birds. There will be a 25-bird race, \$20, open to the world for the purse money, and carrying the State championship of Indiana at live birds, a fine cup being offered. There is no live-bird trophy up in Indiana now, and this will nicely supplement the Grand Hotel trophy, representing the target championship.

Mr. Head promises a better shoot next year. It is not necessary. This was a good shoot, as it was. E. Hough, 300 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass.—A very doubtful day ushered in the Boston Gun Club's weekly Prize shoot, April 18, and, while the afternoon was not exactly wet, the weather had due effect on the attendance. The two squads who came, regardless, used the time to good purpose.

Messrs. Leroy and Baker had a friendly argument in the Prize match, both at this stage being tied for first. The former had the advantage of a lower score to improve by one point more than Baker, and profited just that extent in to-day's contest. Thus his total is now 151, as against 150 for Baker. Next shoot concludes this series, another of ten weekly shoots on similar lines starting May 2 and concluding July 18. Scores to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	15	10	5p	5p	5p
Sheffield, 16.....	5	10	9	6	7	8	6	13	9	4	4	8
Miskay, 18.....	8	6	7	8	8	8	7	14	9	4	4	8
Leroy, 21.....	9	7	6	10	10	8	6	13	10	10	7	..
Randall, 16.....	5	4	6	6	5	4	6	8	7	6	5	6
Benton, 14.....	6	3
Baker, 16.....	6	5	5	10	9	5	8	14	6	7	..	4
Horace, 18.....	8	9	7	6	7	8	6	12	6	6
Banks, 14.....	1	1
Spencer, 18.....	7	10	2	8	9	8	13	9	6	4	4	5
Poor, 16.....	5	4	2	4	1	4	4

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE STRIPED BASS IN PACIFIC WATERS.

SECRETARY JAMES S. TURNER'S report of the success of the San Francisco Striped Bass Club calls attention anew to one of the triumphs of fishculture in American waters. There was a time, and not so long ago, when a striped bass club for the Pacific Coast would have been an anomaly, and yet there are in California hundreds of anglers who now fish for the species quite as a matter of course, and without recognition of the fact that for the fish they are indebted to the enterprise of one man. The history of the species in Pacific waters dates from 1879, when Fish Commissioner S. R. Throckmorton, of the California Board, suggested to Prof. Baird, then United States Fish Commissioner, his conviction that the great bay of San Francisco, and San Pablo and Suisun bays connected with it and the creeks running into them would be well adapted to the propagation and growth of striped bass.

In July of that year Mr. Livingston Stone, of the United States Fish Commission, collected in the Navesink River of New Jersey one hundred and thirty-two fish from one and one-half to three inches long, and thirty medium sized specimens, which he undertook to transport to California. He succeeded in taking through one hundred and thirty-five of them in good condition, and these were deposited in Karquines Strait at Martinez. The undertaking proved to be entirely successful. In the first year after the planting a specimen was taken in the Bay of Monterey, about one hundred miles south, and an open roadstead on the Pacific Ocean, and others were taken in the Straits of Karquines.

To make assurance doubly sure, a second lot of three hundred fish was carried from the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, in 1882, and deposited in Suisun Bay. From that time until the present the fish have thrived and increased, until now the waters of the California coast are very generally stocked with them. The center of abundance is San Francisco Bay and its tributaries. The fish is found all over San Francisco Bay, Suisun Bay, San Pablo Bay and the lower courses of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. It regularly ascends the San Joaquin for a distance of twenty miles, and has been taken one hundred miles above the mouth. They go up the Sacramento as far as Sacramento and even beyond. The fish has been reported from points as widely separated as San Diego and the Oregon line.

In our issue of July 11, 1889, is recorded the capture in San Francisco Bay of a bass weighing forty-five pounds. Secretary Turner tells us specimens have been taken weighing fifty-eight pounds, and the markets show fish weighing over forty pounds. Many tons of the fish are taken annually, and the addition to the food supply of the coast is beyond computation. There are numerous fishermen and a growing industry of black bass fishing. The suggestion of Commissioner Throckmorton, the ready co-operation of Prof. Baird and the skilled practical services of Mr. Stone have added to the wealth of the country a resource whose value is to be computed in millions of dollars. In these times when we are hearing so much of those who are giving new territory to the United States, let us not fail to recognize the public services of these men and their fellows, who have thus added immeasurably to the prosperity of their time and country. When the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century shall be written, it will be but a partial record which shall omit to give place to the achievements of fishculture and to the workers in the field who have restored to the rivers of the East and the West, the North and the South, an abounding supply of native species, or, as with the striped bass in San Francisco Bay, have stocked them with new wealth.

It was only natural that with a fish of such superb qualities as a game fish angling for it should become

popular; and as may be learned from Secretary Turner's letter, the fishing in the vicinity of San Francisco is conducted in a way which encourages the best there is in sport with the rod.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

ON April 25 the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State of New York, which had held office for five years, expired by limitation, and the new Commissioners recently appointed by Gov. Roosevelt took charge. On the day before they assumed office, the new Commissioners, by request of the Governor, met him in the Executive chamber. There were present besides the Commissioners a number of persons interested in fish, forests and game.

At the meeting the Governor expounded quite fully his views on the work to be done by the Commission. Himself a keen sportsman and an ardent lover of outdoor life and all that pertains to it, his views met the acceptance of all who were present, and his frank talk cannot fail greatly to strengthen the hands of the new board. When it was over, no one present stood in any doubt as to what Gov. Roosevelt expects of the board. He is heartily in favor of the protection and the preservation of the forests, the waters and the game and fish of the State, and of protecting these without fear or favor.

The task before the new Commissioners is not an easy one. They have to deal with officials, many of whom, have hitherto considered politics first and the work they were hired to do second. No doubt in time they will get rid of those employees who may prove inefficient, and by the aid of experts in the different branches will put their work on an effective footing. But all this will take time and effort, and they will be constantly hampered by the confused, confusing and often incomprehensible laws which now burden our statute books and are a disgrace to the intelligence of the State.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that are now plain to be seen, and all the others that before long are likely to come up, we believe that the Commission will win through, and will do service to the cause of fish and game protection better than any yet done in this State. One direction in which the Commission's efforts may well be expended is in striving to simplify and clarify the laws which bear on the forests, the waters, the fish and the game. The absurd exceptions which now practically nullify so many laws should be done away with and an effort made to express in a few words and clearly just what the statute may intend.

THE FIRST TOWN FOREST.

OF late years in certain communities in this country there has been some general planting of trees on Arbor Day, and many municipalities and towns possessing parks plant trees in them for beauty and for shade. Such a thing as a town forest, however, is unknown in the United States, although in Europe such forests are common and often yield a considerable revenue to the town.

The first town forest of the United States is soon to be started at Brunswick, Me., and here for the first time forest planting is to be undertaken on a large scale and as a business enterprise by the town. Brunswick owns a tract of about 1,000 acres of waste land. Long ago this land bore pine forests, but it was lumbered over and burned over, and recently has produced nothing but huckleberries and weeds. At a recent meeting of the town council \$100 was appropriated to improve this land by planting it with white pine.

Seed will be purchased and planted and a nursery established in which the young trees are to be cared for. After the seedlings have reached the proper age they will be transplanted and finally set out on the town land in their permanent positions. After this they will require little protection except from fire.

At present the land to be planted is entirely unproductive, and the cultivation of this forest, if successful, will not only add greatly to the beauty of the town's surroundings, but will be profitable as well.

Persons familiar with certain counties in Pennsylvania and New Jersey will recall how great a charm is added to the landscape by the presence about many of the houses of fine old white pines, which were evidently planted as

saplings in the dooryards of these houses many years ago, and which, protected by their situation, are now mature trees, rising far above the houses. An acre of such grand forest trees as are to be seen in these Pennsylvania dooryards would represent a considerable sum of money, and if much of the waste land in New England now given up to rocks and tangles of underbrush bore such trees, the addition to the wealth of the country would be very great. And this at no cost save the trouble of planting and protecting for the first few years.

The planting of the Brunswick forest will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Austin Cary, but the Division of Forestry of the Agricultural Department will assist in organizing and carrying out the work.

The State of Maine is to be congratulated that one of its towns has had the energy and foresight to undertake a work of this importance, and it may be hoped that with this example before them other towns may take similar action.

SNAP SHOTS.

There comes a letter from a correspondent living in the mountains of the Northwest, which reminds us that the course of life of its writer was entirely changed by a single hunting trip. A dweller in a large city, he went on an expedition after elk, saw the big-game country, was enamored of it, and lost no more time than was absolutely necessary to break off and away from the old surroundings and take up life amid the new. All this happened years ago, and the story of the hunt was told in our columns at the time. The years have brought to the mountain man no regret for his move. He counts the impulse which prompted him to make the change a happy one, and there are more than one of his friends who, while wanting resolution to follow his example, are impelled to applaud his course as the better part. His enthusiasm for the wild surroundings is as abounding to-day as it was in the beginning; and with the lapse of time has come no abatement of the satisfaction he found in the wilderness retreat when first it captivated him.

It is not an uncommon experience for one who breaks away temporarily from everyday environment, and releases himself from the spell of town life to relapse for a time into simpler, quieter living, to fancy that he would be contented to live such a life permanently. But quickly following upon the thought comes the question whether he actually would be contented to settle down to a wilderness existence; and with the average person to harbor this question is to abandon the impulse. The more primitive life is acceptable for a time, and as a change, but for most persons it would not do permanently. No matter how rich the enjoyment and satisfaction might be in the crowded hours of a fortnight in the woods or in camp on the shore, a large measure of the enjoyment consists in its novelty, and twelve months of the experience would to many people be likely to prove tedious and intolerable.

Inventive skill is forever finding new uses for old things or some use for what has hitherto gone to waste. On the flats of the Lower St. Lawrence River, in the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, grows a sea grass known by the local name of herbe à bernige—brant grass—or herbe à outarde—wild goose grass. Formerly it was valued only as an attraction for the wild fowl, the brant, geese and ducks, which stopped to feed on it in their migration, spring and autumn. Recently a new use has been found for the wild goose grass; it is cut, seasoned to get the salt out, and used by upholsterers and carriage manufacturers to take the place of hair and excelsior and the Florida "Spanish moss." Thus, what were formerly only wild shooting grounds have been made to yield annual crops of no mean value. Another instance of utilization of what has formerly been considered worthless vegetable product is found in a Vermonter's invention of a substitute for rubber, a chief component of which is the cabbage palmetto of the South. Projectors of the enterprise have secured options on vast tracts of the palmetto lands of Florida.

The Lacey Game Bill passed the House on Monday of this week. There is good ground for confidence that the measure will be approved by the Senate, and that shortly we shall have the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission applied to the protection of game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Ancestral Gun.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A MORNING train passed out of the thronging city among the freshly budding trees and green fields, on and on, northward till it reached dun meadows and pastures and bare woods, just purpling with swollen buds, that were but yesterday deserted by the sugar makers. When the last busy town had been left behind, there was a stretch of level country that tired one of the passengers with its dreary sameness, and he became more interested in the people who entered the train at the little wayside stations.

There were farmers, ill at ease in holiday attire; shrewd speculators whose conversation was of potatoes and hay; a clerk of a country store, proud of the recognition of a couple of commercial travelers; a meek-faced clergyman, traveling on half-fare and looking as if his living was the same; a jaded woman with a crying baby; another, serene in the midst of her restless and numerous brood; some giggling school girls and the inevitable newly married couple, impressed with the idea that the present event of their lives is as momentous to all the world as to them. Of them all, his kindest interest was drawn to an old woman who came in burdened with a satchel, a bundle and a double-lidded wicker basket, for which he helped her to find places and was rewarded by her gratitude and confidence. A cloud of anxiety was partially lifted from her kindly face when she was settled in her seat with the basket in her lap. She raised one lid and, after a careful inspection of the contents, selected a couple of cakes, one of which she offered her new acquaintance while she attacked the other with the scattered skirmish line of her few remaining teeth.

"I guess I was journey prouder this mornin' an' this noon, tew," she apologized, "for I couldn't seem to eat no breakfuss nor no dinner sca'cely, an' begin to feel the want on 'em. You'd better hev you a cookey; they're proper good an' got caraways in 'em. My son's wife made 'em on puppus fer me my luncheon, but there's sights more'n I can eat, an' you're more'n welcome."

"Thank you. I'm sure they're nice, but I've just eaten my lunch."

"Wal, I c'n save 'em fer Sally's chil'n." She replaced the cake in her basket and delved deeper among its treasures. "They'll consait 'at anythin' gran'ma fetches 'em's better'n what they have t' hum, for all their mother's jest as good a cook as Jonas' wife is, ef I that larnt her du say it. Sally's my darter, an' lives up tu Manchester, an' I'm a-goin' up there tu see her if I ever live tu git there. Haow these 'ere railroads does go!" Her wrinkled, russet face began again to be clouded with the anxieties of unaccustomed travel. "You don't s'pose they'll fergit tu stop tu Manchester, du ye?"

"Oh, no," he assured her, "and we'll hear the name called."

"An' I s'pose this 'ere ticket's all right?" she asked, submitting it to his inspection after a hurried search in every possible place of deposit. Having her fears quieted on this point, she resumed the exploration of the basket and presently brought out of it a big greening, turned to the color of old-gold with perfect ripeness.

"Naow, you must take an apple. Anyb'dy can eat an apple any time, an' this 'ere's a rael Rhode Islan' greeninon. Gran'ther, he fetched the graf's f'm Rhode Islan', hossback, an' sot 'em in the orchid on aour ol' place tu Bennin't'n, where I was borned an' brought up, an' my son Jonas, he got the graf's off them very same trees which they're a-livin' an' a-bearin' yet."

"You were born in Bennington? Was your father or grandfather in the battle?" asked the young man.

"Land o' massy, yes," she answered, with a flush of honest pride. "There was gran'ther an' three-o' my great uncles fit tu Bennin't'n fight, an' one on 'em was killed an' another was wounded. Massy sakes, I've heered gran'ther tell it all over, time an' ag'in, when I was a leetle mite of a gal."

"My great-grandfather was in that battle, too," said the young man, with increasing interest. "Shoulder to shoulder with your people, like enough. Did you ever hear your grandfather speak of a comrade named Belden—Michael Belden?"

"Belden, Belden—wal, no, I don't seem to remember hearin' tell o' the name. An' so your great-gran'ther was tu Bennin't'n fight. Wal, I say for't, we're sort o' related, you an' I be, hain't we?" and the kindly face beamed a grandmotherly smile upon him that warmed the young man's heart.

"Walll-loom-loomsack." A brakeman echoed his unintelligible call amid the outer clash and roar that rushed in at the briefly opened door.

"Was 't Manchester he hollered?" the old woman inquired as she nervously snatched her various articles of baggage.

"No; it is Walloomsack," said he, reading the name of the station as the train slowed up.

"Wall-loom-loomsack." A brakeman echoed his unfit right here. Yes, right on that 'ere little hill over yender was where aour folk woostered the Hessians."

She pointed her crooked and knotted finger, tremulous with excitement, to a low, partially wooded hill, and at sight of the historic field he too was thrilled with patriotic emotion. The remainder of her journey seemed short to him as he listened to her anecdotes gathered from her grandfather, of Revolutionary days, and when he helped her from the train he parted with her as with an old friend who was drawn to him by a closer tie than ordinary friendship, that of ancestral blood offered in the same heroic cause.

Arthur Belden had perfect health, more than ordinary good looks, a good temper, an ample fortune, and very naturally a host of friends, all of which one would imagine might make him contented with his lot, even if he had not gained the heart of Katrina Van Tromp, who was as good as she was beautiful and high bred. But he was not entirely happy, perhaps because of this possession of high birth by his affianced, for his own ancestry was obscure, and he was uncomfortably conscious of it. It had been the pride of his father during his busy life to be

the founder of a wealthy and influential family rather than the inheritor of a name made famous by some dead ancestor, and he scarcely knew the Christian name of the honest husbandman who was his grandfather. It was known that he fought at the battle of Bennington, but there was neither family record nor known public record to substantiate the fact. On the death of his grandparents, their humble homestead with all its belongings had been sold, and Arthur Belden was now on his way thither, in the hope of finding some proof of his grandfather's patriotic services which would entitle him to membership in the Sons of the Revolution, to which so many of his friends belonged. When at nightfall he left the train at a little wayside station and saw the miry road flanked by drifts of grimy snow, he knew he had outrun the advance of spring. Wading through ankle-deep mud to the little hotel, he procured decent supper and lodgings.

The next morning he found the well-known title of the "Belden Place" had become so nearly obsolete that he felt disgust for the people that could so soon forget the name of even the humblest defenders of its country, but having gained directions, he set forth in quest of Peter Carter, the present owner. There was exhilaration in the clear bracing air with a smack of spring mingled in its cold drafts and in the crisp response of the frozen sleigh path to his footfalls that presently brought him to the little gray and brown house.

He at once recognized the humble homestead of three generations of his family, for his father had often described it. There it slept in forgetfulness of its first owner, in the long shadow of the great Lombardy poplar he had set as a landmark among the fertile acres his hands had cleared of their native primeval growth. Close before it lay Lake Champlain, waveless and silent beneath its white covering of ice. Here, he thought, with a touch of tender emotion, the old soldier, tired of war's alarms, came to spend his declining years among these peaceful scenes of the land whose enemies he had helped to conquer. Arthur was sorry the place was sold. It would be pleasant to have the home of the old hero again belong to his family and he was formulating an idea of repurchasing it as he entered the gate. A swarthy little man who was chopping wood in the yard ceased his labors and leaned upon his axe to regard Arthur long before he was within speaking distance, and so continued till he was bidden good morning and asked if Mr. Carter lived here.

"Mawny," he answered as he sharply eyed the stranger. "Yas, he leeve here. But prob'ly you can't sol' it some-t'ings, Ah guess. What kan o' t'ings was you peddled in so leetle bag?"

"No, I am not a peddler."

"Den prob'ly you was some rellashin, ant it?"

"I am no relative."

"Wal, said the Canadian, scratching his puzzled head, "you ant peddled, you ant rellashin, you ant look lak ministry. 'Ah don' know me, what you want of it, Onc' Peter. A-h-h-h-h, Ah guess you was come for took hees senses. But he ant mos' gat some, he gat so much hol'."

"No, I'm not taking the census. I want to talk with the old gentleman if he is at home."

"Wal, if you goin' talk to it, you got for holler, Ah tol' you. He ant gat very good hear. Yas, Onc' Peter in de haouse," and then, as if satisfied that one who came with no purpose but to talk with an old Yankee was worthy no further notice, the Canadian began plying his axe with an explosive exhalation at every stroke.

Harry rapped at the low door. It was opened by an old woman, whose wrinkled face was like an apple that baking has not robbed of all its ruddiness. After eyeing him closely for some clue to recognition, she ushered him into a tidy kitchen wherein lingered a homely savor of innumerable batches of cookery.

Fortified against the hurry of present days in its tower of curled maple, an old clock measured time with decorous solemnity—a fine old relic that might well have been owned by the Revolutionary hero. Above the unused fireplace and the mantel shelf's array of medicine bottles, candlesticks and phenomenal growths of fields and woods, hung an old flintlock, rusty with time and dusty with disuse. It looked old enough to have been his great-grandfather's weapon, and Arthur made a mental note of the possibilities.

A bent old man sat behind the stove, leaning on a staff. He nodded while he directed a vacant stare upon the visitor as the old woman handed him a flag-bottomed chair.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carter, I presume."

"Them's aour names, and what might yourn be?" said she.

"I am the son of the Mr. Belden who sold you this place."

"I wanter know—" and repeating the information to the old man, she drew a chair before her visitor, seated herself and bestowed upon him a still closer scrutiny.

"I knowed your father when he wan't knee high to a grasshopper," said Peter, with awakened interest, "an' I knowed his father afore him, an' his father, ol' Uncle Michael Belt'n. They say Henry Belt'n's richer'n mud. His father wan't, nor yet his'n, not no richer'n we be. It doos beat all! An' haow's your father stood the winter—tol'able well?"

"Very well," said Arthur, "and wished to be remembered to you. You spoke of my great-grandfather. I've come all the way from New York to find out what I could about him. Did you ever hear him speak of the battle of Bennington?"

"Law, yis," quavered Peter, "I remember ol' Uncle Michael as well as if it wan't on'y yist'd'y, a turrible clever goo'-natur'd ol' man, he was, 'at you'd never thought o' bein' a soger an' killin' folks."

Again young Belden's eyes returned to the ancient musket over the fireplace.

"Was that my great-grandfather's?" he asked, eagerly.

"That 'ere old fusee?" Peter asked, his dull rheumy stare slowly following Belden's index finger and getting an answer to his question from it. "Yes. Oh, yes, that was his'n."

"The one he carried at Bennington?"

"Yes, I s'pect mebb'y 't was," Peter answered, non-committedly.

"If you are willing to part with it, for a consideration, I'd like to have it."

"Oh, I don't know," Peter deliberated. "I kinder need a gun, naow an' ag'in, fer tu ketch a pick'rill when the ma'sh gits open, an' shoot crows a-pullin' corn an' scare away hen hawks. I do' know's I care 'baout sellin' on't tu-day."

"Couldn't you buy another that would answer your purpose just as well? I'm willing to pay you a good price."

"Wal, I do' know," Peter deliberated, trying to fix on a price not too much above the value, and so likely to frighten his customer away. "You see, I'm sorter usefer the ol' fusee. Don't know's I c'd git another 'at 'd suit me as well fer the money. What was you cal'latin' tu pay me for 't you could 'fort tu pay?"

Harry went over and took the dusty, rusty, dirty old piece from its hooks, thinking, as he felt its various accumulations on his hands, that it might properly be called a fowling-piece.

"Just for shooting purposes, I should say fifteen dollars would be all it is worth."

Peter had not dreamed of asking more than ten dollars, and the magnificence of the offer took his breath away, yet when he recovered speech he boldly attempted to raise the price.

"Seem's if I'd ortu hev a leetle more. I do' know as ever I heard a gun roar ekel tu that ol' fusee. I do' know but she's loaded, an' if she is, you'd orter 'low me four-five cents more." But upon examination it was found to be empty of a charge. "Wa', s'posin' you call it sixteen," and when the money was counted out without demur, the old man was sorry he had not asked twenty more.

"Law, yis, a hundred times, fur's I know," the garrulous old man went on in a high-pitched, quavering voice. "He wan't a mite bashful about talkin' on't. Haow's they hurried 'along through the mud to git there an' it rained solid water, an' haow the Yankees peppered the Hessians f'm behind trees an' fences, an' haow the Injins hollered an' run, an' haow aour folks licked 'em clean aout twice an' took all 'at didn't run away. Law, yis."

Arthur instinctively glanced down to the left side of his coat lapel and could already see a blue and gold badge shining there. The old man went on:

"Law, yis, he didn't seem a mite 'shamed on't."

"I should think not," said Arthur with pride. "It is something for the humblest man that took part in it to be proud of, and for his great grandson to be proud of as I am."

"Prouder? I do' know as him an' his'n hed any gret to be prouder on."

"Not one of our men failed to do his duty, as I ever heard. Do you know if he was under Gen. Stark or did he belong to Warner's Green Mountain Boys?"

"What ye sayin'?" Peter asked, slowly, with hollowed palm to his best ear and his toothless jaw dropping far from its fellow. When the question was repeated he fell into a fit of coughing and wheezy laughter, so violent that though he brandished his cane in the vain attempt, he could snatch no words out of it till his faithful helpmate hobbled across to him and pounded him vigorously on the back. At last he gasped between coughs:

"Lordy, boy, ough-ough-ough, I ca-ought-n't tell ye. Say, mother, where's that ough-ough 'ere paper' at you faoun' a-cleanin' aout the upstairs cubberd?"

"I kep' it," she answered. "It's safe in the top draw' o' the chist."

"Wal, fetch it an' let me see it. He c'n hev it if he wants it. It's a kinder cur'osity."

Arthur thought that here might be the positive proof he desired, or at least a valuable relic of his ancestor, while old Susan disappeared in jerky, rheumatic haste.

She soon returned with a scrap of coarse, time-tinted paper, which she handed to the young man. He slowly deciphered the faded yet bold and handsome writing inscribed on it. An expression of surprise and chagrin covered his face as he examined the paper and became fully convinced of its authenticity and official origin.

The next morning, as the rushing train swept Arthur Belden past the budding trees of the old battle field, the sight aroused no thrill of pride, but one of mortification. When he was back among green fields and the genial air of established spring and the hum of the city's bustle came to his ears, he could but contrast the hopefulness where-with he so lately went forth with the disappointment of his return. He speculated upon the effect the unforeseen results of his research might have upon the proud Katrina who traced her line of ancestry on one side back to a colonel in the Continental Army and on the other to a general commanding a fort on the Hudson. He harbored no thought of concealment, however, and believed her love would be stronger than her pride.

"And what did you learn of the old hero?" she asked that evening after the first greetings.

"I learned," said he slowly, handing her the scrap of paper, "that my great-grandfather was in the battle of Bennington. There is the proof."

Katrina unfolded the time-stained paper and with swift changing color flashing and fading on her face, read the words:

"In Council of Safety, 27 Septem'r, 1777,

"This is to Satisfy that Michael Belten, a Hessian Soldier, deserted from Col. Baum's his Force, is this Day permitted to Pass beyond Otter Crik, to remain until further Orders of this Council. He behaving as Becometh."

"JOSEPH FAY, Sec'y.

"P. S. Was in Bennington Battle; has Taken the Oath of Fidellity to the United States."

"Well," said Katrina, slowly, after a long pause, "if he was in arms against us, he could not 'serve our country' better than by abandoning its enemies."

Henry Belden took the first opportunity to clean up his newly acquired relic. Although it fell so far short of what he supposed it to be, he could but prize it as a possession of his grandfather and a substantial memento of a famous battle.

"It's a queer old weapon, anyhow," he said to himself as he rubbed away the accumulations of grease and dust from the barrel and stock and clumsy barrel lock.

"It's a relic of a famous battle anyway. There must be some marks if I can ever get down to them. Hello. Here are letters," and he head on the lock:

"Springfield, U. S., 1820."

"Fooled and swindled to boot, by George. I'm not even the Son of a Gun."

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

IX.—To Bogoslof and the Pribilofs.

AFTER the big-game hunters were picked up in Uyak Bay, the nose of the steamer was turned westward, and all day long she sailed through the clear waters south of Alaska Peninsula. The sky was cloudless and blue as blue could be, and the water was only a little darker. On the shore of the mainland great, stern cliffs rose sharply from the water to ragged peaks, and beyond these were higher snow-covered mountains, with wide snow fields and mighty glaciers. Several of the higher mountains were smoking volcanoes, and of these one of the most striking is Mt. Olai. Some of these volcanoes

is a high cone, with rare rock ribs showing above the snow from summit to base. To the southwest of this cone, and connected with it by a long, low saddle, is another mountain, higher and irregular in shape, showing frequent heavy masses of rock. On this mountain the snow on top and on its upper sides is grimy, as if smoked or strewn with cinders, and a little pillar of smoke rises from the summit and drifts off on the breeze. Just before coming up with the snow cone the great Pavlof Bay is passed, extending far into the peninsula, and almost cutting it in two. Over the mountains to the west hung heavy clouds, hinting of the fogs of Bering Sea.

The morning and the early afternoon were perfect, sunny and cloudless, but at 5 o'clock the sky became gray and dull. Ever since the day Orca was left, the skies had been continuously clear. Weather such as

Rock was passed, a huge pillar rising from the water's edge, under the high bluff of which it was once a part. From certain points this pillar looks not unlike a priest in his robe standing there. As we passed along we saw the two important volcanoes of Makushin and Akutan. As the ship passed out into the Bering Sea, the weather grew more and more thick, and after a time fog and rain set in, making the evening gloomy. Just before dinner the two islands of Bogoslof came in sight, but so shrouded in fog that they were seen only dimly. As the ship approached them the air was full of murre, flying about in flocks. Often they seemed to come directly from the islands, flying straight toward the ship, passing it, and then turning and flying back toward and almost over it. They never quite passed over the decks, seeming to fear to do this, though often they crossed the bows,

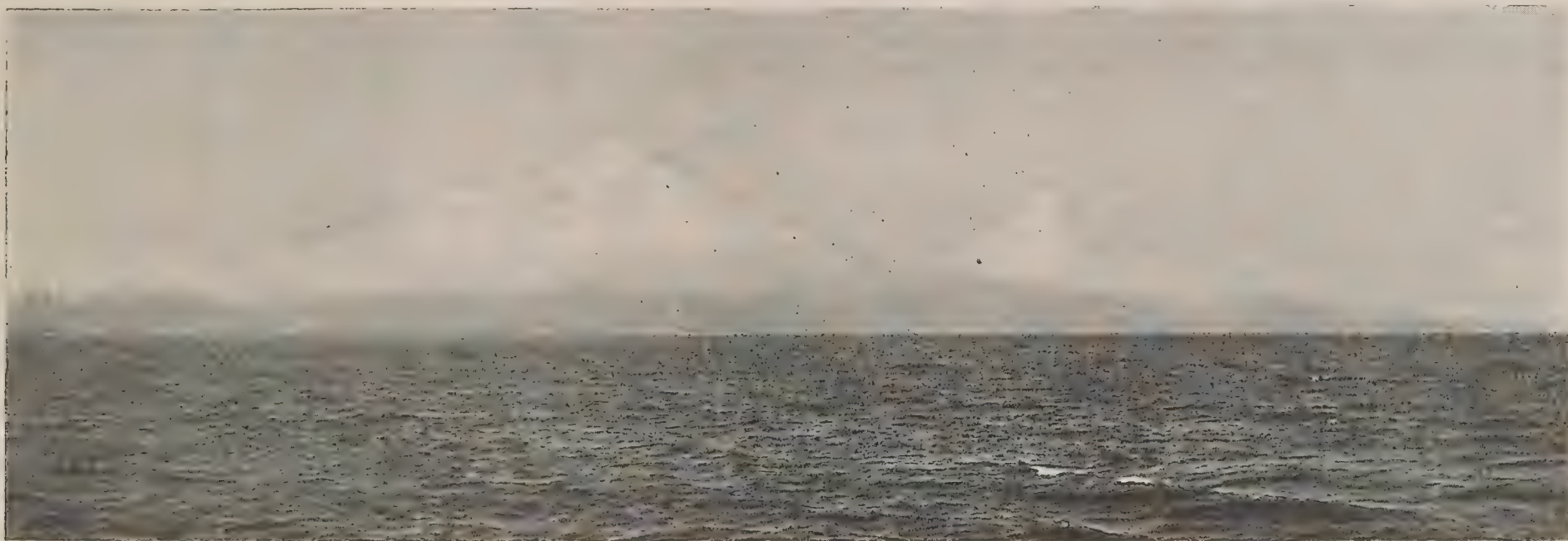


Photo by E. S. Curtis.

PARLOF MOUNTAINS, ALASKA PENINSULAR.

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worked intermittently, sending up a column of steam or smoke, which would then disappear, to be followed a little later by another jet, and this again to be succeeded by a period of clearing. Two or three volcanoes seen later in the day gave forth clouds of dark smoke, which hung about the peaks, forming the only breaks in the sky, except the heavy smoke of the steamship, which hung low over the water behind us. Many of these volcanoes are unnamed.

In these waters life, so far as we could see, was not very abundant. There were a few gulls, guillemots, puffins, and once in a while a seal. On one occasion a sea otter was thought to have been seen, but this was not certain. It is true that the ship was twelve or fifteen miles from the land, and therefore rather beyond the range of flight of most of the birds. The weather was beautiful, warm and windless, and there was no motion to the ship except the slow, long swell of the Pacific.

this is very unusual here, and Capt. Humphrey, who had spent many years in Alaska, and had traveled all over these waters, had never before seen the Pavlof Mountains. A member of the party who had been visiting these seas for thirty years declared that the weather was unexampled.

After dinner that evening there appeared above the clouds on Unimak Island the tip of a mountain peak, and gradually more and more of it showed, until perhaps the upper third of a perfectly smooth, wide-based cone appeared, shaped exactly like the conical mountain of the Pavlof group; but this one was black in color, and apparently without snow. Its shape was perfect and symmetrical, and the two long, pale horizontal clouds which lay across the visible part of it set it off beautifully. This is Mt. Shishaldin; it is usually snow-covered.

A little later another rough and high mountain showed through the clouds. It is more or less square at the top,

sometimes within a very few feet. If a bird got started in a course which promised to carry it over the ship and came close to the vessel without noticing it, it seemed to become frightened, and made great efforts to change its course. It would spread its tail, throw out its feet and turn sharply either up, down or to one side, sometimes uttering a little squeaking cry of alarm. The birds flew swiftly, and were at home on the wing. As the ship drew near the islands hundreds of sea lions resting on the shore could be seen through the glasses, and hovering about either end of each island were swarms of small objects darting through the air, which were the birds flying to and fro from the cliffs. The murre breed here literally by millions, and at a distance they look precisely like a swarm of bees about a hive.

A small party landed here in the rain. They found hundreds of sea lions on the shore and millions of murre in the air. The sea lions were ferocious in ap-



Photo by E. S. Curtis.

BOGOSLOF ISLAND, FOG-OBSCURED.

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About the middle of the night the ship anchored off Unga, one of the Shumagin Islands, which are named after a sailor of Bering's crew who died and was buried on one of the islands. It was purposed to leave a party here, and several of the big-game hunters were asked whether they would prefer to stop here to hunt on the mainland till the ship returned from Bering Sea or to go on with the ship. But, however anxious to kill game the hunters were, they were still more anxious to see the sights of that Northern sea, and all of them stuck by the ship.

At Popop Island a party stopped to make collections, remaining there until the ship should return. They kept with them one of the steam launches and a skiff, and expected to be called for in about ten days. It was thought that on the mainland some specimens of large game might be collected; perhaps some bears, and probably some sheep, with a possibility of caribou.

After leaving Unga for Unalaska, the ship steamed west through Unga Straits, with low, bluff shores on either hand and higher mountains rising behind them. Immediately before the ship rose a perfectly smooth snow-covered cone, with a very broad base, which is one of the Pavlof group of mountains, and as it was approached it grew more and more wonderful in its regular beauty. It

broken off and rough here and there, and has a large glacier running down its western side; this is Mt. Isanotski, which in the latter part of the last century blew its head off in a volcanic outburst, which caused a great tidal wave and much loss of life in the vicinity. Still further to the westward, and showing dimly through the clouds as night fell, appeared Mt. Pogumnoi, snow-clad and sharp. The scenery of that day was surpassingly beautiful and will always remain in the minds of those who saw it.

During the night the ship reached Dutch Harbor, and the morning was spent at the stores of the two great commercial companies at Uakta and Unalaska. No one visits Unalaska without recalling Campbell's matchless but misapplied line, "The wolf's long howl on Unalaska's shore." Here there were to be seen furs of many sorts—polar bear skins from the arctic; coats, shirts and jackets, made from the hides of tame reindeer of Siberia, and from the skins of arctic ground squirrel; fox skins from the arctic, and from the interior; walrus tusks from the north; baskets woven by the natives of Akta, Attu, Port Clarence and Point Barrow. Some of the fur garments were very beautiful.

The wharf at Dutch Harbor was left not long after noon, and the vessel steamed away for the north. Priest

pearance, but many of them took to the sea at once, leaving the beach before the boat landed. Others fled to a little lagoon which lay between the beach and the mountain, and the waters of this pond were lashed to foam by the struggles of the frightened animals. The sailors caught two pups, which were brought on board ship. On landing, one of the party fired a shot at the murre, and the birds left the rocks in a dense crowd and swept down over the party in an absolutely black mass, which hid the sky; and yet after these birds had flown away there seemed left on the rocks and hovering about the cliffs just as many as ever. As the birds left the ledges they pushed down thousands of eggs from their insecure resting places.

The Bogoslof Islands are new. One of them was pushed up in a volcanic eruption about a hundred years ago, and the other made its appearance in 1883, and is thus only about seventeen years old. They are really two peaks of a submarine mountain, and seem to be connected by a wide saddle, for the surf breaks for a long distance out from each toward the other, there being only a very narrow space between them—perhaps answering to the lowest part of the saddle—where the surf does not break.

Leaving Bogoslof with its fogs, its herd of roaring

sea lions and its enormous multitude of sea birds, which flew out and in about the cliffs, looking at this distance, as one prosaic individual remarked, "like a lot of mosquitoes about a cow," we steamed away into the gathering night.

When we arose next morning the weather was gray and heavy. It did not rain, and there was no actual fog, yet one could see only a little distance from the ship. There was a fresh breeze, which had in it some keenness, so that the morning felt like an October day at home. There was a good sea on; the black water tossed merrily, with frequent whitecaps, and there was more motion to the good ship than had been felt before.

Calculations had been made that about noon the ship should reach the Pribilof Islands, and the actual navigators and some others who imagined themselves navigators were on the lookout at midday to try to see St. George Island. The ship was slowed down, soundings were taken, and every one was on the alert, but a dense fog had fallen, and St. George Island was passed without being seen.

About 4 o'clock, however, St. Paul hove in view, at first a dim mass, scarcely to be distinguished in the fog, but before long the loom of the land grew stronger, and at length we anchored but a few hundred yards from the shore. With the glasses we could now see the bright green slopes of the island, the little settlement with large white-painted houses for the Government officials, and the smaller dwellings of the Aleuts, the men hurrying down to the landing place to view the unaccustomed sight of a big ship anchored off it, and more interesting than all, to the right of the landing place the dark rocks where the seal rookeries are situated. Careful inspection of these soon showed a few bull seals on the beach, moving about, black even against the dark rocks, and as we looked more and more closely, and our eyes became accustomed to the view, we could see that some of the bulls were surrounded by smaller yellowish objects, which sometimes moved, and which we knew must be the cows.

Before long a boat, pulled by a half-dozen sturdy Aleuts, put off from the shore, and we were boarded by three or four Americans, two of whom were officials of the Treasury Department, and one the representative of the North American Commercial Company.

Landing on the seal islands is forbidden by the regulations of the Treasury Department, but a permit to land had been obtained from the Secretary of the Treasury before the party started, and before long the naphtha launches and the lifeboats were lowered and the ship's company began to pass down the long companion ladder. Only one or two of the party were left on board, for all were anxious to see what is one of the most interesting congregations of animal life in all the world, and now quite unique.

At the landing in a little cove, protected from the swells of the ever restless Bering Sea, the members of the party were helped out over the slippery rocks by the willing hands of the natives gathered there, and before long the whole party, carrying innumerable cameras, were strung out over the road toward the rookeries. The first seals seen near at hand were a few bulls, restlessly moving about over the rocks, and so timid that, at our approach, they slowly started toward the water. Further on we came to a point where there were more seals, and several families had established themselves. In each of these the great bull occupied some commanding position, and all about him lay the paler cows, and among them here and there a little black pup, just born. The number of cows in the family varied from six to thirty, and wandering about behind them, and sometimes almost among them, were scattered unattached bulls. Now and then one of these would pass too close to one of the families, and would be charged by its head, who, in three or four quick but lumbering jumps would place himself before the intruder. The two would feint at each other with their heads, and then one or the other would make a quick dart, fastening his teeth in the neck of his opponent, jerk back his head, and the fur would fly; then the two would separate. Most of these attacks were mere feints, and nothing more, the intruding bull usually retreating.

Once a bull, frightened at something, bolted from the upper part of the rookery for the water, passing through one or more families, and attacked and bitten at by every bull and cow that he passed near.

With one of the young girls of the party I very slowly approached a good-sized bull that was roaring and threatening at the back of the rookery. As he stood there, raised on his front feet, his head stood nearly as tall as mine. His neck and breast and sides were black, but his back was grizzled or tawny. As we approached he swayed his head from side to side, and at intervals of a few moments opened his mouth, roared fiercely and then closed his eyes and swayed his head from side to side again. Once or twice he seemed a little alarmed, and looked over his shoulder toward the water, as if he contemplated retreat, but our advance was so imperceptible that it did not really frighten him. At last, when we had come within 12 feet, he made a threatening motion with his head and shuffled forward about 2 feet to meet us, so that we were perhaps 10 feet apart. I thought that this distance was quite close enough. Very likely he would have retreated if we had gone nearer, but there was a possibility of his getting near enough to reach one of us, and the risk was hardly worth taking.

Out in the water in front of the rookery were hundreds of seals, playing, appearing and disappearing, slipping through the sea as easily as so many fish. We who were unfamiliar with the animals could not tell whether they were bulls or cows, or young, but there were many of them, and they kept up a continual motion.

Down on the rookery something was going on all the time. A cow, anxious to get into the water, slipped out of reach of her bull, and made a quick run. Every bull between her and the water tried to stop her by getting in the way. None bit at her, but she was not so considered, for she snapped at everything that barred her path.

It was interesting to watch the pups, all of them as black as night. They were constantly caressed by their mothers.

The seals were scattered—with some intervals—for a considerable distance along the beach, but the herds did not extend very far back above high water mark. The

best estimates to-day give about 100,000 seals on the islands, where there used to be perhaps ten times as many. Elliot, who was the first man to make an exhaustive study of these islands, estimated that in his time there were several millions here, but it may be doubted whether they were ever so numerous as that. Dr. Dall has expressed the opinion that in our time—that is to say, since the United States possessed the islands—there were never more than six or seven hundred thousand, and that perhaps there have never been on these islands more than a million seals.

We are sure, however, that once they were vastly more numerous than they are to-day, and those who have read of the vast herds formerly found on these rookeries experience a feeling of disappointment at the scattering fringe of animals now seen lying along the water's edge. The old limits of the rookeries are easily recognized by the worn basalt boulders, which have been polished by the passage over them of many generations of seals, and by the new vegetation which is now invading the old bare soil back from the water, where the seals used to lie.

In recent years, it is said, the British commissioners, who, with the commissioners of the United States, investigated the seal islands claimed that the seals there were as numerous as ever, but when the full extent of the old rookeries was pointed out, and it was shown them that beneath this vegetation, which is now encroaching on the bare soil, might be found the hair and other remains of former generations of seals, they were forced to admit that in previous years the herds had covered a much greater area than they do at present.

The cause of this diminution of the seals—a cause which promises before long to result in the practical extinction of the species—is pelagic sealing. Of the seals taken by this method two-thirds are females, either carrying young or nursing new-born pups. In the legitimate land-killing on the islands, only males are killed, while in pelagic sealing for one male taken there are five destroyed. The pelagic sealers follow the migrating herds over the great curve which they make toward the equator, and this has been done so often, and the movements of the seals have been so carefully observed, that many sealing captains have charts of the Pacific Ocean, in which the position of the herd is marked for each day of the winter and early spring. When the sealing vessels find themselves among the herds they keep along with them, traveling about as fast as the seals travel, and hunting every day. After the animals have reached their breeding places on the islands the sealers hover about them a good distance from land, but often a cow will travel from sixty to eighty miles to the fishing ground for her meal, and then return to the islands. On this journey she is likely to be intercepted and killed, and her pup at home starved to death. Cows which have produced their young and are still nursing them often return from their fishing excursions bearing fresh bleeding wounds inflicted by the sealers.

Aside from the seals themselves, there are many interesting things to be seen here. Curious little birds, like auks or tiny puffins, congregate in great numbers in the rookeries, sitting on the rocks in little groups. Sometimes a half-dozen flocks of these will suddenly rise on the wing, much like a flock of blackbirds, and from some sudden impulse swing from the ground and fly off together. These little birds sit bolt upright on the higher rocks, and are grotesque, with their red, turned-up bills. They breed in holes excavated among the rocks and feed on the refuse of the rookeries. Besides these, there are found on St. Paul's Island the gray-crowned finch, the Lapland longspur, and the snow-bunting, all breeding here. We saw a number of young gray-crowned finches just from the nest.

The flowers on the islands are beautiful. Of these the most showy are the yellow poppies, the great blue lupins, the harebell, raspberry, pink spring beauty and verberna. Some of the sloping hills look like real flower gardens, and their sides are literally yellow with poppies, huge bunches of which were brought on board ship.

Three or four most interesting hours were spent on the island.

G. B. G.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

VII.

How much pleasanter is life in its retrospection than in its reality. I look out through the window to-day on a bleak plain of wind-swept snow. The prospect is inexpressibly cold and dreary, and no inspiration rises out of it. But in retrospection we are not bound to the narrow paths fate chisels for the original, but may leave out parts or even shift the scenes entirely. In this case we will shift the scene, so I have pulled down the curtain and turned to the fire.

Why is it we close our eyes to see far down the aisles of the distant and unfrequented past? It seems strange that it should be so, yet mine are hardly closed when they fall on the gray ashes of a smouldering camp-fire on the banks of a stream. It is a wild looking spot in a prairie country, and next to the stream the grass and other growth is 5 feet tall. It is still glistening with morning dew and shuts in those two glum looking boys, sitting beside the fire, like a wall, for they well know a five minutes walk in that tangle would find them wet to the eyes.

We had joined in with a couple of men who were going into the West on a hunting and exploring trip, and had been two months coming through Illinois and Iowa, and getting a hundred miles out on the plains. The men owned the team and wagon, so we boys paid the bulk of the expenses to even up.

They had organized expressly to get beyond the reach of civilized man and luxuriate awhile in the realms of untamed nature. All through Iowa they had been very boastful, but when, after crossing the Missouri River, the settlements began to dwindle they became less and less talkative, until, when at last we were compelled to camp down on the raw prairie with no settlement in sight or hearing, they were completely cowed and announced their intention of turning back in the morning.

We boys had regarded the expedition as a special providence sent to aid us in carrying out our earlier formed designs of seeing the great plains for ourselves. We had often read descriptions of them and been fevered and fired thereby. 'Tis true that these descriptions had been

written mostly by men who had never seen the great plains themselves, but this made little difference to us. They were there, and we were resolved to see them.

The turning back of the men was an unlooked for disappointment to us, for, though we had noted the change in them, we had no idea that such courageous fellows would ever show the white feather. They had carefully concealed the state of their minds from us, for on our side we displayed not the faintest tinge of yellow, and they were afraid to own their fears to us. But that night on the bank of the Platte the climax came; their fear of that vast solitude got the upper hand of their fear of us, and they declared their intention of turning back.

The announcement came like a thunderbolt to us, and we withdrew and held a long consultation. We felt that we were at an important period of our career. Should we turn back we would be the laughing stock of the little hamlet where we lived, for we had marched forth, with sounding timbrels, amid the plaudits (and otherwise) of all the men and boys of our acquaintance. We felt that if we turned back here without having an adventure of some kind the opportunity would never come to us again, and we resolved to stay, hence the camp-fire and the boys on the river bank after the men had driven away. Had we known what the future held in some of the dark cells of its gloomy old box, perhaps we should not have regarded this particular expedition as of so much consequence.

After we had been alone for a while some of the difficulties in our way began to appear. We were alone there on the prairie with our duffle and no possible means of transportation at hand. We had guns and ammunition, of course, but what object could there be in hunting with no means at hand for handling our game? In all the hunting stories we had ever read we had never seen any account of what was done with the slaughtered game, and it had never occurred to us that there was anything to be done but shoot down the game that came in our way. When it came to planning for practical work we found all sorts of difficulties rising before us.

The place where we were located was not on the main channel of the Platte, but was separated from the main channel by a large wooded island. The water of the stream was very muddy and the current swift, having a very ugly look, so that we did not investigate its depth at first. The rank growth that surrounded us, saturated by a heavy dew, was a long time in drying, so that it was 10 o'clock before we could make any explorations. During this time we were engaged in summing up the situation.

The more we talked the matter over, the more it became evident that we had done a very foolish thing in not going back with the team to the first settlement at least. My companion grew more and more gloomy over the situation and finally declared he was going out to the overland trail, only a few miles away, to wait until some wagon train came along and get them to take us out. I pooh-poohed at this, but the longer I thought of it the more I became convinced that it was the only thing there was left for us to do. But I persuaded him to wait a couple of days in camp, as we had ample stores for a month. This would give us a chance to hunt some, and perhaps get a shot at some big game before returning.

It was late in July, the sun being quite warm, and we finally concluded to go in swimming. I was first to make the plunge, and went into the sullen stream with some misgiving, but landed on a sand bar covered by only two inches of water. The channel on our side of the island was 50 yards wide, and at no place was it more than a foot in depth, and this only close under the bank on either side; the rest of the way it was 2 to 6 inches. We soon waded down through the shallow water to the lower end of the island, taking our clothes along, and had our first view of the Platte River.

It was a full mile wide at this point, the most of its bed being a long extended plain of yellow sand. Looked at in these days of close settlement, the Platte is not a particularly imposing stream, nor are its sandy bed and low banks a very impressive sight, but looked at from our point of view it was grand. We imagined ourselves to be in the very midst of the great plains of the West, and far from the haunts of man. Looked at with the glamor of solitude hanging over us, that plain of sand, with shallow ribbons of water shimmering over it here and there, was an awe inspiring and long to be remembered sight.

We spent a very interesting day wandering up and down the sand and noting the animal and bird life that was new and strange to us. I noticed here a peculiar little sand runner about the size of a sandpiper. Its color was a dusky white, and its mournful note left an indelible impression on me. We called it a sand mourner on account of its note. I have never noticed many of these birds in any other part of the country, and it has been years since I have seen a single specimen. There were deer tracks all over the bars, though of a truth we never saw any deer or other large game during the entire trip.

We returned to camp at dusk without having had a bite to eat since morning. We were much fagged with the tramps of the day, and got only a light lunch before lying down. This was bad for us, for with the falling of the gloom of night came a corresponding gloom over our spirits. Had we spent a couple of hours in preparing and eating a hearty supper this sort of an after-glow would have been avoided. There was little sleep for us that night, and the time was mostly put in in planning for the morrow.

My companion openly declared he had enough of the wild West, with no way to help ourselves in moving about, and said he was going to begin to watch the trail for teams in the early morning. The thoughts of retreating in this ignominious manner made me feel rather blue, but I could not help but agree that it was about all there was left to do, although I was inclined to urge staying where we were for a week before making any attempt to get away. The coming of day strengthened this feeling, and I prepared for another day on the sand bar, while my friend started on a hunt for the overland trail.

Had we known it there was a settlement of several hundred people ten miles further on, but we were without maps, and having left the trail twenty-five miles back we had seen but one small settlement since crossing the Missouri River at Omaha, and supposed we were far beyond their limits. A couple of years later I made another trip, and extending it somewhat further, found this out.

My partner carried out his design of watching the ail and started out early in the morning, while I turned the river again. The main channel of the river was over on the south side, and I made my way there. It was not more than 100 yards wide and the water was several feet deep and current very swift. As I wandered here and there along this, I noticed a large drift in about half-way across, and it occurred to me that we might make a raft out of these logs, place our dunnage on it, and float back down the river to the Missouri. No sooner did the thought occur to me than I stripped and swam out to it. It was a great mass of trees and logs that had floated there on some tide and become lodged. The first thing I touched on climbing out on it was the gunwale of an old wooden boat half-buried in the drift. I lifted on it, but found it so solidly wedged in that I could not move it, and it took an hour's hard work to remove the drift and get the boat into the water. I was overjoyed when I found it floated buoyantly and had no leaks. It was a clumsy affair, though solidly made, pointed at one end and 3 feet wide at the other, with a bottom, and capable of carrying a thousand pounds. At the time I had it hauled safely up on the sand on our left of the channel I had the details of a great trip all planned.

When my partner came back at night he was more discouraged than ever; said he had sat by the trail all day, but had sighted nothing. Furthermore, he said the trail looked as if it had not been traveled that year. I promised that he had been watching an abandoned trail and that another would have been found a little further, but held my own council. It was near night, but I begged him to cross the bar with me and see my prize. At sight of the boat the idea flashed upon him just as it had on me, and the conversation around the camp-fire that night, after a hearty supper, was very animated; and we could have been easy prey to any prowling Indians that might have come along, though it is probable there was not a hostile within 300 miles of us.

At the first gray streak of dawn we were carrying our baggage across the sandbar, and by 10 o'clock we had our raft trimmed and loaded ready for the start. Our boat had the tholepins, but as we had no oars we had to depend on poles for propelling and guiding it. For several miles the channel followed close inshore under a steep bank with no obstructions, and we sped onward at a rapid pace.

After that we noticed shallow channels cutting their way across the bar toward the north shore. We passed great many of these channels, none of which afforded water of sufficient depth to float our boat and cargo, the water meantime shoaling beneath us. At last we found ourselves poling along in dead water, and finally came to an abrupt ending of the channel we were following. Investigation showed that our only recourse was to carry our baggage across three-quarters of a mile of sand to the channel again, which was now following close along the north shore, and then hitch our boat over a foot at a time, as was too heavy for us to do more. This took us at least three hours, and it was near night when we were afloat once more. Then came several miles of deep, swift water again.

When we noticed the water crossing the bar again, in shallow, ribbon-like channels, we went into camp, as we had all the exercise we felt that we needed for the day. In the morning we made a careful investigation of all the channels, and choosing the one that seemed to carry the most water, entered it. When the boat grounded we waded in front of it and pulled it along. In this way we worked back and forth with the fickle waters much easier, though we often grounded and had to carry our baggage long distances. This made our progress rather slow, but we took things easy and often stayed in camp at favorable points for several days. At other times, when our boat grounded, we would sit and shoot at objects on the water with rifle and revolver for hours before moving on.

One of our favorite diversions when we had an easy channel along some steep bank was watching for buffalo. At such places they would be working in the mud close inshore with their back fin and often a couple of inches of their backs sticking out of the water. One of us would sit in front, revolver in hand, and as we passed would shoot them in the back. We got a number of large ones and scared a good many more.

We wondered at first at the absence of big game, but finally got so that we did not expect it, though once we thought we saw a deer cross the bar far in advance of us and enter the wood. At another place we ran close to a beaver that was 20 feet out upon the bank gnawing a cottonwood tree. As it came sliding down the bank I made a hasty grab at one of the legs, but was too late, for the instant it touched the water it disappeared.

We took a daily bath in some of the bayous where the current was slack, and water had cleared, with bottom oozy and sandy. Sometimes on warm days we would take a plunge in the river without taking the trouble to move our clothes, which consisted of duck pants and flannel shirt. For weeks we never had shoes or stockings on our feet.

The bars made us a great deal of trouble, but we made as easy as possible by drawing largely on the fountain of time, and gradually came to look on the Platte River, with its bars and drifts, as about all there was of the world anyhow.

We sighted houses now and then, but not a human being crossed the range of our vision until after we had reached the Missouri River. One evening we were surprised at the sight of a large fine house on the top of a hill just south of the river. We camped for the night just opposite it, and in the morning were still more surprised to see a steamboat crossing the river half a mile below the several freight cars on board.

We figured it out that a channel had been dug across the stream to accommodate some railroad ferry. After we passed the ferry the river turned sharply to the north, and there was a large town on the west bank. All day we kept on without striking a bar. The water was deep and easy on either side, and in the middle, yet it was near night before it occurred to us that the town we had passed was Plattsburgh, Neb., and that we had been traveling all day on the Missouri River. The railroad ferry we had imagined to be crossing the Platte had been in fact crossing the Missouri at the mouth of the Platte.

We had picked up an oar that we found lodged in a drift, and now increased our speed by pulling on one oar and steering the boat with a paddle we had formed from a floating plank. Our objective point was St. Louis, from which place we could take the train for home, twelve hours' ride distant.

Once on the Missouri our course was easy. There was no grounding and long tugs across sandbars was now a thing of the past, and our speed was much greater. There was an ever changing panorama unfolding before us all the time; but our solitude was gone. We passed towns, small and large, every day, and steamboats and ferries were numerous. All along there were clearings with log cabins and stick chimneys. Great patches of dead timber greeted us at every turn where the trees had been girdled in the initiatory step toward a clearing.

One afternoon we drew our boat up at the mouth of Nemaha River, and went into camp. It was mid-afternoon, but that made no difference to us; we were not making the trip against time, and the spot was an interesting one. We had been there but a short time when we sighted another craft coming our way. As ours was the acme of clumsiness, so was this the acme of grace and elegance, or it appeared that way to us at least. Built on fine lines and painted by an artist, it came dancing over the waves like a feather and drew up beside our old tub.

Its single occupant introduced himself as Paul Howe; said he was fishing, and if we had no objection he would camp with us that night and set his line off the point between the two streams just where the two currents met. This just suited us, and the arrangement was made.

Howe had some flour and a kettle, and mixing up some dough rolled it into balls about the size of walnuts and boiled them until they were tough. These he used to bait his hooks with. He had a long line with a hundred hooks on it which he baited and coiled in the stern of his boat. Fastening one end of the line to a stake on the bank, I then rowed out into the stream while he payed out the line and kept it from snarling. At the end he had a heavy piece of iron attached for a sinker, which he dropped into the water.

We caught a few small catfish in time for supper, but the general result was rather disappointing, until some time in the night. When it came time for going to bed, or lying down, which was about all there was to it, Howe stretched himself beside the fire on the river bank with his line between his toes and went to sleep, after having warned me to be ready for action at any time.

Some time in the night I was awakened by a yell from Howe, who had bounded to his feet and was piling dry branches on the fire. "I've hooked a whale," said he. "Come on and help land it." I manipulated the paddle as Howe lifted the line out of the water. There was not the slightest tremor on the line until we got near the end and then there came a surge that nearly upset the boat. That one surge was about all there was to the struggle, and drawing the line slowly up, a head appeared above the water that was as large as an ordinary pumpkin.

My partner had continued to pile dry branches on the fire until objects on the further bank of the river were plainly visible, so that we had plenty of light to work by. Howe tipped the boat gently until the gunwale almost touched the water, and then taking the fish by the gills drew it over the side. It was a catfish, nearly white in color, and was pronounced by Howe "a channel cat." I have also heard the blue and yellow catfish called a channel cat. Since reading some of Gen. McNulty's articles I have thought perhaps that they all three might be the same fish, the change in color being due to environment.

Next day Howe rowed to the nearest town with his prize, and reported it as weighing 60 pounds when he returned. We stayed in camp at the mouth of Nemaha some days, and explored it several miles. As we were exploring up that stream we saw wood ducks sitting together on a log. We had no faith in our large caliber muzzleloading rifles for feathered game and loaded one with shot and killed both ducks with one load. This was the only game we killed on the entire trip.

One day as we were rowing along down stream, in the middle of the Missouri, we saw a snag ahead of us that was thrashing about at a great rate in the swift current. It was evidently the top end of a long, slender log whose root was fixed in the bottom of the river. The current would bear it down until it was nearly under water and then it would spring back until it raised several feet above. This motion was very rapid, and it made a great noise thrashing the water.

I was steering at the time, and in trying to evade the snag mistook the current and steered across it just above. We were going at a great clip, and seeing my error I undertook to turn the other way. This was a fatal error, for before we could regain any of the lost ground we were upon the snag and the boat partly overturned. My rifle was lying along the side of the boat and was thrown overboard. The hand satchel which contained all our money was following fast, when I made a quick grab and got it by the handle, and with the other hand seized the log and pushed the boat off.

The next instant I found myself sitting astride the snag and bobbing up and down like a child in a jumper, with the satchel in one hand and the boat floating rapidly away with my companion in it looking blank and helpless. He soon recovered his sang froid, however, and shouted back at me: "If you want to stay there and fool around you can, but I'm going on." I answered this by shaking the hand satchel at him and saying: "Go if you want to, I've got all the long green." This fetched him, and he pulled for the shore, where he unshipped his load of water, spread our belongings out to dry in the sun and drew the boat along shore to a point half a mile above me.

We had now acquired a second oar, so that it was easy for him to handle the boat alone, but his fear of the snag overbalanced his judgment and he passed me by just 4 feet out of reach, and had to make the whole round a second time, as it was impossible for him to pull the boat against the strong current. When the boat passed by I was tempted to drop off the snag and swim after it, but my fears for the safety of the funds of the expedition deterred me. At the second round I got him into the boat all right, and by night we were dried and as comfortable as if nothing unusual had happened. We never went back to try and recover my rifle, as our firearms were least important of all our belongings.

Not long after this and after we were well down in central Missouri, we came to a place where the current of the river was engaged in eating up a farm. There was a large log house, one end of which was hanging several feet out over the stream. There had been an orchard near the house, but most of it had fallen into the river. A single tree was left standing on the very brink of the crumbling bank, which was loaded with fine large apples.

Many of these apples overhung the water, and we concluded to have some of them. The bank was some 15 or 20 feet high and unscalable, but by standing below we could knock them off with clods, sticks and stones and they would fall into the water, where we could get them.

Only a scant footing offered beneath the tree, where a section of the farm had caved into the water and had not all been washed away as yet. On this we stood for half an hour, and bombarded that tree with hard pieces of earth broken from the wall, and such stones and sticks as we could get hold of.

By that time we concluded we had apples enough, and got into our boat and pushed off. We were little more than clear of the bank and not 50 feet away when house, tree and a section of earth 100 feet long by 10 feet thick and 20 high tilted outward and came plunging at us. We were clear of the falling bank by at least 10 yards, and the next instant our boat was raised 5 feet on the crest of the wave thrown up by the falling earth, while just beside us the bottom of the river was laid almost bare, just as the bottom of a shallow puddle is laid bare for an instant by throwing a stone into it. Then we settled gently back and floated on as smoothly as before.

In a few minutes we heard the great wave rush against the opposite shore half a mile away. Our apple tree never came to the surface, while the log house went to pieces and the debris floated off down the river. Neither of us said a word for ten minutes, and then my companion remarked that "we had a close call there," and relapsed into silence and we took the balance out in thinking.

We saw several towns that still showed the marks of the Civil War, and saw one stone block that was wrecked in such manner as to suggest cannon shot, but we never learned if that were really the cause.

Our objective point had been St. Louis, but when we came out into the Mississippi and saw the town of Alton, Ill., only a couple of miles above, we beached our boat and putting on our best suits, which we had held in reserve, walked up to it, leaving our boat and most of our outfit standing on the sand bar, and that evening took the train for home. It was more than a year before we got over being homesick for the freedom of the bars and drifts of the river.

THE PARSON.

Feeding the "Razor-Backs."

DURING a trip in the South I happened to stroll out one evening shortly before sundown. It was a delightful evening and full of rural peace and quiet—hardly a sound being heard save the chirp of the cigalia. As I continued my walk, however, I became conscious of a more discordant note, which was, in fact, nothing less than the squealing of pigs. It became so loud and persistent that I determined to find out the occasion of it.

Presently on turning a point of the woods I espied a pen full of "razor-backs." When they saw me they redoubled their vocal efforts and appeared to be making frantic attempts to climb over the pen. I wonder, I thought, if they are trying to get at me? In truth, they looked so fierce, with their long snouts and their gaunt, shaggy bodies, that I believe I hesitated and drew back a step or two. But on reflecting a little it occurred to me that it was feeding time and that they had mistaken me for their host. So desiring to see the ceremony I hung by for a while. Eventually an old negro appeared through a path in the woods, carrying a basketful of ears of corn. No sooner had the "razor-backs" caught sight of the familiar figure than all previous efforts of theirs in the vocal line were eclipsed, and it was certainly a wonder they didn't knock down the pen, such were the mad dashes they made against it. The old negro touched his hat when he saw me, but looked a little scared and suspicious, as if he imagined I had designs on his "razor-backs." I reassured him, however, by promptly announcing the object of my lingering there. At this he smiled humorously and observed: "Hogs am a hoggish lot, sah, shooh 'nuff." Then approaching the pen he cried affectionately: "So, ho, my honies! Thought I was gwine to forgit ye—hey? No fear! Dar's yo' suppah, now—nice sweet cohn."

Suiting the action to the word, he emptied the contents of the basket into the pen. Immediately there was a wild scramble of the "razor-backs" for the corn, the result being that they all fell over one another, forming a struggling heap of pork. It should be noted that there were three big ones, three not so big and four small. With shrieks of rage the big ones arose from the heap, scattering the others as they did so, and then pounced upon the corn. Only one ear at a time could, of course, be taken in the mouth, to the great disgust, as it seemed, of the feeders, but how that ear was crushed—with what dispatch of remorseless opening and shutting of jaws! The while the big ones were feeding the others were only permitted to hover around them, seizing an ear whenever they could. Even these chance seizures were resented by a look of malevolence, and I could readily imagine that while the feeders were enjoying themselves physically, mentally they were suffering excruciating pangs because they could not keep all for themselves. The tiniest "razor-back" of the lot—evidently a weakling and truly a pathetic figure—came in for the roughest, most savage treatment. Never was it permitted to seize an ear, but had to content itself with picking up the stray grains that fell from the mouths of the feeders. It reminded me of Dives and the rich man's table.

When the three big fellows had satisfied themselves they retired to their corners and were soon snoring luxuriously, like any well-fed specimen of the *genus homo*. Then the three next in rank ranged themselves at table, so to speak, and defended it as jealously as the others, until they were satisfied. Finally the little ones had all to themselves, but though there was enough left, they wrangled and snapped at one another in the most spiteful fashion. Indeed, if anything, their manners were worse than those of their larger congeners. There was one thing, however,

that they all seemed agreed upon, and that was that the weakling should have no mercy.

I thought of Wall Street as I turned away and made for home.

NEW YORK, April 11.

FRANK MOONAN.

The Minnesota Park.

MR. LACEY submitted to the House last week a report from the Committee on Public Lands recommending the appointment of a commission of three members from the House and three from the Senate to investigate the conditions existing on the Chippewa Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota, with reference to carrying out the plan of converting the Indian lands into a public park. Should the Senate concur in the joint resolution providing for such a commission it is to be assumed that the matter may be reported upon at the next session. The future of the park project depends largely upon the composition of the commission. The report submitted by Mr. Lacey reads:

The Committee on the Public Lands, to whom was referred H. J. Res. 232, concerning Chippewa Indian Reservation in Minnesota, beg leave to submit the following report and recommend that said resolution do pass with amendments:

Your committee have considered the propositions embraced in this joint resolution and believe that an investigation ought to be made by a suitable commission to determine the propriety of the proposed national park, and also the means to be adopted to obtain the control of the necessary land, and also as to how far the proposed park could be occupied by the Indians as a home. The questions involved in the proposed resolution can be best investigated by a small commission, with authority to confer with the Indians and look in person over the ground, and we therefore recommend that the bill be amended by reducing the number of the commission to six—three from each House—and reducing the appropriation from \$10,000 to \$5,000, amending the resolution therefore as follows:

The headwaters of the Mississippi River are now protected by natural forests, so far as the region in question is concerned. There is much valuable timber on this land, and of course many persons desire to cut and remove the same so as to convert the value of the timber into money.

The usual method of removing pine from this northern country has resulted in leaving an absolute waste and charred and blackened stumps as the only evidence of the former existence of the forest itself. If the pine is to be removed from this land it ought to be taken out upon a different plan from that which has been used by private individuals in their timber operations.

In France vast sums of money are now being expended in reforesting the mountains which have been denuded, and where the gravelly soil has begun to wash down into and destroy the valleys below. Enormous sums of money are now being expended to restore these mountains to their natural conditions as nearly as may be. In northern New York the State has acquired a large area of the Adirondacks in order to preserve the waters of the Hudson, and has expended nearly \$4,000,000 for that purpose.

If the timber around the headwaters of the Mississippi is entirely removed the Government will, no doubt, hereafter be called upon to restore it as nearly as practicable to the original state, and to expend a much larger sum than is now necessary to preserve it in that condition. Large amounts of money have already been expended for the creation of reservoirs in that locality to prevent great floods in the spring and to preserve a supply of water for midsummer and fall. Nature does this in a large degree where the forests are left in their natural condition. A very large proportion of the land included in the 833,000 acres is already embraced in the limits of lakes and ponds. The timber preserves the springs supplying these lakes and streams, and the general provisions of the proposed plan therefore meet the approval of the committee.

The details of working out the plan, in view of the rights of the Indians, and many other matters, render a careful examination necessary before the bill should be enacted into law. The investigation by a sub-committee, or a small commission, such as the resolution as amended proposes, would, in our judgment, be the easiest way of getting at the actual facts and surroundings and enable Congress to act intelligently on the question.

We therefore recommend the passage of the resolution with the amendments which we have suggested.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.

SECRETARY L. C. ABBOTT sends out to the sportsmen of Iowa this appeal for co-operation and support:

"Meet with us at this convention. Assist us in perfecting, stronger than ever, this Association. Let us join together and work for the one end—'Protection of our game and fish.' We are confronted every session of the Legislature with possible game laws, and it is our duty to assist or defeat these measures, as the case warrants. The appropriation for game and fish protection was increased from \$9,000 to \$15,000 the past winter. This was a step in the right direction. We want the convention to meet in Marshalltown two hundred strong. Questions of importance will come up for your consideration. Tuesday evening, 8:30, May 22, 1900."

A Kansas City Italian was arrested recently for selling a skinned cat for a rabbit. He finally admitted that the animal was a possum, whereupon the judge became greatly interested.

"What did you skin it for?" he asked.

"Always skina da possum," replied the Italian.

"Now, now, now," said the judge, "that'll do, that'll do. This court knows more about possums than that. You don't skin possums. You scald 'em and take the hair off, like you do a hog. The idea—skin a possum! I'll fine you only \$1 and costs this time, but if you ever come before me again with a story about skinning a possum I'll fine you \$100 for unpardonable ignorance, if for nothing else. Call the next case."

Natural History.

Big Game of the Far North.

In the year 1897 Mr. A. J. Stone, for whom Prof. Allen named the black sheep of the North, applied to the American Museum of Natural History for assistance in making another trip to the Arctic. After due consideration the pecuniary aid desired was generously furnished by Mr. James M. Constable, of the museum, and on July 9, 1897, Mr. Stone set out from Seattle, Wash., for Fort Wrangel in Alaska. During more than two years of arduous travel in the north, in which Mr. Stone covered a great deal of country, following the coast west from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Herschel Island, and from the mouth of the Mackenzie east far beyond Franklin Bay, he returned to Seattle, which he reached in September, 1899.

A very large part of the country traversed was practically unexplored, although over much of it the fur trader had worked along the stream and of late years the prospector has entered it. It is country that has been mapped before, but imperfectly mapped, and Mr. Stone was able to correct many of the errors of earlier travelers. Mr. Stone visited the home of most of the larger mammals of the far North, and takes a gloomy view of the prospects of their survival for any considerable length of time. In the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History there is published an abstract of his observations on these species, from which we take the following remarks. Mr. Stone tells us that he has supplemented his own experience by information derived from various officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from intelligent white and Indian hunters, and the notes have been edited by Dr. J. A. Allen. Their importance and interest warrant for them as wide a circulation as possible:

Bison bison athabasca, Rhoads. Wood Bison.—The bison, generally spoken of as wood bison, is almost extinct. The most reliable information obtainable indicates that a small herd, containing fifteen to twenty animals, exists in the Hay River country, long. 117° W. and lat. 59° N., a little to the west of Great Slave River. I was repeatedly informed that there was a similar herd to the east of Great Slave River, a little further north than the Hay River herd, but I have some doubt of its existence.

The furthest north to which I could trace these animals is the Black River country, where a solitary old bull was killed some years ago, a short distance south of Fort Liard, about long. 130° W. and lat. 60° N.

The Canadian Government is making an effort to protect the few that remain, but it will doubtless be ineffective, it being impossible to police these remote regions against the inroads of the Indians, who kill the bison at every opportunity. I very much question whether the small remnant now existing will be able to hold out against existing conditions for more than a few years. Probably three years will accomplish their complete extermination.

I visited Fort Liard with the intention of securing specimens for the American Museum of Natural History, but found that to attempt it might involve me in unpleasant legal proceedings and possibly lead to serious difficulties in the further prosecution of my work.

Ovibos moschatus, Blainville. Musk-Ox.—I found no trace of these animals anywhere, except in the very hilly, rough country southeast of Cape Lyon. Nearly all the signs of them I found indicated that their favorite feeding ground in winter is along the slopes of hills just a little above the valleys, where they browse freely on the little patches of dwarf willows. It was also quite evident that when moving from one feeding ground to another they almost invariably travel single file.

Their range is becoming more and more contracted all the time, as roving bands of Indians from the Hudson Bay posts, on Great Slave Lake and near Great Bear Lake, make occasional raids upon them, and almost always destroy the entire herd attacked.

The result of extensive inquiry among the Indians and Eskimo west of the Mackenzie leads me to believe that the musk-ox has not inhabited that region for a very long period. Indeed, only a few of the Kookpugmoots east of the Mackenzie have any knowledge of their ever having been seen west of Anderson River, or anywhere between that river and the Mackenzie. Their western limit is now far to the east of Anderson River and Liverpool Bay.

Ovis stonei, Allen. Stone's Mountain Sheep; Black Sheep.—The range of *Ovis stonei* extends throughout the Cassiar Mountains, and in the Rocky Mountains, east of the Cassiar, north to where Beaver River, a tributary of Liard River from the north and west, breaks through the Rockies near latitude 60°. I believe that the Rocky Mountain divide, between the headwaters of the Peace River and those of the Fraser River, forms the dividing line between its range and that of the southern *Ovis cervina*. Its western limit very nearly conforms to the Cassiar Mountains and their numerous spurs.

The feeding grounds of both *Ovis stonei* and *O. dalli* are above timber line. Their habits vary materially, in both species, with sex and age, especially in summer. Old and young, however, congregate together in the fall and winter. During winter they frequent the highest ridges, where the wind keeps the ground free of snow.

Ovis dalli, Nelson. Dall's Mountain Sheep; White Sheep.—This beautiful inhabitant of boreal America occupies two separate and distinct ranges, namely: (1) the Alaskan Mountains and the Kenai Peninsula; and (2) the entire stretch of the Rocky Mountains north of latitude 60°, to near the Arctic coast west of the Mackenzie, ranging thence west to the headwaters of the Noatak and Kowak rivers, that flow into Kotzebue Sound.

Along the Arctic coast they are subject to the same persecution as the caribou of this region (as detailed below), and will in a few years be only a memory of the past. Further south, through that portion of their range included in the Rockies, their future is only slightly more hopeful. In the Nahanna Mountains (a spur of the Rockies, in about 60° N. lat.), and in the main Rockies about lat. 60° N., the natives reported them as very much scarcer than formerly, and the old trails, in the country traveled by me, indicated that a much larger number of these animals formerly existed there.

I found these animals everywhere above the timber line and almost always occupying the most rugged parts of the mountains, the males particularly favoring the most rugged and rocky ridges.

Five out of twenty-two specimens shot by me tumbled over precipitous walls into inaccessible places and were lost. One of the lost five was found in a bunch of three resting on a ledge, seemingly not over a foot wide, on the face of a cliff fully 2,000 feet high, from base to summit. They were not over 150 feet from the crest of the summit, over which I leaned and watched them, unobserved, for some time. How they reached the place or left it I could not tell. I had one of my Indians drive them out by throwing stones down, and as I heard them running below I followed along the brink. When they finally appeared at the top I was a considerable distance from them. I fired at the first two to appear and failed to score, but being a little nearer when the third one came in sight, my bullet caught him fair; he gave two leaps to the right, fell and toppled over the brink and down for a hundred yards. We could descend part of the distance to where he lay, but there was a space beyond so steep and high that it was impossible to pass over it even with ropes; yet it was just here that the sheep had climbed up.

This was my first effort on this hunting ground, and the result was just a little discouraging, inasmuch as my party had not tasted food during the past thirty hours. I was myself tired and hungry, for during this thirty hours I had carried a pack across the mountains some ten miles, and had been on the tramp climbing and hunting for sheep all the rest of that time, with the exception of about three hours, it being so light that we could hunt night or day; but there was nothing to do but try again.

Slowly working our way around the point over sharp rocks in our moccasined feet, with thoughts of another day without food uppermost in my mind, I was almost startled by three big rams running out from a clump of rocks, only a short distance ahead of us, and passing so quickly out of sight around another clump as to prevent my getting another shot. It never occurred to me that I was tired, footsore or hungry, for I was after those rams, jumping from rock to rock as fast as my legs could carry me. After following them for some distance I got in a long-range shot, shooting down a very steep incline, and was delighted to see one of the big fellows go down among the rocks; the other two being further away, and offering very poor marks, I did not pursue them. It was a difficult task to descend this steep and treacherous slide to take care of this specimen, but we gladly went about it, and finally climbed back to the top, through a rain that was wetting the rocks and making them slippery. Camp was a long way off, but there was fuel there, and we had steaks to go with the fuel, which smoothed the road considerably.

As this animal has been but little observed by naturalists or hunters, I will relate one other adventure, as illustrating its wonderful vitality, agility and endurance. One of my Indians came in one night and reported having crippled a large ram which he failed to get. The next morning I decided we would hunt in that direction, in the hope of securing the cripple, as I have the utmost horror of leaving a crippled animal of any kind to die a lingering death. Reaching the level top of a high ridge, we skirted it for a short distance and then separated into two parties. I took with me the Indian who claimed to have crippled the ram the day before; in reality, however, I did not believe his report. After following along the edge of a deep cañon for about a mile, he proposed that I should watch from above, while he descended to look for the cripple. He had been gone for some time, and was out of sight, when I heard him halloo; on running along the crest for some distance I finally discovered him making his way up the bottom of the cañon, calling every few steps. I could not at first make out what he was up to, but soon a sheep made its appearance from behind a jutting point, and a little later it was plainly to be seen, creeping along over the rocks ahead of the Indian, up the rugged cañon, seemingly with difficulty. I concluded the Indian could easily get in range and kill the poor beast, and I could not at first understand why he did not do so, but I soon came to the conclusion that he had discovered that the easiest way of getting that skin and bones to the top of the long, hard climb was to drive the animal ahead of him, knowing that I was at the top and would be on the lookout.

As I proceeded to the head of the cañon, in order to be ready to dispatch the beast on its arrival, I could see that one hind leg was broken, and as I watched the poor thing jump from one crag to another as it mounted the long, steep climb, I felt disgusted with such proceeding, and would have gladly carried up the skin rather than see the animal suffer, had I been in a position to do so. While I was thinking what this animal must have suffered during the preceding twelve hours, of how exhausted it must be from such a climb on three legs, and wondering if I would really get to the top, to my surprise it suddenly stood on the crest of the cañon wall, 75 or 100 yards distant, fully fifteen minutes sooner than I thought possible.

As it turned toward me and caught sight of me I raised my rifle and fired. It fell, turning completely over; the broken leg swinging like a pendulum at every jump. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I followed as far as I could run, only to see it disappear over the side of the next cañon; it circled the side of the cañon wall and too a stand on a jutting ledge of rock, upon which, if shot at, it would topple off down on to the rocks, several hundred feet below, and be ruined as a specimen; so I sat down to await its possible change of position. After a short while my white man and natives arrived, and two of them decided to go around and chase him down. As they approached him, down he went, apparently as lively as ever, and another chase took place, lasting until the white man was played out.

From the edge of the cañon I could watch every move twice the native tried his smooth-bore without effect, and I began to think the ram would get away from him. I climbed a deep cut between two high turrets in the side of the cañon wall nearest me and found its way into a deep cavity in the side of one of the great natural abutments and lay down. The Indian could not get to the place, but threw stones at the poor beast until it ran out. As it leapt this big cavity it either had to leap directly down 15 or 20 feet or pass out by the Indian; and here was just what it displayed its wonderful capabilities in a most daring

nanner. As it emerged from the cavity it crept along the wall, which to all appearances was almost perpendicular, and continued straight on for 25 or 30 feet. It then turned around and came back to the edge of the cavity and leaped down, falling as it struck the rock below; but it was immediately up and away, seemingly as game as ever. The Indian, who was within a few feet of the animal at the time, said that he could not see anything in the shape of a projection on the face of the rock for the animal to walk on, nor could any of us do so at a distance of perhaps 200 yards with the aid of powerful field glasses.

I stood carefully watching every movement of the animal, and how it was possible for it not only to walk the side of such a wall, crippled as it was, but actually to turn round and walk back, is beyond my conception, for I am sure there was no place on the face of the wall to which I could have clung for even a moment.

The Indian again went in pursuit, finishing the animal soon after with a lucky shot. I went down to measure and skin the animal, but found the greater part of its coat so thoroughly filled with blood, much of which had dried and set fast, that I only saved the head.

The shot the Indian first gave it had completely smashed the left thigh. My shot had entered the left side just back of the shoulders and a little above the heart, ranging downward and upward, and passing out at the right flank, tearing a fearful gash, through which I could thrust my fist. It had bled much, internally and externally; had lived nearly twenty-four hours after its thigh was smashed; four hours after the wound I gave it, suffering from the loss of blood, making wonderful climbs on three

The moose, in the regions within the Arctic Circle, will be the last to succumb to its enemies, for the reason that in this great interior country it will be but little pursued east of the Rockies by the white man. The atmosphere in this country is comparatively dry in winter, and the snow-fall consequently light, and owing to the shelter from the winds afforded to a great extent by brush and woods, the snow does not crust or acquire a firm enough surface to admit of a wolf running on the surface, except on lakes and rivers; and without this aid the wolf can make but slight inroads upon the numbers of an animal so wary and cunning, of such wonderful endurance, and so capable of self-defense.

It is also well known that these animals, in the North and Northwest, do not gather together in herds, nor do they "yard up," as do the moose of Maine and New Brunswick, but constantly roam about, either singly or in small bunches, rarely exceeding five individuals. The natives cannot, therefore, locate and surround them in bands, but must pursue them singly, which forbids at all times any considerable slaughter. Then, too, this animal generally haunts the very worst thickets, tangles and brushy localities; its hearing is acute, its scent the best, its movements rapid, and it is so universally on its guard that the unusual snapping of a twig is sufficient to cause it so quickly and silently to quit the locality as to be totally unobserved by the average hunter. I have passed through sections of country where whole tribes of natives have become extinct, but the moose lives and flourishes in numbers, the rugged country drained by the Nahanni River being an instance of this kind. The headwaters of the Stickine River, occupied by the Tahltan tribe, may also



LADY BEMIS, THE CAPTIVE MAINE MOOSE.

legs, and performing feats hardly to be believed even by those who witnessed them. The animal was a four-year-old ram, and a magnificent specimen.

From my experience with these animals I believe they seek quite as rugged country in which to make their homes as does the Rocky Mountain goat. They brave higher latitudes, and live in regions in every way more barren and forbidding.

Although they are a very wary animal where hunted, they are rapidly dwindling in numbers, for their white bodies in summer can be seen at a great distance by the keen eye of the native, and very few of our best natural history collections will be graced by their beautiful forms before the last of them have disappeared.

The females, with their lambs, generally keep to the high tablelands, well back in the mountains, and are often much more difficult to locate than their mates. Broken jawbones, reunited, were so frequent among the females killed as to excite comment.

Oreamnos montanus (Ord). Rocky Mountain Goat.—The Rocky Mountain goat is found in limited numbers throughout the Rocky Mountain Range as far north as lat. 63° or 64° 30', but are here nowhere so plentiful as in the coast ranges. They frequent many places in the Cascades, the coast range of southeastern Alaska, and the Alaskan Mountains as far west as the headwaters of the Sushitna River.

Alce americanus, Jardine. Moose.—The moose is the best known of the deer that inhabit the vast extent of country comprising British Columbia, the Northwest Territory and Alaska. It can be safely asserted that every wooded section of this immense area is, to a more or less degree, frequented by these animals. It ranges westward almost to the limits of the Alaskan Peninsula, and it approaches the Arctic coast throughout to the very limits of tree growth.

The Upper Liard River, with its tributaries, the Dease, Francis, Highland, Black and Coal rivers (long. 125° to 130° W. and lat. 58° to 60°), includes, perhaps, the most prolific moose range in America. The tributaries of the Upper Yukon, Pelly, Stewart, Macmillan, White and Tanana rivers also drain a country well populated with moose, and the Kenai Peninsula and the region about the head of Cook Inlet is another large area that seems to abound with them.

The native and the wolf are its most aggressive enemies; but it is highly probable that it will outlive the former, regardless of the fact that modern firearms may be found in the possession of members of almost every native tribe in the North.

be cited as another fair illustration. The tribe is so rapidly dying out as to be perceptibly less in numbers every year; while the moose is far more plentiful in that country to-day than it was at the time when modern firearms were first introduced among these people twenty-five years ago.

Records of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Norman, 65° N., give the weight of a dressed animal, with hide, head and lower limbs removed, at 676 pounds, and Fort McPherson (67° 30' N.) records claim that the meat of an animal received at this post weighed between 1,100 and 1,200 pounds.

The Indians claim that the moose of the headwaters of the Koyukuk River and the headwaters of the Peel River range high in the mountains, and differ in some respects from the animals inhabiting lower levels, but I was unable to verify such statements through personal observations. Mr. Hodgson, for many years in the service of the Hudson Bay Company in that country, assured me that this was known to him to be a fact, stating they were often killed high in the mountains, that their feet were very different from those of other moose, and that they differed in other particulars. As the moose of the Kenai Peninsula are now considered to be a distinct form (*Alce gigas*, Miller) from those of eastern Canada, it is most probable that the animals referred to as inhabiting the mountains of the headwaters of the Peel River, and those of the Koyukuk and Colville further north, will prove to be a third variety.

The moose of British Columbia and southeastern Alaska do not inhabit the Pacific slope of the Coast Range Mountains, but west of the Copper River, Alaska, they range in many places to the neighborhood of salt water.

Alaskan Moose Heads.

MR. C. F. PERIOLOT, of Chicago, sends us photographs of two moose heads obtained in Alaska, of which illustration are given. They are large and massive and noteworthy for both size and symmetry.

The specimen indicated as No. 1 is the larger of the two. It has a spread of 73 1/4 inches. Points of right blade 24, left 14—total 38. Width of right blade 23 inches, left 17 1/2 inches, around the burr 10 inches.

The second (No. 2) has a spread of 70 1/2 inches. Points on right blade 10, left 11—total 21. Width of right blade 16 inches, left 14 1/4 inches, around the burr 9 1/2 inches.

The Weasel on the Trail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A leaf from memory of my own experience inclines me to agree with your correspondent S. S. N., of your issue of April 7, concerning the tracking abilities of *Putorius vulgaris*. Many years ago—more, indeed, than I care to enumerate—I was a farmer's boy in the Old Bay State, and one day when busily engaged in the first hoeing of a corn-field I was surprised to see a half-grown cottontail spring out of the thick brush that formed one of its boundaries, and after describing a half-circle in the field disappear in the brush about 50 feet from his point of exit.

The movement was executed at the top of his speed, and as he passed within 3 feet of where I stood without apparently being aware of my presence, I could see that his little body was trembling with fear and his eyes seemed starting from his head. I stopped work. What boy under the same circumstances would not? And while wondering what could possibly be the cause of his extreme agitation a weasel glided like a snake out of the thicket at the same spot where the rabbit had appeared and began making the same circuit, coming directly toward me. If my memory serves me, he did not appear to nose the trail, but ran with his head in its usual position, or as a hound would run upon a very hot scent.

As he passed I struck a vicious blow at him with my hoe, but he evaded it with the greatest ease, this little, albeit unexpected, digression having apparently no more effect upon him than a log in his path would have occasioned, and returning at once to the trail he vanished into the brush at the exact spot where the rabbit had entered it hardly one minute before. He certainly could not have seen the latter while he was in the open or he would have cut the chord of the circle instead of following it, and with this, to me, new revelation of the weasel's capacity for pursuing its prey, I felt convinced that the days of poor bunny were numbered.

The incident made such an impression upon me and so worked upon my sympathies for the innocent and helpless victim that before I went to bed that night I had a steel trap set upon the lower rail of a fence that abutted a stone wall at right angles close to the spot where the incident occurred. I used no bait, but the selection was an ideal one for the purpose, and three days later I had the skin of the murderer, or one that looked precisely like him, stretched over a board in the barn.

FORKED DEER.

OAKLAND, Cal.

The Finest of the Zebras.

Nor long ago the Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia presented to Queen Victoria a pair of Grevy zebras, which were received in London last summer. They were deposited with the Zoological Society and were at the time in bad condition from their long voyage. They have now completely recovered, and are described as splendid animals, by far the finest of all the zebras, both as to size and beauty of markings. The Zoological Society of London is thus able to exhibit three species of zebras, leaving only the extinct quagga unrepresented in its collections.

A Tough Grouse.

FOX-LAKE, Wis., April 26.—While strolling through the grove, 200 yards from the house, last Sunday I flushed a ruffed grouse. She flew direct to the house and against the bay window of the plant room, breaking both outside and inside glass. She stopped herself when half through the window, backed out and flew off, apparently uninjured. There was a covey of ten left over in this grove last season, and I am in hopes there will be a few to show next fall.

W. E. WARREN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Rhode Island Game.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: The amendment to the laws relating to birds, which was introduced the past week in the upper branch of the Rhode Island Legislature by Senator Nicholas F. Reiner, of North Providence, was referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and a hearing will be given by the committee next Tuesday at 10 o'clock. This bill has the approval of the Commissioners of Birds and a committee of the Audubon Society. All lovers of birds should attend the hearing and express their approval of the proposed changes. The bill proposes to shorten the season during which game birds may be killed, and extends greater protection to other wild birds.

All snaring is prohibited. No other State permits snaring, and it is believed that by this practice the ruffed grouse or partridge has been nearly exterminated. It is thought by sportsmen generally that if all snaring was abolished there would be a marked increase, as it is impossible to exterminate this wary bird with dog and gun. The ruffed grouse if once exterminated can never be reintroduced, as they cannot be captured alive and transported to the depleted covers. If the abolishment of snaring does not result in an increase in numbers, it will be necessary to prohibit the sale of partridges or put on a close season of several years.

One favorable feature in the proposed bill is the specific mention of the birds which may be killed at any time. They are as follows: Woodcock, ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) and quail, from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive; the duck species from Oct. 1 to Feb. 28 inclusive; peeps, plover, snipe, sandpiper and yellowlegs; and all the so-called shore birds, from July 15 to Dec. 15 inclusive. All other birds have continuous protection, except crows, hawks (except fish hawks) and crow black-birds, and these can be shot only on owner's land.

The destruction of bird life in the United States during the last fifteen years has been very rapid. It has diminished in nearly, if not in all, States. In Rhode Island it is estimated at more than 65 per cent., and is rapidly increasing. This destruction has resulted in serious injury to the agricultural interests. Crops that were formerly easily raised now require the use of poisons to

destroy the insects, which were formerly kept in check by the birds. The different States have become aroused to the importance and necessity of extending additional protection to bird life, and it is to be hoped that Rhode Island will set an example which all other States will commend and follow.

Excellent work looking toward the protection of bird life in this State is being done along other lines than in the Legislature. Not the least of these is the educational phase whereby the school children are being made better acquainted with our native birds. To this end the exercises in the public schools of Rhode Island for Arbor Day (May 11) are chiefly devoted to the birds. In his prefatory remarks in the printed programme issued by Commissioner of Public Schools Thomas B. Stockwell, he says: "The Arbor Day greeting this year comes to you in the songs of the birds. * * * But a special reason is to be found this year for studying the bird, his character and his habits, his importance and value, in the threatened extinction of a large portion of our feathered friends, if not of all." The leaflet contains a brief sketch of John James Audubon, also a partial list of birds most readily to be seen and heard in Rhode Island. The latter, which also gives the dates between which each species is here, was prepared by James M. Southwick, Curator Roger Williams Park Museum. On the outside cover is an excellent cut in natural colors of Robin Redbreast.

Last week Governor Dyer announced the appointments of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries as follows: Henry T. Root, of Providence; William P. Morton, of

these birds one might not kill, but certainly hundreds. The burned marsh was alive with them this week all along the Kankakee from Lowell to Mokence.

Out Arlington Heights way, where Eddie Bingham sometimes gets a nice bag of snipe or plover with the Klehm boys, the season has thus far been a failure for jacksnipe and plover. Nothing much but upland plover has come in. The Klehm boys say that the golden plover do not get in around there until about May 10. That is after the close of the season in Illinois. The same shooters tell me that in August they used to get great shooting on upland plover, which breed in this latitude and vicinity in great numbers. They say the upland plover is a good game bird in the late summer and early fall, flying strong and rising wild. They do not shoot these birds in the spring.

I fear that Italian Joe is a disappointed man this spring, for the new law cut him off from his annual go at "de plov." That is to say, it probably did if he thought of the law, though I do not believe there has been flight enough to tempt him very much.

Speaking of Arlington Heights reminds me of a conversation I had with old man Klehm, father of the Klehm boys, to whom reference was made above. He tells me that he came to Chicago in 1854, and moved out to what is now a point many miles within the thickly settled part of the city. Arlington Heights is twenty-three miles from the center of Chicago, but that was in those days too far for any one to think of going, if he wanted to hunt ducks, chickens or even deer. All the country out as far as where Arlington Heights now stands was then covered with timber. It was before the use of coal in railway

history, as shown, will surely appeal to all American sportsmen. We shall see the past as well as the present, and see reproduced the wild life of that past as well as the busy commercial life of to-day. The buffalo and the bear must figure in this picture of the past, we must see the trapper and the Indian once more. Already we are beginning to try to show this generation what a generation was the one that preceded it in this great West, what generation of heroes, of mighty men, of adventurers with out fear. If Congress can aid in this exposition, surely were very well. The West is fading away, passing, dying. Let us see the old West once more. It is the last tribute. Let the tribute be a noble one, before we say good-by to the great West, whose grave was dug with the plow.

Distinguished Visitors.

Two distinguished sportsmen are on Chicago's lists this week and next. Governor Theodore Roosevelt was here for a day this week, and remained but too short a time. Admiral Dewey, who is something of a shot himself, arrives early this coming week. Governor Roosevelt is on the Chicago slate for President of the United States in 1904; if not then, some other year. We don't want any body for President who is not a good shot.

Minnesota Park.

Nothing new comes to light regarding the Minnesota Park Bill for a joint commission of inquiry, which bill still remains in the hands of the sub-committee, but no news is good news in such a case, and Col. Cooper remains sanguine.



Johnsboro; J. M. K. Southwick, of Newport; Charles W. Willard, of Westerly; William H. Boardman, of Cumberland, and Herman C. Bumpus, of Providence. The only change from the old board is the appointment of William H. Boardman in place of Adelbert Roberts, of Woonsocket. The latter's friends are asking why this change was made. Mr. Roberts has been very active in the stocking of streams with trout and other fish, has been alert in enforcing the laws in this regard, and has the respect of hundreds of true anglers in that section of the State.

W. H. M.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ending of the Snipe Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 28.—The snipe season came to a legal end in Illinois last Wednesday, and is drawing to a natural end in Indiana now from day to day, the birds seeming gradually to vanish into unknown regions. This spring has added to the regular reputation of the jacksnipe as a strictly unreliable individual, for never have the birds been so hard to get a line upon. They do not act with any common intelligence, or with the least reference to precedents. They have for the past week been resorting to the wide wet marsh, where the high waters have kept the grounds drowned, and where no worm with any self-respect would be found. On this sort of country the jacks were wild as hawks, and hard enough it was to get together a decent bag of them. Billy Mussey, who went down to Maksawba a week ago, came back with a bag of eighteen, killed on one day, but he said he used over 100 shells to kill them—and Billy is a very good snipe shot, too. On the day following his trip, the weather came off cold and rainy, which was perhaps what the birds had in mind. At that time there were several Chicago sportsmen at the club, among these Mayor Harrison, ex-Mayor Washburne, Mr. Jesse Sherwood, etc. All of these had but mediocre sport, the birds not handling well. There has hardly been been a really good day yet this spring for jacksnipe shooting, and no extraordinary bags have been made. The birds are now leaving for the North, and though there may be some shooting of consequence this coming week, when the warm weather has tamed them down a bit, it may safely be said that the edge is off the snipe season.

There were millions of sand snipe on the Kankakee Marsh this week, but no one shoots them except as chance brings it about. The yellowleg crop has also been very heavy, and some of our gunners are coming to look with more favor on this long-legged and harmless little fellow, as the jacksnipe supply becomes more and more cut down. Some big bags of yellowlegs were made this past week, the best mixed bag of which I hear being twelve jacksnipe and forty-two yellowlegs in one day. No one works hard to get yellowlegs out here. With blind and decoys, such as used on the Eastern coast, I do not know how many of

locomotives, and a man bought all that timber land and denuded it of its timber for use as fuel in railway engines. When the trees were slashed down, the deer used to come and feed on the tops, and Mr. Klehm says he often killed deer far inside of what is now Chicago. He killed all the prairie chickens he wanted within a few minutes' walk of his house. Snipe and plover no one would think of shooting in those days. He trapped many mink in the ditches (where the mink go out after crawfish), and he heard of one otter that was caught at what was then called Douglas Grove. He caught several opossums one winter, and this was the only time he ever knew of the opossum being seen around Chicago. He caught them inside what is now the western boundary of Chicago. All over that country now are the houses of the big city, and Arlington Heights suburb is full of greenhouses, nurseries and business places, and all about are little farms. Strange enough seems this talk of the early part of this half-century. Yet even now the old ground holds a few prairie chickens, and the plover are not unknown, and the mink still leave their tracks along the farm ditches.

The St. Louis Exposition.

A committee of St. Louis citizens this week appeared at Washington to ask Congress for an appropriation to aid in the building of the St. Louis Exposition in 1903. The city asks \$5,000,000, and it shows \$10,000,000 raised by its own efforts as warrant of proper support from the community most concerned. It is earnestly to be hoped by every Western man that this appropriation will be granted, and this great exposition will be a success.

The St. Louis Exposition is to be held in celebration of the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, that lucky act which robbed France of an empire, but which placed an empire in our hands. The States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, North and South Dakota, and parts of the States of Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas and the Indian Nations came to us in that purchase. Take those States out of the Union and what would the Union be? Its power and permanence would be seriously impaired. The region above noted has been the sporting ground of a generation, and may be for yet another, though subject to a change so rapid that not the wisest or wisest vision could forecast the half of it. This is the region which produced the hunter and the trapper, whose figures will long remain as part of our national history. This was the land which saw the buffalo multiply, and which saw them disappear. It was the land where our fathers fought the Indians and penned them up. It is the land which saw the growth of the romantic and remarkable fur trade, the fur trade of the great Northwest. It is the land of the Missouri River, that stream whose name means so much to the adventurers of not more than a score of years ago.

The history of this wonderful land, this region properly to be called the Great West of America, is to be told in graphic fashion at this centenary exposition, and that

Apropos of the park matter, a very cogent reason for its establishment might be seen this week out in Minnesota in shape of many miles of blackened and wasted forest lands. Heavy fires have been raging west of Grand Rapids, out toward this very proposed park region. A good forest patrol will be one of the features of our Northern forest lands one of these great days.

A Sportsmen's Show for Chicago.

A movement is in progress this week for the establishment of a sportsmen's show to be held in Chicago next December, the matter being taken up by a gentleman connected with the expositions of such nature in the East. It is the intention to enlist Chicago capital for this enterprise, and the matter is not yet assured. It seems likely there may be a good field here for a good show of this sort, and it might perhaps have vogue if handled in the right way by the right man. Such an undertaking here would need money enough to assure the best sportsmen's show yet given. Chicago might indorse it if it were big enough and good enough, but it must be complete and original, and not any half-way attempt, else the enterprise might rapidly verge upon experiment. It is too early to go into details regarding this, and the gentleman who has sought to initiate the work here has returned this week to New York, intending a later visit here to pass upon the situation as it then appears. Chicago support the horse show and the dog show nicely, and she has a nice following for athletics. If this thing shall be properly staged, it may be the beginning of a very useful fixture but the amusement game in Chicago must be a little bigger, and brighter and better than anywhere else in the world. People in New York and Boston will go to almost any sort of a show, because it makes them forget for the time that they live in New York or Boston, just as the flea on David Harum's dog made him forget he was a dog, but out here, where life is bright and joyful, we are very select. We must have a show where Madison Square Garden can be hid and not noticed, and where the city of Boston can be put in one of the galleries and lost.

Lucky Mr. Kinney.

Mr. Jack Kinney, up at Beaver Dam, Wis., not far from where Kekoskee is located, had a fairish bit of luck the other day. He was fishing for perch, and all he asked in the world was to be left alone. He did not expect to catch a \$10,000 heiress or a prize in the lottery, and he did not even demand that his prey should be the lordly bass or the affable pickerel. He was fishing for perch, and he was content with perch. All at once he felt a pull which he took to mean that he had hold of a big one. He yanked, did Mr. Kinney, and he then had trouble. When he landed his fish it was a duck—a nice, fat bluebill duck, which Mr. Kinney bore home with smiles and gladness. It is not often, in this heartless and cruel world, that one goes fishing for perch and catches a duck. Much more apt

might he be to go fishing for ducks and catch perch instead. But near Kekoskee unusual things happen, so we must not make merry over the act of lucky Mr. Kinney. It is true.

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Stock the Preserve with Turkeys.

WHILE sportsmen are scouring the world for suitable birds to stock their preserves with, it seems odd that the greatest of them all, the turkey, has been overlooked, probably because he is considered a domestic bird, which he is not, but is a semi-domesticated game bird, only a few generations from absolute wildness, and always ready to relapse into the wild ways of his ancestors. His roving disposition still remains, and he never shows the least inclination to live among men, except on account of food supply. When mating time comes, the hens always try to seek the woods, and their nests are secreted with all the care and cunning of their wild ancestors. When the young are hatched, the mother avoids the vicinity of man as much as possible; and if a man approaches her will hide herself and young. Unless found and driven home, she would never take her young ones to the house where she was raised, unless stress of weather or starvation compelled her.

I well remember when there were still a few wild turkeys left, and sometimes it happened that the tame ones roaming the woods were mistaken for wild ones, and a few of them were shot, but only a few out of a flock, for after that they became wilder than those that had always been "wild turkeys," and it was next to impossible to get any more of them. They actually kept the stock of wild ones from extinction for a number of years.

If a good sized flock of tame ones were turned loose in a wild region suited to them (and they will live almost anywhere), there is no doubt about their breeding, and if they were shot at and occasionally one was killed, they would soon become experts at taking care of themselves. It would cost but a trifle to turn a flock into the woods, and they would prove a success.

In selecting the stock, care should be taken not to get any of the highly-bred varieties, of which there are a number bred for market. The proper kind to get is the "little old-fashioned black turkey." They are not so far removed from original wildness as their highly-bred cousins, are harder and more inclined to relapse into barbarism. On account of large size and magnificent appearance, the bronze variety would be most desirable, but owing to their having been raised in luxury and constant contact with man, they are not so well fitted to care for themselves. The kind known as "Maltese" (the color of a Maltese cat) have an excellent color for protection, but like the bronze, are perhaps too highly bred.

It may be that the various kinds of vermin would make serious inroads on the flocks until they got educated, but as they are very keen of both sight and hearing, and can fly, and the vermin cannot fly, they certainly would not be exterminated from this cause. They begin to fly very young. A turkey no larger than a full-grown quail can fly 100 yards, and the instant the old hen gives the signal, the little ones are in the air and each one going it for himself. They know enough too, not to "cheep" till the old hen calls them.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Turkeys.

DID you ever hunt turkeys in gobbling time? If not you have missed fun a-plenty. When the warm sun of April begins to swell the buds and warm the water in the swamp, the old gobbler begins to strut. The old fellow, the boss turkey, does most of the gobbling, and leads the flock along the edge of the sloughs, sometimes wading feather deep, catching crawfish and getting fat. Their bright red shanks are polished and they are in every way in fine condition. The roost is generally far out over the water, and they fly from tree to tree and select an old cypress, as a rule, covered with moss.

When day begins to break on a still April morning, if you are in the right place you will hear the old gobbler drum on his limb. He walks back and forth with his breast inflated, scraping the bark with his wings. The sound can be heard a long way off. You select a large tree, take a "chunk" for a seat and fix yourself comfortably with the tree for a background. He can't see you if you don't move. Now he has strutted long enough. He gives a short, quick gobble. A swamp owl near by opens up with his who-who-who-who-who-who; and now the turkey comes out with a double gobble, one following the other. You have your cedar box and piece of slate ready and give two or three low calls. No gobble or drum now; he is listening. You wait for five minutes. All is still. Be careful now; don't make a miscue. You call four times. It is a perfect call. Your L. C. Smith is across your lap. He is almost sure to come. The safety slide may not be pushed up—you must be sure. You push and push until your thumb looks like a nutmeg grater. You have slept in camp with wet feet, and a cramp strikes you in the calf of the leg. The mosquitoes well knowing your predicament settle on your face and crowd each other for room. No time to kick or fight mosquitoes. You hear him leave the limb, making as much noise as a tree falling. He alights within 50 yards of you on a half-strut as he settles down. Isn't he a beauty, with his beard touching the ground and his great tail half-unfolded as he listens for another call? Better get him now. He sees you make that quick move and starts away like lightning. Your load of No. 6 in head and neck, and he is yours—the finest bird that ever wore a feather. You go to camp with 23 pounds of turkey; and as they say in Mississippi, "Turkey right." You have done what fifty hunters have tried to and failed. There is a plenty of young gobblers to catch crawfish and they will not be afraid to gobble now since the boss is gone.

SOUTHERN.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Sea and River Fishing.

San Francisco Striped Bass Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last July the club was formed with a membership of twenty anglers devoted to the sport of fishing for striped bass, and at the commencement of this year the membership was increased to twenty-five. So successful has the club been that there are a number of names on the waiting list, and as this is the first club on the Pacific Coast formed for the exclusive purpose of angling for the striped bass, its members are very earnest and enthusiastic. Striped bass were introduced in California waters by the Fish and Game Commission of this State, and have increased so rapidly that they are now one of the principal elements in the fish supply of this coast. Bass weighing 58 pounds have been taken in nets, and are frequently seen on the counters of the fish market weighing over 40 pounds. Unlike trout, the bass may be caught adjacent to San Francisco, and one of the best places for this sport is the Oakland estuary, reached in forty-five minutes from the city at a cost of 10 cents each way. The bait most commonly used is the long-neck clam, while the live minnow in deep waters and the trolling spoon are "sure killers," and doubtless as the sport becomes better known here other lures will be found to be equally successful. You will note in the copy of the constitution and by-laws inclosed that a number of prizes are given to stimulate the members in this sport, and that only sportsmanlike methods for angling are countenanced. The rules read:

Rule I.—The season for taking striped bass shall be between the first day of January and the first day of December of each year.

Rule II.—The official days when bass may be taken by the members of the club shall be on all legal holidays during the season.

Rule III.—No fish weighing less than 3 pounds shall count as a record fish, and all record fish must be taken with rod and line.

Rule IV.—Any member using a drop line, throw line or any other contrivance but rod and line on an official day shall be ineligible to compete for a prize on that day.

Rule V.—All record fish must be weighed in the presence of one or more members of the club.

Rule VI.—There shall be four official outing days during the season, the dates thereof to be appointed by the executive committee. A prize of the value of \$7.50 will be awarded on each of these days to the member catching the largest striped bass.

The prizes for fishing contests are: (No member shall be entitled to more than one prize in this event.) First, split bamboo rod; second, split bamboo rod; third, Voin Hofe reel; fourth, fishing basket; fifth, steel rod; sixth, rod case; seventh, telescope gaff; eighth, minnow bucket; ninth, leather reel case.

Casting contest; One prize, rod.

Ripley "High-Hook" medal: This medal shall remain in the possession of the member catching the largest striped bass in conformity with the club rules. He shall surrender it to the member catching a larger bass, and so on. This medal shall remain in the permanent possession of the member catching the largest bass in the season. No witness shall be necessary, and all days shall be record days to compete for this medal.

JAS. S. TURNER, Sec'y.

Another Frog Farm.

A FEW days ago while waiting for a train at North Judson, Ind., I noticed the following shipping tag on a box lying on the express company's truck: "From A. A. Spuhng, Wholesale Frogs and Turtles, North Judson, Ind."

In answer to questions, I was told that Mr. Spuhng had a frog farm right on the edge of town, and that he actually bred and reared frogs for market. If this was true, it seemed that there might be something in it worth an interview with Mr. Spuhng, so I went over to see him and his "farm." Mr. Spuhng proved to be a talkative, genial sort of gentleman, willing to give any knowledge he possessed about turtles or frogs, and he knows them pretty well, as he has made a living for himself and family for a good many years.

"No," said he, "I don't breed frogs, because they can't be supplied with food. They will eat anything that is alive and not too big, but nothing that is dead. It is no trouble to collect the eggs and hatch them, but the frogs eat the tadpoles, and when they are gone the big frogs eat the little ones, until those that are left are too nearly of a size to eat each other. Then they are out of food and will starve. I know there is nothing they will not try to eat if they think it is alive, from a bit of red rag to a half-grown blackbird, for I found a blackbird inside a big bullfrog, and once saw one that had tried to swallow another frog almost as large as himself. He had tried to swallow it head foremost, and had got it all down but the hind legs, giving him the appearance of having a pair of legs on each end of him. It is not uncommon to find mice in their stomachs, and any and every kind of insect. They seem to be very fond of potato bugs. They pursue their food with equal success under water, on the water, or on the ground. I think the only approach that could be made to frog 'farming' would be to inclose a suitable piece of ground, so they could not get out, and let them take care of themselves; and I don't think more than 1,200 frogs could live on an acre of the best ground.

"I get most of my frogs by purchase. One man brought in \$30 worth to-day, and I pay out at this season of the year fully \$150 a week for them. The catchers get them by going on the marshes at night with lanterns and just picking them up. They are very easy to get just now, as it is the spawning season, but so soon as that is over they scatter everywhere in the grass, and very few are to be had until the cold weather drives them into the mud. They are then taken all winter by raking them out of the mud of the spring holes that do not freeze. Nearly all the catch in this section are grass frogs. They are not so large as the bullfrogs, but are better flavored. At present I am shipping 500 dozen pairs of legs per week,

and average 300 dozen pairs a week the year round. At present they are coming in faster than they are going out, and there are now in that little pond 6,000 dozen frogs. They are shipped to New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and various other points.

"The turtle industry is not so large, but I shipped thirty-five tons of them last year. They are mostly caught in nets. They are mostly of the kind that resemble the terrapin, though are not the same as the Eastern terrapin. I have named them Indiana terrapin. They are shipped either alive or dressed."

A visit to the packing house gave a better idea of the size of the business than the figures do. In boxes and barrels were ten bushels or more of live frogs; on a big table were bushels of legs—thousands of pairs of them. Around the tables stood a lot of girls who, with the quickness acquired by long practice, stripped the skins off at the rate of perhaps forty pairs a minute. The dressed legs are strung in bunches of a dozen pairs and packed in boxes for shipment. Everything is kept clean by plenty of washings as the meat goes through the various operations of cleaning and packing. The only disagreeable sight about the whole process is the way the legs are severed from the bodies. They are snipped off by a pair of shears, and the still living bodies thrown into a tub and continue to live and try to crawl about for quite a while. It certainly would seem less cruel if the heads were snipped off before the legs were severed from the body.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Maine Spring Fishing.

BOSTON, April 28.—The ice is out of several of the Maine trout and salmon lakes. Cobbosseecontee, Maranacook, Annabessacook and the Belgrade lakes and ponds cleared on Wednesday. Lake Auburn cleared on Thursday morning, and was almost immediately covered by the boats of local fishermen. Some good trout and salmon (?) are looked for, since that lake is one of the best stocked in Maine. The State hatchery is on Townsend Brook, only a short distance from the lake, and a great many, both trout and salmon, fry and yearlings, are turned loose every year.

Augusta and Gardiner fishermen were early on Cobbosseecontee, and specials to the daily press say that the fishing is good. E. L. Duffer and Eliza Hollenbaugh each caught 4½-pound trout Thursday. J. M. Stevens has landed a squaretail that weighed 3 pounds and 14 ounces. C. W. Jones also took a 4-pound squaretail. S. W. Tibbets and Isaac Bennet have taken four trout, the largest weighing 5½ pounds. Boston fishermen are going to that lake. Commissioners Carleton and Oak have been.

The Commissioners have already fished Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me., which cleared of ice several days ago. It is a curious fact that the Maine lakes and ponds, formerly abandoned to pickerel, under first stocking with black bass, and later with trout and salmon, are rapidly improving as trout and salmon lakes. This is especially true of Maranacook, Annabessacook, Cobbosseecontee and some of the Belgrade ponds. In proof of this theory Commissioner Carleton, after fishing Annabessacook the other day in a gale of wind, finally allowed his boat to drift down into Cobbosseecontee. Here he soon hooked a trout of 5½ pounds, which he successfully landed. The trout soon disgorged a live smelt. In absence of a better bait, Mr. Carleton put this on his hook. The wind was blowing such a gale that he concluded to make a cast from the shore. In this way he soon caught a trout of 6 pounds, one of the largest taken from that lake in a long time. Mr. A. G. Munroe, of Augusta, also landed a trout of 5 pounds the same day.

The ice is out of Winnepesaukee, that lake having cleared Thursday. Winnesquam and the smaller lakes and ponds in that section are clear of ice. The season of trolling for lakers has begun. One or two parties of Boston left for that locality Friday, and more went to-day. There has been some good fishing at Sebago, but there are more complaints of cold weather and high winds. But last Sunday and Monday were fine days, and there comes a report of thirty salmon taken at Songo and Muddy rivers on those days. The same days there were reports of a tremendous catch of salmon at Kettle Cove. One report makes the number forty and another seventy; both reports given me by truthful fishermen, though neither of them was there to see. The Sebago Club party, including Judge Bolster, of the Roxbury Municipal Court; H. S. Fisher, treasurer of the club; W. T. Farley, W. B. Saul, H. L. Chatman, Fred Payne and J. L. Jellison fished Sebago four days. They found the fishing poor, but Judge Bolster landed a fine salmon. There were also three other salmon taken and seventy trout.

Boston, April 30.—Lake Auburn seems to be affording better fishing than usual. Later reports say that the water was so rough that only the boldest fishermen ventured out on Friday, but those who did were well rewarded. John Tracey took a salmon of 8 pounds, Frank Cain a salmon of 8 pounds and one of 5 pounds. A couple of fishermen from Augusta also took a salmon of 8 pounds and one of 4 pounds. More large fish seem to have been taken than ever before. Frank Smith took a good one the day the ice went out. Besides the great number of local fishermen, a number of fishermen from out of town have been at the lake, waiting for the wind to go down. Fish Commissioner Stanley is there, waiting to take his usual big salmon. He has just come from a trip to Swan Lake with Messrs. P. O. Vickery and Fred Kinsmen, both well-known Augusta fishermen. They had good luck at Swan Lake.

Lewiston business men, who are many of them great fishermen, were very anxious for the ice to leave Lake Auburn before it went, and one laid a wager with his neighbor that he would have fresh fish for breakfast on the 23d of his own catching. But on the night of the 22d there was no sign of the ice leaving. Some fresh fish must be caught. He took the electric cars for New Meadows Inn, one of the nearest down-river salt-water points. Here he stopped over night. By the noon of day he was up and fishing for flounders. Before 6 o'clock he had a string, and at once boarded the electric for home. Here he arrived in time for a late breakfast to be cooked, which included some of the flounders. His friend was invited in to share them, and he decided that the bet was won against him.

The New Hampshire trout and salmon lakes are clearing

of ice, though, at this writing, Sunapee and Newfound had not cleared. At Winnepesaukee, Winnesquam and Pausgus fishing has begun in good earnest. Winnesquam seems to have afforded the best fishing thus far. Friday Dr. J. N. Letourneau took two fine lake trout of 6 pounds and 8 pounds. E. H. Wilkins and G. H. Stone, while trolling Friday, near the south shore of Winnepesaukee, landed two trout of 7½ and 3½ pounds. A good many boats have been out, when the wind has not blown too hard, but the best fishing always comes after the influence of ice and snow water is less in evidence.

Reports suggest that Moosehead may be clear of ice in about a week. The stage has gone up over the ice with the mails for the last time this season, and until the ice leaves Kineo will be shut off from communication with the outside world, except by telephone and telegraph. The dates of the departure of the ice from Moosehead in former years may be of interest. The dates are from files of *FOREST AND STREAM*, though nearly every paper in New England has cribbed and claimed the item: In 1881 the ice left May 9; 1882, May 19; 1883, May 13; 1884, May 16; 1885, May 16; 1886, May 2; 1887, May 12; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 29; 1890, May 8; 1891, May 14; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 19; 1894, April 29; 1895, May 8; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 10; 1898, May 3; 1899, May 6. This year the date is yet to be told. Sportsmen are on the watch. The usual number of Boston fishermen are interested.

It is reported that Lady Bemis, the big cow moose run down by a train near Houghton, of which the *FOREST AND STREAM* has already had an account, is to be chloroformed, or has already gone to other broussing grounds. At Merry-meeting Park, where the poor beast was taken for treatment, it has been found that both hind legs are broken, and Commissioner Carleton has given orders that she be killed.

Good trout fishing continues to be reported on the Cape. Boston fishermen continue to go down to their preserves, or those of their friends, on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday in season for business. Fishing is reported good at Scroton Brook, on the preserve of Col. Harry Russel, of Boston. Members of the Tihonet and Monument clubs continue to fish the streams in the vicinity of Marshpee. Marshpee Lake is being fished a good deal, as usual, with some good creels taken. Fishing has been good at Simon's Pond, at the junction of Marshpee and Cotuit rivers. Wakeby Lake is receiving attention. This is a favorite fishing resort of Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. They have spent many happy hours there, and hope to spend many more. Chas. C. Paine, of Hyannis, and a party of Boston anglers know where there is good trout fishing near Barnstable. Mill River, at that point, has also been fished by Grover Cleveland. At Wareham the sport has continued good. Here George H. Lyman and other distinguished gentlemen love to fish.

BOSTON, April 30.—Grand Lake, Me., one of the Schoodics, is clear of ice, and fishing has begun. Duck Lake and the other lakes and ponds are clear, or will be in a day or two. The Schoodics are the natural home of landlocked salmon. Along with Sebago, salmon have been found in these lakes for time immemorial. Boston fishermen are interested. Mr. Lyman Underwood started for that section Saturday. Later, his brother, Mr. Harry Underwood, will go to the camps of the Duck Lake Club with a party of fishermen. Mr. Charles Sias has fished Grand Lake and other lakes of the chain for many seasons.

SPECIAL.

How the Ice Goes Out.

GREENVILLE, Me., Moosehead Lake, April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Present indications warrant the prediction that Moosehead Lake will be free from ice by May 10. The very warm weather of the past week has caused all our streams to be flooded and the lake has risen very fast, breaking the ice loose from the shores and allowing the wind to get hold of it and keep it in motion and beat it to pieces. This is always the first stage of the opening process.

A great many people who come here yearly still talk of the ice "sinking" when the lake opens, and such is the general idea of most outsiders. But our Maine ice doesn't sink, for it is too light and pure to perform such a remarkable feat. Here is the way our largest of Maine lakes casts off its icy chrysalis to woo the goddess of spring:

As the warm sun melts the deep snow in the big woods all our streams pour a flood of water into the lake, which soon begins to rise. But the vast sheet of solid ice covering it does not rise at first, for it is frozen so solidly along the shores that it cannot easily be torn loose. But the tremendous pressure of the spring floods searches out the cracks in the ice along shore and forces the water through them and up beyond the rim of the ice, in time making a streak of clear water in all favorable places along the shore, and often covering the ice itself for some distance out. Gradually the ice cracks become larger, the strip of warm shallow water melts the ice underneath and the whole frozen surface is torn loose from the shore and lies at the mercy of the winds and waves. "The ice has riz!" Like a giant roused to a pitch of self-destruction, the ice now begins to tear itself to pieces. Moved by the wind, it crunches at the shore and grinds upon the rocks, and thus the area of open water grows larger and larger. With the hot sun melting it from above and the jagged rocks boring its flanks at every shift of wind, the ice now begins to break up into detached fields and finds room to move about freely up and down the lake, constantly decreasing in area and strength. Before a big northwest wind it is driven down the lake with an irresistible force, and when it strikes the shores everything movable begins to take to the woods—logs, stumps, rocks and even boulders as big as an ox cart. Great trees are uprooted and overturned, rocks are split and pulverized. At points where sloping ledges enter the lake the ice mounts them in great cakes and is broken to pieces by its own weight, and many ledges bear the marks the ice has made during the ages in the form of deep-worn paralleled grooves, just like those made in remote glacial times, which Agassiz found on high mountains. On some of these ledges great boulders tons in weight are to be seen, having been thrust up by the ice. Some giant boulders, nearly square, are to be seen on the shores of Moose Island and also at the Moody Islands. They appear to have been torn from rock ledges by the

resistless ice and set up on shore as a monument of its tremendous power.

But it requires more than one wind storm to beat the largest ice fields to pieces, for after the first terrific impact with the shore the great body of floating matter gradually comes to rest, having spent its force in partly destroying itself. An ice field ten miles long, propelled by a strong wind, can make things crack for a while, but it cannot annihilate the everlasting hills. So there it lies, all the while melting on top beneath the sun's rays, melting on shore where the warm shallow water is, while its outside edge, perhaps five miles out in the lake, is slowly broken to pieces as it heaves up and down beneath the swell kicked up by the wind, like the death gasps of a monster about to die. As from the very first there are always streaks of open water out in the lake, the wind is ever at work there, and the undulation caused by its action breaks the ice up into tiny crystal fragments which are soon eaten up by the sun. These fragments present a peculiar spongelike appearance just before they entirely melt, and as they jostle one another in their dance on the waves a musical sound is produced like the jingling of innumerable glasses—a continuous tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, when the waves are not too strong, which rises into a crash like broken crockery as the sea grows higher.

Thus the ice is assailed on all sides as it lies wedged upon the shore, and in time it will melt and entirely disappear. When the lake opens in this way the ice merely melts away, and in such years the season is very late. Thus, in 1888, the ice remained until May 22, the latest on record. Usually, however, the big ice fields are kept in motion by shifting winds, finding room to move about at first in the open streaks along shore and out in the lake. The more exposed places out in the lake are always the last to freeze, as the wind keeps the water in motion and prevents ice forming. For this reason the ice is not of uniform thickness. In some places it may be 3 feet thick, in others not more than 15 inches. It is these thin spots that thaw out first, giving room for motion, and the greater the motion the sooner the immense area of ice is pounded to pieces as it is hurled first upon one shore and then on another, propelled by shifting winds. Under such conditions the lake opens early, usually the first week in May. The earliest date on record is April 26, and in 1889 the ice went out April 29.

The season at Moosehead this year will be a good one. Everything is being done by the hotels and railroads to arrange for the coming of the hosts of fishermen, campers, sportsmen and tourists who annually visit this lovely land, and a new through Pullman sleeping car service will be inaugurated on May 7 between Boston and Greenville via the Bangor & Aroostook route.

EDGAR E. HARLOW.
Registered Guide No. 92.

ANGLING NOTES.

An Angler's Den.

It was at the Sportsmen's Show in New York last year that my friend Mr. George E. Hart and I were talking about fish and fishing, for our last previous meeting had been at Lac des Passe, on the Triton Club tract, where he was on his way into Lac Moise from the club house and I and some friends were on our way back to the club house from the Batican. Finally he said: "You must have a photograph of some favorite fishing pool or camp or spot that is associated in your mind with a glorious good time, and if you send it to me I will have it reproduced so you can carry it with you." This caused me to think, for there are so many fishing pools and so many camps scattered over this broad land of lakes and rivers and streams where I have had the best of sport, that it was most difficult to make a selection and separate one from all the others to be reproduced in permanent form. At last I made a choice of a room in a country house in



LOOKING OUT FROM THE DEN.

which I have had all kinds of sport—salmon fishing, trout fishing, moose hunting, black bass fishing, lake trout fishing, fox hunting, trapping, snowshoeing, etc.—and all in anticipation or rehearsal as I talked with the owner of the house and his family, in summer, in winter, in the spring and in the autumn; for I do not know of any place that calls to mind so many pleasant memories as the "gun room" in the house of my friend, Hon. Walter C. Witherbee. Selecting a photograph of one end of the gun room I sent it to Mr. Hart, and in return he presented me with a watch with the view of the gun room engraved on its back; the dial had for the figures the card suit of diamonds, from the ace up to the queen, and for a fob a check strap with a silver check, which reads, "Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. Quebec to Triton Club," and the number of the check is the time honored 4.11.44. Naturally the back of the watch can show but one end of the gun room, but that end is faithfully represented, and I have often been asked what the other end was like. The illustrations printed herewith show other views of the gun room. From the great entrance hall of the house, its floor covered with the skins of tiger, lion, leopard, white and black and grizzly bear and panther, the drawing room, library and dining room are reached. Over a recessed fireplace in the hall is the head of a great moose, a

trophy of the owner's skill. Suspended over stairways are swans with outspread wings, and the pictures on the walls and the bear erect at the door to take in its arms walking sticks and umbrellas, all indicate that it is the home of a sportsman, and a sportswoman, too, for it was the gun of the chatelaine that brought down the swans and others of the trophies, and she will yet have a moose of her own killing to match that of my lord's. By opening a door in this hall, at the right of the vestibule, one may step from the luxurious fittings of a modern country house into a log cabin; and this is the gun room.

The Gun Room.

Facing the visitor, as he or she enters, is a great fireplace, almost filling the end of the room, of rough-faced granite blocks with crane and kettle hanging above the andirons and usually a pointer or a hound, or both, lying near the hearth. The sides of the room are made of logs, and before they were placed where they now rest they were exposed to air to become weather beaten, for our host has an eye to the eternal fitness of things, and believing in "old friends to trust, old wood to burn and old authors to read," he naturally thinks old logs to be more companionable, or that "auld claes look a'maist as weel's the new."

Cross timbers, showing the marks of the hewer's axe, above the logs support the peaked roof of plained boards, pendent from which are skins of various kinds, while some skins are nailed to the roof itself. An ordinary tin lantern is suspended between two of the cross beams, but close inspection by day will show that at night a gas jet gives light instead of oil or candle. One side of the room has a great sash of small window glass, and here is where the tools for loading shells are placed. What are apparently tin candlesticks, with candles with tin plates for reflectors, stand out from the divisions in the sash, but like the lantern they give out light from gas jets. A frying pan hangs against the wall, bottom outward, on which is a clock dial, and that is what is is—a clock. Over the mantel above the fireplace is a mounted stag's head, and there is another over the door by which you enter the den. On the mantel is the model of a yacht with full suit of sails. Pegs driven into the logs form a rack for eight or ten guns and rifles. There are gun cases and gun trunks, pack baskets and fish baskets, landing nets and minnow nets, rubber camp bags and sleeping bags, shooting hats and caps and gum clothing in evidence on the walls or on the floor. A horn for moose calling hangs from a rafter. Outlines of big fish in birch bark, and mounted fish adorn the walls. Snowshoes and moccasins for master and mistress, the children and all their friends hang on pegs in the logs, for it is a peculiarity of this establishment in all its departments that it is outfitted in generous profusion to provide not only for the owners but for all their guests, whether it be summer or winter, fishing, shooting, ice-boating, canoeing, snowshoeing, riding, driving or walking. There are decoys, ducks and shore birds, race glasses, cartridge belts, foot gear of all sorts and sizes, gaffs, golf clubs, hockey sticks, hatchets for the hunter's belt and hatchets of a larger growth; dog leashes and chains, collars and whips, boxing gloves and pigeon traps, paddles and skates, ammunition bags and haversacks, bait buckets, boat and canoe cushions, Japanese swords and Cuban machetes. There is a rack for fishing rods and a chest of drawers for reels, fly-books and the little tools dear to the sportsman. Over the beams in one corner is a folding boat of canvas.

Decorations.

For purely decorative purposes there are canoe flags and canoe models, photographs of game and fish and camps and the owner's hunters, and his dogs and camping parties, for everything in that room is closely related to sport in some form or another. The pipe rack and the tobacco jars are built on the same generous plan with everything else under the roof, and they are always full, filled by some mysterious hand, no matter how great the draft upon them, and on long winter nights—yes, and early winter mornings—when some past campaign has to be discussed over again or future campaign planned, the drafts are heavy on the tobacco jars and cigar boxes. One snap shot at the fireplace would have given the impression that it was a tobacconist's shop with the cigar boxes piled up on the mantel, almost crowding the yacht model to the floor, instead of a sportsman's gun room. The moose whose head now hangs over the fireplace in the entrance hall, was killed a number of times during several years in the gun room between dinner and early morning, before he was actually killed in the woods. In fact, I freely confess that I never shot at that moose except in the gun room at night, for I never saw the animal in the woods, or anywhere else until the owner brought his head home. And the big trout! Some of the large trout we have caught there, in season and out of season, would break a man's back if he had to carry them in the flesh. It is the easiest place, that gun room, to catch big fish or shoot large game of any that exists out on the water or in the woods. They rise to your fly with such certainty and you always hook them and never lose them. Then, too, you never break any tackle and you can catch any kind of trout you wish and of any size. Salmon, too; that is where I killed a 45-pounder one night in winter—or it may have been morning, for we take no notice of the time indicated by the frying pan clock when we gather in the gun room.

Dividing the Sport.

The sport is always fairly and evenly divided, so there is a satisfaction in that, for the Commodore always kills all the big game and leaves it to me to catch the big trout or kill the big salmon. Then the gun room is the only place where we ever fish or shoot out of season, but there is something about the atmosphere that simply impels one to go fishing in that room in winter, when we know it is the close season, and in summer, when deer and moose are in the velvet and the pipes are lighted, the Commodore will shoot a moose up in Canada, where we both know that it is not only out of season but wrong and illegal. But then the trout, salmon, ouananiche, black bass, moose, deer and birds never suffer, because we catch or kill them in the gun room, so there is that to be said in favor of our fishing and shooting between dinner and bed time. No; not bed time, but the time we got to bed.

The Children.

The children of the family, boys and girls alike, are trained from infancy to take an interest in all healthful, rational out-of-door sports, though they require little actual training, except possibly in the ethics of sport, for they inherit a fondness for it and take to all forms of it as naturally as a young grouse takes to flight on the approach of a gunner. Naturally, they gravitate to the gun room and some of their playthings with them. One evening we found that they had left a gramophone or phonograph fastened to the shelf where the cartridge loading machine was placed. To squeeze music from it the operator must needs turn a crank, and the Commodore offered, without pressure from the family and guests, to immolate himself on the crank handle. The machine was a little wheezy in spots, and had lost a few of its front teeth, for the children are a robust lot in their play, and he turned and turned, his face as solemn as an owl's, but with a seraphic expression in his eyes that reminded one of Raphael's Cherubs and the painting of the Madonna. His right arm tired and he changed to the left, but with no change of face, and his audience laughed until it dawned upon him that his face, and not the music he was grinding out, caused the amusement.

Towner Pond.

It was in the gun room that the raid on Towner Pond was planned to kill some monster trout resulting from a plant the Commodore had made years before. He and his wife had made a famous catch from the pond, but the fish were getting larger and the last one reported was said to

stream, and the taut line shows that the fly is driven home in the salmon's mouth. The "Struggle" shows the body of the fish curved, back downward, head and tail just breaking the surface of the water, fighting on the stretched line, but apparently nearly ready to be brought to gaff. "Landed" shows the fish dead on the bank of the river, a bit of which shows in the middle distance, and the rod with reel lying by it. In each of the four cuff links the fish is exquisitely modeled and is more in relief than any other part of the link, though water, rocks, grass, rod and river bank are each perfectly executed, and together make a work of art in goldsmiths' craft. The spots on the salmon are as perfect as the modeling, and the fish can be readily identified as the kingly salmon, and the links are a constant delight to me, because of their subject and beautiful and faithful reproduction, and, above all, because of the way in which they came into my possession.

Origin of Dry-Fly Fishing.

As yet we, on this side of the sea, have not practiced dry-fly fishing and cultivated it to the degree that it has become one of our institutions, but I believe it will eventually take root here, particularly in much-fished, slow-moving trout streams, and in waters where the brown trout has been planted and declines to be lured by the wet fly, for it is the brown trout that is attracted by the dry fly in England, where this style of fishing is most highly developed.

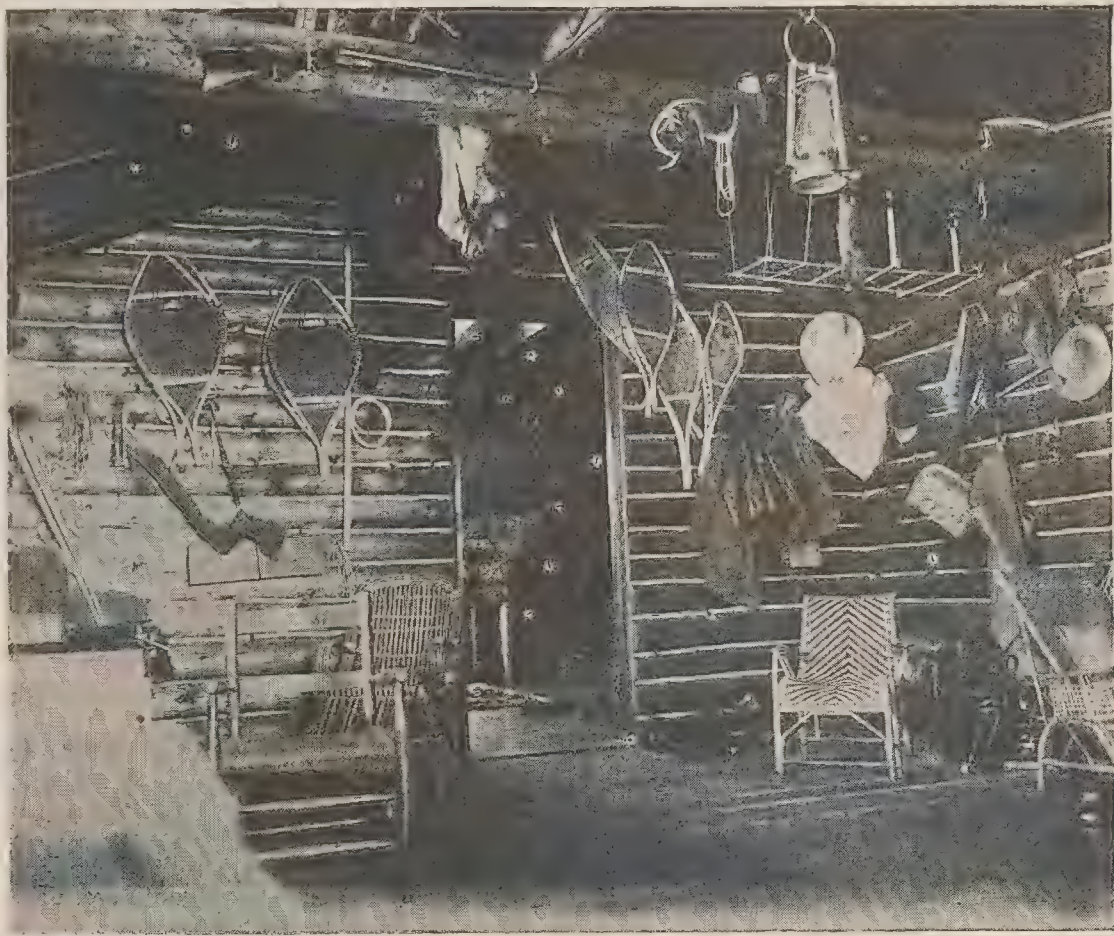
A writer in Land and Water relates an experience in Scotland about in these words: Years ago he chanced to meet an angler on an important Scotch river, who had just secured a particularly fine trout in what he con-

the abundance of crustacea taken by the trout as food. As I was only putting forward a theory, I hardly thought such conclusive evidence as this was necessary; all I sought was a theory which was compatible with known facts. I can, however, now add that the trout which had the reddest flesh I have seen in trout, were fed entirely upon common sea shrimp."

To confute this theory, Academic brings forth a statement from a third person that the principal food of the salmon is sand eels and herrings, and Alder continues: "I believe that it is pretty generally accepted that the food of the salmon consists largely of these two creatures, but I also think that it is allowed that the herring is the one which the salmon devours in much the larger numbers. This being the case, I do not see that my theory is absolutely upset, for does not the principal food of the herring consist of minute crustacea? Certainly the flesh of the herring is not turned pink by the food, but the herring is not a *Salmonoid*, and it is possible to imagine that the pink coloration of the flesh is produced by the pigment of that color in crustacea, only in *Salmonidae*, and the salmon derives some of its pink color from the crustacea eaten by the herring. * * * I should also like to point out that though, as Academic says, red is the natural color of some of the *entomostraca* upon which the trout feeds, it is not the same red as it produced in these creatures when they are put into a solution of acid or alcohol, or when boiled. If he will put a few *Daphnia pulex* in acid he will see what I mean. The natural red of the creature is quite a different color from that which it assumes after being in acid, when it is much more a shade of the tint of a pink fleshed trout."



THE FIREPLACE.



A CORNER.

have weighed 11 pounds and something. Now, this sort of growth had to be stopped, and to do it properly we had to get Warren Goddard up from New York, and Hank, the boss canvasman, who kept watch and ward at the Commodore's trout preserve up in the mountains, was summoned to marshal his forces. Edward, in charge of the live stock, was ordered to prepare the band wagon and other wagons for the road. Madame, with a liberal hand, provided the commissary, and when we took to the pike it was no overnight stand outfit that caused the people up in the mountains to say: "Where do you suppose he is going this time?"

I would like to say that we caught some trout, but I cannot, for we did not see a trout of any size or any kind. We did catch some bullheads, and we did have more fun than I could tell of in a column of FOREST AND STREAM, and some time, in the gun room, we will plan another trip to Towner Pond.

The Gun Room a Panacea.

There are very many reasons why I am fond of my friend's gun room. It is, as Walton says Sir Henry Wotton found angling to be, "A rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thought, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness," for certainly one puts down all burdens as one enters the door, and the wrinkles are smoothed from the brow, and black care finds no abiding place within its walls, and above all and pervading the very air is a sense of warmest hospitality and most loyal friendship.

Brackett's Salmon in Gold.

I have always been a great admirer of the work of Mr. Walter Brackett as a salmon painter, for no man has ever painted the king of game fishes with such fidelity as he has done on canvases that are now famous. The best known of his pictures, perhaps, are the four called "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle" and "Landed," and the man who has even a photograph of these pictures is a fortunate individual, so perhaps it may be imagined, though I doubt it, how extremely fortunate I considered myself when I received from my friend, Mr. Wallace Durand, a gift of gold sleeve links, each of the four ovals containing a reproduction of one of the pictures in relief. It is wonderful that so much can be shown in such small space, wrought in gold with absolute accuracy. In the "Rise" the fish is coming up through the water to take the fly near the surface, the body of the salmon standing out in perfect model between the further river bank and the rocks of the hither shore. In the "Leap" the fish has thrown itself full length above the rapid

sidered a remarkable manner. Trout were rising freely in a large pool; the water was clear and the day bright, and the man was fishing the rise with a wet fly. That is, he was fishing only as he saw a rising trout, and fished for that particular fish. But his creel was light, owing to the weather and water conditions. On a longer cast than usual, he treed his flies on the back cast, and putting down his rod, climbed the tree to release his cast, and when this was done he resumed his fishing. "As luck would have it, his flies, now dry, happened to fall directly over the river where a good trout was rising. The dry trail fly floated in a fashion which would have delighted the dry-fly purist, and the feeding trout seized it, hooked himself, and was ultimately landed by the jubilant fisherman.

"From some such simple beginning, doubtless, the present-day ultra-scientific method of fishing with the dry fly on south country trout streams has been evolved."

This reasoning is reasonable, and if dry-fly fishing did not suggest itself in this way, it should have done so, for nearly every fly-fisherman has had a similar experience when fishing with wet fly, though it has not always been necessary to tree the fly to dry it. The late W. W. Byington, of Albany, invented a clip to hold the fly-line and flies close to the rod when it was carried through the bushes, so that the dangling fly would not be caught in the brush. The idea was suggested to him by carrying the rod in his hands and the clip was made to resemble the action of the thumb and forefinger, as one would naturally clasp the rod. It was only another case of "tall oaks from little acorns grow," only the clip did not grow with a large oak, and the dry-fly did.

Color of Flesh of Salmonidae.

How the flesh of trout and salmon is colored, or what colors it, may be considered a moot question, although most people are satisfied to believe that it comes from the pigment in the crustacean food so much affected by the salmon family. Alder, in Land and Water, a very capable and well-informed writer on fishing and angling topics, advanced the well-known theory that the pink or salmon-colored flesh came from a diet of crustacean food, and another writer contended that in the case of the salmon its food was largely white-meated fish, and Alder makes reply, advancing an argument that is new to me, though I have read for years everything I could find on this subject of pink flesh in the salmon family and its cause:

"Your correspondent, Academic, questions a theory propounded in my notes of last week regarding the cause of the pink color of the flesh of some trout. He asks whether I can show that the pinkness is in proportion to

This theory of herring feeding on crustacea, and retaining secreted and undeveloped in the flesh the red pigment obtained from its food, and transferring it to the salmon where it blooms in profusion, is very ingenious, but will it wash without fading?

This theory of Alder's calls to mind some facts that are not even tinged with theory.

Pink Pickerel.

Indian Lake, in the Adirondacks, was famous for its red-meated trout. No other water in the North Woods, except the Seven Chain Lakes, produced trout with such deep red flesh with creamy cords between the flesh flakes, and this condition was attributed to crustacean food, not only the smaller crustaceans, but crawfish as well. Since my early days in the Adirondacks on Indian Lake, etc., I have fished a lake in Canada where the trout had deep red flesh, and where their food, from examining their stomachs, was shown to be largely small crayfish. In time some vandal introduced pike, the pickerel of New York State, into Indian Lake, where they had fine pasturage until they destroyed the trout. After the pickerel had been in the lake for a time (I cannot say how long exactly) it was discovered that they had pink-tinted flesh. It was not red like the flesh of the trout, but a delicate pink. Now, did the pickerel get its pink flesh from feeding on the trout, or from feeding on the food in the lake which gave the trout its red-colored flesh, and why was it not as deeply colored as the trout? It is not likely that the pickerel found its principal food in the crustacea upon which the trout regaled themselves, and so it may be argued that its flesh was of a paler pink, or if it came from feeding on trout that the color was diluted by the addition of other forms of food.

The second chapter of this story is soon told. The trout have practically disappeared from Indian Lake, have been gone for years, and now the flesh of the pickerel from the lake is as white as the flesh of pickerel from any other water; but the character of the lake has been changed, for it has been dammed (in more ways than one), and enlarged so that food conditions have probably changed materially, but I must admit that the facts warrant a suspicion that the pike did for a time get its pink-colored flesh, in part, at least, from feeding on the trout, so Alder's herring theory may need watching.

A. N. CHENEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass Fishing Has Begun.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 28.—The early bass fishing for this section has been under way for the past ten days, and within the past week some very good takes have been reported, most of them the products of trips made at the end of last week, the fishermen returning to the city on last Monday and Tuesday. As has been earlier mentioned in these columns, the little, circumscribed body of water known as Cedar Lake, Ind., the Cedar Lake which is situated on the Monon Railroad, is among the very earliest bass waters of this vicinity. The first trips, or at least the first successful trips, made by Chicago anglers are usually to Cedar Lake. It is a peculiarity of this water that the bass spawn there early and then quickly retire to deep water, where they offer almost no sport at all for the remainder of the summer. Of course, this is spawn-bait fishing, and as such is not to be commended. The Indiana law, however, protects the streams during the spawning season, but leaves the lakes open for hook and line fishing. Mr. C. E. Binyon, who lives at Cedar Lake, on last Monday killed thirty nice bass. At about the same time Messrs. Fred Gardner and Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who fished from the same boat, took twenty-five bass. Mr. N. E. Soper and his wife, fishing together, also took twenty-five bass. Mr. H. N. Van Hooser is another Chicago angler to make nice takes of bass at Cedar Lake, and Mr. H. English, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, had very good sport there. In all, some 150 to 200 good bass were killed on last Sunday and Monday at Cedar Lake; certainly a very good showing for so small and hard-fished a water. This early fishing does not last very long, and by June Cedar Lake will not be so useful to the bait-caster. The catches above mentioned were taken casting bait.

Mr. Perce, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, made his first trip last week over into the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, and fished the Grand River. He had very good luck with pickerel and bass.

The above mentioned waters are of about the same latitude as that of Chicago, or a little lower. Fifty miles to the north of Chicago the run of bass began but little later; and for the past week there have been many fishers out along the Fox Lake Chain at such points as Long Lake, Grass Lake, Channel Lake, Deep Lake, etc. A week ago Mr. E. S. Graham, of this city, caught twelve nice bass at Long Lake. This is the lake just to the south of Fox Lake which empties into Fox Lake by way of Squaw Creek. Mr. J. Maloney within the past week came back with twenty-two good bass taken in the Fox Lake Chain. His largest fish weighed 4 pounds.

Illinois Fish Law Broken.

If State Warden Loveday should send a deputy up to the Fox Lake region he would this week probably be able to take a number of violators of our fish laws. This cluster of lakes is just south of the Wisconsin line, and it forms one of the most convenient and most popular playgrounds for the swarming population of Chicago. Some of our citizens have summer places on lakes in that neighborhood. Among these is Mr. S. E. Story, who has a place on Long Lake, in Lake county, Illinois. Mr. Story tells me this morning that he has word from Mr. W. G. Witherell, a justice of the peace at Windmere, Lake county, Illinois, which says that hundreds of bass have this spring been killed on the spawning beds by persons using guns, spears and pitchforks. This carries the industry of the early bait-catcher to a still greater extreme, and it is illegal as well as destructive. One man at Long Lake shot forty bass on the spawning beds one day this past week, and many others have been busy in the same manner. Mr. Witherell would be only too glad to try any case brought before him, but the neighbors all hold back, and as yet no complaint has been filed and no testimony secured which would insure a conviction. It is confidently stated by my informant that this destruction of bass has been going on in many different waters of the Fox Lake Chain. By the time this shall have reached print, the main run of the bass in the shallow water will perhaps have been over; but I hope that before that time we shall have been able to do something to stop this sort of thing, which is, of course, ruinous to the bass fishing in the proper season.

The Trout Season.

It is timely now for our anglers to turn their attention to the trout season, which is at hand. The trout spawn in the fall, and for some curious reason but few anglers care to pursue trout upon their spawning beds. There is no wrong in catching a brook trout in the spring, and it is pretty hard to exterminate that fish by legitimate fly-fishing. The past week has been one of soft, warm weather, and the flies, gnats and insects begin to fill the air, which means that the trout will now rise to the fly. Some few good baskets of trout have already been made, but the general exodus for trout has not yet begun.

Mr. John D. McLeod, of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, Milwaukee, Wis., has had about the best sport of which I hear at this date. Mr. McLeod is so fortunate as to own a private stream near Waupaca, Wis., and last week in two days he killed 150 fine trout to his own rod and on the fly. There are a number of nice little trout streams in the Waupaca region, lying ten to fifteen miles out of the town. Mr. McLeod's stream is a meadow water, and all the casting is done from the bank, without any wading. The trout are said to be abundant in this water, and to offer very nice sport indeed.

I hear from yet further north in Wisconsin, points near Merrill, that the trout are beginning to rise, though the catches of which I hear were made on bait and not on the fly.

Mr. J. D. Hawks, President of the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad, Detroit, Mich., writes me this week that the annual hegira of the Turtle Lake Club will take place as scheduled earlier in these columns, the party leaving Detroit on the evening of April 29. Mr. Hawks says that some of the promoters have flunked at the last moment, as is always the case with trout fishermen or bird shooters, but he states that he will go, and some of his friends, and wishes to know if I am to be on hand sure. Unless I should fall dead in the meantime I will be with him, and we shall see what the waters of Thunder River can do by

the way of medicine for people who are trout hungry and needful of a day outdoors.

Several members of the Gaylord Club have gone up this week for their early trout fishing. Mr. Cowles, of the Chicago Tribune, is going to the Gaylord Club, probably to-day. Mr. William Hollabird has already gone up, and so has Mr. W. M. Whitehead, both of this city. The tall and husky president of the club, Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., is not yet back from old Mexico, and the season at Gaylord Club cannot be officially opened until he arrives.

The Carp Nuisance.

There was never so noticeable in this vicinity as there is this spring the growing nuisance of the German carp. We are apathetic about this matter, just as Americans are about everything, leaving most things to take care of themselves and trusting to Providence to straighten it all out in some mysterious fashion. It seems difficult for any clear-eyed sportsman to agree with our Fish Commission in their opinion regarding this imported monstrosity. There is every likelihood that this fish will drive out our native game fishes from the waters all over the West. It is quite within bounds to say that the carp have nearly ruined the Kankakee River as a fishing water; and many of us can personally testify that few better bass waters than the Kankakee ever lay out of doors. All last summer the Kankakee, naturally a clear stream, was muddy and disturbed by this hog-like, so-called fish. This spring they are out all over the marsh in still greater numbers. The snipe shooters who have tramped the marshes for the last week say that they could have killed perhaps a dozen snipe in a day, but could easily have killed a hundred carp a day if they had cared to do so. These beasts run out in every little thread of water until their backs stick out into the air, and they root and splash and mess about until the whole marsh seems to be alive with them. I have spoken of the illegal killing of game fish in the Fox Lake Chain this spring, yet I believe that the sportsmen of Illinois would hail with joy a law which would permit the killing of the German carp with gun, spear, club, brickbat or anything else. When they are running out on the marsh they might offer a little sport to a man with a spear or a bow and arrow. After the spring run is over and the marsh has dried up, the carp is a nuisance, nothing more nor less. He is not fit to eat. He may be fit to sell, but he is not fit to eat; and we may successfully challenge Dr. Bartlett or President Nat Cohen of the Fish Commission to refute this assertion. It may perhaps be possible to concoct a sauce which will disguise completely the flavor of the carp, but we do not believe that Dr. Bartlett or his colleagues have planted any such sauce along with the carp. The surrender of our waters to this foreign hog is as sad a mistake as the planting of the English sparrow, and the consequences are apt to be even more far-reaching and disastrous. These fish are simply eating up the marshes all along the Kankakee River, the Fox River and Fox Lake Chain. They are disgusting creatures, and so far as any one has been able to discover, are worse than worthless to any one. The natives of the Kankakee River will not eat them. They will eat skunks, muskrats and that sort of thing, but they draw the line at carp; and if you want to insult a regular river dweller, you just tell him that he eats carp. Then you will have to either fight or run. It is the same way as to us and the carp. We will either have to fight or run, for he cheerfully announces by his multitudinous presence that he has come to stay.

It seems that the carp is a condition and not a theory far up into Wisconsin, as well as Indiana and Illinois. The Representative, of Fox Lake, Wis., has the following to say:

"The carp have been running up from the pond the past week, and the farmers have been having a great time spearing them. The fish are so plenty at times that it is no trick at all to get a wheat bag full in a few minutes; and a whole wagon box full of them is a common sight. They are mostly caught down by the old dam. The farmers salt them down and they say they make a very good table fish that way. Some of them feed them to their hogs. The carp are very plenty, and there never seems to be any let-up in the supply, no matter how many are taken out. They are a coarse-grained fish, fat and oily and not very palatable fresh."

Again, the same paper comments on carp spearing as follows: "It would have done your eyes good to see the clergymen down spearing carp the other day. He was as interested as any of the farmers and proved to be a mighty handy man with the spear, frequently nailing his fish clear across the creek." While one cannot encourage the breaking of any game or fish law, it is to be regretted that it is not legal all over the United States to shoot a carp on sight, upon the ground that he is detected in the act of committing a felony.

Seiners Caught.

Deputy Warden Sites last week arrested and convicted five fishermen for illegal use of seines on the Salt Fork. Hearing that illegal fishing is going on at Meredosia, he has gone to that point.

Grayling.

We still hear occasional reports which go to prove the assertion that the grayling is not altogether extinct in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. Mr. John S. Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., tells me that last summer he made a trip in the Au Sable waters, going to a stream some forty miles from Roscommon, Mich., and during his trip he caught twelve grayling. He says there are no little grayling left, and he hardly took one under a foot in length, some 2 inches longer than that. As to the future of the fish, he does not express much hope, but he thinks that one might, if lucky, be able to get a grayling this summer in some of the Au Sable streams, or perhaps some of the upper waters of the Big Manistee, near Kalkaska.

By the way, Mr. Mott is going to extend his wide and diversified travels into the Rocky Mountain region this coming fall. He will probably go to Mr. William Wells' place, in Uinta county, Wyo., taking his son with him, starting about Sept. 1. Mr. Mott is a fisherman and a canoeist, and now he wishes to get a head or two of big game, and incidentally to see the white-topped Rockies, dearest of all sights to the American sportsman.

Mr. W. S. Phillips—El Comanche—is apparently going

to be unable to fulfill our earlier contract to tackle the bass of Westville, Ind., this summer. He is just in from Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi, and leaves again to-day for Mississippi and Alabama; yet it would seem to be hard fortune if he did not find some fishing in his travels in those fishful localities.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club puts out in compact and tasty form the following card, announcing the programme for the coming summer:

"For the summer of 1900 there will be two club contests, to be held at the North Lagoon in Garfield Park, upon the following Saturday afternoons: July 14, Aug. 4.

"In addition there will be regular practice days as follows: May 19, June 2, June 16, June 30, July 28, Aug. 11.

"On all these days the club tackle will be on the grounds for the use of any members, an instructor to assist those wishing same.

"A tournament open to the world will be held under the auspices of this club on their grounds on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18.

"E. R. LETTERMAN, Captain."

From Egypt.

Mr. Warren Powel lives at Taylorville, Ill., which is in Egypt. This fact Mr. Powel indignantly denies, but says that Egypt is always just over in the next county, no matter where you go in Illinois. Egypt is the term of description given to the portion of this State where corn grows exceedingly tall, and everybody takes a drink of whiskey before breakfast—though come to think of it, I don't believe Mr. Powel does that. Anyway, Mr. Powel writes me and begs with tears in his eyes that I shall not write to him again unless I use a typewriter. I take his own letter to mean that the bass fishing is good, and that the snipe and plover were not all gone when he wrote, and that the quail and chicken crop promises very well. He says that two gentlemen—Messrs. C. E. Smith and J. W. Parrish—on last Thursday caught thirty nice bass at Torrence's Dam on the South Fork. Later in the summer the fishing on the Sangamon for channel catfish is very good. He suggests I come down again, and try catfishing with him, to pass the time between now and the quail season. I wish I could. When I get rich I am going to fish for catfish or something all the time I am not shooting quail or something. Perhaps this may be next year.

Mr. Powel reports the stern-wheel duck doing very well at the old stand, and he has three more mallards added to his flock of live decoys.

E. HOUGH.
300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pennsylvania Streams.

SAYRE, Pa.—The brook trout season has not developed overflowing creels thus far. In northern Pennsylvania and southern New York the streams are as a rule high and roily and not at all to the liking of experienced trout anglers.

The best catch I have heard reported comes from a party in Waverly, N. Y., who spent one day last week at Harford Mills, on the Southern Central branch of the Lehigh Valley R.R. system, and came home with twenty-three trout of good size.

Geo. Crispin, of Waverly, went to the vicinity of Monroeton, Pa., one day this week, and after the hardest kind of fishing succeeded in taking eleven small trout. Crispin went to Towanda and then took a ten-mile drive over the country due west. The stream fished is fairly lost under and within a riotous tangle of criss-crossing logs, snarled vines and sprawling vegetation of every sort. The angling is best done with a rather heavy rod and a 6 or 8 inch length of line. Crispin found snow and ice still plentiful in the stream, but prophesies that a little later on some fine trout will be taken from this and a number of neighboring streams. He also brings information which may not possibly belong to the angling department, but which, nevertheless, will be pleasant news to a good many angling readers. He avows this particular section of country, reaching out twelve or fifteen miles west of Towanda, to be heavily stocked with ruffed grouse, rabbits and hares. Should the nesting season prove favorable there should be some glorious grouse shooting in that neck of timber next fall.

Just prior to his visit there a wild cat that weighed 55 pounds was shot by a farmer. The cat was treed near to the house by the farmer's dog, and the first shot failing to kill the feline, it promptly sprang from the tree upon the back of the dog. Then ensued a heart-breaking race for the farm house, and before the cat was dispatched it had given the dog an unmerciful drubbing and cutting up. Either the weight of the cat as given by the party who shot it is erroneous or it is a phenomenally large specimen, if, indeed, it is not a record breaker.

M. CHILL.

SPRUCE CABIN INN, Canadensis, April 25.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—high winds, rains, and all that such discomforts afford—the catches this season apparently have been more than encouraging to the lovers of pursuit of the gamy trout.

All the regular visitors are here this season, and I noticed as I wandered my way along several strangers who have been attracted here in one way and another enjoying the comradeship which exists only among anglers and other sportsmen and nature lovers.

Whipping Broadheads Creek up from the Middle Branch and Levis, I ran across N. F. Hoggson and James Brite, prominent New York men, and genial Dr. W. E. Halsey and Kit Clarke, perhaps among the most prominent and jolly who come here with creels full and faces agleam with the pleasure and excitement attending a morning's successful catch. W. Granville Smith, so well known in art circles; Eugene Smith, of the D. L. & W.; W. P. Ketcham, of New York, and George W. Shaw, a shining light in Philadelphia manufacturing circles, who told me he had been fishing here for over twenty-five years, all returning to the good cheer and hospitality which mine hosts Price know how to provide so well. Then a smoke after dinner and adjournment to our respective rooms ended a very enjoyable day in these parts.

The list of fishermen here includes: From New York—

Messrs. Kit Clarke and son, R. N. Arkenburgh, W. H. Wood, Hoke Smith, E. D. Carpenter, Wm. P. Ketcham, Chas. F. Rowe, E. P. Davis, Nat. Rogers, W. Granville Smith, J. Arthur Jackson, M. D., Clarence A. Benedict, Dr. W. E. Halsey, J. C. Franklin, P. A. Whitney, E. J. Wingert, C. N. Wingert, W. C. Strohmeier, J. C. Faulkner, J. F. McClure, N. F. Hoggson, James Brite, Reuben Arkush and Joseph Bijut. From Philadelphia—Messrs. George Shaw, A. W. Shields, Edw. Durban, Jos. A. Inslee, Geo. P. Goldsmith and J. Harry Hall.

Massachusetts Trout Hatcheries.

STATE FISH COMMISSIONER DELANO, of Boston, left town to-day, after spending the week at the State trout hatchery at Hadley. His visit was to prepare for a new departure in trout culture for Massachusetts. Heretofore this State, with others, has attempted to restock its streams with trout by artificially raising trout till they are about an inch long, and then putting them into the brooks. Henceforth the State is to keep the trout till they are a year old, and then put them into the brooks.

This means much greater expense to feed and care for the trout.

The advantage to be gained by putting out yearling trout is hoped to be the escape of the enemies of the trout in its first year. When very young they get into shallow and still water, where frogs, snakes, rats, birds and other fish eat them. It is thought not one three-months-old trout in twenty lives in a brook to become a year old, because of its enemies other than man.

Mr. Delano has built five pens below the pond at the State hatchery, each about 20 by 5 feet long and supplied with water and gates to regulate the flow of water. Each pen is to hold about 2 feet of water, and here the State is to begin the experiment of growing trout to the age of yearlings for stocking purposes.

The State has rented for a year the George Morton place, next below the hatchery, on the same side of the bay road, and here the guardian of the fish hatchery will live. A man will come from Boston next week to occupy this place, whose sole duties will be to feed and care for the trout and protect them from being stolen.

It has been known to a few men in this city since last fall that the State suspected that trout were being stolen from the pond, but all parties have kept quiet, in the hopes of catching some one fishing there nights. But it has taken just two years for the State to discover that 4,000 pond trout could not safely be left to themselves in a pond a fifth of a mile from a house.

The 4,000 trout had last fall dwindled to about 1,000, and now they think still more have gone.

It is suspected that some of the large trout in the State pond have been brought to this city and sold this spring. The trout are kept in a pond about 200 feet long by 150 wide, and they will bite at anything. Throw in a handful of grass and a couple of bushels of trout weighing from ½ to 3 pounds will come tumbling up for it. This has been too great a temptation for some Hadley people, and they have undoubtedly gone there nights and fished out hundreds of pounds. There are a thousand trout left, and a good many of them will weigh 2 pounds.

The hatchery has 220,000 three-months-old trout which will be put in the brooks next week, or ten days earlier than last year, when it was thought the weather was too warm for the safe transportation of the fry.

The pond where the old trout are and the pens where the yearlings are to be grown will hereafter be watched nightly. A small house has been built close to the edge of the pond, where the watchman can sit and view the whole site, and a charge of shot from the little house would reach a man at any spot on the premises.—Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass., April 21.

Western Waters.

CHICAGO, April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The brook trout season for 1900 has opened up in Wisconsin, April 15 being opening day in that State. Not many trout were taken, however, with the fly, as it is too early for good fly-casting.

The Michigan season opens May 1, and even that is too early for good fly-fishing, which is the only real way to catch brook trout. When the season embraces only three months, from May 15 till Aug. 15, and all trout must be taken on a fly-hook, all trout less than 7 inches in length to be returned to the stream, then will the era of prosperity as regards brook trout be a fact.

Prairie River, Wisconsin, is an ideal early season, fly-casting trout stream. Thirty-five miles of splendid open stream, easy to wade, wide enough for two anglers to cast, side by side, and plenty of trout, ranging from 6 inches to 3 pounds each.

I generally fish this stream near Dudley, Wis., where good accommodations can be secured, and the fishing is good, especially in May and June. There are two grand trout streams in Colorado which will afford a fly-fisherman all the sport he craves.

The Conejos River, near Antonito, Colo., is alive with large trout, but the angler must go prepared to camp. Go to Antonito, a small town on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., and go up stream about eighteen miles from town—say in June—and if you know how to cast a fly you can capture trout ranging from 10 inches to 4 pounds.

I like to fish a certain reach of the Rio Grande River, Colo., near Wagon Wheel Gap, in June. Seven miles down stream, from the Gap, is John Haney's ranch, through which the Rio Grande River flows, and Mr. Haney has four miles of protected fishing, for which he charges a small fee of 25 cents per day, allowing the angler to use his cottage for same price per day, the occupant to feed himself. The Denver & Rio Grande R. R. officials are very obliging, and will stop their trains at any point along the river to allow anglers to get off or on the cars. The trout run very large along John Haney's part of the river, and Mr. Edward B. Linnon, of Santa Fé, and myself have taken 44 pounds of large trout from one bend of the stream, in a few hours' fishing. The cow dung hackle, gray hackle, brown hackle and coachman are best flies for these Colorado streams.

I hooked a large trout—from 6 to 8 pounds—in a certain pool in the Rio Grande River last September and lost him. The following Saturday I hooked him again and

he got away with my leader. Then John Haney hooked him, with the same result. Mr. Ernest Osgood, of Pueblo, Colo., got a strike from one of these big trout, and he said it really scared him, it made such a splash.

Mr. A. D. Wentz, traffic manager of the Rock Island Road, and myself, intend to have a try for this big trout next June, and I'm going prepared to give him 300 feet of line, if necessary. I put my fly rapidly down upon the surface of the water from ten to twenty times in quick succession, then place it gently on the water, above the previously agitated water, and allow it to float over the pool, and it seems to make the big trout mad, for I get many strikes by fishing in this manner, after orthodox angler has done his thistledown act and gone on down stream.

EDWARD G. TAYLOR.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Continental Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Continental Field Trials Club, held in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22, the following officers were elected: Mr. Hobart Ames, President; Ed. Dexter and Edm. H. Osthaus, Vice-Presidents, and Theo Sturges, Secretary-Treasurer.

It was decided to hold the sixth annual trials at Newton, N. C., beginning with the Members' Stake, Nov. 30; the Derby to begin Dec. 3, to be followed by the All-Age Stake, after which the Continental Free-for-All Subscription Stake will be run.

This is a new stake, taking the place of the old subscription, and promises to be a great success.

THEO STURGES, Sec'y-Treas.

A Sixteenth Century Dog Story Retold.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue a correspondent tells a tale of a dog which was frozen on point, but according to a friend of mine he once owned a still more wonderful dog. As he was walking through a crowded thoroughfare in New Orleans with his favorite Gordon setter, Don, the dog, made a beautiful stand. His master did not notice it until he had gone about 20 yards, when he whistled, but old Don was making the stanchest kind of a point and wouldn't budge. My friend, knowing the dog as he did, went back to investigate, and after some search he found a door plate with "A. Partridge" on it.

BLUE RIBBON.

The Kentucky Field Trials Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 21.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Kentucky Field Trials Club, held on the 16th inst., the popular and efficient secretary of the club, Mr. Herman D. Newcomb, tendered his resignation as secretary, which was accepted by the board with much regret. Mr. Newcomb's enforced absence from town was the cause of his resignation. In his stead Mr. Barret Gibson was elected, and all future communications for the club should be addressed to him at No. 62 Louisville Trust Company, Louisville, Ky.

BARRET GIBSON, Sec'y-Treas.

Yachting.

Edward E. Chase—Gouverneur Kortright.

WITHIN the past week the New York Y. C. has lost two of its older and more prominent members—Edward E. Chase and Gouverneur Kortright. Mr. Chase, who was born in Rhode Island in 1840, enlisted as a young man in the Union Army and served through the Rebellion, spending a year and a half in a Southern prison. After the war he settled in New York, and for years had been well known as a broker. He retired from business a few years ago. At one time he owned the schooner *Clytic*; he was vice-commodore in 1884, and he had served on many committees.

Mr. Kortright, who built the sloop *Wizard* and also owned other yachts, was a New York man, born in 1854, and for many years a member of the club. He was chairman of the Regatta Committee in 1887, during the Thistle-Volunteer match, and he was one of the framers of the new deed of gift. He had been seriously ill for several years.

Protection and Salvation.

We copy the following obituary from the *Marine Journal*:

After eighty-six years, a large part of which was spent on the wrong side of the shipping question, Capt. John Codman has paid his last debt, and we hope has gone where everything is as free as he would have had ships during his life time. There is no man in the United States who has blocked the progress of the advancement of the merchant marine in the foreign trade more effectually for half a century than John Codman. There is no doubt that he was conscientious in his belief, being made so largely through having been well to do, and consequently free to advocate experiments in a business in which he spent his early life. We had occasion in last week's issue to refer to him in connection with his articles against the present Shipping Bill in the *New York Times*. In looking over the article we are pleased to find that our language was temperate.

Let us hope that this misguided mariner in his endeavor to kill protection on all American industries during his natural life did not prejudice his chances in the hereafter.

The late Capt. Codman was a man of broad and liberal

ideas, well educated in his youth and with his mind enlarged by travel in all parts of the earth; he was a writer of no mean ability, and his personal qualities endeared him to all who knew him. It is sad to think that if the *Marine Journal* is right, all this goes for nothing and he is doomed to eternal punishment because he did not believe in the doctrines of protection and subsidy.

Canoeing.

THE A. C. A. Year Book will be out very shortly unless a delay occurs through the failure of the division pursers to send in their lists in time. Com. MacKendrick, who is attending to the book himself, has secured over \$750 of advertising for it.

THE annual meet of the British C. A. will be held at Warsash, on the Hamble River, near Southampton, Eng., from July 28 to Aug. 18.

THE officers of the Atlantic Division have nearly ready for distribution a very full and complete circular in pamphlet form, giving all needed information as to the annual cruise and division meet from May 26 to 30, on the Delaware River.

WE have received from Mr. Edward B. Carney, Vesper B. C., a description of parts of the Connecticut River, with special maps, which we will publish shortly.

THE new move of the Brooklyn C. C. promises to be a most important one both for the club itself and for canoeing about New York. For some years, in fact since the New York C. C. left Staten Island and the once active Knickerbockers and Ianthes ceased to visit New York Bay, the Brooklyn C. C. has been isolated at Bay Ridge, dependent on itself. By good luck it has now secured a favorable location on Gravesend Bay, superior in itself to the old one and near enough to the New York C. C. to revive a friendly rivalry that should be of mutual benefit. It will now be possible for each club to attend the races of the other, and as Greater New York is fully large enough to support the two clubs, the interclub racing should help to build up both.

THE lines which we publish this week show exactly what the Royal C. C. has accomplished in its new "cruising class," a type infinitely superior to that now existing in this country in the shape of Mab and a few other hiking machines. Greatly as she differs from the old 16 x 30 canoe, Vanessa is a fine little ship, with many of the charms which attach to the canoe as distinguished from the catboat and small sloop yacht. In spite of her added dimensions she is evidently adapted for much of the work done by the old type of canoes, that on New York Bay, the Sound and similar open waters in particular. The entire absence of the sliding seat, in itself a most awkward and lubberly contrivance at all times when the canoe is not actually under way with her crew hiking, is a very strong point in favor of the added breadth.

AT the present time the racing season has been open in British waters for nearly two months, and some good races have been sailed. On this side, with a warm and early spring and the best of fine weather, there has thus far been no canoe racing, nor is there a prospect of any in the near future. Some time along in August the racing sharps will wake up, as they did last year, to the fact that the winter is over, the trophy race will be sailed in a few days, and they have not yet tried their boats.

COM. MACKENDRICK has prepared a circular descriptive of the coming meet, copies of which to any desired number will be sent in bulk to any canoe club which will mail them to its members.

THE Central Division, as stated elsewhere, will hold a Division meet on Irondequoit Bay in June. As the arrangements are in the hands of Vice-Com. Wright, the meet is likely to be a success, and the venture should have the hearty support of every canoeist in New York State.

The Central Division Meet.

THE following circular has been sent out by Vice-Com. Wright:

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU. PLEASE READ IT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 1, 1900.

For some years past it has been the custom of each of the Divisions of the A. C. A., with the exception of the Central, to hold Division meets. Here's to 1900! We will try our hand.

I have made arrangements for a meet, to be held June 9, 10 and 11 (Saturday, Sunday and Monday) at Stony Point Cove, on Irondequoit Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, on whose shores are located the homes of the Rochester and Irondequoit canoe clubs, seven miles from the city of Rochester.

In order to make it easy for every one who may attend from out of town, tents, cots and blankets will be provided by the home clubs and meals furnished for 25 cents each meal. Live and hustling entertainment and regatta committees will guarantee that the three days' outing will be a most enjoyable one. The open canoe sailing race for the elegant Central Division cup (a bronze one which cost \$250) will take place at this time, so if you want to try for it, of course it will be best to have your own canoe. Full moon occurs at the time of the meet, and our fleet of yachts and canoes will be placed at the disposal of the visitors. We are anxious to have the ladies attend, and they will be made comfortable at the club houses.

I should like very much your attendance and assistance in making this one of the most successful Division meets ever held. Further particulars will be sent when I hear from you. Let me have your ideas on the subject. May I count on you?

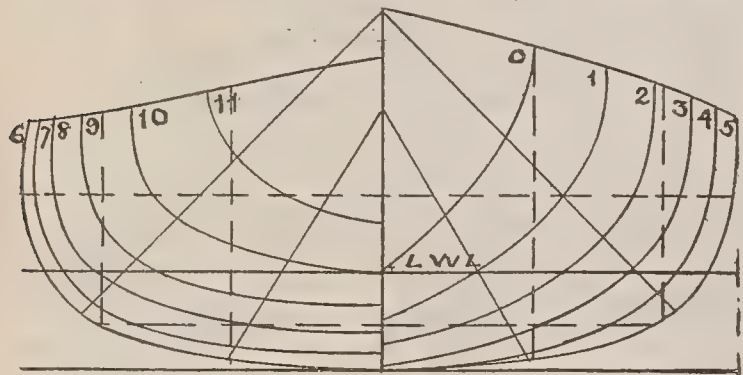
Yours very truly,

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Vice-Com.

Vanessa VII.

Royal C. C. Cruising Class Canoe.

IN the special canoeing number of the FOREST AND STREAM for March Mr. Linton Hope gave a very interesting account of the modern British canoe as developed under the new rules of the Royal C. C., in which mention was made of the series of canoes under the family name of Vanessa, built for Bertram de Q. Quincey, Esq., of Oakwood, Chiselhurst, Mate of the R. C. C. Through the kindness of the owner, and with the consent of the designer, we are enabled to publish the lines of the latest of the series, Vanessa VII. When the cruising class rule was altered at the autumn meeting of 1898 the sliding seat was entirely barred in this class, having previously been restricted to the breadth of the canoe, and the over-all length was increased from 16 to 17 ft. In order to profit by this change, Vanessa VII. was designed, being built by Bathurst, of Tewksbury, in his best style. She is 17 ft. over all; 13 ft. l.w.l.; 3 ft. 6 in. breadth; 6 in. draft of hull; 3 ft. 3 in. draft with board; 540 lbs. displacement; 143 sq. ft. sail area. The design shows the outside of planking, the stations being spaced 15 in. apart. The planking is $\frac{1}{4}$ in. full, the deck 3-16 in., and the bulkheads $\frac{3}{8}$ in. There



are two bulkheads 5 ft. 6 in. apart, deck hatches giving access to the end compartments. The centerboard is of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. brass, weighing about 95 lbs. It is fitted on a stud sliding in two grooves in the inner sides of the trunk, so as to lift out easily. The fore and after edges are sharpened. The rudder is of 14 oz. brass, fitted to ship and unship from the deck through a case similar to the centerboard trunk. The tiller is of the V or wishbone pattern. As an auxiliary means of propulsion, she is fitted with light sculls, giving more power than the paddle in a craft of such breadth and large out-of-water body. She also carries a single blade paddle. The sails were made by J. J. Jackson, of Norwich, the jib being fitted on a roller; the spars are of bamboo. The details of the roller jib and the hoisting gear for this cut of lug mainsail were very fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 5, 1898.

Vanessa is in all respects a cruising craft—strong, of good model, and with ample stowage space; but she is rigged and used for racing. She was ready for the spring races of 1899, but it so happened that she went to the Bcmbridge meet a practically untried boat. In light winds she proved inferior to Snapper, originally Vanessa VI., designed by Mr. Quincey, and to Bubble (Vanessa V.), designed by Mr. Linton Hope; while in a strong blow she was inferior to Eft, also designed by Mr. Hope. Her strong point, however, was to windward in a steady breeze, and with a good sea on, under which conditions her extra foot of length gave an advantage over Snapper, Bubble, Porpoise and other older boats of 16 ft. The second race for the R. C. C. challenge cup was sailed in this weather, and Vanessa finally won it. Within the past month Vanessa has been sold to Mr. Lawson, and Mr. De Quincey has ordered a new boat from the same design.

The A. C. A. Meet of 1900.

THE following circular has been prepared by Vice-Com. Jupp, Western Division, and sent to all members of the Division. The information as to the camp site and coming meet, prepared by Com. MacKendrick and set forth in his characteristic style, will be interesting to all members of the Association. We hope that the circular may bring out a good attendance from the new Western Division as a partial return for the labors of those A. C. A. officers who worked so hard to establish it:

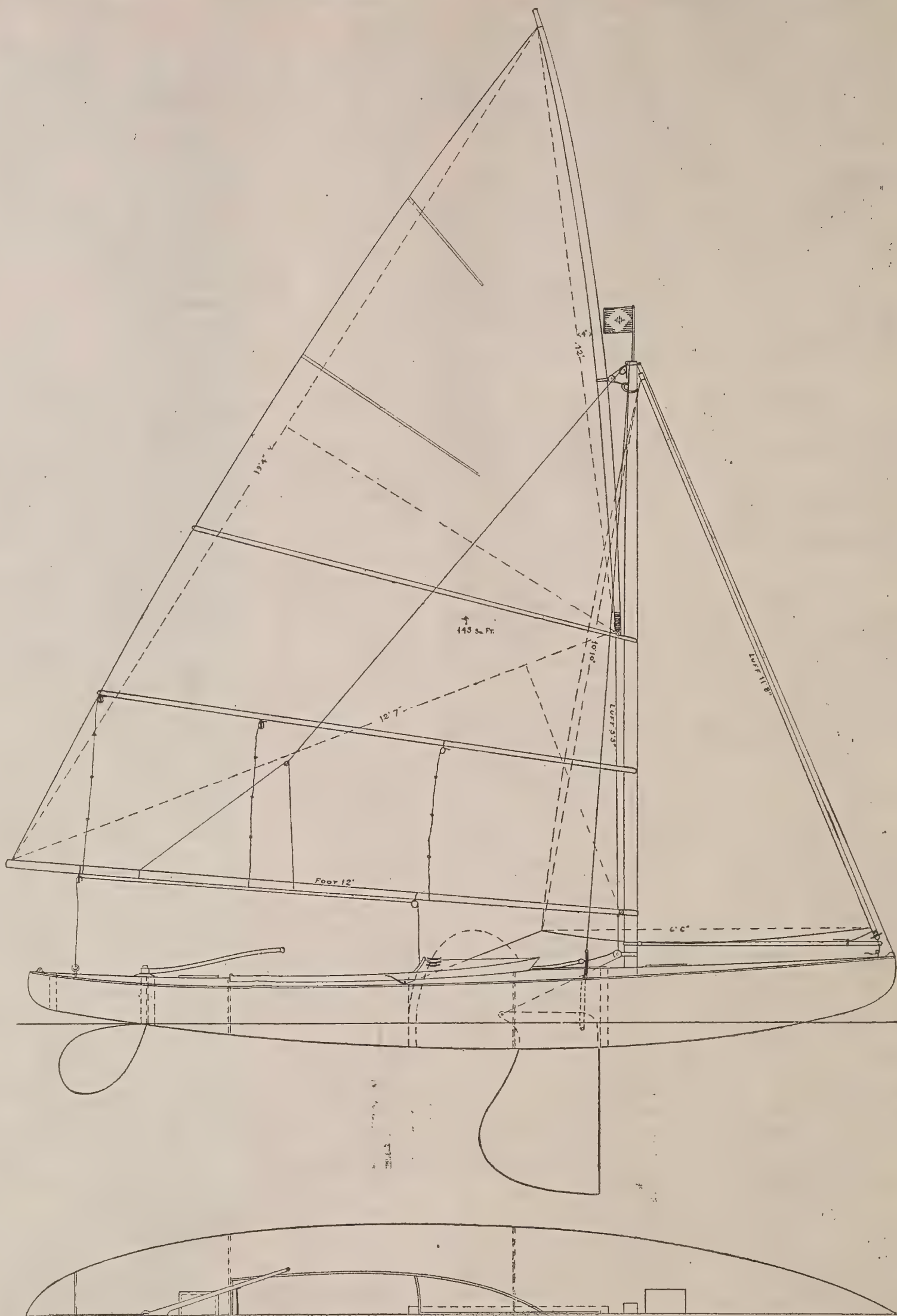
Detroit, April 2.—Gentlemen of the Western Division A. C. A.: With the first bill for dues since the formation of the new Division, I desire to present the features for the year. After consulting a number of the most interested member, it seems best to hold no Division meet, as the membership is so scattered and the general meet of the A. C. A. is held within convenient distance of a large portion of members of the Western Division. I trust, however, that local cruises will be held from the different centers, such as Chicago, Peoria, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Detroit, etc. I have asked Com. MacKendrick for information of the general meet to be held in the famous Muskoka Lake district, Aug. 3 to 17, and the following is his reply:

The camp site which we have leased is the summer residence of and grounds of Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., and is the choicest spot that we saw after a three-day tour around the lakes. It has almost bankrupted us to lease it, but after seeing it no other spot would suit, and we had to go the price. It is a nicely wooded point, five acres in extent, on the southwest end of Big Island, in Lake Rosseau, and is one and a half miles distant from Port Carling.

The main camp will face on a white sand beach, and the tents will be nicely shaded by large trees, which have been thoroughly underbrushed.

The Ladies' Camp, or Squaw Point, will be in a grove at the northwest side of the point, on level ground about 5 feet above the water. Every tent will overlook the lake.

The house is on a kopje and overlooks the lake on all



VANESSA VII.—SAIL PLAN.

sides. It has 160 feet of 10-foot wide veranda running around three sides. We propose to use the ground floor of the house and verandas instead of a mess tent; have not arranged mess yet. You can eat your meals and look out upon as fine a scene as one could wish to behold, miles of lake dotted with picturesque islands.

The dock at the point of the island is a large one, at which all the boats for Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph call on the way to and from the trains at Muskoka wharf several times daily.

The Camp Store.—We have arranged with W. Hanna & Company, who have a grocery store at Port Carling, to erect a camp store near the dock, and also an ice house, from which the members can be supplied with anything they may require, including tin wash basins, flag poles and Limberger cheese.

The Bathing Beach.—Sand beaches are as scarce in Muskoka as granite rocks are plentiful, but if we had asked to have one made to order, not even the large surplus of the Board of Governors could have built such an idle bathing beach, safe for the squaws and papposes, and yet at points deep enough for the boldest high divers; and just here let me say that no waters in America equal the Muskoka for bathing. So bring bathing suits, not only for yourself, but for your wives and children, and renew your youth.

Railroad Rates.—We have secured from the Grand Trunk Railway Company one and one-third fare for round trip, canoes, war canoes and camp duffle free, and hope to make similar rates over all the roads.

Side Trips.—We expect to arrange that every member who can get to Muskoka will see the innumerable beauty spots of the various lakes, we hope, without further cost than his fare to camp. Our intention is to hire a steamboat and tow all the war canoes, taking a day to each of the three lakes, and cruise all around them, stopping at some choice spot each day for a picnic lunch, so that

every member can return home feeling that he knows Muskoka thoroughly.

The Racing Programme.—The regatta committee are getting up a good programme of sailing and paddling races. Through the efforts of Mr. George Howell, of Toronto, a permanent war canoe cup has been donated to the A. C. A., and we expect six crews at the meet. The Muskoka Lakes Association will hold their annual gathering during the meet, and will provide open races for A. C. A. members.

What to Bring.—We want you to come to camp prepared to enjoy an old-fashioned canoe gathering without frills. Bring with you a suit or two of old clothes, your fishing tackle, bathing suit, canoe, a large measure of cheerfulness and a general desire to have an enjoyable rest and good time. Leave at home your club bars; also any desire you may have to kick at the regatta committee or your officers, as they have worries of their own.

An effort has been made to locate the general meet for 1901 in the waters of the Western Division, and much depends upon our representation in the camp of 1900, and also the increase in our membership.

We start in with 107 members and \$90 in the treasury. It will take work by every member of the division to give us the requisite strength and influence to hold the meet next year, and I trust that you will not only enlist all the canoeists possible, but also attend the meet this year. To those who have been, no word of mine is necessary; to those who have never attended an A. C. A. meet, a whole page would not be enough space. I can only say go, try it, and you will always be an enthusiast. Send your dollar to the purser, get two new members and go to Muskoka. Yours very truly,

WM. C. JUPP, Vice-Com.,
Western Division A. C. A.

The Revival of Canoe Sailing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For about the last six years a good deal of gray matter has been used, but perhaps not wasted, in sincere thought and effort to do something for the sailing canoe, and the sailing races in the Association, either by reviving interest among the old sailors, or getting new ones in the ranks, but all efforts have been crowned with the success of seeing each year a smaller fleet than the preceding one, and doubtless many have become disheartened and asked themselves the reason of non-success. I have been very much interested in your articles on the evolution of the modern canoe, and the letters that have been sent on the subject, and am glad this matter has been revived. It would seem that if serious attention was given this subject, and ideas expressed and discussed without being too rude to one another, some plan might be formulated by the time of the meet, or at least gotten in shape there for the Executive Committee meeting in the fall, whereby some success could be reached next year.

We have been going on for some time, tinkering with the problem, changing the rules here and then there, but principally accomplishing nothing at all, and in my opinion the time has come when something radical must be done, and stop, as they say in whist, "sending a boy to do a man's work." The question has been asked, "Why do the old sailors give up racing, and new men do not take it up?" The answer, along with a few others, is, that it has become a case of "drill, ye tarriers, drill," or in other words, too hard work. Look over the fleet of starters of to-day and ten years ago, and see how the personnel has changed. About 10 per cent remain, and perhaps 1 per cent is new.

Now, why is this? It is not because we have tired of sailing—the efforts to sail the open canoe prove that—but we have gotten tired of acrobatic performances and the work required to properly groom a racing canoe of the modern type, which is good for nothing else but match sailing, and then get her to a meet or regatta, with a trousseau of sails to accommodate all the whims of Boreas, and then race her, with a severe physical strain upon the old sailors, and both a mental and physical one upon the new ones, that has tired out the veterans and frightened the novices away.

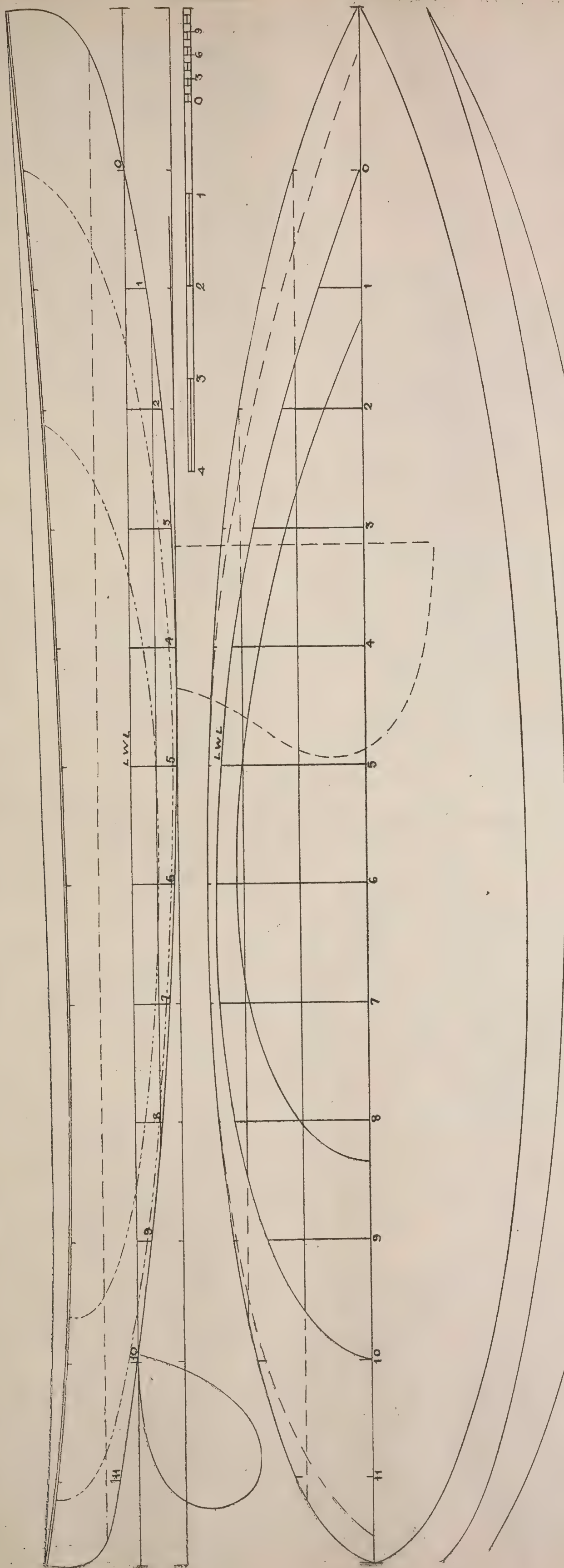
For instance, look at the entries that the New York and Brooklyn canoe clubs and the Marine and Field Club used to have from the Passaic River, and the entries the Passaic River clubs had in return. Why was it? In my own case, because ten years ago it was a pleasure to sail down to Staten Island or Gravesend Bay in a comfortable sailing canoe, of staunch model and a moderate rig of two sails. Then we were prepared for all emergencies. If we came to a disobliging draw-keeper we could lower our sails and paddle under the bridge, or if by chance the wind failed we could comfortably paddle. If it blew hard we could reef and still make good weather and keep dry; but how about it now? Will I ever forget my last trip to Bensonhurst from Newark in Cricket? The modern racing canoe is all right to go sailing in from the club house float, but excuse me from wandering far from my own fireside in one, especially when you have to go twenty-five miles and take along a decent suit of clothes to be presentable in good society, and perhaps come home by train.

I believe in unlimited development and the survival of the fittest as a theory, but for canoeing it is not practical, or the best thing for the sport. I believe the general purpose canoe was the nearest approach to the solution of the problem before us, and if ten years ago, with the experience we now have, we had stuck to that good old ship, with a few more limitations, and abandoned the racing machine altogether, we would not now be trying to see what we could do to enlarge our fleets. And yet, perhaps the natural order of progression required it, but now that we have learned our lesson and see our mistakes, let us start anew. The reason why the cruising canoe was not the success it was intended, was entirely because we retained the racing canoe as the star attraction, and relegated the general purpose canoe to a class that one felt obliged to apologize if he got in one. It would be a miracle if it could succeed under such circumstances, especially when only one race was given to it on the A. C. A. regatta programme.

Now, how would this do? Start out again with a canoe of the general purpose measurements, or something approximating them, limit the midship section to a minimum (to be decided upon), but which should give only a moderate amount of dead rise, and a sufficiently hard bilge to make a staunch and comfortable canoe. The weight should be limited to a minimum of say 110 lbs., and the planking to be not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, to insure a serviceable and strong craft. Limit the sliding seat so that the under or stationary part shall not project beyond the gunwale, and the sliding part to not more than 4 ft. in length, or less if thought better. Next, limit the sail area to a limit that means something, say 100 ft., so that sailing will mean sailing, and not acrobatic ability—make the rig a reefable, hoisting and lowering one. Do away with hollow spars, to keep down the cost, as they are both expensive and unsatisfactory in some ways, and not as necessary in a smaller rig; get a decent regatta committee, one that does not think they are the only acrobats on the trapeze, and then see if we do not put some new life in the sailing races.

Anent the subject of regatta committee, either the position is an almost unconquerable hoodoo—there have been some horrible mistakes somewhere—or else the trouble is with the racing men themselves. Which is it? I am loath to believe it is the racing men, for they certainly work hard, spend time and money to prepare for the races, and are seldom found complaining, and then only when they find a committee that acts as if it thought it was a whole circus itself, was there to consult its own pleasure, and at the crack of the whip expect the racing men to jump like a lot of trained animals—preferably monkeys. That sort of monkey business is discouraging. Of course, I do not mean that all committees have been equally bad, or that all the members have shown a like amount of incompetence, but I do think we have had a perfect gorge of the latter. Certainly a judge ought to know his business to start with, no matter what he is called to pass upon. I should not expect to be a satisfactory judge at a horse or dog show, nor do I think a farmer of necessity makes

VANESSA VII., R. C. C., CRUISING CLASS CANOE, WINNER OF CHALLENGE CUP, 1899—DESIGNED BY LINTON HOPE FOR B. DE O. QUINCEY, ESQ., 1898.



a good judge of a sailing or paddling race, or the way they should be managed. While this is not the subject in hand, exactly, I am sure it has something to do with it. Witness the Sailors' Union. There is no reason why the committee and the men should not work together in harmony, instead of at cross purposes.

Fire out the racing machine, bag and baggage, adopt a one-design general purpose canoe if necessary, although I think that is too extreme and unnecessary, and that a minimum midship section with other limitations will be sufficient. Then all pull together and see if we cannot get the old fellows back, and a lot of new ones in. Probably many of those who have sailed more than a dozen years, when they started it with 60 or 70 ft. of sail on a staunch canoe, and have grown with the development of models, sails and seat, hardly realize what confronts a beginner now, and how long it takes him to catch up with the older ones. That means we do not get new blood, and new blood we must have or go out of business. I believe the sliding seat is good, first, last and all the time, but it should at the same time have a limit. The standing sail and bath tub cockpits are also good in their way, particularly the latter, as, other things being equal, it makes a safe boat unless you want to lower sail when afloat, but I think they have helped kill the sailing canoe, especially as they have made possible a lean, hungry craft, that is only satiated with speed at the expense of all other qualities.

GEORGE P. DOUGLASS.

The A.C.A. Race Programme, 1900

Muskoka, Aug. 3-17.

THE following programme for the races of the 1900 meet at Muskoka has been prepared by the regatta committee, Messrs. R. Easton Burns, Harry Ford and D. B. Goodsell. As the Year Book will go to press much earlier than usual this year there has not been time to publish the programme in advance for the criticism of the members. It has, however, been prepared with special reference to the experience of last year.

Record.

Event No. 1: Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Start to be made under paddle. The same seat shall be used as in event No. 3.

Event No. 2: Paddling, ½ mile with turn.

Event No. 3: Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit 2 hours.

Note.—The rules governing the record events will be found in Rule 5 of the Racing Regulations.

Sailing.

Event No. 4: Trial race, under Rule 1 of Sailing Regulations; 6 miles; time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 5: Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit 3½ hours. See Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 6: Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7: Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1899.

Event No. 8: Cruising canoes, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. See Rule 1 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 9: Open canoes, paddle ½ mile to windward, and return under sail.

Event No. 10: Open canoes, 1½ miles.

Event No. 11: Atlantic Division cup.

Event No. 12: Central Division cup.

Event No. 13: Eastern Division cup.

Event No. 14: Northern Division cup.

Note.—In events Nos. 9 and 10 canoes must conform to regulations governing canoes for paddling races. Events 11 to 14 will only be held if not sailed at Division meets. Regatta committees will arrange their own races.

Paddling.

Event 15: Trophy, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 16: Novice, ½ mile with turn; single blades. Open only to members who have never paddled a race outside their own club races.

Event No. 17: Open canoe, ½ mile with turn; single blades.

Event No. 18: Tandem, ½ mile with turn; open canoes; single blades.

Event No. 19: Decked or open canoes; single paddling; ½ mile with turn; double blades.

Event No. 20: Rescue race No. 1; men proceed in usual way. No. 2: Men to be lined up on shore. When gun is fired No. 1 upsets his canoe and No. 2 launches and proceeds to the rescue, picks up his man and tows the capsized canoe across the finish line. Open canoes; single blades; ¼ mile straightaway.

Event No. 21: Fours, ½ mile with turn; single blades; open canoes.

Event No. 22: Tail-end race, ¼ mile; open canoes; single blades. Paddler to kneel in stern and paddle stern first with the wind.

Event No. 23: Relay race; open canoes; single blades; 1½ miles over sailing course; three men from each club or division.

Starters paddle around first buoy, pass an article to second men, who paddle around second buoy, passing to third men, who paddle to finish.

Event No. 24: Ladies' tandem; ¼ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blades.

Event No. 25: Hurry-scurry; run, swim and paddle. A short portage will be introduced in this event if practicable.

Event No. 26: Tournament; poles to be provided by the committee.

War Canoes.

Event No. 27: A. C. A. championship, 1 mile with turn.

Event No. 28: Tug of war, 1 minute heats; best out of 3 heats.

Event No. 29: Division race, ½ mile with turn. Each Division may enter any number of crews.

Event No. 30: Race between picked teams from the A. C. A. and the Muskoka Lakes Association, for a trophy donated by G. R. R. Cockburn, Esq.

If three clubs from the Northern Division enter teams the Division will put up a trophy for a Northern Division race.

Notes.

All canoes entered for paddling races will be measured and weighed.

All events in which less than two entries present themselves will be canceled.

In events where less than three start only one prize will be given.

In paddling races all turning buoys will be left to port. The committee reserves the right to add to this programme at the meet by notice posted.

R. EASTON BURNS,
Kingston, Ont., Chairman.
HARRY FORD,
D. B. GOODSSELL.

War Canoe Racing.

THE Ottawa Journal of April 9 contains the following:

An eastern Canada canoe league is likely to be formed this summer. It will be composed of the big canoe clubs of Ottawa, Montreal, Brockville and perhaps Kingston. The organization will be entirely separate from the American Canoe Association, although perfectly friendly to that body.

The matter was thoroughly discussed last evening at a meeting held in the O. A. A. C. by representatives of the Ottawa and Britannia canoe clubs. Those present were Messrs. E. A. Black (captain), K. F. Clayton and H. B. Cowan, of the Ottawa Club, and Messrs. T. Tache, W. A. Donnelly, E. Stockton and E. R. McNeill, of the Britannias.

As a result of the meeting a motion was passed recommending the formation of an eastern Canada canoe league, composed of the Ottawas and Britannias, of Ottawa; the Bohemians, Brockvilles and Y. M. C. A., of Brockville; the Kingstons, if they will come in, and as many of the Montreal clubs as possible.

It is proposed to have a permanent championship cup, as well as a trophy, to become the property of the winners of each year. It is proposed also to hold the championship race each year at the regatta of the club winning the previous year. The first race would therefore be conducted by the Bohemians, of Brockville.

During the month Com. MacKendrick has visited Ottawa, Brockville and Kingston, the centers of war canoe racing, and has conferred with the leading clubs. He is working on a plan to establish a war canoe trophy in the Northern Division, to be raced for at some point within a convenient radius of Ottawa, Kingston and Brockville, in those years when the A. C. A. meet is held away from the St. Lawrence River. In addition, it is hoped to have an A. C. A. championship cup of value of about \$200. The following programme of war canoe races is proposed for the present meet, provided sufficient entries can be secured:

Event No. 27: A. C. A. championship; 1 mile with turn.

Event No. 28: Tug of war; 1-minute heats; best out of 3 heats.

Event No. 29: Division race, ½ mile with turn. Each Division may enter any number of crews.

Event No. 30: Race between picked teams from the A. C. A. and the Muskoka Lakes Association, for a trophy donated by G. R. R. Cockburn, Esq.

Event No. 31: Northern Division war canoe races for Northern Division banner.

Also on Aug. 6 the Muskoka Lakes Association will give a valuable trophy for war canoe race at their annual regatta on Lake Muskoka.

There is a sentiment among some of the war canoe crews unconnected with the A. C. A. in favor of an independent association, but thus far nothing has been adduced to show the advantage of this plan over the proposed, of racing under the A. C. A., with special arrangements to suit the conditions of war canoe racing as distinguished from general canoeing.

So far as we have been able to learn, the proposed independent association is not interested in the one vital matter on which the future of the sport depends, the timely exclusion of the racing shell type of war canoe. Unless prompt and adequate measures are taken in this matter, no amount of prizes or racing can keep the sport alive for more than three or four years—in fact, the greater the immediate stimulus to racing under existing rules the quicker the deterioration of the sport, and the more certain its ultimate extinction.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C., which for the past fifteen years has been located in the basin at the foot of Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is about to change its quarters during the coming season. The sale of the basin and the alterations intended by the present owners have made such a course advisable, and a change has been determined upon. Accordingly, the club has secured the club house adjoining Stillwell's Hotel on Gravesend Bay, occupied for many years by the Brooklyn Y. C. as its headquarters, and now left vacant by the consolidation of that club with the Gravesend Y. C.

The new location is everything that could be desired for canoeing purposes. The bay at the point chosen is sheltered on all sides except on the northwest, and affords the best possible course for sailing and racing about New York city. Its proximity to Coney Island Inlet makes access to Jamaica Bay and the waters on the south side of Long Island easy and convenient.

The house, which is a commodious two-story structure, is erected on piles over the water, and is furnished with every necessary convenience.

The floating boat house heretofore occupied by the club at the old Atlantic Y. C. basin was moved from its former berth at Fifty-sixth street to its new location on Gravesend Bay on April 22. The house was towed out to the

end of the Fifty-sixth street dock the afternoon before and at 7 o'clock on the following morning a party consisting of Messrs. Hogan and Dater, accompanied by Mr. Henry C. Morse as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the A. C. A. Peoria C. C., embarked.

The morning was perfect for the work in hand, and the voyage progressed without incident as far as the Ulmer Park dock, where Messrs. Bennett and Vernon joined the party.

After a wait of some two hours for high water, the voyage was resumed, and with the aid of frequent soundings the new berth reached and the house securely moored.

At Stillwell's the party was met by Mr. Nash, the Chairman of House Committee, and by a delegation from the New York C. C., headed by Messrs. Moore, Smythe and Mowbray, who were present to extend a hearty and much appreciated welcome to their new neighbors.

The voyage was free from disaster, except for the temporary loss of Mr. Hogan, who, anxious to verify the correctness of the deep sea soundings, somewhat precipitately quitted his perch on a slippery log and went down to the bottom of the bay to see for himself, leaving his eyeglasses below as a pledge of good faith.

Other members of the club visited the house during the afternoon.

Formal possession of the new club house will be secured within the next few days, and the house as soon as possible thereafter will be put in order for the residence of those members who will permanently occupy it during the summer.

The new house will be taken formal possession of some time during the month of May, and will be occupied as a residence by the members of the club during the coming season.

The acquisition of this property fills a long felt want on the part of the club for more commodious quarters, and it is believed will tend to materially increase the prosperity of the organization.

Royal C. C.

THE racing season of the Royal C. C. began on March 10 with a sweepstakes race, and events are scheduled regularly for almost every week. The programme, as far as announced, goes up to July 25, and a supplementary one will be published later for the fall races. The regular weekly events are sailed at Teddington-on-the-Thames. The Whitsuntide cruise, from June 2 to June 10, will be down the river. The thirty-fourth annual regatta will be sailed on June 30, fourteen events being scheduled. The annual camp will be held at Langston Harbor (Hayling), near Portsmouth, from July 14 to July 25. The club challenge cup and the new De Quincey challenge cup will be sailed for at the meet, with other races.

The racing up to the present time is as follows:

March 10:

	Start.	First Round.	Second Round.	Final.
Gadfly, A. S. Hemingway.....	3 10 02	3 19 33	3 28 00	3 37 15
Eft, Linton Hope.....	3 10 12	3 20 54	3 29 40	3 38 30
Snark, F. W. Hodges.....	3 10 13	3 19 58	3 29 10	3 38 09
Vanessa, B. de O. Quincey.....	3 10 09	3 20 52	3 30 15	3 39 50
Nana, O. F. Gason.....	3 10 23	3 22 11	3 31 12	3 41 10
Daphne, H. R. Drew.....	3 10 05	Disqualified.		

Winner, Gadfly; second, Snark; third, Eft.

Gadfly was first over the line, closely followed by Daphne and Vanessa, then Eft, Snark, and Nana last; the wind was east, which gave a reach round the course. On turning the bottom buoy Gadfly was leading, Snark overlapped Vanessa, and the latter had to give way; Eft was next, Daphne and Nana the last pair; reaching up to the top buoy Snark and Eft passed Vanessa; on round-the mark Daphne forced Nana on to the buoy and was disqualified, while the latter went over the buoy and was ordered to round again. Gadfly continued to lead right through, while Eft and Snark were having a fine race for second place: Vanessa dropped astern in the increasing breeze, and finished fourth. Mr. Ellington sailed Gadfly; Mr. Lawson was officer of the day.

March 17—Sailing race for canoes and cruisers. Teddington Reach course. Start 3:17; wind, light.

Snapper, Guy Ellington.....	3 17 02	4 15 10
Vanessa, B. de O. Quincey.....	3 17 25	4 29 00
Snark, F. W. Hodges.....	3 17 10	4 17 50
Nana II., O. F. Gason.....	3 17 07	4 17 19
Gadfly, A. S. Hemingway.....	3 17 03	4 35 40
Eft, Linton Hope.....	3 17 04	4 17 11
An, E. B. Coston.....	3 17 34	4 29 50

An is the old Rani of the racing class; the others are all of the cruising class. Snark, Nana II. and Daphne are new boats, all designed by Mr. Linton Hope.

Snapper was first over the line, closely followed by Gadfly, Eft, Nana and Snark, the others being late. Snapper led on first round, with Nana second and Eft third and An last. In the second round Eft passed Nana, and in the third Snark went into third place, and An passed Gadfly. In the last round Nana repassed Snark, the race finishing with Snapper first, Elf second and Nana third.

March 24—Race for canoes and cruisers. Four rounds Teddington Reach course. Start 3:07 P. M.; wind, N. to N.E.; 5s. sweepstakes.

	Start.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Final.
Eft, Linton Hope.....	3 07 06	3 17 30	3 26 35	3 35 57	3 45 30
Snapper, G. Ellington.....	3 07 03	3 17 50	3 27 30	3 37 45	3 46 15
Nana, O. F. Gason.....	3 07 15	3 18 12	3 27 50	3 37 50	3 46 16
Snark, F. W. Hodges.....	3 07 10	3 18 11	3 27 42	Gave up.	
Vanessa, B. de O. Quincey.....	3 07 12	3 18 10	3 28 20	3 40 20	3 50 45
Daphne, R. H. Drew.....	3 07 20	Gave up.			

They were all over the line smartly after gunfire. Daphne fouled the buoy and then ran into some trees and retired. At the end of the first round Snapper was leading, with Eft second and Vanessa third, Snark and Nana being close up. At the end of the second round Eft was leading, Snapper being second and Snark third. Snark gave up after rounding the lower buoy, and Nana was gradually overhauling Snapper, while Vanessa had fallen astern, having luffed up to take in a reef. During the last round Snapper and Nana closed up on Eft, but were not able to catch her, and she won by 45 seconds; Snapper was second, 1 second ahead of Nana.

March 31—Sweepstake race for canoes and cruisers. Four rounds Teddington Reach course. Start, 3:05 P. M.; wind, N.E., very light.

There were six starters, viz., Snapper, Eft, Gadfly, Vanessa, Snark and Nana. Two seconds after gunfire

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

May 2-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of Walsrode Gun Club. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.
 May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.
 July 11-12.—Naragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.
 Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

May 2.—Westminster, Md.—Tournament of the Westminster Gun Club; live birds and targets.
 May 2-3.—Laverne, Minn.—Laverne Gun Club's tournament.
 May 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club; added money. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
 May 5-6.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's tournament.
 May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.
 May 9-10.—Natchez, Miss.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. F. C. Sampson, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.
 May 10-11.—Tyrone, Pa.—Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.
 May 11.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr. Second day, May 25.
 May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas. Chemical Bldg.
 May 14.—East New York, Brooklyn.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. Team race between Fultons, Hudsons and Oceanics. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
 May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Newell, Ia.—Amateur target tournament of the Newell Gun Club. H. G. Hall, Sec'y.
 May 16-17.—Chicago Junction, O.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.
 May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament. L. C. Abbott, Sec'y.
 May 23-24.—Albion, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
 May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.
 May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.
 May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.
 May 25.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
 May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Decoration Day live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.
 May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association shoot. H. B. Perry, M.D., Pres.
 May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.
 May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.
 May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Eric Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.
 May 31-June 1.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club; bluebirds. L. Hezzelwood, Sec'y.

June (First Week).—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, manager.
 June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
 June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.
 June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.
 June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
 June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
 June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluebird tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.
 July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padelford, Sec'y.
 July 17-19.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.
 Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.
 Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
 Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

TROPHY SHOTS.

Medicus Gun Club trophy shoot, Interstate Park.—Fourth Thursday of each month.
 Interstate Park Association trophy.—First event May 15, and thereafter each month; the cup to become the property of him who wins it four times.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the twenty-third annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association, Dupont Park, St. Louis, May 14 to 19, fairly teems with shooting opportunities. The first day is devoted to State events, of which the State Association team medal shoot is assigned to open the competition. Open to one four-men team from each club of the State of Missouri. Fifteen birds to each man, entrance \$20 per team, birds extra; \$100 to go to the club holding the medal, and \$100 additional guaranteed, to be divided among the second, third, fourth and fifth teams, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The second event, combination event; Missouri State individual championship, is at 25 birds, entrance \$12.50, including birds, \$50 in cash added; a gold medal, emblematic of the State championship at live birds, goes to the winner, the surplus moneys to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Trophy must be shot for in case of tie. A gold medal, valued at \$25, also goes to the winner. The Lemp medal, representing the amateur championship at live birds, is the first event of the second day. It is a handicap, at 25 live birds, entrance \$15, birds included, Interstate rules to govern. There are nine events at bluebirds, of which four are at 15, five at 20, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance respectively, and \$25 and \$30 respectively added to each of these events. The opening event of the third day is at 10 live birds, \$7 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, open to the world. The shooting off of ties for the Lemp medal will take place at 2 o'clock on this day. The target programme is the same as that of the previous day. The fourth day opens with the Sportsmen's Review cup, open to the world; conditions, 25 birds, 30yds. rise; entrance \$25, birds included; \$1,000 guaranteed. There are six 15-target events on this day, \$1.50 entrance and \$20 added to each. On the fifth day the St. Louis Republic trophy, a handicap, open to the world, will be the opening event. It will be at 25 birds, \$25 entrance, including birds; \$1,000 guaranteed. The target events on the sixth day are the same as those offered in the second day's programme, with an equal amount of money added. There will also be a 10-live-bird event, 30yds. rise, \$10 entrance, birds included. At 2:30 P. M. the shooting off of the ties of the Sportsmen's Review cup and Republic trophy

will take place. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. All ties divide unless otherwise specified. The management reserve the right to make such changes in the programme as in their judgment will promote the best interests of the tournament. The Rose system will govern the division of all moneys in the target events unless otherwise specified. In 15-target events, 5, 3 and 2 points; in 20-target events, 7, 5, 3 and 2 points. The high gun system will govern the live-bird events, one money for each four entries. Targets, 2 cents; live birds, 25 cents. Manufacturers' agents and paid experts will be charged 50 cents an event extra at targets in all programme events, and this money will be divided equally among all amateurs who shoot through the target programme of the first two days, and the same division will be made at the end of the last two days. Mr. M. V. Reiger will be the referee. C. H. Wallingford will be cashier. The St. Louis Transit Company cars (Delmar avenue division) on Washington avenue and transfer at Mid and Railroad at De Baliviere avenue, will take passengers direct to the grounds. Ammunition shipped to the Rawlings Sporting Goods Company, 620 Locust street, will be delivered at Dupont Park free of charge.

The programme of the Interstate target tournament, to be held at Richmond, Va., May 23 and 24, has been issued. It provides ten events each day, of which seven are at 15 bluebirds and three are at 20. Entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Bluebirds, 1 cent each, included in entrance. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the West End Club, at Blandon Park. Shooting each day commences at 9 o'clock. To reach the shooting grounds take the electric cars, running past Murphy's Hotel, to Reservoir Park, where carriages will be in waiting to transfer to Blandon Park, where the shoot will be held; or take cars of the Richmond Railway & Electric Co., at Seventh and Broad streets, and go to Reservoir Park, where carriages will transfer to Blandon Park, about one-quarter of a mile distant. Further pertinent information will be furnished by W. H. Colquitt, secretary West End Gun Club, Box 472, Richmond, Va. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system, into four moneys, at the ratio of 5, 3, 2, and 1. Guns and ammunition forwarded to T. W. Tignor's Sons, 1219 E. Main street, Richmond, Va., will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge. Hot lunch will be served on the grounds each day at 50 cents per m.a. The Interstate Association's new rules will govern all events. On May 25 will be the live-bird shoot, under the auspices of the Richmond Pigeon Club, a 20-bird handicap. Entrance fee \$10, birds extra at 25 cents each; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. High guns to win. All ties to divide. Handicaps to be announced on the day of the tournament.

The programme of the twenty-third annual convention and tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held at Marshalltown, Ia., May 22, 23, and 24, is now ready for distribution. The grounds are open for practice on May 21. There are twelve events on the first day, uniformly at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. There are five average prizes, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6 and \$5, and these are only for amateurs who shoot through the twelve events. Low average, \$9. Ties divided. Targets, 2 cents. The programme of the second day is similar to the above, excepting No. 7, which is the Smith cup event, at 20 targets, \$3.50 entrance, \$2 of entrance money to holder of cup, balance, less targets, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to second, third and fourth places; open only to members of the State Association. The third day has five live-bird events on the programme; No. 1 is at 5 live birds, entrance \$2.50; two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. Nos. 2 and 5 are at 7 live birds, \$4 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 3 is the State trophy event, entrance \$2 per team; open only to members of the Association. Two men of any gun club to constitute a team. Twenty birds to each team, and birds extra at 20 cents. Guns and ammunition sent to the secretary will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Meals will be served on the grounds. Sergeant system will be used. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. All ties divide. Revised Interstate Association rules will govern. L. C. Abbott, secretary.

The Deer Lick Gun Club, Chicago Junction, O., has issued the programme for its fifth annual target and live-bird tournament, May 16 and 17. All sportsmen are cordially invited. There are ten target events on the programme of the first day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, excepting No. 8, at 20 targets, \$3. the prize in this event being a hammerless Parker, Smith, Remington or Lelever, made to order, or the equivalent in cash. There must be twenty entries; if less than twenty entries, the event will be shot one money to the high man. Targets thrown by magnum trap. The programme of the second day has four events at live birds, of which Nos. 1 and 3 are at 5 birds, \$3, three moneys; Nos. 2 and 4 are at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys if less than ten entries. If time permits, miss-and-outs and extra sweeps will be shot. Free hack to grounds. Lunch for sale on the grounds. Guns and ammunition sent to the New Commercial Hotel will be delivered on the club grounds.

The energetic representative of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Company, Mr. Paul North, will manage the annual tournament of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of England, at London, in June. This tournament will be held on the American plan as to its management, and this, we are informed, by the special request of the Prince of Wales. Last year the extraordinary number of 13,000 targets were thrown in five days. June 5 to 10 inclusive last year, at the New York State shoot, Mr. North manager, about 55,000 bluebirds were thrown, so that there is a possibility that under Mr. North's management the record of the Association of England on the inanimate bird may be broken by a target or two.

Mr. Ed O. Bower, secretary-treasurer of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, writes us as follows: "Referring to our announcement under 'Fixtures,' I beg to request that you kindly change it to read as follows, the only change being the amount of added money shown: 'June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.'"

There were six two-men teams in the trophy contest, held under the auspices of the Medicus Gun Club, at Interstate Park, Queens, on Wednesday of last week. The New Utrecht team, Messrs. Banks and Morley, after a close contest, won the first contest, with a score of 164, each shooting at 10 targets. There was a stiff wind blowing, which made many kangaroo flights, and consequently difficult shooting.

The Iowa Falls (Ia.) Gun Club has issued the programme for its fourth annual amateur tournament at targets. May 31 and June 1 are the dates fixed upon. Shooting commences at 8 o'clock. A magnum trap will be used. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns and ammunition sent in care of the secretary, Mr. L. Hezzelwood, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. There are ten events each day at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance of which is based on 10 cents per target.

The Interstate Park Association offers for open competition at targets, conditions to be made known later, a sterling silver trophy, value \$150, to be shot for at Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, Long Island. The first event will be on May 15, and a competition for it will take place thereafter each month. The cup becomes the property of the winner of four events; entrance, price of targets. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10:30. Cup event commences at 1 o'clock.

Mr. C. W. Feirensman, of Newark, won the second open competition for the Greater New York and vicinity trophy, and as it proved, the last, for the trophy now becomes his personal property, he having won it four times in succession, twice in open competition and twice in matches. This was truly a remarkable performance, for no cup was ever with so stringent conditions governing competition for it, nor with such odds against any one shooter winning it with a straight record.

In the target shoot between teams of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Princeton team, which took place at Stockton Field, the latter scored 112 to 99 by the former. Each man shot at 30 targets. This contest decided the winners of the cups offered last year. The scores were: Princeton—Elbert 27, Snaulding 15, Carman 13, McMillan 30, Laughlin 22; total 117. University of Pennsylvania—Pariot 23, Paget 17, Carlisle 17, Baldwin 23, Cooper 19; total 99.

Eft led over the line 1 second ahead of Snapper, Gadfly and Nana, Vanessa and Snark being the last pair. The breeze was very light, and they were over 40 minutes sailing the first round, and before they had completed the second round the time limit for the four rounds, viz., two hours, had expired, and the flag was hauled down. The sweepsake therefore was postponed for a week.

Race for canoes and cruisers; Teddington Reach course, four rounds; start, 3:12 P. M.; wind, light at start from N., freshening later from E.; 5s. sweepstakes.

	Start.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Finish.
Snapper, G. Ellington.....	3 12 26	3 40 05	3 50 40	3 58 55	4 07 50
Nana, O. F. Gason.....	3 12 26	3 40 05	3 50 40	3 58 55	4 08 35
Eft, Linton Hope.....	3 12 10	3 40 42	3 51 05	4 00 05	4 09 12
Snark, F. W. Hodges.....	3 12 24	3 42 22	3 53 08	4 01 55	4 10 53
Gadfly, G. E. Webster.....	3 12 15	3 42 12	3 55 05	4 03 36	4 13 15
Vagabond, R. F. Lawson.....	3 12 03	3 43 22	3 54 45	4 04 40	4 15 01
Daphne, R. H. Drew.....	3 12 18	3 44 50	3 55 40	4 06 05	4 20 03
Snapper, first; Nana, second; Eft, third.					

They all got away fairly together, Snapper taking the lead. After rounding the bottom buoy Snapper carried a breeze right up the reach, while the others all lay becalmed. When the breeze came again it was easterly, giving a close nip to fetch the buoy. Nana and Eft were first to benefit by the change of wind, and drew away from the others, Nana being second round the home mark and Eft third. During the second round Nana came up on Snapper, and during the last two rounds considerably decreased her lead, while Eft closed up on Nana, the other four cruisers being left some distance astern. Snapper won by 45 seconds from Nana and Eft was third.

The Easter racing covered three days, and nine canoes took part. The races were sailed in very strong winds. In the first race, of April 13, the leading boats were Snark, Daphne and Eft, Nana following a buoy. In the afternoon Eft was first, Nana second and Snapper third. Next day the first three in the morning were Eft, Nana and Snark; in the afternoon Nana, Snark and Gadfly. On Easter Monday Nana led, with Snark, Eft and Snapper finishing within the same minute with her. The weather put the canoes to a hard test and several were disabled.

Old Times in the A. C. A.

CANTON, N. Y., April 11.—Com. W. G. MacKendrick, A. C. A., Toronto, Ont.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 8th inst. is at hand. Yes, boating is looking up. More life in it here to-day than in midsummer for several years back. Can't say if I will get to the meet. It comes just before close of busy season, when all orders are either overdue or in great haste, and I often feel I do not dare leave them with employees, so can't say. But I'd like to be there, you may be sure. I'm an old member of A. C. A. in more ways than one. One August morn in 1880, as I walked over behind the boat house at Crosby-side, I found several men gathered around a bit of a fire. One was talking to the others. It was Bishop. He said: "We expect Mr. Rushton," and I answered, "Here." Then I was introduced to Longworth, Alden, Wulsin and others. A committee was named to nominate first officers. I was on that committee twenty years ago. Many changes. Then I was a bachelor. Now I have a fourteen-year-old boy in, and 18lbs. bigger than I am. Longworth is over the great Divide. I haven't heard of Alden, Wulsin nor Heighway for years. I had a letter just the other day from Bishop—from West Palm Beach, Fla. Mrs. Bishop is dead. She was a charming lady, and Bishop has sold his Lake George property. Well, well, I'm yarning it.

Oh, yes! One more I haven't heard from of late—Tyson. My regards to him if he is yet with you.

And "So along," as Nessmuk used to say.

Yours truly,

J. H. RUSHTON.

P. S.—You will notice my A. C. A. number is 37. Also that I am a charter member, and that there are but twenty-two charter members. I was No. 3, 4 or 5 to sign the constitution. How I got up to 37 I never knew. Until years had gone by I did not think much of it. Now I wish I was numbered rightly.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—*R. D. F. Bayley, New York.
 Central Division—*F. K. Townsend, Rochester; *Arnold L. Empey, Rochester; *Harry R. Moulthrop, Rochester; *Bernard Liesching, Rochester; *Albert Hayes, Salem, O.; *Harry Kaufman, Rochester; *C. B. Wolters, Rochester; *Raymond Evans, Clarence Perregrine, Col. Jacob Wein, Harry Stieren, Albert Heeren, all of the Duquesne C. C., of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Eastern Division—*Chas. L. Burleigh, Lakeside B. C.; *W. H. Thomas, Lakeside B. C.; *Stephen W. Dimick, Puritan C. C.; *Herbert P. Bagley, *William C. Mellish, *Chas. T. Tatman, *Wm. J. H. Nourse, *C. Frederick Goddard, *Clarence E. Jagger, *Lawrence G. Bigelow, *Geo. W. Davis, *Geo. W. Eddy, *Reginald W. Clark, *Frederick W. White, *Geo. Adams Davis and *J. Perley Killgore, all of the Tatassit C. C., Worcester, Mass.; Albert C. Mirick, W. G. Whiting, Frank H. Allen, Emory A. Stone, all of Lakeside B. C.

Western Division—*A. L. Oetter, W. F. Girard.

*Published April 14, 21, 28.

Toronto C. C.

THE Toronto C. C. has published a most striking and artistic programme of the season's races, printed in black on red paper, with a black cover. The programme begins with a tandem relay race and a race of scratch fours on June 2. On June 9 is a cruise of the war canoe and sailing canoes to Humber, for supper. On June 16 are three races—novice single-blade, single-blade intermediate and tilting tournament—followed by a hop at 8 P. M. On June 23 is another cruise to the Humber, and on July 1 the Dominion Day regatta. The annual regatta on July 7 has eleven events. On July 14 there will be paddling and sailing races, and on July 21 double-blade junior and sailing races for Classes A and B, followed by a hop. The club cruise will take place on Sept. 1, 2, 3, and the fall regatta on Sept. 8. The final race, on Sept. 15, will be for sailing canoes in both classes.

W. A. Grewald..... C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass.—The final shoot in Boston Gun Club spring prize series occurred at Wellington, April 25. Everything but the scores conspired to a noteworthy close, weather and attendance being fine. The scores were noteworthy in a way—that of mediocre quality, but one or two shooters approaching their regular average. The wind was partially responsible for this state of affairs, but the day being mild and sunny few complaints were heard.

The Haverhill and Brockton clubs were well represented, and a number of ladies also graced the occasion. Mrs. C. F. Lambert, who came out with her husband, thus celebrated a first appearance, after a lengthy and severe siege of typhoid fever. Mrs. Kirkwood, the Misses Horny, Innes, Potter and Kirkwood were the other ladies who honored the club, apparently much interested in the work of the shooters.

Scores are fully given below. It will be seen that Mr. B. Leroy secured possession of the gun cabinet, first prize, and it proved a very popular win. In a class by himself as regards handicap he attended ten of the fifteen shoots and invariably shot a steady, consistent gait. Mr. A. H. Baker, 16yds., won second with practically as good a score. Spencer, 18yds., was close behind, winning third prize. The handicaps seemed fairly adjusted to bring about so close a result.

A new series follows immediately, on Wednesdays, just the same, excepting holidays, and under similar conditions. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	10	5p	10	10
Gordon, 17.	6	6	7	4	6	6	7	6	8	5	..
Miskay, 18.	6	8	6	5	4	7	5	4
Leroy, 21.	8	9	8	7	9	6	8	9	8	9	7
Woodruff, 17.	5	5	..	5	6	4	9	8	4
Benton, 14.	5	2	3	3
Brown, 16.	7	4	6	7	6	8	3	8	5	6	..
Tozier, 16.	4	7	4	8	7	5	5	7	4	9	..
Gonzales, 16.	4	9	5	4	5	9	4	7	5	8	..
Sheffield, 16.	9	6	6	7	7	8	3	8	10	7	5
Leonard, 16.	7	8	5	8	7	5	6	8	7	9	..
Lane, 16.	7	5	3	4	2	4	6	4	5	5	..
Williams, 16.	6	4	7	3	8	8	8	7	6	8	..
North, 16.	9	8	5	6	9	3	4	9	4
Baker, 16.	8	9	9	7	8	4	7	7	8	9	8
Lambert, 16.	5	7	7	8	7	5	9	9	..
Sellman, 16.	4	6	6	3	2	2	4
Spencer, 16.	9	7	10	3	8	6	7	6	..
Poor, 15.	6	2	5	3	4	7	5
Hilliard, 16.	3	6	8	4	5	6	3

All events unknown angles from magautrap. Final contest in merchandise series, 30 targets—20 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Williams, 15.	111101011110110111	16	00	11	11	11	11	8	24
Leroy, 21.	111111110011101100	15	11	10	11	11	10	8	23
Lambert, 16.	101101011110000111	14	10	01	11	11	11	8	22
Spencer, 18.	100110111111111111	17	00	00	10	01	10	8	20
Gordon, 17.	0110101011011000110	12	00	11	01	10	11	7	19
Baker, 16.	111010111101010000	12	01	11	01	10	11	7	19
Woodruff, 17.	111010001101010000	10	11	11	11	11	10	9	19
Sheffield, 16.	100110111101111101	15	10	10	00	00	10	3	18
Leonard, 16.	111010110001101010	12	11	01	00	10	11	6	18
Gonzales, 15.	101100001111111110	14	10	11	00	00	01	4	18
Hilliard, 16.	010110011111101100	14	00	10	01	10	10	4	18
Tozier, 16.	101011110001010101	12	00	11	11	10	00	5	17
North, 16.	111111110100101000	12	00	10	10	11	00	4	16
Miskay, 18.	000101001111010101	11	11	10	01	00	10	5	16
Sellman, 16.	011010101101011100	12	01	00	11	00	00	3	15
Lane, 16.	100001000010101000	10	01	11	01	00	11	6	12
Poor, 15.	000101000010110000	7	01	00	01	10	00	3	10

Winning scores in concluded Prize series. Conditions were the best six scores out of the fifteen shoots to count as a prize total:

Leroy, first	28	26	24	24	23	151
Baker, second	26	25	25	25	24	150
Spencer, third	26	25	25	25	24	148
Woodruff, fourth	24	24	24	24	23	141
Miskay, fifth	25	24	23	23	22	140
Gordon, sixth	27	23	23	22	22	139
Sheffield, seventh	24	24	22	21	19	129
Leonard, eighth	27	24	22	20	18	126
Horace, ninth	23	22	21	19	18	119
Williams, tenth	24	24	22	18	17	118

Pentz Pin and Macalester Cup.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 29.—You may be able to use the enclosed from my pen in regard to the Macalister cup and Pentz pin:

At the opening of the live-bird shooting season last fall the Baltimore Shooting Association had two prizes donated—a handsome cluster pearl pin, the gift of Mr. Jacob Pentz, of New York, and a silver loving cup, donated by Mr. Charles Macalester, of this city. The latter has just been won by H. P. Collins. The conditions governing the contests for these prizes were formulated by the board of governors of the Association, and provided that they should be open only to members of the Association, and consist of seven races of 10 live birds each, handicap races, the first race for the Jacob Pentz pin to be held on the second Saturday in September last, and the final race on the second Saturday of last March; and that in order for a contestant to qualify it would be necessary to shoot in at least five races of the series, and the total of a contestant's five highest scores would determine his standing as regarded the prize. Mr. James R. Malone was the fortunate winner of the pearl pin, finishing the race with a total of 50 points; Mr. Hood Waters was second high man with a score of 48; Mr. John W. Edel was third with 47, and H. P. Collins fourth with 46.

The first race, for the Macalester cup, was shot on the third Saturday of October last and continued through November, December, January, February, March and April. The conditions governing contests for this cup provided that the final race should be shot on Saturday, April 21 (last Saturday), and all ties, if any were to be shot off, on Saturday, the 28th.

Owing to the unseasonable weather there were but a small number of the members out on last Saturday, and the seventh and final race for the cup was not shot. At that time there were no ties, and only two who had any chance of winning, viz.: H. P. Collins with a score of 46 out of a possible 50, and Hood Waters with 43. Mr. Collins had contested in six of the seven races, and Mr. Waters in five. The board of governors of the Association have decided that inasmuch as the final race was not shot on last Saturday as required by the conditions, the series of races was closed, and upon the showing made by the scores that Mr. Collins was the high man, there being no ties, awarded the cup to him.

Mr. James R. Malone, the winner of the Pentz prize, announced himself early in the contest that he was not contesting for the cup, or else there might—and would in all probability—have been another ending to this story, as he had a score of 47 out of a possible 50, and has been shooting in fine form of late.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—Our second shoot for the year was one of the most enjoyable ones a trap crank could imagine. We had the pleasure of having with us the genial Horace Kirkwood, and he fell among us with blood in his eye and spoiled 90 out of his first 100 blue-rocks.

Mr. Chas. North was also on hand to see how we liked the magautrap. Leominster came over in the persons of Messrs. Burbank and Stickney, and they went home to tell the neighbors that the new trap was quite a machine—in fact, every one was happy. Tally P. is a comer. Cutter is due to take a few bottles of Nervine. Dwight is getting into the game fast, and Con-well, he shot all kinds of guns, and didn't say a word. Next shoot April 25. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
H Kirkwood	10	10	9	7	7	10	9	10	8	10
Putnam	..	9	9	9	9	8	8	7	10	8	8
Wilbur	10	9	8	9	7	6	8	9	10	8	10
Dwight	9	4	7	5	9	6	6	10	6	7	7
Converse	5	7	6	5	4	10	4	6	6	5	7	8	7
Stickney	7	8	8	6	8	8	8	7	9	8	8
Burbank	7	9	7	6	6	6	7	8	8	8	8
Cutter	8	6	6	5	7	5	5	7	5
Hawkins	7	4	9	8	4	3	8	6
Donovan	5	6	3	3	5	7	6	4
North	9	7	7	8	7
Dix

Events Nos. 5 and 12, 5 pairs; all others, 10-bird events, from magautrap.

Lincoln Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 28.—Herewith is an account of our annual tournament with scores: W. S. STEIN.

First Day, Wednesday, April 18.

There was a good attendance of shooters, many of whom were famous. The first event was at 7 live birds, handicaps 26 to 33yds., \$5 entrance, \$20 added; open to Nebraska amateur shooters only. The scores:

Carter, 28.	01222222	6	Raines, 28.	22122222	7
Simpkins, 28.	22222222	6	Sanders, 30.	10022222	5
Bailey, 28.	1221210	6	Sievers, 30.	1222120	6
Bigler, 28.	2112220	6	A Safranek, 28.	2022112	6
Burke, 30.	2222002	5	J Safranek, 28.	0200222	4
Curtis, 29.	0122222	6	Townsend, 29.	1120222	6
Cratty, 28.	112211	7	Linderman, 30.	0122222	6
Glade, 30.	2110121	6	Bray, 30.	1010222	5
Jeffries, 28.	0212222	6	Waddington, 28.	1222122	7
Kimball, 30.	1220222	6	Jenkins, 30.	1222122	7
Linehart, 30.	122210	5	Clyde, 28.	0220121	5
Miller, 28.	1122201	6	Kleutch, 27.	2222022	6
Moore, 30.	1022222	6	Rogers, 30.	112212	7
Nicolai, 30.	1212220	6	Brucker, 30.	221221	7
Organ, 27.	0110222	5	Reed, 30.	2222222	7

The third event, according to the programme, was to be at live birds, but owing to their scarcity this event was omitted and the remainder of the day was devoted to target shooting. In the first target event the three ties on 25 targets were shot off miss-and-out. Sievers won first prize; Connor second, after a spirited shoot-off with Herr, in which he broke 31 straight. Third prize was won by Burk, fourth by Townsend, and fifth prize by John Dorgan.

Second Day, Thursday, April 19.

There was fine weather, favoring the shooters, and good performance marked the competition. Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., broke 105 targets straight, raising a doubt as to whether he was able to miss a target at all, and in the 25-live-bird event, standing at 31yds., he killed all of them.

In the squad shooting Parmelee, Bray, Crosby, Connor and Rogers made an excellent competition. Bray scored 212 out of 215 shot at, a performance of a first class degree.

In target event No. 7 for the silver cup, Mr. H. J. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., won. He had a handicap of 1 target, and it enabled him to tie with J. W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs; W. H. Herr, of Concordia, Kan., and George Peterson, of Coon Rapids, Ia., who broke straight. Taylor and Garrett tied on 25 each in the shoot-off, and the former broke 24 to 23 by the latter in the second shoot-off and won. In the merchandise event at 50 targets the 5 allowed John Dorgan enabled him to score 50, he breaking 45, and he won the Winchester shotgun. Crosby got

Eck	12	18	15	40	13	14	21	15	17	13
Jenkins	13	20	15	48	13	15	24	13	18	13
Wilkins	10	16	14	41	14	..	21	12
Ruggles	10	18	8	34
Marten	13	13
Gulick	12	14	15	47	..	13	..	13
Raines	12	18	13	41
M T Miller	14	19	10	37	12	12
Burke	14	18	13	20	13	10	17	12	17	13
Brook	12	..	8
Carter	15	16	11	..	10	12	..	9	12	13
Linehart	13	18	..	34
Stevens	13	17	11	..	12	7	..	9
Kleutch	14	18	11	..	11	10	..	13	16	..
Cochran	8	14	11	..	7	12	..	9	12	..
Simpkins	13	18	10	42	11	9	..	11	17	11
Dorgan	9	..	45	13
Hairgrove	14	13	14	43	21	12
Clyde	12	..	13	14
Flick	25	14
Roberts	33	16
Kimball	9
Sherman	11	11

Third Day, Friday, April 20.

In the first event, at 10 live birds, eight of the thirteen shooters killed straight. The scores:

Conditions: 10 live birds per man:		
B. 27.	221111212	10
Moore	222222222	10
Townsend	211222222	10
Daniels	220222221	9
Lawton	222212112	10
Nauman	111212222	10
Nicolai	112221212	10
Linderman	222222222	10
Bray	210121212	9
Jenkins	122122212	10
Garrett	222022222	9
Palmer	022022212	8
Simpkins	020222222	7

Linderman won the gold badge, in the target championship contest, the conditions of which were miss-and-out. The scores: Linderman 12, Garrett 2, Daniels 11, Lawton 2, Nauman 1, Herr 6, Connor 11, Bray 11, Schroeder 10, Peterson 6, Sievers 10, Curtis 4, Taylor 12, Townsend 11, Densel 5, Cook 0, Palmer 7, Burton 11, B. 27 12, Simpkins 3, Moore 9, Jenkins 12. In the shoot-off C. D. Linderman, of Omaha, won, breaking 22 straight. The score: B. 27 18, Connor 12, Bray 17, Taylor 21, Linderman 22, Jenkins 18.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., April 21.—The opening shoot of this season of the Woonsocket Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. The last event was closely contested. It was a handicap affair.

The club intends to have the traps covered over, and there is some prospect of a shooting shed being built.



AT THE PERU (IND.) TOURNAMENT.

\$145.50 for killing straight alone in the live-bird event. The scores:

Conditions: 25 live birds, handicaps 26 to 33yds., \$15 entrance, \$100 added:

Rogers, 30.	2122020222210022112212202	-2
Kleutch, 26.	0202222202222220w	-1
Raines, 28.	122120212222222122222222	-2
Parmelee, 32.	2002222222222222222222	-2
Linehart	221112122121021212221012	-2
H P Densel, 28.	102122122202110222220011	-2
Cook, 28.	1221211102202021211012221	-2
Kimball, 30.	222222222222222222222222	-2
Jeffries, 27.	222222222222222222222222	-2
Glade, 30.	222222222222222222222202	-2
Sievers, 30.	222022222222222222220202	-2
Hairgrove, 30.	112221211221221121220112	-2
Nicolai, 30.	122212220222112112222122	-2
Brucker, 29.	102221022222221122012121	-2
Plummer, 29.	222222222222220202022222	-2
F Miller, 28.	222222121221021112020222	-2
Peterson, 31.	210221221021212220222210	-2
Burke, 30.	220222222222222212222222	-2
Daniels, 31.	202220122222222222222220	-2
Crabill, 30.	12222221222022210112220221	-2
Crosby, 31.	222222222222222222222222	-2
Nauman, 29.	221121212122022112122222	-2
Linderman, 30.	222222222222022222222222	-2
Bailey, 29.	1210222220011221222220w	-2
Curtis, 29.	0220222222220222222222w	-2
Bray, 30.	222221222222022122222200	-2
Taylor, 28.	212222202222221211202222	-2
Jenkins, 28.	222222222222222222220112	-2
Townsend, 28.	222220122222212222122222	-2
Garrett, 28.	222112022222222222222202	-2
R. P. 30.	1111121012211121212220212	-2

St. Louis Shooting Association.

St. Louis, Mo.—By the time this appears in *FOREST AND STREAM* the third annual programme of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will be in the hands of 2,500 trapshooters in the United States.

Just what they will think of it remains to be seen, but the St. Louis Shooting Association has not spared expense or time to give a good, clean shoot. Every sportsman can feel that here is a chance to demonstrate his skill with the gun, and if he possesses that skill that the reward will be ample.

In shooting, as in the race for life, the prizes are few and far between. We have only three trophies, and consequently there can be only three winners. Who will they be? Surely not the experts. It is a remarkable fact that it is the unexpected that always happens in a sweepstake for a national trophy. There is Mr. H. D. Bates, of Canada, who defeated all comers at the Grand American.

His remarkable showing should give courage to every sportsman, and he need not be afraid of matching his skill against the experts, who are very few nowadays.

After the Association events are finished, which will take up the first day, the contest for the Lemp medal will be at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance. The Lemp medal is for amateurs only. Then the Sportsmen's Review cup will be placed in open competition, it having been redeemed from Mr. Crosby. This event is a real championship event. It differs from the Republic trophy in one respect, viz., all men are equal here—30 yds. rise, no more, no less, and the Republic trophy is a handicap.

One is just as hard to win as the other, and the winner of either will have the satisfaction of having defeated as fast a lot of shooters as ever faced a trap; for they will all be here.

Kansas City will send her crack shots to take home the Association team medal and the championship of the State. Nebraska will send Tom Kimball and his brother to win the Interstate medal again. Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee will send delegations, and the grand old State of Missouri will turn out in force. Indiana, Illinois and Iowa will be here for the big trophies.

Then the targets! What do you think of a management that adds \$25 to 15-bird events, and \$30 to 20-bird events—only 160 targets a day. That is a lot of money, and look at the way it is divided. It won't please everybody, but it ought to please the amateur.

Fifteen-bird events, Rose system, 5, 3, 2; three moneys. Twenty-bird events, Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 2, four moneys. Where is the man that has tournament in his head that believes he cannot break 13 or 14 out of 15 over a magatrap all the time? And if he can then he will get more than his money back; and if he is lucky enough to land a straight, why, he will feel good all day.

There must be some losers as well as winners, but when a man shoots well, and then loses on account of the division of the money, as was the case last year, he has a right to kick, and he did. We received them in the spirit that they were given, and have profited thereby.

Boys, we ask you to come to St. Louis—be here a day or two before and get some practice. We have plenty of live birds for you, and a car load of bluebirds on the grounds.

Du Pont Park is open every day in the year for any one who cares to shoot, but from May 14 to 19 it will be crowded with good, whole-souled sportsmen like yourself.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

Trap at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 26.—We held yesterday, Wednesday, April 26, the opening of the trapshooting season of the year, on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, on which occasion there was a shoot for the introductory cup, 15 live birds, handicap rise, 50 yds. boundary. Billy Hively was scorer, Frank Pragoff referee. Herewith find the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.	
H J Lyons, 31.....	3 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 2 4 2 4 5 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14
A M Partledge, 27.....	4 1 4 5 3 3 3 3 4 5 3 3 4 5 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 * 2 0 2 0 2 2—11
S Culbertson, 27.....	1 1 3 3 2 1 4 5 3 3 1 1 8 4 0 1 2 1 * 2 2 1 * 2 1 2 2 0
F W Samuel, 27.....	5 3 3 1 4 1 4 5 5 5 1 4 2 1 4 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 1—18
B Ballard, 31.....	5 1 5 2 4 4 4 4 3 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0
W A Wamcott, 29.....	5 2 5 4 4 2 1 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
W M Keller, 26.....	4 3 3 1 2 2 5 5 3 5 2 1 2 4 2 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1—12
W W Thompson, 28.....	5 1 3 3 4 1 5 1 2 4 4 3 2 2 * 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 0
D L Miller, 30.....	4 1 3 4 1 4 4 1 2 3 5 1 5 4 4 0 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 0—11
W W Watson, 30.....	5 4 4 2 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 * w.
E Pragoff, 30.....	3 8 5 4 2 5 3 4 4 2 2 2 0 2 1 * 2 * w.
J W Marcy, 27.....	3 2 4 4 3 4 1 3 1 5 4 4 0 2 2 2 2 * 0 1 1 1 2 0
G R Hunt, 27.....	5 3 3 4 1 3 5 3 4 5 5 1 4 3 4 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 0—11
Hutchings, 31.....	4 4 4 3 3 2 1 2 5 5 4 5 5 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 2 2 0 0
W G Churchill, 29.....	4 5 5 4 4 3 1 3 4 5 2 1 3 3 5 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2—13
Chas. Ballard, 25.....	5 4 4 5 3 5 4 4 4 4 1 3 4 5 2 2 * 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 1—12

PRAGOFF BROTHERS.

West Virginia Tournament.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., April 23.—Having just returned from Charleston, W. Va., where I have been in the interest of our coming State tournament, which is to be held in the Capitol City, June 19, 20 and 21, under the auspices of the Beechwood Rod and Gun Club, I should like space for a brief report of my visit. I am happy to say that I found the Charleston people very much alive, and working like beavers for the success of our fourth annual meeting. The Beechwood Club is one of the strongest shooting organizations in the State, and with the management of this tournament in the hands of such elegant gentlemen as Gen. J. A. Holley, Hon. J. A. de Guyter, Messrs. W. F. and H. D. Goshorn, Dr. J. N. Mahan, John D. Lewis, J. A. Jones, D. C. Reay, W. T. Levi and others, I think I should be perfectly safe in guaranteeing that this will be by far the greatest tournament ever held in West Virginia, and we have had some good ones. There will be \$500 in cold, hard cash added to the sweepstake events, open to the world, besides several fine guns and other valuable merchandise prizes in State events. An attractive programme telling all about it will be ready for the mail about the middle of May, and may be had for the asking. The club grounds are located at Beechwood Park, about two miles from the business part of the city, with direct electric line and cars running every few minutes. The writer had the pleasure of visiting these beautiful grounds Saturday last, and I can assure all prospective visitors that the accommodations both at the park and in the city will be first class in every respect. The club house, which will not be over 15 yds. from the two magatrap, is a fine large building, containing

eight elegant rooms, with broad porch on two sides, and with bowling alley complete at the extreme left. The superintendent of the grounds occupies a part of the house, the club reserving rooms for their cashier, storing guns, ammunition, etc. The club has secured the services of one of the leading caterers of Charleston, who will serve a nice lunch at noon each day at the grounds, and on Tuesday evening, June 19, the ladies of Charleston are to give a banquet to the visiting shooters and their ladies; the tables to be arranged on the porches of the club house, and it is not necessary for me to say that everything will be up to date. While in the city, the Hotel Ruffner, one of the largest and finest hotels in the State, will be shooters' headquarters. Any additional information concerning the above may be had by addressing Mr. J. A. Jones, secretary, Charleston, W. Va.

Ed O. Bower, Sec'y-Treas. W. Va. S. A.

Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association.

AMHERST, Mass.—The scores which follow were made at Amherst Gun Club grounds, April 19. This was the first shoot of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association, one of a series of five for a silver cup trophy.

The teams in the league are Amherst, Gardner, Palmer, Brookfield and Winchendon.

The next shoot will be held at Palmer, Mass., May 30.

Five men in each team, 25 targets, magatrap.

Event 5, team shoot. The scores:

Amherst Gun Club: Shaw 21, Stacy 20, Perry 20, Gayler 18, Gale 14; total 93, or .744.

Gardner Gun Club: Payne 18, Lenoir 18, Crabtree 14, Knight 19, Sawin 19; total 88, or .704.

Palmer Gun Club: Manchester 19, S. B. Keith 17, Crocker 17, Crosby 14, Norcross 13; total 80, or .604.

Brookfield Gun Club: Chapin 20, W. G. Keith 16, Putnam 15, Matthews 9, Gibson 18; total 73, or .592.

Winchendon Gun Club: Plummer 15, Lacey 7, Clark 16, Lincoln 13, Lawrence 18; total 69, or .552.

Events:

Targets:

Jordan

Merritt

Blarney

Gale

Sawin

Crabtree

Payne

Page

W G Keith

Matthewson

Lenoir

Manchester

Shaw

Chapin

Perry

Crosby

Myrick

Coates

Lincoln

Knight

Knowlton

Plummer

Clark

Loverin

Fellows

Crocker

Stacy

Lawrence

Lacey

Gibson

Putnam

Dr Keith

Gayler

Nash

Dr Egbert

Moore

Goersmann

Campion

*Miss-and-out.

H. B. PERRY, M.D., Pres. Amherst G. C.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Medicus Gun Club.

INTERSTATE PARK, Queens, April 26.—A stiff, gusty wind, blowing from right to left across the traps, made exceedingly difficult propositions for the shooters' solution. Targets thrown to the left against the wind sailed high up at an angle of about 45 degrees, and many times curved backward from the force of the wind and fell near the traps. Right-quarterers scurried low and fast before the wind, while straightaways ducked or bobbed upward or took a kangaroo flight, so that many of the scores which seem low were really high under the conditions which prevailed. There were six teams entered in the main event, the trophies of which were two beautiful silver cups, one for each member of the winning team. These trophies must be won three times, not necessarily in succession, before they become the property of the winning team. At the end of the first 50 the score seemed to indicate that Capt. Money and Jack Brewer would be the winners, but Messrs. Banks and Morley finished strong, Banks scoring 45 out of his last 50, and Morley 42, which landed them winners. Capt. Money and Brewer finished close up, they being but 2 targets behind.

Messrs. Banks and Brewer tied on 20 for the prize which was put up for the longest run, and after the main event was finished they shot the tie off at 25 targets, Banks winning easily by a score of 19 to 15.

There was a moderately good attendance of spectators. The scores are given in 25s, as follows:

East Side Gun Club, of Newark.	
C W Feigenspan.....	21 19 21 22—83
G Piercy	20 21 17 20—78—161
New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn.	
T W Morfe.....	22 18 20 22—82
Ed Banks.....	21 16 23 22—82—164
Medicus Gun Club, of Brooklyn.	
Dr Webber.....	16 18 18 21—73
J Hopkins	16 22 21 19—78—151
Medicus Gun Club.	
"Dr Miller".....	14 13 18 22—67
"Dr Woods".....	22 19 13 14—68—135
Medicus Gun Club.	
Capt Money.....	20 20 22 18—80
Jack Brewer.....	22 22 21 17—82—162
Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn.	
"Williams".....	12 18 14 8—52
Lincoln	16 21 13 15—65—117

Longest runs: Banks 20, Brewer 20. Shoot-off at 25 targets: Banks 19, Brewer 15.

The Medicus Gun Club had three teams in the field, one of which made a very close struggle for first place. Sweepstakes before the team race were shot as follows:

Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Feigenspan	10 15 20 10 15 20 13 14 15
Piercy	7 13 16 7 12 18 13 14 15
Brewer	6 15 15 5 10 17 11 20 15
W Hopkins	7 10 13 7 12 19 15 19 16
Dr Casey	10 13 10 7 12 18 12 15 14
Dr Woods	9 8 17 9 11 14 14 15 13
Morfe	9 7 11 7 12 16 5 15 18
J Hopkins	7 11 16 7 13 16 16 12 13
Lincoln	8 11 16 6 13 19 11 16 17
Dr Miller	5 9 13 9 9 8
Banks	10 11
Capt Money.....	14 17

No. 7 was at 10 pairs. A few of the contestants shot several sweepstakes after the main event was concluded.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., April 22.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the club grounds on Saturday afternoon. The weather was perfect, and the scores ruled high. Miss Oglesby took part in the shooting for the first time this season, and had the good fortune to win a very handsome gun from her brother Ira on a wager that she would not break 50 per cent. of her targets. She won the gun handsly on a score of 13 out of 20, for which fine performance she was heartily con-

gratulated. Several ladies were present, among whom were Miss Agnes Oglesby and Mrs. Ed Clarkson, the latter being accompanied by her husband.

Class A medal was won by Leach with a score of 23 out of 25, the runners up being Baptiste, who was shooting very consistently, with 22, and Durden, 21.

There will be shooting each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at the grounds at the end of the Little Rock avenue line.

Among the visitors present were Mr. Harrison and Mr. Leigh, the former a drug and the latter a molasses representative, and both good fellows and good shots as well. Leigh didn't care to shoot, but Harrison participated and acquitted himself creditably, considering he had practiced none in three years.

The boys should get out and limber up if they expect to retain the championship of the State at the tenth annual, to be run off on July 17, 18 and 19.

Following are the scores of the practice shoot, Saturday:

Shot at.			Shot at.		
Leach	Broke.	Av.	Harrison	Broke.	Av.
100	92	.920	100	67	.670
Baptiste	125	106	Miss Oglesby ..	20	13
Durden	75	57	W Boyd	50	31
Kimmons	50	37			

SECRETARY.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., April 28.—The Staunton Gun Club held its first shoot over the magatrap on the 27th. This fact, together with a very high wind prevailing at the time, accounts in a great measure for the low scores made. We are very much pleased with the magatrap, and think it a perfect success.

Event No. 1, 25 targets:

Quinsen	0000100100010000001001100—6
Timberlake	1001001101100000010000001—8
Neesse	10111010010011001101010—14
A M Garber.....	00000000000100000111110—7
Hoge	1000101110000000000000010—7
Worthington	101000000100011000001011—8
Sillings	10100000010001011000111—10
McCoy	10010001000010000010100—8
Coiner	001100000101010110101010—10
Summerson	111010111110110110011001—17
Meniken	110100010001011000000010—9
Wayman	011011011011011101101101—18

Event No. 2, 25 targets:

Wayman	010110110001000001010111—12
Garber	100100010001010100100101—11
Quinsen	10001010001111110110001—14
Hoge	101100110000100100101010—11
Sillings	1011010101010101110111—18
Coiner	101100111000111110110101—17
Worthington	010101010000101000010010—9
Summerson	1111110011010101001111—19
Timberlake	000010010110000010101010—9
McCoy	1010110110011001101111—17
Meniken	11010101001001111101010—16

F. M. MENIKEN.

The Tyrone (Pa.) Shoot.

ALTOONA, Pa., April 27.—The Tyrone Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament at their grounds on Thursday and Friday, May 10 and 11. This will be the second annual shoot of this club, and will doubtless draw a good crowd of shooters. This club is known as a very hospitable one, and they are making great preparations for the entertainment of their guests. The programme consists of fourteen events, each day, as follows: Six 10-target events, entrance \$1 to each; five events at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50; one 20-target event, entrance \$2, and two events at 5 pairs, entrance \$1. Targets will be thrown from a magatrap at unknown angles. Purses will be divided according to the equitable system—in 10-target events four moneys; 15s, five moneys, and 20s, six moneys. The same programme will be run on both days. Shells for sale on the grounds. Guns, etc., shipped to D. D. Stine, secretary, Tyrone, Pa., will be taken care of. Shooting begins at 9 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. each day.

No doubt a number of shooters from the western part of the State will stop off here on their way to the Pennsylvania State shoot at Chambersburg the week following.

G. G. ZETH.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., April 24.—Herewith are the scores made today. Mr. J. N. Knapp, of Auburn, N. Y., was a guest, and shot with us, putting up a good score. The wind made the targets hard:

Wadsworth	101101011111111101101110—22
Knapp	01110101111101010100111—18
Fowler	011010111101010111111—19
Burke	1110010011010101010101—15
Wadsworth	1110101010101111011011—20
Knapp	11111011111000110101—20
Fowler	0110101100011000100010—12
Wadsworth	10111011110101101111—21
Knapp	10111111110111111111—23
Fowler	1101011110101111011010—20
Wadsworth	1111111111111111—15
Knapp	1111110111111111—14

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 3. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations and transfer of passenger and baggage from station to hotel. These rates include accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

Side trips may also be made to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington; Old Point Comfort, opposite which the Monitor and Merrimac met in their memorable struggle; and Richmond, Va. These side-trip excursion tickets may be obtained by holders of Pennsylvania tour tickets at the following rates: Mount Vernon, 75 cents; Old Point Comfort, \$3.50 via steamer, \$6 all rail; Richmond, \$4.

For itineraries, tickets and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

"IN our country," said the Pennsylvania man from Pike county, "deer hounding is forbidden by law, but it is in effect the only style of deer hunting we have, and when any one wants venison that is the way he gets it."

The reason the Pennsylvania law is a dead letter in Pike county is because it runs counter to the prevailing local sentiment. The Legislature may enact anti-hounding laws till doomsday, but if the Pike county hunters believe in hounding they will hound. The situation there is all of a piece with that which prevails in some parts of the Adirondacks, where, in spite of law and wardens, the use of hounds has been persistent. It has its counterpart also in those sections of Lake Champlain where illicit pound-netting is practiced, and where the local sentiment is so strong that in one way or another the coming raid of a warden is always known beforehand and the netters are given abundant opportunity to get the incriminating nets out of the way, just as in certain villages in the prohibition State of Vermont by some mysterious means the liquor sellers always know when the officers are to appear and so have time to conceal the forbidden fluids.

In such districts, while the neighbors must for the most part stand together, either actively as participants in law violation or passively as shielding law breakers, it is not difficult to imagine the unhappy position of one who is led by zeal for game protection to undertake the duty of informing the authorities and urging them to arrest the law breakers. Such a person may win the approval of his own conscience and may be given much credit by those who hear of his work abroad, but his neighbors look at him askance or manifest open hostility to him in his new character. He speedily discovers that his zeal to have the law enforced has drawn upon him the enmity not only of the lawless, but of his amiable fellows as well; for they have no particular concern with the game, care nothing for its protection, regard violations of the game laws as venal offenses with which no one should particularly trouble himself, and look upon him as a meddler and busybody concerning himself with things which are none of his business. He is an informer, with all the obloquy which attaches to informers everywhere; so that straightway he finds that his relations with his neighbors are strained to the breaking point, and in due time he comes to consider that the simpler course is to let things remain as they are. Peace and the good will of neighbors he reckons as worth more than the game or the fish; and as for shooting and fishing, he can go to other grounds.

This has been the experience of numerous persons. The rule is that whether one lives in Pike county or in any other section, he will in the end weary of his well-doing and settle down to acquiescence in, or at the least to toleration of, the prevailing sentiment. To denounce such an one and to exhort him to renewed aggressiveness and perseverance is very simple for those who are on the outside and have nothing to lose by the persistent activity of another; but poor human nature is such that even these exhorters, the loudest of them, when confronted by similar embarrassing positions, follow the usual rule and withdraw into innocuous retirement as informers and reformers.

They are accomplishing most, to-day for the cause of game and fish protection who are doing most to educate the public and to create a healthy public sentiment to take the place of that which now opposes these interests. Such a campaign of education, for instance, as Commissioner Jno. W. Titcomb of Vermont is conducting in his State stands for the most intelligent and profitable work in the field. Mr. Titcomb has prepared a large series of lantern slides illustrating fishculture and the care and distribution of fish as practiced at the State hatcheries, and has given numerous lectures in different parts of the State, explaining the work of the Commission, the purposes to be attained and contrasting the conditions of

different waters before the Commission took hold of them and afterward. He is in fact giving the fullest possible information for an inadequate comprehension of just what the Commission has done, is doing and is endeavoring to do. The result is that there is in Vermont a growing public sentiment indorsing the interests of fish and game protection. With public sentiment on the right side the problem of protection and propagation is simple.

THE AFRICAN REMNANTS.

A SIGNIFICANT meeting was held in the British Foreign Office on the 24th of last month, when representatives of Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy and Portugal joined in a conference to devise measures for preserving from extermination the diminishing supply of African mammals and birds. The continent has now come under the rule of so many different nations that only by some joint agreement can there be secured a scheme of protection which shall be efficient; and on the other hand, it is clear that if such an agreement could be reached it would practically cover the situation. There is growing an appreciation of the necessity of adopting stringent measures at once, if the destruction is to be checked in time. As no continent was more richly endowed with the variety and number of its big-game species, so in no other has the destruction been so rapid and extensive. Where a half-century ago vast herds of ruminants swarmed in such number that the reports brought back by explorers were received with incredulity, hardly a remnant now remains. The report of the proceedings of the conference will be received with much interest.

The London Times has suggested the establishment in various parts of Africa of natural parks similar to our own Yellowstone National Park, where the game shall find a protected and absolutely safe refuge. Something of the kind has already been done by the Government of the Cape Colony, which has set apart tracts for the preservation of the elephant; and Cecil Rhodes, as already recorded in our columns, has established a preserve for certain of the antelopes. The game preserve presents itself as the only effective expedient if many of the African species are to be known to another generation in any other way than by museum specimens and the printed page descriptive of what has been, but is no more.

THE PASSENGER PIGEONS.

FROM the West come reports of the occurrence of small numbers of passenger pigeons, and their publication will no doubt call forth those questions concerning the species and its present abundance, which so frequently find a place in these columns.

It is to be hoped that the gunners who may see wild pigeons will not forthwith feel prompted to go out and kill as many of them as they can. The thoughtful sportsman can be depended on to spare this bird, but unhappily many are not thoughtful, and those who are not so are anxious to make sure that the birds they see are really passenger pigeons, or to try the flavor in the pot of these birds, of which they have heard so much, or to have the doubtful glory of having killed the last wild pigeon. The average man has no difficulty in finding excuses for killing.

If for a few years these beautiful birds should be preserved from destruction and should be permitted to increase in peace and quietness, there is a fair prospect that once more the race would become firmly established and that the danger of its extermination would no longer threaten.

Already several species of North American birds have been exterminated, and one of them at least by the gun. Surely it is worth while now for each man to hold his hand as to the pigeon, and as to certain other birds which in many localities are yearly growing fewer in number, and to exert what influence he can to persuade others to let them alone.

The days of the old pigeon roosts, and the days when from sunrise to sunset, and long after, the sky was blotted with clouds of the passing birds or streaked with the long lines of their flight, have gone—never to return. But if the men and boys who carry guns can be taught to exercise a reasonable self-control, we may hope in the future still to see from time to time, and to take pleasure in, little flocks of these swiftly darting birds.

Each State in the Union should pass a law protecting the passenger pigeon.

SNAP SHOTS.

Even the districts whose names have stood for wildness and in which we have been wont to imagine the game was a perpetual element, one after another are yielding to the man with the axe or the man with the hoe. Our frequent contributor Aztec, who has been revisiting his old home in Missouri, relates that the apple tree is rapidly extending its sway over the Ozark wilderness, and before it the game, big and small, is vanishing. The deer have been hounded out of the country. After the deer had disappeared the deer hounders took to hunting wild turkeys with hounds. The dogs were put on the trail and the mounted hunters followed after. The birds were driven until they could go no further or took to trees. By this method the wild turkey has been harried without mercy; in Missouri it is doomed. And as for the apple orchards, they occupy vast tracts of what used to be Aztec's hunting grounds; the woods have been cleared off until now there is not hiding for a squirrel. The change was inevitable; it was bound to come when the world discovered the quality of the Ozark apple. The fruit has an international reputation; large quantities are shipped to Europe; and the Ozark fruit farmer who sells his crop unpicked to competitive buyers can well afford to buy railroad tickets to some wilder region when he takes a notion to go hunting for game.

The Canadian system of forbidding Americans to shoot or fish without a license has long been a grievance with those sportsmen of New York who have seen Canadians free to use gun and rod in American boundary waters; and this year the feeling has found expression in the enactment of a law which provides that "On fresh water forming a part of the State boundaries or through which the State boundary runs no non-resident of the State shall take any kind of fish or game unless residents of this State may lawfully take the same kind of fish or game in such part of said waters as are not within the State, during the open season therefor in the State or country in which such waters are situated. If any license fee to take such fish or game in waters not in this State be required of a resident of this State, a non-resident may take the same kind of fish or game in such waters within the State, if a license so to do shall have first been obtained from the Commission." This is retaliation in kind, and the Canadians can have no just ground for complaint. The purpose to be attained by the law is, however, not a very exalted one. If a non-resident system for New York is sound in principle, it should be enforced irrespectively of the requirements Canada may or may not exact of Americans. The license fee for angling in the Thousand Island waters has been remitted by the Canadian authorities for years.

The decrease of ardor for sport with the gun, as the years pass and old age comes on, is a familiar and common manifestation of human nature. It is easily explained as only the evidence of the decline of the exuberance of animal spirits. Attendant upon this change of inclination then often comes a new attitude toward the killing of game; and we may even hear the old sportsman declare himself opposed to the pursuit of deer or ducks; and in extreme cases he may question if shooting for sport is legitimate. All this is to be regarded as a changed view point, but not necessarily a point of view any more true than was the old. Field sports are just as enjoyable to-day as they were when in earlier years the critic of them himself could enjoy them; shooting is as manly a recreation to-day as it was a quarter-century ago or a half-century ago, when the vigor of manhood rather than the deceptitude of age determined the attitude of approval and participation.

The Lacey game bill, which has passed the House, now goes to the Senate for action, but there is danger of its failing there, unless all who are interested in its passage shall make a strong effort to have it brought up without delay. It is quite possible that Congress may adjourn some time during the month of June, and in the later days of the session a bill like this one is likely to be overlooked, unless it can be shown that there is behind it some strong general sentiment which asks for its passage. It is desirable therefore that sportsmen all over the land should call the attention of their Senators to the importance of acting on this bill, which is likely to do more for game protection than any statute that has yet been drawn.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Gens des Bois.

V.—Elijah Simonds.

Of all the old pioneers who link an age of simplicity and sturdy strength to the twentieth century with its keynote of compromise, I know of no finer example or one more worthy of immortalization by the pen of some great writer than Elijah Simonds, the Adirondack trapper. Had Simonds lived in Revolutionary days his name would no doubt appear on the honor roll of American history—not perhaps as a great leader of men, but in the more fascinating guise of a scout, a spy, or a crafty tactician in command of a handful of rangers, harassing the enemy in a thoroughly practical way and without needless exposure, though ready when occasion demanded to run any risk or make any sacrifice to advance his cause.

Simonds' features are of the Revolutionary type, clean cut and strongly chiseled. The nose is Roman and dominates the face, particularly the part between the chin and nose. The eyes, though mild, are shrewd and sarcastic.

Returning from a successful hunt one night, I stopped to leave the old hunter a tribute of venison cut from a deer that had been raised on one of his favorite trapping grounds, and accepted Simonds' invitation to stop to supper. During the evening I learned something of his life.

First Trapping Experiences.

"My father and his father before him were born in Rockingham or Charlestown, in what was then New Hampshire, but now Vermont State," said Simonds. "They crossed Lake Champlain on the ice one winter and came back into the Adirondacks on snowshoes. Reaching the rocky knob which is called Mount Discovery, they climbed it, and from the summit looked up the valley of the Boquet River and over the site of the present village of Elizabethtown. The country was so pleasing that they called the valley 'Pleasant Valley,' and it has been called that ever since. On the southern edge my grandfather made a clearing, on what is now known as Simonds' Hill, way back in seventeen hundred and something. Where the Valley House now stands my father once caught a white saple, and he killed a moose no great distance off on the other side of Lewis."

"I was born on Simonds' Hill in the town of Elizabethtown in 1821, and was named Elijah for my grandfather. I can remember him, though I was only a little lad when he died. I began my trapping on Simonds' Hill before I was eight years old, more than seventy years ago, and I've been trapping ever since."

"At eight I caught my first foxes. When I was ten I killed two deer. The spring after that I shot a bear, and then I thought I was quite a hunter. The next year I ketches two bear off by myself in the woods, and in company with my brother I got five more. My brother was older than I, but he depended on me mostly to do the trapping."

In the Pine Woods Country.

"When I was seventeen I went to Michigan and trapped one winter and spring. I went to Detroit and then fifty miles west to Spring Harbor, near Jackson. There were only two or three houses there then, and I could have had land for fifty cents an acre that is worth \$100 now; but"—and Simonds smiled—"I don't care much about land when I am catching rats and foxes."

"I've been five times to Michigan and Wisconsin—Lake Superior and that way—but then I never liked it as well as the Adirondacks. Taint in the shape that the Adirondacks are. You can go ten or twenty miles in flat pine woods and half as much again in a swamp—there ain't any diversity about the country like there is here. Then, when you get there, game ain't more plenty. I've seen more saple sign here in two hours than I've seen there in a day."

"In that country there's some beaver, mink, muskrat and other fur, and plenty of deer—at least for a spell they were plenty."

"In Michigan I first learned to trap for otter. I and my uncle caught eight that first trip. We trapped for otter in the spring and in fall, and in winter for foxes and saple. When the snow is deep, and there is a hard crust, is the best time. Beechnut years about all the wild varmints are in the hardwood timber. Foxes eat beechnuts, and so do saple. I don't know anything that won't. Before they shuck out, bears climb the trees and break off the limbs and bend them in so that they can get the nuts. They break limbs as big as my arm that way."

"We caught two or three hundred rats, a lot of mink, besides the otter, and I ketches twenty-two beaver alone. I came back here, and the next spring after that I went over to Loon Lake in Franklin county and trapped seven otter, not counting one I got over here on Black Mountain. My last otter were caught three years ago over by Lewis. I got three then. I am going over by Poke-o'-Moonshine in a few days to try my luck again, as they say there are some otter there now."

"The last time I went to Michigan I went to Houghton Lake, near St. Ignace, and packed over toward Lake Superior eleven days with my uncle's boy. Once in a while we saw a bear track, or a deer track, and once in a while some fisher or saple sign, but that was all. You can see more game within three miles of here than anywhere in that country. The Adirondacks is the best natural game country that a man could find anywhere."

Hunting for Market.

"When I first went to my uncle's cabin at Tupper Lake I counted fifty-two deer in sight feeding one night. Deer were everywhere. I sent two sleigh loads of venison off to the New York market at one time—102 saddles that weighed a good two tons. I sent them to Bennett & Brokaw, Broad street, New York, and got nine cents a pound for the meat. After that I shipped venison nearly every week for ten or twelve years. The last batch I ever sent went down in March—must 'a' been about 1868 or

somewheres along there—brought the biggest price. I got sixteen cents a pound for that, I think."

"I first began market-hunting for deer up the Boreas River, and on the Branch. I hunted that out, and then went to North Elba, and after that to Long Lake, and hunted with Helms."

"I came back here for a while, and in the sixties I and my wife went to Tupper Lake and hunted with Graves and killed sixty deer or so. Afterward I built a shanty ten miles or so above Raquette Lake, and didn't come home till June. Then I went to the headwaters of the Beaver River. I trapped Smith's Lake when old Dr. Brandreth used to be in there. He had two log houses, and one was always left open for strangers."

Killed Six Dees at One Place with a Pistol.

"Once when I was hunting on the Schroon River Branch I shot six deer in one place, and never stirred out of my tracks. It was in one of the dry hills along the Schroon River Branch. What I call a dry hill is one that has been burned over and the evergreens killed off. There ain't much if any water on them."

"This hill had grown up to raspberry bushes, and was a great place for deer. The deer were feeding there, and I crawled up back of an old spruce stump and shot the six one after another, dropping down back of the stump each time to reload."

"I killed them all with a pistol. It shot forty round balls to the pound, and had a 14-inch barrel. I rested it on an old root, but I could shoot it off-hand just as well. In those days I generally managed to get my game any way I shot. Now I can't hardly hit a skunk 3 feet away with a pistol. That pistol would smack a deer a good deal better than these little small-bore deer rifles. At North Elba I shot a deer once with a small-bore rifle and it kept ahead of the dogs three hours after that, and came back to the same stand. That was on the river below Scotts."

"Hounding there I shot four deer in succession, and a fifth deer came down afterward that I shot at. I lost that one, though, on account of the bullet hitting an alder branch and glancing."

"I and Draper once at Little Tupper killed seventeen deer, and over at Corey's Sam Dunning and I got twelve."

Hounding Disastrous to the Deer Supply.

"I used to hound, but I was foolish then. Now I don't. If there had never been a hound in the Adirondacks the deer would be everywhere now. The deer are scarcer now than they were twelve or fifteen years ago, and there ain't one deer now where there used to be ten. For one thing, they keep on hounding. If there was a dozen deer on Raven Hill to-day, they'd take hounds up there and to-morrow there wouldn't be one. What deer they didn't shoot would be all pegged out, so that even a little farm dog could ketch 'em, and between the men and dogs, the last one of them would be run into Lake Champlain or killed."

"A man by the name of Martin let two dogs run one winter in the woods over by Cold River, and from what I saw I presume they killed two hundred deer. Around Euba five dogs were let run all winter long on snow, and the next year there were no deer in all that country."

"On one of our hunts I and Draper thought we'd get some moose on a crust. He'd brought along a dog, and it got away, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before it killed six deer. We went up on Nippletop, and he killed more deer, and before we got back he had killed seventeen. They made bear bait, that's all," added Simonds, reflectively. "We ketches two or three bears with them next spring."

Bear Lore.

Simonds was interested to hear of the burning of the lumber shanties at North Hudson. That he had no love for the lumberman was shown by his comment, "Ought to have been burned before they ever went in there."

"In 1870," said Simonds, "I hunted bears in that country. They were as thick there as deer are now. There was one place there where the tops of the beech trees were broken for a mile. The bears had worn the deepest path I ever saw running through a notch back there. It was different from a deer's runway, for each bear stepped in the footprints of the one ahead, and went that way sometimes for ten rods. I used to set traps for them in the places where the bears stepped. Sometimes, of course, there was a regular path, but generally it was a succession of these footprints, sunk right down in the ground 4 inches or so, as a result of all the bears that had traveled over it."

"I have never yet found out why bears bite trees, unless it is a sign and means something to them. I have seen a tree half-eaten through where the bears had a path near Lily Pad Pond. They bite spruce and cedar trees mostly."

"I have ketches four or five bears in my lifetime that had lost a whole foot in a trap, but mostly it is only the claws or a part of the foot. A bear, of course, bites his foot off below where the jaws of the trap pinch him, because it don't hurt him so much as if he was to bite it off above. I have ketches bears by a hind foot, but they generally get into the trap forward."

Devotion in Bears.

I had heard a report that a boy named Johnny Soper, living near Elizabethtown, had an encounter with an old bear and two cubs when going after the cows one night, and that his dog had killed one of the cubs, and afterward saved the boy by the narrowest kind of a margin from the claws of the enraged mother bear. When a hunting party was organized next day, the dead cub could not be found, though the tracks of the old bear and remaining cub were easily recognized. It was thought the old bear had buried the cub somewhere. Simonds dissented from this view, saying that he had never known a bear to bury anything. "A panther will bury its dead and a bear will dig up things," he said. "I generally bury my bait when setting a trap—they think something has hid it, and a bear would rather steal a thing than have it given to him."

"I can tell you something that would indicate bears don't bury their cubs. I once caught a cub bear in one of my traps, and the old bear pulled it out of the trap

trying to save it. She killed the cub doing it, and when I found it, it lay there on a log where she had left it."

"Another time when I had a she bear caught in a trap a big old he bear tried to get her out, and pulled one leg most off doing it, and killed her."

Bears in Dens.

"Bears like beechnuts and venison best of anything. An old horse makes a pretty good bait. He comes in handy too to carry your traps back where you want them, before you make bait of him."

"Bears most always den up by the 28th of November hereabouts, but in warm weather in winter they are apt to come out almost any time. I don't know how it is, but most all contrive it some way to go in before a storm. Their denning up is a curious thing. I think they have their dens picked out mostly before they need them. A bear will be traveling straight along, and suddenly back track forty rods or so and step off to one side, and there will be his den. They den up generally among rocks, though they will take all kinds of places."

"I killed two once in a den on a side hill in the Kingdom, right back of a saw mill that was running, and not forty rods from a traveled road. I took the trail on a first snow and found them in under a ledge. I had a little dog with me, and he brought out the first bear, but after I had settled that, the next one was afraid, and dasn't come out."

"I cut a pole and crawled in the den, and poked the bear. He'd growl, but wouldn't stir. After a while I got tired of poking, and held the pole where I could feel the bear, and put my rifle right alongside it and fired and killed the bear. I was lucky enough to hit him in a vital spot. My gun was a double-barrel rifle, made by Lewis, of Troy, and was one of the first double rifles made."

The Deer's Defective Vision.

"At North Elba I killed three or four bears, still-hunting them like deer. Bears have little, small eyes, but they are sharp, and they will see what is going on about as quick as anything there is."

"A deer, on the other hand, doesn't get much benefit from his eyesight. Scent counts for everything with him. Deer will stand right in a road and look at people as long as they don't get their wind. I was going once across a little pond twixt Long Lake and Raquette and there were five deer feeding in a little open meadow at one side. I paddled right around the pond as much as half a mile in plain sight, and they never paid any attention to me till I got to where the wind carried my scent to them. Of course, every hunter knows this. It is the same with all animals more or less. In high mountains the wind most always blows down hill, and that makes it worse for still-hunting."

"When I was still-hunting at North Elba there were a good many panthers there. I've ketches quite a number in traps. I killed one once at Moose Pond, and might as well as not have had the bounty on two more. She had two little cubs. They were small—just hatched after she got in the trap, and were spotted like a leopard with dark spots, and kind of striped look. I sent one to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington."

Old-Timers.

"I knew John Cheney and Tobe Snyder, who used to hunt with him over at the Lower Works. They thought they owned the hunting country over that way, and they didn't like me to come in. They told me I'd better leave, but I said I'd got as good a gun as any of them, and stayed."

"The first time I went to Long Lake there were only two families living there, by the name of Plumley and Keller. A third man, Sergeant, got to the shore of the lake and died, tired out and worried out from wandering round in the woods. The poor fellow 'd been lost. One of John Brown's niggers got lost and worried to death, you know. When they found him, he'd pulled his compass to bits trying to make it point to suit his idea."

"Then there was Miss Avery, started to go across where Ames lived, and got off the path. They found her bones up aside a tree where she sat down. I always carry a compass with me. There are times when any man will get turned around."

Four Partridges at One Shot.

"At Tupper Lake I once killed four partridges with one shot. McLaughlin was rowing me along the shore, and they sat on a log at the side. Another time I shot at a partridge sitting on a knoll in the woods with a pistol and killed it, and when I went up to get it a second partridge lay dead 15 feet further on, killed by the same bullet."

"I only killed two deer with one shot once. That was at Moose Pond. They were down next the water, and one sank out of sight, while the other lay dead on the bank."

"The wolves and the moose have all gone now, and the panthers are about gone. I never caught beaver in this country, though when Bartlet died a few years ago, he had seven or eight skins. Once I shot a silver gray fox, and when I was a boy I trapped a black fox. Two years ago I saw another black fox. I've ketches eight or ten bears in the last few years in Lewis, though nothing lately. Went up the other day and fetched in five or six traps, and went out yesterday and set eighteen or twenty skunk traps."

"Guess I've ketches three thousand or four thousand foxes. For a few years back I haven't got more than fifteen, but before that I used to get about a hundred a year."

* * * * *

Simonds is passing his old age in an ideal home under Little Raven Hill, within a few miles of the place where he was born, and in touch with the game and fur-bearing animals that yet remain. He is still an active and successful trapper, and carries the burden of his seventy-nine years so well that he can walk faster and further than many much younger men. Something more than a year ago he lost one of his thumbs, cut off by a cord by which he was leading a cow, and he suffered more or less from the injury since.

To a marked degree he possesses the faculty of making himself invisible in the woods, and he does not like much better to be noticed by men than by the wild creatures he

is hunting. A man who has often been in his company of late years, says: "Lige never likes to be seen. When I want to take a short cut across a meadow, he'll put his veto on it, and we'll go round among the cedars instead, or follow the alders by the brook."

Postscript.

Elijah Simonds died April 3, six months after this sketch was written. His intimate friend, Mr. George L. Brown, editor of the Elizabethtown Post, thus sums up some of the salient features of his personality:

"In many respects Elijah Simonds differed materially from the general run of men who hunt and trap for a living. In the first place he was modest to a marked extent, never bragging about his exploits in the woods, and in appearance was the beau ideal of the old-time country gentleman, nothing in the nature of uncouthness being in his make up. Visiting him at his home at various times during recent years, we invariably found him neatly dressed, his white starched shirt and collar being noticeable, as few of the old time hunters don such habiliments even upon extraordinary occasions. His clean shaven face, high forehead and iron gray hair surmounted a form slightly bent bent with advancing age and impressed one as being extremely unusual accompaniments of a man who had killed 3,000 deer, 3,000 foxes, 150 bears, 7 panthers and 12 wolves, and who had without any reasonable doubt whatever caught more mink and marten than any other man that ever lived in the Adirondacks. No man was ever more attentive to the object of his affection than was Elijah Simonds, and no man ever had a neater or more faithful helpmate than he. Together they labored cheerfully, first to make their home comfortable and convenient, and afterward to beautify it. Mild in manner at all times, Elijah Simonds was a great lover of home and its surroundings, as the gradual building up of his place attests.

"Elijah passed his last years peacefully in the town of his nativity and but a few miles distant from the hill that will bear his name to the end of time."

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Broad Fording.

"A WRITER of memoirs," says Taine, "has a right to record his infantine impressions. A Latin lesson, a soldier's march, a ride behind some one, become important events embellished by distance." It is only on this principle that the stories of garrulous old age can be justified.

One of the favorite haunts of the youth of my native town in my boyhood was the Broad Fording. This was the crossing of the Conemaugh south of the town and about a mile distant. The ford was a curve line along the inner margin of a slight dam formed of stones, which I should think, from its appearance, must have been made at some early date for a fish-weir. Such a dam in western Pennsylvania is called a riffle. I do not find the term in any of my dictionaries, except that Stormouth gives the German riffle as the equivalent to ripple.

There were several points of interest for a boy at the Broad Fording. The riffle, if it did not form, at least helped to form a deep pool above, as wide as the river and many rods in length. The shore along here on our side of the stream was sloping, smooth and sandy. Along the shore in the deepest part of this pool grew a great profusion of broad-leaved water lilies, which, in their season, bore great white-petaled flowers that rested on the surface of the water. Just beyond the line of lilies was a famous fishing place. Salmon and perch lingered there, and there was a tradition that a pike of fabulous dimensions had been caught there at some prehistoric date. One thing is certain—the large water newt, the hellbender, which was locally known as the alligator, was there in plenty, and in the fishing season—and nearly any time was fishing season in those days—a great fire of drift wood was always burning on the shore, into which the unfortunate alligator was ruthlessly flung with all his imperfections on his head, if he trespassed upon the hook that had been baited for other prey. Boys are naturally cruel and unfeeling, and the writhings of the poor hellbender in the fire were cause of merriment rather than of commiseration. Happily a better tone of feeling even among boys, to say nothing of a wholesome fear of the humane societies, goes far toward putting a stop to such cruelty now. Great buttonwood trees grew about here and cast deep shadows upon the water. Just across the river was a little house, the home of the ferryman, who kept a skiff for the transfer of pedestrians across the water. A short distance above this smooth expanse was the lower end of the Alum Bank, and the breadth of a field beyond the ferryman's house was the Pennsylvania Canal.

Just below the ford, at our side of the river, was a deep pool called "the swirlhole." It was simply an eddy, perhaps a couple of rods across in any direction, and so deep that the bottom was invisible. "What one can see, but cannot see over," says Carlyle, "is the infinite." This swirlhole was believed by the boys to be bottomless, and that anything that floated into it was at once seized by some invisible power and whirled around until it was finally drawn under and forever swallowed up. A picture of the Maelstrom of the Lofoden Islands on the coast of Norway, in "Olney's Geography," the text book we used in school, and the description of that wonderful whirlpool as given in the book, fully realized to our minds the swirlhole at the Broad Fording. Anything once swallowed up there never came to the surface again. It was reported and believed "in my day" that a wagon and six-horse team belonging to Judge Moorhead had been lost there, and that "yellow Sam," the driver, a red-headed dandy, whose bite was said to be fatal, had jumped off only in time to save his life. Certain it is that at the lower side of the whirlpool could be dimly seen in the water certain pieces of timber, which were said to be fragments of the lost wagon. They were objects of much childish interest and speculation. In all my boyhood I never knew a fellow who had the temerity to enter the whirlpool. Even Al Van, who could jump from "Sam Patch" and the "Sod" at "the Rocks," drew the line at the swirlhole.

About yellow Sam, mentioned above, it was further reported and believed that once a six-horse team that he

was driving—he seemed to have had a penchant for six-horse teams—was struck by lightning, that the horses were killed and the wagon burned up on the spot, and all that saved Sam from destruction were the leather flaps of the saddle. A man whose bite was said to be venomous and who had had two such hairbreadth escapes from sudden death was always regarded with a good deal of awe and wonderment.

I recall a sweet summer day about the year 1850, when I accompanied my father to the river bank, when he drew a picture of the Broad Fording. It was the period before the kodak. The original water-color sketch has all the simplicity and charm of Bewick. I wish it were possible to reproduce it.

In the immediate vicinity of the Fording stood several immense black walnut trees. They were too large in the trunk for anybody to climb, and we could club down only a few of the great golden spheres from where they hung on the lower limbs, and were constrained to wait for the frosts of late October to bring down the coveted fruitage. How pleasant it seems now and was then to walk among the fallen yellow leaves and gather the nuts, then to sit down by the accumulated heap and hull them; and how little we regarded the deep brown stains on our hands that would yield to no soap, but only to the slow chemistry of time. Here, too, at the edge of Sloan's "lower woods," grew finer and better mulberries than I ever find nowadays (or else the fault is in myself), raspberries, occasional mushrooms and black haws in abundance, toothsome and rich to the boyish taste when the November winds were sighing through the leafless branches.

Not far below the whirlpool, just where the canal came out into the slack water, was the mouth of a small stream called McGee's Run. The entrance into this run and for a short distance up the stream was overshadowed by heavy foliage, and the shores lined with thickets and underbrush. The backwater from the river filled the lower part of the run, so as to afford abundant water for skiffs, and I have never seen a more delightful place in which to lie at ease in a skiff on a hot summer afternoon than under the umbrageous trees along McGee's Run. A mile more or less up this stream once stood Wallace's Fort, one of the numerous small posts of refuge and defense that stood along the Pennsylvania border in the old days of trouble with the red men of the forest. Some traces of the ancient fortification were still recognizable in my boyhood. I believe no vestige of it now remains.

No famous deeds were ever performed at old Fort Wallace, yet stirring enough scenes took place there to make memorable the spot in our local annals. The most tragic of these events took place in the last week of April, 1778, when the fort was attacked by a band of Indians and Tories, and nine men were killed. Frequent attacks were made from time to time upon the fort, and many skirmishes were had around its walls, in which lives were lost and many persons made captives by the Indians. The fate of those taken prisoners was generally more dreadful than instant death.

From the mouth of McGee's Run the broad, smooth slack water extended on, down to the dam, just at the lower edge of the town. On one side of this sheet of water the bank was mostly low and flat; on the opposite side a high wooded ridge called Coal Hill looked down over the towpath, and all afternoon cast a heavy shade over that side of the river. The boats gliding along there on the dark mirror-like surface were reflected from below, and like Wordsworth's swans on St. Mary's Lake,

"Float double, swan and shadow."

The whistle of the driver on the towpath, and even the creaking of the harness on the laborious mule, were echoed afar by the hillside, while the sound of a pike pole dropped on the deck of the boat I remember reverberated like the report of a gun. This piece of slack water, nearly two miles in length, was famous for its beauty, and its shores for its "swimmin' holes" and fishing places.

Two or three years ago I walked with my brother down to the old Broad Fording. The winding road had been made as straight as a ruler. The ford was no longer there. An iron bridge spanned the river. Just over the side of the bridge was the swirlhole, but a swirlhole no longer—merely a little patch of water and so shallow that a child could have waded through it with perfect safety. The walnut trees, the buttonwood trees, the mulberry trees—all had gone. The canal on the other side of the river had been abandoned for many years, and potatoes were growing in the channel. The ferryman's house and his skiff had both disappeared. A town had been built on the spot, and everything had changed. We came away pensively enough, feeling that we, too, had changed, and perhaps thinking of that other greater change which still awaited us, and which to one of us has since befallen.

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,

The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparal in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream:

It is not now as it has been of yore;

Turn wheresoever I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more!"

T. J. CHAPMAN.

It was at Amsterdam, in one of the canals nearly opposite the end of the Jews' quarter, and on Sunday. The phlegmatic fisherman sat with his legs dangling over the side, and armed with the crudest possible instruments of his craft—a "rod" made of long willow slip, a hempen, not gut, line—and an ordinary hook. He baited the hook with what I thought at first sight was a kind of white worm, but which I discovered on closer investigation to be small "pipes" of boiled potato. To make these "pipes" he had a hollow cylinder (cut from the willow) about 3 inches long, and a piston of wood made to exactly fit it. He filled the cylinder with potato, then inserted the piston, and the "stem" or "pipe" of bait came out.—Life.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

X.—The Fur Seals of the Pribilof Islands.

THE fur seals, the largest colonies of which are now in Bering Sea, formerly had relatives in vast numbers at different points along the coasts of South America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, as well as on many of the islands of the Antarctic seas. Most of these were long ago exterminated for their fur, but here and there at various points small colonies still exist, too inconsiderable to tempt the greed of fur sealers; or in two or three cases, as on the Auckland Islands, on Lobos Island, in Uruguay, and on Ichaboe Island, S. A., such colonies are protected by law. The fur seals of the South belong to a different genus (*Arctocephalus*) from those of the North (*Callorhinus* or *Callotaria*), which at the present day inhabit the Pribilof Islands, the Komandorski group and an island off the coast of Sakhalin known as Robben's Reef. Formerly there were other rookeries in the Sea of Okhotsk—Musir, Raikoke, Srednoi and Broughton—but these are practically extinct.

The fur seals and their allies—the sea lions and walruses, sometimes known as the eared seals—are considered by naturalists to be related to the bears—that is to say, they are descended from the same ancestor as the bear, but branched off from the main stem long ago and became adapted to a truly aquatic life. Thus their common name, sea bears, really indicates their true affinity. The different sexes and ages of the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands are known by names which are oddly incongruous. The adult male of seven years or older, which weighs from 350 to 450 pounds, and is about 6 feet in length, is called the bull. His general color is dark brown or blackish, with longer hairs or bristles of yellowish white or gray. From his strength and fighting powers he was formerly called a beach master, an appropriate descriptive name.

The female is much smaller, paler in color, about 4 feet in length and weighing about 70 pounds.

The young male, which up to his third year is similar to the female in color and size, is called a bachelor. This is the animal which on the islands is killed for his skin, and it is at this age that the fur is at its best. After the long gray hairs appear on the back the value of the skin becomes less, until the skin of the adult bull is worthless as fur. In his fifth and sixth year the male grows rapidly, and approaches the adult bull in size, when he is known as a half bull. At seven years he is ready to take his place on the rookery, though sometimes, from lack of strength or lateness of arrival at the island, such bulls secure no place in the rookeries and rear no families.

The yearling seals have no place in the rookeries. At this age the males and females look alike, and the males spend a part of their time associated with the older bachelor seals. The females reach the island late and spend their time on the rookeries with the young of the year.

The young fur seals are known as pups. At birth they are black in color, weigh about 11 pounds, and at first are helpless, although after a short time they become able to move about and take care of themselves. At about three months old the black coat is shed, and its place is taken by a new one of gray. By this time the pup has doubled or trebled in weight.

The seals begin to arrive at the Pribilof Islands in May, the date of their appearance depending somewhat on the movement of the drift ice. This ice packs about the islands and does not disappear until the last of April, or sometimes the last of May. Cases are recorded where the animals have landed on the ice and traveled over it for a mile or more to take up their places on the rookeries, which were then covered with snow. In 1895, when the ice remained about the island until late in May, roads were cut in it through which the animals passed to reach their stations.

The first of the seals to arrive are the bulls. They come gradually; at first one or two on each rookery, but gradually more and more, until, by the early days of June, most of them have arrived and established themselves at their stations. Usually the oldest bulls land first, the younger following, and the half bulls and idle bulls being still later. Among these young animals are no doubt many which have now attained their full strength, and which may take up stations, driving out the oldest and weakest of the mature bulls. The bachelors begin to come at about the same time as the bulls. The first drives for skins take place about the middle of June, and they continue to be made for nearly two months.

It is about June 10 that the adult cows begin to come, at first one by one, but gradually in increasing numbers, until toward the last of the month almost all have arrived. They come up from the water with little ceremony and establish themselves near it on the station of some bull, seeming to choose the place where the greatest number of seals are gathered, a hundred cows being sometimes in charge of a single bull. The pups are born soon after the arrival of the cows, and five or six days later the cow returns for the first time to the water, and soon after this begins to make her journey to the fishing grounds, for the cow must eat in order that her pup may feed.

The bulls, on the other hand, which in May come up from the water, extremely fat, and which remain at their stations for months without visiting the water, do not eat during all this time. They become less and less fat as time goes on, and by the end of the breeding season are very thin.

The number of cows in charge of a single bull varies greatly. We saw one station where there were but two cows, and many where there were thirty-five or forty. There are recorded instances where a bull has held 150 cows, by count, and the number may sometimes be even greater. A bull is the master of his family. If a cow tries to move away, he threatens her at first with his voice, and if this is not obeyed he catches her with his mouth and perhaps picks her up and carries her back to her place. Often cows are badly torn and bitten by the bulls; sometimes they are even killed.

The fighting of the bulls, which takes place at the height of the breeding season, is often very serious. Some of these battles are continued until one or the other dies, probably more from exhaustion than from the injuries inflicted by the teeth, which are their only weapons, the thick skins and the heavy coat of blubber preventing wounds that would be deadly. Often while two bulls

are fighting a third will try to steal a cow from one of the stations, and may succeed in doing it, but the cow is likely to try to return to the place from which she was taken. If she attempts this she may be seized at the same time by both bulls and sometimes torn to pieces. Considerable numbers of dead cows are found each year on the rookery which have been killed in this way. In 1896 131 of these were found. Many of the living cows bear scars showing very severe treatment.

It is to be noticed that while a fur seal may bear wounds which seem to be very severe, they do not appear greatly to trouble the animal. This is, no doubt, largely due to the fact that they cut the skin and the underlying blubber only, and do not usually reach the muscles.

As the bulls, and even the cows, fight on the breeding grounds, so the bachelors, and even the young pups, play at fighting during much of their time, just as little puppies and kittens spend much of their time in mimic wars. Indeed, fighting or the pretense of fighting seems to be a part of the life of all young animals, and is, no doubt, in some sense a preparation for the actual conflicts of after life.

About the middle of August, and from this time until the middle of October, the adult seals shed their hair and acquire a new coat, and between these dates they are not taken on the land. While this shedding process is going on the coat of the seal is said to be "stagnant," and the fur is in such condition that it cannot be satisfactorily handled by the furriers who prepare the hides for the market.

Besides the arrival of the different animals already mentioned, the young ones and two-year-old-females must be spoken of. They reach the islands about Aug. 1, the two-year-olds coming up into the rookeries, while the yearlings do not land much before September. Most of the time of these yearlings is spent in the water, playing about close to the shore, and often mingling with the pups. About the end of July the old bulls that have been on shore since May 1 begin to return to the water and to seek feeding grounds, and by Aug. 10 the adult bulls have almost all gone, and the younger bulls have taken their places on the rookeries.

Among the adult seals on the rookeries there seems to be but a slight mortality. A few cows are killed and a few bulls in their fighting, but the loss of either is hardly worth considering. Among the pups, however, there is a much greater mortality, which amounts in some places to 15 or 20 per cent. of the births. These deaths come chiefly from a small parasitic worm which infests sandy areas where the seals are crowded, and where the ground has become filthy. The embryo of the worm on the fur of the mother is taken in by the nursing pup, develops in the intestines, feeding upon the blood, and causes the pup to die of anæmia. The disease is one peculiar to infancy, and the pups which do not die before the middle of August outgrow the disease. Besides this cause, the only other is starvation through the death of the mother, due to pelagic sealing.

As winter approaches, usually in the month of November, the cows and pups leave the islands, the pups by this time being weaned. Not much is known about their natural enemies except that the killer whale is known to destroy many seals.

After the cows and the young have gone, the bachelors still remain, and sometimes spend the whole winter about the island, if the sea is free from ice. On the whole, however, the seals are usually gone from the island about Dec. 1. The young males and the cows go south, the latter probably as far south as the Santa Barbara Channel, off southern California. Cows have been taken in the Pacific Ocean in the latitude of southern California early in December, so that the southward journey must be made rapidly. After they have turned about, the return movement northward is slower, the seals being taken in January or February off the coast of California, and in March, April and May off the coasts of Washington and Vancouver Island. A chart of their migrations has been prepared by Mr. Townsend, of the Fish Commission, and is published in a Government report.

Widely varying estimates of the numbers of fur seals on the Pribilof Islands have been made at different times by different investigators who have spent much time on the islands. These vary from more than four and a half millions down to less than one hundred thousand; but none of them are now regarded as at all reliable, because usually they have been based on a mingling of guesses and estimates, both of which have since been shown to be wrong. The earlier enumerations of the fur seals were made on this plan: The area of the rookeries was guessed at and then the number of seals to the acre was estimated. With these data, if they can so be termed, Mr. Tingle, in 1886, gave the number of seals as 4,768,430 breeding seals and young, while Messrs. True and Townsend, in 1895, gave the number of cows, including the yearlings and two-year-olds, as 70,423. The latest published figures, to be found in Prof. David Starr Jordan's report of the Fur Seals and Fur Seal Islands of the North Pacific Ocean, enumerates only the breeding cows, and these are counted by a method which is certain—that is to say, by counting the pups, for it is known that the female gives birth only to a single young one.

For some time after birth the new-born pups do not venture into the water, or, if they do so, they enter it only for a few moments, and at once clamber to the shore again. At this time they cannot swim, and are only beginning to learn what the water is. The number of pups, when counted, gives the number of mothers, which a count of the cows will not give, for the reason that at no one time are all the cows found on the rookeries; they are coming and going constantly. A long series of counts of cows made at different rookeries shows that the pups usually outnumber the cows two to one, and sometimes the proportion is nearly three to one and yet it is positively established that the cow gives birth only to a single pup. In 1896, and again in 1897, the pups were carefully counted within four days on both islands, and in this way the total number of mothers was ascertained to be, in 1897, on St. Paul's Island, 112,864 and on St. George's, 16,352. The number of bulls, was less than 4,500, which gives a total of the two islands, including the young of the year, of 262,850 breeding seals and young. This of course does not include the non-breeding seals, whose number can only be guessed at.

We know that 20,000 skins were taken, most of which were three-year-old seals. No skins of yearlings were taken. It is supposed that 25,000 three-year-old males and a like number of females survived in 1897, and it is conjectured that there were perhaps 40,000 two-year-olds and 60,000 yearlings. The total number of seals, therefore, on the Pribilof Islands during the season of 1897 was, in round numbers, 400,000, divided as follows:

Breeding females	129,216
Pups born	129,216
Active bulls	4,418
Idle bulls (estimated).....	5,000
Half bulls (estimated).....	10,000
Three-year-old males (estimated).....	25,000
Two-year-olds of both sexes (estimated).....	40,000
Yearlings of both sexes (estimated).....	60,000

Total 402,850

From this total must be deducted the losses to the herd during that season, and these are estimated to be as follows:

Pups, from disease, injury, etc.....	7,750
Pups, from starvation.....	14,000
Bachelors, killed for their skins.....	20,890
Pelagic catch (Bering Sea).....	16,464

Total 59,104

Leaving the total number of seals alive when the herd left the island, 343,746.

It is understood that these figures are to be relied on only so far as the breeding animals and the pups born during the year are concerned. All the other items are estimated, and however close these estimates may be, they cannot be proved.

A continuation of such careful enumeration will give us many useful facts with regard to the condition of the seal herd in the future. In any year the number of pups can be ascertained. Three years later it is possible to ascertain closely the number of seals which survive to the age when they may be killed. Such enumeration continued year after year would finally enable us to know precisely how many seals might be killed, and what the condition of the herd is.

G. B. G.

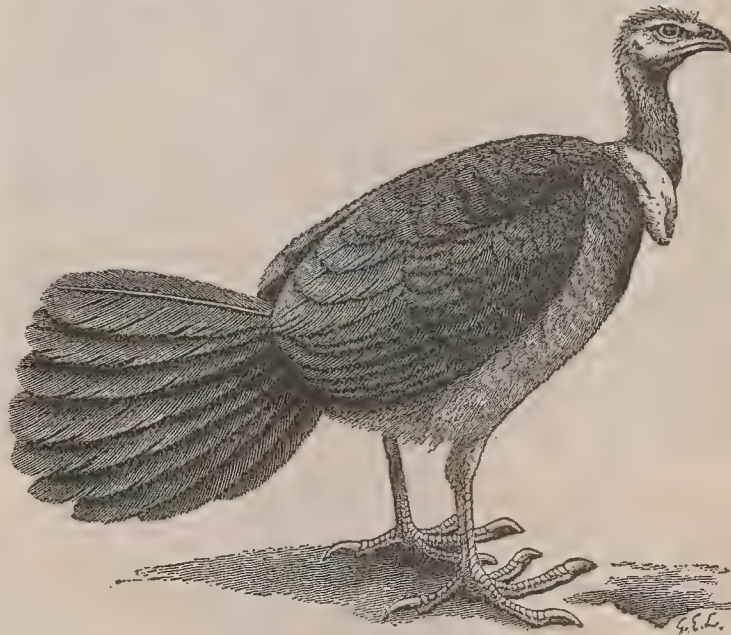
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Natural History.

Natural Artificial Incubators.

PERHAPS the most remarkable habit in all bird life is that adopted in the reproduction of the birds known as megapodes, or big feet. This is a group of gallinaceous birds, closely allied to the curassows, which inhabit America from Texas through Mexico, as far south as Brazil and Peru, one species being known as *chicallaca*. Though so closely related, the two groups have nothing in common so far as their habits go, since the curassows spend almost all their time in the trees, where they build their nests, upon which they sit, hatching out the eggs after the manner of most other birds. The megapodes, on the other hand, although capable of flight, spend most of their time on the ground. They are swift runners, and always prefer to avoid danger in this way, though when hard pressed they will fly, and fly well. When alarmed they often take refuge on the low branches of neighboring trees, and by springing from branch to branch easily reach the tree tops. They appear to be rather nocturnal in habit, and although often seen by day, are more active at night.

The megapodes are chiefly found in the Australian region, yet not exclusively so. They are found eastward of that region, through Samoa, west to the Nicobars and north to the Philippines. They are of many differ-



THE BRUSH TURKEY.

ent sorts and sizes, and range from birds as large as pigeons up to those the size of a turkey. They are characterized by feet of great size and strength, and their wings are short and round. Some species have the head entirely feathered; others nearly naked, while in still others this naked skin is thickly sprinkled with hair. Many of them have fleshy outgrowths about the head or on the neck, and these are often highly colored.

By far the most interesting thing about these birds is the way in which the young are hatched. This is done in two ways, but in each case by artificial heat, the parents preparing an incubator, in which the eggs are deposited.

With certain species this incubator is a mound of vegetable matter, the heat of which, as it decays, at length causes the egg to hatch. The building of these mounds is an operation of considerable magnitude. The Australian megapode either grasps with its foot a mass of soil, dead leaves and other vegetable matter, and with a powerful push backward throws it behind it, or

by vigorous and continued scratching, while it moves backward, collects such a mass. The males assist the females in building the mound, and the work is performed intelligently. Sometimes these mounds are quite small; at others they are very large. Usually they are conical, and are added to year by year, so that after a time they may reach an incredible size. One has been measured that was 50 feet in diameter, and to form it the ground in the neighborhood had been scraped bare of vegetable matter. Some of the mounds are very old and bear large trees, which have grown from them. After the mound is ready for use, the birds scratch deep holes in it and lay their eggs, which are then covered with the material, or sometimes long burrows are bored into the mound and eggs are laid in them.

Other species lay their eggs in circles near the top of the mound. In some cases the eggs are white; in others they are coffee-colored or brown. Whatever the original color, they must soon become soiled by contact with the materials among which they are deposited. In some cases several females are said to lay their eggs in the same mound; in others a single bird occupies a smaller mound. Thus the native pheasant of South and West Australia is said to scratch out a hole in the ground, to fill this with leaves and grass, and then to heap over it a pile of the same material. Upon this sand is thrown. An egg is laid and covered up at one point on the mound, another on the opposite side (but at the same level), a third between these two, and a fourth opposite to it. In this way six or eight eggs are deposited. In this species the mother is reported to remain in the vicinity of the mound and to take charge of the newly hatched young, and in this respect she is unlike many of the other megapodes.

The very large brush turkey of eastern Australia forms mounds of earth and dead leaves which are sometimes 6 feet high. The top of the mound is hollowed out and eggs are laid in circles, one above another, and are covered up with earth. There are laid from twenty to forty eggs in a mound. This species has been bred in captivity in the gardens of the Zoological Society at London, and the young left the mound within one day after hatching.

Not all the megapodes build mounds, however, for some deposit their eggs in open sand wastes or on beaches above high-water mark, where the work of incubation is performed by the heat of the sun. Some very interesting notes on one of these species are given by Mr. C. M. Woodford, in some remarks on the zoology of the Solomon Islands, which are published in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.

"One of the most interesting birds I met with was the *Megapodius brencchleyi*—a bird allied to the mound-building *Talegalla* of Australia. This species was first described from a fresh-hatched specimen brought home by the late Julius Brencchley, and figured in his 'Voyage of the Curacoa.' This bird, although only about the size of a large pigeon, lays an egg bigger than that of a duck. It is commonly distributed throughout the group and allied species are, I believe, found on the group to the east and southeast; but it is upon the Island of Savo that it is found in the greatest abundance. Here the eggs form an important item in the daily food supply of the natives, and I have bought, when calling there, as many as ten eggs for one stick of tobacco, value about three farthings. The Savo natives have a curious legend connected with this bird. They hold the shark in great veneration, and say that their island was made by the shark, which brought the stones together and placed upon them a man, a woman, the yam plant and the megapodes. Things went well for a time, and the people increased, and so did the megapodes.

At last the people went to the shark and complained that the megapodes had made much havoc among the yam patches by digging holes to lay their eggs in; so they asked the shark to take the megapodes away. This was done, but now the natives missed the megapodes' eggs; so they asked the shark to bring the megapodes back, but to confine them to one spot. The request was also complied with, and the result may now be seen. The megapodes lay their eggs on two large sand spaces, and nowhere else on the island. Upon these no weeds or grass can grow, as the sand is constantly being turned over by the birds when digging holes to lay their eggs in, and by the natives when in search of them. The sandy spaces are fenced off into plots, which belong to different owners.

"I met one of these megapodes' laying yards at Aola, on Guadalcanar, and was fortunate enough to be able to photograph it. The first yard was nearly half a mile in length and about 50 yards wide, with the fences dividing it off for different owners. * * * All over the yard may be noticed the tracks of the tails of the large monitors, as though a stick had been drawn along the sand. I expect they take a pretty severe toll of the eggs. The eggs, which are buried from a foot to two feet in the warm sand, receive no further care from the birds, but the young shift for themselves from the time of hatching, and can fly at once, or very soon after leaving the egg. The natives are quite indifferent as to the condition of the eggs when they eat them—whether they are newly laid or well advanced toward hatching being all the same to them. From experience I can say that they are excellent food.

"The laying yards are always made where the soil is loose and sandy; the birds require no other inducement. An open space being of course essential to allow the rays of the sun to warm the ground, it would evidently be quite useless for the birds to lay in the thick forest or under the shade of trees. It is easy to imagine that before the natives constructed and cleared these laying yards for the birds they would be likely to lay in the yam patches and garden clearings, and where they were plentiful would prove a serious inconvenience, as alleged in the Savo legend.

"The birds do not build a mound, but make a hole from a foot to two feet deep. The sand afterward falls in and covers the egg. The ground is consequently full of depressions, reminding one forcibly of the pitfalls of the ant-lion on a large scale."

When hatched the young megapode is fully feathered and it is able to fly almost at once, and in almost all cases it shifts for itself from the beginning. They are said to linger about the mound for a short time, but

soon wander away from it, and often may be found a long way off, just as shy as old birds would be and just as ready to race into the brush or to take to wing. They do not seem to learn anything by association with others of their kind, but to be born with a full knowledge of how to look out for themselves.

The hatching process of the megapodes is paralleled by that of no other group of birds, but of course it has its analogue in many of the reptiles. It is something that has been much marveled over, but never satisfactorily explained by naturalists.

Our Wild Neighbors.

MANY of the furred and feathered wild animals about us can be tamed and taught if taken in hand when young and treated with kindness.

The gray squirrel is perhaps the most common and entertaining of wild pets. I once had a pair of these interesting little animals that furnished a great deal of entertainment to all who saw them. They not only were perfectly at home in their new surroundings, but were full of frolic and fun from morning till night. They were given plenty of room in a spare chamber, where they had free access to all the corn, nuts and other food they needed. They built a nest of old newspapers and other material about the size of a bushel basket, where they reared a family of five young. If any one disturbed them by touching the nest they had a comical way of striking with their paws and growling at the same time.

They will rarely bite any one. I was bitten but once. I was giving them strawberries, of which they are very fond, and while holding a berry between my thumb and finger so that he could not get it readily he took the way nature had taught him—that was, to cut it out with his teeth, and commenced by biting through my finger, for which I could not blame him, and of course he got the strawberry.

My experience with red squirrels as pets has not been so pleasant on account of their being so handy with their teeth; but by taking them when young and treating them with kindness, I have known them to become very lively and interesting pets.

My experience with the flying squirrel has been somewhat limited. They are extremely handsome and are very amiable, and display a great disposition to frolic but unless one could sit up nights they would lose the display, for being nocturnal in their habits the circus begins after dark, and is kept up till morning, as I have found by the condition of the room, where they had overturned flower pots, pulled down curtains, hanging vines, and all movable articles within reach.

Young skunks I have never tried to educate, but I once knew a man who tried it. He secured a number of young ones, and they were very pretty, and as playful as kittens. Placing them by the fire in the room where the family spent most of their time, in order to domesticate them, all went well until some one accidentally angered or frightened one of them, which caused such a disagreeable change in the atmosphere that all except the skunks were compelled to vacate the room until it could be thoroughly ventilated. This led to the final banishment of the pets, for the reason that they required too much care to insure the safety of those who had them in charge.

One of the most interesting little animals for a pet is the common muskrat. A friend of mine, who is very fond of our wild neighbors, has one that he caught when young and has taught him to come when called by name, and to follow him like a dog. It goes in bathing with him in the pond in summer, swimming and playing in the water with him until he comes out, when it follows him home. It makes a very neat and interesting house pet; so much so that my friend says his wife would not part with it for \$50.

He has also tried the woodchuck as a pet. It became quite tame, and made itself very much at home about the house, but when the short days in autumn came it showed a disposition to go to sleep; so a nice bed of straw and other material was placed in a box, which it examined, and then proceeded to add more straw and curled up and went to sleep and could not be awakened; so the box and contents were placed in the cellar till spring, when the woodchuck came out after his long sleep as bright and active and ready to eat clover as ever.

Of the feathered tribe of birds of prey I have experimented with the red-tailed hawk and the great horned and barred owl; the last became quite tame and made itself very useful by catching rats and mice; but these carnivorous birds are too bloodthirsty to be interesting as pets.

One of the most interesting birds I ever had was a wild pigeon that I took from the nest when I was a boy. It became very tame and grew rapidly, and soon had a very handsome plumage. It would come when called by name and eat and drink from my hand, and was prevented from flying far by having the end of one of its wings clipped. It would be hard to find a single specimen in our forests to-day of what was once one of the most beautiful of our game birds—wiped out heedlessly and needlessly like the buffalo by the selfishness of the animal man, who seems to ignore the fact that when once gone they are gone forever.

Nearly all of our wild neighbors of the field and forest can be domesticated and educated if treated with kindness, and will be entertaining friends. I would have more confidence in any one who is kind to our dumb friends, and trust them much further, than I would those who treat them cruelly and torment them.

G. L. B.

Wild Turkey Weights.

THE New Bern, N. C., Journal reports: "George Russell claims to be the champion wild turkey killer of the season, and the wild turkey he shot last week at Hancock Creek will be hard to equal, let alone beat. Dressed for the table, the turkey weighed 18½ pounds. The bird was a gobbler and his beard was 12 inches long. Georgie can justly wear the turkey feather in his cap as the champion." But this is not an extraordinary weight for a wild turkey. We have chronicled many much heavier birds.

Big Game of the Far North.

BY A. J. STONE.

From the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History.

[Concluded from page 347.]

Rangifer, Genus. The Caribous.—It is to me a matter of deep regret that I cannot see in the future of the North the same bright prospects for the continued existence of the caribou that there are for the moose, for the caribou, the grandest of all northern land animals, is doomed. It is so constituted as to render it incapable of so well eluding its pursuers and surviving its enemies as the moose. For years it has supplied the natives of the North with more food than has the moose, and in addition clothes the greater portion of the population.

The caribou found north of latitude 56° are as yet very imperfectly known. I have traversed long stretches of country in the endeavor to learn something more of them, but the question now seems to me a greater problem than before. The country occupied by them is so large, the distances are so great, and the means of travel are so inadequate, that the task of properly tracing the distribution and relationships of these animals is a gigantic one.

These animals range throughout the mainland of North America from about latitude 48° to the most northerly limits of the continent at Boothia, in latitude 72°, and they are found from the eastern border of Labrador west, through 110° of longitude to the extreme point of the Alaskan Peninsula; they inhabit the woodlands, the vast barren plains, and the most desolate rock-bestrewn mountain tops. Vast droves of them [the Barren Ground caribou, *Rangifer arcticus* (Rich.)] leave the Arctic coast in the fall and travel south toward the timber, returning to the coast in the spring. This same migration occurs in the region to the west of the Mackenzie as well as in the region east of that river, and yet the herds of these two regions never intermingle or come in contact with each other in any way. Notwithstanding this regular migration to and from the coast every year, as winter comes and goes, vast numbers never leave the coast during any part of the year. It has become clearly evident to me that the animals composing one of these herds are larger than those of the other herd; they also occupy areas widely separated, with little, if any, opportunity for commingling, while other conditions tend to the development of distinct forms. I therefore feel safe in saying, after my limited personal observations, that the caribou are the least known of any of the more important North American mammals, and that they present a most inviting field for study, with excellent possibilities of ample reward for the labor expended; and I may further add that the time for their investigation is limited. To successfully prosecute such a work would necessitate the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, and require a vast amount of pluck, perseverance and patience, and entail on the part of the explorer the endurance of much privation and hardship.

On one of the charts accompanying this report [not here reproduced] are represented various sections of the country in the North most prolific in caribou life. Each of these large areas should be visited for the purpose of studying in life the different varieties of caribou inhabiting them, and numerous specimens, with complete and careful measurements, should be secured in order to furnish the zoologist with the means of properly investigating these animals.

The mighty Mackenzie seems to form, through its entire length, a well-defined dividing line between eastern and western herds—in fact, we find that at most points this dividing line is a broad belt of country, in places more than 100 miles wide. The herds that reach the coast in the spring, to the west and east of the Mackenzie Delta, never approach each other nearer than 75 miles, and rarely so near as this.

West of the Mackenzie vast numbers have been slaughtered to provide the whalers wintering at Herschel Island with fresh meat. The natives, who are often the regular hunters sent from the ships, shoot them, consume the head, shoulders and ribs, and cache the saddles until thirty to fifty of them have been accumulated, when the ships' sleds go out and draw them in.

The inhabitants of Herschel Island informed me that the saddles procured there from the mainland generally weighed about 33 pounds per saddle, while those coming from Richards Island, or Kittygagzyooit, to the east of the Mackenzie, average considerably heavier. In the mountains east of the Mackenzie, both south and north of Bear River and Great Bear Lake, there is a large kind of caribou which I believe to be different from any of the others here mentioned. A large form is also to be found in the Rockies, west of the Mackenzie, which ranges north well into the headwaters of the Peel River.

Again, to the north of the Porcupine, and in the regions of the headwaters of the Koyukuk, Noatak, Kowak and Colville rivers, we also hear of large caribou.

The large mountain caribou (*Rangifer montanus*, Seton-Thompson) taken by me in the Cassiar Mountains, September, 1897, I believe to range throughout the Cassiar range and to occupy a considerable territory in the Rockies to the east of the Cassiar Mountains, and it extends for a considerable distance both to the north and south of the latitude in which my specimens were taken. I am very skeptical as to the species having ever extended south to within the borders of the United States. A quite large caribou inhabits the timbered slopes to the south of the Liard River, down through the Peace, Athabasca and Saskatchewan districts, and in all probability this is the animal occasionally taken in northern Montana and Idaho.

The species of which I forwarded specimens to the American Museum of Natural History, in the fall of 1897, occupy a habitat almost identical with that of *Ovis stonoi*. They range high in the mountains, winter and summer, are very rarely found in timber, and feed but little in the cañons, even above timber line. Several adult specimens were taken and very carefully measured, these measurements indicating great uniformity in size.

Hudson Bay traders who once occupied posts at old Fort Yukon and at the Ramparts on the Porcupine tell me that there was at one time a red caribou in the mountains north of these places, and numerous Loucheux

Indians gave me the same information, but they had not seen any of them for several years, and did not believe that any were to be found there now. If, however, they ever existed, it is highly probable that some yet remain in the region of the headwaters of the rivers mentioned above, as it is a game region little disturbed by natives and never molested by white men.

The color of a very young moose calf is that known in horses as a deep bay; at a very early age a line of dark hair makes its appearance along the top of the neck, and continuing along the back, terminates with the end of the tail; this rapidly becomes very prominent until the young moose assume very much the appearance of young mules, which are often marked in the same manner. As the calf begins to assume its winter coat, this stripe gradually loses its prominence, the entire coat becoming dark.

Caribou calves are lighter in color, the shading of red is not so even over the body, being lighter on the lower flanks and on the belly and legs, and it lacks the dark dorsal stripe of the moose calf. Caribou and moose calves are both small when first born, the moose calf being especially small in proportion to the size of its parents, but the calves of both grow very rapidly, far more rapidly than a domestic calf, in proportion to the size of the matured animals.

I believe the antlers of the caribou are rather untrustworthy in determining species, but I am confident that the average antler of the larger species is heavier than the average antler of the smaller species. I have seen numerous heads of antlers of the Barren Ground caribou that were very long, but they are always light and delicate in proportion to their length, and never have the weight or strength of antlers of the larger caribou of the same length. I have in my possession a pair of antlers from a large inland caribou that I believe will weigh twice as much as the largest pair of Barren Ground caribou antlers ever found.

May 12, while skirting the west shore of Franklin Bay, a herd of about twenty-five head of caribou were sighted on the sloping mountainside inland. By the aid of my glasses I could make them out to be a bunch of females with some of the calves of the preceding year. They were traveling northward at a fair pace, and were among the advance guard to reach the coast, these animals evidently reaching Cape Bathurst by the 15th of the month. They were traveling pretty nearly in single file during the hour they were in view.

When these animals discover the hunter or traveler they will generally run around him in a circle until they get wind of him, when they are off. But in running this circle, I may add that their judgment as to the distance a rifle ball will carry is very good. While thus circling around I have often been amused at the manner in which they carry one hind leg. A novice in the hunting field, after having fired a shot in their direction, would think that he had broken one hind leg of each member of the herd.

The destruction of caribou is vastly greater among the Barren Ground or small caribou of the far North than among the larger caribou further south, and I can hardly agree with a well-known writer, who, after a trip down the Yukon on a river steamer that carried him rapidly through the Territory, says, "At one time huge herds of reindeer roamed wild over the mossy plains of Alaska. A time came, however, when the Eskimos grew so 'civilized' as to possess (and own) guns, the natural result being that the reindeer were exterminated for sport, not for meat."

Very little game do our Northern Indians or Eskimos kill for the sport of shooting, and with or without modern firearms, these people, if left to themselves, would never exterminate their game, and especially is this true of the Eskimo. It is the presence of the white man among the natives that is so dangerous to such animals as the caribou.

Our Northern Indians, as they formerly roamed over their hunting grounds, following the lakes and streams, lived much of the year upon fish, as they do still, although possessing firearms, and they were capable of making beautiful nets of the willow bark for the purpose of taking fish, food being thus acquired with much less labor than attends the hunting of large game.

When they resort to the hunting field it is nearly always for the purpose of obtaining furs. The flesh of the bear, beaver, lynx, marmot and muskrat, with an occasional moose and some birds and fish, furnishes the greater part of their food. They formerly hunted caribou and sheep only in the fall, when in need of their skins for clothing, at which time the flesh would also be utilized.

But now numerous trading posts must be supplied with both meat and skins, and the natives, while killing this meat for the posts, must live and support their families and dogs on the same flesh, all of which greatly increase the slaughter of these animals. Our Eskimos are practically all fish eaters, and the custom has been for them to obtain the principal part of their food from the water, killing every fall just enough sheep and caribou, principally caribou, to provide them with clothing for the winter; and the possession of firearms would never have materially changed this, but for the fact that both the whales and walrus in Bering Sea waters have been very much reduced in numbers during the past thirty years by the white man, which has naturally had a tendency to take the Eskimo hunter more inland. But the real key to the problem of extermination of our Northern caribou is the demand of the white man for the flesh and skins of this animal. The large whaling fleets in Bering Straits and as far north as Point Barrow have created a demand for the flesh of the caribou, and they are slaughtered by the thousand for the purpose of barter. Now this demand has been extended by this fleet of whalers along the Arctic coast as far east as Cape Parry.

One winter fifteen vessels wintered at Herschel Island, and I am reliably informed that these vessels each used from 10,000 pounds to 20,000 pounds of caribou meat, an aggregate of over 300,000 pounds in one winter, principally the saddles. At the head of Franklin Bay, in the winter of 1897-98, four ships used of the same kind of meat about 90,000 pounds, and at Cape Bathurst, in 1898-99, one vessel used in the neighborhood of 40,000 pounds.

We may clearly infer from this that it is not the presence of the modern rifle, alone, nor is it the sporting

proclivities of our Eskimo, that exterminates these animals, but the demand of the white man, who offers in trade for the meat thus obtained tea, tobacco, molasses and calico.

It would be with considerable hesitation that I should criticise white men wintering in such high latitudes, and subject to frequent and at times serious ills from the constant use of tinned foods, for purchasing this meat in such quantities as they do, even though I know it means the speedy extinction of the caribou.

Inland from Darnley Bay, and on Bathurst Isthmus, the old stone mounds are yet in place where the Eskimos formerly drove and impounded the caribou, slaughtering them with bow and arrow; and to the east of the Mackenzie Delta, in the Rat River country, and again to the west of the Rocky Mountain range, in the Bell River country, may be found the decaying brush fences between which the Loucheux tribes of Indians at one time, not very long ago, drove the caribou into the rawhide snares set for them, thus securing them in large numbers. I had an opportunity of observing the remains of these pounds.

Ursus richardsoni, Reid. Barren Ground Bear.—The Barren Ground bear is found in the hilly regions east and north of Great Bear Lake, in the low part of the Rocky Mountain range west of the Mackenzie, and in all probability to the Colville, and perhaps in the country forming the headwaters of the Peel River, and the upper tributaries of the Yukon, among the bald ridges above timber line. It shades in color from a dirty éru to brown, and in spring, when quite faded, at a distance may be mistaken for a white bear.

Ursus middendorffi, Merriam. Kadiak Bear.—The Kadiak bear inhabits the Kadiak group of islands, the Alaskan Peninsula, the Kenai Peninsula, the region back of Prince William Sound, the Sushitna and Kuik River regions, and the Alaskan Mountains, but I did not hear of their crossing this range into the interior.

Ursus dalli, Merriam. Yakutat Bear.—This bear appears to occupy the greater part of the coast country between the Copper River and Lynn Channel, but evidently does not extend its range east of Lynn Channel, nor south of Chicagof Island.

Ursus sitkensis, Merriam. Sitka Bear.—This large brown bear ranges well south through the Alexander Archipelago and into the coast range of the mainland to the east of these islands. The Iskoot, the largest tributary of the Stickine River, is quite noted for its numbers of these huge beasts; and the Indians are afraid to shoot them when hunting alone.

Ursus emmonsii, Dall. Glacier Bear.—I did not hear of the glacier bear except in the St. Elias range of mountains, the headwaters of the Alsek, White, Tananna, Copper and Sushitna rivers.

Ursus horribilis, Ord. Grizzly Bear.—The grizzly appears to range throughout the entire limits of the northern Rocky Mountains, and over much of the high mountain country west of the Rockies in Alaska and British Columbia.

Thalarcos maritimus, Phipps. Polar Bear.—The occurrence of the Polar bear along the Arctic coast in winter is materially influenced by the proximity of open water, it seldom visiting land, except in the neighborhood of the carcass of a whale. As I saw skins of females taken by the Eskimos while hunting seals along the open water at different times during the winter, it seems probable that they do not hibernate for any considerable length of time.

Lutra canadensis, Schreber. Otter.—The otter becomes somewhat rare in the extreme North, but is found in limited numbers almost to the limit of the growth of spruce forests. Very few of the skins taken furthest north by the Loucheux find their way to the furrier, as these people universally make them into winter caps.

Gulo luscus, Linn. Wolverine.—The wolverine is found throughout the North, in timber and on the barrens, and I saw them far out on the ice of the deep bays along the coast.

The Eskimos use every skin they kill for trimming their deerskin suits, and often buy them from the Indians of the interior for this purpose. The natives claim that the wolverine and wolf never meet without doing battle to the death, and that the wolf is not always, though generally, victorious.

Putorius (lutreola) vison, Schreber. American Mink.—The mink is taken in limited numbers along the banks of nearly all the wooded streams.

Mustela americana, Turton. Marten.—The marten is found throughout all the timbered regions, and is the principal fur received at the most northerly posts of the Hudson Bay Company. It is reported as being very plentiful at times, but as very scarce at others, and the traders and natives say they die off periodically. At Fort McPherson the trader told me they were as numerous now as when the post was first established, fifty years ago.

Wolves.—I found the black wolf to be very much the most common variety throughout the Stickine and Liard River countries. The black and the gray were in about equal numbers along the Mackenzie, and the white or very light gray wolf the only one to be found along the coast. These animals are very little hunted for their skins, and were it not for the fact that they so often kill and eat each other they would become dangerously numerous.

Foxes.—Red, cross and silver foxes are found throughout the mainland of the North, but the skins of these animals in the extreme North do not have, according to my observations, as perfect and beautiful coats as the animals living further south. The belt of country just inside of and following the coast range in British Columbia, Northwest Territory and Alaska, is evidently the most prolific in these animals, and yields the largest per cent. of choice skins of any part of the Northwest.

The skins of the blue foxes taken along the Arctic coast are inferior in quality to those of the Alaskan Peninsula and the Pribilofs.

Our knowledge of the foxes of the North and Northwest is evidently very little in advance of our knowledge of the caribou. It is, to say the least, very imperfect. There are the silver-gray or black, the cross, the red, the blue and the white. I have heard it said by one who claimed to know, that the first three named were all of one common stock. Three years of very careful study

and inquiry on my part in the very home of these animals failed to bring to light any positive proof either way, but I satisfied myself that the anatomy of no two of these varieties is alike.

The trading posts at Telegraph Creek, British Columbia, produce very much the largest number of skins of the silver, cross and red foxes of any one district in the North, and average yearly about 100, 500 and 2,000 skins of each respectively. The Liard and Mackenzie River districts produce very few silver foxes. Large numbers of white foxes are taken all through the northern Hudson Bay and Arctic coast districts, but very few blue foxes are taken there. The Alaskan Peninsula and the Pribilofs constitute the real home of the blue foxes, and the skins taken there are far superior to those taken along the Arctic coast.

Undoubtedly the finest red fox skins produced in America come from the Nushagak River region. The Nushagak empties into Bristol Bay, an arm of Bering Sea. Silver foxes placed on Afognak Island for breeding purposes reproduced silvers foxes.

Much additional matter gathered during my travels in the North bearing on this subject might be of interest, but would make this paper of too great length.

Lynx canadensis, Kerr. Canada Lynx.—The Canada lynx is common in the Stickine and Mackenzie River countries, and especially abundant throughout the Liard River region. Traders and Indians are unanimous in their declaration that this animal is always numerous or scarce, according to the number of rabbits in the country; that during the seasons of scarcity of rabbits, through death from disease or otherwise, the lynx is proportionately scarce.

Game Bag and Gun.

L'Homme Propose.

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his mail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail."

It was really too bad. It was most disappointing. It was, in fact, a downright shame. All winter long had B. been looking forward to a duck shoot: by day he thought of it and by night he dreamed of it, as I believe. I can even imagine him starting up from his sleep thinking that the creaking of his mattress was a flight of broadbills over his bed. As for myself, though not quite so keen, I was keen enough and longed for an opportunity to get away from the fardels and cares of business. The opportunity at length arrived, so with merry heart B. and I packed our kits and were off for the shores of Shinnecock Bay. We reached there at noon on a Sunday, and there being no shooting to be done that day, of course we devoted ourselves to exploring and observing our surroundings. Our host (a worthy man, who has "followed the water" from youth) took us in charge. First he showed us his decoys—six geese and about twice as many ducks. These were kept in a pen in the open, and whenever needed were driven into a crate and so carted to the bay. The geese were of the ordinary wild variety, and it is notable that the markings of the male and female are exactly the same. This flock has been in captivity for about two years, but has not yet bred. Our host informed us that they might do so this year. One or two of them had grown so tame that they approached when called, and fed out of the hand. The ducks were a heterogeneous lot and call for no particular description, if I except a couple of beautiful mallard drakes, whose plumage glistened like precious stones in the sunlight. From the decoy pen we directed our footsteps to the bay. Here the sneak boats, with their grassy borders, and the battery, with its paraphernalia, were lying ready for business, and upon these our host discoursed learnedly for nearly an hour. Had his text been one more appropriate to the day it is doubtful whether B. or the writer would have lent so willing an ear. But we were troubled by one thing. The weather was cold, with a high northerly wind. How long should we be able to stand it lying in one of those sneak boats out on the bay? The question troubled us, I say; but still we hoped that the weather would moderate before morning. When we returned to the house we had dinner—a good, substantial Long Island dinner—then smoked, our pipes and read—but not for long, for the heat of the stove (full of burning logs) and the stillness all around (so unwonted to our ears) soon superinduced a somnolent feeling, to which we yielded ourselves up without a struggle. When we awoke it was evening, and looking out of the window I saw the sinking sun gleaming wildly across the bay, while the pines on a neck of land to the eastward were as black as ink. After a short walk to arouse ourselves thoroughly, we returned and had tea. Then more pipes and a good old sporting gossip around the stove with our host. If there is anything 'Gene doesn't know about shore birds and the art of circumventing them, it isn't much, I opine. But he is never dogmatic or disagreeably assertive, but pours his information or yarns out of him as smoothly as oil from a bottle. Talking of bottles—but that is a story all by itself and must be reserved for the end. Well, the evening slipped away, and when 9 o'clock struck we decided to adjourn the meeting, as an early start had to be made in the morning. Getting to bed we lay awake for awhile listening to the wind, for it had risen to a gale; its roar as it passed the house was only comparable to that of heavy traffic in a street. Our last aspiration ere we dropped to sleep was that it might die out before morning.

Sound was our sleep, as may be imagined, and when I heard 'Gene enter the room to call us, it seemed to me as if I hadn't been to bed for more than a few hours.

"Five o'clock," said 'Gene, drawing the blind.
"Oh, nonsense," said I; "it can't be more than 1 or 2."
"It's 5 all right," answered 'Gene, adding despondently, "and much colder."

the temperature, as I observed my breath arising in the air very much like escaping steam.

"No shooting unless the weather moderates," was the depressing decision we had to listen to. However, we got up, and though our attentive host had brought logs into the room and set the stove a-going, we had to break the ice in our pitchers to wash, and before we were dressed our noses had a most unbecoming blue tinge and our fingers were so numb we could hardly button our collars. After breakfast we lit our pipes and went out. The wind almost took us off our feet, and seemed to be blowing icicles. The decoys were all lying down in their pen to keep their feet warm. Looking bayward ice was observed along the shores and the waters were choppy and sullen. 'Gene took out his spy glass and scanned the scene carefully, but reported that he could not see the sign of a duck. Notwithstanding all this, B. was for venturing out. The penalty of being frozen stiff he regarded as a mere nothing, provided only he could get one shot. It required the serious representations of our host and his wife (a very intelligent woman) to dissuade him. They told him of people who had contracted lifelong disabilities from rash exposure on the bay.

"Well, then," he said, turning to me, "if there's to be no shooting we'd better go home."

"Let us wait till to-morrow," I answered; "we may get a chance to-morrow. Anyhow, the outing will do us good." So we waited.

The morrow arrived and punctually at 5 the faithful 'Gene came to call us, bearing an armful of logs, the sight of which caused me to groan with disappointment. "Still cold?" I queried. Worse than that; the bay was frozen over! When B., who occupied a connecting room, heard this he jumped out of bed and began pacing the floor as I have seen the king of beasts pace within a cage. I felt that it was dangerous to go near him, or even as much as speak to him. After a while his excess of rageful disappointment subsided and he fell into a melancholy mood, merely sighing and muttering, "Well, well!"

L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose. True it is, indeed—of duck shooting as of other more important things. But we must never lose heart, but keep on proposing, guided by our experience, however. And this is what B. and I intend doing, and when we go a-duck shooting again it certainly won't be in the month of March.

I would end here but that I mentioned something about a bottle, with the promise of a story. The latter is soon told. It was neither unnatural nor improvident, I think, that B. and I should have provided ourselves with a bottle of good old barley bree before starting on our expedition. On reaching the home of 'Gene (whom we had not known before), B. must carry the bottle downstairs and set it on the parlor table. I had cautioned him against this proceeding, fearing the house (like so many of those on Long Island) might prove a temperance one, and knowing, if so, that so open an exhibition of the "arch enemy" might cause a shock. My fear proved true. However, neither 'Gene nor his wife seemed to mind, but there was a boy in the house, and thereby hangs my tale. As soon as the boy caught sight of that bottle he stood fascinated, gazing at it as a bird is supposed to gaze at a snake. And I have no doubt he expected every moment to see blue flames and little devils issuing therefrom. Then when B. and I proceeded to help ourselves his face took an expression of horror and he seemed ready to cry out. Observing this I told B. we must endeavor thereafter to help ourselves on the sly. But the effort was vain. Whenever we touched that bottle the boy was there. Once I made a careful survey of the premises, and seeing no boy, cried to B.: "Come along now; now's our time!" And both of us sneaked toward the parlor table. But lo! no sooner were our glasses ready than the boy appeared, as if out of the ground. It was like conscience rising up to reprove. We turned away guiltily as we drained our glasses. It must be recorded, however, that the boy's original expression of horror gradually wore away, and if I were asked whether, when he grows up, he is likely to be a teetotal man, I should say that after his observing B. take a drink the chances are decidedly against it.

FRANK MOONAN.

"Walloping the Citizens."

Editor Forest and Stream:

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the people of one section to wallop the citizens of another, a decent respect for the opinions of the whole community requires—. But "what's the use?" The more we write against the heartless slaughter of game and ornamental birds, the more persistently the selfish slaughterers carry on their work. But after all that may be said, the real head and front of the offending lies with those who, of all others, ought to be supplied with wisdom.

Webster said to his opponents: "Old Massachusetts! There she stands. Look at her!" What would he say of her now, with a body of small-souled, low-bred lobbyists in the pay of a few game dealers of the same stamp, determinedly opposing the passage of one of the most humane and necessary measures ever submitted to a legislative body? If these lobbyists are listened to by men who ought to be above suspicion, and their names are spread broadcast through the land, will suspicion be put to sleep? No; the country will say, "This is the work of degenerate Massachusetts. There she stands. Look at her!"

There's another State in our great and glorious Union that is not bringing down the admiration of the world in showers on its head in relation to game preservation; but what can reasonably be expected of a State that can descend so low in political degradation as to elect an Altgeld for its Governor! It would not surprise me in the least if Italian Joe should be nominated in that State for Governor by the next convention, for the bloody "professional" can do more in the line of game extermination than any other lazy mortal, and thereby commands a lot of public admiration. To slaughter hundreds of plover in a day as they are on their passage from the South to their nesting grounds in early spring, does not raise a ripple on the conscience of Italian Joe, and there are scores of thoughtless sportsmen who will pat him on the back as a "trump." Many years ago, on a trip from St. Louis to Chicago, the prairie seemed alive with plover the entire distance. When I got to Chicago I went out and killed a few, but found them too lean for any decent table.

Now as this whole crossing ground is being settled up and lots of Italian Joes are scattered through it, how long will it be till the extinction of the plover family is effected? There may be some members of the Illinois Legislature who can rise to the consideration of anything apart from politics, but pity 'tis 'tis true a large majority of them are elected from districts where ignorance is bliss, and where it, consequently, is considered folly to be wise. The preservation of game and the protection of our small and useful birds are matters beyond their capacity to grasp, and as their constituents are of the same material they are in no danger of losing any votes if they refuse to give the subject a moment's thought. If I considered it a professional duty to report the rascally doings of sportsmen who are destitute of conscience, I would make it my duty at the same time to whack them whenever they deserved it.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.

Careful and Careless.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is an old story that "Confession is good for the soul." In a January number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, Marin frankly and profusely confessed that he sometimes fails to get lost on a hunting trip. He says: "There are some who may smile superciliously, and asseverate that nobody except a doddering imbecile ever does get lost in the woods." Then fairly and squarely, he owns that he seldom fails to get lost. Good for Marin! Such blunt honesty as his is wholesome and refreshing.

If the individual who gets lost in the woods really is a "doddering imbecile" (I myself am one under those conditions), then what kind of an "imbecile" must be he who lets off a gun prematurely?

Now I have been conceited enough to imagine myself exceedingly careful in the handling of firearms; yet I must confess that on some occasions guns have had a ridiculous—luckily, not serious—fashion of exploding prematurely in my hands.

I went duck shooting with Major Mather in 1898. One day the decoys were nicely anchored off a rocky point, and we were well concealed. Presently the Major whispered: "Look out, Harry! A lot of broadbills are coming." I peeked cautiously over the rocks—they were coming gloriously, and fully a hundred of them! My! how beautiful and straight they streaked it for those wooden lures! Now they are only 300 yards away—I am still peeking. Two hundred yards—I keep an eye on them and reach for my gun. "Bang!" I jump—my hair jumps—Major jumps, and 100 broadbills point wings heavenward, and as they circle sharply to the east the sun's rays touch their underbodies and they appear like ghosts of ducks, and they vanish quickly in the morning mists. Major gazes wistfully in the direction they have gone, then looks dictionaries at me. "What did you shoot at?" I smile like a sick monkey, and say: "Major, I shot at the air." They were the last broadbills we saw on the trip.

One glorious fall day I was strolling leisurely through the woods. A pipe was in my mouth and I held a gun loosely under my arm. Suddenly the gun went off—a geyser of earth, sticks and leaves shot into the air a dozen feet ahead—the pipe dropped from my mouth and the gun turned a double somersault in the bushes back of me. "What a confounded fool I am for carrying a gun at full cock! I'll never do that trick again," I vowed.

I once sat in the kitchen of a sportsman's camp intently watching the transformation of cold, soggy dough into light, puffy biscuit. Some one outside the building shouted: "Geese are flying over. Bring a gun, quick!" I grabbed my rifle, hurried out, slipped cartridges in the magazine, but when I was ready the geese were far out of range. Returning to the kitchen I proceeded to unload. I supposed I had extracted the last cartridge, but to make sure I pointed the muzzle well up on the wall and pulled the trigger. There was a flash and a crash, and as a bullet sped through a foot log and out into the wilderness the manipulator of cold dough nearly jumped over the stove. I confess it was rank carelessness on my part to take a loaded rifle into the kitchen; but I must also confess that others who pride themselves on their carefulness unloaded their rifles in that camp regularly. I offer this, however, as no excuse for my own carelessness.

Perhaps I am not discreet in making these confessions, but the spirit moves me and perhaps my candor may cause others to think. There are men of my acquaintance who, I am sure, will exclaim: "What a careless man Avis is!" Very well, I admit it. Now let some of them examine themselves, without prejudice, thoroughly. I have noticed acts of thoughtlessness in them many times—but they never observe it themselves. I have noticed that there are more men who carry a gun cocked than there are who don't. And I have looked into the muzzles of guns carried by persons walking through the brush in front of me—many times; and I have often heard these individuals boast of the care exercised by themselves never to let the muzzle of their gun come in range of a person. They do just what they claim they don't do and don't know it. I am firmly convinced that a little observation of similar cases will back me in this statement—just try it and see.

Many a life is sacrificed through the careless handling of firearms, and barrels of ink are used in condemnation of the careless ones. Even by the most expert too much caution can never be exercised in handling guns. "Eternal vigilance," in this respect, may avert a horrible tragedy and the wreck of the life of the one who might cause it.

Undoubtedly there are justifiable cases where individuals have taken human life, yet, it seems that no sane person with a conscience could rest easy in the knowledge that he had killed a man—even under the most justifiable circumstances. Then what must be the feeling of that person who knows he has killed a friend—a companion—through criminal carelessness in handling a firearm? If a sportsman, never again could he find pleasure in the pursuit of those delectable pleasures connected with the handling of rifle or gun afield. Perhaps, like in some instances, with wrecked reason and clouded mind his weary existence might be passed in the confines of a madhouse.

Fellow sportsmen, don't say, "I am careful." Rather say, "I can't be too careful." None of us can! Let us each and all vow never to carry a gun at full cock under any conditions while hunting, with or without a com-

panion. Let us vow to be ever cautious while shooting from a boat or over decoys. Above all things, let us never carry a loaded gun into a house, whether others do so or not. Let us hang a notice on our rifle or shotgun saying: "This gun is loaded," no matter whether it is or not. Who can tell but in so doing we may prevent some "didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool" blowing out the brains of our dearest friend? Under all circumstances, and at all times—for our family's sake, for our friends' sake, for our own sake—let us ever exercise the greatest caution in the handling of firearms.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

For pertinent and timely illustrative comment on the above see daily paper, any paper of any day. For example, here is the current New York World of May 5 which reports from Cooperstown, N. Y., May 4: "Ralph Hawkins, twenty-two years old, to-day found a revolver which he supposed was not loaded. Turning round he pointed it at Jessie Betterly, who was standing in the doorway, and pulled the trigger. The weapon was discharged, and the ball entered Miss Betterly's head just above the left eye. She has not lost consciousness, and is now in the hospital, where the doctors have probed for the bullet but cannot find it. Hawkins has been held on a charge of careless handling of firearms."

The Last Moose Killed in New York State.

SAYRE, Pa.—The following letter appeared in the Ithaca, N. Y., Journal, and as it refers to a question that has been considerably discussed in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and is penned by an observant, thoroughly trustworthy resident of the region alluded to, it may have a special interest for a wide circle of readers. The writer is Ezra Cornell, of Saranac Lake, and he says, commenting upon a statement that the last moose in the Adirondacks was killed in 1848:

"From such information as I have from time to time been able to gather from old residents of this neighborhood, there is, I think, little doubt but that a moose was killed here in the town of North Elba, Essex county, between 1855 and 1858—I have been unable to fix the exact date, but it was certainly from seven to ten years later than the killing of the moose in Lake Champlain. The moose of which I write was killed by Truman Wilds on land then owned by Dyer and Wilds, now owned by Parkuse and Randall, on the road leading from the village of North Elba to Averyville. Mr. Wilds was hunting partridge with a double-barrel, muzzleloading shotgun. His first shot blinded the big animal, which made it possible for Wilds to get in a number of more shots at short range, finally fetching him down.

"Wolves lasted until a much later date—the last one killed in this vicinity was shot by Moses Ames near the road leading from Saranac Lake to Lake Placid, and about half-way between the two villages. That was in 1865; but in March, 1891, I am told that a wolf and a dog together drove a deer on the ice of Preston Pond and killed him; Preston Pond is on the boundary of Essex and Franklin counties. This wolf, however, was not killed. There is probably no doubt but that the wolves are now entirely exterminated in this State.

"Panthers have been seen and killed within a very short time, and a few probably still exist, although they too are practically all killed off. There are still black bear to be found about here—a pair of cubs being captured last winter within three miles of where I am now writing. The deer would be more plentiful than ever before if the present game laws were strictly enforced. There has been nearly, if not quite, as much "hounding" and "jacking" in this neighborhood during the past three seasons as during the three preceding, when such hunting was lawful."

The reader will notice particularly the concluding paragraph of Mr. Cornell's letter relative to the enforcement of the game law. It bears out the conclusions given in these columns by Mr. Burnham upon the same question at issue. Mr. Cornell's emphatic statements of the "hounding" and "jacking" carried on in the vicinity of Saranac Lake reveals a condition of things which calls for a remedy heroic enough in its proportion and extent to drive the supporters of this form of deer hunting into permanent retirement.

M. CHILL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.



From Wyoming.

Mr. Wm. Wells, of Uinta county, Wyo., writes a pleasant letter which I must give at length:

"WELLS, Wyo.—We had a very successful season here last year, and nearly every one got plenty of game, though, of course, there was some kicking. Do you know that there is a great deal of difference between the average Englishman and American when it comes to hunting? Nothing seems to bother an Englishman. Cold, snow, bad weather, bad luck—all is taken as a matter of course, and they seem to understand that game is not always standing around waiting to be shot. On the other hand, the American sportsman seems to think that bad weather is a sort of personal insult, and as to game seems to think that the guide is at fault if plenty of game is not seen every day. And worst of all, the American seems to think that two weeks is an abundance of time to get any and all kinds of game to be found in the Rockies. I had men out last fall who kicked like blazes because in a ten days' trip they only got elk and antelope, and did not get mountain sheep, grizzlies and cougars as well.

"The foregoing is only a little roar to relieve my mind. Our new game law seems to be working very well, as the license system provides a fund which enables the State to keep a large force of wardens in the field. So far as I know there has been very little slaughter of elk this winter, and other game is also doing well. Elk are increasing very fast, and the first hard winter will see an awful loss from starvation, as the winter range is already overstocked. I think that we have at least 60,000 elk in northwest Wyoming and the Park, and the winter range is being encroached on by ranches and cattle every year. But I suppose that the game must go sooner or later.

"I see that there is a movement on foot to put a close season on antelope and sheep for a term of years. I think that this is useless for these reasons: In the first place, the people who kill most of the game—that is, the settlers—pay no attention to the game laws when it comes to a question of eating fresh meat or going without. Nobody in Wyoming pays any attention to the close season when meat is wanted, and public opinion on the subject is so strong that the wardens are obliged to wink at killing for food. Consequently, if the present law cannot be enforced, what is the use of a more stringent one? Harsh game laws always defeat themselves, at least in a wild and unsettled country. I have always believed that the actual settlers in a country, the people who are undergoing the hardships of the frontier, were entitled to what game they need for food, and I would like to see our game laws recognize this principle.

"A close season on any game in a country like this does not stop the killing for food purposes, and as long as market and hide hunting is stopped the killing for food is about the main cause of decrease of game.

"As regards mountain sheep, the cougars kill ten for every one that is killed in any other manner, and the best way to protect the sheep would be to put a bounty on cougars. No one who does not live in the mountains has any idea of how fast these big cats are increasing, or the terrible ravages they make among the game.

"It is always a wonder to me that more sportsmen do not come out for a winter hunt after cougars, but I suppose that the cold and snow keep them away."

Mr. Wells' remarks on killing for food are based on justice, and those who know much about wild countries will be first to admit it. As to a winter hunt for his cats, wouldn't a few of us like to go at that!

E. HOUGH.

300 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Every Number from the First.

CALAIS, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see my subscription runs out the 18th. I inclose order for renewal. It is a magazine paper of editorial genius, and collects critically and appetizingly the things sportsmen, naturalists and ornithologists most want to know; a storehouse of good reading, nice pictures and bright bits of news. I have read every number from the first, and will be a life subscriber, but I am getting old now—in my eighty-third year—and am journeying into the shadow; the roar of the ultimate river is daily growing more distinct in my ears.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Wild Pigeons in Wisconsin.

GREEN BAY, Wis., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking it might be of some interest to your readers, especially the old-timers, would say that there have been six or seven good-sized flocks of wild pigeons going north this last week, having passed over town and around neighboring farms. I counted nineteen pigeons in one flock while trout fishing this week, and had a good chance to see them, as they lit close by, and there is no mistake, for they were the genuine wild pigeon.

A. G. HOLMES.

Trapping on Long Island.

A RECENT report from a Long Island country place within fifty miles of New York counts as captured in a vermin trapping campaign one 'posum, twelve muskrats, four mink, two dogs, one cat and 126 rats. This speaks well for the resources of the island, and it also indicates in some measure what one has to contend with in an endeavor to raise trout and protect the song birds.

Quebec Game.

AYLMER, Que., April 19.—The game in my district is very plentiful, owing to the fact that the Hon. S. N. Parent, Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, placed on duty during the past winter several special game wardens to better enforce the game and fish laws, and that we had very little snow and crust which gave the game ample chance to protect themselves from poachers.

N. E. CORMIER.

The Next Best Thing.

WALKERVILLE, Ont.—I have been a subscriber to your valued paper, through the news agent, for some years past, and look forward to its coming with the greatest of pleasure. As you say, "If you cannot go hunting read *FOREST AND STREAM*." That's what I do, as I am chained to business. To read *FOREST AND STREAM* is the next best thing. I am particularly fond of your yachting columns, as that is my favorite sport.

ALFRED MIERS.

A meeting of the New York Fish and Game Commissioners and of the game protectors was held in Albany on Thursday of this week for the purpose of making the members acquainted with the force.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Back of the Score.

"BEARS," said the member just back from a trip. "Yes; saw one. Wait till I tell you. Ball, the guide, wanted to go and look at a bear trap before we went down the river, and I went along with him. He had his axe and I carried a gun. As we came in sight of the trap there was the bear. 'We've got him!' said Ball, in the words of the Winchester Calendar. I was raising my rifle, but Ball said: 'Don't shoot; he's safe.' We walked up close and the bear stood up. Ball aimed a crack at him with the axe and the bear dodged one side and trotted off. He wasn't in the trap at all, and I forgot to shoot. Ball said—Never mind."

JOS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fish in the Colorado.

At all times of the year the water in the Colorado River carries enormous masses of silt, probably more than any other river of its size in the United States. It is so mud-laden that at no time, even in mid-winter, when the flow is reduced to a minimum, is it possible to see into the water, but notwithstanding the amount of sediment carried, the river is reasonably well stocked with fish. Few of these, however, are really fit for the white man's table, the flesh, on account of the mud and heat, being soft and tasteless. The market, in consequence, is extremely limited, the demand being wholly local. This applies to whites only, for with the Indians everything goes, from a strangled dog to a dead horse.

The largest fish in the river is locally known as Colorado salmon. The largest one to come under my notice weighed 19 pounds, but I have been told that they are occasionally taken even larger. The head is of immense size. It will average about one-third the entire length of the fish, and will weigh probably as much. The flesh is soft, white and insipid. When hooked they show but little fight, and can be landed almost as easily when newly caught as when dead. This fact is characteristic of nearly every fish in the river. A small green leech, identified by Dr. J. Percy Moore, of Philadelphia, as belonging to the genus *Piscicola*, is parasitic on this fish. They attach themselves to the sides of the body, usually back of the fins, and not unfrequently in the mouth. Sometimes eight or ten specimens can be taken from one body.

Another native of the river is the humpback sucker, a fish said to be much sought after by the Indians. They attain a length of about 20 inches and a weight of 5 or 6 pounds. They are much the color of a Spanish mackerel and are accounted "the best fish in the river," but just why I am unable to say. The flesh is perhaps a little firmer than in the other species, but to the average mortal the line of distinction is not plain. At present these fish are affected by disease and are dying in large numbers. For miles their dead bodies can be seen, belly upward, along the river. The cause of the epidemic is probably to be found in the spring rise of the river, but why I cannot determine. Even of that I cannot be sure, for no other species is affected. When examined, before death, the lower sides of body and sides of the tail are covered with raw, red blotches about 1/2 inch in diameter. When affected, they come to the surface of the water, move about as if half dead, turn over and die.

The gamiest fish in the river is the German carp, but that is not saying much. Their presence here is due to Government stocking the water with them some years ago. They are very plentiful in the back waters of the Colorado, as well as in the river itself. From 5 to 6 pounds is the average weight when full grown. During the spring and summer freshets the Gila Valley overflows; for a mile beyond the channel, and when these waters recede tons of fish are left to die and rot on the land. Generally the yare small, not more than 6 or 8 inches in length, and almost invariably the number of dead carp exceed the others many times to one. The large fish follow the channel of the retreating waters, and escape with much less loss than do the smaller ones. Cormorants, bitterns, herons, pelicans, buzzards and ravens have a picnic while it lasts.

Within the past two years catfish have appeared in the Colorado, hereabouts. The town of Yuma stands in an angle formed by the Gila River entering the Colorado east of the town. It is down the Gila the catfish are said to have come. I was told by parties from Silver City, N. M., that some years since two ranchers built a reservoir on Duck Creek, near that place, and that later it was torn out by a flood. It had been stocked with catfish, and as the creek emptied into the Gila the river had been stocked with them almost from one end to the other. Be that as it may, they are here. As this river crosses southern Arizona from one side to the other, much of its water is diverted for agricultural purposes. The sun and the sand generally manage to absorb what remains long before it reaches its confluence with the Colorado, except during the flood periods. At such times it is wild and unruly and pours down its channel in great volumes. It was on such an occasion, during the spring of 1898, that the fish are said to have reached here. Back water from the Colorado flows into the channel of the Gila to a distance of about five miles, and although this water is apparently dead, and more than warm during the latter half of the summer, it seems to be a favorite water for catfish, carp, humpbacked suckers and bony-tails. The largest catfish thus far taken is said to have weighed 4 pounds, but 2 to 3 pounds is about the average. A year ago the average length did not exceed 6 inches.

The trimmest built fish of them all is one known as bony-tail. He is fashioned to make his home in the strongest of currents, is about 12 inches long and silver white in color, but, because of the almost numberless bones in the latter half of the body, undesirable for food.

So far as I know, the foregoing are the only fish to be found hereabouts, but lower down toward the Gulf, where the water has a smack of the ocean, is a fisherman's paradise. I have been told that all a man has to do in the way of fishing is to call for what he wants and get what he calls for.

When other food is scarce, the Yuma Indians draw on the rivers to a liberal extent, and to them everything is fish that comes to their nets. In other latitudes, where the waters are less turbid with mud than those here, to be expert as a fisher an Indian must be expert with a spear, but on the Colorado and lower Gila the work is done with nets. These are usually from 4 to 6 feet long and 2 to 3 feet wide, and are held against the current by the fisherman with a stick at either end. He generally stands in the water about hip deep and waits patiently till he feels a fish strike against the net. When this occurs he seldom fails to land it. If too far from the bank he threads it on a thong tied about his waist, and is ready for the next comer. Although naked, with the exception of a gee string, the fisherman stands in the broiling hot sun for hours at a time. No white skin

can stand for five minutes what they can stand for as many hours, but I guess it is "all in the raising."

OCCASIONAL.

YUMA, Ariz., April 25.

[All the fish mentioned by our correspondent—except the catfish—belong to the *Cyprinidae* or chub family. The humpbacked sucker is known scientifically as *Xyrauchen cypho* (Lockington). It is an inhabitant of the Basin of the Colorado and Gila rivers. The Colorado salmon is the largest of the American *Cyprinidae*, and is said occasionally to run up to 80 pounds in weight, and is regarded as having some value as a food fish. Its scientific name is *Ptychocheilus lucius*, Girard. The bony-tail is known also as the "Gila trout." It takes its generic name from the river in which it lives, and is called *Gila elegans*, Baird & Girard.]

'An 'Early Start.

It was 10 o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Piper were closing the house for the night preparatory to going to bed.

"It does seem to me," Mrs. Piper was saying, persuasively, "that you might get up quietly in the morning and make a cup of coffee for yourself, and go fishing for once without a hot breakfast if you must start at 4 o'clock."

"All right, all right, Mandy! Just leave a sandwich by my bait box. We've got a quart of the dandiest angle worms."

"Angle worms!" ejaculated Mrs. Piper. "Any one would think you were about twelve years old, and your brother David isn't one whit better. If either of you had to dig potatoes a half-day you would think you were killed."

"I reckon not, Mandy; for there are fine worms in a good field of potatoes."

"The squirming things! Do you mean to say that you have a quart in that can? I believe you could be arrested for cruelty to animals."

"There's plenty of dirt in with them. Say, Mandy, don't you want me to go fishing? Because if you don't I'll dump the bait in the garden and telephone David not to come round."

"Want you to go!" gasped Mrs. Piper. "I shall die if you don't go. Besides, David's wife said to me yesterday that it seemed to her she must have some bass, for they had had them only nineteen times this spring."

"Sounds a little sarcastic, don't it? Well, David has been fishing pretty often, that's a fact. Can't say as I blame Lecta for not seeing him off mornings. David never fished any when he was a boy, and he's trying to make up for lost time. It's about all the fun I get, Mandy. Off on the road all the time. Kind of spoils it if you aren't in it. Don't you see?"

If Mrs. Piper did see she did not say so, and Mr. Piper continued:

"Now, to-morrow morning I am going to crawl out like a mouse about 4 o'clock. I don't want you to stir. When you wake I shall be gone, and half-way up the river with, like enough, a string of bass."

Mrs. Piper smiled as she prepared a sandwich and made some coffee ready. "You will only have to pour the hot water on this, and let it boil up, and you will remember to turn out the gasoline, and lock the back door, and go out the front way."

"Yes, that's all right, honey. I guess I have been a little hard on you lately. Been three times this week. But to-morrow we have it all planned to stop at Pettibone's pasture for grasshoppers, and we have to get an early start," said Mr. Piper, as he wound the alarm clock. "I am going to set it at 3:30."

"That will wake me all right," said Mrs. Piper, pleasantly.

"That's so," confessed Mr. Piper; but he knew he could never wake up without it. "Do you think it would if I put it on the floor by my side of the bed, and put my coat over it? I shall wake at the slightest noise. You see, those grasshoppers in Pettibone's!"

"Do you mean, John, that you and David are going to Pettibone's pasture and catch the grasshoppers yourselves?"

"Grasshoppers, my dear, are out bright and early, and it's the early bird that!"

"I wish some early bird with a camera would catch you two rheumatic old fellows out in the fields at daylight swooping around the grass like a couple of children. You would make a good picture for a comic weekly."

"What do you want to poke fun at me all the time for? If you wanted to go I shouldn't say anything."

"If heaven spares me my senses you will never have a chance," were Mrs. Piper's last words, as she smiled herself to sleep.

Promptly at 3:30 the muffled whir that was to break Mr. Piper's slumbers broke also upon Mrs. Piper's dreams, but she maintained a resolute calm in order to watch his heroic departure.

Mr. Piper's exit from the bed was certainly a masterpiece that any well-regulated family of rodents might be proud to call their own, but his subsequent career reminded the sleeping Mrs. Piper of the conduct of a certain fox terrier, which seemed to never allow anything to escape its notice. Mr. Piper missed nothing. The bureau drawers and the closet doors bore testimony to his scrutiny. His clothing was all in its proper place, but he stirred up everything thoroughly before he found things. Once Mrs. Piper gave a little scream—it was when he opened her box of ribbons—but the scream blended into a yawn as she discovered that Mr. Piper was at last fully dressed.

Then the telephone bell rang:

"Hello!" called Mr. Piper.

"Yes, up and dressed. Going to get my own breakfast. Had yours?"

"No; but I thought she better sleep this morning."

"Yes. Say, David, what did we do with those grasshopper nets we made two years ago?"

"Well, I'll look round a little; guess I'll find 'em all right."

"Yes, a quart. Hustle now, Dave, and get here inside of a half-hour."

"Yes; good-by."

Mr. Piper had evidently started the gasoline and left the

coffee to take care of itself, for the aroma of it reached Mrs. Piper about the time the fox terrier came leaping on the bed to discover the cause of the condition of affairs generally. He left her as Mr. Piper returned to the kitchen from the barn, for he knew where there was coffee there was always something to eat. The terrier and Mr. Piper kept up an animated understanding until both had finished their breakfast. Then Mr. Piper tiptoed himself into the bedroom.

"Mandy!" he said, gently and apologetically, "can you tell me where to find those cheese-capping nets?"

"Yes, dear; in the loft over the chicken coop."

"Having good sleep? Sorry I had to disturb you."

Evidently the net was found, and a search for a certain pair of fingerless gloves was instituted.

"John," says a sleepy voice from the bed, "look in the left-hand corner of the upper drawer of your chiffonier."

"How did she ever know what I wanted," pondered Mr. Piper.

Ten trips to the barn, two up stairs and three times to the telephone, and Mr. Piper was ready to start. He comes to the bedside and kisses Mrs. Piper.

"Good-by, dear. Don't get up until you are ready."

But Mrs. Piper does get up as soon as the front door is closed. She calls after him because he has forgotten his sandwich and minnie bucket. He had not forgotten the box of bait. David waves his hat, and Mr. Piper drives over the curbing, giving the wagon a jostle and thump; but what do they care?—two old boys going fishing.

The gasoline burned and the back door was unlocked. The fox terrier was peering into the open refrigerator quite undecided whether or not to make a dive.

Gone all day. What did they get? Three small bass and an eel.

F. L. W.

Boardman Fish and Fish Stories.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., May 2.—The opening of the trout season found me "chained to business," and the best I could do was to go down town in the evening and listen to the tales that were told.

The day was rather cold, and the most of the good catches were made in the small streams. Baskets of from forty to eighty were reported, the best being one of sixteen fish, weighing together 8 pounds, taken in a small mill pond two miles to the eastward. The river furnished no fish to those who took no bait and put their hopes in flies. The largest fish brought in weighed in the neighborhood of 4 pounds. There were a dozen or more good fish taken right in town, one weighing 2 pounds.

I set up my casting rod, and stepping out on the street made a few casts with a sinker for bait, succeeded in connecting with several telephone wires and other like devices, gave it up and went back to work.

Not having any experiences of my own to relate I inclose a clipping from the Daily Eagle, giving some of the tales that were told. The Mark Craw whom Mr. Carver mentions is the very energetic local game warden.

V. E. MONTAGUE.

The report sent by Mr. Montague reads:

With two fishing streams yet to hear from it is estimated that the amount of trout caught yesterday totalled 8,789 1/2 pounds, besides a 1/2-pound trout that Archie Cameron threw back into the brook at Williamsburg. This is considered the high-water mark, and it will probably never be excelled in the history of this region for a single day's catch.

The stories that are told by the returning fishermen are, of course, rather tall. Some of them sound strikingly similar to stories told by the same people other years. That is one nice thing about a fish story, you can advance it from season to season, and it never gets old. Some of the stories, of course, haven't to do with this year's catch. It is pardonable if the reminiscent flavor creeps in at this time, for probably no man yesterday made anything like the catch he did at some time in his career. The longer he fishes the longer grows that long fish he caught clear back in the vista of the years, before any of his present friends knew him and about which he can lie with impunity, for nobody can dispute him, nor nobody ever saw the fish—including himself.

Away back in 1861 Prof. Horst did his first fishing. "I remember the place well," said he this morning, regaling a party of friends. "It was just outside of Stockholm. It was a warm, pleasant first of May, and there are no game wardens in Stockholm anyway. A party of us went out back of the Government buildings to fish in a little stream which dries up in August. I had just made a very difficult cast, missing the dome of the war department building by a narrow quarter of an inch, when—br-r-r went my reel. I knew it was no common fish and let my line out full length and then ran after it, knocking down an apple woman and jumping between the wheels of a moving van. Well, to make a long story short, I landed the fellow opposite the treasury department building. It was a 50-pound sturgeon, as sure as your life. How he got into that stream between all those Government buildings and how he had room to propel himself in a 3-inch depth of water has been the mystery to me ever since. He probably crept in from the Zuyder Zee in the night, and in the morning became confused and followed the creek on up to Stockholm."

One of those who had listened to Prof. Horst's story was O. P. Carver. Mr. Carver likes a good fish story, but he looked a little incredulous as the Professor finished. "I will now," said he, "tell a true fish story," with significant emphasis on the word "true." "It was back in 1812, before there were any old-timers here except Howard Irish, and those who fished usually went with the native Chippewas. Mark Craw was at that time a mewling infant and the fish law was only in force on the Grand River at Lansing, where the Legislature could look out of the window and see that it was enforced. One day early in April—it was a remarkable spring, the ice going out of the bay that year early in November—the chief of the tribe rowed up from Pashabatown and beckoned me into his boat. To refuse to go fishing with the chief would have cost me my life, I well knew, so I crept cautiously into the boat and two of his braves rowed us out to Bassett Island. At that time there was a beautiful stream through Bassett Island, which has since been taken out to make room for a landing. The chief tied a heavy rope to

a heavy oak tree and used the anchor of his sailboat for a hook. To be sure, I thought this rather foolish and looked upon the chief as laboring under some temporary aberration of the mind. I told him I would not fish, but would watch him. He grunted his approval and swung the anchor into the stream. Hardly had the anchor touched the water than the eye of the chief began to glow with that light which comes into the eyes of the true sportsman when he gets an uncommon bite. Gentlemen, after five minutes' of the quickest work I ever saw done in all my fishing experience, the chief landed his catch. It was a muskallonge and weighed"—

"Wait a minute," said Ald. Hastings; "you needn't tell the weight of that fish, for you could tell anything and we'd believe you. That was the beautiful thing about your fish story. You led up to the weight so grandly that the weight was really of no importance when you got to it. It could have been 50 pounds, 112 pounds or 516 pounds, and not a one of us would think of looking upon the figure as being a little stretched. Much depends upon the way you land your fish story. For instance, if you had suggested a pin-hook instead of an anchor you might have overstepped the credulous in the weight matter when you got to it. As it was"—

But just at that moment Mr. Holden said he would tell a true story about his friend, Orrie Moffatt. "This is no ancient tale. This happened yesterday," said Mr. Holden, with withering glance in turn at Prof. Horst and Mr. Carver. "You know, Orrie, Archie Cameron, Mr. Ott and myself went out to Williamsburg night before last. We didn't expect to return until to-day, but we had to come back last night. You see, it was this way: We didn't all want to be bothered with the bait, so we decided that Mr. Moffatt being an astute politician usually kept his mouth shut, so we by common consent appointed him bait carrier. It all went very well and Orrie never said a word, just as we had planned, until we climbed a rail fence. In getting over he struck his knee-cap on the top rail and in the moment of pain that followed he hollered "ouch," drew in his breath suddenly and swallowed the bait. We had to come home, and just as Mr. Ott had found a hole where he had taken out nine before the worm was all off his hook."

The session then adjourned.

Fredo Bechtel, of Traverse City, has lost two trout out of his aquarium. The death of the famous rainbow "Big Boy" removes probably the largest captive trout in this section, if not in the State. Before taken sick about a week ago the trout weighed about 7½ pounds, and after its death weighed over 6. Mr. Bechtel caught the trout about three years ago, and it had always been in good health until about a week ago. This big fellow made a great fuss while sick and would splash the water of the aquarium into foam. He cracked the glass and threshed the tile which was piled up in the bottom until it all lay in different places. Both trout seemed to be similarly affected, and it is feared others in the aquarium will die too.

Spring Prospects in Canada.

THE receipt of more than the usual number of inquiries concerning the spring prospects for angling in northern Canada seems to foretell a large influx of visiting anglers when the season opens. It was quite late this year when the snow began to disappear, and though the thaw was a rapid one, it was not till the last week of April that it had all gone from the back streets of the city. Looking out from the heights of the city to-day (May 4) there are still to be seen streaks of snow in the outlying country districts, marking the location of the heaviest winter drifts. The streams were clear of ice about as early as usual this spring, though it was not until the last few days of April that navigation was opened on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. From the latter port to the sea the river is, of course, open all the year round.

On the lakes the ice was thicker than usual last winter. This is due to the fact that there were a succession of hard frosts before much snow fell, consequently the ice on some of the northern lakes was from 2 to 3 feet deep. Not much of it has disappeared thus far, though I believe it has gone, or is about going from Lakes St. Joseph, St. Charles and Beauport. On most of the other lakes it is covered with water.

There is not, therefore, much reason to apprehend that the opening of the fly-fishing season will vary much this year from that of other springs. On the average, perhaps, the ice leaves the lakes earlier than it is doing this year, but the temperature of both air and water is likely to be high enough to permit of successful surface fishing for trout by the 20th if not by the 17th of the present month. There is sometimes a little good fly-fishing here almost immediately after the ice goes down, say from the 5th to 10th of May, and sometimes earlier, but it seldom lasts more than a day or two, and usually falls off for a week before it becomes really good.

Ontario is likely to attract fewer anglers from the United States this year than usual, on account of the great falling off in the sport last year, due apparently to a decrease in the supply of game fish, supposed to be caused by netting, illegal angling and overfishing. The authorities seem quite alarmed over the matter, and the sale and export of trout from the Province have been peremptorily stopped for three years, so that in time an improvement may be looked for.

Many of the members of clubs having preserves along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway expect to be accompanied here this spring by guests. I have not encouraged any of my friends to expect very good fly-fishing here this year before the 18th of May, and some will only arrive on the 20th and 22d. From that on to the middle of June a steady stream of visitors is looked for at the trout lakes, and by the time this is falling off there ought to be good quananiche fishing on the Grande Décharge. Of course, that at the mouths of the Quaiachouan and Métachouan ought to be good by the 20th to 24th of May.

The New York members of the clubs in the St. Maurice country are expected up about May 18, and some even earlier.

If unexpected weather occurs to interfere with present prospects, I shall promptly notify you.

QUEBEC, May 4. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

New England Early Fishing.

BOSTON, May 4.—The fishing season is on, though the lakes and ponds are not all clear, the best of them being ice bound. Never has the interest in this section been greater, sportsmen setting the time for their departure to Maine or New Hampshire waters, and going, whether the ice is out or not. Cold weather and high winds have troubled them, and now they write those who have not been carried off by the spring fishing fever, to wait a few days longer till the ice has been gone a week or ten days. Such advice is certainly good, but it is only the old-stager that can keep the fishing fever down to reason.

Harmony Lake (formerly Moose Pond), Hartland, Me., cleared of ice Wednesday, and a fishing party is being made up for that lake. It is likely to include John G. Wright, of Boston, who has taken great interest in restocking that lake, a beautiful sheet of water in southern Somerset county. Doubtless Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley will be with the party, by invitation, and possibly Commissioners Carleton and Oak. Salmon were put in several years ago, and Mr. Wright and Commissioner Stanley are satisfied that there are some large ones there. Mr. Stanley is much pleased with his fishing trip to Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me., soon after the ice departed. By his party thirty fish were taken, running from 2½ pounds to over 5 pounds. A large percentage of the fish were salmon. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that no salmon were in that lake whatever up to a few years ago, and that even the beautiful brook trout, for which the lake is now celebrated, were scarcely known there till unearthed by Commissioner Stanley and his friend H. B. Hazeltine. Not quite as good success did Mr. Stanley have at Lake Auburn, one day this week. He trolled all day without a single salmon strike. There were about thirty boats on the lake that day, and only five or six fish were taken. Some pretty good catches have been made there, however. Mr. Geldhill has taken a salmon of 4 pounds. Mr. G. V. Turgeon and James Tracey are credited with several "square-tail" trout. Forty boats are frequently out in a single day there. D. H. Smith brings back to Boston a salmon of 6 pounds, caught at Lake Auburn. Cobbosseecontee fishermen are making good catches. Sewall Webster, a boy of eight, caught two large trout the other day, one of 3 pounds and the other 4 pounds. O. B. Peckham and B. E. Getchell each got a trout of 3½ pounds. E. P. Smart and Charles Tibbetts have caught four trout from 2 pounds to 5½ pounds. At Maranacook Lake some good trout are being taken. At Great Pond good catches are being made. Dr. E. L. Jones owns a cottage there. With Mrs. Jones and their boy he was out on the lake soon after the ice went out, when the boy caught a trout, which was found to contain two infant white perch and twenty-two young black bass; twenty-five fish landed at one cast! Who says that a trout is not a gormand?

From Kineo, Moosehead Lake, comes the report to the daily papers that thousands of small trout are being destroyed in Tomhegan Stream by dynamite, used by lumbermen to break up the ice.

Fishing parties are now in order, so far as the ice is out of the trout and salmon lakes. Several Boston merchants are off for Grand Lake and the lakes of that chain. H. L. Buss, D. J. Puffer, J. E. Gates, of Boston, and F. E. Bailey, of Lowell, left for the Grand Lake region Friday. They will fish Junior Lake chiefly. Jacob P. Bates and J. T. Winch started for Grand Lake to-day. Sunapee and Newfound lakes, in New Hampshire, are also being well patronized by Boston fishermen. W. H. Holden, of Leominster; Mr. Watson, of Leicester, and W. R. Davis, of Newton, left for Sunapee Friday. T. J. McDonald, Dr. G. C. Bates, James S. Hanson and Albert K. Morton, are off for Newfound Lake for a week's fishing. A Bristol, N. H., report says that the first fishing of any consequence was done at Newfound Lake Saturday. A. G. Dolloff and F. H. Fleer landed three trout of an average weight of 4 pounds. C. E. Rounds took a salmon of 3½ pounds. Bert Cate took a trout of 4 pounds; P. E. Hancock and Mr. Sanderson, three salmon of 5, 5½ and 9 pounds; A. E. Clark, a trout of 6 pounds; T. J. McDonald, a trout of 6½ pounds; Dr. G. C. Bates, two salmon of 3 pounds each; Winthrop Parker, two salmon of 3 and 3½ pounds; Dr. G. H. W. Williams, two salmon of 2½ pounds each; James S. Hanson, two trout of 6½ and 8½ pounds; A. C. Sanderson, two salmon of 5½ and 9 pounds.

A number of Calais, Me., fishermen were off for Grand Lake as soon as the ice was out, but so far the fishing has been poor, with very high winds and cold weather. A special from Calais says that P. O. Vickery, of Augusta, has taken six salmon of good size. G. H. Varney and Clark Reynolds, fishing on Moosehorn Stream and Moosehorn Rips, caught twenty large trout one day last week.

Parties are in order for Lake Winnepesaukee. A party of five Boston merchants left for that lake Friday. The names are Felix Tausig, S. L. Lehrberger, Jacob Ackerman, Max Bremmel and Louis Wormser. Saturday was cold with a high wind from the northwest, and nothing could be done on the lake. Hence, one day was lost to the party, and they can be away but a few days. J. M. Cotton and a party from Ashland have taken a good string, six trout; the largest of 9½ pounds, the smallest of 3½ pounds. On Winnesquam Bert Emery has taken two trout of 3 pounds and 6 pounds, and a salmon of 3 pounds. In Meredith Bay Oliver Woodman has secured a trout of 5½ pounds. Herbert and John Morrison have made a catch of four trout, the largest weighing 6 pounds. Trolling-opposite Weirs a party of New York fishermen caught, Wednesday, three trout, the largest over 8 pounds. A Meredith report says that W. S. Cruse, of Danvers; H. S. Stephenson, of Boston, and J. M. Cotton, of Ashland, have killed eight trout in one afternoon, the string weighing 42 pounds. Herbert Constable, of Everett, has taken three trout of 4, 6½ and 7½ pounds. Henry Boynton, M. Blanchard and Fred Lavalley, of Ashland, caught five trout Tuesday that weighed 19 pounds. Meredith local sportsmen are taking some good ones: O. R. Woodman, two trout of 9 pounds; L. D. Moulton and B. T. Roberts, three, 14 pounds; Charles Martin, Almer Clark and Joseph Clark, five, 13½ pounds; H. J. Wallace, C. H. Maloon and Thomas Batchelder, four, 17 pounds; H. D. Morrison and John Morrison, four, 13 pounds; John Kendrick and Frank Clough, three, 14 pounds; Albert Kidder, two, 9½ pounds.

From Bangor, Me., comes the report that the salmon anglers got another start at the big pool last Sunday; Thomas Canning, a local angler, landing a salmon of 20 pounds. This started all the other fishermen, and on Monday the pool was covered with boats, but only two fish were landed, however. They were good ones, about as large as that of Mr. Canning's. No fish are reported since, and the season is counted a very poor one.

At this writing the ice is not out of Moosehead nor the Rangeleys, though it may go any hour. A Moosehead dispatch says that the ice at the shores is broken up, and guides are betting that the lake will clear to-day, Monday. Capt. F. C. Barker writes from Bemis under date of May 4: "The ice is rapidly getting shaky, and this week will finish it if the sun and wind continue to get in their good work." But there has been one cold day since that letter was written. No doubt Moosehead and the Rangeleys will be clear before this reaches the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Then the New England fishing season of 1900 will be fully open.

At a special meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Wednesday, it was stated that House Bill No. 1203, prohibiting the killing of partridge and woodcock, except between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1, and prohibiting the sale of these birds at all seasons, would soon reach the Senate. Mr. Bennet told me the other day that he did not believe the marketmen would further oppose such a bill.

The ice is out of Webb Lake, Weld, Me., and on Tuesday, May 1, seventy-five trout and salmon were taken, the largest weighing 3 pounds. SPECIAL.

Trout Systems and Trout Manners.

NEW YORK.—I am a fly-fisherman. Ergo, I am a fly man. No Roman ever asserted with more pride that he was a Roman citizen than do I that I am a fly-fisherman. More. I wish to be up-to-date, and if I can make my readers believe it, I am ahead of date.

In casting the fly for many years in proper season, I have followed the good old manner which governed the taking of trout; yet this is an age of progress. What we old-timers lacked was system. Art had no substantial place in trout fishing. Art was old-fashioned. Art did well enough for him who governed his sport by the exigencies of the occasion. It was well enough to be able to artfully circumvent the wily trout, but art was crude. Art is art, but lo! art isn't system. We needed system.

We may suppose that the spaces above the earth are as full of systems as they are full of electricity. To pick the right system out of such profusion required a man with a high system of his own; it would be wrong to call it art. Presto! It was done, and we have the "Taylor system" of catching trout with the fly.

System is much higher in merit than art. A tailor will make a suit of clothes by a system. A sculptor will make a beautiful statue by the powers of his genius, but lo! the system is superior to the art.

The Taylor system set forth in full is clear to any one. Definition: "Is really only an independent discovery, with local variations and improvements of the old dry fly art. Some men have known all about it for years; others pooh-poohed at it. Some can work it, and others think no one else ever did."

But nature was not kind to me. I can't understand the foregoing abstruse distinctions. Therefore I ask some questions. How is the Taylor system "really only an independent discovery," when it is "with local variations and improvement of the old dry fly art"? If it is of the "old dry fly art," whereabouts does Mr. Taylor come in as an independent discoverer?

"Some men have known all about it for years," naïvely declares your correspondent. Again, where then does Mr. Taylor come in as an "independent discoverer"? If he is an "independent discoverer," what merit is there in discovering that which some men have known all about for years? What merit is there in discovering the man who discovered the discovered?

I did not know what the term "system" meant as applied to catching trout with the fly. It seemed to me that there could be no system in a matter in which there was a disagreement between man and man and fish; in a matter in which the man was working largely on chance; in a matter in which the fish was at liberty to act as it pleased. Then I bethought me of Webster, and it is all now clear. He says: "System, 3. Regular method or order; formal arrangement; plan; as, to have a system in one's business."

Then I looked up the word "manner," and Webster, in his system of definition, says: "Manner, 1. Mode of action; way of performing or effecting anything; method; style; form; fashion."

However, all honor to the "Taylor system," not forgetting that large and unknowable class, namely, some men who have known all about it for years.

Down with the art! Eheu!

OLD FOGY.

The Small Salt-Water Fish.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., May 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Cannot you use your influence to curb the destruction of young fish in our waters? Why do not the Commissioners of both New York and New Jersey pool their issues and do something? In this town, within a week, I have seen for sale striped bass of 5 inches, flounders of the same length, and expect to see lobsters of 7 inches sold here in the streets as they were sold last year. This should interest you, since one of the fishermen told me that they all came from the creek near Prince's Bay, N. Y., where so many were planted. The hard clams are delivered frequently of 1 inch largest diameter. Are there any game wardens whose business it is to attend to such things, or are they all alike willing to use their influence to help their friends stock private ponds and streams at public expense, and go down the bay in a steam yacht duck shooting? PRO BONO PUBLICO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Michigan Notes.

Alpena has trout anglers, as might very well happen, and it seems that they go fishing and have very good luck. The local paper has the following regarding the trout trips of Alpena citizens:

Burt Turnbull, John Corbin, Richard Legatzki, Ed McGee and Roy F. McKim took the south train to-day for a fishing trip.

Harry R. Morse, Jr., Dr. Godfrey, Dr. Cameron and H. F. Wilson arrived home from a two days' fishing trip along the Little Wolf last night. They claim 400 brook trout.

Aldermen Wyman and McGregor and Dr. Carr are home from a day's fishing at the Upper South. Dr. Carr was sick all day, Alderman McGregor fell into the water, but Alderman Wyman caught 100 brook trout and was generous, so that each of them had enough to take home.

Warden Morse, of Michigan, is making a good record in his work. His department investigated 184 cases in April and secured 64 convictions; fines collected, \$734.88. With seasonable weather a good increase in the game and game birds is expected.

Death of Jas. Slocum.

One of the best known figures of the St. Clair Flats country passed away this week at Detroit. Jas. Slocum had for many years been manager of the Star Island House on the Flats, which was annually visited by thousands of sportsmen from all over the country, especially from the South. Mr. Slocum was a gentleman and a sportsman, and was loved by all who knew him. He was sixty-one years of age. He was born at Troy, N. Y., moved to Wisconsin when a young man, and enlisted in a Wisconsin regiment for the Civil War. When he took the Star Island House it was one of two houses then to be seen in all that country now occupied by the Venice of America. Since then it has been intimately connected with the history of that unique region, and its proprietor will be keenly missed by many who knew him in the past.

Death on The Flats.

Mr. Chas. Feckler, of Detroit, while out in a boat on the St. Clair Flats this week, undertook to draw a gun toward himself, holding the gun by the muzzle. The hammer caught, the gun was discharged, and Mr. Feckler receiving the charge in his side, fell and died almost instantly. It is the old, sad story, and the painful fruit of the violation of the commandment of never allowing a gun to point toward any human being at any time.

Around Chicago.

State Game Commissioner Harry Loveday tells me that the new Illinois non-resident license law is working mighty well, and has been of the greatest value to him in his labors, as it has thus far produced over \$3,000 in cash from non-resident shooters who have taken out licenses in this State. Mr. Loveday does not pretend to say that there have been no evasions of the law, but simply says that it is good anyhow, and will be especially good should the State ever pass a law requiring every shooter, resident or not, to carry a license with him in the field. This he thinks would prevent outside shooters from posing as residents.

Mr. Loveday says that he has secured, at last reports, 125 convictions under the new law, and reports coming in show about four convictions daily. He caught W. Wiegard, of St. Louis, without a shooting license, and he was fined. Max L. Wolf, of 122 Clark street, this city, sold ducks after the season, and was fined \$15 and costs recently. S. Dempster, of Forty-third street, was fined an equal amount. Warden Ratto complained in each case. Moses Ligelman, of Newton, Ill., served illegal quail at his hotel. It cost him \$75, with costs. Mr. Jas. Woodall, of Jasper county, for a similar offense was fined \$100 and costs. Both the above are very penitent.

Mr. Loveday ought by this time to be a bit hardened in his business of seizing all kinds of unseasonable game, but this week he got a case which caused him the greatest indignation. He caught on South Water street a box of game shipped in from a Nebraska town, and it contained the strange assortment of plover, teal, quail and prairie chickens. Think of killing quail for market in the spring! Think of shooting down the noble prairie grouse while on the booming grounds and in the love dance of springtime! The man who will do that must be pretty low, and the man who will buy such game is not any better. Some of the prairie chickens were hens, and their breasts were naked, and they were unfit for food, of course. It is no wonder the warden was angry, no wonder that anybody with any knowledge or any compassion should join him in his anger. What is Nebraska doing out there, and why can she not stop this sort of thing by stopping all shipments of her game? It is the market which makes the temptation.

Kinne Creek.

Kinne Creek Club, of Michigan, whose membership is mostly made up in Detroit and Saginaw, had a very successful opening day last Tuesday, the take of trout being fully up to the average.

Chicago Bass and Trout.

Our Chicago folk are going out all the time now after bass, and the fish are rising in the Fox Lake Chain, as well as in prolific Cedar Lake, of Indiana, where the first big catches were reported last week. Mr. Edward G. Taylor, of the Taylor system, departs for the Prairie River, and others are to join him soon, possibly Chas. Antoine this coming week. No very extraordinary takes of trout are yet recorded. The big trout exodus to Michigan, more especially the Pere Marquette region, has not yet taken place, but will come off about the 10th of the month.

From Minnesota.

Kabekona Camp, of Minnesota, has changed hands, Mr. H. G. McCartney selling the property to Mr. Sturdevant, of Chicago. The camp will be open June 1 as before.

200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900; contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, April 28. Wind, southwest, gusty; weather, damp and cold.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu 91.6	89.8	88	60	74	70.1
Brooks 91	73	78.8	59.2	68.11	65.3
Brotherton 115	78.8	88	65.10	76.11	91
Everett 106	89.4	88	70	79	..
Lovett 118	87.4	89.8	74.2	81.11	96.2
Muller 107	92.4	87	73.4	80.2	..
Mansfield	92	92.8	70.10	81.9	93.1
Reed 90	92	91	67.6	79.3	59.1
Young 100	92.8	90.8	74.2	82.5	..

Judges, Everett, Muller, Lovett; referee, Mansfield.

Medal contests, series 1900; contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, April 29. Wind, southwest; weather, fair.

Battu 85	77	84	66.8	75.4	62.3
Brooks 86	77.4	78.4	60.10	69.7	80.3
Brotherton 104	..	79.4	61.8	70.6	83
Daverkosen 112	84.4	88.8	70.10	79.9	80
Everett 98	86.8	89	73.4	81.2	..
Foulks 82	81	80.8	65.10	73.3	..
Haight 84	89	81	66.8	73.10	..
Huyck 90	89	88.4	70	79.2	..
Klein 88	84.8	86	65	75.6	59
Lovett 119	89.8	92.8	70	81.4	91.2
Mansfield	91.4	86	78.4	82.2	84.4
H. F. Muller 100	91.8	87	70.10	78.11	53
Stratton 83	86	83	66.8	74.10	68.3
Young 84	91.4	90.8	75.10	83.3	..

Judges, Lovett, Muller, Daverkosen; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Huyck.

Pennsylvania Streams.

SAYRE, Pa.—Clinton Swain tells me that a fortnight ago he was down in the Monroeton country mentioned in my item in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and in fourteen hours' angling took 183 trout from the Level Branch and Rights Creek streams. Swain is the owner of a farm located along Level Branch and has just left Sayre to begin anew rural life. He declares that he is to henceforth dig the ground up some, "eat the fruit of the vine," catch trout, hear the grouse drum and live to the age of the ancient wise men. The country down there is very much cut up with small trout streams that go brawling to larger waters, and while the angling is hard work, it affords the experienced fisherman able to be mauled about roughly some inspiring creels.

To members of the glorious FOREST AND STREAM family who wish to visit the streams referred to, we may advise thus: Towanda may be reached over the main line of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Then either drive to Weston Station, due west from Towanda, or take train over the Berkley R. R. to the above point. Level Branch and Rights Creek may be reached at Wide Crossing, one mile south of Weston. Other fruitful streams criss-cross this immediate country, so the angler is pretty certain to find trout. Swain can be found on Level Branch, and as he knows the country thoroughly, and will leave the plow standing in the furrow any time to go fishing, he might be a good man for the stranger to swap greetings with.

M. CHILL.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 4.—The present week has developed remarkable interest in the movements of our coast fishes. While but two bass have been taken on the hook so far as I can learn, many have been secured in the nets at Barnegat Inlet and other more southern points. Weakfish, kingfish, sea bass and plaice have been taken at Elberon in the pound nets there, and what is most remarkable, four Spanish mackerel were taken at Bradley Beach on Tuesday. This is the earliest date I ever knew the latter variety to be taken in these waters. Bluefish, too, are in evidence at sea, 190 being taken by one boat early in the week. Off shore fishermen say the ocean is fairly swarming with menhaden, and that fact no doubt accounts for the presence thus early of the blues. I saw some splendid specimens of kingfish from Cape May in the Philadelphia markets the present week, and they should be ready for the hook here within the next fortnight. Our early fishing, however, very much depends on the currents. Anomalous as it may appear, it is, however, an indisputable fact that a current from the south brings icy temperature, while from the north the exact opposite is the case. The pickerel season opened on the 1st, and all the lakes are giving good accounts, much above the average, the fish having apparently wintered well and being in fine condition. LEONARD HULIT.

Lake Champlain Smelts and Ice Fish.

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I note Mr. B. Harry Morse's recent communication about "Smelts or Ice Fish in Lake Champlain." Formerly a resident of Essex-on-Lake Champlain, I have caught several thousand smelts, but never one ice fish (according to local name). The larger ones were caught in deep water, say 40 to 60 feet; some weighed 14 to 16 ounces. Ice fishing, I think, is father to the name of ice fish, although I have frequently caught yellow perch and bluefish from the same hole. I have also caught smelts in summer. My impression is that great numbers remain in the lake, but do not take bait, as there is so much other food. I have also observed that as soon as surface water runs into the lake in the spring, smelts will not bite as readily. However, if caught in deep water and properly cooked, they are equal to any winter fish caught in Lake Champlain. W. M. A. COWEN.

A Florida Fish Dynamiter's Hard Luck.

N. H. MONCK met with a serious accident near Lauderdale. Mr. Monck runs a fertilizer factory on New River and makes his fertilizer out of fish, which he kills by dynamiting. While pursuing his avocation a piece of dynamite exploded prematurely, tearing his right hand to pieces and injuring his right side considerably. At this writing the unfortunate man is resting quietly and getting along as well as could be expected. From Lake Worth News, West Palm Beach, Fla.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Duke.

LAST fall he was a long, lanky fox hound pup of ten months. There was a suspicion of something else besides hound about him which it would have been disparaging to his mother to mention. But he was a handsome dog with a delightful disposition, and his pleasant ways won me, so he became mine.

During the first month of his apprenticeship he showed little disposition to interest himself in tracks. His greatest delight was to lie among the dead leaves and chew sticks. Several times the fox came my way and each time Duke spoiled a chance by taking too much interest at the wrong time.

It was exasperating. But at last, along in December, a fox passed close to us, with three hounds close up, and the music one continuous roar. A happy thought seemed to strike the pup, "Why, if that's what they're after I'm in it," and off he went, and never again lost a minute while he believed he had a friend on the hills.

Thirteen foxes were killed by three of us during the season, including three before Duke began to run, of which five were fairly his. One, a specially large one, came to me up a quarter of a mile of bare hillside pasture, in plain sight all the way. He spent fully twenty minutes picking his way along scattered fence rails, over and around knolls and rocks, and in making criss-crosses. When he finally reached me, and stopped, there was not a dog in hearing, but as I commenced to take off his coat I heard the pup far below and saw him coming out of the wood and covering every foot the fox had taken. I kept still and timed him—just twenty minutes.

He was a surprised looking dog when he came to the end of the trail between my knees. The other dogs came up a few minutes later.

In March the season was over, and Duke and Drive were out of business and shut up. There came one of those perfect spring days when one just has to have open air. I took the dogs for a walk, and while following a railroad a short distance, a freight came along. The old dog stepped aside, but poor Duke seemed dazed. His death was instantaneous.

You are quite right, I should have known better. But I didn't, and that is the reason of this writing—that some other brother may be warned against taking his pup for a walk on a railroad track.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec.

A Dog Story.

I WAS much interested the other day in the movements of a little dog belonging to my neighbor just across the way. I live in a suburban place, and along the street over there is a continuous line of picket fence for a long distance. I noticed the little black and tan trotting up the sidewalk until he came to his master's gate. This gate swings both outward and inward, and often the latch does not catch properly, and the gate may be readily pushed open. The dog evidently knew this. He put his paw against the gate, pushing it, but in vain; the gate was latched. As soon as he had satisfied himself of this, he started off and trotted along the walk to the gate of the adjoining property. This gate, too, often stood in such a way that the dog could open it, as he sometimes did. A hole in the division fence allowed him to pass from one lot to the other. But this time this gate was also securely latched, and his efforts to open it were fruitless.

He seemed now to hesitate a moment, and then, as recollecting himself, he trotted on up the sidewalk. The next gate was one that was always properly fastened. The dog seemed to know this, for he did not stop at it nor attempt to open it. He knew about that gate—he couldn't open it. Forty or fifty feet beyond the gate was a high bluff, where the picket fence ended. There was no fence along the side of this lot, nor across the rear of this lot, nor of the adjoining lot. The dog evidently knew all about that. He turned the corner of the picket fence, trotted diagonally across this lot, turned the end of the division fence into the lot adjoining his master's, trotted diagonally across this lot to the opening in the division fence, crept through and was in his master's lot—was at home and happy.

I was interested in watching the little fellow, and have been thus minute in relating the incident because I think it shows positive knowledge on the part of the dog—knowledge that was the product of experience and memory. If he had possessed all the mental faculties of a man, yet being a dog, he could have done no better than he did. He tried the two gates that he had formerly opened; the gate that he never could open he did not try; he knew where the picket fence ended; that there was no side fence along there; that by entering that lot and doubling the first division fence he would get into the lot next to his master's; he knew about that hole in the fence; and all about it. And yet there are people who persist in talking about instinct.

I am satisfied that within certain narrow limits a dog's intellectual outfit is much the same as that of a man—I mean the same in quality and operation, but with a vast difference in respect to extent and development. I don't know that a dog can count three. "One would be rash, indeed," says Dr. Conant, in a recent Smithsonian report, "if he were to assert that the higher animals cannot distinguish between one and two." The Botocudo savages we are told have no definite number beyond one. The Puri and the Watcha stop at two. But the Botocudo and the Puri could be taught to count higher numbers. I don't know that the dog could. Here is a differentiation of infinite import.

In fact, I imagine that I have discovered an approximate

measure of the intelligence of the average dog in one direction at least. A bright little child of eighteen months was left in the room with me. She wanted to go to her "mama" in the adjoining room. The door was shut. The child stood at the door whining and fretting, and kept trying again and again to put its fingers into the crevice of the door to open it. What I noticed particularly was that she continued to try to put her tiny fingers into the crevice at the front edge of the door; never once at the back edge. This proves that she had observed that the door opened only at that side. But her reason was not sufficiently developed to show her that she could not possibly get her fingers into the narrow crevice of the door, even after many repeated efforts. Now, I have known a dog to act in precisely the same way. Being shut up alone in a room I have known him to whine and scratch and keep on whining and scratching, trying to put his paw into the crack of the door, even after he ought to have known better. Just like the baby girl, he knew enough to know that the door opened at the front edge, and not at the back; and while he scratched the paint off and scored the wood with his nails in his efforts to get out, yet he had not once tried to open the door at the back. Both the child and the dog attempted to do the same thing in the same way; they showed the exercise of the same powers of observation and meaning, and the same limitation of the reasoning faculties. And so it occurred to me that the intellect of the average dog was about equal to that of a child of eighteen months. The child, however, very soon learned that she could not open the door in that way; the dog, if he lived to be twenty years old, would never learn any better. A vast differentiation again.

T. J. CHAPMAN.
INGRAM, Pa.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

- MAY.
- Huguenot, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 17ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - Lake Sailing Skiff Ass'n, Kitley Cup, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising and 5-rater classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 - Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - California, annual, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
 - South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 - Harlem, annual, City Island, Long Island Sound.
 - Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
 - Indian Harbor, spring, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
 - Oregon, opening, Portland, Columbia River.
 - Atlantic, opening, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - Corinthian, Baltimore, opening race, Chesapeake Bay.

- JUNE.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - Hudson River, spring, open, New York, Hudson River.
 - Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft., Valois, Lake St. Louis.
 - Canarsie, first championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
 - Queen City, 17ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - New York, annual, New York Bay.
 - 16-17. New Bedford, annual cruise, Buzzards Bay.
 - California, Wallace trophy, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
 - Larchmont, spring, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire.
 - Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - Hull-Massachusetts.
 - Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
 - New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
 - Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - Queen City, Dodd cup, 20ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
 - 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

- JULY.
- Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
 - Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 - 2-3-4. White Bear, Seawanhaka cup trials, White Bear Lake, Minn.
 - Columbia (Boston), open, Boston Harbor.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, Sir Donald A. Smith cup, yachts over 25ft., Lake St. Louis.
 - American, annual, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
 - Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 - Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
 - Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 - California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
 - Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
 - Hartford, annual.
 - Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
 - Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
 - Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Queen City, Smith cup, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
 - 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
 - Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
 - Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
 - Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
 - 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
 - Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
 - Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
 - Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 - 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
 - 21-28. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 - California, return from Sacramento River.
 - Burgess, Marblehead, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
 - Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
 - Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
 - Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 - Queen City, skiff, classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.

- AUGUST.
- 3-4-6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup matches, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.

4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
- Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
- New York, rendezvous.
- 16-16. New York, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
- Manchester, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
- Lake Champlain, annual, Burlington, Lake Champlain.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
- Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
- Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
- Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
- East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
- Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
- Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
- Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
- Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
- Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
- Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
- Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.

- SEPTEMBER.
1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
 1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
 1. Hartford, special.
 1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
 1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
 1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
 1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 1. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
 1. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
 1. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
 1. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
 1. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
 - 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
 8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
 8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
 8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
 15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
 - 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
 22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
 22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.

FROM all that can be learned there was the mere shadow of truth in the recent reports of positive plans on the part of Sir Thomas Lipton for a challenge next year, and thus far nothing has been done except by Mr. Fife, who, having recovered his health, is busy over the question of possible improvements over Shamrock. It is certain that up to the present time Sir Thomas Lipton has made no arrangements with Mr. Watson for a second boat for 1901. The Glasgow yachtsmen are all deeply interested in the success of the Glasgow Exhibition next year, and they are specially anxious that the Cup challenge shall be postponed. Sir Thomas-Lipton is now in the Mediterranean, interested in other matters, but on his return the committee will confer with him over his plans with a view to bringing the racing to the Clyde in 1901. We learn from various sources little or less reliable that Mr. Herreshoff is now experimenting with models for a new defender, that the new boat will be built by a syndicate of Newport yachtsmen, including Messrs. Whitney, Vanderbilt, Duryea and others, and also that the honor of spending upward of a million in a new defense of the Cup will be accorded to that one owner who shall prove most successful in the new 70ft. l.w.l. class.

A RUMOR has been started lately to the effect that the owners of the new 70-footers will be prosecuted under the contract labor law for employing English skippers and crews. Thus far the whole thing seems to be a matter of conjecture, and it is unlikely that anything will come of it.

THE negotiations between some New York yachtsmen, represented by Mr. Barbey, of A. Cary Smith & Barbey, and Mr. Piepgrass, for the purchase of the City Island Yard are now off, and it is probable that nothing more will be done. There is still a question of the title, in spite of the long suits and the money which Mr. Piepgrass has spent to make it good.

IN the early days of yachting about New York there were many acres of shoal water, then useless for commercial purposes, which gave free shelter to yachtsmen. One favorite place, the real cradle of New York yachting, was off the Elysian Fields, between Hoboken and Weehawken, close to the Stevens estate, where the first yachts of the New York Y. C. found a safe anchorage, and the first house of the club was built. Another rendezvous was the "foot o' Court street" in South Brooklyn. Gowanus Cove, in the neighborhood of Penny Bridge. A third location was on the Jersey shore, all the way from the Communipaw section of Jersey City to Constable's Hook, at the entrance to the Kill von Kull. Protected from the invasions of commerce by several miles of shoal water and the outlying islands and reefs, this beautiful shore was once a little paradise for yachtsmen. The homes of the Ellsworth and Van Buskirk families were on the Hook and at Bayonne. A little further up at Pamrapo lived old Capt. Bob Fish, and Pat McGieghan's yard was near by; Mr. A. Cary Smith has also lived for many years in Pamrapo. In addition to its designers and builders, the New York Bay shore of the Bayonne peninsula was the home of many clubs—the Jersey City, one of the oldest next to the New York, being located at Communipaw, with the Pavonia, Oceanic, Greenville and others.

The old anchorage at Weehawken disappeared some years ago before the march of improvements in the shape of coal wharves, ferry slips, etc., the New York Y. C., located in the old home of the New York Y. C., being wiped out by the lack of a station. Similarly the Gowanus flats have disappeared, giving place to half-made streets and submerged lots, and all yachting has been

driven away, first to Bay Ridge and then to the Sound or the Lower Bay. The clubs along the lower Jersey shore have watched anxiously the cutting off by the railroads of the approaches to their houses and the partial spoiling of their course by various docks and similar improvements, but they still felt secure of their stations for some time to come. Within the past few weeks all of them—the Jersey City, Pavonia, New York Bay and Greenville—have received notice to vacate, as the upland and the lands under water for a long distance out will at once be used by the New Jersey Central and the Pennsylvania railroads, being filled in for freight yards, docks, etc. The small part of New York Bay shore in Bayonne near Constable's Hook that is still free is doomed to a similar fate at an early day. What will become of these clubs is as yet uncertain, as there is no convenient place left for them except on Newark Bay.

ACCORDING to a reported interview by the New York Times with Capt. Robert Wringe, who is now in this country as skipper of Vice-Com. Belmont's new *Mineola II.*, Shamrock suffered severely in strong winds from the stretching of gear, and in particular the buckling of her spars, her sails being thus spoiled. This statement coincides with the criticism of the FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the races, when so many alleged authorities were discouraging learnedly about the "bull-dog" model and similar absurdities. Whatever the defects of Shamrock's model, the weakness of the rig in strong winds, as shown in the final race, was of itself an inevitable cause of defeat.

THE list of fixtures which we publish this week is still far from complete, as some dates are not yet arranged and some clubs have not reported. As it stands, however, it indicates a large amount of yacht racing, covering a very extensive area, and well distributed over the coast and inland waters. The inland events as a rule are not yet included, but there will be a great deal of very keen racing on fresh water, especially in the general vicinity of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Outside of the list of fixtures, which is but the skeleton of racing, the indications all point to a very active and exciting season. As is always the case, the great international match of last year acted as a damper on the general building and racing of the medium and smaller classes, and this year a strong reaction may be looked for. While the 90-footers will not fit out, the larger division of the fleet will be greatly strengthened by the new 70-ft. l.w.l. one-design class, and the 65-ft. linear racing class of imported cutters, *Queen Mab*, *Isolde* and *Astrild*. The 51ft. class will also be stronger than ever before, with the addition of the two new keel boats *Altair* and *Sirocco* and the centerboard *Hussar II.* Though there are no additions to the schooner class, the alterations to *Amorita* and *Quisetta* promise a hot duel between the two. In the small classes throughout the country there will be a great deal of racing, mainly on the part of the two popular types of Skow and the knockabout. The former now has full swing in the races for the Quincy challenge cup, which has become a keen competition as to who can build the most useless machine. In the Seawanhaka cup matches the new regulations promise not only a better model but a stronger and more durable boat.

AN important movement is now on foot about New York to secure the aid of Congress in opening a channel from the head of Jones' Inlet to the deep water of the Great South Bay west of Babylon, L. I. It is proposed to dredge the present shoal channel to a depth of 10ft. and a breadth of 200ft., which can be done at a moderate expense. The improvement, if made, will not only be of great commercial advantage to the towns on the South Bay, but will open these waters to all yachts of moderate draft. The distance to New York will be shortened by about fifteen miles. A petition to Congress is now being circulated.

THE Quincy Y. C. has received a second challenge for its cup from John S. Lawrence, Harvard Y. C., who will build a scow for the races.

Protection and Salvation.

APROPOS of our comments last week on the Marine Journal's obituary of the late Capt. Codman, our attention has been called to the following from the New York Times of April 17. We quite agree with the final conclusion as to the probable distress of the Marine Journal.

Among the many reasons for regretting the death of Capt. John Codman is the fact that he cannot reply to a paragraph about him and his work as an advocate of free ships that appears in the current number of the Marine Journal. Of course, it is not an unkind paragraph, and it admits with cordiality that all the Captain wrote or said on his pet topic was thoroughly conscientious, but there is in it an unproved and unprovable assumption that the ancient mariner was vastly less well informed than sincere—in other words, that out of ignorance he had year after year preached false economic doctrines to the American people. Here are a few of the Marine Journal's assertions: "After eighty-six years, a large part of which was spent on the wrong side of the shipping question, Capt. John Codman has paid his last debt, and, we hope, has gone where everything is as free as he would have had ships during his lifetime. There is no man in the United States who has blocked the progress of the advancement of the merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade more effectually for half a century than John Codman." And this is the conclusion: "Let us hope that this misguided mariner in his endeavor to kill protection on all American industries during his natural life did not prejudice his chances in the hereafter." The letter which the old Captain would have written to the Times after reading those remarks would have been a valuable contribution to controversial literature. Old as he was, it would have lacked neither vigor nor humor, and the Marine Journal, later, as it labored through the heavy sea of his arguments, would also have presented an interesting spectacle.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am indebted to you for publishing my proposed simple length rating, combined with sail allotment per displacement for the racing of small yachts. I notice that you invite discussion, and inasmuch as you have mentioned some assumed disadvantages, or what appears to you as such, I should like to discuss these points.

In the first place, you regard the weighing of small yachts to be feasible only at yachting centers, such as the Clyde and the Solent, in Great Britain, and other localities of a like nature in America. In reply, I would point out that racing yachts are usually built in some such position and consequently close to a weighing machine specially erected, at no great cost, for such purpose. The weight of ex-racers would be known and recorded in Lloyds' Yachting Register, and the racing of tubs which are not built for racing is a matter about which racing men have no concern. I maintain that the actual process of weighing a yacht up to say ten or twelve tons would be quickly and accurately performed, and with far less trouble than the present British measurement of her girth.

Yachts which are intended to race after building at out stations possessing no weighing machine could be weighed as to hull and fixed ballast after building, and their spars, sails, stores, and inside ballast could be weighed separately, so that any change subsequently could be at once allowed for as regards the sail area carried when racing. I am therefore not at all in agreement with your remarks to the effect that any practical difficulties exist connected with the weighing of racers. As for the small yachts which occasionally want to race, let them do so under the length and sail area rule, or any other simple rule of the kind, to be settled among themselves according to their requirements.

The next objection you urge is, however, the more important. You say: "After a designer has taken his maximum displacement for the class, there is apparently nothing to prevent him from disposing of his displacement in the worst possible form—a wine glass section of great beam and draft, practically a scow with a thick fin," and you add, "The rule would probably produce a yacht of large displacement and sail area, of short waterline, with extreme beam and draft, and very shoal middle body." Well, sir, I am fully convinced that the above opinion is erroneous. First, there is no "maximum displacement in a class." It is a matter of choice for the designer. He can take as much or as little as he likes, but assuming that two designers for same class select the same displacement to work to, and that this selection is a generous displacement in order to obtain a generous sail plan, then I say that the designer who follows your lead, as indicated above, would be beaten by a designer who adopted a shipshape midship section. The two designs would be of the same length on the waterline, the maximum allowed for the class, and your remark re "a short waterline" is not understood. We therefore have two designs each of the same L.W.L., of same D. in tons, of same S. but one has a "wine-glass section" and the other the usual section of a British yacht twenty-years ago, sailing under the so-called Thames tonnage rule. Inasmuch as the driving powers are equal and the displacements driven are equal, it seems to me that so far as these two designs are concerned, the one which offers the smaller amount of resistance to motion due to shape, and shape alone, will win. In this connection, smaller immersed surface is important in light winds; and a shape which produces but small wave disturbance when driven hard is important in hard winds; in moderate winds skin friction and shape would combine to form the resultant of resistance. I am therefore confident that the shipshape boat would win in light weather every time, bar accidents, and I think she would win every time in moderate breezes. When hard driven the shallower body might, if well designed, be the faster. Of course, the problem is not so simple as the above example, but I took you on your own selected ground—a good displacement. The real problem will be whether the shipshape boats of good displacement will score over the section you describe, but possessing small displacement. I think they would, but not in a reaching course with a fresh wind. Some prizes would still go to the present style of boat. But there cannot be two opinions as to the tendency of my rule—viz., to encourage the building of racing yachts to a good and healthful scantling, and of a shipshape section, as they must win sometimes under the conditions I propose.

J. T. BUCKNILL.

APRIL 15.

We are glad to hear from Col. Bucknill in reply to our criticism, as the most serious difficulty connected with the measurement question is the lack of interest on the part of practical yacht sailors and owners and the impossibility of maintaining a thorough discussion. The two points touched on in the above letter are necessarily very largely matters of opinion that can only be decided finally by practical tests. As to the actual weighing of yachts, we can only repeat our original statement, that from our knowledge of the conditions on this side and of the building yards, there would be no small amount of difficulty in weighing the racing fleet, even the smaller division. The racing on the Solent is confined exclusively to racing boats, built and kept for the purpose, well known to all racing men, and most of them but three or four years old. The fleets to be handled on this side are of different composition, many of them being comparatively old boats and not built and used exclusively for racing. Col. Bucknill disposes of this class by the proposal to let them race under the present Seawanhaka rule or under any rule they may select; but this would not answer here, where such boats make up a very large part of the general racing fleet. Even if it were possible to obtain accurately and conveniently the weight of every small yacht built for racing within the past three years, there would still be hundreds of small yachts throughout the country whose weight is not known and cannot easily be ascertained. The owners of these yachts and the members of the many local clubs are to-day, as a rule, desirous of following the lead of the principal racing clubs on the coast in matters of measurement, racing rules, etc.,

and any rule adopted by the latter clubs should be of such nature as to be fitted to all American clubs. The first requisite in this country is a good rule of measurement for all cabin yachts of from 30ft. l.w.l. upward to the 90-footers and the big schooners, that will encourage a moderate type rather than the fin-keel, and that can be applied to all yachts with as little difficulty as possible. We believe, and Col. Bucknill will probably concede, that the displacement by actual weighing is not to be easily obtained in the case of the larger yachts and of the small yachts other than the strictly racing boats in certain localities, such as the 30-footers at Newport and the raceabouts at Boston.

As to the type likely to develop under the proposed rule, we have seen so much of late years in the way of the evasion of L.W.L. length in the scow form and of the advantages of power derived from the levers alone where they go free, that we should look for a similar development even where the sail is related to the displacement under the rule. In our reference to a short waterline, we were assuming that the designer on the class limit of waterline, whatever it might be, would select a relatively large sail area, accompanied by large breadth and draft, thus making a proportionately short waterline. Of course he would be compelled to take too much displacement for an extreme fin-keel scow, but he might distribute this displacement in such a way as to produce a relatively shoal body about the floors and garboards, so that there would be a lack of reasonable headroom. As to the area of immersed surface which Col. Bucknill relies on as a deterrent, while it would naturally be greater in the imaginary extreme type than in the normal boat, the shoal body of the former would admit of a liberal cutting away of the deadwoods, as in all of the fin or semi-fin type; while the deeper and fuller section would of necessity carry with it a generous area of deadwood at each end, so that the difference in area would be much less than might be supposed at first sight.

We quite agree with the proposition that the moderate type would win sometimes; it may even be that it would win in the majority of races; but we have little doubt that a keen designer looking only to the one point of winning races under the rule would turn out such a machine as we have tried to indicate in a general way, and that she would win often enough to raise many doubts as to the expediency of building a better type of yacht for racing.

Our position in the measurement question is a radical one; we favor a rule that will discriminate positively and strongly on the side of the moderate type of yacht, both keel and centerboard, in vogue ten years ago, this to be the principal rule for all clubs. If there are still yachtsmen who wish to build machines of extreme dimensions and dangerously light construction, like Defender and many of the smaller fin-keels, a separate racing division should be established for them. The interests of the majority to-day demand yachts of durable and permanent construction, and of a form such as will make them available for other uses after they are outbuilt as racers; in other words, the man who builds a yacht must get more for his money through the ability to sell her for a reasonable sum when he has done with her as a racer. The schooner Iroquois, of only 80ft. l.w.l., launched in 1886, sold the other day for \$20,000. How much will some of the newer yachts of much greater first cost be worth when they are half her age? Yachtsmen as a class are willing to-day to pay high prices for craft of good design, but in spite of all that is said about speed, it is plain that they one and all want more for their money in the shape of a reasonable sale value than they can get with the up-to-date fin-keel racing basket.

Limit of Size in Single-Hand Craft.

THE wonderful voyage of Capt. Slocum in the sloop Spray around the world single-handed has among other things demonstrated how much can be done by a bold and skillful sailor. Such work, however, is by no means a criterion of what may reasonably and properly be attempted by the average skillful amateur, and it by no means settles the important question of the most desirable size of craft for single-hand cruising on the sea. The two fathers of the sport, the late Capt. John MacGregor and the late R. T. McMullen, believed in comparatively small boats, of four to five tons, and most men would probably accept the latter figure as a fair limit. This standard is, however, by no means acceptable to one of the leading single-hand cruisers of the time, Mr. Frank Cowper, who writes as follows to The Yachtsman:

Undine, which I have just sold, and which I designed expressly for a thoroughly comfortable, all-round, wholesome single-handed cruiser, is registered at 14.30 tons and appears in Lloyds as 18 tons. I consider that this size can be handled by any one who knows anything of a boat quite as easily as a 5-tonner, if she is ketch-rigged. In Undine I have sailed in all the waters into which I took the Lady Harvey, except the Scotch and Irish. She has been, however, into even more dangerous regions, for I consider the Channel Islands, the Bay of St. Malo, the Rance to Dinan, and from Cap Frehel to the Sept-Isles, including the Baie de St. Brieux, with all its sunken dangers, far more risky than even the Orkneys or Scarba Sound. In fact, I think that one could not find a more dangerous cruising ground than that little rock-strewn patch of sea bounded by a line from the Casquets to Cap la Hougue on the north, and from the same rocks to Brehat Island on the west; yet, absolutely alone, and with the greatest pleasure and comfort, I took Undine in and out of these rocks. The Pass Percee, Sark, Alderney Race, where I had to anchor, the Miniquiers, and many other stony grounds, were all explored by her; and I never had any accident or even contretemps, while she would enter such crowded and for a single-handed man rather difficult harbors as Dover, Torquay, Dartmouth, Weymouth, Portsmouth, with the greatest ease and confidence. I do not think that either risk or arduousness is necessarily increased with size, of course up to a certain limit, while there is no comparison between the comfort enjoyed by the skipper of such a boat as Undine, and the possessor of a 5-tonner. In such a boat a man can practically go anywhere, and face a good deal

of bad weather—in fact, I think almost any bad weather—provided he has plenty of sea room and sound gear.

Why should one limit one's comfort to one small cabin, with not sufficient head room, when two cabins with 6ft. head room and ample accommodation can as readily be owned? In Undine, nearly 50ft. over all and 10ft. breadth, I possessed every comfort I had on board the Lady Harvey (30 tons), with the added convenience that she drew only 5ft. 3in. The comfort which such a boat gives is far and away out of all proportion to the slight strain of stowing away an anchor sometimes causes.

As regards risk, there is certainly far more in attempting such cruises in a small boat than there is in a large one, and for arduousness, I know that I have panted much more and been much more put to it when getting under way in a small boat than I have with a larger simply because she was much more lively and things had to be done in a small space and with less certainty that the boat would give one time to finish.

No; I say get as big a boat as you can, and that will give you all the comfort possible, and you will never repent it. Only she must be ketch-rigged to be easily handled.

Most men would consider Undine—35ft. l.w.l. and 10ft. 7in. breadth, and 18 tons measurement—entirely too large for single-hand work, but Mr. Cowper has sailed her alone for three years about the English Channel and the French coast, and is certainly qualified to speak from experience. Only a little smaller is the single-hander Christopher Columbus, owned by Capt. Isaac L. Church, of Tiverton, R. I., and used off shore outside Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. She is about 40ft. over all, 9ft. breadth and has a cabin house 15ft. long, with full head room. In rig she is between a ketch and a schooner, the mainsail and foresail being practically of the same size, the latter having a lug foot. She carries double headsails. One important point about her rig is the absence of shrouds, there being only the headstays. The masts are long, but the gaffs are very short.

The fact seems to be that a man of average strength and skill can safely and comfortably handle alone a vessel of upward of 20 tons, provided that the model is right, being specially designed for the purpose, and that she is properly rigged. The best rig seems to be the ketch or schooner, with double head rig, no topsails, light spars and as simple gear as can be worked effectively. The average single-hander will, for various reasons, restrict himself to something of the canoe-yawl and canoe-yacht type, under rather than over 5 tons, but there is good reason to believe that if he can afford a larger boat giving a far greater amount of comfort, he can handle her to as good advantage as the smaller one.

Canoeing for Yachtsmen.

THE modern sailing canoe, such as the one illustrated last week, has much to recommend it to those other than canoeists who desire a small and handy craft for occasional sailing. With many of the advantages of the rater or half-rater, the canoe possesses the additional charm of being strictly a one-man craft, to be handled by the owner alone, without the aid of a paid hand. The following, from the Field, is written by an old yachtsman, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, who is at the same time a canoeist. The canoe is easily carried at the davits and may be made a source of pleasure at all times when it is not desired to get under way in the larger craft.

Comparatively few yachting men are aware of the sport which is going forward in sailing canoes; the majority have never seen a sailing canoe, while others draw on their memory of the sailing of the old type of "main and mizzen" craft with crew lying down below, or of the crank hike-out plank-balanced racing machine. As a matter of fact, round about Easter is just the time in which the yacht owners could thoroughly enjoy canoe sailing. Salmon fishing is by no means every man's game at this season of the year; most rivers hold a fair share of snow water, and only those who wade deep all day know how the cold strains the system, to say nothing of the annoying frequency of contests with worthless keltis, and the shivering sleet squalls which in Scotland do duty as April showers. The yachts are not yet fitted out, and few owners, except the amateur single-handers, do more than pay a flying visit to the yacht yard while fitting out is going on.

We cannot doubt that if yachtsmen were to visit Teddington Reach on the Thames, a mere twelve miles from London, at the time of any of the above named fixtures of the Royal Canoe Club, they would return to town with a vastly changed notion of the sport of canoe sailing. Not only, perhaps, as to canoe sailing in itself, but of the sport of sailing. We have on more than one occasion asserted, and perhaps assertion is a dangerous and improper thing, but we have asserted, and still do so, that for pure sailing there is none better to be got than in a really up-to-date sailing canoe. We have sailed in and sailed and owned pretty nearly all classes of yachts, but in none of them can one enjoy fully unfettered sailing. Even in a half-rater or 18-linear-footer the owner is to a large extent dependent on his amateur or professional crew for success in racing, and for needful aid in cruising. If he goes in for regular racing, such as on the Solent, he is barely allowed to be his own master; his "crew" will insinuate a lot, it may even amount to open mutiny; whereas in heavy tonnage racing the owner is really only a paymaster, allowed by his crew to be on board for a limited time, except in a very few cases where the owner is actually master. The art of sailing and the handling of the vessel and the maneuvers in the race will be just the same in the canoe as in the class rater, with, perhaps, two additions, that everything will have to be done in quicker time, whether it be thought, decision or action, in the canoe, and without any prompting suggestions from a prize-aspiring paid hand.

The up-to-date cruising class canoe is, in every way necessary to sailing, an absolute little rater; her rig is the same, only far more refined and perfect; her hull is as carefully modeled, designed and built; her ballasting and other equipment is more elaborate, and her powers of endurance, her handiness and her speed are comparatively far ahead of the raters. That is to say, it is well

known that on Y. R. A. time allowance in almost any ordinary weather the canoe would win; indeed, in most states of wind and sea she can, and does, win without time allowance—that is, of course, on open water and moderate weather; on a river between banks and lines of bushes and trees the high sails of a boat twice the size of a canoe are pretty sure to catch the wind, which scarcely comes at all to the lower suit of sails of the canoe. However, there is, happily, no intermixture of canoe and raters, the Y. R. A. 15cwt. minimum limit of weight being a bar to a canoe of some 500lbs. for open water sailing, and also the canoes have, even in one club alone, some sixty races and two £50 challenge cups to go for among themselves.

The matter may be summed up in this, that the man who wins prizes in sailing canoes must be an expert sailor; whereas, in a yacht the prize winner may hire a professional to sail the craft or to nurse him in sailing it.

Yacht Racing at the Paris Exposition.

THE committee in charge of the yacht races arranged as a part of the Paris Exposition has issued a programme of the events, to which yachtsmen of foreign countries are warmly invited. There will be two series of races, the first for yachts of not over ten tons by the French rule, to be held at Meulan on the Seine in May; the second for yachts of ten to twenty tons, to be sailed off Havre in August. Yachts of all nationalities are eligible to enter, the only proviso being that each shall have her owner or a representative accepted by the committee on board.

Meulan is the station of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, the noted small-yacht club of France. The sum of 15,000 francs has been appropriated for prizes. The races will be sailed under the French rule of measurement,

$$\left(L - \frac{P}{4} \right) P \sqrt{S}.$$

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The races at Meulan will begin on May 20, and all yachts entered are expected to start in the first grand race, for which six first and five second prizes are offered. On May 22 the races will be for the ½-ton, 2-ton and 3-ton classes, on May 24 for the international cup of the Exposition—the 10-ton and the ½-ton classes, and on May 27 for the 1-ton, 2-ton, 3-ton and 10-ton classes.

The races at Havre will begin on Aug. 1 and continue until Aug. 5, the series including three races, for which five prizes ranging from 8,000 to 1,000 francs will be given. They are open to all yachts of over 10 and not over 20 tons. Entries may be made to Jean d'Estourelles de Constant, Rue Mirabeau, No. 4, Paris, who will furnish all necessary information.

The Boston 25-Footers.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was held on April 30 at Young's Hotel to consider the following proposed amendments to create a new class for the four Hanley boats which do not conform to the Association cabin restrictions:

Class E, a special 25ft. cabin class, open to the four Hanley boats owned by Messrs. Parker & Hayden, J. Fred Brown, W. F. Bache and Edwin Clapp; the two Purdon boats, owned by Messrs. Randolph Tucker and Reginald Boardman, and to all boats in Class D at their option. All rules and restrictions of Class D, Y. R. A., to apply, except in so far as the present construction of these special boats prevents.

After a discussion lasting over two hours, a motion to postpone the amendment indefinitely was carried by a vote of 9 to 4. The yachts will now be compelled to race outside the Association.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. was held on April 21, with Com. Lucas in the chair, the following officers being elected: Com., R. A. Lucas; Vice-Com., S. E. Malloch; Rear-Com., Guy R. Judd; Hon. Sec'y, T. W. Lester; Capt., J. H. Fearnside; Hon. Measurers, G. F. Birely and J. G. Gauld; Fleet Surgeon, H. S. Griffin, M. D.; Committee, E. H. Ambrose, Frank Fearman, W. J. Grant, J. F. Monck, Geo. Vallance, Geo. Webster, H. G. Wright.

The new year book of the British Y. R. A. has been issued for 1900, containing the revised rules of the Association. A complete list is given of all yachts holding Y. R. A. certificates, with the date of each measurement, and it is now provided that every yacht must be re-measured after the expiration of two years. The book is published by Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's Lane, London, Eng.

The auxiliary schooner Penelope, designed and built by Read Bros., of Fall River, for A. Homer Skinner, was launched on April 24, being christened by Miss Bertha Louise Skinner. The yacht is 57ft. over all, 38ft. l.w.l., 14ft. breadth and 6ft. draft, with a 16-H. P. gasoline engine built by Murray & Tregartha.

Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, of Islip, has built two new sloops this winter, one, Electra, at Bristol, and one, Impatience, at Bay Shore. The two will be raced together on Great South Bay.

At Wood's Yard, City Island, there is now ready for launching a cruising centerboard cutter designed by H. C. Huntington for Francis H. Page. She is 61ft. 6in. over all, 40ft. l.w.l., 15ft. breadth and 7ft. 6in. draft, with a centerboard under the floor. There is a trunk cabin, giving good headroom below, and the interior is handsomely fitted. Mr. Wood has also cast the keel for a 21ft. raceabout, designed by B. B. Crowninshield for Alfred Peats, of New York.

Com. Ledyard has appointed Mr. Robert Bacon Fleet Captain of the New York Y. C. Mr. Bacon is a partner of ex-Com. Morgan.

A meeting of the committee in charge of the yachting

carnival to be held under the auspices of the South Boston yacht clubs in July was held on April 25 at the Columbia Y. C. All yacht clubs from Provincetown to Portland will be notified, and asked to cruise to South Boston. Officers were chosen as follows: Pres., Arthur Fuller, South Boston Y. C.; First Vice-Pres., Com. Edward J. Powers, Columbia Y. C.; Second Vice-Pres., Com. Charles P. Mooney, Mosquito Fleet Y. C.; Third Vice-Pres., Simeon Goldsmith, South Boston Y. C.; Sec'y, James F. Barry, Mosquito Fleet Y. C.; Treas., Frank E. Grainger, Columbia Y. C. Members of the city and State governments and the Yacht Racing Association were added to the permanent body.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, was at Gibraltar, from Marseilles, on April 27, bound west.

Utowana, steam yacht, Allison V. Armour, was at Horta in the Azores on April 27.

On April 25 the Parkdale Sailing Club, of Parkdale, on Humber Bay, near Toronto, held its annual meeting, electing the following officers: Com., Alf. Cole; Vice-Com., Jas. Commeford; Capt., W. H. Paterson; Sec'y-Treas., W. A. Watts, 272 Arthur street; Meas., S. Griffiths; Sailing Committee, L. E. Marsh, J. Cole and H. Weir; House Committee, G. Hallett, W. Norwich and T. Chaperon. The club has lately taken in sixteen new members, adding nine new boats to its fleet.

Sultana, steam yacht, built by the Davis Boat and Oar Company at Wyandotte, Mich., in 1893, and owned for several years by W. H. Langley, of New York, will return to the Great Lakes, having been purchased by G. C. Conn, of Elkhart, Ind. She has been repaired and refitted at Tebo's Basin.

Katrina, schr., Robert E. Todd, has been sold to James B. Ford.

On April 26 the new schooner Kirin was launched at Poillon's Yard, South Brooklyn. She was designed by J. Beaver Webb for Max Agassiz, and her dimensions are: Over all, 98ft.; l.w.l., 70ft.; breadth, 17ft. 6in.; draft, 11ft. 8in. She is intended for cruising, and is very heavily constructed, her deck beams being about 6in. square. In model she is a cross between the old America and the narrow cutters of 1880-85, with an old-fashioned clipper stem, a very hollow bow and a deep V section.

The Sintz Gas Engine Company, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has issued a very artistic catalogue of gasoline engines, launches, yachts, gasoline pumps, etc. The Sintz engine is well known in the West, and is very popular with yachtsmen. The book contains excellent illustrations of both engines and the completed yachts.

The Almanac of the Solent Classes, which is a labor of love with Thalassa, Lt.-Col. Bucknill, R. E., contains the usual amount of detailed information as to the Solent clubs, rules, fixtures, etc., including a summary of the Y. R. A. rules. The little book is very useful to all who race on and about the Solent.

The large steam yacht Margarita III., designed by G. L. Watson for A. J. Drexel, Esq., of Philadelphia, was successfully launched at Henderson's Yard, Glasgow, on April 1. She is 323ft. over all, 272ft. l.w.l., 36ft. 9in. in breadth and 16ft. 8in. draft.

The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was held in Toronto on April 28, the following officers being elected: Com., George H. Gooderham; Vice-Com., C. A. B. Brown; Rear-Com., A. G. Peuchen; Hon. Sec'y, F. J. Ricarde-Seaver; committee, Æmelius Jarvis, G. T. McMurrich, H. C. McLeod, F. O. Cayley, J. E. Patterson, J. T. Craig, Stephen Haas, C. E. Archibald, G. E. Macrae, W. P. Eby. After a prosperous season last year, the club is in a very flourishing condition, the membership being as follows: Honorary life members, 5; life members, 68; resident members, 481; non-resident members, 126; junior members, 134; total, 813. The financial statement showed the receipts to have been \$10,952.54, and the disbursements, \$9,436.34, leaving a surplus of \$1,516.20.

On April 18 a new club under the name of the Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club was organized at San Francisco.

Carmen, steam yacht, formerly Nooya, C. A. Starbuck, arrived at New York on May 1 after a cruise of six weeks in the West Indies.

Saunterer, cutter, designed by Gardner & Cox and built at Wood's Yard, City Island, in 1898, for John D. Parker, of Boston, has been sold to J. Berre King, of New York, for the use of his son Edward King. She is 46ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 10in. breadth and 7ft. 6in. draft.

The first aluminum boat to be sailed in the lakes hereabouts is now being built at Racine and will be taken to Pewaukee Lake as soon as it is finished. The boat is for a well-known yachtsman of Pewaukee Lake, but who resides in Milwaukee. She is built of four sheets of aluminum, the bottom being practically flat, with a gradual slant at the stern and bow. She is strengthened with keelsons in the bilges and is fastened throughout with aluminum rivets. It is evident that her best point in sailing will be when she is heeled over so as to be on her bilge. There is considerable difference of opinion as to her sailing ability, and this matter will have to be settled after she takes to the water. She is a peculiar shaped craft and her deck is of wood. She is 32ft. over all and will carry 500 sq. ft. of canvas.—Exchange.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdens-

burg, N. Y., has just completed and delivered to George Bullock, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., a very handsome 35ft. cabin electric launch, equipped with a 20-horse-power motor, designed and made by the Bullock Electric Company, of Cincinnati. This launch is of mahogany throughout, the planking being double skin. The arrangements are novel, and the fittings and furnishings very handsome. Steering is effected by a separate small motor attached to the rudder post under the after deck, and operated entirely by two small push buttons. The boat is also lighted by electricity. The company is also about to deliver to Collector George R. Bidwell, of New York city, a fine 42ft. cabin electric launch, furnished with motor made by the Electric Launch Company of Bayonne. This launch is also of mahogany throughout, and has many special features introduced for the first time in a craft of this kind. She is to be used on the North and Hudson rivers.

State Detective S. F. Letteny and Deputy Sheriff Ernest Bradford arrested John Rogers at Stage Wharf in Chatham, yesterday, for the alleged larceny of the sailing yacht Riverside, of New Bedford, which was stolen last Tuesday. She was owned by Peter Nelson. The Riverside arrived at Chatham Saturday, and Rogers offered her for sale for \$5, but again proceeded before the officers located her. Saturday night two anchor-dragging schooners off Dennis were boarded and more than \$100 worth of material was stolen. This gave Officer Letteny a clew to the whereabouts of the Riverside, and he dropped into Chatham just as she was sailing into the harbor. Rogers tied the yacht up to the wharf and came ashore. When arrested the prisoner made a stout resistance, knocking Officer Bradley down and badly cutting his face, but he was overpowered and taken to the town lockup, and afterward to the county jail in Barnstable. He will be taken back to New Bedford for trial. It is thought Rogers stole the gear from the schooners off Dennis, and that he sold the material to a schooner off Monomoy yesterday.—Fall River Globe, April 30.

The Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. has issued the following programme for the season:

- July 4—Spring club regatta, preparatory gun 1 P. M.
- July 14—First special, Class N sloops, preparatory gun 2 P. M.
- July 21—First special, Classes T and V catboats, preparatory gun 2 P. M.
- July 28—Annual club regatta, preparatory gun 1 P. M.
- Aug. 4—Second special, Class N sloops, preparatory gun 2 P. M.
- Aug. 11—Second special, Classes T and V catboats, preparatory gun 2 P. M.
- Aug. 18—Annual open regatta, preparatory gun 11 A. M.
- Aug. 25—Final special, Classes T and V catboats, preparatory gun 2 P. M.
- Sept. 3—Fall club regatta, preparatory gun 1 P. M.
- Sept. 8—Final special, Class N sloops, preparatory gun 2 P. M.

Entries must be made in writing, giving name of yacht, rig and racing length, and filed with the chairman of the regatta committee, positively not later than two days prior to the race. No entries accepted unless racing length is given.

For the annual open regatta, Aug. 18, entries will be received from members of all recognized yacht clubs, also of yachts owned or chartered for the season by summer residents on the Great South Bay.

In special races for Class N sloops, the first three boats in races of July 14 and Aug. 4 will sail final race for class championship and prizes on Sept. 8.

In special races for Classes T and V catboats, the first three boats, in each class, in races of July 21 and Aug. 11 will sail final race for class championship and prizes on Aug. 25.

First and second prizes are offered in each class; where three yachts start with the intention of completing the course, and in any class where five yachts complete the course a third prize will be given.

The championship cup for winners of final race in Class N sloops is offered by Charles A. Schieren; championship cup for winner in Class T catboats by Com. J. Adolph Mollenhauer, and championship cup for winner in Class V catboats by Rear-Com. Eugene Lentilhon. John R. Suydam also offers a special cup in Class M sloops. This will be awarded to the yacht with the best record in the season's races.

At the request of the owners of yachts in Class M sloops, the restrictions in respect to amateur helmsman and crew in this class only are suspended for the season.

Charles A. Cheever, of Wave Crest, Far Rockaway, died at his home on May 2 at the age of forty-seven. Mr. Cheever was so badly crippled from his birth that the services of an attendant were necessary to carry him about, but he took an active part in life, being a successful business man, and he was always interested in yachting, being a member of the New York Y. C., Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and the old Brooklyn Y. C. His open sloop, W. T. Lee, was one of the fast boats of her day, nearly twenty years ago; old yachtsmen will recollect his diminutive body lashed to the deck outside the coaming within reach of the wheel. In later years he owned the schooner Crusader, and at times he was to be seen seated snugly in the stern sheets of the cutter at the davits while the yacht was under way.

The Regatta Committee of the Manchester Y. C. has announced the following schedule of races for the season: June 30, Saturday—Special cup for 25-footers. July 2, Monday—First championship. July 23, Monday—Second Championship. July 27, Friday—Open, Crowhurst cup. July 30, Monday—Third championship. Aug. 7, Tuesday—Y. R. A., open. Aug. 20, Monday—Club, handicap. Sept. 8, Saturday—Club, handicap.

John Nicholas Brown, of Providence, R. I., died in New York on May 1 at the age of thirty-eight. He was a member of the New York Y. C. and owner of Ballymena, steam yacht.

Clarette, yawl, designed by S. D. Small and built by the Neilson Co., at Baltimore, arrived at Boston on April 27 after a very satisfactory trial trip from Baltimore. Her owner, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, Boston Y. C., was in charge, accompanied by Messrs. W. E. Dickson, W. C. Lewis and W. Turner. The yacht is 38ft. 6in. over all, 23ft. 9in. l.w.l., 11ft. breadth and 2ft. 6in. draft, with 2,000lbs. of lead keel; her sail area is 1,050 sq. ft. She will race either under yawl rig in the 21ft. cabin class of the M. Y. R. A. or under sloop rig in the 25ft. class.

Ellida, yawl, designed by C. H. Crane for his brother-in-law, Austin Fox Riggs, of New York, was launched at Piepgrass' Yard, City Island, on May 2. She is 48ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 11ft. breadth and 7ft. draft, designed for cruising. The hull is strongly built, and Mr. Piepgrass has turned out a very neat piece of workmanship, outside and below decks. The rig is peculiar, the mainsail being excessively high and narrow.

Messrs. Fife & Son, of Fairlie, launched on April 24 the new 65-rater Khama, for Mr. Kenneth M. Clark. Khama, which is an out-and-out racer, is considerably finer in her overhangs than any previous Fairlie yacht, notably more so than Shamrock, and in her midship section she is not at all unlike Columbia. She appears shorter on the keel than Senta, and rather longer over all, with an easy-looking bilge and slight tumble-home. Khama's entire framing is of angle steel, well stayed and braced throughout. She is in charge of Archie Hogarth, and is expected to be ready in good time for the opening matches.—The Field.

The second challenger for the Quincy cup is described as follows by the Beverly Times:

Down at Bezanson's Yard, on Water street, the men are busily engaged on John S. Lawrence's new 21-footer, a challenger for the Quincy cup.

The craft will sail under the colors of the Harvard Y. C. Like last year's defender, Hostess, and like Look-out, she is of the extreme Skow type into which strictly racing boats have developed under a simple waterline rule of measurement. The features of these boats are their extremely long and low overhangs, their great beam, their shallow hulls and the carrying of their floors well into the bilges. In actual sailing the result of such a model is that as the boat heels she increases her waterline length and decreases her beam until she is about rail down, when she is sailing on about half her actual beam. The increase in speed due to the lengthening and narrowing of the boat is something wonderful as compared with the speed when the boat is upright.

Mr. Lawrence's boat is from his own design, and is 41ft. over all, 21ft. waterline, 13ft. breadth and 5in. draft. Her hull is 2ft. in depth. The deck plan shows but little narrowing of the breadth fore and aft from the extreme of 13ft. amidships, and the boat is 10½ft. broad at the bow and 12ft. at the stern. Her floor is flat and her topsides straight. The turn of the bilge connecting them is very sharp and hard; in fact, it is only made a turn instead of an angle for convenience in planking and construction. The topsides carry their straightness clear to the bow, but flare somewhat toward the stern so as to give the water an easier passage aft.

A novel feature of her design is that she will carry a leeboard on either side instead of the usual centerboard. The leeboards are pivoted to the sides of the boat and can be raised and lowered after the manner of a centerboard. Only one is used at a time, the leeward one, and the designer believes that leeway will be better prevented than by the use of the centerboard. The boards are about 5ft. long by 2ft. wide.

The rudder is narrow, deep and balanced, and is set well under the boat. A jib and mainsail rig will be carried that will contain about 1,300 sq. ft. of sail.

An essential feature that has kept pace with the model in the development of the Skow type has been that of light construction. The Lawrence boat is to be of extremely light build with canvas, but is to be strengthened and stiffened by five longitudinal trusses of light lattice work, and by several transverse trusses of the same style.

The boat will be delivered to her owner in the latter part of May, and with Mr. Higginson's boat, which will be delivered about the same time, will be taken to Hull Bay and there tuned up for the races by constant practice sailing.

The number of new boats to be added to the fleet of the Oregon Y. C. this year is large. Members are beginning to put their old boats in condition with caulking iron and paint brush. The flagship Agnes will soon be ready to go into commission, and it is understood that Mr. Wolff's new racer will be launched very shortly. The two boats building under the supervision of Nelson Dodge are progressing rapidly, and will undoubtedly prove a source of much satisfaction to their owners. The large knockabout being built by Mr. Duthie is nearing completion, and will probably be launched by the middle of May. The sloops Windemuth and Curio are hauled out on the float, preparatory to receiving the spring coat of paint. The opening regatta on Decoration Day, aside from the fact that the new flyers will compete for the first time, will present a beautiful sight for spectators, inasmuch as the entire fleet will have the bright, fresh appearance due to a recent visit to the paint shop. It is the desire of the club to make this first regatta a success in every way. The race will be sailed under the new rules, which do away with the antiquated sail tax and time allowance, and place each boat on its own merits with regard to sailing qualities. The one-gun start will also be used, which will bring into play all the skippers' skill when jockeying for the weather berth before the signal. Under the new regulations the first boat of a certain class to cross the finish line is the winning boat in that class, a fact of interest to spectators, inasmuch as there will be no tedious waiting for the judges to figure out the time allowance.—Portland Telegram.

There are now on the ways at Poillon's Yard, South Brooklyn, two new yachts designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey, both being good examples of modern

design and durable construction. The larger, to be named Laurus, is a schooner, for Dr. J. C. Ayers, of Boston; 68ft. over all, 46ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. draft of hull. She has a lead keel and a small centerboard, with a large cabin trunk to give the necessary head room. Though a sailing yacht in model, closely resembling the one-design schooners Clorita and Uncas, she will have a Globe gasoline engine and a double-bladed screw working in a small aperture cut out of the sternpost and rudder. The second yacht, Curlew, was designed for Gilbert H. Wilson, of Wilson & Griffin, for the Great South Bay, the draft being limited to 2ft. 3in. She has 44ft. 6in. length over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 2in. breadth, with sloop rig. She is fitted with a summer cabin which may be removed at will. The cockpit is quite large. Both of these boats have the overhangs formed by the carrying out of the diagonals on fair and natural lines. They are very substantially constructed and yet are not excessively heavy.

Columbia II., steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at New York on May 1, after a winter cruise in the West Indies. She will refit for a voyage to Europe.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The canoeist is, as a rule, apt to be more or less of an amateur mechanic; at the very least, his small and delicate craft requires certain attentions which cannot well be left to ordinary caretakers, but demand the personal attention of the owner. The atmosphere of a canoe club house is contagious and is apt to make fair mechanics of most of the active sailors, some not stopping short until they are able to build their own craft. To those who are beginning or who wish to perfect themselves further in amateur work, we can recommend the book entitled "Woodworking for Beginners," by Charles G. Wheeler, B. S., just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This book is by far the simplest, plainest and most practical that we have yet found among amateur handbooks. The object of the writer is less to instruct in certain operations than to inculcate the leading principles and to induce the learner to depend on himself and to use his head as well as his hands. The ordinary tools and materials are very fully described and the specific instructions on various points are explicit and correct. Unlike many books on the subject, this one is evidently based upon a thorough understanding of the principles of joiner work and the use of woodworking tools, and though parts are sufficiently elementary and simple for the young novice, there is much in it that will be found of practical value to the average skilled mechanic. The direct instructions and descriptions include many articles, toys, furniture, small houses, models and boats. The book will be found equally useful to the man or boy who is forced to content himself with a plain table or small bench and a few tools, or to those more fortunate ones who possess a workroom and good working outfit and aspire to do really good work.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—Roland Finley, Chas. A. Lakin and Harry L. Hastings, Fatassit C. C.
Central Division—Dr. Chas. Van Bergen, Asheville, N. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Modern Explosives.*

The subject of explosives is one which never fails to excite interest even under the most ordinary conditions, doubtless owing to the enormous potentiality of these substances, while at the present time more than usual attention is directed to them, it being scarcely possible to read a daily paper without finding some reference to the behavior of various modern explosives in the theater of war.

Explosion may be defined as chemical action causing extremely rapid formation of a very great volume of highly expanded gas, this large volume of gas being generally due to the direct liberation by chemical action and the further enormous expansion by the heat generated. Explosion itself may therefore be regarded as extremely rapid combustion, while the effect is obtained by the enormous pressure produced owing to the products of combustion occupying probably many thousand times the volume of the original body. The effect of high temperature is seen in the well-known case of explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, where if the original mixture and the products of explosion are each measured at the same temperature above the boiling point of water, a less volume of gas (water vapor) is actually found. The explosion can only have been produced by the enormous expansion of this vapor in the first place by the heat of the reaction. Such an explosion, when carried out in a closed bomb, with the mixed gases under ordinary conditions of measurement, produces a pressure of about 240 pounds to the square inch. A more practical illustration is seen with nitro-glycerine, which Nobel found yielded about 1,200 times its own volume of gas calculated at ordinary temperatures and pressures, while the heat liberated expands the gas to nearly eight times this volume.

Clearly, then, a substance for use as an explosive must be capable of undergoing rapid decomposition or combination with the production of large volumes of gas, and further produce sufficient heat to greatly expand these gases; the ratio of the volume of gases at the moment of explosion to the volume of the original body largely determining the efficiency of the explosive.

Explosives may be divided into two great classes—mechanical mixtures and chemical compounds. In the former the combustible substances are intimately mixed

*A lecture delivered at the London Institution on Feb. 12, by Mr. J. S. S. Brams.

with some oxygen-supplying material, as in the case of gunpowder, where carbon and sulphur are intimately mixed with potassium nitrate, while gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine are examples of the latter class, where each molecule of the substance contains the necessary oxygen for the oxidation of the carbon and hydrogen present, the oxygen being in feeble combination with nitrogen. Many explosives are, however, mechanical mixtures of compounds which are themselves explosive—e. g., cordite, which is mainly composed of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine.

Two methods are in common use for bringing about explosions—ignition by heat, thus brining about ordinary but rapid combustion, molecule after molecule undergoing decomposition; and detonation, where the effect is infinitely more rapid than in the first case—in fact, may be regarded as practically instantaneous. The result may be looked upon as brought about by an initial shock imparted to the explosive by a substance—the detonating material—which is capable of starting decomposition in the adjacent layers of the explosive, thus causing a shock in the next layer, and so on with infinite rapidity. That the results are not entirely due to the mechanical energy of the liberated gas particles is shown by the fact that the most powerful explosive is not the most powerful detonator; neither is it entirely due to heat, since wet substances undergo detonation. The probability is that the result is brought about by vibrations of particular velocity which vary for different substances, the decomposition being caused by the conversion of the mechanical force into heat in the explosive, thus bringing about a change in the atomic arrangement of the molecule. According to Sir Frederick Abel's theory of detonation, the vibrations caused by the firing of the detonator are capable of setting up similar vibrations in the explosive, thus determining its almost instantaneous decomposition.

The most common and familiar of explosives is undoubtedly gunpowder, and although for military purposes it has been largely superseded by smokeless powders, yet it has played such an important part in the history of the world during the last few centuries that apart from military uses it is even now of sufficient importance to demand more than a passing notice.

Its origin, although somewhat obscure, was in all probability with the Chinese. Roger Bacon and Berthold Schwartz appear to have rediscovered it in the latter years of the thirteenth and earlier part of the fourteenth centuries. It was undoubtedly used at the battle of Crecy. The mixture then adopted appears to have consisted of equal parts of the three ingredients, sulphur, charcoal and niter; but some time later the proportions, even now taken for all ordinary purposes, were introduced, namely:

Potassium nitrate	75 parts.
Charcoal	15 parts.
Sulphur	10 parts.

Since gunpowder is a mechanical mixture, it is clear that the first aim of the maker must be to obtain perfect incorporation, and necessarily, in order to obtain this, the materials must be in a very finely divided state. Moreover, in order that uniformity of effect may be obtained, purity of the original substances, the percentage of moisture present, and the density of the finished powder are of importance.

The weighed quantities of the ingredients are first mixed in gun metal or copper drums, having blades in the interior capable of working in the opposite direction to that in which the drum itself is traveling. After passing through a sieve, the mixture (green charge) is passed on to the incorporating mills, where it is thoroughly ground under heavy metal rollers, a small quantity of water being added to prevent dust and facilitating incorporation, and during this process the risk of explosion is greater possibly than at any other stage in the manufacture. There are usually six mills working in the same building, with partitions between. Over the bed of each mill is a horizontal board, the "flash board," which is connected with a tank of water overhead, the arrangement being such that the upsetting of one tank discharges the contents of the other tanks on to the corresponding mill beds below, so that in the event of an accident the charge is drowned in each case. The "mill cake" is now broken down between rollers, the "meal" produced being placed in strong oak boxes and subjected to hydraulic pressure, thus increasing its density and hardness, at the same time bringing the ingredients into more intimate contact. After once more breaking down the material (press cake), the powder only requires special treatment to adapt it for the various purposes for which it is intended.

Within the last half century an enormous alteration has taken place in artillery, the old smooth-bore cannon, firing a round shot, having gradually given place to heavy rifled cannon, firing cylindrical projectiles and requiring very large powder charges. This has naturally had its influence on the powder used, and modifications have been introduced in two directions—first, alteration in the form of powder, and second, in the proportions of the ingredients. As the heavier guns were introduced, a large grain powder, which burned more slowly, was adopted, but further increase in the size of the guns led to the introduction of pebble powders, which in some cases consisted of cubes of over an inch side. Such cubes, having large available surface, evolved the usual gases in greater quantity at the start of the combustion than toward the finish, since the surface became gradually smaller, thus causing extra strain on the gun as the projectile was only just beginning to move. Gen. Rodman, an American officer, introduced prism powder to overcome this difficulty, the charges being built up of perforated hexagonal prisms, in which combustion started in the perforations, and proceeding, exposed more surface, the prisms finally breaking down into what was virtually a pebble powder.

In order to secure still further control over the pressure, modifications in the proportions of the ingredients became necessary, the diminution of the sulphur and increase of the charcoal causing slower combustion, and moreover the use of charcoal prepared at a low temperature giving the so-called "cocoa powders."

The products of the combustion of powder and its manner of burning are largely influenced by the pressure, a property well illustrated by the failure of a red-hot platinum wire to ignite a mass of powder in a vacuum, only a few grains actually in contact with the platinum undergoing combustion. The gaseous products obtained

are carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide and nitrogen, other products being potassium carbonate, sulphate and sulphide. The calculated gas yield at 0° C. and 760 mm. pressure is 264.6 c.c., while Noble and Abel actually obtained by experiment 263.74 c.c., numbers agreeing very closely. At the temperature of explosion this volume is enormously increased.

In 1832 Braconnot found that starch, ligneous fiber and similar substances, when treated with strong nitric acid, yielded exceedingly combustible substances, and Pelouze in 1838 extended the investigation to cotton and paper. Schönbein announced in 1845 his ability to make an explosive which he termed gun-cotton, and a year later Böttger made a similar announcement, and on a conference being held between these chemists their methods were found to be identical. The method was not disclosed at the time, since it was hoped that the German Government would purchase the secret; but in a very short time several investigators solved the problem, and attempts to make the new explosive commercially were common. Unfortunately, the earlier product was unstable, and several disastrous accidents occurred which led to the abandonment of the experiments except in Austria. General von Lenk, who continued experimenting that country, showed that if sufficient care was taken to insure complete nitration and to remove all traces of free acid from the finished material, the substance was stable. He introduced a method of manufacture which was improved by Sir Frederick Abel in 1865. The physical character of the cotton fiber is such that it presents every obstacle to the removal of free acid, since it is built up of capillaries, but by reducing these tubes to the shortest possible length, as in Abel's process, the removal of acid is facilitated.

Since water is a product of the reaction of nitric acid on cellulose, the nitric acid would become diluted, forming "collodion cotton" instead of the more highly nitrated gun-cotton, and therefore sulphuric acid is used with the nitric acid to absorb this water, the usual proportions being three parts by weight of sulphuric acid (1.84) to one part by weight of nitric acid (1.52). Cotton waste, which has been picked, cleaned, cut into short lengths and dried, is dipped in 1¼-pound charges in the acid, removed after five or six minutes, the excess of acid squeezed out, and the cotton placed in cooled earthenware pots for some twenty-four hours for nitration to be completed. The gun-cotton now goes through the lengthy process for removal of all traces of acid, starting with the removal of the greater portion of the acid by a centrifugal extractor, washing in water till no acid taste can be detected, boiling in water till free from action on litmus, reducing to pulp in a hollander, and finally, the thorough washing of the pulp by more water. If the product now satisfies the tests for purity, sufficient alkali—lime water, whiting and caustic soda—is added to leave from 1 to 2 per cent. in the finished gun-cotton. The pulp is drawn up into a vessel from which it can be run off in measured quantities into moulds fitted with perforated bottoms, the water being drawn off by suction from below, and finally a low hydraulic pressure is brought to bear on the semi-solid mass. The blocks are taken to the press house and submitted to a pressure of some five tons per square inch, after which the finished block will contain from 12 to 16 per cent. of water.

From its chemical reactions gun-cotton must be regarded as an ether of nitric acid, a view first suggested by Béchamp. The point of ignition of the substance has been found to vary considerably, ranging from 136° to 223° C., this difference being probably due to variations in composition. Good gun-cotton usually ignites between 180° and 184° C. The combustion is extremely rapid when fired in loose unconfined masses—so rapid, in fact, that it may be ignited on a heap of gunpowder without affecting the latter. When struck between hard surfaces gun-cotton detonates, but usually only in that portion which is subjected to the blow. The volume of permanent gases evolved by the explosion of gun-cotton, as stated by different observers, has varied greatly. Macnab and Ristori give for nitro-cellulose—13.30 per cent. nitrogen—673 c.c. per gram, calculated at 0° C. and 760 mm. Berthelot estimates the pressure developed by the detonation of gun-cotton—sp. gr. 1.1—under constant volume, as 24,000 atmospheres or 160 tons per square inch.

Various attempts have been made to adapt gun-cotton for use in guns, but the tendency to create undue pressure led to its abandonment. In 1868 Mr. E. O. Brown, of Woolwich, showed that wet gun-cotton could be detonated by the use of a small charge of dry gun-cotton with a fulminate detonator, and since it can be stored and used in the moist state, it becomes one of the safest explosives for use in submarine mines, torpedoes, etc.

Nitro-glycerine is a substance of a similar chemical nature to nitro-cellulose, the principles of its formation and purification being very similar, only in this case the materials and product are liquids, this rendering the operations of manufacture and washing much less difficult. The glycerine is sprayed into the acid mixture by compressed air injectors, care being taken that the temperature during nitration does not rise above 30° C. The nitro-glycerine formed readily separates from the mixed acids, and being insoluble in cold water, the washing is comparatively simple.

This explosive was discovered by Sobrero in 1847. Nitro-glycerine is an oily liquid readily soluble in most organic solvents, but becomes solid at three or four degrees above the freezing point of water, and in this condition is less sensitive. It detonates when heated to 257° C., or by a sudden blow, yielding carbon dioxide, oxygen, nitrogen and water. Being a fluid under ordinary conditions, its uses as an explosive were limited, and Nobel conceived the idea of mixing it with other substances which would act as absorbents, first using charcoal and afterward an infusorial earth, "kieselguhr," and obtaining what he termed "dynamite."

In 1875 Mr. Alfred Nobel found that "collodion cotton"—soluble gun-cotton—could be converted by treatment with nitro-glycerine into a jellylike mass which was more trustworthy in action than the components alone, and from its nature the substance was christened "blasting gelatine." The discovery is of importance, for it was undoubtedly the stepping stone from which the well-known explosives ballistite, filite and cordite were reached. In 1888, Nobel took out a patent for a smokeless powder for use in guns, in which these ingredients

were adopted with or without the use of retarding agents. The powders of this class are ballistite and filite, the former being in sheets, the latter in threads. Originally camphor was introduced, but its use has been abandoned, a small quantity of aniline taking its place.

Sir Frederick Abel and Prof. Dewar patented in 1889 the use of trinitro-cellulose and nitro-glycerine, for although, as is well known, this form of nitro-cellulose is not soluble in nitro-glycerine, yet by dissolving the bodies in a mutual solvent, perfect incorporation can be attained. Acetone is the solvent used in the preparation of "cordite," and for all ammunition except blank charges a certain proportion of vaseline is also added. The combustion of the powder without vaseline gives products so free from solid or liquid substances that excessive friction of the projectile in the gun causes rapid wearing of the rifling, and it is chiefly to overcome this that the vaseline is introduced, for on explosion a thin film of solid matter is deposited in the gun, and acts as a lubricant.

The proportions of the ingredients are:

Nitro-glycerine 58 parts.
Gun-cotton 37 parts.
Vaseline 5 parts.

Gun-cotton to be used for cordite is prepared as previously described, but the alkali is omitted, and the mass is not submitted to great pressure, to avoid making it so dense that ready absorption of nitro-glycerine would not take place. The nitro-glycerine is poured over the dried gun-cotton and first well mixed by hand, afterward in a kneading machine with the requisite quantity of acetone for three and one-half hours. A water jacket is provided, since on mixing the temperature rises. The vaseline is now added, and the kneading continued for a similar period. The cordite paste is first subjected to a preliminary pressing, and is finally forced through a hole of the proper size in a plate either by hand or by hydraulic pressure. The smaller sizes are wound on drums, while the larger cordite is cut off in suitable lengths, the drums and cut material being dried at 100° F., thus driving off the remainder of the acetone.

Cordite varies from yellow to dark brown in color, according to its thickness. When ignited it burns with a strong flame, which may be extinguished by a vigorous puff of air. Macnab and Ristori give the yield of permanent gases from English cordite as 647 c.c., containing a much higher per cent. of carbon monoxide than the gases evolved from the old form of powder. Sir Andrew Noble failed in attempts to detonate the substance, and a rifle bullet fired into the mass only caused it to burn quietly.

Lyddite is probably the explosive which has received most notice during the past few months. In 1873 Sprengel, in a paper read before the Chemical Society, stated that "picric acid alone contains a sufficient amount of oxygen to render it, without the help of foreign oxidizers, a powerful explosive when fired with a detonator. Its explosion is almost unaccompanied by smoke."

Picric acid was first prepared by Hausmann in 1878 by treating indigo with nitric acid. It may be made by the direct nitration of phenol (carbolic acid), but a better result is obtained by first dissolving the phenol in sulphuric acid, forming phenol sulphonic acid, which is dissolved in water, and nitrating this compound with nitric acid (1.4). On cooling, the picric acid separates out, and is purified by recrystallization from hot water, the yellow crystalline product being dried at a temperature not exceeding 100° C.

Picric acid containing as much as 17 per cent. of water can be detonated by a charge of dry picric powder; a thin layer may also be exploded by a blow between metal surfaces, its sensitiveness to shock being greatly increased by warming, for at a temperature just below its melting point a pound weight falling from a height of 14 inches will explode it.

The sensitiveness of picric acid can be reduced by converting the powder into larger masses, this being accomplished either by granulating it with a solution of collodion cotton in ether-alcohol, as in the earlier forms of melinite, or by fusion, which takes place some twenty degrees above the boiling point of water, and casting directly into the shell, as in lyddite and possibly the melinite of the present day. In any condition perfect detonation would yield only colorless gaseous products rich in carbon monoxide, but the bursting of a lyddite shell is frequently accompanied by a yellow smoke, probably formed by undecomposed acid in the form of vapor. The shells appear to burst in two distinct ways, in one case giving a sharp, powerful explosion with enormous concussion and no yellow smoke, and the other a dull, heavy report with the yellow smoke, the two results appearing to be due to perfect decomposition in the first instance, while in the second partial decomposition only probably occurs.

Various mixtures of picric acid or its salts, together with some oxidizing agent, have been used from time to time, Abel's powder consisting of ammonium picrate, potassium nitrate and a small quantity of charcoal.

It is impossible to deal with the numerous other explosives which are largely in use in such a survey as this, and therefore attention has been confined to those which play the most active part in modern warfare.—Nature.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23.—Yesterday was chiefly bullseye day at Shell Mound range. Weather conditions good. Scores: Golden Gate Rifle Club, yearly competition for Bushnell trophy: F. E. Mason, 226, 226, 227, 226.

Club's gold medal: C. M. Henderson, 223, 224, 210; A. B. Dorrell, 224.

Club's silver medal: J. Kullman, 192, 182; G. Tammeyer, 199, 197, 203, 206, 197; J. F. Bridges, 217, 209; E. Woenne, 187, 214, 198, 192, 187, 184, 192.

Club's first class trophies: C. M. Henderson, 215, 214; A. B. Dorrell, 219, 217.

Club's second class trophies: J. Kullman, 199.

Golden Gate Pistol Club monthly competition: J. F. Bridges, 76, 72; C. M. Henderson, 80, 80, 86.

Revolver trophy: J. E. Gorman, 92, 93, 87, 90, 86.

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: F. Brandt 173, D. B. Faktor 276, R. Finking 342, D. Salfeld 430, H. Stelling 472, F. Rust 473, H. Hellberg 500, J. Gefken 523, J. Utschig, Sr., 542, N. Ahrens 543, F. P. Schuster 586, L. Bendel 636, C. Schrader 686.

Germania Schuetzen Club competition for cash prizes: F. P. Schuster 73, H. Stelling 72, D. B. Faktor 71.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly bullseye shoot: H. Burfiend 170, L. Bendel 326, F. Brandt 340, F. Schuster 384, A. Jungblut 391, J. Bentler 473, J. Utschig 487, J. Woeheke 514, J. de Wit 521, H. Zacher 588, H. Lilkenberg 670, R. Finking 670, E. Stehn 779, F. Koch 797, W. Garms 833, W. Morken 836, F. Rathjens 845, O. Lemoke 920, F. Rust 1011, R. Stettin 1094.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club monthly medal shoot: First champion class, not won; second champion class, H. Huber, 426; first class, D. Salfeld, 401; second class, L. Brune, 381; third class, Hy. Huppert, 347; fourth class, William Gottschalk, 327; best first shot, J. D. Heisse, 23; best last shot, D. Salfeld, 23.

ROEEL

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular shoot April 29 at 200 yds., off-hand, standard American target. Following is the result. Capt. Gindele was declared champion with the score of 93:

Gindele	9	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	8	—93
	9	10	10	8	9	10	7	6	9	—88
	8	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	—88
Payne	9	9	9	9	9	6	9	9	9	—88
	10	10	8	10	10	6	9	8	9	—88
	9	10	9	7	7	8	10	9	7	—86
Weinheimer	8	9	6	6	9	8	7	8	8	—76
	8	5	10	8	9	4	10	9	5	—75
	8	6	4	6	6	6	8	4	10	—68
Roberts	9	10	10	8	8	8	10	9	8	—85
	8	7	7	8	10	7	10	8	8	—82
	6	8	8	10	10	7	7	9	10	—82
Nestler	10	10	10	8	8	7	5	9	8	—81
	8	10	8	9	10	6	8	5	7	—81
	7	7	10	6	7	8	9	9	8	—78
Jouscher	8	7	6	10	9	8	7	6	8	—78
	6	10	9	10	7	8	6	10	4	—78
	10	8	6	6	7	9	8	6	7	—77
Drube	5	9	9	7	6	7	8	9	9	—78
	8	8	10	6	7	8	8	7	6	—74
	6	8	8	9	6	6	8	10	5	—71
Bruns	8	8	10	8	7	9	10	9	8	—85
	10	8	10	8	9	10	7	5	9	—85
	9	10	8	7	9	7	7	8	9	—81
Topf	10	6	7	8	9	10	6	7	8	—80
	9	9	8	7	7	9	8	8	7	—83
	9	8	8	10	8	7	7	8	9	—81
Hasenzahl	10	9	8	6	9	9	8	7	10	—86
	6	10	5	9	5	9	6	6	7	—68
	5	9	8	5	7	7	7	6	9	—67

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—Several members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club met at the range to-day and indulged in match shooting. Washburn and Young each had a fine chance to break the record with pistol on the Columbia target, but strange to say both got a flyer on their 9th shots. Young's was the result of a bad hang-fire, and has not occurred before in several thousand of Peters .22 shorts, which he was shooting. Washburn shot Peters .22 long rifle cartridges. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand:

Pistol matches, 50 yds.:										
F O Young	3	4	3	1	1	3	4	3	14	3—39
	2	3	6	4	5	3	3	5	8	—41
	2	6	3	5	2	4	4	5	3	—36
	3	3	6	2	2	11	8	3	8	—39
	3	3	4	8	5	9	5	6	4	—52
F S Washburn	1	1	5	3	3	1	4	7	14	3—42
	7	7	5	2	6	4	14	3	7	—57
	61	61	74							
Dr J F Twist	6	6	5	1	1	3	5	2	10	14—53
	3	4	7	7	5	5	5	4	13	2—55
G Hoadley	11	1	5	3	4	5	4	3	8	11—55
	60	61	64	70						
N A Robinson										84 89
.30-30 repeating rifles, Lafin & Rand powder, 50 yds.:										
P Becker	2	2	2	1	2	3	4	3	2	3—24
	4	1	1	4	3	5	3	3	4	—32
Dr H C Trask	38	46								

F. O. Young, Sec'y.

In the final competition on April 26 for that month Mrs. Louis H. Schortemeier, of the Lady Hudson Rifle Club, won the special prize for the month, a diamond pin. She made the remarkably good score of 240 out of a possible 250. The shooting was off-hand. She had eight competitors, who shot well, too. The scores were: Mrs. L. Schortemeier 240, Mrs. H. Mahlenbrock 236, Mrs. J. Evans 234, Mrs. J. Rebhan 232, Mrs. B. Thiele 230, Miss L. Brown 229, Mrs. M. Mahan 222, Mrs. J. Woelke 213, Mrs. H. Brees 208.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

May 18.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Open target shoot of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

May 9-10.—Natchez, Miss.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. F. C. Sampson, Sec'y. John Parker, Mgr.

May 10-11.—Tyrone, Pa.—Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

May 11.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohn's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr. Second day, May 25.

May 12.—Worcester, Mass.—Target shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

May 14.—St. Louis, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-third annual tournament, week commencing May 14. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y-Treas., Chemical Bldg.

May 14.—East New York, Brooklyn.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. Team race between Fultons, Hudsons and Oceanics. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Newell, Ia.—Amateur target tournament of the Newell Gun Club. H. G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago Junction, O.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament. L. C. Abbott, Sec'y.

May 23.—Newcastle, Pa.—One-day tournament of the Newcastle Gun Club. Henry P. Shaner, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 25.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebohn's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Warwick, N. Y.—All-day target shoot; open to all; Rose system.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—John S. Wright's Decoration Day live-bird shoot.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association shoot. H. B. Perry, M.D., Pres.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

May 31-June 1.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club; bluerocks. L. Hezelwood, Sec'y.

June (First Week).—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, manager.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 17-19.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

TROPHY SHOTS.

Interstate Park Association trophy.—First event May 15, and thereafter each month, the cup to become the property of him who wins it four times.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Journal, of Flint, Mich., has this to say of the local gun club: "Members of the Flint Shooting Club are working like beavers to complete the arrangements for the State meeting of the trapshooters, to be held in this city on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 5, 6 and 7. Judging from the elaborate preparations for the event, the coming meet will be one of the best in the history of the State Association. The members of the local club have displayed a commendable spirit of independence in refraining from calling upon the business men of the city to assist them in raising the funds needed for the prizes and entertainment to be offered their guests. Only cash prizes will be hung up, and these will be provided by the Flint Club, although for several of the events additional prizes have been voluntarily offered by a few local business houses who are in sympathy with the sport." All of which is quite sound and quite pleasing. There is no reason why a gun club should have a begging committee, or why it should expect something for nothing. A tournament, though for the public, is not a charitable institution, and therefore should not ask nor expect charity. Sport should have its dignity and independence quite as much as or more than business should have.

Under date of May 4 Mr. E. C. Burkhardt, of Buffalo, writes us from Siloam Springs, Ark., as follows: "I am prospecting for oil, lead and zinc here, and expect to strike it rich. The shooting instinct is so strong within me that I determined to organize a local gun club, and after a few hours' effort we succeeded in organizing the Siloam Springs Gun Club, with fifty members, an account of which I clipped from the local paper and inclose herewith. We held our first club shoot yesterday, and I intended to forward the scores, but some member of the club evidently did not relish having his scores appear in print, and the result is that the scores have disappeared. The writer was high in each event, but there is some very promising timber among the members of the club, notably Mr. Sam Shackleford, the genial manager of the Hotel Morris, who formerly shot under the nom de plume of "Guy"; also Dr. E. T. Neal, Messrs. Berry Harron, Baldwin, Mederias, Oakes and Dr. Clegg."

The programme of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club's target shoot, to take place at Interstate Park, May 18, has ten events. The second, fourth and eighth are at 15 targets, \$1 entrance; the first and third are at 10, entrance 75 cents; the fifth at 20, \$1.20; the sixth and ninth at 25, \$1.50, and the tenth, miss-and-out, \$1.50 entrance. Targets are included in entrance. Moneys divided by the Rose system. Two sets of traps. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. C. E. Kemble is the secretary. The main event is No. 7, the two-men team race, open to members of any club; 100 targets, entrance \$5. This will be the second contest for the Medicus trophies, value \$50. Three wins establish ownership.

Mr. John B. Rogers, Warwick, N. Y., under date of May 5, writes us as follows: "The Warwick Gun Club have just completed putting in the three-trap system, and are now ready to commence their season's shooting. On May 30 the club will have an all-day shoot, open to all shooters, and we will be glad to see any one at the club. Purses will be divided Rose system, and a free lunch will be served. Targets will be charged for at 1½ cents each. We expect to have a good time. Remember that Thursdays are club days, and we are always glad to see visitors."

On Decoration Day, May 30, the Providence Gun Club will hold an open shoot, commencing at 11 o'clock. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Targets, 1 cent, included in entrance. No shells sold on the grounds at this shoot. A large attendance is expected. In the special handicap events the conditions will be so arranged that all will have a fair chance. There are ten events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, 160 in all, with a total entrance of \$6.40, and of this \$1 is the entrance to the 25-target handicap. Take Riverside or Crescent Park electric cars.

At a meeting of the New Jersey State Association on Monday of this week it was decided that the target events on the first two days of its tournament, May 23 and 24, would be shot on the grounds of the Walsrode Gun Club, at Trenton, N. J., and the live-bird, on the third day, at Yardville. These grounds are not far apart and are both reached by the same trolley line. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, Newark, is acting secretary. The programme is in course of publication, and will be published in the near future.

Mr. Henry P. Shaner, secretary of the New Castle Gun Club, New Castle, Pa., under date of May 5, writes us as follows: "The New Castle Gun Club will hold a one-day tournament on Wednesday, May 23; also on that day on the club's grounds a contest at 100 bluerocks for the bronze medal will be held. The match will be between John Knode ("Pills"), of Pittsburgh, Pa., challenger, and James T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., holder. This trophy carries with it the championship of western Pennsylvania."

At a meeting of the Interstate Association, held on Friday of last week, a programme for the great Interstate tournament at

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., was arranged, and will be published in the near future. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager of the Association, made a brief visit to New York on Friday, after the Interstate shoot at Trenton, and took the programme matter in hand for publication. We are informed that it is so arranged as to provide the true tournament competition.

Keep in mind the live-bird tournament of the Greater New York Gun Club, at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, on May 11. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier is manager and handicapper. Handicaps, 25 to 32 yds. There are four events, respectively at 7, 10, 15 and 10 live birds, entrance respectively \$3, \$5, \$7 and \$5, birds extra at 25 cents. For the three high guns in the regular events, \$7, \$5 and \$3.

Miskay's sister was one who shot at Wellington, Mass., on Wednesday of last week. It was her third attempt, and she made the very excellent score of 13 out of 25 with a light load and light gun—2½ drs. of powder and ¾ oz. of shot. In the report of the Boston Gun Club shoot the incident is described in the charming manner which is a characteristic of the Boston Gun Club's reporter.

The secretary, Mr. A. W. Walls, of Worcester, Mass., writes us as follows: "On Saturday, May 12, the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club will have a shoot. The grounds will be open for shooting all day, but the regular sweepstake programme will begin at 1:30 P. M. There will be four events of 25 targets each, \$2 entrance, and several 10-bird events, 70 cents entrance."

Under date of May 1 Mr. N. P. Leach, of Swanton, Vt., writes us as follows: "I am requested by Mr. F. W. Heubach, manager of the Manitoba Industrial Exhibition, to claim the following dates for their trapshooting tournament: July 25, 26, and 27, Winnipeg, Man., Industrial Exhibition Association; \$3,000 in trophies and added money. F. W. Heubach, secretary, Winnipeg, Man."

The performance of Mr. Fred Gilbert in the use of the shotgun at the tournament of the Illinois Gun Club, Springfield, Ill., was truly marvelous. In the big handicap he killed 50 live birds straight from the 31yd. mark, and in the Schmelzer contest he broke 97 targets out of 100. It was the more remarkable as Mr. Gilbert was weak from his recent severe illness.

In the contest for the May cup on Saturday of last week at the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot at Interstate Park Mr. Edward Banks, standing at 30 yds., killed 10 birds straight and scored a win. There were six shoots for this cup, two in April, four in May. The one who scores the greater number of the six wins owns the cup.

The match between Messrs. "Woods" and Packard, at 50 birds, \$50, will take place at the shoot of the Medicus Gun Club, on Thursday of this week, at Interstate Park, Queens. The programme events are as follows: 5 birds, \$3.50; 7 birds, \$5; 5 birds, \$3.50; Medicus Handicap, 10 birds, \$5, for Greener gun. Birds extra.

The Medicus Gun Club has changed its dates from May 24 to May 18, on account of New Jersey State shoot, which is to be held on May 23 and 24. The next team race at targets of the Medicus Club is to be held on the date above mentioned.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger, have arranged to shoot for the Republic cup at Kansas City on Friday of this week. In their match at 100 live birds at Springfield, Ill., last week, the scores were: Gilbert 96, Elliott 93.

Messrs. Rike, Courtney, Heikes, Connor and Elliott at Springfield, Ill., last week, shooting as a squad, broke straight in a 20-target event, thereby scoring 100 straight.

Of great deeds with the gun the reader will find an interesting account in the report of the tournament of the Illinois Gun Club, published elsewhere in our columns.

There will be a contest for the Sanders-Storms cup at Interstate Park on May 15.

BERNARD WATERS.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 7.—Herewith are the scores of our shoot, held Thursday, May 3. It was a good old-fashioned shoot at the Harrisburg Shooting Association grounds, starting at 9 A. M. on targets. With the exception of one event, the 7-bird handicap event at 2 P. M., target shooting continued all day.

A more genial and good-natured old-time lot of shooters are not often met. When you see such a squad as Krueger, Burnham, Dochie, Brewster and Sullivan pound away all day it looks as though shooting had not lost any of its fascination for the Harrisburg Club.

No. 6 was a handicap event and was well filled. No. 7 was a "walk and shoot" event, 5 men up walking toward trap, repeated by the next shooter. A 10-single and 5-pair event was interesting, and all were well pleased with the day's enjoyment. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	20	20	25	10	10	15
Kreuger	10	12	12	19	19	20	5	9	13
Burnham	10	13	15	20	14	17	4	9	14
Seitz	4	11	7	9	14	20	5	6	7
Brewster	8	14	14	19	16	21	5	9	13
Lefevre	6	7	10	13	16	18	8
Stoll	7	9	12	8
Eyster	8	8	11	15	11	16	6	1	..
Wiley	4	6	9	16	3	8	..
Egolf	6	8	12	15	11	13	2
Smetzer	6	8	10	11	10
Glackfelter	8	13	14	19	15	17
Moore	6	5	8	10	..	10
Hummer	5	12	13	19	12	23	9
Ross	6	8	6	16	12	22	5	7	7
Stevenson	7	14	12	15
Sullivan	8	13	12	15	16	24	5	8	13
Rutledge	4	6	11	13	13	17	2	3	8
Stawbaugh	..	8	..	9	9
Sellers	15	14	17
George	17	3
Hawk	10	3	1	2	..
Pail	22	5
Star	20	6
Beumer	9
Root	3	1
Lyberger	3	3	7
Wilnot	7	3
Seabold	5	7	10
Luetz	4	7
Fig	5	1
Bowman	5
McFadden	2	5
Curtis	3

Seven live birds, handicap, \$5 entrance:	Rutledge, 28.....	2012002-4
Whiteman, 30.....	Paul, 29.....	1212220-6
Dommel, 28.....	Sites, 30.....	2222221-7
Swigert, 28.....	Star, 30.....	1111122-7
Wagner, 28.....	Brewster, 30.....	2102222-6
Anderson, 29.....	George, 28.....	2020001-3
Sellers, 30.....	Eyster, 28.....	0220220-4
David, 28.....	Wiley, 28.....	1212110-6
Sullivan, 30.....	Ray, 30.....	2122122-7
Kreuger, 30.....		
Burnham, 30.....		

Catchpole Gun Club Tournament.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., May 5.—The spring tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, May 3 and 4, was a success. While the attendance was not as large as it should have been or as expected, many being detained at home for various reasons, Uncle Ben Catchpole, known as Uncle Ben by almost every shooter in New York State, was on hand and had his share of the sport at every stage of the game.

Messrs. W. L. Colville, representing the Dupont Powder Co., and J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros., with the celebrated Parker gun, were trade representatives. F. E. McCord and A. A. Mosher, of Rochester; J. N. Knapp and C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn; G. S. Wride, of Sodus; R. G. Wheeler, of Watervale; C. Tassell, of Marion, shot through the programme. Mr. Chapman, of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., came in the afternoon of the second day. All that were in attendance seemed to have a good time, and some fine shooting was done.

Mr. F. E. McCord, of Rochester, N. Y., was high man in the average, and thus won first average prize, breaking 293 targets out of a possible 315—94.6 per cent. He was very closely followed by that splendid shot Mr. J. N. Knapp, of Auburn, N. Y., breaking 293 targets out of a possible 315—93.1 per cent.—second average prize. The shooting of both these gentlemen was of high order and expert style, as the scores will show, Mr. Knapp making one run of 87 consecutive breaks, which was really remarkable work, as the shooting was difficult, a strong wind making the targets take erratic courses. Mr. R. G. Wheeler, of Watervale, won third average prize. Messrs. Colville and Hull shot for targets only.

Besides the regular programme of 315 targets, some special extra sweeps were shot and some fine scores made. In one event of 25 targets there were three breaking 24 each and two breaking 22 each, or 116 targets broke out of 125 shot at.

Perhaps the best squad shooting of the day was an extra sweep of 15 targets, in which 74 breaks were made out of a possible 75. The gentlemen constituting this squad were Knapp and Tuttle, of Auburn; Colville, of Batavia; Hull, of Meriden, and Wadsworth, of Wolcott, Mr. Hull making the only miss of 1 target. All present reported a good time, and as a club we hope to give a better shoot for our next and hope for a better attendance.

May 3, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	10	15	at.	Broke.
Hull	8	13	16	10	18	8	11	10	115	94
McCord	9	14	20	14	19	9	13	8	115	106
Wadsworth	7	12	18	13	16	10	13	10	115	99
Colville	10	8	12	18	18	10	14	10	115	98
Tassell	8	16	14	9	..	9	11	9	95	72
Wheeler	8	13	19	13	16	9	12	9	115	99
Uncle Ben	9	10	8	35	27
Wride	7	11	14	14	15	8	13	10	115	92
Tuttle	9	13	14	10	18	8	12	10	115	94
Knapp	10	15	15	12	19	10	12	10	115	103
Copeman	5	..	14	13	55	40
Fowler	8	8	7	11	8	45	34

HERBERT TAYLOR,

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE MAINE GUIDE LAW.

THE Maine court has rendered its decision in the case of Elmer Snowman, who refused to take out a license from the Game Commission authorizing him to act as a guide for sportsmen, and who contended that the statute requiring such a license was unconstitutional, since it interfered with his personal rights. The court rules that there was no cause for action. It holds that the statute is constitutional on the ground that inasmuch as the State owns the game it may prescribe conditions for taking it, and as one of those conditions may require that guides engaged in helping sportsmen to take game shall be licensed. This result of the suit is based on just the ground which has been named by us as the probable one which would be taken by the court. There appears to be no limitation of the authority of the State as to the regulations it may prescribe for the taking of fish and game; as we have more than once pointed out, the State, as the owner of the game, has constitutional authority to forbid absolutely its taking, and since the greater includes the less, there is then clear authority for any other restrictions which may be less than this absolute prohibition. The counsel for the defense announces that the case must not be considered closed, inasmuch as it will be carried up to a higher court. There is little reason to believe that the decision just given will be overruled, provided the Maine Commissioners shall show that the license system as established by them is actually conducive to the protection of fish and game.

THE LACEY BILL.

WE print practically in full the debate in the House of Representatives on the Lacey bird bill. Mr. Lacey's presentation of the argument for the measure is well put. The only doubtful question raised is as to the conflict of Federal and State authority in the control of the game, and as Mr. Lacey explained in answer to an interrogation, this point appears fully to be covered by the text of the measure which assumes to give national jurisdiction over the game only when it has left the possession and control of the State and has become a subject of interstate commerce control.

There is one point upon which Mr. Lacey appears to have been misinformed, for he said that it had been held in New York that the law of the State did not apply to game imported from another State to be sold in violation of the State law. The very reverse of this is the fact; for in the famous Phelps-Racey case, where one Racey, a game dealer of New York city, was arrested for having in possession certain barrels of quail which had been imported from another State and possession of which he sought to justify by the contention that the birds having been lawfully killed elsewhere and imported into New York did not fall within the application of the New York law, the court held in unmistakable language that the birds were subject to the prohibition of the law irrespective of the source whence they had been brought. The same finding was arrived at in the famous Wagner case in Illinois, and these precedents have been upheld in numerous instances elsewhere. So that in fact if there is any one point well established in the history and theory and practice of game protection in this country, it is that all game, whether killed in the State or outside and brought into it from without, is subject to the State game law, in all cases where the statute is so worded as to cover it. This principle is so well established and familiar that it has general acceptance, and controls the policy of the common carriers. The Adams Express Company has for years published for the information of its agents a summary of the close game and fish seasons and the regulations regarding transportation, export from one State and other restrictions; and employees of the company are enjoined to observe the regulations. On the

particular point under consideration in the April number of the Adams' "Official Gazette," as prepared by Mr. F. H. Crawford, Chief Clerk of the Tariff Bureau, the instructions to agents say: "The United States Supreme Court has sustained the constitutionality of State laws that prohibit the export of game, or that prohibit the sale of game in the close season that has been killed in the open season or transported from another State."

There can be no harm, however, in embodying the principle in the explicit declaration of a national statute. To do this will leave no room for uncertainty; it will make assurance doubly sure.

The Lacey bill (H. R. 6634) is now in the Senate, where it has been read twice and referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce.

A FOREST RESERVE HIGHWAY.

IN the consideration last week by the House of Representatives of the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation Bill, it was proposed to increase the amount usually appropriated for the construction, repair and maintenance of roads and bridges in the Yellowstone National Park by \$25,000. Most of this sum is to be used in building a wagon road and the necessary bridges through the Yellowstone Park Timber Reservation, and across the Absaroka Mountains by the most practicable route, through the Yellowstone Park to a point on the Yellowstone River, near where it leaves the lake.

It has been unofficially announced that this year the Burlington Road is to build its line out to the border of the Yellowstone Park Timber Reservation; and it is proposed to construct the wagon road from this railroad terminus through the timber reservation and into the Park, to connect with the existing system of roads, in order that persons may get into the Park from the east, as well as from the north and the west.

Obviously anything is to be approved that makes the Park more accessible to the general public without injuring the reservation or threatening its integrity. A wagon road through the timber reserve, if that reserve is properly policed and protected, will be a good thing.

To many persons the Yellowstone Park seems far off and difficult of access. They do not realize how easily it may be reached, and how comfortable are the accommodations for the traveler visiting it. They are disposed to imagine that something like rough life must be undergone, with camping out, which many of them do not understand, and dread, as we are all likely to dread unknown things. If the ease with which the National Park may be visited were better known, the number of people who go to it would be many times multiplied. The beauties and wonders which exist there would be far more generally known and appreciated, and the interest now being felt in the establishment of national parks would greatly increase.

Of these parks there can hardly be too many, and it is gratifying to believe that the tendency toward establishing them is constantly growing.

POST CHECKS.

THOSE who have occasion to send money by mail (and this means practically everyone) know full well the annoyance it is to secure convenient and safe means of transmission. There are, of course, bank drafts and post-office and express money orders, but the great mass of people live where banks are not at hand, and two-thirds of the post-offices of the country are not money-order offices. There are open several ways of sending money, which differ from one another in degree of the annoyance and trouble involved, but none of which is satisfactory. One is to inclose stamps, another to manufacture a coin card for silver, a third to have recourse to the post-office to register the letter. It goes without saying that if the transmission of money by mail were made safe and convenient, so that no trouble was involved in the transaction, it would vastly increase the volume of business and would be a boon of incalculable advantage to those who are compelled to use the mails in this way. Out of long and careful consideration of the subject has grown what appears to be a practical solution, and this is embodied in a measure which is now before Congress. It is known as the post check system.

The new system would substitute for all the present \$1 and \$2 and \$5 notes of our currency a new series of

the same denominations having upon the face of each bill a blank space in which may be written the name of a payee. Until this blank space shall have been filled in, the note is currency and passes from hand to hand just as at present, but after the name of a payee has been written in the blank the bill becomes a check payable only to the person whose name it bears. When such payee receives it he in turn exchanges it at a bank or post-office for a corresponding amount in currency. For example, when a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM who is remote from bank or post-office or express office wishes to renew his subscription, he takes from his pocket the amount of \$4 in currency, writes upon the face of each bill the name and address of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company and affixes a two-cent stamp postage, which he cancels with his initials and the date, as the fee required by the Government. He has now converted the currency into checks, which are payable only to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. These he sends in the ordinary course of mail, and the Forest and Stream Publishing Company upon receipt of the checks banks them or exchanges them at the post-office for \$4 in currency.

The Congressional post check measure, which is Senate bill No. 3643, introduced by Senator McMillan, and House bill No. 9632, introduced by Representative Lentz, provides further for the issue of fractional currency bills of the denominations of 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents, which will pass as currency, or upon being filled in with the name of the payee become checks payable only to the designated person. The convenience which will be insured by the proposed system and the resulting readiness and safety with which the money may then be transmitted by mail will be so welcome that the public should give its warmest support to the post check measure. Our readers are requested to write their indorsement of the plan to their Senators and Representatives in Congress, urging the adoption of the system.

ONTARIO WATER KILLING.

ONTARIO has taken a retrogressive step in restoring the lawfulness of killing deer in the water. As this mode is practiced in the Province it consists in driving the deer with dogs into a lake or river, the hunters being stationed on commanding points along the shore or lying in wait in boats. When the deer takes to water the hunters in boats pursue it and either kill it themselves or drive it within range of the men on the shore. As a means of getting venison to keep one's wife and seven small children from starvation, these Ontario deer-killing ways are efficient and admirable; and back in the sixties and seventies and early eighties it was called good sportsmanship too. But times have changed and are changing, sentiment has changed and hunting methods have changed. Few regions are left to-day where the killing of deer in water is countenanced by the sportsman's code or permitted by the law of the land. Ontario is almost alone in this, a solitary exception to the rule against water killing; and we sincerely regret that the Province has put itself in this unenviable position.

Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, Mich., died on May 5, aged fifty-three years. Mr. Whitaker was appointed to the Michigan Fish Commission in 1883, and from that date until his final illness precluded further activity he gave to the work intelligent and highly efficient service. He was a member of the American Fisheries Society, and for a term its president. Mr. Whitaker was specially interested in the work of restoring the commercial fisheries of the Great Lakes; at his instance exhaustive scientific investigations were undertaken into the life histories of the species, and fishcultural operations were developed and enlarged. He wrote much on the subject of fish breeding, one of the last papers from his pen being the chapter on "The Whitefish and its Culture," contributed to Mr. Mather's "Modern Fishculture."

Commissioner J. P. Collins, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, sends us a note reporting proposed experiments by Commissioner Brackett in the artificial rearing of ruffed grouse. This is an enterprise which has been often attempted and in some instances under what appeared to be very favorable conditions, but so far the result has uniformly been failure. This is not to say that the breeding in captivity may not yet be accomplished. Continued experimenting on a large scale and with intelligence may crown the effort with success.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

XI.—Destruction of the Fur Seals.

SINCE the discovery of the Pribilof Islands and their fur seals in 1786 the herd has had a varied history. More than once it has been almost exterminated, but has recovered, only to again decline from some special cause. It is now in one of its periods of decline. This began about the year 1884, and has continued without any check until the present time, so that during the past season it was believed that there were on the fur seal islands not more than 100,000 seals, as against 400,000 two years ago. A similar rate of decline would mean the practical extermination of the herd within four years. And there are people to-day who believe that this extermination will take place.

Since the islands came into possession of the United States the quota of seal skins annually obtained from it was, up to 1889, 100,000. In 1890 this quota was suddenly reduced to 21,000. At first the seals killed had been all three-year-olds, but later, as the three-year-olds became more scarce, the killing age was lowered to two years, and later, even larger yearlings were killed. Of course, every seal killed at an age less than three years decreases the number of three-year-olds to be killed the succeeding season. So the bachelor seals grew less and less numerous, and their decreasing numbers drew attention to the number of breeders, which was also found to have grown much smaller. Since 1890, therefore, the breeding herd has been continually studied, but at first in so unintelligent a way that the results of the investigation are in many respects of doubtful value.

Nevertheless, there is one positive fact about which there is no doubt. The herd has rapidly grown smaller. The ground occupied by the rookeries is much less than formerly, and on either side of the rookeries are consid-

er bachelors could ever interfere with the development of the breeding herd. When the bachelors have hauled out on to the beach and are resting there, the natives surround them and cut out bunches of two hundred or more, which are then prevented from returning to the water, and are driven overland to the killing ground. Here they are killed with clubs, and at once skinned and carried to the salt house for treatment.

It is evident that the destruction of these young males is not only not injurious to the breeding herd, but is a positive benefit to it. It lessens the number of breeding males, lessens their fighting, and tends to save the lives of the young pups, by keeping them from being trampled. Now, however, that the herd has become so small, it may be possible to injure it by a too close killing off of the three-year-olds, which might be carried to such a point that in the years to come there might be a lack of breeding bulls. This perhaps is not likely to happen. On the Komandorski Islands, at different times, there has taken place a great overkilling of males; so that on a certain rookery there there were in 1896 only three bulls and between 500 and 1,000 females. Yet in the following year the pups, when counted on this rookery, were found to be 526, or almost as many as the cows of the preceding year were supposed to number.

Driving has been alleged as the cause for the decrease in the size of the fur seal herd, and so also has a possible change of habits, certain persons having alleged that the herds had been driven away from the Pribilof Islands and had taken up their abode on those of the Komandorski group. There is no evidence that either of these has had any effect on the herd. The habits of the seal are fixed and are not to be lightly changed. It returns to its own breeding ground each year, just as the salmon returns to the river in which it was hatched. It is true that rarely small rookeries are abandoned, but usually from some natural cause. The fur seal is one of the most gregarious of animals and delights in a crowd. It cannot bear to be off by itself to one side.

Although the seal is a timid animal and easily frightened, it is not greatly afraid of man. Indeed, it is not difficult for a careful person to walk or creep up so close

floating on the water. In good weather the hours for sleeping are chiefly between 9 o'clock in the morning and 5 or 6 in the evening; but in stormy weather they cannot sleep much, and so during fair weather after a storm sleep more soundly and can be more easily approached. The sleeping seal is usually taken with the spear. As soon as it is discovered everything is put in readiness and the canoe is paddled toward the animal without making the slightest noise. At a distance of 30 to 40 feet, if the seal shows signs of being restless, the spear is hurled, and if it strikes the animal it seldom pulls out. The line attached to the spear is held in the Indian's hand, and he tries to draw the animal to the canoe, so as to kill it with a club.

Seals which are traveling are commonly shot, sometimes with the rifle, but preferably with the shotgun. Often it is possible to paddle within a very short distance of the animal before the shot is fired, and this is not always at once fatal, but it may be necessary to pursue the seal some distance before it can be shot again and secured.

Some hint of the number of wounded seals which escape is given by the very considerable number of bachelors on the hauling grounds which carry buckshot in their bodies. At each killing of the seals the Aleuts gather up the lead found in the bodies, and on numerous occasions seals wounded by shooting have reached the island and died after coming ashore on the rookeries. The spear is the least wasteful way of taking the seals, and where this weapon is used the loss must be slight. In cases where the animal succeeds in tearing out the spear it no doubt recovers, and there is no loss of animals speared except by the tearing out of the spear head or the breaking of the line.

The statistics of pelagic sealing, covering a period of thirty years, from 1868 to 1897 inclusive, show the total catch to have been 893,047 skins, to which must be added 95,000 skins taken, the locality of which is unknown, making a total of nearly 1,000,000 seals known to have been killed at sea. These figures include only the animals taken and accounted for by their skins which were brought to market. Nothing is known of the animals lost, either of those killed outright, whose bodies sank, or



Photo by E. S. Curtis.

FUR SEALS ON ST. PAUL ISLAND.

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erable tracts once occupied, but now deserted. This is shown by the worn stones, already alluded to, by the seal hair found in the soil, and by the vegetation which is beginning to spring up over these deserted areas. On some grounds on which the bachelor seals used to haul, the deserted areas are ten to twenty times those now occupied.

Another valuable though indirect evidence of the decline in the breeding herd is shown by the decrease in the mortality among nursing pups in the breeding season. On one named rookery the number of dead pups in 1896 was more than twice as many as those counted in 1897. Moreover, more cows are being destroyed on the rookeries by the bulls each year. This results, naturally, from the diminution in the number of cows, among which the losses are now much more apparent than when they were more abundant. But the most striking and positive evidence of the decrease is found in the lessened number of the seals fit for killing. At birth the sexes are equal; they are subject to the same natural enemies. As the number of the bachelor seals of a certain age grows smaller, it may be justly inferred that the cows of the same age are diminished in like ratio. Moreover, whatever the quota of seals allowed to be killed, it is each year harder to obtain that quota. A conclusion reached from all the facts and figures gleaned by Prof. Jordan and his assistants is that in 1897 there had been a total decline in the seal herd of between four-fifths and five-sixths of its maximum size.

The inquiry at once arises, to what cause is this enormous decline due? Some of the natural causes of death have already been mentioned, but most of them are inconsiderable. Among the adult seals there is fighting from the bulls, and the cows are often injured by the bulls. The very young pups die from the attacks of a parasitic worm, and are also sometimes trampled to death by the bulls. Of course these causes of death have always existed, and no doubt the mortality from them was as great or greater when the herd was large than it is now when it is small. The real cause of the decline of the herd is unquestionably artificial, and due wholly to man's interference with the balance of nature.

The seals are killed in two ways; on the land, as has always been done, and at sea, while on their migrations, a mode wholly of modern origin and begun about the year 1880. Previous to that the Indians of the Pacific Coast killed a few seals as they were passing, but the number was inconsiderable.

In land killing the only animals destroyed are the young male seals of three years, of which there is always a great surplus; and no reasonable destruction of these

to the animals as almost to be able to place the hand on them. Even though they may smell the observer and see him, they are not likely to be frightened, unless he shall make some sudden, quick motion, in which case they may perhaps turn to escape to the water.

The cause of the decline of the fur seal herd of the Pribilof Islands is to be found in pelagic sealing—that is to say, in the taking of the seals at sea, either on their migrations or on their food excursions to and from the breeding grounds. In this form of sealing no discrimination can be used, and so animals of both sexes and of every age are taken.

From the earliest times the Indians of the northwest coast have taken the fur seal in their canoes, making long journeys to sea for this purpose. These seals were usually taken by means of spears, and the number destroyed was inconsiderable. About the year 1872, however, began the practice of using small vessels, on which the Indians and their canoes were transported to the sealing grounds. Up to the year 1879 the number of such vessels was few, probably not more than five or six; but in 1880 the fleet had increased to sixteen, and in 1886 to thirty-four. Moreover, the vessels were no longer content to make excursions to intercept the herd off Cape Flattery, but began to follow it in its migrations from the mouth of the Columbia to the passes of the Aleutian Islands, and finally into the Bering Sea.

Up to the year 1886 only Indian hunters were employed, and these worked in their canoes and used the spear; but as the fleet increased, white hunters were employed, and these used firearms, at first the rifle, and later the shotgun, loaded with buckshot. When the rifle was used the loss of seals killed by sinking was very great, but the employment of the shotgun lessened this loss, although it always remained considerable. Few wounded animals were recovered, and many of those killed sank before they could be reached and taken into the boat.

In 1891, at which time the sealing fleet numbered 115 vessels, a *modus vivendi* was declared, closing the waters of Bering Sea to pelagic sealing. The measure was put into force so late that it had little effect in 1891, but in 1892 and 1893 the greater part of the pelagic sealing was transferred to the Commander Island herd, from which 66,000 skins were taken.

When a sealing schooner reaches the ground the boats or canoes are lowered and move off in search of seals. They proceed side by side, moving to windward and forming a long line which covers a considerable expanse of water. The vessel follows, trying to keep about even with the boats. The seals, when found, are either actively swimming or are asleep, or sometimes are awake and

of the wounded ones which escaped to die. From 1868 to 1880 the catch was very small, ranging from 4,000 to 5,000 skins yearly, but with the year 1881 it steadily increased until 1894, when the great catch was made of 141,143 skins. Since that year it has rapidly declined to a total of about 39,000 skins in the year 1897. The cause of this decline is the decline in the seal herd; in other words the lessened number of animals from which the catch is made.

In Prof. Jordan's report interesting statistics are given, comparing pelagic and land killing. It is shown that in the years 1871 to 1875 the land killing on the Pribilof Islands, including all males taken for any purpose, averaged between 105,000 and 110,000 seals, while the killing at sea for the same years averaged not far from 6,000 per year. Up to 1889 100,000 male seals were still killed annually on the islands, but the number killed at sea increased yearly from 5,500 in 1878 to 29,000 in 1889, and to 61,000 in 1894, while the killing on land in 1890 was 28,000, in 1891 12,000, in 1893 7,500, in 1894 16,000, and in 1897 19,000. During the earlier years named in this report there was no difficulty in procuring 100,000 seal skins, but as the pelagic sealing fleet increased and made larger catches, more and more difficulty was experienced in securing the males required for the land killing, until finally it became impossible to secure them, and the land killing had to be cut down in some years to less than one-twentieth of what it had been.

Since the Pribilof Islands came into possession of the United States nearly 3,000,000 male seals have been killed on land, while no females whatever have been killed. The fur seal herds, so long as land killing alone was done, maintained themselves in a state of stable equilibrium; but as soon as the pelagic sealing was undertaken on a large scale and the female seals were killed by wholesale, the herd began to decline. Pelagic sealing, involving the killing of females as well as males, has caused the marked diminution in numbers in the seal herd.

If the condition of the herd did not of itself show the great destruction of females that occurs in pelagic sealing, the reports of the custom house inspectors on the catches of American vessels engaged in this business, and of experts making similar investigations for the United States and Canadian governments, would tell the story. The custom house inspectors, examining skins for sex, report that 80 per cent. of the catch of the pelagic sealers are females. The reports of the London furriers tell the same story. An examiner, sent out with an American sealing vessel, reports 62 per cent. of females out of 1,500 seals. An expert sent out for the Canadian Government

reported, for one vessel, 84 per cent. of females. In 1894 eighteen American vessels had a percentage of 73 females, while in 1896 thirteen vessels showed 75 per cent. females.

If it could be so arranged that only males were taken by the pelagic sealers the destruction which they work would not be important; they could not injure the seal herds. There would always be so great a preponderance of male seal life that the United State could fill its quota and the herd could be kept intact. Such discrimination is of course impossible.

It is not only the loss of the females killed in pelagic sealing that works injury to the herd, but loss of their unborn young, or of their new-born young, which, until December, are dependent for life on their mothers' milk. Soon after the pup is born its mother begins to go to sea for food, and makes journeys to the fishing grounds of from sixty to eighty miles for food. Returning to the island, she lands near the herd of pups, and calls for her young one. To this call a dozen pups may respond, but she snaps and snarls at them, driving them away until her own comes, which she at once recognizes. As soon as it has joined her she sets out to find a resting place, the pup keeping close to her until she has reached a place that suits her, when she stops and the pup nurses.

The pup whose mother has been killed during the late summer or autumn inevitably starves to death. The numbers that have thus perished are very great. In 1896 there were found in October more than 21,000 dead pups on the islands. This number probably does not include all that died, for the bodies of many of the earlier dead had disappeared by October, and besides that, the gulls and foxes destroyed many. The total number of dead for 1896 on both islands was 21,228, of which more than

On the Map of Texas.

SOME time in the night the woods boss came into my room and shook the dreams out of my cranium long enough for me to realize that it was time to get up.

Perhaps you have been through the same experience—you wake up suddenly and hear a healthy voice in the darkness above and 3 feet to the northwest of your head. The voice says things and after a time you realize that it will be morning in a little while whether you get up or not; then the idea follows that if you are to shoot a big turkey gobbler you have no time to lose, said gobbler being eleven miles away at a point marked X on the map of Texas, and on or near a certain 160 acres of bottom timber at the forks of an unnamed creek that meanders around to suit its own convenience and the growth of the piny woods until it eventually reaches the Trinity River.

The immediate connection between your present situation and the gobbler aforesaid consists of a log train drawn by a very fussy, dirty and noisy locomotive with a highly cultivated habit of cutting across the curves in the serpentine piece of track that enters the banked up, mesh-work horizon of Tupelo gum timber visible in daylight from any point in the little sawmill town.

I had to dress and catch that engine if I expected to shoot that gobbler, so I dreamily hunted my clothes, and in time got into them.

"Hurry up," said the woods boss.

Then the fussy engine bellowed a couple of times and I hurried. When I had curled up on the fireman's side of the cab, Lou, the engineer, started the old kettle and we rolled away into the darkness.

When the train had gone and peace came back and took the echoes out of the woods, old Jim smiled in his childish way and said: "Reckon weall buttah go ovah thisaway tuoards whah th' crick done foaks—they's shoah a heap o' turkeys ovah thah mostly allus, an' dreckly hits gwine tu be lite 'nuff foah 'em to fly down an' begin yelpin'. Weall doan want tu be fur away when theyall starts yelpin', foah th' closter we kin git tu 'em foah theyall knows hit th' easier hits gwine tu be tu yelp 'em up tu whah we all kin chute—shoah."

"Alright, Jim; you go ahead; you know the birds and the country, and I'm here to stay with you."

"Yes, suh, alright suh; come this away then tull weall gits away frum th' railroad a piece an' tu whah weall kin yelp 'em up some."

I followed the shuffling, yellow-faced old man, so quaint in his dress and speech, so childish in his ways, so much a part of this great belt of timber that just to be with him was an enjoyable and new experience.

As we journeyed that morning—a perfect morning too, by the way—old Jim pointed out certain spots (not marked X) where in time agone a bronzed and bearded gobbler had fallen to the crack of a certain rifle because of the cunning that old Jim used when he voiced a turkey call made from three points of cane telescoped one into the other until just the right tone belled out into the silent timber while the light grew strong.

Ah! old Jim knows the ways of the wilds here, and in his quaint and childish way he loves his chosen wilderness. Be a gobbler ever so cunning and long of beard, old Jim is a shade better; and in time will stroke the bronze plumes if he chooses, for patience is part of old Jim's life, part of his creed of the woods, and his old eye, so kindly under the shock of hair and tattered straw hat



Photo by E. S. Curtis.

A SEAL HAREM ON ST. PAUL ISLAND.

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16,000 had perished from starvation, besides which there were more than 1,500 starving at the time the count was made. The total losses to the fur seal herds of the North Pacific by pelagic sealing would include, besides the million seals actually taken and skinned, and making no account of the animals killed but lost, unborn pups destroyed with the female, 750,000; nursing pups starved, 180,000; making a total of 1,930,000 seals known to have been destroyed by pelagic sealing.

When the Harriman expedition visited the seal islands in 1899 the number of seals found there was estimated by the experts to be about 100,000. In other words, the herd is declining more rapidly than ever, and unless some steps are taken without delay its extermination is at hand. There is but one remedy for this decline, and that is the total prohibition of pelagic sealing. Even should this take place the increase in the herd will be slow, and it must be long before it can attain anything like its old proportions. It should be made impossible for any one to possess a skin of the female seal. The sands in which the parasitic worm *Uncinaria* breeds should be removed from the rookery, the herd should be placed in charge of a naturalist, who should control it and have every authority to determine how many seals shall be killed each year and what measures shall be taken for the best interests of the herd. In all these matters Great Britain has a direct interest, and in some of them it is in her power to act with the United States to bring the herd up to its old condition. It is probable that to-day the fur seal herd is only about one-tenth as large as it was when the United States took possession of these islands, and it rests with the two great English-speaking nations of the world to say whether this herd shall increase or whether it shall be exterminated.

The Russian seal rookeries on the Commander Islands and Robben's Island have suffered, like the American islands, from the pelagic sealing, and their condition is worse than that of ours, because they have not been so well managed. Too great a proportion of males have been left, resulting in great fighting and in much injury to the females and great destruction of pups during the fighting. It is believed that not more than 5,000 seals are taken annually on these islands. G. B. G.

J. Wesley Otis, watcher for the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, recently found a dead buck deer on the carry between the Ausable Lakes. The animal evidently died of starvation during the heavy March snow storms.—Elizabethtown, N. Y., Post.

That was a weird ride. The red maw of the fire box gave the only light save the pale beams of the stars, for these log engine men don't seem to care for headlights, and there were enough noises originated by that old engine to furnish a first-class thunder scene for a border drama. Lou sat up on his seat just across the cab, but he was only a dim, dark shape against the lighter darkness of the window as we rolled away over the heaving, billowy track. Anon the fireman opened the fire box door and hove a few more pine knots into the lurid vitals of the old rattle-box of an engine, and the flare of red shone out into the cab for a moment, turning it into a nook that would have fitted into Hades nicely as far as reputed color scheme goes. The woods boss said never a word, for he knew that a man with leather lungs could not make himself heard against the roar of the heaving engine and its following train.

So we went until a bit of a fire gleamed red against the coming light of morning and Lou shut her off, threw her over and gave her a bit of sand so she would cling of the dew-wet rails a little better.

Lou is a railroad man and knows his business, for the old engine stopped beside the bit of a fire and I swung down out of the cab to meet my turkey hunting companion that was to be.

"Good-by," said the woods boss. "Hope you git yer gobbler."

"By; luck to you," from Lou as he pulled the antiquated throttle and went sizzling and roaring away into the darkness, leaving old Jim and I standing on a spot marked X on the map of Texas and surrounded by thick "bottom" timber and fresh woods air, to stay until the stars should fade and light enough to shoot should fill the interval between darkness and sunrise.

You never saw Jim, did you? You should meet him. Tall, rawboned, clad in blue overalls, a dilapidated straw hat and a glad, contented smile, old Jim stood by his bit of a fire with the guns waiting for me, because the woods boss had bridged the distance between town and "the front" after dark last night by telephone. So it came to pass that old Jim got up at 2 o'clock that morning and silently wended his way through the black woods all the distance from camp at "the front" clear back to the spot marked X on the map of Texas, and waited there for the fussy engine, because the woods boss said over the 'phone that Comanch wanted to go turkey hunting, and old Jim was never known to miss a chance to hunt turkeys in all the twenty-eight years that he has lived near that spot marked X in Texas, so we two "met up" there in the first gray of the morning.

rim, is as true and keen as yours, and when it glints down the sights there is a dead gobbler due on the spot marked X on the map of Texas.

All that morning we stealthily traveled or waited beside a gum trunk or fallen log while old Jim called and clucked and filled the echo halls of the timber with the voices of departed turkeys—a veritable old siren of the woods. But no answering voices came back. Old Jim did his best, and the three joints of cane deftly counterfeited turkey language until the sun was high and only one more ridge lay between us and camp, then the old man gave it up and acknowledged that "Sumthin' hed done gone wrong."

It was not Jim's fault, as we found out later, for only the day before there had been six or eight negroes up and down across the length and breadth of this patch of turkey ground, so what could old Jim's cunning avail? Seven turkeys had come out of the woods with the black men, and the ones that escaped had flown far, so that there was in all likelihood not a single turkey within sound of old Jim's "yelpin'" all through that quiet morning when we paced the forest ways.

It was no fault of old Jim's that I got no gobbler at the spot marked X on the map of Texas.

EL COMANCHO.

Pickeral Near New York.

GLENMERE LAKE, Florida, Orange County, New York, Fifty-five Miles from New York on Line of Erie R. R., Station Chester.—Pickeral fishing opened May 1. About twenty boats were fishing, and catches were made by trolling and casting. The best catches were sixty-three, casting with No. 4½ silver skimmer spoon, feathered, and 104 trolling with No. 3 silver and brass skimmer spoons, single hook and piece of pickeral belly on hook as bait. Fish ran from ¾ to about 4½ pounds. Probably 15 per cent. ran over 2 pounds. The fishing will improve as the weather warms up, and will be exceptionally good all through this month and next. Stop at Glenmere Lake Hotel, on bank of the water owned by H. R. Cable. Conveyance will meet one at Chester Station if requested by wire or letter. J. C.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE new number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains an attractive list of contents and several hours of good reading.

Letter to a Chum.

BY SIDNEY EDWARDS.

GRANITEVILLE, S. I., May 10.—Dear Jim: Sorry you couldn't come down last week; the snipe were on—thick. Dick and I went out four days hand running and we had the best sport ever. You know Dick Hawkins, the ruddy Englishman with the two liver and white pointers, who lives right back of our old house? Well, when we went out the first day—it was Monday—we hadn't more than struck the lower edge of the drain on the old Crocheron place when the old dog, Marc, began to think he was a statue in liver and white marble, and finally having found a proper pedestal came to the conclusion that he was, and stiffened. My dog was out in the next field exercising meadow larks (you know it takes an hour or two to get his edge off) and we didn't disturb him. Guess came up behind us and backed the old dog, and Dick and I walked up to shoot. We walked past the dogs and were getting a little nervous from the tension, when I saw Dick lower his gun. He snorted disgustedly and walked over to a "nigger-head" and kicked out the biggest old tabby cat I've seen in many a day. She'd been sound asleep, I guess, for she was mightily scared when she made her bolt for a neighboring barn. Talk about pneumatics! Why, she blew that tail of hers up in a second to the size of her body and went floating over the meadow like a big, long balloon—more like one of Professor Langley's oblong aero-balloons, if that's what he calls 'em. Talk about only hitting the high places! She never touched the ground till she lit in the farmyard, and then only long enough to get a purchase for a 10-foot jump into the barn window.

"Nice bird dogs," I said to Dick, with an accent on the bird. "Wait till Laddie comes down and I'll show you a discriminator—birds or nothing; no bird, no point."

"Yes," says Dick, looking over at my dog. (He was extended like a Futurity winner, and giving a low flying lark the time of his life.)

"Only you've got it hindsided before—no point, no birds."

I wasn't sore, because I knew Dick felt badly over his dog's break.

But, say! When we turned 'round, what do you think? There were those two mutts standing in the same old posish, looking like leaves out of poor Tracy's sketch book, and old Marc's eyes simply bulging out of his head.

"Good heavens!" says Dick, and that's as far as he got, for right up from under a little bunch of nigger-head, not 10 feet from Marc, jumped two snipe. Wouldn't that unnerve you?

I revived in time to fire one shot, just to tell them that we saw them, but Dick got down on his knees and hugged the old dog, and said the same old things—you know 'em, "Man's faithful servant"; "The more I see of men the better I like dogs"; "Wouldn't take \$1,000 of any man's money for him," and so on.

I looked over at my kiyoodle, thinking perhaps he was ready for work, but he seemed to be going with such verve that I thought another seven furlongs wouldn't hurt him. I've never seen a bird sweat, nor heard of such a thing, but I'll bet that lark was ready for something like it.

Dick got up from his canine shrine after a moment and we went on. We went to the end of the drain up to where the rose briars begin to get thick, and had about given it up when Guess posed again and Marc supported her. This time there was no side show, and we killed two out of the three that flushed.

And, by the way, to me—and I've hunted some, you know, Jim—the old English snipe is the hardest bird to hit that flies—hit, not kill, you mind. "No, no," I hear you say, "the Mauser-like teal" and "a thicket partridge" and "a birch-growth woodcock" and all your other old cinches—but what's the use of getting into a discussion? I said harder for me. The others may be harder for you.

An English snipe always reminds me of the switchback down at "Cooney's Island." I'll bet the man who invented the switchback was a snipe hunter, and stole his idea from the bird's flight. What do you think?

Well, to get along with the hunt. We worked out the rose briars and got up twelve birds, of which I killed six and Dick four—dogs working like clockwork, including Laddie, who had learned "Flee as a Bird" by heart. I took eight shells to mine, Dick killed straight—first barrel kills. Twelve birds up to this point, only out an hour, and on Staten Island too, a part of the Greater City and only fifty-five minutes from the City Hall. Say! I wouldn't leave this happy home for any one. And yet you urban chumps say we're full of malaria and mosquitoes, and that there isn't anything on the island worth having but unlimited opportunity for golf, an atmosphere of Standard Oil smoke and an English accent. Why, say, come down here next Sunday after church, and I'll show you 'most every wild song bird that comes into the temperate zone. I'll show you every wild flower that is born to blush seen and give its sweetness to the world, and if you won't tell about it I'll exhibit to you twelve pairs of woodcock with half as many nests—and all this within a half-hour from my own home, which isn't in the woods by any matter o' means.

"But I am digressing," as the bull said when he stopped running after the picador and charged the man with the venue flag.

After the rose briars, we came out on the turnpike, stopped in at Herman Danner's Hotel, at Bull's Head, worked that out, got shots at two old crows and downed them. Came out and went into that piece of salt meadow that laps on the fresh meadow of the Crystal Water Company. I had a fight with Dick over whether English ever come to salt meadows unless it has been very dry, and he said "Yes." Had found as many on salt as fresh meadows, irrespective of wet or dry season. Didn't get anywhere with the discussion until Laddie pointed on the fresh meadow and Marc and Guess on the salt. Dick killed his bird, and I allowed mine to escape; could have killed him you know, but—he's better off as he is.

It's been "kinder mejum" weather, not wet nor dry, and so the birds didn't prove anything, or rather proved everything. Dick was satisfied and so was I, and altogether it was the best thing that could have happened, because we've been at odds on this question for years.

But I weary you with this lengthy letter. Dick's bird was the last casualty of the day, and we went home satisfied with the day's fun. Snipe season's off now, you

know, but when those woodcock get ripe in August, you must come down. They're so hard for you to kill that I won't ask you to do anything harder than kill my winged birds.

Remember me to Mrs. Jim and the children.

Sincerely,

JACK.

"Uncle Nathan" Harrington.

NATHAN S. HARRINGTON, one of the best known sportsmen of New England and a pioneer fox hunter, bird shooter and trout fisherman, of Worcester, died on May 6 in his eighty-sixth year. Of his life the Worcester Spy writes appreciatively: As Uncle Nathan he was known to every sportsman in Worcester. For two years his marvellously strong constitution withstood the attacks of disease, and his sturdy muscles and powerful lungs gained in long tramps in pursuit of birds, trout or foxes in every nook and corner of Worcester county have battled royally against the advances of infirmity. During this time he received almost daily calls from sportsmen, and his eyes have sparkled as Uncle Nathan has lived over again the experiences of some successful shoot or at least adventurous fox hunt.

He was the nestor of Worcester county fox hunters, and his fame as an authority on foxes has been spread abroad by numerous stories about his experiences or observations in the sportsmen's papers of the country. He was a sportsman of the old school, a man of most genial and cordial manner, one of the truest natures as a friend and withal an adherent of a code of hunting and fishing etiquette inviolable and irreproachable. He was known as a sportsman of the truest kind, and his example in the brush and the runways has for years been the code for the younger school of hunters and fishermen.

Uncle Nathan had a fund of stories of the chase, and his love of the hounds, the setter and the rod remained a ruling passion if his life, even during the past five years, during which he was unable to follow the sport. No fox hunter had a good run or an unusual experience in the brush or along the brooks that believed his pleasure complete until he related his story to the appreciative and genial Uncle Nathan and heard a similar story in return.

Twenty-five years ago, while fox hunting at Five Points, Mr. Harrington stumbled and fell, gun in hand, and the weapon was discharged. The charge of buckshot intended for the running fox entered Mr. Harrington's foot, and amputation was necessary. Even thus crippled he followed his hounds or dog. He killed his last fox when eighty years old, and two years ago was at the annual fall hunt of Worcester Fur Company at the Shoemakers on the first day, and on Asnebumskit Hill the second day. For the last two years he has remained at home and held sportsman's court, receiving calls from friends who called to tell and to listen.

Nathan S. Harrington was born in Shrewsbury, Jan. 29, 1815. At the age of sixteen years young Nathan entered the gun factory of Ethan Allen at Grafton as an apprentice. He passed some time there, and showed marked ability for the work. Nine years later he came to Worcester and went to work in the factory of the Allen & Thurber Pistol Manufacturing Company. Mr. Harrington had a contract under the company, and had charge of the old "Allen pepper box revolver," with as many barrels as chambers, and the young man made money. It was about the time of the gold fever in California, and the pistols were in demand in all parts of the country, and the business grew to immense proportions.

A few years later Mr. Harrington built a small shop by enlarging an ell of his house, and began the manufacture of jointed fishing rods, at that time a new thing and much in demand. At first Uncle Nathan bought bamboo rods and cut them up, putting in ferrules and joints and turning them out as a novelty, and they were much in demand. The shop remains, but of recent years little work has been done where once there was a large business.

Since he was a young man Mr. Harrington has carried the rod and gun for sport, and has been successful as a hunter and fisherman. He has owned some of the best fox hounds in New England, and has the reputation of having killed more foxes with a gun ahead of the hounds than any man in New England. For sixty years he has followed the hounds and frequently killed as many as twenty foxes in a season.

He was an authority on Worcester county runways, and familiar with every nook and corner of Worcester county. Many beginners have of recent years gone to Uncle Nathan for points on the best covers for partridges, the best brooks for trout and the runways where the fleet-footed fox is sure to travel in a given district when once the hounds have him afoot and going over the hills. His hounds Loud and Bat were the most famous of a score or more owned by Uncle Nathan, and the blood of both these courses through the veins of more than one hound of the pack of Worcester Fur Company. He was always an adherent of the lone-hound-and-that-a-slow-goer theory which is held by many of the old school who despise the speedier hounds of to-day.

He was one of the organizers and a charter member of the Worcester Fur Company, and for a number of years was one of its officers. Since Uncle Nathan's foot was shot away by accident he has killed as many as nine foxes in a season.

During the past winter Uncle Nathan has been as young as in the fifties in spirit, and has listened with delight to stories of the hunt. And sportsmen always have loved to pour their stories into the appreciative ears of the veteran of them all. He was beloved by every hunter who ever knew him. His genial disposition and cordial manner, which has always had the marks of pure sincerity, have made him friends throughout the fraternity of New England.

His picture hangs on the walls of the club rooms of Worcester Fur Company, the gift of Hon. Joseph H. Walker to the club. It shows him clad in his familiar fur hunting suit in which for years he stood and listened to the hounds. The last gift of the club to Uncle Nathan was a photograph album containing a score or more pictures of his hunting and fishing friends. This was given him on his eightieth birthday, and was the most esteemed treasure of his declining years.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Elijah Simonds.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is often said that "this world is really a very small place," and it is sometimes astonishing how some utterance in some part of it will touch a spring that, like an electrical message, awakens some memory in a far distant one. Mr. Burnham's letter in this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM has had that effect on me, and recalls to my recollection vividly the name and person of Elijah Simonds, the old village blacksmith, who lived here when I was a boy; and who, I think, died here, somewhere about 1835 or '36. His old red shop stood on the main street, right opposite to where I am now writing, and I well recall a half-day, stolen from school, when I was about eight or nine years old, when my father sent me to the shop with a paper pattern, from which the old man was to forge a pair of barn-door hinges—for we could not buy such things then ready made at any hardware store. My mechanical instincts so interested me in the forging that I forgot all about school, and spent the whole forenoon watching the old blacksmith. It was not long after that that he came to my father's office for some surgical operation or examination, I forget just what, and I wondered at the huge muscles of his hairy chest and brawny arms and shoulders. I think he must have been the grandfather referred to, for he could hardly have been the great grandfather of a man only two years my senior. Be this as it may, he was a marked character, and my strongest recollection of him is of an incident verging on the tragic at the moment, and the consequences of which were really so.

There was then in the village an old cast iron 6-pound field piece, captured from Burgoyne at the Battle of Bennington, by Gen. Stark, the right to the possession of which was disputed by the inhabitants of Springfield, Vt., on the opposite side of the river. This old gun was usually stolen in alternate years by the young men of each town from each other, and was used to fire a salute at daylight on the Fourth of July, and on the occasion to which I refer, had been recaptured from Springfield by the Charlestown boys by a night foray on the 2d or 3d.

Now Old Simonds, as the boys called him, did not like to be waked up early, and some time on the night of the 3d he spiked the gun with a rat-tail file, so that the salute was impossible. This was, I think, in 1833 or '34.

My father's house stood at the corner, where the Claremont road branched off from the main street, and in the triangle where the two roads joined lay an old granite millstone, used by the other blacksmith for tiring wheels. Soon after breakfast, on the morning of the Fourth, my attention was drawn to a crowd of men and boys, collected around a big fire at this stone, and on going out to see what was the cause, I found the old gun in the fire, being heated to take the temper out of the file, so that it could be punched in or pulled out. While I stood there, down the road came Simonds in his old wagon, probably from the grist mill, and as the boys had judged from the evidence of the file that he was the culprit, he was at once waylaid and charged with the crime of spiking the gun. He was foolish enough to draw a pair of pistols, upon which he was immediately seized, his pistols torn from him by a young man then studying medicine with my father, and since an eminent physician in Massachusetts, now dead, and the old man was pretty severely kicked and beaten. The law soon settled the fines and damages for assault and battery, but the real tragedy was to follow at the close of the day. The old file was got out of the gun and preparations were made for an extra salute at sunset on the hill adjoining the cemetery, back of the village. My father and I had gone down to the river for an evening swim, when we heard the first gun from the hill, followed almost instantly by a second report, when my father said: "Those shots are too near together; there must be some accident," and before we could get our clothes on, down the hill came a man on full run, for my father to hurry up to the town hall, which he did at once, stopping on the way for his instruments and bandages. Whether the vent of the gun had been injured in getting out the file, or the man who "thumbed the touch hole" got his thumb burned, we never knew—the point was disputed—but the two men who were ramming down the second cartridge—John Densmore and Parker Woods, by name—had each one arm blown off below the elbow, and I shall never forget that candlelight scene of amputation and bandaging in the old town hall.

So nearly as I can remember, the old man who had been the acting cause of the catastrophe, did not long survive it. After his death his old shop was destroyed, and his house pulled down and a new one built on the site of it by the man who purchased the property. The old cannon was duly stolen the next year by the Springfield boys, heavily loaded, dropped crosswise into a cleft in the ledge, fired with a slow match and blown to smithereens, and thus perished a Revolutionary relic.

As my recollections of the old man must be of a date between 1830 and '35, it is possible that he may have gone to the Adirondacks at some date previous to 1821, when the trapper of Mr. Burnham's story was born, and moved back to Charlestown, instead of dying there.

He was a skillful workman, but not very fond of his shop, which was often closed, and a story used to be told of a verbal skirmish between him and the wife of the postmaster, who was celebrated for her ready tongue.

The postmaster, in those days under Andrew Jackson, was a genial old fellow, who owned a large amount of land, and was very apt of a summer afternoon, after the noon mail was distributed, to lock up the office and go down to the meadows to look after his hay and corn. He had done so one day before Mr. Simonds found it convenient to go to the post-office, and the latter repaired to the postmaster's house in search of him, and not finding him, began to blow up his wife for the neglect of business, and absence from the office. The lady heard him and retorted as follows: "It's all very fine, Mr. Simonds, for you to talk of absence from business, but if I had a setting-hen which I did not want to be disturbed, I would set her on your anvil."

I began this letter with a truism about the small size of the earth, and the communication between its inhabitants, and I have just received a fresh illustration of its accuracy. A few days since my daughter sent a bunch

of Mayflowers (*Epigea*) to a cousin in Baltimore. Last night she received a letter saying that they arrived in perfect order, and were distributing their beauty and fragrance from one of the windows, while the other was graced with a splendid bunch of roses from a sister in Columbia, S. C. Is this not a pleasant meeting of the North and the South, and a witness of the restoration of the Union?

VON W.

Natural History.

Weasels as Hunters.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 10.—Two recent articles in *FOREST AND STREAM*—April 7 and May 5—about weasels as hunters, seem to indicate that weasel stories—like "What dat darky de hole?"—as well as the animals themselves run in cycles.

One Putorius in New York State chases a rat around a circle, and after a rapid run captures his victim. Another observer in Massachusetts was hoeing corn, when out from a thicket jumped a rabbit, going at full speed—a rabbit with a full head of steam on does not allow any grass to grow under his feet—closely pursued by a weasel, which followed the trail evidently by scent, not by sight. Only a few minutes were needed to end the rabbit's career.

In Harper's Magazine for July, 1877, in an article entitled "Hunting with the Long-Bow"—it is a charming narrative—Maurice Thompson records that while hunting down South, in trying to decoy a quail to his death, he saw a rabbit dart out of a wheat field at a terrific rate, pursued in about a minute by a weasel on his trail, at no slow pace. He let fly an arrow at the pursuer without changing his course, so eager was he on the chase. The rabbit ran in a circle around a wheat patch twelve times, until a stone thrown in front changed his course at a right angle into the standing wheat with the weasel on his track. Soon a squeal from the rabbit announced the end, and on coming up to the scene, the writer found the weasel practicing phlebotomy on the rabbit's jugular.

These reported incidents show that either stories travel in circles, after long intervals, or that others with the same phenomena are observed in widely different places and times, and that rabbits and rats when pursued will run in circles; that weasels do not pursue by sight, else they would cut across the circle and head off their fleeing prey; but follow on the trail by scent, like a dog.

It would appear then that after a short burst of speed rabbits soon get tired; that a weasel on a stern chase will at last overtake his weary prey and drink his blood.

Now we want somebody in the Western country to record if he ever saw a weasel or a mink chase and capture a jackrabbit, which has the reputation of outwitting and outrunning greyhounds on a long chase. These long-eared fellows do not run in circles when pursued, but keep straight ahead until the hounds are about to make a grab, then with a sudden turn at right angles are off, leaving the astonished pursuers going ahead until able to overcome the acquired momentum, by which time the quarry has increased the distance somewhat.

LENEX.

Song Birds in Switzerland.

CONSUL-GENERAL DUBOIS at St. Gall reports to the State Department: Switzerland has not many feathered songsters, but those that do exist are carefully protected, not only by law, but by the fostering care of the people, particularly the German-speaking people of Switzerland. In 1875 a law was enacted prohibiting the trapping or killing of song birds or the robbing or molesting of their nests in any part of the Alpine republic. But in northern Italy bird murder is epidemic, and this spirit has spread over the Swiss-Italian canton of Tessin, where the willow wren, hedge sparrow, blackcap, swallow, nightingale and little singers of all kinds are victims of the trap, the net and the gun.

As the seasons come and go the Swiss birds make their pilgrimage south, and in going and returning across the land of northern Italy and the Swiss canton of Tessin they are mercilessly pursued by hunters of all ages and all classes. On the lake of Maggiore it is estimated that at least 60,000 of the feathered songsters are trapped or killed every year, and in the region round about Bergamo, Verona, Chivena and Brescia many millions are indiscriminately slaughtered to satisfy the demands of the tables and of the millinery establishments of the world.

One of the schemes is to cover the limbs of trees and the rocks, and even the telegraph wires, along the line of the bird migrations with a certain paste of such adhesive qualities that whenever the birds stop in their flight for rest or food they are held helpless captives; hundreds are often captured in a very small space by this simple means.

During the past year the border police of Tessin captured and destroyed 13,000 bird traps set to imprison these weary little flyers. Authorities are being urged to take the most rigorous measures to suppress the evil. The criminal courts are having many more bird violation cases than formerly, and bird catching and killing crimes, which in former years were either overlooked or punished only slightly, are now dealt with seriously. The excellent laws are being enforced, and the song birds of Switzerland may yet survive the attempt to exterminate them.

The Breeding of Ruffed Grouse in Captivity.

BOSTON, May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following item from a recent issue of the *Winchester* (Mass.) *Star* indicates that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission is disposed to determine the feasibility of breeding and raising partridges in confinement. Mr. Brackett has had a long experience, as the article states, in raising game birds, and we certainly wish him success in his venture:

"Owing to the rapid decrease of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, the Commission on Inland Fisheries and Game are desirous to make investigations looking to the artificial propagation of this species, and any one finding a nest of these birds will confer a favor by com-

municating at once with the Secretary of this Board, E. A. Brackett, Winchester, Mass.

"Here is an opportunity for those interested in this scientific effort to restock our covers. Mr. Brackett has been very successful in breeding the Mongolian pheasant, which is exceedingly sensitive and difficult to raise, and notwithstanding that it is popularly believed impracticable to raise the partridge in confinement, who will say that the experience with the pheasants may not bring results that this State may be proud of, and which may prove a blessing to all sections where the ruffed grouse occurs?"

C.

Successful Skunk Farming.

SAYRE, Pa.—Picturesque Mike Marshall, of Livingston county, N. Y., has demonstrated past a reasonable doubt that skunk farming, amid these days of so-called agricultural decadence, has after all a pretty decent run of profits. Mike declares that it all depends upon the style of handling the pick, the shovel and the shillalah—the fetid and furry little quadruped doing the rest. And to prove the truth of his contention, he cites a recent experience in which he played an aggressive and deadly part.

Mike went out after skunks as some men love to do, and after digging a considerable length of trench, the run of skunks began. He tapped "skunkie" on the head as fast as he came out, and when the burrow had been emptied a count disclosed nine full-grown skunks dead and waiting for the bid of the furrier. The haul was sold for \$8.

M. CHILL.

The Santa Catalina Wild Goats.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Owing to continued dry weather Capt. Whitely, manager for the Banning Wool Company, of Santa Catalina Island, has decided that there is not food enough for the sheep and wild goats both, and proposes to kill off a part of the goats. He will have beaters drive them around and have hunters on the runways to shoot them. There are from eight to ten thousand goats on the island and fifteen thousand sheep. The high price of wool makes it more of an object to care for the sheep, and the company expects to receive at least \$30,000 for this year's wool crop, while a goat's pelt will only bring 40 cents.

TENDERFOOT.

West Indian Botany.

FROM the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, Ill., we have received "Plantæ Utowanæ," being Dr. Chas. F. Millspaugh's catalogue of the plants collected in the West Indies during the Antillean cruise of the yacht *Utowana*, Mr. Allison V. Armour, owner and master.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

Contents of the current number:
Like the Bear that Treed Jimmie O'Brien.....H. P. Ufford.
The Animals of the Forest.....James Rodway.
False Fire.....James Buckland.
Fly-Fishing.....Sir Edward Grey.
Uncle Kellup.....Jefferson Scribb.
Capercaillie Shooting in the Alps.....W. A. Baillie-Grohman.
On a Micronesian Atoll.....Louis Becke.
Washington as an Angler.....George H. Moore.
The Wilson's Snipe.....George Bird Grinnell.
The Trout of the Mountain Stream.....Von W.
Bill Platt's Bear Story.....D. M. Marshall.

The Lacey Bill.

IN the discussion of the Lacey bill in the House of Representatives on April 30, Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, speaking for the measure, said:

Briefly, the bill provides for a few purposes only. First, it authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to utilize his Department for the reintroduction of birds that have become locally extinct or are becoming so in some parts of the United States. There are some kinds of insectivorous birds and some kinds of game birds, that heretofore were abundant in many localities, which have become very scarce indeed, and in some localities entirely exterminated. The wild pigeon, formerly in this country in flocks of millions, has entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. Some hopeful enthusiasts have claimed that the pigeon would again be heard from in South America, but there seems to be no well-grounded basis for this hope. In some localities certain kinds of grouse have almost entirely disappeared. This bill gives the Secretary of Agriculture power to aid in the reintroduction, which, I think, will prove a useful adjunct to the action of the States which have undertaken the preservation of the native wild birds.

Now, the next purpose in the bill is to allow the Secretary of Agriculture to control the importation of foreign wild birds and foreign wild animals. If this law had been in force at the time the mistake was made in the introduction of the English sparrow we should have been spared from the pestilential existence of that "rat of the air," that vermin of the atmosphere. But some gentlemen who thought they knew better than anybody else what the country needed saw fit to import these pests, and they have done much toward driving the native wild bird life out of the States. This bill provides that the Secretary may prevent the importation of the fruit bat, or the flying fox, the English sparrow, the starling and other birds of that kind which, in his discretion, he may regard as detrimental.

The necessity for a provision of this kind is obvious. The mongoose, a miserable, murderous animal that was introduced for the purpose of killing snakes in Jamaica—by the way, one member of the House asked me the other day what kind of a bird the mongoose was [laughter]—the mongonse has proved a nuisance and a pest worse than the serpent that it kills. It drove the rats in Jamaica to the trees, and the rat now there has become an arboreal animal. The rat still exists and keeps out of the way of the mongoose. But the birds of the island have been almost destroyed by this imported pest. Now, a proper

control on the part of the Secretary of Agriculture would prevent the importation of injurious foreign animals. Some gentlemen in California have suggested the propriety of introducing the fruit bat or the flying fox there, and this bill would prevent their importation. They would prove as great a nuisance as the English rabbits in Australia and the Scotch thistle in Canada. Some patriotic son of Scotland wanted to see if the thistle would grow in Canada. He tried it, and there is no dispute about it now. It grows in Canada.

There is a compensation in the distribution of plants, birds and animals by the God of nature. Man's attempt to change and interfere often leads to serious results. The French pink was introduced as a flower in Oregon, and it has spread throughout the wheat fields and become an injury to agriculture. The English yard plantain has become a great evil in New Zealand.

Rabbits were introduced in Australia, and to-day the most persistent efforts are necessary to keep them within endurable limits. The Russian thistle is spreading with great rapidity in the Dakotas, and though this plant has finally proven to have some value for forage, yet the people of the Northwest would be glad if that plant had never found a footing in that region.

It is important that the introduction of foreign wild birds and animals should be under competent legal supervision, and this bill will accomplish that result.

The next proposition in the bill, and that is the vital one of all, is to prohibit interstate commerce in birds and wild game—that is, insectivorous, useful birds, and wild game birds, and wild game of any kind killed in violation of local laws. Take the State of Georgia, that has enacted most rigid laws for the protection of insectivorous birds and game birds. Trappers go there and catch the quail, net or trap them in violation of the local law, pack them in barrels or boxes and ship them to other markets in the United States. It is done secretly. The result is that the market houses in other States have been utilized as places in which to dispose of these birds and animals killed in violation of the laws of the State. Game wardens of the various States have long desired some legislation of this kind by which they can stop the nefarious traffic in birds and game killed in defiance of their State laws.

Take the State which I have the honor in part to represent—the State of Iowa. A few years ago it was filled with prairie chickens; quail were abundant. A careful protection of the quail has recently resulted in an increase of those beautiful little birds; but the shipment of prairie chickens has still been going on until they have well-nigh become extinct. This bill if enacted into law would enable the local authorities to prevent the transportation of these birds. It is perfectly evident, however, that such a law might be abused unless suitably guarded. Persons might make use of it for the purpose of blackmailing the carriers. Therefore a provision has been inserted in this bill by which carriers will not be held responsible for the shipment unless they have knowingly carried the forbidden articles. But the shipper cannot plead ignorance, and when complaint is made against the carrier he will transfer the responsibility of the crime to the shipper, and the result will be that the whole traffic can be broken up.

As to insectivorous Birds, I saw an article going the rounds of the newspapers the other day purporting to give an interview between my friend from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] and myself. While the interview was not stated with entire accuracy, the general facts are true, and I will repeat it now as an illustration of one of the features of this bill.

When this bill was up in the House before on a motion to suspend the rules, my friend from Illinois raised the question of "no quorum." Two-thirds of the House were in favor of passing the bill, but there was not a quorum present; and the gentleman from Illinois raised that point and prevented further consideration of the bill. The next day I came to the House with my pockets full of most beautiful looking apples. They were fair to look upon, but were veritable "Dead Sea Fruit," I went around and offered them to my friend. He loves apples as well as I love birds. He opened them.

They were all perforated with the tunnels that the worms had dug in passing through the fruit. I asked him if he had ever seen that condition in apples when he was a boy. He said no; it was a recent thing. I inquired whether he often saw an apple now that did not show the foul track of a worm through its interior. He said, "That of that?" "Well," said I, "my friend, the killing of the birds causes this condition—man kills the birds that killed the insect that laid the egg that hatched the worm that defiled the apple." [Laughter.] Thus following back in something of the fashion of "The House that Jack Built," we reach the real cause of most of this trouble. The destruction of the insectivorous birds has resulted in the loss of our fruit. No wonder the farmers and horticulturists are interested in this proposition!

Objection was made to this bill upon the theory that it is a purely sentimental measure and intended merely to strike at bird millinery. Not so. It is true, Mr. Chairman, that there is some sentiment in the bill; and it is a proper, a legitimate, sentiment. The love of birds is something that ought to be taught in every school. Their protection is something that ought to be inculcated in the mind of every boy and girl. I have always been a lover of the birds; and I have always been a hunter as well; for to-day there is no friend that the birds have like the true sportsman—the man who enjoys legitimate sport. He protects them out of season; he kills them in moderation in season. The "game hog" is an animal on two legs that is disappearing. May he soon become extinct! The "game hog" formerly had himself photographed surrounded by the fruits of a day's "sport," and regarded the photograph as imperfect unless he had a hundred dead ducks, grouse or geese around him. To-day a true sportsman would be ashamed to be pictured in connection with a larger number of fowls than a decent share for an American gunner having due regard to the preservation of the game for the future.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Is there anything in this bill to stop the operations of pot-hunters?

Mr. Lacey: This bill is directed against the pot-hunter. When you take away his market you destroy his occupation. Take away his market or put that market under the surveillance of the game wardens, and the pot-hunter must cease to carry on his nefarious traffic. He is

the man who should have no friends on the floor of this House or anywhere in the United States of America. He is the relentless enemy of all animal life. The States have awakened to the necessity of preserving what remains of bird life, with which nature so generously endowed our country. State laws of a rigorous character are enacted, and a public sentiment has grown up in favor of the enforcement of the statutes.

But the facility of commerce in these days of rapid transit enables the violator of the State law to market the product of his crime at a distance, and thus defy the laws of his own Commonwealth. This bill will supply the present defect in the law, and a halt can be called upon the ruthless destruction and exportation of the small remains of our once apparently inexhaustible bird population.

Mr. Cummings: I was a member of the House of Representatives thirteen years ago this spring. In April of that year the Capitol grounds and the parks of this city were filled with robins, bobolinks and other song birds. The sward below the piazza of the House wing of the Capitol was dotted with songsters, the robins running in every direction for worms and insects, and the trees alive with music. To-day it is a rarity to see a robin in the city of Washington. I heard two chirping on Capitol square early in the spring. Two weeks ago I saw a robin on the square pecked to death by English sparrows. When I reached him he was lying with drooping head and outstretched wings upon the grass in the park. From two to three hundred of these English sparrows surrounded him, tormenting and attacking him. I took the bird into the house and gave him a drop of the best brandy. It revived him and he flew to the back of a chair. [Applause.] A moment afterward, however, I am sorry to say, his head began gradually to droop and he finally dropped from his perch to the carpet. Five minutes afterward he gasped for breath and died. On examination I found one eye bloodshot, and discovered that the bird was terribly lacerated under the wings. The bills of the sparrows had pierced him to the vitals. Now, Mr. Chairman, if this bill will save the few robins and song birds now with us from the vicious attacks of these English sparrows, I am most heartily in favor of it. [Applause.]

Last summer I spent in the Susquehanna Valley. Twelve years before this I had summered in the same spot. The little yellow cherry bird was there then in profusion. The ground chipmunk darted under the fences and had its nest in the tall grass. The yellowhammer was there undulating from tree to tree. The tapping of the woodpecker was heard in the basswood and other trees, and the twitter of the phoebe bird and the plaintive note of the pewee. The killdeer and plover flew over the hills and the kingfisher and the little tip-up were seen upon the shores of the river. Bob White made himself heard in the meadows, and dainty woodcock flew out of the dells toward nightfall. All the varieties of birds familiar to us in boyhood days were there, including the catbird, the brown thrasher, and the kingbird. In that same region to-day there is not one of these song birds where twelve years ago there were fifty.

My friend from Iowa [Mr. Lacey] says that the wild pigeon is a bird of the past. I have not seen one on the wing for six years. As the correspondent of a great American newspaper I visited Forest county, Pa., twenty years ago to describe the last pigeon roost this side of the Mississippi. The birds were nesting in the forest, covering the trees for twenty square miles. Hundreds of Indians from the New York State reservations were there killing the birds and gathering the squabs. Sportsmen were netting them by the thousand, and pot-hunters were sending great loads of them to market. When a boy in Wayne county, Pa., I have seen flocks of these pigeons stretching across the sky from daylight to nightfall headed for the west. I doubt whether to-day you could find one in the whole of Wayne county. All have disappeared. The last roost in the United States was destroyed in the Indian Territory about twelve years ago. A wild pigeon is now more scarce, North, South, East and West, than a wild turkey. The prairie chickens have nearly disappeared, and the American wood duck is being rapidly exterminated. If it is possible now to preserve any of these birds by legislation enacted by Congress, it is our duty to preserve them by placing such laws on the statute books. [Applause.]

The most of the States have laws for the protection of their birds, but desire Congressional legislation to make their laws effective. Last October I was in Florida. Twenty-five years ago I summered and wintered there. I spent years on the east coast. The sky was filled with immense flocks of wood ibis, gannets, curlews of all colors, oyster birds, chuck-will's-widows, sheerwaters and sandpipers. The man-of-war hawk sailed in the upper sky, and long lines of pelicans trailed over the beach. There were immense flocks of egrets and snowy herons, besides the great blue and Louisiana herons and the roseate spoonbill curlew, now the rarest and the most beautiful bird in America. The scream of the parakeet was heard at every turn, and goldfinches, mockingbirds, limpkins, nonpareils and myriads of songsters were seen everywhere. To-day the parakeet has almost entirely disappeared, the roseate spoonbill is rarely seen, and even the common sea gull is a prey to the gunner. The State is doing its best now to protect them. A man who would kill a roseate spoonbill curlew to-day is liable to a fine of \$250.

This slaughter has been made to gratify the vanity of the female sex. Hats and bonnets have been decorated with their snowy plumes, and the slaughter still continues, and will continue until some Federal law, mortised in with State laws, prevents it. Our agricultural newspapers are filled with articles showing that this wanton destruction of the birds is working great injury to the agricultural community. It has become a matter of serious concern to the farmer. The curculio and other destructive insects have their sweet will in his orchard, and all insects detrimental to plant life are increasing in number because of this cruel, wanton and vicious destruction of bird life. [Applause.] It does seem to me, Mr. Chairman, that it should be stopped, promptly and forever.

I have recently seen an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper advertising proposals for the skins of 30,000 birds. Contracts have been made with men in the little State of Delaware to procure these skins. If these contracts are carried out I venture to say that Delaware

peaches will be scarcer than ever during the coming season. Years ago Delaware peaches were in every American market at low prices. Year by year they have become more scarce, until last summer it was almost impossible in the New York market to buy a single basket of the fruit. One cause for the dearth was the destruction of the insect-feeding birds of that State.

Mr. Chairman, I pay taxes on about seven acres of land. It was formerly covered with birds of various species. Nothing that can fly has been seen on it for the last two years except English sparrows. They are as thick as flies in a butcher shop and far more destructive and annoying. They have killed or driven away every American bird. I understand that the bill of my friend from Iowa affords protection from this nuisance. This is gratifying to every lover of American birds. I shall vote for the bill as it stands; but if it contained a provision meting out punishment to any hunter who fails to kill an English sparrow on sight I would vote for his bill with greater alacrity. [Applause.]

Mr. Gaines: Will the gentleman from Iowa allow me to ask him a question? Are not the birds, I would ask my friend from Iowa, being exterminated largely by the prize shooters?

Mr. Lacey: I think not to any considerable extent. These men who do prize shooting are, as a rule, in the habit of using clay pigeons. The birds we are trying to protect are rarely used for such purposes. Domestic pigeons are used for that purpose, and also clay or glass balls.

Mr. Robinson, of Indiana: I desire to say to the gentleman from Iowa, while I have not read the bill very carefully, that I think it comes very close to producing a conflict between the States, over their jurisdiction in these matters, and the Federal Government. I ask the gentleman if that is not true?

Mr. Lacey: Not at all.

Mr. Robinson, of Indiana: I should like to have an explanation of that to see how the gentleman's ingenuity has gotten around that difficulty.

Mr. Lacey: There is no difficulty whatever. The authority of the National Government begins where the State authority ends. The bill carefully avoids all conflicts of this character. It begins when animals or birds are loaded upon the cars to be shipped to a point outside of the State. When they are thus transported, for instance, from a point in Indiana to Chicago or Cincinnati, the local game wardens, endeavoring to protect the birds of your State, find themselves powerless, because the birds are not seen of men after they are once packed until they turn up in the markets of one of the cities. The State law is thus nullified. This provision enables the persons enforcing the State law to show, first, that the birds were killed in violation of the State law; second, that they have been shipped by interstate commerce to another State. Then the national law comes in and forbids the shipment, and in this manner the State law is supplemented. Thus it is made effective at the very point where, by reason of the limited area of the State, the State law to-day is inoperative and ineffective.

Mr. Robinson, of Indiana: I hope the gentleman has secured what he desires, but it is a very difficult proposition, and I think it is very doubtful whether he has done so.

Mr. Lacey: I think that has been properly covered. I should like to make one more suggestion in line with what my friend from New York [Mr. Cummings] has said:

I love people who love birds. The man or the woman who does not love birds ought to be classed with the person who has no love for music—"fit only for treason, strategem and spoils." I would love to have a solo singer in every bush and a choir of birds in every tree top. At my own home I have set out Russian mulberries for the birds alone. The Russian mulberry begins to ripen while the blossoms are still coming out, and for three months there are blossoms and black fruit upon the same tree. If you want to be popular with the birds of your community set out some of these mulberries, and they will come from every quarter to the place where these trees are. The man who cultivates the birds will have the birds take care of him. They will care for his farm. They will destroy the insect pests, and the man who protects them will be successful wherever he may farm in the United States of America.

Mr. Shackelford: What about the birds that pick the cherries?

Mr. Lacey: Every bird that eats a cherry earns ten cherries before he eats one.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Have you any way of keeping them from eating cherries?

Mr. Lacey: No one should ever begrudge a cherry to a woodpecker or a robin. He has made the cherry possible before he takes it. He has done more toward its fruition than the man who set out the tree, because he has protected it from the pests that destroy it.

Mr. Cummings: Will the gentlemen inform us in a few words what birds this bill does not protect?

Mr. Lacey: It protects only those birds that are protected by local laws. If the State of New York protects a certain kind of birds, interstate commerce in the dead bodies of those birds is forbidden, so that nothing is taken from the powers of the State. The sound judgment of the Legislatures of the States really controls this matter after all, and this bill merely builds upon the foundation that is first laid by the State Legislature.

Mr. Gaines: Why do you confine it to States that prohibit the killing of robins, for instance? Could not this apply just as well between States that do not prohibit their killing as between States that do?

Mr. Lacey: In order to do that it would become necessary to enact a national game law, which, I think, would be unconstitutional. By limiting it to the prohibition of interstate commerce in those things which the State prohibits, then we have clear ground, and there is no trouble on the subject. Every State in the Union is to-day legislating as well as it can to perfect the general purpose had in view by this bill. I will read my amendment. I propose in lieu of section 5 the following:

Sec. 5. That all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds, transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject

to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise. This act shall not prevent the importation, transportation or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowl.

Now, in a word, let me explain that in the city of New York and in the State of New York, where they have rigid laws, market men import grouse from Scotland, hang up the grouse out in front of the store, and while apparently selling Scotch game, they are in fact selling grouse killed in the Adirondacks or in the State of New York; but they use these foreign birds as a "fence," just as in some localities some dealers use their business as a "fence." Some merchants shelter themselves behind a legitimate business in order to transact an illegal business. We have rigid State laws in every State prohibiting the receiving of stolen goods. Now, in New York they tell me that concealed behind a Scotch deer or perhaps Scotch birds they are selling native birds. The only way to prevent them from doing so is to prohibit the selling of foreign birds. When birds are shipped into a State at a time when the State statutes prohibit them from being killed and a man is arrested, he says, "They were shipped under interstate commerce, and you cannot interfere with me."

This proposed section is copied from the Wilson original-package act, which has stood the test of judicial criticism. It will enable the State of New York to treat Scotch game or foreign game precisely as it would its own when it arrives in the State, and thus protect against the foreign game being used as a screen to sell the local game.

Mr. Adamson: I want to ask you a question. It relates "to the sale of game animals and birds transported into any State or Territory, and remaining there for use, consumption, sale or storage therein." I presume that has application, for instance, to birds or game killed in Virginia and shipped into Maryland or other States under interstate commerce.

Mr. Lacey: Yes.

Mr. Adamson: Now, as I understand your amendment, it would be a violation of the law to ship and sell these birds or animals in another State, although it was lawful to kill them and sell them at the time they were killed.

Mr. Lacey: Certainly, as to the shipment. It will simply do this: Suppose the closed season in Virginia commences on Dec. 1, and the closed season in Georgia is Oct. 1. Now, it will be lawful to ship animals and birds from Virginia into the District of Columbia and Baltimore longer than it would be from Georgia, because the closed season is different; and the man that receives and handles them must know that he is dealing in something that has not been killed in violation of the law of the State from which the game comes. The State law would protect the State of Georgia from the destruction of the birds in Georgia, in which every Georgian is interested, when they are killed in violation of laws of your State.

This bill will prevent the evasion of the State law by the shipment of the game for sale in another State.

Mr. Adamson: If you will permit me, you remember we had some colloquy about this in committee when your bill was there. I call your attention to the proviso in the third section:

Provided, That nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory or District in which the same are killed.

I believe that would be valid and the other proviso in section 9 invalid.

Now, do you think that so long as it is legal in one State to kill game or birds and to use them there, the provision in your amendment contradictory to this proviso which I have read would be valid, authorizing any other State or Territory of the United States to regard as contraband these animals and these birds legally killed and shipped?

Mr. Lacey: I do not think that the gentleman covers the point. Now, the question arises under the original-package act. The liquor is shipped from Kentucky to Georgia, is properly loaded on the cars in Kentucky, and on arriving in Georgia under the interstate commerce it has a right to go into a dry county in Georgia, notwithstanding the most strenuous laws on the subject Congress passed a law that when those liquors arrive, when the transit has terminated, then the laws of Georgia may operate, and you may forbid the sale of liquor there; and the same provision is now proposed with reference to game and wild birds. The Georgia law protects the birds of Georgia from being sold in Georgia, but by bringing in birds from other States they could evade the local laws. By the operations of this bill you will control the sale of game in Georgia independent of the original-package decisions.

Mr. Adamson: Still, if you think it will be valid, do you think it would be wise to provide that game and birds legally killed in a State where they exist cannot be sold in any other State or Territory?

Mr. Lacey: That is left wholly with the States. This bill does not attempt to interfere; it leaves it so that the State may do so if the State thinks best. Suppose at Atlanta they want to prevent the sale of quail between Oct. 1 and Feb. 1, or after Feb. 1 and down to October. Now, you find by shipping Florida or Virginia quail at the same time your local laws are nullified, because they cannot distinguish between them. In order to protect your own birds, you say no such birds killed anywhere shall be sold within that period. This bill does not attempt to do more than to enable your State to do this, notwithstanding the original-package decisions, which have in the city of New York been utilized to destroy the State law.

In New York they have precisely such a State law as I suggest; they have attempted to prevent the sale of all wild birds out of certain seasons, although they were killed lawfully in the States or foreign countries from which they came, and the courts have held that as they came in under interstate commerce, and as Congress has not passed any original-package law applying to game, the laws are inoperative, and it is at their request that this prohibition is inserted in the bill.

Mr. Adamson: I understand your entire reason for being willing to contradict the proviso in section 3 and

authorize a State to interdict the importation of game legally killed is that in the State of New York or some other State men fraudulently circumvent the law by taking an animal or a bird legally killed and hanging it up and then selling contraband birds or game under that sign. I submit if it would not be more practicable and insure a better execution of the law to have the State Legislatures and the State courts to punish these rascals for violating local laws. It will require proof to convict in a Federal as well as in a State court. The case will not be mended by creating a new Federal crime.

Mr. Lacey: We have that. This does not attempt to punish the shipment. If the shipment of the birds killed in Virginia is not in violation of the laws of Virginia, the Federal statute does not apply; but when hung up in the market the laws of New York would apply, and the whole matter is left to them, and they, in their discretion, have the right to say whether they will prohibit it at all or allow the birds to be sold.

Mr. Adamson: Now, permit me one more remark. Mr. Chairman, rather than prohibit the people in a sister State which sees proper to adopt its own provisions as to when game may be legally killed—rather than to authorize the State of New York or any other State to legislate in contravention of the rights of these people, I think it would be much easier, much wiser, much more consistent with good policy and sound reasoning, to leave New York and every other State to punish its own crimes by enacting and executing State laws. There is no use for any member, much less a lawyer, getting up here and talking about the inability of a State Legislature to provide for the punishment of open, palpable, fraudulent conduct, such as is described by the gentleman from Iowa, because there are laws governing and regulating interstate commerce.

If the dealer in New York takes a buck or a turkey from another State, killed in season, lawfully killed, lawfully carrier into the State of New York, and he uses it as a sign, a blind, under cover of which to sell contraband game killed unlawfully in his own State, there is no question about the ability of the State law to reach him, and that is far better, unutterably better than to call on Congress to do everything for the people.

Mr. Henry, of Mississippi: I am like the gentleman from Iowa, a lover of birds; but I would like to ask him how this will affect Porto Rico, which is one of our possessions? Does it extend there?

Mr. Lacey: If this law could go *ex proprio vigore*, it might be well. [Laughter.] But there are very few birds in Porto Rico. That is one of the things that strikes one in crossing that island. They are as scarce as wild birds are around Washington.

Mr. Adamson: I will suggest that the English sparrow will have no trouble in going to Porto Rico or elsewhere *ex proprio vigore*. [Laughter.]

Mr. Lacey: I think he can go anywhere.

Mr. Henry, of Mississippi: He does not have to follow the flag; he goes anywhere.

Mr. Lacey: He follows all flags. Now, Mr. Chairman, I ask that the bill be read for amendment.

Mr. Payne: I want to ask the gentleman from Iowa a question. When this bill was up before, the milliners of the country were engaged in the very laudable purpose of killing off the sparrows and using their skins, by the aid of the art of coloring, which had reached a very high degree of perfection, in imitating all the birds in the world of beautiful and variegated plumage. The bill as originally reported would have destroyed this industry and put an end to the most laudable effort in the world—that of eliminating, as far as possible, the English sparrow. I wish to ask the gentleman whether the amendment which he has offered is acceptable to those people who are engaged in that laudable undertaking?

Mr. Lacey: This substitute for section 5 has been drawn with reference to that very proposition. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Burton) has been endeavoring to protect the interests of the people referred to by the gentleman. There was no attempt or desire to interfere with the milliners in the killing of birds that are not protected by State laws or birds that are not useful to man and for whose protection the various States have not legislated. After this amendment was drawn it was submitted to the gentleman from Ohio, acting in behalf of the people interested in that direction. They insisted that they were not killing off the insectivorous birds and the song birds; that the statement which has been made in regard to advertising for so many thousand skins of birds in Delaware was not true; they insisted that they had no desire for anything of that kind. I then suggested, "If you do not desire to deal in birds which are being protected by State laws, this amendment can be modified so as to meet your views." The modification was made, and I agreed to offer such an amendment when the bill was called up. Upon that understanding the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Burton) was quite satisfied with the bill.

Mr. Payne: So there is nothing now in the bill to prevent the destruction of the English sparrow wherever found?

Mr. Lacey: Nothing whatever. Most of the States and towns have given bounties for the killing of these pests.

The question was taken; and there were—yeas 142, nays 26, answered "present" 16, not voting 168.

Staten Island Quail.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At our last Legislature Assemblyman Hon. Geo. Metcalf had a bill passed protecting quail in Richmond county until the season of 1903. A few of us got together and bought a few dozen quail and let them out in this vicinity last week. We purchased our birds from a reliable advertiser in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and they are all right—just as represented. I have heard since that a number of quail were liberated a few miles from here in the vicinity of Tottenville by the gun club of that place. They put their quail out at Tottenville just at dusk, and as they put the box on the ground to let the birds go, one of the men said: "There! There goes one of your quail." "I know better," said the man with the box; "I have not opened it yet." "But I saw him flutter through the grass." "I guess you are right," said the custodian of the box; "I see him crawling off now." Well, they took a

quail out of the box gently and placed it on the ground, and right square on a woodcock's nest with four eggs in it. So that accounted for the first quail that they thought escaped them and fluttered as though wounded off through the grass. But they were good boys, and quietly retreated from the nest and let the quail out a few rods away. It has leaked out lately that one of the members of the gun club knew that the woodcock's nest was there, and that when the quail came he proposed to set a quail on the nest and hatch out a mixed lot of birds. If that is the case it is an amusing incident.

Now that we have at considerable expense and time stocked this end of Staten Island with quail, the pot-hunter will have to be shy, as a few of us have taken it into our heads that we will act *p. d. q.* if we have evidence that our pets have been destroyed contrary to law. So much for quail.

In this week's *FOREST AND STREAM* I see that Pro Bono Publico, from Perth Amboy, N. J., expects to see sold in the streets there this year lobsters under 7 inches in length which he thinks will be caught in Prince's Bay. I don't think he will see any such a sight until Mr. Weeks and Mr. Isaac Smith, of this place, stock Prince's Bay again with young lobsters. Last year and year before the menhaden fishermen caught bushels of young lobsters from 3 to 6 inches in length, and they were not put back in the bay either. If it had not been for those cursed drag nets of the menhaden fishermen there would have been thousands and thousands of good-sized lobsters in the bay next fall. **

Sport in Northern Washington.

LAST September I went from Canada to visit a brother at Portland, Ore., and to go with him on a hunting and fishing expedition to the north end of Lake Chelan, in northern Washington. We were ambitious to kill mountain goats and had been told that we would have a fair chance to do so and to bag other large game, while we would be sure of first-class trout fishing.

We traveled via Northern Pacific Railway to Seattle, where we took a Great Northern train to Wenatchee, on the Columbia River, arriving at the latter place between midnight and morning. Here we were forty miles from Lakeside, at the south end of Lake Chelan, and had the option of going there by stage or by river steamer. We chose the former, and set out at 7 A. M. The stage was fairly comfortable and the drive most interesting. The road followed the river bank most of the way. The country where there was no irrigation was, as a rule, covered with sage brush. Here and there, however, streams ran down to the river from the bluffs, and they were all utilized, generally for fruit growing. We passed orchard after orchard of peach, plum, pear and apple trees, all except the last loaded with fruit, it being an off season for apples. There were also many grapes and large melon patches. All the fruit was of a high quality and of finer flavor than that of the more moist climate on the west side of the Cascade Mountains.

We reached Lakeside in the evening, put up at a very comfortable hotel, and next morning boarded a steamer for a sixty-nine mile trip to the other end of the lake. Though so long, the lake is very narrow, lying as it does between steep mountains. At no point did it appear to be much more than a mile wide, though distances may have been deceptive in the clear atmosphere. The water was as clear as crystal and very deep. We were told that soundings gave 1,400 feet in some places.

At first the banks ascended gradually, and there were flourishing orchards, which, we were told, did not, like those along the river, require irrigation. There were many pretty cottages, and five miles up an Indian reservation with a number of shanties and tepees and a Roman Catholic church.

As we advanced the mountains became more precipitous, rising from the water's edge, with summits from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level, some of which were capped with snow and glaciers. The scenery was magnificent and repaid us for our journey, sport or no sport. Five miles from the upper end of the lake we passed Moore's, a tourists' and sportsmen's resort, and at the end were two more—Fields' and Purple's. We stopped at the latter, as Dan Devore, the guide whom we had engaged, makes it his headquarters and had arranged to meet us there.

On landing we found that Dan had not expected us quite so soon—had gone up the river and would not be back for two days. As we could not hunt goats without him, we put in the two days fishing the river. The Stehekin, as it is named, is a roaring torrent, having the peculiar milky look which shows that it is fed from glaciers. It is difficult to wade, and we cast our flies from its banks. It contains two varieties of trout, both of which were new to me. The more numerous is what is called locally, whether correctly or not I do not know, the "lake trout." At first sight it looks like a rainbow minus the pink stripe, but on closer examination it is seen that it has a larger head, mouth and teeth, and a broader, square tail, while its belly is redder, the red extending a little up on its sides. It is a great fighter and a splendid table fish. Those we caught varied in weight from about 1 to 3 pounds. The other fish Purple called the bull or Dolly Varden trout, and I suppose did so correctly. We caught a few of them, but did not think as much of them either for gameness or quality as of the lake trout, though they were the larger fish. They were long and rather pike-like in shape, but prettily spotted with red and yellow. Between the two varieties we had great sport. Some of the fish we had cooked at Purple's, and the balance we preserved with "Rex," an antiseptic, and brought to Portland. After being well soaked in water to remove the "Rex," they were very nice.

On our first day up the river we carried our rifles, as we learned that the fresh tracks of three bears had been seen a short distance up on the previous day. We found the tracks, but did not follow them far. The undergrowth was so thick that we could not get through it without a good deal of noise, and we had hunted bears enough to know that we would see none under the circumstances. We saw no tracks of other game. It seems that there were a good many mule deer along the river a few years ago, but it was the old story—they had been practically exterminated in the deep snows of the winters, when extermination was easy.

On reaching Purple's on the evening of the second day's fishing, we found Dan Devore on hand with three horses and two mules, ready for a start next morning for the goat hunt. Dan assured us that there were plenty of goats and guaranteed that he could take us where we would be sure of getting some of them.

We got up early next morning, and after Dan, who is an expert with the "diamond hitch," had packed two of the horses, he mounted the third, and my brother and I the mules, and we started on a seven-mile ride to where we were to camp on the bank of the river. There was a good road, which had been made for miners, and part of which had been blasted out of the rocks. It led us through magnificent scenery and close by Rainbow Falls, where a small creek tumbles a sheer 300 feet, if I remember rightly, from a precipice, and after running a short distance joins the Stehekin.

Finally we reached Dan's camp, where he had left his tent standing close to the river.

Dan having unloaded the pack horses, we set out for our climb up the mountain, my brother going alone and I with Dan. The weather was hot and the climbing hard on the wind. About half-way up I nearly stepped on a 3-foot rattlesnake, which we killed with stones. We saw a great many bear tracks among berry bushes, but the berries were gone, and so were the bears, apparently, for we saw none. At last, toward evening, we approached the summit, and then we found goat tracks, and where the sand was loose, wallows in which, Dan explained, goats had rolled when shedding their hair in the summer.

We did not reach the summit, as we found that if we kept on it would be nearly dark by the time we got there, and as we were not prepared to stay there over night and descent would be impossible after darkness set in, we turned back. Before we had gone far we saw my brother descending directly below us. I suggested to Dan that we had better take another route, as we could have no chance to see any game if we followed my brother. Dan approved, and said he would take me by another way, and that I would find it pretty rough, but he thought I could manage it. Accordingly, we struck off to one side for some distance and again turned downward. It was rough with a vengeance, and in one place, where we had to work along a very steep ledge, covered with loose sand, with a perpendicular drop of about 50 feet below, it was decidedly dangerous. However, we managed to get down safely and reached camp just as it was getting dark.

After supper we had a consultation. It was plain that if we ascended in the same place again and descended on the same day, the chance that we would see goats would be small, and it appeared that the only way to succeed would be to pack blankets up, stay on the summit over night and hunt evening and morning. Blankets would be indispensable, as the nights were cold on the summit. Climbing was hard enough without any burdens except our rifles. We did not relish the idea of the packing, but would have undertaken it had not Dan said that he could take us up War Creek trail, which started close to Purple's and had been used by soldiers in Indian wars. It would be a pretty stiff climb, but the trail was good and we could ride all the way and take our pack horses with us. We would be sure to see goats, though perhaps not as many as were to be found immediately above us. We decided to take the War Creek trail and to start for it next morning.

While Dan was putting on the packs next morning I took a look at the river. There was some likely looking water, but we had left our rods and tackle at Purple's. I found a long, heavy pole, which Dan had used for bait-fishing, with a corresponding heavy line attached, and finding a fly stuck in my hat band I tied it on. I did not attempt to cast, but worked the fly on the surface of the water, keeping the line out of it. I had no idea that I would get a rise with such a rig, but a 3-pound trout gobbled my fly and I swung him out. The gut broke when the line straightened behind me, but the fish fell on the rocks and I got him. This was rather peculiar dry fly-fishing.

We reached Purple's in due time, lunched and took the War Creek trail. Owing to the steepness of the mountain and the zigzag course which was necessary, the distance we had to cover to reach the summit was between seven and eight miles. In many places a slip would have meant destruction, but our sure-footed animals did not slip, and we rode until we were within perhaps a thousand feet of the top, when, as it was beginning to get dark and the trail was obstructed in some places, we dismounted and did the balance of the ascent on foot. Until we reached the top we were on the west side of the mountain and could see fairly well, but as soon as we began a short descent on the other side it became as dark as Egypt. Dan said that there was a good camping place a few hundred yards away, but as it would be impossible to reach it in the darkness, we would have to put in the night a short distance down the slope, where there was a spring. We managed to grope our way to it, removed packs and saddles, let our animals go, and while Dan made coffee and fried flapjacks and the trout which I had caught in the morning, my brother and I arranged our bedding. There was no level spot for it, and when, after supper and a smoke, we turned in we lay with our heads up the slope and at such an angle that we were anything but comfortable. Pitching our tent was out of the question, and our discomfort was increased by a strong, cold wind, which blew all night.

We were up before daylight, had breakfast, rounded up our horses and mules. Dan put on the packs and moved to the regular camping ground, in a beautiful grassy spot, well sheltered, and close to a pond of snow water, which came from a small glacier or large drift just above it. In the mud at the edge of the pond we found the tracks of a very large bear and a coyote which had been there during the night.

As soon as possible we set out in different directions to hunt goats. We stuck to it until noon, covering all the ground, or rather rocks, which were accessible without a long descent and a climb to another summit. We saw no boats, and only one goat track, which crossed the snow of which I have spoken, and was some days old. Dan was confident of success if we could wait a few days and do a little more climbing. We did not doubt him, but unfortunately my brother's time was limited, and after dinner we packed up and started for Purple's. My brother

and I went ahead on foot and Dan followed with the animals.

Next day we left for Portland, traveling as before, except that we took the steamer down the river for a change.

Our outing had been a disappointment as far as large game was concerned. We had bagged nothing except a few mountain grouse, the heads of which we shot off with our rifles, and a couple of whistling marmots, which were killed by my brother. However, as we had put in only two half-days in actual hunting, we could not grumble. We would have been lucky if we had got, or even seen, any goats in that time, but I have no doubt that had we been there a little earlier, while the berries were ripe, we would have seen bears. We hope to go back and give Dan another chance and a little more time, and have been corresponding with him with that object in view. We want no better guide than Dan, and doubt whether there is another as good in his neighborhood. A letter addressed to him at Lakeside, Wash., will find him.

W. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Outlook for the Minnesota National Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—If there is a happy man in Chicago to-day it is Col. John S. Cooper, leader of the movement for the Minnesota National Park. All the friends of Col. Cooper and of the proposed park have reason to be happy with him. Day before yesterday the U. S. Senate in regular session passed the Davis resolution, authorizing the appointment of a commission from Congress to examine into the question of establishing this park in northern Minnesota. By this resolution authority is given to the presiding officers of the respective Houses to appoint seven members of each House. The inadequate sum of \$1,000 is made available to bear the expenses of the proposed commission.

It now remains to be seen what will be done in the House. The park matter in the House is in the hands of Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota. This week Mr. Tawney had two or three interviews with Speaker Henderson, who assured him that in due time he would recognize him on the floor of the House in support of this resolution. The House Committee has reported back the resolutions with the number of the commissioners reduced to seven, and the appropriation for expenses cut down to \$5,000.

It is an open secret that Mr. Tawney will be fortified with full array of facts and figures regarding the parks and forest reservations of the United States. He will be able to show that among the many million acres of public lands set aside for the public benefit, there is not one acre devoted to park purposes by the United States in the entire Mississippi Valley.

There will be no sentiment in the brief Mr. Tawney will submit. He will talk business and nothing but business from the start. He will show to members of Congress some things in the way of forestry and industrial statistics of which they have heretofore been ignorant. There is a very good leaven in the House already of members who are acquainted with the region in question, and the matter has been so well put forward through different channels that the members of Congress will know what Mr. Tawney means when he puts the resolution before them. There is good reason to hope that this resolution will carry in the House, as it has now carried in the Senate.

It is generally conceded even by the enemies of the Minnesota park that if the commission is appointed to investigate the matter, the park is the same as assured. It will be a happy day for the people of the West should this turn out to be the case.

The resolution creates a commission to investigate whether it is practical for the United States to create a national park upon and within the lands known as the reservations of the Mississippi, Chippewa, Leech Lake, Winnebago and Cass Lake Indians. The acreage involved is about 830,000 acres, including Leech Lake, Cass Lake, many smaller lakes and parts of the Mississippi and other rivers. Lucky is the commissioner who will be sent into this beautiful region next summer to investigate its fitness as a playground for the plain people of America.

Appalachian National Park Association.

Away down South there is going on a movement for the establishment of yet another national park, the Appalachian National Park, whose executive office is at Asheville, N. C. The Appalachian Mountain Club is composed of 1,200 members, most of them residents of Boston and other New England cities, and was organized January, 1876. This club indorses the proposed park in North Carolina, and the same finds many other friends and put up a strong case. The memorial of the Association was referred to the Senate Committee on Forest Reservations Jan. 4, 1900, the resolution being introduced by Mr. Pritchard. This would provide a park suitable for winter travel, just as the Minnesota park is most desirable for summer travel. It is earnestly to be hoped that both movements may succeed.

Arkansas Bass and Turkeys.

Mr. Jos. Irwin writes from Little Rock, Ark., as follows, regarding fishing and shooting in his part of the world:

"Our Old River Club members are having grand bass fishing this spring. They use waders and fly-rods, and cast around the logs and stumps with great success. Some of the bass have weighed over 4 pounds. I hope to try them next week, but so far have not struck it just right. I am going to try the Taylor system on trout in Colorado next August. By the way, I saw a man using a bob for bass recently—and it is the most killing way I have ever seen. It makes the bass wild. I saw three at one time jump for the bob. I do not consider this sport, but if one wants fish the bob will get them nearly as fast as a net. Turkey shooting has been good in the St. Francis country. I heard at least eight gobblers the other morning gobbling at one time. There was a stream between me and them, but I found a fine gobbler on my side and carried him into camp. The Choctaw Railway opens a new game and fish country to us this year, and I hope to write you about it some time this year."

That Choctaw Railway is well worth watching. The

first year of the railroad is the time to strike a new wild country. After that it is the same old story of destruction and depletion.

Illinois Quail and Catfish.

Mr. W. A. Powel, of Taylorville, Ill., is an indefatigable hunter. When the quail season is over he hunts coons, then switches off to ducks. After the duck season closes he puts in his time until the chicken season, hunting mushrooms. Mr. Powel says that lower Illinois has the best prospect for a quail crop it has had for years. He also remarks seductively that his family will be through housecleaning this week, and that the catfish are biting mighty well.

Off for the Peace River.

Mention has several times been made in these columns of the experiences of Charlie Norris, of Chicago, in the British Northwest, where he made a perilous journey alone on a raft down nearly a thousand miles of the Peace River. It seems that though Mr. Norris and his companions were unsuccessful in their attempt to reach the headwaters of the Pelly River, by the overland route of the so-called Edmonton trail, Mr. Norris did not altogether waste his time while in that country. At a point some distance from Ft. Graham he and a friend located a mica mine. It is said there is practically a mountain of this valuable mineral so situated as to be easily mined. A Dr. Nichols, of Indiana, brought out some of this mineral by way of the Ashcroft trail, on pack horses. Knowing that the mica supply is but limited and feeling assured that they have valuable property, Mr. Norris, Dr. Nichols and their friend Mr. F. B. Vrooman, of Chicago, have this winter been quietly making plans for a grand mica expedition. They have orders for two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of mica, and they expect to be able to float the mineral on rafts down the Peace River to Peace River Landing, and thence bring it out to Edmonton, either by way of the Lesser Slave Lake or by wagon overland. The party, as above composed, left for Edmonton Tuesday night of this week, and will be gone all summer and late into the fall. They will go from Edmonton by horseback up the Peace River trail. They expect to be able to get out the mica and raft down large quantities of it before the close of the season. I should be delighted to see Mr. Norris and his friends make a success of this undertaking, and if the difficulties of transportation do not prove too great they probably will make a success of it. Mica is valuable in 4 or 5 inch squares. I have seen pieces from this mica mine more than a foot square. As this party will go through one of the best game countries of the North American Continent, and will be thrown entirely on their own resources in outdoor life for some months, the experience ahead of them bids fair to be an enviable one.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Rhode Island Game Interests.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have been experiencing during the past week, or in fact, all this month, extremely cold weather for this time of the year. Last week there were heavy frosts at least two nights that have damaged fruit buds and flowers. It is considerable of an anomaly to walk out in the morning with a heavy overcoat buttoned up round your throat, the mercury in the thermometer dancing about the freezing point, and find thin edgings of ice upon the shallow ponds; while upon every hand are to be seen our early summer songsters and opening buds. Yet such has been the situation here.

I am pleased to note that in the district where I reside there appears to be a greater abundance of bird life than in several years past. This is particularly the case with robins, bluebirds, summer yellowbirds, warblers of various kinds and orchard orioles. The latter have been very rare for some years past, but this year I have noted several pairs. With this increase in song birds I cannot help but remark the apparent increase in our raptorial.

James P. Welch, of Central Falls, at Diamond Hill, last Monday night caught six pickerel, which weighed 15 pounds. One of the fish weighed 3¼ pounds and was 23 inches long.

The session of the General Assembly, which recently closed, was productive of more than usual good toward the protection of game, birds and fish. In addition to the amended bird laws, which I shall refer to below, the following matters were passed: An amendment to Chapter 171 of the General Laws, "Of Certain Fisheries," which prohibits the setting of troll lines; an amendment to Chapter 174 of the General Laws, "Of Inland Fisheries," limiting the time of taking black bass, provision being made that none shall be caught between March 1 and July 1, except in Sneath Pond and Moswanisicut Pond.

The following from the Providence Journal of to-day in relation to the latest measures of protection to the birds in this State is of great interest at this time, and briefly explains the recent enactments by the Legislature:

"It is provided in the amended law that partridges may be snared only on one's own land; the proposed amendment forbade partridge snaring altogether.

"The close season for most game birds is lengthened. The aim of this measure was, of course, to give the birds a longer period in which to grow and to breed. It is believed that the true sportsmen approve this action, for whereas the number of days of their sport is curtailed, the sport will be better while it is allowed. Hereafter, woodcock, partridge and quail may be killed only from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, inclusive; black duck, wood duck, teal, coot, scoters or any of the so-called duck species, wild geese and brant, from Oct. 15 to Feb. 28, inclusive; peep, plover, snipe, sandpiper, sanderling, greater and lesser yellowlegs, curlew and rails, from July 15 to Dec. 15, inclusive.

"English sparrows, hawks (except fish hawks), owls, crows and crow blackbirds may be killed at any season of the year by any person on his own land.

"Wild birds, excepting those mentioned above, are, in the amended law, protected the entire year. This means that there must be no more cruel slaughtering of robins, swallows, box-martins and the other prettily feathered and sweet-voiced flyers. Every month and every day is a

close season for them. Their nests, and eggs likewise, must not be disturbed except by certified students of ornithology, as provided for in a section of the amended law.

"A fine of \$20 and costs will be imposed upon any one convicted of killing, destroying, etc., pheasants before Oct. 1, 1905.

"Here is an interesting section put into the amended law: 'Whoever at any time takes, or sends beyond the limits of this State, any woodcock, quail or ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) shall be punished by a fine of \$20 for each and every bird.'

"This is a direct slap at the sportsmen and bird raiders who reside over the State line in Massachusetts and Connecticut. In Massachusetts, particularly, the close season is lengthened out much more than it is here, and, consequently, many a hunter from the Bay State takes advantage of our easy laws.

"The above noted changes and additions are the chief features of the ornithological victory—for the adoption of so many rather radical changes may properly be called such. Of course, there are other protective measures which the Commissioners, the Audubon Society and sportsmen hope to see adopted before long, but all are satisfied with the success met with so far. It is desired by the Commissioners to make every Sunday a close season in this State. The reason advanced for this radical measure is the raids on all species of birds by boys and men of certain mill villages on the first day of the week.

"The State Bird Commission includes one appointee from each county, as follows: Providence—Dr. F. H. Peckham, President of the Board; Kent—Thomas W. Penny; Washington—Dr. E. R. Lewis; Bristol—William H. Thayer; Newport—A. O. D. Taylor. The Commissioners have the enforcement of the laws relating to birds in charge, but they are allowed no pay or remuneration for expenses incurred. Last year they secured six convictions—four for snaring birds, one for shooting a fish hawk, and one for shooting a robin.

"It cost the Commissioners and their sympathizers last year \$170 to enforce the statutes relating to birds."

W. H. M.

Maine Guide Law Constitutional.

BOSTON, May 9.—At last the Maine Law Court has handed down its decision on the celebrated guide law, as to its constitutionality. The decision sustains the indictment against Elmer Snowman, a Franklin county guide, who refused to take out a license, believing that the law requiring him to do so interfered with his constitutional right to labor as a guide. The indictment is held sufficient, the court overruling the defendant Snowman's exceptions as to sufficiency of the indictment, and as to the constitutionality of the statute under which the indictment was found; but the exceptions as to certain instructions of the presiding justice are sustained—minor points in the question of the validity of the law, but of some importance to Snowman as to costs. It is understood that the Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association had been behind Snowman.

The court's rescript says, in part: "When the Legislature may require a license for carrying on any business or engaging in any vocation, it may exact the payment of a reasonable fee therefor.

"The fish in the waters of the State and the game in its forests are the property of the people in their collective sovereign capacity, who may permit or prohibit the taking thereof. When such taking is permitted, the Legislature may impose upon such taking such limitations, restrictions and regulations as it may deem necessary for the public welfare."

Snowman has long been considered one of the best guides in Maine. Boston sportsmen who have employed him speak in the highest terms of his efficiency and character. He has told me himself that he refused to take out a license because he believed the guide license law to be unjust and oppressive. Now the question is, Will the Commissioners grant him a license if he applies for it?

From the Maine papers I learn that Judge Foster, who was attorney for Elmer Snowman in the celebrated infraction of the guide law case, and carried his case up to the law court on the question of constitutionality, says that he is not done yet; that the public will hear more about the case. He says that a new trial will be granted, and that exceptions will be allowed. It is also reported that the Commissioners will refuse Snowman a license if he now applies for it.

SPECIAL.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

PERSONS who are conducting hotels or camps in regions where there is good shooting or fishing should understand that the best way to make their places known to persons interested in these sports is by advertising in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Sportsmen have come to depend on the hotels which are advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and registered in its Information Bureau, and the hotel keepers who patronize these columns are unanimous in declaring that they receive most satisfactory returns for the money invested.

For the second time within six months the Sturtevant Blower Works on Saturday last had the water supply shut off without forewarning on the part of the city. Investigation traced the stoppage at the joint where a 2-inch pipe enters a 4-inch, between the works and the Green street main, and the cause of the whole trouble lay in an eel having become wedged in the entrance of the pipe with the smaller bore. When the water supply of Saturday was cut off from the works and the water department telephoned that they were not responsible, the pipes in the same locality were disjointed and another eel was proved to be the cause. This latter fish measured in length 39 inches, and weighed 5 pounds.—Jamaica Plain, Mass., News.

Game Laws in Brief.

The new number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains an attractive list of contents and several hours of good reading.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Maine Opening.

Boston, May 14.—The New England fishing season of 1900 is now fully open. A special dispatch from Bemis Saturday evening from Capt. F. C. Barker said that the steamers would go through to the Upper Dam that night without a doubt. But at that time Rangeley Lake was still ice bound, though since cleared. This clearing of the Rangeleys is three days later than last year, when they were clear May 9. The enthusiasm of the rod and reel sportsmen was never greater. They have been totally unable, some of them, to wait for the telegraph to announce the clearing of the Rangeleys and Moosehead. When the first steamer got down through from Kineo to Greenville Friday there were fifteen or sixteen sportsmen waiting. Several had been there for days. Some of them had indulged in brook fishing where any could be found. On Saturday fishing on the lake began in good earnest, but there are no reports of catches yet. At Bemis Saturday there were more than twenty sportsmen waiting to get up the lake. What made it all the more tantalizing was that word had come around that Richardson Lake was open—really the objective point of several fishermen. Among the early fishermen waiting were Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Dizer, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Bedding, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sheriffs, B. J. Ackerman, John G. Watkins, W. Gray, R. A. Baxter, D. E. Adams, W. W. Lee, G. F. Green, T. O. Rogers and D. E. Thomas. These fishermen will be quartered at the Upper Dam and other points on the lakes.

Later there comes a report from Moosehead saying that Fred H. Lathrop, of Boston, and Charles K. Gage, of Portland, Me., carried off the honors of the first fish. Immediately on the arrival of the first boat at Kineo, Friday, they chartered the steamer George A. and headed for Scotian Stream. That evening they returned with a dozen speckled trout, the first of the season. A little later H. W. T. Steinway, of New York, and W. Rossmassle, of Philadelphia, fished near the hotel and took two good trout.

Only small catches are reported from the previously opened New England waters. Cold weather and ice seem to have cooled the ardor of even the trout and salmon. W. C. Harding, Theodore Ripley, Louis Lomes and Charles Finley, of Boston, have just returned from a fishing trip to Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me. They had rather poor success, for which they believe the weather is altogether to blame. Every sort of tackle was used, but the trout and salmon would not be lured, though the bass fishing was all that could be wished. Mr. Ripley succeeded in landing a trout of 3 pounds in spite of the weather, and both Mr. Harding and Mr. Finley caught a trout of 2 pounds. Mr. Harding says that there are trout in abundance in Cobbosseecontee. One warm afternoon—about the only one—over twenty trout and salmon were caught, one or two of 6 pounds each. These were taken off the head of Bay Island. Commissioners Carleton, Stanley and Oak were expected to arrive the day Mr. Harding and party left. With them were to be Messrs. P. O. Vickery, F. E. Timberlake and Fred Kinsman, noted Augusta, Me., fishermen. The Felix Tausig party, noted in the FOREST AND STREAM last week as going to Winnepeusaukee, found terribly cold weather and high winds, making it almost impossible to be out on the lake. They fished but little, but did get nine fish—trout and salmon from 2½ to 5½ pounds. They also saw a salmon of 9 pounds that had been taken and two of 7 and 8 pounds. They were located at Wolfboro.

From all parts of the Bangor and Aroostook fishing region comes the report that the season is very backward. The guides and camp owners have just started to move their belongings in for the summer. In the more northerly lake regions there is still 2 or 3 feet of snow in the woods, making it almost impossible to get to the lakes, some of which are still ice bound. Sebec Lake, Me., opened a week ago, and about the best catches are reported there of any of the earlier waters. Some fair fishing has been had at Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, but not what it would have been but for the cold weather. Ice formed there nearly every night last week. The ice has been out of South Twin, Nahamakanta, Ambajejus and all the other lakes of the West Branch of the Penobscot for a week, but very little fishing has yet been done. The big salmon pool at Bangor is again "in the dumps," so far as salmon fishing is concerned, not a fish having been taken there for a week.

The weather has been exceedingly cold for fishing on all the lakes that are open. At Norway, Me., ice froze strong enough to bear the weight of boys, and they put on skates, just to say that they skated on May 9. Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, Mass., is just in from a fishing trip to Hartland Lake, Me. He trolled three or four days, and did not get a fish. One small salmon was taken while he was there. Mr. John G. Wright has gone to the same lake, with Mr. Kellen and one or two others. With better weather they expect to get good fishing. They are quartered at the home of the Commodore Club, of which Mr. Wright is an active member. The Grand Lake fishermen have suffered severely from cold weather and taken but few fish. They say that they will never go so early again. Mr. T. G. McDonald, Mrs. McDonald, Dr. Bates and Mr. Hanson are just in from Newfound Lake. The weather was rather cold, but they got some fair fishing. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald got five salmon and two trout. The fish weighed from 3 to 8 pounds. Dr. Bates got two salmon, one of 3 and one of 6 pounds. Mr. Hanson's catch was two trout, one of 6½ and the other 10 pounds. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are waiting anxiously for the ice to leave the Rangeleys. They are to be quartered at the home of the old Boston Club, just below the Upper Dam, with a party of friends, for several weeks. Mr. R. O. Harding and C. F. Danforth are just back to Boston from a fishing trip to Dan Hole Pond, N. H. They found the weather severely cold, with ice forming nights. They took two salmon, one of 4 pounds. The ice went out of that pond the week before they were there, and since the pond was open fifteen salmon have been taken, from 4 to 11 pounds.

SPECIAL.

Trouting.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a contribution for FOREST AND STREAM, written by my son, now at the University of Wisconsin. He sends it to me and the young man possessing the initials H. D., referred to in the first line. My son and H. D. have made numerous fishing trips together in this Lake Superior region, and they have had to "oof the ties" homeward often together, under the circumstances recited therein. I think he has put together a very good parody of the Kipling style. I would not say more in praise, as from a father's standpoint I might rightfully be accused of partiality. I wish to add, in connection with the statement that these two young men are often out together trouting, that last summer they both called upon and were well entertained by Fred Mather at his place on the Brule. As my son has always been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and especially of the Mather articles, in which he took more interest than anything else in that line, he made the trip to the Brule in part to meet Mr. Mather. As we are ex-residents of Grant county, this State, the former home of Mather and the Neavilles, Ben easily introduced himself to Mr. Mather, and had a very interesting visit with him, being entertained over night and given the liberty of the Brule fishing grounds or preserve at that point. He and H. D. were among the last probably to visit and chat with this popular writer and sportsman.

J. COVER.

MARCH.

Wot makes H. D. so restless like—wot makes him to perspire?

It isn't poundin' the old masheen, or blowin' up his tire;
But it's everlastin' waiting for the coming o' the day
W'en 'e can get 'is traps together, an' 'ie 'imself away
Where the soughin' of the pines makes a music soft and low,
An' the balsam's balmy perfume makes 'is 'eart with rapture glow.

O the trout! O the trout!
O the 'ustlin', bustlin' trout!
'E's a cannibalistic dude,
But 'e's mighty good to eat;
So we'll wade the icy river
An' take a turn about,
For we've got to have that dandy—
'E's our meat.

APRIL.

Wot makes the angler swear so 'ard, an' fill the air with sighs?

'Taint because the water's cold, nor 'avin' to 'oof the ties;
'Taint because the skeeters bite, nor yet because the flies
Are eatin' up his features an' puttin' out 'is eyes—
But because 'e 'ad a accident, w'ich 'appened in this way:
'E was pullin' in a big 'un, an' "the big 'un" got away!"

O the trout! O the trout!
O the spotted, dotted trout!
'E's a gastronomic poem,
'E's a pictur' all enjoys;
But—fried in butter an' cornmeal—
(Take 'im in an' out)
Laid upon the breakfast platter,
Then 'e's solid music, boys!

BEN COVER.

Newfound Lake Fishing.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 7.—Under date of April 25 I received word that the Hebron end of the lake was clear from ice. The above grounds are easily reached from here. An hour's ride by rail from Concord, ending with a drive of nine miles, and we are there. The fishing so far up to the morning of May 5 has been quite good, considering the weather. Cold and rough hardly describes it. On the morning of the 4th the mountains to the east were white with freshly fallen snow. The water at times was so rough that it was hardly safe to get far out in a boat.

The fishing began, as I am told, on April 29. A congenial party were quartered at John F. Rogers' within a hundred yards of the water. The record of this party from the afternoon of April 29 up to 9 o'clock of the morning of May 5 is as follows: Eight trout from 6 to 12¼ pounds each; 28 salmon from 3 to 9½ pounds each. Of the latter there were 4 of 3 pounds, 11 of from 3¼ to 4 pounds, 6 of from 4 to 6 pounds, 5 of from 6 to 9 pounds and 2 over 9 and under 10 pounds.

A gentleman staying in a house quite near Rogers' was, I think, high rod for the week, taking, as I was told, twelve fish, most of them large. The latter are not counted in the number given as taken by the Rogers party. As Sanborn's, a mile or so from Rogers', about as many fish were taken during the same time.

One of the first fish, a very handsome salmon of 9½ pounds, was taken by Miss Mamie, daughter of John F. Rogers. This was a fish any veteran angler would have been proud of. The young lady hooked, played and brought it to net or gaff without any assistance.

My companion during my three days' stay was a young man from this neighborhood—a new hand at such fishing, never having seen a salmon. Favored by luck, I had the first strike. We were running 150 and 200 feet of line. As my man was reeling in fast to get out of my way, he sang out, "I have one!" I felt almost sure he had fouled my line, but almost at once two salmon shot in the air. We had our hands full for a time. Our lines crossed several times, but luckily did not get tangled. My companion's fish gave up first, and I held mine with one hand and netted his. I was thankful, however, when both were in the bottom of our boat. They were good fish, although not large, weighing 4 and 5 pounds each. The applause from the surrounding boats was heartily tendered and very acceptable.

Now, as to whether the fishing in Newfound Lake grows poorer year after year or whether it holds its own is a question. I am only a transient visitor for a few days in the spring, and it is only of recent years that I have become one, and therefore I cannot give an opinion. In our party at Rogers' were expert and veteran anglers,

men who have fished for years regularly in Newfound, and who are practically able to judge of its resources to-day as compared with years past. One of our party, who lives quite near the lake (we unanimously called him the early bird, as he would wake up the rest of us at most unreasonable hours in the morning), has had for years a most intimate acquaintance with the big fish of the lake. I do not say that he has been connected by means of his line with every big fish. Nevertheless, a great many of them have found themselves in trouble owing to his presence. Occasionally one of the old grandfathers of the present supply of trout or salmon laugh at his attempts to land them with a light rod and 300 feet of line. Most of them, however, after a plucky fight, give up and are afterward photographed. The veteran Colonel is a practical fisherman of years of experience. To a novice some of his sayings may seem theoretical, but just watch him when he connects with an old fighter of a trout or salmon and he will prove the truth of what he says. The genial member of our party who, without any urging, assumed the hard position of helping the hungry crowd at the numerous meals with which Rogers fortified us, knows well how to wait patiently for the sometimes long-deferred strike, and what to do when it comes. We will forgive him, inasmuch as for a time he is earning his daily bread (and to all appearances doing it well) in a foreign land. His heart is still true to old Newfound, and he surely gets there when the seasons opens.

The opinion of such men as to the fishing conditions, also of others competent to judge, is that the stripping of the Newfound Lake fish as now carried on should stop. Strictly prohibit all fishing in all tributaries of the lake. Let the salmon and trout spawn as nature intended. Let all fry so produced remain in Newfound. This is the verdict of men who surely are competent judges. Their views are not governed by selfish motives. Even under present conditions the supply of fish now in the lake will to a certain extent last their time. Can Newfound Lake stand the modern methods of stripping its fish and supplying with spawn or fry other waters? The Fish Commissioners (as I am told) say yes. Others who are fully as well posted say No.

C. M. STARK.

The Migrations of Grilse.

MR. DEAN SAGE, of Albany, writes in the London Fishing Gazette: One of the strangest phenomena that has come before my notice in this country is the difference in the migrations of grilse in different rivers, not only with regard to the times of their leaving the salt water, but also as to their relative numbers compared with the salmon.

For instance, on the Ristigouche and Metapédias no grilse are seen in the rivers until about July 1; the salmon begin running from May 20 to June 1, and then the numbers of grilse bear but a small proportion to those of salmon, and I do not think will average 3½ pounds in weight. I have never heard of a female grilse being taken in these rivers, and have had hundreds of them examined during the past twenty-five years for the purpose of ascertaining the sex. There must be a large proportion of the fish which are hatched in these rivers that remain in the sea during this period of their lives, or ascend some other rivers, as there should naturally be a large excess in the numbers of grilse over those of salmon, while in these rivers and some others in Canada which furnish fish of a large average size, the grilse which ascend do not compare at all in numbers with the salmon.

There are some rivers along the Bay of Chaleurs which yield smaller salmon, the Nepisiguit and Miramichi, for instance, which are later rivers than the Ristigouche. In these the grilse come along with the early runs of salmon, and in much greater numbers. On the Nepisiguit, which I fished for two years in July, I found that we took about three grilse for one salmon, and I should say that the grilse of the Nepisiguit would average heavier than those of the Ristigouche. As to their being confined to the male sex, I cannot tell from my own observation, but am informed by two Indians who have fished them a good deal that such is the fact.

So far as I know, on the Canadian rivers which yield fish of a large average weight, say about 20 pounds, there is but a very light run of grilse, and on such as yield small fish, say an average of 8 or 10 pounds, the grilse are very much more plentiful.

There may be a run of grilse up the large rivers, though they are not always the rivers that give the largest fish in the winter, as I am sure, from reliable information, that there is a run up the Ristigouche in November or December, after the ice has formed, and I believe this run furnishes the kelts which go to the sea in late May and in early June, as those fish which spawned in October must have descended the river long before. At any rate, there are three or four problems for solution in all this, none of which I had any idea of offering when I sat down. I have a vague recollection of reading in that excellent book, Bund's "Salmon Problems," something concerning the sexual differences in the grilse of Britain, and it may be that I am only strengthening your knowledge of a general rule which regulates salmon life on both sides of the Atlantic. The grilse of Britain are, however, much larger in average size than those of this country, the largest one I have ever seen being 6 pounds.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 12.—One bass only is the story of the past week, and this was to the credit of Prof. W. S. Ryder. Other and unusual matters have claimed the anglers' attention. Myriads of New England whiting, or, as they are locally termed, "frost fish," have crowded into the surf and are taking the bait in a most voracious manner. While these fish are ordinarily quite plentiful during the winter months, their presence at this season of the year is unprecedented and their size is quite beyond the ordinary. Fishing three hours last evening I took seventy, many of which would weigh 3 to 4 pounds each. The unusual sight brought multitudes to the pier, and the fish were no sooner caught than given to ready recipients. I think it no exaggeration to say that at least a ton of fish was taken on the hook on the one tide. Just what has sent them in shore at this period is one of the problems which ever present themselves to the devotee of surf fishing.

LEONARD HULIT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout.

Fairly encouraging reports regarding the trout fishing come down this week from the Prairie River of Wisconsin. Mr. Edward G. Taylor went up the first week in May, and caught forty-one fine trout in his first day's fishing. Mr. Chas. Antoine, of this city, will go to the Prairie probably next week, and Mr. F. B. Orr, also of this city, and a devotee of that delightful little stream, will make his regular annual pilgrimage about May 20.

Mr. William Cooke Daniels, of Denver, Colo., writes to-day that he is leaving Denver about May 13, on his way for the Prairie River for a month's fishing. It will be remembered, as stated in these columns, that Mr. Daniels thought so much of the Prairie River that he had him a lodge built there, and purposes each spring to forsake the streams of Colorado for this quiet little Wisconsin water.

Mr. F. N. Peet, Mr. H. G. Hascall, Mr. Ashley C. Smith and one or two others left this week to join Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on their regular spring trip to the Pere Marquette River. They will hit the stream at just about the right time, and they will surely have grand sport.

Some of the J. D. Hawks party are back at their homes from the Alpena trip, but I do not purpose to forestall my story about that trip by telling what they did.

The Saginaw Crowd is out with the special car, "W. B. Mershon." They left Saginaw last night and went north to a destination which at this writing is left secret. They will return next Monday night. Mr. Mershon sent me my regular invitation to join the party on their spring trout trip, and promised me the best trout fishing I ever had in my life. This surely is enough to break one's heart. Personally, I believe it is much more important to go trout fishing than it is to stay at home and do a lot of other things which are not quite so much fun. The worst part of it is yet to come. When the other fellows come back and tell you they struck it just right, that the trout were rising, that the weather was good, that each fellow filled his basket, that they got a lot of big ones, etc., then it is that anguish fills the soul of the fellow who had to stay at home. This is a very wicked, miserable and unhappy world in which we live, when we have to stay at home.

Bass Fishing.

Our bass season is now on along the lakes at the head of the Fox River and in the upper Indiana lakes. It is lawful to fish in the lakes of Indiana, but not in the streams. The Kankakee River is so full of carp this spring there is not much room left for bass. Some few good catches of bass are coming in, but I do not think the interest in bass fishing is as keen as it was three or four years ago. The trout fishing has been improving in Wisconsin and Michigan for the last few years, and a good many of our boys are turning to trout fishing and giving up the big-mouths.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

On the Upper St. Maurice.

RAPID progress is being made toward the settling of this vast region, principally by the investment of large sums of money by American lumber firms. The fine scenery, the rare fishing and shooting to be had here are second to none in the whole Province. The start is from the Grande Piles, easily reached by the Canadian Pacific, whence a regular line of steamboats plies to La Toque. Those boats, which afford excellent accommodations, make two trips each week. On leaving the Piles we pass Point à la Mine, whose high rocky bluffs are noted for their grandeur. The River Peche carries the water from the lake above of the same name, which is owned by the Laurentian Club, who have here one of the finest club houses to be found in the wilds of the Province. From here to Rat River is a route of continuous beauty, and the kodak fiend will enjoy himself. From Rat River to La Toque gives a repetition of the scenery below, excepting that it gets wilder, the woods more dense, the river narrower, the mountains higher and more picturesque. Now we are at the end of our trip, so far as the steamboat is concerned.

Here the Little Bostonnais River leads to the Big Lake Bostonnais, where the St. Maurice Club have their club house under the management of Mr. Allan. Here speckled trout are caught weighing from 1 to 4 pounds, and rare fish have been taken of even greater weight. This is a veritable fisherman's paradise. At La Toque one may secure guides and, with this as headquarters, make daily excursions to the Croche, Bostonnais and many other places where the angler or sportsman can enjoy quiet and rest and take good strings. The Croche, which is a river emptying into the St. Maurice about five miles above La Toque, should have an interest to the tourist, as here lives Jean Baptiste Boucher, the recognized chief of the remaining tribe of Indians now on the St. Maurice. Here can be seen at almost any time the Indian method of preserving their game, such as moose and caribou meats, and possibly for a modest sum a fine pair of antlers might be had. Now we must leave the tourist to his own devices, to return at his own pleasure, and would strongly advise if he has the time to return to the Grande Piles by canoe, as he will be better able to enjoy the beauties of the trip.

C. C.

Large Rainbow Trout.

THE larger trout streams of the lower Michigan peninsula are proving most congenial homes for the rainbow trout placed in them during the past few years. Witness the appended paragraphs from the daily press of this week, the first one quoted evidently referring to the Boardman River:

Traverse City, Mich., May 10.—Geo. Raff, Jr., son of Postmaster Raff, broke the record Sunday by catching a rainbow trout 26 inches long and weighing 8 pounds. This is said to be the largest rainbow trout ever caught in Michigan.

Manistee.—Joseph Belgard, Jr., while fishing in the Manistee River, caught a monster rainbow trout, which

beats the one caught near Traverse City. It weighs 9 pounds 6 ounces, and is the largest of its species ever caught in southern Michigan. It measures a trifle over 27 inches long, its largest girth is 15 inches and spread of tail 6 inches.

These figures are not improbable when they are compared with those of previous seasons, which record the gradual development of the rainbow trout planted in Michigan waters.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 12.

Canoeing.

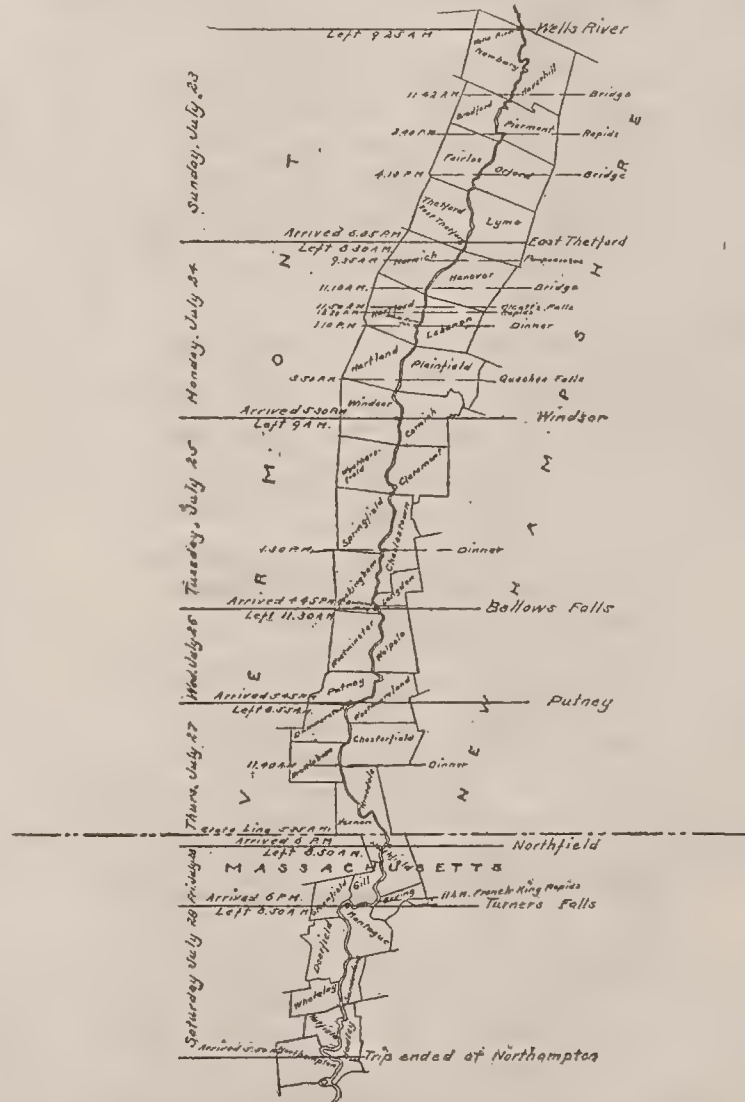
The Connecticut River.

A PARTY of four, members of the Vesper Country Club, Lowell, Mass., had arranged to take a trip down the Connecticut River in two canoes from Wells River, Vt., to Springfield, Mass., but owing to two delays and the necessity of the members returning the first of the following week, the trip was ended at the road bridge at Northampton.

Acting upon the advice of a number A. C. A. members, whose statements were fully substantiated by the rivermen met at French King Rapids, the trip north of Wells River was abandoned, as there would be no comfort trying to paddle through the numerous rapids, and the carries, especially at the Fifteen-Mile Falls, would be exceedingly long and tedious.

We would here acknowledge our gratitude to those members of the A. C. A. who so kindly wrote us an account of their experiences on the trip, and which was used to good advantage.

One member of the party left Lowell, Mass., Saturday, July 22, 1899, on the 9 A. M. train out of Boston; stopped



over at Warren, N. H., about half an hour and reached Wells River, Vt., shortly after 3 P. M.; put up at Hale's Tavern, which, by the way, was the nearest and had the best cuisine of any hotel met on the trip. The other three took a sleeper on the 8 P. M. train out of Boston, were side-tracked at Woodsville and remained there until about 6 o'clock the next morning. Breakfast was had at Hale's Tavern, after which we took a carriage for the freight depot, about a mile down the track. The depot is about 200 feet from the river, so this makes the first carry very easy. The two canoes, which were shipped the Tuesday before, were wrapped in canvas, and had arrived safely on Thursday. They had been gotten into shape the afternoon before, and were left in the freight house, as some one is there all Sunday. The start was made at 9:25 A. M., Sunday, July 23, 1899. There had been heavy rains a few days before, which raised the water in the river and made a very acceptable current. We had no means of determining the velocity, but it must have been between three and five miles an hour. The river drivers had taken advantage of the high water and were sending down the logs, which were more or less of a bother until we reached the first dam at Olcott's Falls. At 11:42 A. M. we passed under the bridge at the South Newbury (Vt.) railroad station. At 12:35 P. M. we stopped at a farm house on the New Hampshire side for some milk, but as our dress was far from being immaculate we were probably taken for gentlemen of the road and were told that there was no milk in that vicinity. We walked back to the canoes rather disappointed, and floated down until 2:10 P. M., while we ate our lunch, which we had taken from Hale's Tavern. This was the only lunch we had to take on the trip, as other days we had dinner at hotels.

At 2:40 P. M. we passed our first rapids just below Bradford. There is a channel around to the left of the rapids, forming an island, and as logs were running, we chose the smooth water rather than to risk being upset. At 3:30 P. M. we passed what we termed the "Palisades," on the Vermont side. The very bold side of a mountain comes down nearly to the water's edge, with just room enough for the almost ever present railroad tracks. These steep sides are seen for quite a while before they are reached, owing to the many curves in the river, but when

they loom up, after rounding the last bend, the view is grand. At 4:10 P. M. we passed under the road bridge between Orford and Fairlee. North Thetford was reached at 5:25 P. M., and a great mistake was made in not stopping there for the night, as the town boasts of a fairly decent hotel. There is a good chance here to land at the saw mill and leave the boats in the mill; but instead we pushed on to East Thetford, where we arrived at 6:05 P. M. We left the canoes on the bank and carried our baggage and paddles about a quarter of a mile up to the so-called hotel, or Turner's House. Mine host informed us that the woman was out, but as soon as she came back supper would be served. We sat down to supper about 9 with healthy appetites, and shortly after we retired.

Monday, July 24, 1899.

After a fair breakfast we were driven to the river and started down at 8:30 A. M. We stopped at Pompanoosuc at 9:35 A. M. for a short while, and tried to get a small boy to take our photos, but he held his hand over the lens when he snapped, so we had the usual amateur luck. At 11:10 A. M. we passed under the bridge between Norwich and Hanover. A few boat houses and one boat being rowed were the first signs of life on the river we had seen. The scenery in this locality is very picturesque, but not as grand as we had seen the day before. We reached Olcott's Falls, Wilder, at 11:50 A. M. The canoes were taken out on the east side of the river by advice of the rivermen at work on the logs, and with the aid of two boys, who carried our bags, we made the carry in twenty minutes. Just below Olcott's Falls are some small rapids, around which we floated the canoes, and started paddling again at 12:50 P. M. We reached White River Junction at 1:10 P. M., where we had dinner at the railroad station. At the lunch counter the head waitress kept her eye on us, as if she expected us to "jump our board," and she seemed very much pleased when we had settled for our lunch.

We left White River Junction at 1:50 P. M., and at 3 P. M. we stopped to take a ride on a current, or overhead wire, running between Hartland and Plainfield Ferry. The ferry consists of the usual flat-bottomed scow, attached by means of a rope at either end to a wire trolley rope, fastened on each side of and about 20 feet above the river. When the ferryman wishes to start across he draws in the bow line, loosens the stern line, and with the aid of lee boards the boat is propelled swiftly across the river. We reached Hartland, or Quechee Falls, at 3:50 P. M. Here we had to carry again, but this took us less than half an hour. It seems odd that out of the five carries that were made on the trip three came in one day, and the other two were made in wagons. Windsor was to be our stopping place, and we reached there at 5:30 P. M. We put our canoes in a yard near the river, and walked up to the Windsor House, which is quite a little jaunt with heavy luggage, after the hardest day we had on the trip. Windsor is one of the old aristocratic New England towns. On each side of its main street are colonial residences, set well back from the street, with lawns and plants in front. In rear of the town is an artificial pond belonging to one of the estates.

Tuesday, July 25, 1899.

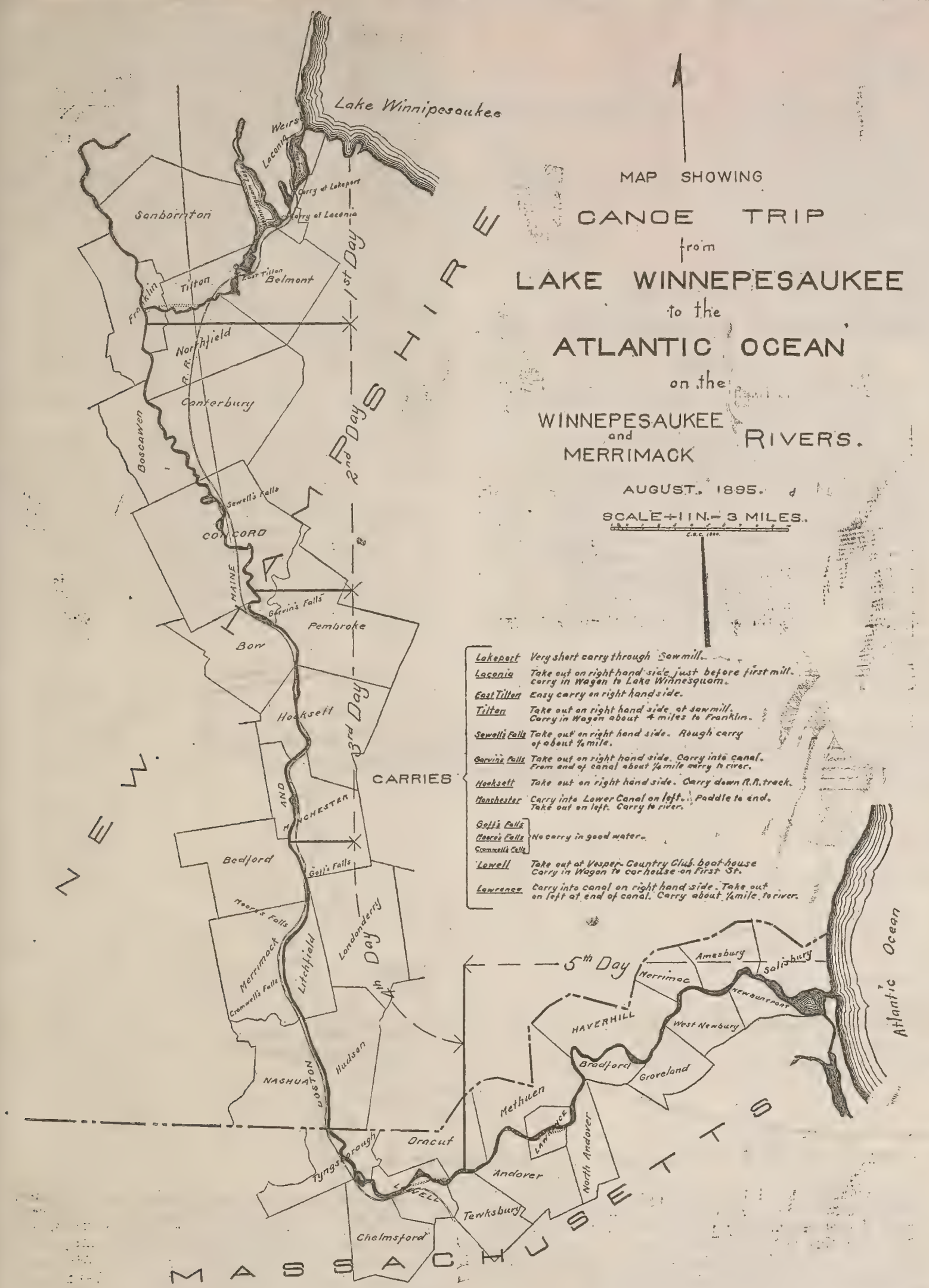
We were driven from the hotel to the river and started down at 9 A. M. It had been threatening weather all the morning, and at Claremont Junction, which we reached at 11:15 A. M., it began to rain, and rained all the rest of the day. We reached Charlestown at 1:30 P. M., where we had dinner at the Eagle House. After stopping for an hour and a half for dinner, etc., we pushed through to Bellows Falls, getting there at 4:45 P. M. Before Bellows Falls is reached, there is a boom over a mile long, with an opening for the passage of boats at the last crib pier in the middle of the river. Rivermen are constantly at work here, and will direct where to go. We left the canoes and paddles in the boat house of the Canteen Club, which did not appear to have a very active membership, but a man who is wet and hungry is not apt to be too critical. We had paddled since before dinner in a hard southeast storm right in our faces, and with practically no current in the river to aid us. We stopped at the Rockingham House, and in the evening were entertained by the Mount Kilburn Wheel Club.

Wednesday, July 26, 1899.

It rained hard till almost noontime, and we fooled away the time around the hotel. After an early dinner we had a team carry our canoes to the lower end of the rapids, where we started at 12:45 P. M. We stopped at Walpole from 1:30 to 2:05 P. M., and about 5 P. M. we had a swim. At 5:45 P. M. we had landed at Ware's Ferry, plying between Putney and Westmoreland. There is a very short walk from the ferry to the Putney depot, and we were fortunate enough to be in time to take the stage to the village, over a mile away. The Kendrick House is the hotel of the place, so, of course, we stopped there. Putney is a small town of about the usual 500 inhabitants, but can boast of being somewhat of a manufacturing center, as it contains a paper mill and toy factory. It also has quite a number of stores and two barbers. In the evening we visited the Kickapoo Indian camp and saw a first-class entertainment given with the biograph.

Thursday, July 27, 1899.

At 8:30 A. M. we took the stage for the depot and started to paddle at 8:55 A. M. We stopped at Chesterfield at 10 A. M. for a little while and reached Brattleboro at about 11:40 A. M. About three-quarters of a mile above Brattleboro is a fine suspension bridge with quite a little rapids just below the bridge. A short way from these rapids a good view is had of Kipling's mansion on the Brattleboro shore. We landed on the east side of the river at Brattleboro, left our baggage at the old toll house (the bridge is free now), walked across and had dinner at the Brattleboro House. After dinner we took a ride in the electric cars to West Brattleboro, and the scenery is well worth the trip. We stayed under the bridge during a thunder storm and started down at 3:15 P. M. At 5:35 we passed into Massachusetts, and at 6 P. M. we stopped at the bridge at Northfield. We left the canoes on the bank, covered with brush. After a short walk toward Northfield we came to the creamery, from which place we telephoned to Northfield for a car-



riage, and in a very short while we were on our way to Stimpson's Inn, where we spent the night.

Friday, July 28, 1899.

We drove from the hotel to the river, and started on our way rejoicing at 8:50 P. M. Just before 11 A. M. we reached the French King Rapids, and by the advice of the rivermen who were removing a log jam and our own counsel of war we proceeded to run the rapids; but instead they ran us. We did not strike a rock or capsize, but, as one member said, "We simply foundered." The rivermen soon came to our assistance with one of their large boats, and in a very short while our clothes were drying in the sun on the shore. As we expected to have dinner in Turner's Falls we had taken no lunch, but the rivermen very kindly shared their dinner with us. One sweater and a few pieces of carpet were the only things lost, but one camera was ruined and part of the negatives were spoiled. One of the party drove into Turner's Falls, hired two ordinary-sized delivery wagons and met the rest with the canoes at the confluence of the Miller's and Connecticut rivers, about 500 feet below French King Rapids, and from here we drove to the electric car bridge at Montague City, arriving there about 6 P. M. We left the canoes in a yard very near the river and drove back to the Farren House at Turner's Falls. In the evening we tried to square ourselves with some of the rivermen and also took in a band concert at Montague City.

Saturday, July 29, 1899.

We took the electric cars in front of the Farren House and were taken right to our canoes. We left at 8:50 A. M. and stopped at Camp Wangun, a short way down, where we were treated quite royally. From here we paddled to the pavilion near the bridge at Northampton and had lunch at 3:20 P. M. (the only day we were late for dinner). A little below the river was full of logs, but as we were obliged to end the cruise that night it seemed hardly necessary to make the long carry around the logs, especially as the walking was anything but smooth, so we paddled back to the old ferry road near the carriage bridge and called the cruise ended at 5:50 P. M. We left the canoes in charge of an expressman, took the electric for Northampton, and reached Lowell via Springfield and Boston late that night. One very queer feature of the

trip was that in looking ahead the surface of the water apparently dropped over 5 feet, which gave the impression of paddling down hill, but in looking back the reverse was not true, as the surface seemed level. Two maps were used, reference to which was constantly being made, and which were of untold assistance. The first was a post office map of Vermont and New Hampshire and the second was a map of the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts, both being published by Geo. H. Walker & Co., Boston, Mass.

It is very easy to appreciate, after making the trip, that a few inches less of water in the river might cause a considerable inconvenience, as there are a number of quite shallow places. We regretted that we could not participate in the hospitalities of the canoe clubs at Northampton, Holyoke and Springfield; but as we had to be in Lowell Monday morning and Sunday trains were scarce, the trip had to end when the time came, regardless of place.

New York C. C.

THE opening spring regatta of the club will be held on Saturday, June 2, at 2 P. M. First and second prizes will be awarded in all events where three or more start. Every race open to members of any recognized canoe or yacht club.

A series of record races will be held during the season about every other Saturday afternoon. Due notice of same will be posted on the bulletin board from time to time. A record prize will be given to the member making the best record in canoes, both sailing and paddling, at the end of the season. A record prize will also be awarded to the member making the best record in knockabout and larger boats of the club. The committee wishes all members to enter all or as many of the races as possible, so as to make them an interesting feature. Owners of yachts will please have their boats measured and hand measurements to the committee at an early date, so that they may be able to figure the time allowance.

Programme.

First Event.—Unlimited canoe sailing, twice around triangle.

Second Event.—Knockabouts, etc. Sailing. Three times around course.

Third Event.—Open canoe paddling, single blade. Half mile, with turn.

Fourth Event.—Tail-end paddling. Open canoes. Single blades, 100yds.

Fifth Event.—Deck canoes. Paddling. Double blades. Half mile, with turn.

Sixth Event.—Tournament.

It is earnestly requested that all members attend the opening of the racing season and bring their friends, both ladies and gentlemen, with them. Dinner will be served at the club house after the races. Yours respectfully,

JOHN E. HAVILAND, Chairman,
C. V. SCHUYLER.
JOHN R. BROPHY,

Regatta Committee

Following are the officers of the club for 1900: Pres., D. D. Allerton; Sec'y, R. De F. Bailey, the Arsenal, Central Park; Pursers, W. B. Houghton, 37 White street; Capt., J. E. Haviland; Mate, C. V. Schuyler.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—John B. Howard, Medford B. C.
Atlantic Division—George H. Raymond, Arthur B. Raymond.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

- MAY.
- 19. Huguenot, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 - 19. Royal St. Lawrence, 17ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - 24. Lake Sailing Skiff Ass'n, Kitley Cup, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - 24. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising and 5-rater classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - 26. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 - 26. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 - 26. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 - 30. California, annual, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
 - 30. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 - 30. Harlem, annual, City Island, Long Island Sound.
 - 30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
 - 30. Indian Harbor, spring, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
 - 30. Oregon, opening, Portland, Columbia River.
 - 30. Atlantic, opening, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
 - 30. Corinthian, Baltimore, opening race, Chesapeake Bay.

THE 65ft. cutter Isolde, recently purchased by Com. F. M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C., sailed from Greenock on May 8, but was in collision with a lighter, sustaining some damage to her port rail and lamp screen, returning for repairs. Astrild, cutter, J. H. Hanan, sailed from Greenock on May 9 for New York. According to the Yachting World, Mr. Hoyt paid a little over \$15,000 for Isolde. The average newspaper expert has been sadly puzzled over the two yachts of the same name. The other Isolde, sister to Niagara and built for the late Baron von Zedtwitz, who was killed on board her by a collision while racing, has just been sold at auction in London by order of the Marshal of the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, to settle the estate. She brought but £230 (\$1,150), though the hull was not injured in the collision.

THE following from the New York Tribune is further confirmatory of the FOREST AND STREAM's reasons, as given last fall, for the great difference in the performance of Shamrock in light and strong winds:

Capt. Charlie Barr and Capt. Wringe seem to agree as to the main fault of Shamrock in the last race of the series for the America's Sup. Captain Wringe said since his recent arrival here:

"Shamrock's gear was too light in every respect to maintain the spread of canvas, and all on board could see that the spars, including boom, gaff and topmast, were carried too far to leeward to hold a good wind. When the boom was bowed in there was a spring to leeward that was faulty, making it impossible to head up close."

When talking with the writer on this subject a few days ago, Capt. Barr said:

"I saw that your article in the Yachtsman was replied to by old Mr. Fife, the father of Shamrock's designer, saying that the fault of Shamrock was in being strung up too tightly, and that she would have sailed better if the rigging had been slacker. That is quite a mistake. She was far too slack all around, and on Columbia we could all see that neither her topmast nor the main boom did their proper work, and that her forestays were sagging to leeward, so that they had to run her less close than Columbia in order to fill their sails. There didn't seem to be any part of her overhead, from the end of the main boom to the end of the bowsprit, that was standing to its proper work."

These two opinions of the skippers of the competing craft, when ranged alongside, give perhaps the most authentic and trustworthy explanation of the sudden and marked default of the English challenger when she got a really fresh breeze. It fits in with all the results of the previous racing in suggesting that as long as light airs continued, in which there was no real pressure on canvas and strain on spars, Shamrock could hold her own and sometimes finish ahead in the alternating luck of the catpaws; also, that when it came to a hard test of spars and rigging, the American boat was properly fitted with sticks that could hold her canvas flat, and with rigging that could hold the sticks to their right work. The explanation, long delayed through the natural reticence of the opposing, though friendly, skippers, may perhaps be accepted as conclusive because agreed to by the leaders of the respective sides, and it goes far to maintain the reputation of Mr. Fife as a designer, apart from the work of rigging. If the defeat of his craft is finally shown to have been with the spars, rigging and sails, he may still be in a position to say that he was not beaten on shape or construction of hull.

THE return of Sir Thomas Lipton from his yachting cruise has started up anew the various rumors as to a

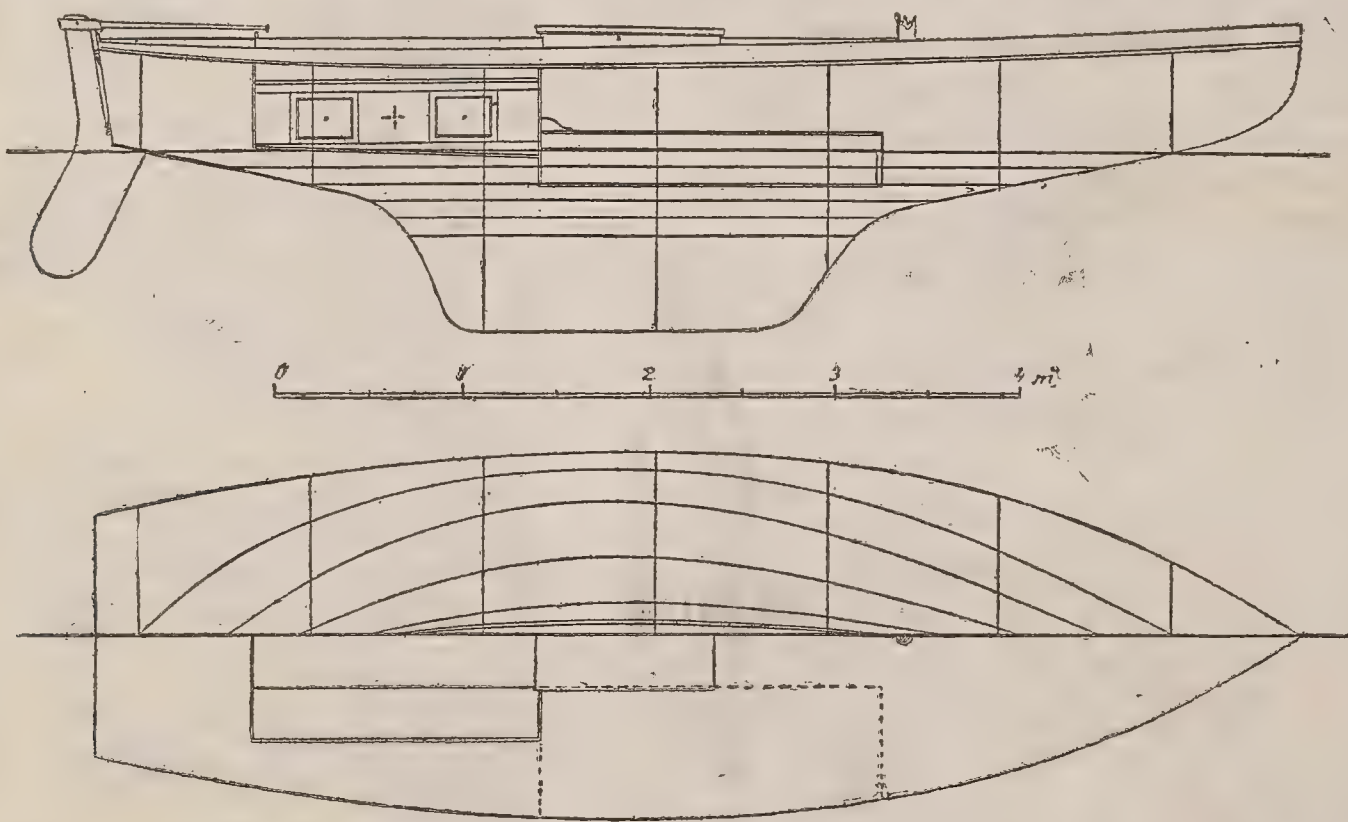
challenge for 1901, but the matter is still very much in doubt. On his return to Glasgow Sir Thomas was visited by the exhibition committee and urged to postpone his challenge until 1901 in order to add to the importance of the Clyde races in connection with the exhibition. He gave no positive answer beyond the statement that the South African war made his plans for sport uncertain.

THE following, from a Canadian paper, is a sample of a story sent out from New York to all parts of the country. It is needless to say that it is entirely untrue:

NEW YORK, May 7.—For the defense of the America's Cup in 1901 a yacht is to be selected under new conditions. Instead of two yachts competing for the high privilege of defending the Cup, against a foreign challenger, there will be six, and they are to begin the tests soon, and continue them from now until the yachting season of the present year comes to a close. That does not mean, however, that the winning craft is to enter the lists as the defender. It means the owner of the successful sloop is to have extended to him by the New York Club the courtesy of building the defender, and on the shoulders of the Herreshoffs is to rest the responsibility of maintaining the yachting supremacy.

One-Design Classes in France.

At two of the Mediterranean ports—Marseilles and Nice—one-design, or, as they are called in Europe, "monotype," classes, have been established this spring, and we reproduce from Le Yacht the two designs. That for the Société Nautique de Marseilles is a small keel knockabout, designed by Leon Sebille, of Marseilles, who in connection with Mr. Bourelly is building the fleet,



MONOTYPE DESIGN FOR SOCIÉTÉ NAUTIQUE DE MARSEILLE. BY LEON SEBILLE, ESQ., 1900.

seven being ordered at the start. The cost is 900 francs each, or \$225. The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	21ft. 3 in.
L.W.L.	18ft. 4 in.
Overhang—	
Bow	2ft. 3 in.
Counter	10 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	6ft. 5 in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 8½ in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 4 in.
Least	1ft. 9 in.
Counter	2ft.
Draft	3ft. 3½ in.
Displacement	2,420 lbs.
Lead keel	495 lbs.
Sail area	290 sq. ft.
Mast—	
From fore end of L.W.L.	4ft. 8 in.
Deck to hounds	17ft. 3 in.
Bowsprit, beyond end of L.W.L.	3ft. 6 in.
Boom	16ft. 8 in.
Gaff	9ft. 2 in.
Hoist	12ft. 5 in.

There is no cabin trunk, but the cuddy has a head room of 2ft. 9in., with a low transom on each side. The lines of the yacht are very fair and easy, and promise speed. The after overhang is probably cut off to save expense and weight, but with the lines run out fairly to make a neat counter and the addition of a cabin trunk the yacht would make a fine little single-hand cruiser. As they stand, the little fleet will be useful for fishing and afternoon sailing, as well as class racing, the immediate end in view.

The design for the Club Nautique de Nice is of the centerboard type and smaller; it was made by Mr. F. Picamilli, of Bordeaux, an amateur who has done some very good work in the designing competitions of the Yachtsman. The cost is 578 francs, or \$145, and the boats are building by Joineau & Son, Bordeaux. The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	16ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	13ft. 8 in.
Overhang—	
Bow	1ft. 8 in.
Counter	1ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	6ft.
L.W.L.	5ft. 5 in.

Freeboard—	
Bow	1ft. 8 in.
Least	1ft. 2 in.
Counter	1ft. 3½ in.
Draft—	
Hull	8 in.
With board	3ft. 3 in.
Mainsail	144 sq. ft.
Jib	49 sq. ft.
Total	193 sq. ft.
Mast—	
From fore end of L.W.L.	4ft. 2 in.
Deck to hounds	17ft. 8 in.
Boom	14ft.
Gaff	7ft. 9 in.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.

THE following is from the Yachtsman of April 26:

THE FOREST AND STREAM, continuing its comments on Col. Bucknill's displacement rule, comes to the conclusion that no measurement rule will be satisfactory which does not take cognizance of the relation between displacement and the two dimensions of breadth and draft. Length, however, must form some part of every scheme, and if length, breadth, draft, sail and displacement are all to pose in the ideal formula, then the official measurers will be deserving of pity. It seems to us that all must admit the desirability of making displacement the main factor in measurement, and also the great difficulty of doing so in the larger classes. If some means were obtainable whereby the actual amount of water displaced

use of many factors, we would call attention to the formula proposed several years ago by Mr. John Hyslop, and frequently quoted in the FOREST AND STREAM. This formula was devised with the express purpose of meeting that inherent weakness of the present rules which Mr. Hyslop was the first to point out—the failure to take cognizance of dimensions used wholly or mainly as levers and not as legitimate elements of size (displacement). This is conspicuously the case in the fin-keel type, where stability is obtained by a moderate weight hung on a very long, vertical lever; and in the Skow type where the same end, of carrying sail in excess, is attained by the weight of the crew on a long horizontal lever, the extreme deck breadth. The use of moderate or even light displacement is not of necessity a crying evil any more than it is an unmixed advantage to use displacement in excess. The trouble begins when a long lever, entirely unrelated to the legitimate dimensions of the hull, is used to give power out of proportion to those hull dimensions. It is easily possible to design a wholesome and thoroughly serviceable vessel on a comparatively small breadth and draft of hull, provided she is sparred in proportion; such a vessel may be better suited to certain ends than others of double her displacement.

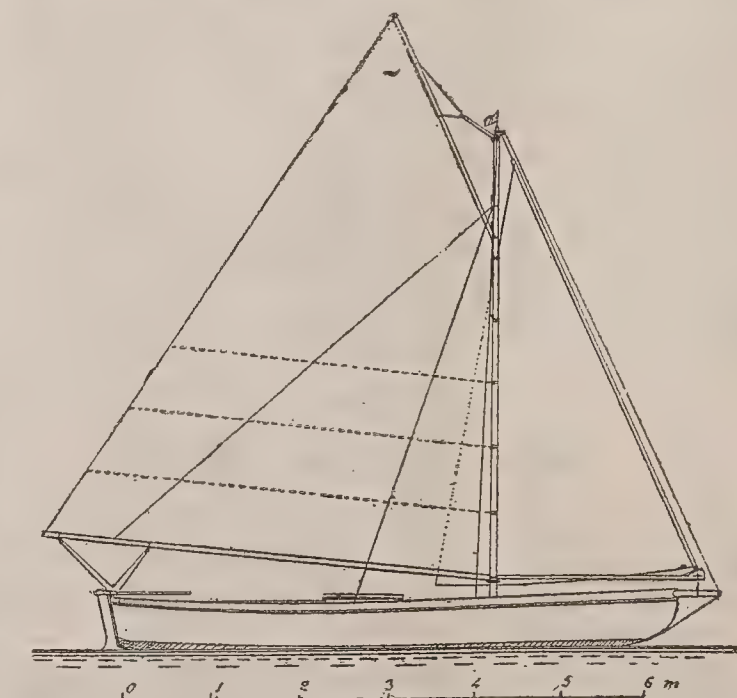
While we agree with the Yachtsman on the general principle that displacement must be recognized in some way as one of the vital elements in measurement, when it comes to the immediate question of the form of rule we do not consider that displacement alone is either necessary or desirable. In order to produce the so-called "wholesome boat" or general fast cruiser as distinguished from the racing machine—the alleged aim of many at the present time—it is not necessary to place a positive premium on the amount of displacement. What is really needed is to establish some relation between the displacement, whether it be little or great, and the accompanying dimensions.

Taking conditions as they exist to-day, we will assume two owners with yachts of good displacement—the same in both cases, and closely similar breadth, draft and model—the two yachts being further approximately equal in sail area and speed. It is open to either owner under the present rule to alter his yacht by recasting his lead, adding a fin beneath the present hull and to utilize the power thus gained by means of a greatly enlarged sail plan. In so doing there is no improvement in designing, the yacht is not bettered except in speed—in fact, is injured for other work than racing; the owner merely takes advantage of a recognized weak spot in the rules, and no good whatever is accomplished. At the present time precisely such a change is being made in a well-known schooner, and though there are certain reasons why it may not be entirely successful, it may be that there will be a material gain in speed under average racing conditions. It must be clear that in such a case as this displacement does not enter, nor would any rule such as has been proposed by the advocates of displacement alone reach the case.

On the other hand, Mr. Hyslop's proposed formula was designed expressly for such a case, which is a typical one. The leading feature of this formula is the introduction of a new element, the relation between the area of the midship section and the two dimensions—breadth and draft—on which the section is, so to speak, constructed. The actual area of the midship section may be great or little without effect on the result, but if the breadth and draft be moderate and in proportion to the other elements of the design, the final measurement will be decreased, while if they be excessive, for the mere purpose of gaining extra power, the result will be increased.

Returning to our supposititious case, the two yachts will at the start stand on an equality under the proposed formula as under the present rule; when, however, one owner adds the fin and thus increases his draft at the same time retaining the old area of section, the increase of the ratio of the dimensions to the area will at once add to the yacht's measurement. It seems obvious that such is only fair, that the owner who makes the alteration should pay some just price for the longer lever he is using, as compared with his opponent, to do the same useful work.

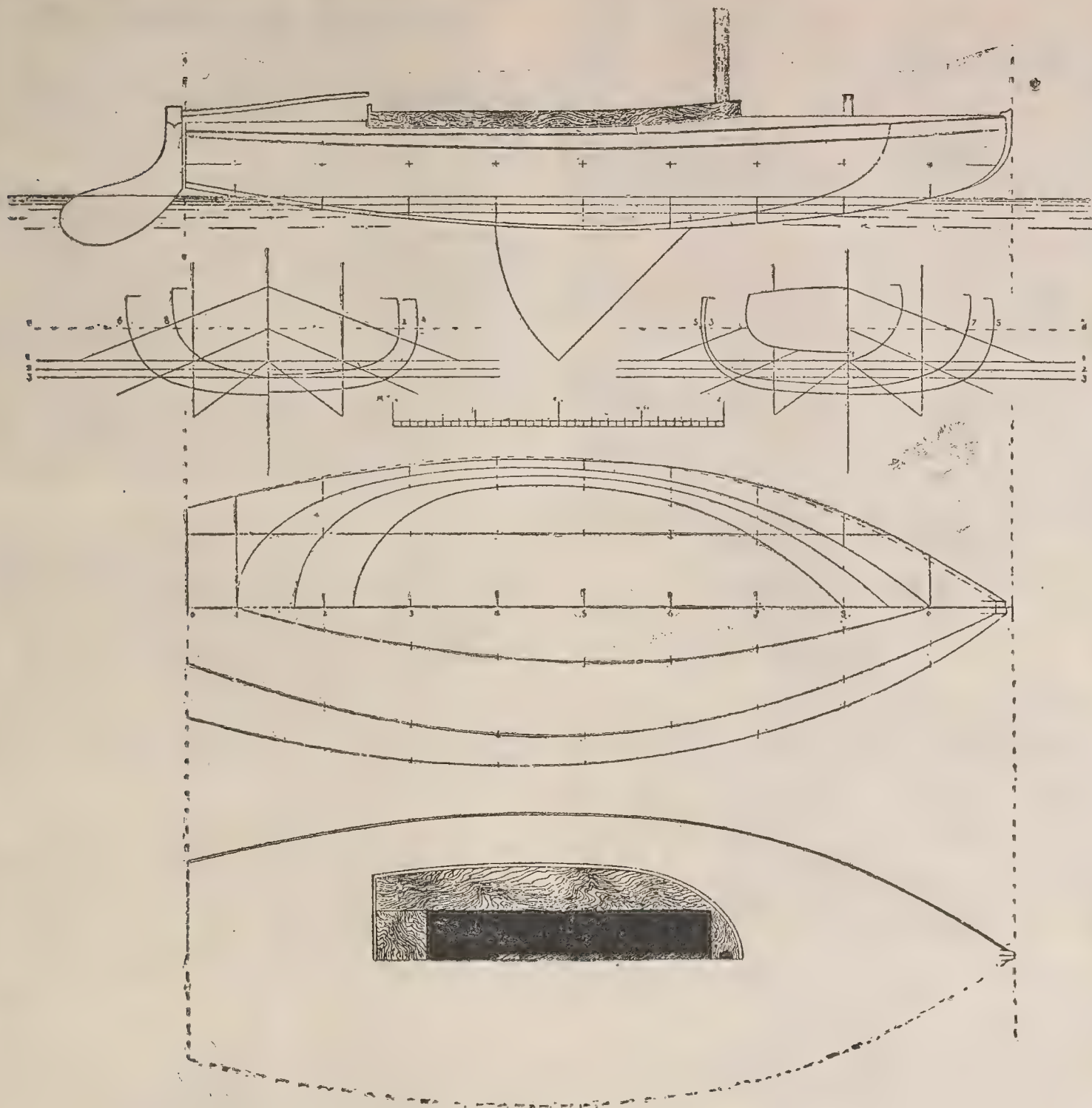
The underlying principle of this formula is that each man should pay a fair price for the possibilities of speed involved in the use of breadth and draft to give power. In the moderate type of yacht, such as Volunteer and Minerva with displacement and all dimensions harmoniously proportioned to give a good all-round ship as well as a speedy one, the form is compact, the area of midship section is large for the length of waterline and



purposes, and some of our large builders would, no doubt, be glad to undertake its formation for very much less than the actual cost provided they had the use of it except when required for measurement purposes. One such dock would be ample for all our clubs, the small classes being actually weighed, as suggested by Col. Bucknill.

Believing, as we firmly do, that no rule will be found thoroughly satisfactory until displacement is measured, we think that some attention should be given to the possibility of doing so.

In answer to the objections of the Yachtsman, as above to the complication and difficulty attending the



MONOTYPE DESIGN FOR CLUB NANTIQUE DE NICE. BY F. PICAMILP, ESQ., 1900.

the breadth and draft are moderate. In order to outbuild such yachts under existing rules one of two courses may be followed: If the area is preserved, thus doing the same amount of useful work in propelling the same displacement, one or both levers may be greatly increased, in most cases in large yachts the draft being increased to make a fin-keel. As a matter of course, the added sail thus carried gives greater speed, but not through any legitimate improvement in designing. The other course is to retain the existing breadth, draft and sail area, but to boldly cut away the area of section until there is really but a canoe hull to drive instead of the former roomy and comfortable yacht.

In the Hyslop formula displacement does not appear directly, as the same end is obtained by the use of the area of midship section. The relations between the two are so direct and apparently so fixed by the laws of naval architecture that they are practically convertible factors, either being used as may be most convenient. Given a fixed area of midship section, the displacement of any existing yacht may be quickly determined within a very close margin; and there is no reason to believe that it will be possible to depart to any appreciable extent from a rule that has thus far proved invariable.

In practical use the present factors of L.W.L. and sail are supplemented by three others, all easily ascertainable—breadth, draft and area of midship section. The latter in nearly all cases can now be had from the designer, to be verified if necessary by some simple measurements which may be taken as quickly as the girth, there being less difficulty in ascertaining the exact position for the measurement. The breadth is now taken under the Y. R. A. rule, and with the draft may easily be had from the yacht. The formula itself is simple and easily applied by any one who can measure a yacht under the Y. R. A. or the Seawanhaka rule. Like every rule yet devised, it tends to encourage some one general type; and what this type shall be—the heavy displacement cruiser, the fast cruiser or the racing machine—depends on the constant adopted.

It is impossible to foretell with absolute certainty the actual outcome of several years of designing, building and racing under any rule, and it is possible that a test might develop serious weakness in this one; but as far as can be now seen it promises more than any other proposal. Mr. Hyslop's diagnosis of the conditions and existing evils of yacht racing is more thorough, far reaching and scientific than anything of the kind yet attempted by individuals or committees, and his proposed remedy was devised to meet certain specific points. This we believe it will do in an effectual and satisfactory manner. Thus far, though the rule has been before the yachting public for several years, we have heard no pertinent and direct arguments against the formula itself or the reasoning on which it is based. Until these are presented we shall remain of our present opinion, that the discussion of details of special measuring docks and weighing machines is but a waste of time and a hindrance to actual progress. The Yachtsman says: "If some means were obtainable whereby the actual amount of water displaced by large yachts could be determined, we believe that a rule satisfactory to every one could be quickly formulated." This, to our mind, is reversing the natural operations in a way that is anything but advantageous. The first point is to establish the correct principles of yacht measurement; when this is done, and

not before, it will be in order to discuss material details. It may be that the best theoretical formula may prove impossible of application, in which case some less perfect but more practicable one must be found; but nothing can be accomplished by discussing first the details of application of a rule which may in itself prove to be faulty on further study. It would greatly help the dis-



Rosamond.

ACCORDING to the following from the Chicago Tribune, the yawl Rosamond, recently illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, is now on her way to the Great Lakes:

Winona, Minn., May 12.—A pretty yacht bearing across her stern the name Rosamond is anchored off the levee wall in the Mississippi River here. The yacht is making a notable trip, the first one of the kind ever attempted and now only made possible because of the Chicago Drainage Canal. The starting point of this journey was Eau Claire, Wis., and the terminus is Lake Michigan. This trip will demonstrate in a practical manner that there is in reality a great waterway between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago.

This yacht was built at Eau Claire for W. J. Starr, one of the wealthy citizens of that place. She was launched a few days ago and started on her journey down the Chippewa River. At Wabasha she floated out upon the Mississippi and will follow this channel to the mouth of the Illinois River, then to the Drainage Canal, and thence will proceed up that canal to Chicago. The yacht is fitted with a sixteen-horse power engine and a screw propeller, and it is this power that is being used on this trip. The narrow channel, coupled with the fact that there is seldom a favorable wind, makes the use of sails an impossibility.

On board the yacht are W. J. Starr, the owner; his daughter Miss Ruth and son William; Frank Sutton, of La Crosse; John S. Walker, pilot, and Edward Babrielson, a Norwegian sailor. The regular crew of the craft will consist of two sailors, a cook and a cabin boy.

Model Yachting.

THE model yacht sailors of Buffalo are desirous of establishing a club, and are looking for information and assistance from other followers of the sport. They have prepared the following circular letter to clubs in other cities, answers to which will be greatly appreciated:

Buffalo, N. Y., May 19.—Secretary ——— Model Y. C. C.: Dear Sir.—We feel that we are trespassing somewhat on your kindness and good nature in asking for advice and assistance, but knowing that most amateur sportsmen are ever ready and willing to help their brothers in need, we trust you will not be offended. We are desirous of establishing a model yacht club in Buffalo, such not being in existence at present.

The Hanley Twenty-five-Footers.

(From the Boston Globe.)

The "Hanley orphans," as the four Hanley boats that failed to qualify for the Y. R. A. cabin 25ft. class have facetiously been called, have found a home. Rejected by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts in its refusal to make a special class, they have been welcomed by the Hull-Massachusetts, and under the title of "Hull's Own" have been given races and offered prizes commensurate with the sport which they promise to furnish.

Ten races have been scheduled for them at Hull, and a handsome cup offered for the season's record, together with cash prizes for each of the races. With these and the races offered by the Quincy and other clubs, the boats of the "H. O." class are assured of plenty of racing against each other, while by a proposition voted by the Hull-Massachusetts regatta committee there is a chance for them to try conclusions with the regular Y. R. A. cabin boats of their length. Altogether they have fared very well in the settlement of the trouble, and the prompt action of their own club in making a home for them should relegate the title of "orphans" to deserved oblivion.

The formal establishment of the class was made by the following unanimous vote of the Hull-Massachusetts regatta committee last Friday afternoon:

"During the racing season of 1900 the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. will give a series of races for a special class, to be known as Hull's Own 25ft. cabin class, to which will be eligible the following boats: Al Kyris, J. Fred Brown, Orphan, Edwin Clapp; Hanley, W. F. Bache; Empress, Hayden and Parker, and such other boats conforming to the sail and ballast restrictions of the 25ft. cabin class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts as the regatta committee may admit. All boats entering in this class shall conform throughout the season to said sail and ballast restrictions.

"Races for this class shall be given on the following dates, when any of the above-named boats which are owned by club members may enter: Saturdays, June 2; July 7, 14, 21, 28; Aug. 4, 11, 25, and Sept. 8; and on Monday, June 18, when all boats which are eligible for the class shall be invited to compete.

"A cup will be offered as a championship prize for the club's series of races as scheduled for this class. The competition is open to yachts enrolled in the club. The championship will be awarded on the best average percentage for the series secured by a yacht under the system of giving 100 per cent. for first place in each race, 65 per cent for second place, 35 per cent for third place and 15 per cent. for a finish without securing first, second or third place. A yacht's average will be found by dividing her total percentage by the number of races sailed, but a yacht must compete in at least seven races to qualify for the season's championship."

The committee voted to make no change in its previous offer of a cup and \$150 for first place and \$75 for second place for the season's record for club boats in the regular Y. R. A. cabin 25ft. class, but decided to make the cash prizes in each class \$20 and \$10 for each race, with a third prize in case five or more boats enter. A change was made in the schedule for the Y. R. A. class. The races scheduled for Aug. 15, 16 and 17 were dropped because of conflict with the Annisquam series, and July 14, Aug. 11 and Sept. 7 were substituted. These dates do not conflict with any Y. R. A. races.

In order to bring the boats of the Y. R. A. and the "H. O." together with a view to determining their respective merits if their owners so desired, the committee further voted that if a majority of the owners in each of the two classes wished to start together on days on which races for both classes were scheduled, the committee would so start them, and would offer a prize for the season's record.

The Standard Boats of the U. S. Navy.

UNDER the direction of Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., there has just been published a very large volume containing the plans, specifications, etc., of all the boats now used in the United States Navy. For some years past the Navy Department has been engaged in the double task of improving and standardizing its boat designs, the result being shown in the new volume. The list includes some thirty different boats, from a 40ft. steam launch to a 10ft. dinghy, every detail of design, construction and cost being given for each. The different classes are arranged in groups, each having its own fittings, which are specially designed, down to the smallest cleat and hook. Over 200 large plates are used in illustration, many excellent photos of completed boats in the shop or afloat being given. It is difficult to estimate correctly the great value of such a comprehensive and practical work.

We have many enthusiastic modelers and excellent water facilities, but are very much in the dark regarding details of organization and rules for governing the organization when formed.

We should esteem it a very great favor if you would forward to us a copy of the by-laws of your club and any other information that you think would help us in our efforts along this line.

Thanking you in advance for any assistance you may tender to us, we are yours sincerely,

SIDNEY S. BATT.

JAMES S. COCKBURN.

25 Iroquois street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Huguenot Y. C.

THE Huguenot Y. C. will open the racing season on Long Island Sound with a special race for the raceabouts, 25ft. cabin sloops and dories on May 19, starting at 2:30 P. M. The race is open to yachts of recognized clubs. Entries may be made up to 5 P. M., May 18, to J. Nelson Gould, chairman of regatta committee, 132 Park avenue, New York.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Kingston Y. C. was held on May 8, the following officers being elected: Com., Dr. Black; Vice-Com., Capt. J. Bruce Carruthers; Rear-Com., James MacNee; secretary, R. E. Burns; Executive Committee, Frank Strange, H. Richardson, T. Rigney, J. E. Cunningham and W. Kent; Regatta Committee, F. H. MacNee, Frank Strange, James Conway, A. Dalton and J. McD. Mowat.

A resolution of condolence over the death of H. Cotton, private, killed in South Africa, was passed.

A new yacht club, named the Clan-na-Gael Y. C., has been organized by the Irish citizens of Greenpoint, L. I., with the following officers: Com., Lawrence Kennedy; Vice-Com., George Gledhill; Fleet Capt., Eugene Ameli; Rear-Com., Henry Austin; Meas., George Nason; Rec. Sec'y, George H. Rogers; Fin. Sec'y, Herman Wagner; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Valentine.

The club will have a station on or near Bowery Bay.

Xara, cutter, one of the first Burgess 40-footers, has been sold by W. I. and E. C. Van Wart to G. W. Scott.

After a stormy trip down the coast from Deer Island, Me., the schooner yacht Brynlys, recently purchased by James Roosevelt, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has put up at the Poillon shipyards, Brooklyn, where she is to be converted into an auxiliary. Capt. A. P. Newell and a crew of three men left Deer Island with the Brynlys April 28. Rough weather was encountered throughout the voyage, and the high seas made it necessary to put in at Boothbay, Salem, Hyannis and Vineyard Haven. At Poillon's shipyard the Brynlys will undergo minor repairs and an overhauling, in addition to being fitted as an auxiliary. Five or six weeks will be required for this work, after which the yacht will be placed in commission for use as a cruiser and racer in neighboring waters. The Brynlys was designed and built by Rice Brothers at East Boothbay, Me., in 1897, and was formerly owned by Thomas B. Horner, of Philadelphia. She measures 60ft. over all, 40ft. on the water line, 13ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. 6in. draft.—New York Times.

Ludeah, keel cutter, has been sold by Chas. L. Seabury to J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, who will use her about Bar Harbor.

The Oceanic Y. C., of Jersey City, has elected the following officers: Com., George Dadson; Vice-Com., James Pray; Fin. Sec'y, Frank Van Winkle; Cor. Sec'y, Wm. Palmer; Treas., Daniel Horbelt; Meas., Benj. Carr; Trustees, John Donelan, James Golden, John Hatfield; House Committee, Benj. Du Boise, R. Hawthorne, Oscar Peterson, Wm. Rigmaiden, Daniel Horbelt; Regatta Committee, F. Van Winkle, Louie Lindemann, J. Pray.

It is said that the French are still very undecided as to which boat to choose to defend the International cup of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. The probable defender, Sidi Fekkar, is reported to be very erratic in her performances, sometimes beating last year's defender, Beluga, and at others finishing far astern of all the French 1-raters. The English boat Scotia was designed by Mr. Linton Hope for the Mediterranean in 1899, and is probably a better boat than Linton, although the latter has proved herself to be the fastest of the Mediterranean 1-raters during the last three years. Scotia was certainly race at a considerable disadvantage for the International cup, because Mr. Linton Hope designed her for sailing in the open sea, and at 0.74-rating, whereas she will now have to sail in confined waters against boats of fully 1-rating without time allowance. Her designer will do his best to cope with the very difficult task of tackling much bigger and more powerful boats than his own. Scotia's sail area has been increased from 370 sq. ft. to 400 sq. ft. in the working sails, and she will have an enormous spinnaker for light airs, bringing her total sail area up to 443 sq. ft., and making her rating 0.86. However, with Mr. Linton Hope at the helm, there is no doubt that the utmost will be got out of the boat, and in spite of the great difference in rating, amounting to 0.14 in favor of the French yacht, the race is by no means a foregone conclusion. The matches will be sailed at Meulan on alternate days from May 11 to May 19.—The Field.

The new one-design fleet of the Marine & Field Club, of Bath Beach, will include eight boats, as follows: Sweetheart, Frederick Fiske and Edward A. Sumner; Vixen, W. Baylor and C. C. Cone; Esperance, Crowell Haddon and F. L. Dunnell; Kelpie, William K. Brown; Quinque, Louis L. Smith and J. G. Hilliard; Stinger, Arthur P. Clapp; Skylark, L. S. Eaton, and Flying Fox, George L. Buckman. These boats, designed and built

by Wyckoff Bros., of Clinton, Conn., are 25ft. 6in. over all, 17ft. 1in. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. breadth, 9in. draft of hull, 4ft. 3in. draft with board and 360 sq. ft. sail area. Regular races will be sailed through the season on Gravesend Bay.

Enterprise, steam yacht, Nelson Perin, has been thoroughly overhauled during the winter at the Morgan Iron Works, New York, new boilers being installed. She made a trial trip on the Sound last week, and when fitted out she will sail on a long cruise in European waters.

Niagara II., steam yacht, Howard Gould, sailed from New York on May 7 with Mr. and Mrs. Gould and friends on board, for a long cruise to Europe.

The Baltimore Y. C. opened its racing season on May 5 with a race for the 15ft. class, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
Kitten	3 49 50	5 01 04
Norah	3 49 57	5 01 40
Hella	3 50 26	5 02 17
Crest	3 50 01	5 03 25
Maia	3 50 01	5 04 01

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

May 18.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Open target shoot of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

May 15-18.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. J. M. Runk, Cor. Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Newell, Ia.—Amateur target tournament of the Newell Gun Club. H. G. Hall, Sec'y.

May 16-17.—Chicago Junction, O.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Deer Lick Gun Club. J. M. Elder, Pres.

May 17-18.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Two days' tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club. B. J. Bostwick, Sec'y.

May 21.—Fitchburg, Mass.—Shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—Marshalltown, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament. L. C. Abbott, Sec'y.

May 23.—Newcastle, Pa.—One-day tournament of the Newcastle Gun Club. Henry P. Shaner, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-25.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament; two days at live birds; one day at targets.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added. V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 25.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebortner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 29.—London, O.—Cast iron medal contest between R. O. Heikes, holder, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Warwick, N. Y.—All-day target shoot; open to all; Rose system.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—John S. Wright's Decoration Day live-bird shoot.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Decoration Day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day Decoration Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day target shoot and handicap shoot, Decoration Day, of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York.

May 30.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association shoot. H. B. Perry, M.D., Pres.

May 30-31.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament. J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

May 31-June 1.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club; bluerocks. L. Hezzelwood, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, Mgr.

June 6-7.—Memphis, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap Target Tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Marion, Ind.—Marion Gun Club's bluerock and live-bird tournament; two days bluerocks; one day live birds. E. E. Jones, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 17-19.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

Concerning the American shooters abroad the Sun of May 15 has the following: "The Members' Challenge cup, a trophy worth £100, added to a £5 sweepstakes, was shot for at the London Gun Club traps on April 28. C. S. Guthrie and W. G. Brokaw shot, but failed to get any part of the money. Guthrie killed 5 out of 6 and Brokaw 4 out of 7 birds. D. G. Reid, Guthrie and W. W. Watrous shot in the Newmarket £5 handicap sweepstakes, with a £30 cup added. D. G. Reid won third prize, £12, with 10 straight kills. C. G. Guthrie was beaten by 1 bird, after having killed 18 out of 20 for first prize in the Club Fund Challenge cup. He challenged the winner, H. Baker, to a match for £50 a side. Baker agreed to shoot for £10, and in the next shoot Baker beat Guthrie by 1 bird. D. I. Bradley and W. S. Edey made their first appearance at the club on May 3. They shot for the Amberette cup, worth £50. It was won by Baron de Pallandt. Bradley was second, missing 1 bird. His share of the money was £27. Edey killed 5, Watrous 2 and Guthrie 0. In a £2 sweepstakes, with fourteen shooters, W. S. Edey divided the stakes with Mr. Haviland. W. W. Watrous won a £2 sweepstakes from the 30yd. mark at Hurlingham, on April 3."

Mr. L. C. Abbott, secretary of the I. S. S. A., Marshalltown, Ia., writes us as follows under date of May 11: "A number of wild rumors have been circulated throughout the State regarding the smallpox epidemic in Marshalltown, and I have received numerous letters every day from sportsmen throughout the country regarding this scare, and wondering whether it would be safe to come to Marshalltown to attend the tournament this month. There is no local scare whatever in Marshalltown regarding this disease. We have quarantined (including cases and suspects) about thirty people. Of these there are twelve cases of light smallpox. We are going ahead with our shoot, and expect to have a large attendance. I am unable to write personally to all the sportsmen throughout the country, and so take this means of notifying, through FOREST AND STREAM, all persons who wish to attend the tournament, that they are perfectly safe in so doing. The quarantine laws are rigidly enforced, and the cases are isolated from the settled part of the city. I will thank you kindly to give this attention in your next issue."

The tie for the cup between Messrs. Wilson and Furgerson, of Yale, was shot off on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club on May 9. Each shot at 30 targets. Wilson broke 34, Furgerson 22, the former thus winning. The annual Intercollegiate Gun Club shoot took place on May 5, four teams contesting, the scores, etc., on May 9. Each shot at 30 targets. Wilson broke 24, Furgerson 20, Dana 38, Blake 32, Kinney 30, Mallinckrodt 42; total 179. Princeton—Spear 29, Laughlin 36, Carman 36, Wither 31, McMillan 40; total 172. University of Pennsylvania—Cooper 37, Parrish 27, Jacques 24, Carlisle 26, Baldwin 35; total 140.

The New Haven Gun Club's Decoration Day shoot, May 30, has an attractive programme of thirteen events, nine at 10 targets, four at 15 targets, 150 in all, with entrances of 50 and 75 cents and \$1. All targets thrown at unknown angles. Less than twelve entries, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; over twelve entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Everybody welcome. Any one may shoot for targets only. Take State street cars to Schuetzen Park. Targets, 1 cent, included in entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. President, B. W. Claridge; Secretary, John E. Bassett.

In a ten-men team contest between teams representing Ohio and Kentucky, on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club on May 7, the Kentucky team won by a score of 176 to 156. Each man shot at 20 targets. Mr. Emile Prago, of Louisville was captain of the Kentucky team, the like office being filled by Mr. Milt F. Lindsley, the ballistic expert of the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati.

The fixtures arranged to take place at Interstate Park this week are as follows: A match between Messrs. Cannon and Steffens, 100 birds each, \$100; and Saunders cup shoot; Thursday, live-bird shoot of the Fountain Gun Club; Friday, target shoot of the Medicus Gun Club; Saturday, regular weekly shoot of the Medicus Gun Club.

Mr. E. E. Jones, secretary of the gun club at Marion, Ind., writes us as follows: "As we are to hold a live-bird and bluerock shooting tournament during the Elks' carnival in our city, June 11-17, please announce the dates June 12, 13, 14, two days at targets and one day at live birds." His address is 935 S. Branson street.

The annual shoot of the Canajoharie, N. Y., Gun Club, to be held on May 30, has a programme of fifteen events, each at 15 targets, entrance \$1.30, targets included. Ten dollars in cash for best average in events 5 to 14 inclusive will be added. Moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Charles Weeks is the secretary.

Mr. E. R. Wilbur, Jr., president of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, Fitchburg, Mass., announces dates for the club's shoots as follows: May 20, all-day shoot; July 4, all-day shoot; Wednesday, May 16, at 2 P. M.; Monday, May 21, at 2 P. M.; Friday, June 8, at 2 P. M.; Wednesday, June 13, at 2 P. M.

In the team contest between Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City; the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, and the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, of Rockaway Park, L. I., six men on a team, the former were victorious by a score of 144, each man shooting at 30 targets.

The Fulton Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot and handicap cup shoot, open to all, on Decoration Day, on their grounds, East New York, in Brooklyn, L. I. The secretaries are Messrs. Bob Schneider and A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475, New York city.

Mr. Joe George, of San Antonio, Tex., has taken up a residence at Bellport, L. I., for the summer. He is taking some practice betimes with a view to compete well in the great Interstate Handicap Target Tournament in June.

The match between Mr. R. L. Packard and "Dr. Woods" at 50 live birds, which took place at Interstate Park on May 10, was closely contested, Packard winning by 1 bird. The scores were 37 to 36.

The New Haven Gun Club's club house was injured by fire on the morning of Wednesday, May 9, to the extent of \$350. Fortunately the property was insured. The damage will be repaired immediately.

The dates of the tenth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association have been changed from July 17-19 to July 10-12 on account of the Moberly shoot.

The Dixie Gun Club, of Pensacola, Fla., has been reorganized, and will hold shoots with a magatrap and bluerocks as factors in the problem of target-shooting.

The shoot for the Interstate Park Association's sterling silver trophy, fixed to be held on May 15, has been postponed to a date which will be determined later.

In the contest for the St. Louis Republic cup between Messrs.

Fifteen singles and five pairs:
Wadsworth 111111111111115- 01 11 11 11.11-9-24
E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Illinois State Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 7.—The twenty-sixth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association turned out to-day what is no doubt the largest attendance in the history of the organization. The grounds were fairly taxed to the limit of their capacity. The first event of the day, a 7-bird shoot at live birds, ran close up to the half-century mark, and in No. 2 event, at 10 birds, there were fifty-five shooters, with fifty-four engaging in target shooting, and most of them going well through the programme. As this is the opening day of the shoot, and the first day of the week, there is every reason to suppose that the later attendance will be satisfactory beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The grounds at Watson's Park are being utilized to their full extent. The two sets of live-bird traps remain in place as before at the grounds, but to the left of the grounds a high fence has been built, protecting from the live-bird field three sets of target traps, arranged in a line and at right angles to the live-bird field. The scoring and cash office of the target factory are covered by a temporary roof, which also protects the firing line at a portion of the score. The live-bird cash office is located in the club house proper. Three or four tents eke out the roof expanse and add space to the restaurant facilities. Every arrangement has been made to accommodate the old grounds to a crowd greater than their wont—and the facilities will be none too great.

The following is the arrangement of the ground staff:

Mr. John Watson, manager of the grounds, is in supreme command as to the grounds, ground rules, etc.

Live-bird Traps.—Mr. John Watson in charge at No. 1; Mr. Ike Watson in charge at No. 2.

In cashier's office, Wm. Bruce Leffingwell, secretary Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, with George Watson and W. Faasch assistants and in charge of cash.

Target Grounds.—Mr. Ed Bingham was in command of the target traps, squad hustlers and all matters pertaining to the target shooting.

Office.—Receiving and disbursing of cash, Mr. E. J. Boehl.

Squad, squad cards, scores and division of moneys in target events, Mr. F. E. Copperrall.

Official compiler both of target and live-bird and general press, Mr. A. C. Paterson.

The weather to-day was exceptionally beastly, and indeed could hardly have been worse under any circumstances. A nasty rain fell off and on throughout the day, and there was just wind enough to make the rain come in slantwise. The grounds were a sea of water, and in fact all the southern part of Chicago is half submerged this week. It takes more than a little rain, however, to reach the high-water mark of good spirits with a trapshooting crowd such as this, and everybody was good-natured in spite of the grief.

The targets were shot according to the Sergeant system, with the exception of the L. C. Smith cup races. Targets were thrown at 2 cents, and live birds were trapped at 25 cents. All ties divided, excepting the Board of Trade badge event. A. S. A. rules governed, except that the live-bird score is set at 30yds. instead of 29.

The shooters who have come to the Illinois State shoot surely have ample reward to tempt their ambition. The cash prizes, both in targets and birds, are considerable, and there never was a greater display of cups, medals, etc. Besides the Board of Trade badge and Smith cup, the historical trophies of the Association, there are the four team medals donated by the officers of the Association, the Dupont trophy, the Juergens and Andersen medal, the Great Northern Hotel loving cup, the Spaulding & Co. medal, a \$100 Parker gun, etc.

To-day was open to all, and the outside delegation was exceptionally strong. High honors of the day were captured by outsiders. Fred Gilbert won the Juergens and Andersen medal, but he had a hard run for it, Parmelee, of Omaha, trotting him as hot a race as he could ask, clear up to the 32d bird in the tie. Klein, of Spirit Lake, got within sight of the finish with 27 birds, and Joe Barto, of Chicago, and Wells, also of Chicago, were just back of Klein. Fred probably felt that he had been to a shooting match, when it took four times as many tie birds to settle the tie as it did to go straight in the main event.

The honors in the target field were captured by Deterline, of Keithsburg, the same town which produced the Hon. Thomas A. Marshall. Deterline, under conditions certainly of the hardest, lost only three targets out of 175 shot at, and he made the highest run, 89 straight. Commenting on the fact that two such good shooters came from the same town, Frank Parmelee says that "they raise shooters down at Keithsburg, bec-c-a-use they c-c-c-can't raise anything else." The following are the officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association for 1900 shoot:

E. S. Rice, President, Chicago; T. A. Marshall, First Vice-President, Keithsburg; T. P. Laffin, Second Vice-President, Rock Island; W. B. Leffingwell, Secretary and Treasurer, Chicago; Directors, Fred H. Lord, Chicago; C. M. Powers, Decatur; T. P. Hicks, Chicago; J. H. Amberg, Chicago; Jacob Rehm, Blue Island.

The following are the scores of the first day, open to all: First event, 7 live pigeons, \$5 entrance, including birds; money divided 60 and 40 per cent. Those tying for first money shoot off miss-and-out for 500 shells, 12 gauge, loaded with Ballistite powder and donated by J. H. Lau & Co., New York.

Second event, 10 live pigeons, \$10 entrance including birds; money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. All ties divided. Those making the highest score in second event divide money prize and shoot off miss-and-out for the medal donated by Juergens & Andersen. Medal becomes the personal property of the winner. Those tying for second place divide money prize and shoot off miss-and-out for 1,000 shells, 12 gauge, loaded with Ballistite powder, donated by J. H. Lau & Co., New York.

Live Birds, First Day.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Sconce	021111-6	*21222222-9
Tramp	2022122-6	1121212221-10
Palmyra	2022122-6	
Odell	0221122-6	1222021021-8
Marshall	2222222-7	2222222-9
Mrs Murray	111121*-6	2102121010-7
E S Rice	211*222-6	2102111121-10
Sperry	*21211-6	2221*2211-9
De Long	2121222-7	1221212112-10
Stephens	1212020-5	2202122112-9
Deal	1111122-7	202*21212-8
Dunn	2212202-6	0222222222-9
Mackie	2101222-6	2222222200-8
Blietz	1222122-7	0111122212-9
Laffin	0212122-6	1010211122-8
Roll	2*02221-5	2222102211-9
Leffingwell	2021222-6	1220212222-9
Powers	2202222-6	
Capt Smith	2221222-7	2020222220-7
Riehl	2222221-7	2001222012-7
French	2122222-7	
Parker	2220222-6	
Hirshy	2022212-6	2222212122-10
Scott	2220212-6	2122112222-10
Jackson	2021211-4	
Felton	0002122-4	
Busch	2211222-7	2212212022-9
Burnside	2210222-6	012102202-7
S Miller	2222222-7	
Donaldson	2222222-7	
Deterline	2222202-5	
Ellett	2001112-5	2222211222-10
Barto	2022222-6	2002212122-8
Heikes	2222222-7	2002222222-8
Cad	0220122-5	2002222222-8
Loomis	2222222-7	2222222222-10
Parmelee	2222212-7	2222222222-10
Budd	1122222-7	2211222211-10
Gilbert	0222122-6	2222222222-10
Klein	2220220-5	2222222222-10
Harbaugh	2022021-5	2211122221-10
McBroom	2211112-7	1222202211-9
A Miller	221020w	11122*1121-9
Gubtill	1121022-6	0120122112-8
Dilig	2222222-7	2222222222-10
Cool	2*21112-6	21212*222-9
Franklin	1122112-7	
Peterman	1010222-4	1212212121-10
Steck	1212222-7	1102111121-9
White	22*2212-6	
C J Johnson	212112*222-9	
J White	22222222-7-10	
V Boltstein	211222212-10	
Crosby	221222221-10	
Morris	1122212202-9	
H Levi	2002200210-5	
H Boltstein	2122111101-9	

Grimm	2202222212-9
Palmer	2102222212-8
Hart	111212212-10
S Johnson	0222122122-9
Alford	212102001-7
Fortier	2202121121-9
Wells	1112221112-10
Dr Shaw	22222222*2-9
Argaves	0122012122-8

Ties on first in second event:	
Gilbert	2222222222222222112222222222-32
Parmelee	2222222222222222222222222222-31
Klein	2222222222222222222222222222-28
Wells	1112122112221112111121210-26
Barto	22122222212221111112222220-25
Loomis	2222122211220-12
Powers	222212222110-11
V Boltstein	212212221210-11
Tramp	22221220-7
Peterman	21212110-7
Hirshy	222220-5
De Long	111210-5
Scott	2220-3
J Lewis	220-1
Harbaugh	10-1
Hart	10-1
Crosby	20-1
Budd	0-0
Rice	0-0

The Targets.

The programme called for 175 targets, distributed in ten events, alternating 15 and 20 targets, \$2 and \$2.50 entrance, four moneys in the first and five in the second race. The Association added \$20 to first high average, \$10 to second high average, and \$5 to third high average, open to all finishing the programme. The target tables follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Heikes	14	20	14	18	14	20	13	20	14	16
Crosby	14	17	15	20	15	19	15	15	20	20
Kike	14	20	15	18	14	19	14	19	15	19
Courtney	13	20	12	19	11	18	13	20	12	17
Burnsides	11	17	12	18	11	20	10	15	11	11
Budd	14	18	15	17	13	20	13	19	12	17
Parmelee	14	19	12	19	13	17	14	17	15	17
Gilbert	14	20	14	19	14	19	14	18	15	20
Loomis	11	15	13	15	15	18	14	18	12	18
Klein	12	15	11	17	12	19	14	18	13	16
Latshaw	13	17	10	17	14	16	10	17	10	19
Alford	12	19	12	17	11	15	15	19	13	20
Riehl	12	18	13	17	14	18	14	18	13	18
Mrs Johnson	9	15	10	19	14	16	12	16	13	17
Mackey	10	14	15	13	14	16	12	11	11	11
Hirshy	12	18	15	19	15	19	14	18	13	19
Parker	12	16	14	18	14	19	14	17	14	17
Johnson	13	13	14	14	13	15	9	16	14	17
French	13	18	13	18	12	15	14	16	12	14
Powers	15	19	12	20	13	19	14	19	15	19
Marshall	12	16	14	18	15	20	13	20	15	20
Sconce	14	20	15	18	14	18	15	20	15	19
Cad	13	18	13	16	13	17	13	19	14	16
Roll	14	16	12	18	11	20	15	19	13	19
Stephens	8	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Argaves	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Sperry	14	18	13	16	12	18	14	18	11	11
Palmyra	11	16	11	18	14	19	13	17	11	11
Deal	12	9	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Jackson	12	13	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Garrett	13	17	13	18	15	20	14	17	13	13
De Long	14	18	15	13	11	11	11	13	13	13
Steck	14	17	13	13	12	20	14	19	14	14
Sanford	13	15	12	14	14	18	12	19	13	13
Laffin	11	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Donaldson	13	17	15	16	12	17	12	17	13	18
F Adams	14	19	14	18	11	19	11	19	11	11
A Miller	13	15	12	11	11	15	11	15	11	11
Sett	15	19	15	20	15	20	14	19	14	19
Connor	14	19	12	18	14	18	14	19	14	18
Grimm	17	14	19	14	20	14	19	11	11	11
Murphy	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Gubtill	11	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
G Miller	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Graham	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
B Dunnell	12	14	19	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Mrs Murray	14	18	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Barto	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
W Dunnell	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Harris	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Fortier	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Blietz	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Lovell	11	18	11	18	11	18	11	18	11	18
Dr Shaw	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Tuesday, Second Day, May 8.

The weather continued most annoyingly bad. Rain fell nearly all day at intervals, making the target score unpleasant and rendering the work of the target office difficult and irksome. The light was bad, and straight scores were few and far between.

Two capital events of the State fixtures were reached to-day, the State Team contest and the L. C. Smith cup race. Both of these events broke the records. The unprecedented entry of thirty-nine live-bird teams, or 136 men in all, is certainly a grand showing for the State of Illinois, and it took many unfamiliar faces at the score to make it. The Smith cup race had fifty-eight entries, which is three above the highest entry heretofore.

At the target score there were plenty of open events besides the Smith cup, which was open only to Illinois shooters. The shooting was hard enough to puzzle the best of the boys, Gilbert, for instance, losing 3 birds in one 15-target event in the afternoon, though he had only 2 out of 90 in the morning. Heikes and Marshall tied for first average, 216 out of 225. The highest squad record was made by Parmelee, Gilbert, Budd, Loomis and Klein: 94 out of 100.

Convention Postponed for Prize Fight.

The convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was to have been held to-night at the Great Northern Hotel. There is, however, an interesting prize fight in town to-night, and in view of this fact the convention was postponed, and will be held to-morrow on the grounds at 4 o'clock. We do not lose sight of the fact that the chief purpose of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, as emphasized in many earlier conventions, is that of game protection.

White Elephant Cash System.

At the live-bird office George Watson took care of cash, and there was no delay or dissatisfaction, but at the target office, on the left-hand side of the grounds, there was a great deal of delay and discomfort caused the shooters by the singular system employed, which was something described by all the shooters as entirely new and entirely undesirable. The system of paying out moneys to the shooters was slow and cumbersome in the extreme, and kept everybody waiting an exasperating length of time. It also entailed an enormous amount of duplicate clerical work on the office force, which kept them balled up all the time. This was to-day without doubt the worst run target office ever seen at a big shoot, and it cost time where time was valuable. To briefly illustrate, there was a double system of check kept on the cash. Suppose that a shooter had money coming to him in seven different events. He stepped up to the fence—there was no window—and asked the cashier for his money. Before the cashier lay many dozens of cards. The cashier hunted out of these the ones containing the record and amounts due this shooter. Then he hunted up seven envelopes containing the respective amounts due this shooter in the seven events. All this naturally took time. Then the cashier asked the shooter to stamp across the face of the tickets, with a rubber stamp, the name of the president of the Association. When he had this done he was asked to sign his name on the outside of each of the envelopes. One would think that now he might take his envelopes and be happy, but such was not the case. The cashier now took from the envelopes the figures written on their faces, wrote these amounts down in columns in his book and added them all up. The total represented the sum due the shooter. The shooter now expected to get his money, but he didn't. The cashier gathered all seven of his envelopes up, and also gathered his seven cards, properly stamped, and compared the one with the other. Then he paid the shooter out of the cash box, and left all the envelopes standing there, with their cash in change as already counted out! By the time the shooter got his money the squad hustler was begging him to come and get into

line and shoot. The slightest review of the above will show the interminable delay, which past experience in many big shoots shows to be entirely unnecessary. It was the worst to-day, by reason of the inconvenient quarters. The shooter had sometimes to reach over a high wire fence to sign his name, and he had to sign it twice for every envelope he got, or didn't get. I do not know who invented this system, but the boys called it the white elephant system. Just at dusk a little whirlwind came along and blew about 400 of the cards over to Pullman. This was rough on Mr. Copperrall, who said he would have to sit up all night rewriting the cards from the records!

The compiler of scores, Mr. A. C. Paterson, did his work in the house back of No. 1 live-bird score, and he did it efficiently and with courtesy to all the press. This was by all means the best handling of the news ever given at an Illinois State shoot, and the smoothness of this detail was much appreciated by the newspaper men, who got their scores at the close of each day.

The State Team Shoot.

The State team shoot was a mammoth affair, quite the biggest ever seen here, and perhaps the largest we shall ever see. Of course, in some instances there were several teams from one club; indeed there was a prize offered for the club entering the largest number of teams. Crescent Gun Club, of Chicago, and Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, each entered four teams, and shot off for the honor, Garden City winning the prize—the Great Northern Hotel cup.

There was some feeling evinced by many of the shooters from different parts of the State over the entry of the Du Pont team No. 1, composed of Marshall, Crosby, Powers and Bingham, it being said that they were there to win, and for nothing else, and that they were not a bona fide team; that Crosby was not clearly a resident of the State, etc. If memory serves, there was some such trouble last year over a similar circumstance, and it is said that this year Dixon Gun Club team, one of the old standbys of the Association, is not present for that reason. Investigation appears to show the entry within bounds of regular procedure. Mr. Crosby at the New York State shoot declined to go on a State team, saying then that he was a resident of Illinois and could not shoot as a resident of New York. There were perhaps other teams not made up of men living in one town. Thus the Reddick team, which also shot into first place in the tie, was properly to be called the Tri-County Gun Club, and it is made up of shooters from Grundy, Will and Kankakee counties. If the ethics of this sort of thing seem not what they should be, the matter should be more properly taken up in the convention for action by way of a rule limiting the membership to residents within a certain described district, or to one county. The mere winning of a team should not interfere, nor be allowed to interfere, with the greater good of the Association. There is not the slightest doubt that the incident of to-day was of distinct injury to the Association. Chicago was not the chief kicker, but many country teams said they would never come out again. It is for the members of the Du Pont team to say, not whether or not they are "regularly incorporated," but whether they are honorably organized as a bona fide club.

For first place in the team shoot there were four ties, Du Pont No. 1, Reddick, Garden City No. 2 and Garfield, all of which scored 37. For second place, on 36, Eureka No. 1 and Garden City No. 1 were tied. Third Place, 35, was divided by Garden City No. 2, Illinois No. 1, Long Lake, Twin City and Rock Island. Rockford team was alone in fourth place, 34.

Gingery Tie.

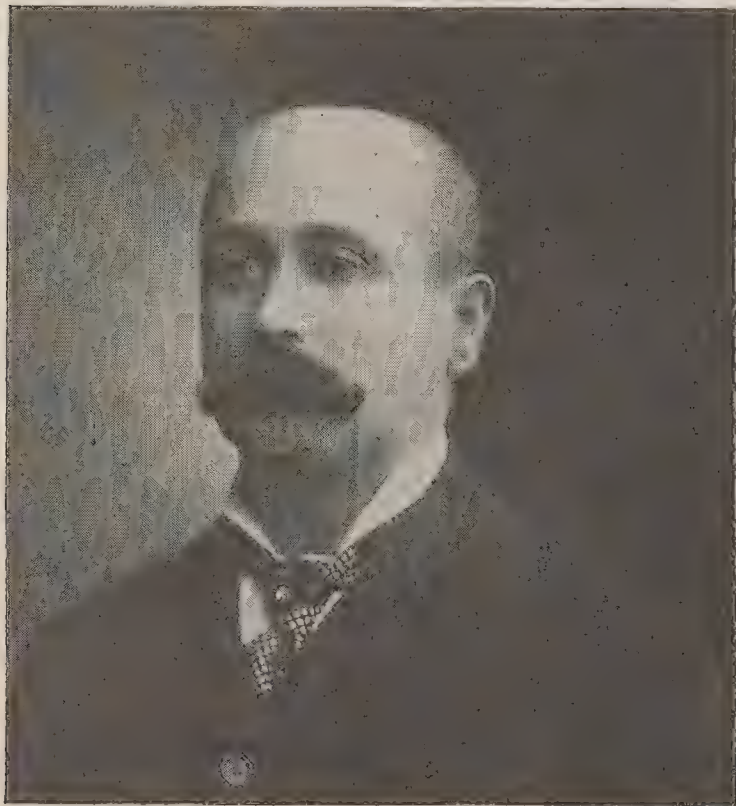
The finish in the first flight of the team contest was a gingery affair, the more so as the feeling above referred to was not altogether out of evidence on the grounds. The Du Pont team shot steadily on, crowded hard by Garfield and by Garden City No. 2. Reddick fell out of it. Kuss was the first Garfield man to drop a bird, the others of Garfield shooting a strong gait. Then Leffingwell fell down for the Garden City, which set that team back with Garfield. The rest of the Garden City killed out for the tie of 3 birds, and it was all set for Du Pont to win if Eddie Bingham killed his last bird. Crosby had barely managed to score one of his birds out in the deep field, and it seemed luck was with the boys of this team. Eddie, however, tired out by a hard week at Springfield, and by his duties as target chief to-day, was hardly himself, and he did not center his bird. It went over the wire, dead out, and the tie was therefore on again, with the other two clubs left in!

They went on, and once more Eddie had the

Rockford Gun Club.	Grand Crossing G. C., Chicago.
Vance	Ruple
Jarvis	Healey
Haines	Dunann
Henry	O'Connell
Ohio No. 2, Ohio, Ill.	Crescent No. 2.
Brown	Dr Parker
Aughey	Dr Friend
Lechner	Bradley
Dayton	Lloyd
Blue Island Gun Club.	Elgin No. 2.
Airey	Freeman
Roll	Graunew
Roberts	Andrews
Krueger	Rich
Eureka No. 3, Chicago.	Crescent No. 3.
Wright	White
Lovell	Burkholder
Carson	Thompson
Dr Morton	Tinn
Aledo Gun Club, Aledo.	Piper City Gun Club.
Ellett	Cruthers
Cool	Gubtill
Deterline	Harris
A. Miller	Fortier
Audubon No. 1, Chicago.	Crescent No. 4.
Odell	Jim
Felton	Carlisle
J. Kleinman	Emery
Sturdevant	Anderson
Team ties on first:	
Du Pont No. 1.	Garfield Gun Club.
Marshall	Shaw
Crosby	Kuss
Powers	Hicks
Bingham	Palmer
Garden City No. 2.	Reddick Gun Club.
Amberg	Wright
Alabaster	Matteson
Leffingwell	Powell
Hess	Barr

The L. C. Smith Cup.

Out of the fifty-eight entries for the L. C. Smith cup race only two men succeeded in breaking 20 straight to-day, Billy Crosby and Eddie Bingham. The tie between these two was but brief, Crosby scoring his 5 straight in the tie, Bingham missing his sec-



J. B. BARTO.
Winner of Dupont Trophy.

ond, Crosby won. Bingham has previously won this cup. The two will divide next year's entry. Score: The L. C. Smith cup, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets. The winner of the cup this year will receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of the entries at next year's inanimate target event; the winner to execute a bond in the sum of \$500 to guarantee the production of the cup next year; 20 targets, entrance \$5. Shot over three expert traps, unknown traps, known angles, one man up. Entries closed upon calling first shooters to the score. First prize, the L. C. Smith cup; second prize, cash \$50; third prize, cash \$25; fourth prize, cash \$15; fifth prize, cash \$10.

Cunningham	1100111011111111110-16
H B Morgan	011100101000w
D S Barr	000101100001w
Powers	111111001011111111-17
Marshall	111111010101001011-15
Crosby	111111111111111111-20
Rich	011101011111110110-15
Connors	110110101111111110-16
Minner	111111011111111001-17
Bradley	10111101000w
Clempton	111011110110101100-14
Gubtill	011111111110111111-18
Leshner	111011011101100001-13
H Dunnell	111111011111111111-19
Steck	100010111110111111-15
A S Miller	111011110111111110-17
Studley	111011100110111111-15
Adams	110111110110111111-17
Footer	001011111111111111-13
Crothers	011001111111001100-13
Bingham	111111111111111111-20
F Stannard	11010101110110100-13
Lovell	111111101111111111-18
W Stannard	111111111111011111-19
Wright	110011011111110110-15
Woodford	111111110111111011-18
Martin	011010101111100000-11
Dayton	1111010011100001001-11
Henry	011111111011101001-15
Smith	110111111111111111-19
Dr Carson	111111111110100111-17
Scounce	111111111110101111-18
Wolpert	001101001111011011-13
S O'Brien	110101101101101111-15
Haines	011001101011111100-13
Lyons	100110100010001110-10
Argaves	11111101111110010-16
Cadwallader	111110110110110111-16
Madden	011111111111111110-18
Barto	111111111110110110-17
W Dunnell	111111111110110110-17
J R Graham	11111111111101100-17
B Dunnell	101111111110111111-18
Goodrich	111110001111011110-15
Amberg	10011000111100w
S L Jackson	111111110111111111-19
Aughey	111011100010101111-14
Shaffer	01010101111110101-14
Roll	110101011010111110-14
Hicks	011011111111011011-16
Deterline	111111111101111001-17
Finkler	01001001010100111-10
G Kleinman	10111111111111001-17
A Vance	011111101011111110-16

Burnside	1111111111111010100-16
L C Willard	101111011011111111-17
E S Graham	101101111111111111-18
Cool	101100100001111w

Target Summary.

Meantime the open class at the target score were doing their best to break all the remaining targets in the world, with more or less success. There was never so large a showing at the open target shoot at any tournament of the Illinois State shoot, some eighty-seven different shooters taking part. It is likely that 100 different shooters are here and ready to shoot at either live birds or targets, and we may see yet other records broken before the week is over. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Rike	12	19	14	17	14	18	10	16	15	19
Heikes	14	19	14	18	15	20	15	18	15	18
Courtney	14	17	13	17	13	18	11	18	13	16
Crosby	15	20	14	19	14	18	12	17	15	20
Connors	12	17	15	16	15	17	14	16	13	19
Powers	13	16	14	17	12	18	15	20	15	19
Marshall	14	20	14	19	15	20	11	15	14	19
Scounce	14	20	12	20	14	18	11	19	14	19
Cad	13	17	12	18	13	19	12	17	9	16
Roll	10	17	15	19	13	15
Latshaw	13	15	12	18	8	16
Alford	12	19	14	17	12	15
Riehl	12	17	14	19	13	16	13
Mrs Johnson	10	13	11	13	13	14	14	10	13	13
Mackie	9	14
De Long	13	17	12	18	11	17	11	19	13	17
Lovell	9	15	13	10	9	4
Burnside	7	17	11	18	13	17	12	12	12	17
Clempton	14	16	14	20	13	12
Deterline	15	19	13	16
Parmelee	14	20	15	19	13	16	14	19	14	18
Budd	14	16	15	19	10	19	12	18	13	20
Gilbert	14	20	15	19	12	19	13	17	15	19
Loomis	8	16	15	19	12	18	13	15	12	19
Klein	9	17	12	18	10	19	15	17	12	20
Vance	12	18	14	18	15	15	10	13	13	17
Grimm	12	15	14	17	13	19
Tripp	13	18	12	18	15	17	12	20	14	18
H Dunnell	14	18	13	20	12	19	15	20	13	17
Garrett	14	16	13	19	12	19	13	19	14	19
Donaldson	14	17	14	19	13	16
Hirshy	14	16	12	19	14	19	13	19	15	18
Parker	12	15	12	19	10	17
Johnson	9	17	12	17	12	19	12	15	18	16
French	11	17	12	17	11	16
Argaves	11	...	11	18	...	13
Gubtill	14	20	15	16	12	17
D S Barr	9	...	9	15
R Wright	9
Barto	12	...	14	14
Crothers	10	14	14	11
A Miller	9
H Martin	14	...	11	11
F P Stannard	15	18	12	13
Elliott	7
Mrs Carson	8	...	7	13	8	10
W D Stannard	14	19	12	18	11	16
Mrs Murray	11	...	8	14
H W Miner	7
Sperry	12	18	12	15
O'Brien	10	16	10	14
Hart	12	14	...	9
Whorrie	14
Dr Parker	8
Lyons	10
Walpert	12	...	14	11	10
Emery	13
J E Smith	11
J R Graham	12	16
A E Henry	12	16	14	18	11	16
F Haines	11	14	12	16	12	14
C Miller	8
W Jarvis	13	10	12	15	14	16	12	16	13	16
Mattox	9
White	11	...	8
Gosline	13	...	8
W Dunnell	14
V L Cunningham	18	...	13
Mowbray	8
Mrs Carson	7
H B Morgan	11
Lechner	7	15
Finkler	6
Fortier	10	14
Madden	6
J E Funk	8
Willard	10
Reeves	5

The Convention.

The annual convention, postponed from Tuesday night, as earlier mentioned, was called at 4:15 in the afternoon of Wednesday. It was, as a convention, irregular, and strictly considered, was in all likelihood invalid. There was no roll-call of delegates. There were no credentials submitted, and the constitution and by-laws were pretty much ignored. There were no records of the Association at hand. No minutes were read, and the proceedings were short of the importance and dignity of earlier years, which yet belong to the annual meeting of this Association.

Perhaps some of the above facts were due to the unfortunate hour selected for the convention. As Secretary Leffingwell remarked, there is nothing harder to handle than a crowd of shooters, and the shooters were here scattered all over the grounds and unwilling to stop for the convention.

The meeting was called in the dining hall, President Rice in the chair, and Secretary Leffingwell at the table. Some efforts were made to get in representatives from the shooters on the ground, but only a couple of dozen men were present. No roll-call of clubs was asked for at the beginning of the meeting, and no inquiry made as to credentials or the personnel of the delegation. President Rice referred to the change in date of the convention, stating that the "bad weather" had made it seem advisable to set the date forward, as many of the shooters were tired, etc. The president's address was then read as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Sportsmen: Now nearly twelve months since you at the annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, held at Peoria, Ill., did me the honor to place in my hands the presidency of your Association. Deeply sensible of the honor thus extended me, and appreciating all aid of whatsoever nature accorded me in the discharge of my duties, I beg at this time to return most heartfelt thanks.

A résumé of a year's work of the nature and character assigned to me is apt to contain many discouraging and disheartening features, and since we to-night look forward to the placing of this same work upon the shoulders of another, and are at the moment seeking for him who shall prove willing to take up the white man's burden, I will, with your permission, pass silently by the discouraging features referred to.

"It is pleasant to look forward, because we may do so with hope and enthusiasm. Reform should be our watchword. Chicago's emblem, 'I Will,' is good enough, and with it graven upon our shield, we may enter the fray each and every year confident of success.

"As you are all well aware, in my work for this Association I have been handicapped by the innumerable duties falling to the lot of the hired man. I have found it impossible to devote the time actually due the affairs of the Association, and yet I trust that it shall transpire upon final summing up that considerable work has been accomplished in the interests of this Association and in support of objects fostered under its protecting wing.

"It is not my purpose at this time to make an extended or detailed report, nor can I recapitulate the past year's work. Later, at a proper time and in a proper manner, the officers of this Association will make public their financial statement, and in other respects properly acquit themselves.

"Concluding, it is my earnest wish to express in warmest possible terms my appreciation of the many kind words and deeds of the sportsmen of Illinois, who united in doing me honor one year ago, and as I now lay aside the official ermine and step down and out of the presidential chair, I beg to extend to you each and all the right hand of fellowship and to express the hope that we may work together shoulder to shoulder in the future, as we have done in the days that are past."

Taking up the order of business, the president stated there could be no reading of the minutes, as the secretary explained that he had never received any books or any report from the retiring secretary, the only thing turned over being a few dollars in currency. There was, therefore, no reading of the minutes, no report from the secretary-treasurer. It was promised that reports of officers would be made later, but just where or to whom does not appear. Under the head of reports of committees, there was nothing submitted. Under the head of unfinished business there was nothing offered. Within a few minutes the order of new business was called and the place for holding the next shoot was brought into question. Over this there was no delay, and apparently but one opinion. Mr. T. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, introduced Capt. A. C. Smith, of Springfield. Mr. Marshall stated that the Illinois Gun Club, which Capt. Smith represented, had 184 members and splendid grounds. Mr. Marshall moved that Springfield be the next place of meeting. This was carried without dissent. Under election of officers Mr. Marshall moved that the Hon. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, of the Illinois Gun Club, Springfield, Ill., be the next president. Mr. Van Cleave was elected by acclamation. Similarly Mr. Chas. T. Stickle, of the Illinois Gun Club, was chosen secretary-treasurer. Mr. H. Levi, of Garden City Gun Club, moved that Mr. E. S. Rice be elected first vice-president. Mr. Edward Nance, of Moline, moved that Mr. C. R. Stevens, of Moline, be elected first vice-president. Mr. Nance later withdrew the name of Mr. Stevens for first vice-president, and the elections were made by acclamation of Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, first vice-president; Mr. C. R. Stevens, of Moline, second vice-president. Nothing was said about a law committee, and there was not a word mentioned on the subject of game pro-



T. A. Marshall.

Ed Bingham.

C. M. Powers.

W. R. Crosby.

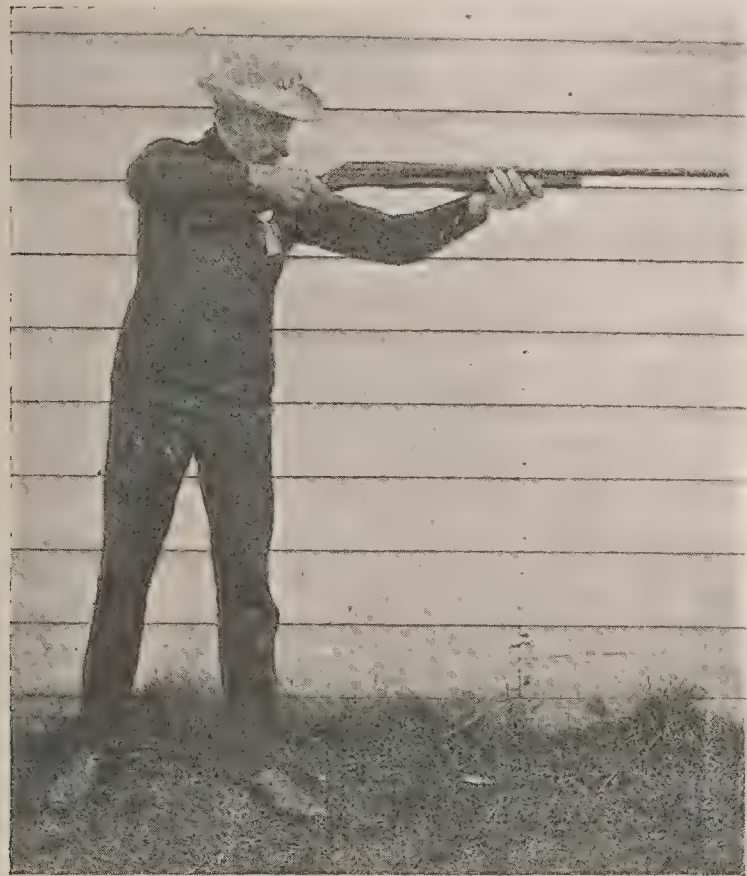
Crothers	7
Carson	12
Harter	13
Rowe	7
Butler	9
A Morris	13
Shaffer	13
Madison	12
Dr Guagi	6
Bleitz	10
Rupel	9
Emery	13
Powell	13
Mrs Shattuck	12 14 11

tection or protective legislation.

A motion was made to adjourn, but some of the newspaper men suggested that it might be well to have a call for the delegates present at the meeting in order to make matters seem more regular. No copy of the constitution and by-laws was at hand. The president stated that the constitution and by-laws were antiquated and needed revision. Mr. Levi said he thought that five clubs made a quorum; another gentleman suggested that it was generally understood that a quorum existed unless some one objected; others thought that more men could be found among the shooters on the ground. It was suggested that a roll-call of those present might bring out the number of clubs represented.

These names were called and written down by the secretary, and the list of clubs was then called over, with the request that any member present from a given club should respond at the call of his club's name. Representatives were thus found to be present from Audubon, Garfield, Eureka and Garden City clubs, of Chicago; Dupont Gun Club, of Illinois; Genesee Gun Club, Grand Crossing Gun Club, Peoria Gun Club, Rock Island Gun Club, and Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield. It was not stated whether those present were or were not regular delegates.

The convention may thus be seen to have been brief and to the point. It is perfectly just and fair to apply to it the adjective of strictly business-like. It was business. There was no suggestion that the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was anything more or less than a body of trapshooters. There appends to this attitude the virtue of frankness and sincerity. In the old days we perpetrated a great deal of bluff and pretense in the matter of game protection, and we "earnestly resolved" to do a great many things which we never intended to do. This year we resolved to do nothing but hold a big trap shoot at Springfield next year, and we will do it. Yet we miss something of the ghost of the old Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. We miss the old faces and the old ways. It was a good old, conventional, old-fashioned, dignified, pleasant and worthy association, and it clung to the beginning of sport at the traps in this region. One must perforce



B. P. WOODFORD.
Winner of Board of Trade Badge.

believe it to be true that the Association as it formerly existed is now no more. It has become modernized, business-ized. It has openly joined the ranks of the trapshooting circuit, and in all likelihood it will take a high rank there in the size and excellence of the trap shoots which it will give, high among such ambitions being the successful tournament at Chicago in 1900.

Wednesday, Third Day, May 9.

For a wonder, the weather came off fine and clear, though the air was still raw and uncomfortable. A keen wind sprang up early in the morning, and the birds were very lively.

The chief event of the day was the Board of Trade badge contest, this concluding the State fixtures. There were eighty-one entries for the big badge shoot, and such was the difficulty of the live-bird shooting that out of the eighty-one there were but twelve who went straight—Crosby, Marshall, Roll, Woodford, Crothers, A. Kleinman, Kuss, Hess, Rice, L. Willard, Sperry and Steck. Among these it was any one's race. Crothers, of Bloomington; Kuss, of Garfield Club, Chicago, and Steck, of Eureka Club, Chicago, went out at their first bird. Geo. Roll, of Blue Island, only lasted 2 birds more. Kuss missed 3 out of his 4 birds shot at, and Abe Kleinman missed 3 out of his 5 tie birds. Sperry, of Rock Island, lasted through the 4th bird, and Willard one bird later. Crosby went out on his 5th bird. Rice lasted to the 7th bird. There now remained in the shooting the mayor from Keithsburg, and a shooter from Dixon, not so well known as Marshall, Mr. B. P. Woodford, who shot a plain, unvarnished pump gun. Mr. Woodford had to kill his last 3 birds straight, Marshall missing his 9th, but the former proceeded to smash them down with the plain, unvarnished pump, and in very short and not very exciting fashion won the big event at the 11th bird of the ties. Following are the scores:

Board of Trade diamond badge, open to members of the State Association only, emblematic of the individual championship of the State at live birds. The winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize. Ten live birds, entrance \$10, including birds. First prize, the diamond badge, cash value \$500, and one Bristol steel fishing rod, donated by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn.; second prize, cash, \$100; third prize, cash, \$50. Dupont Club team, as individuals, donate \$50 cash, which is added to the original second and third moneys. Fourth prize, one case Scotch whisky. To the shooter making the combined highest average in live-bird events in the team shoot on the 8th and in the Board of Trade diamond badge shoot on the 9th, Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., give one of their 12-gauge \$100 list, hammerless guns, made to order.

Burnside	2202222222	9	Dr Shaw	2022022222	8
Crosby	2222222222	10	Palmer	2000222202	6
Marshall	2222222222	10	A Kleinman	1112112222	10
Barr	1*11122220	8	Fortier	2202110222	8
Powers	2222222220	9	Shafter	1022021012	7
Studley	2222221201	9	Tramp	0002222222	7
Crothers	2122222222	10	H Boltenstein	2021221101	8
Lovell	0112112212	9	Lafin	1011111111	9
Roll	2212212222	10	Curry	2211112020	8
Gackle	1221011*02	7	Sperry	2112221211	10
Bleitz	2222222*12	9	Amberg	2220212222	9
G Miller	1212202222	9	Kelley	0220111012	7
Walpert	2220220022	7	Ellett	1011211220	8
G Kleinman	11111*2211	9	Levi	1202222212	9
Kuss	2222222222	10	Henry	2012012122	8
H Dunnell	22222*2122	9	Haines	2222022222	9
J Graham	2220222222	9	A Miller	1011110110	7
Brown	2012020201	6	Willard	2222211222	10
Dayton	2001112222	8	Jarvis	0201022221	7
Argaves	2220222222	9	Vance	2101202221	8
Owen	2*22222222	9	Hicks	2222011211	9
Lechner	1101222202	8	Sconce	0222222012	8
Barto	2222211022	9	Pollard	0202202112	7
Jackson	1211200112	8	Ehlers	0222212122	9
E. Graham	2222222202	9	Odell	2020202012	7
Woodford	2222222222	10	Weller	2222222202	9
Aughey	2222222220	9	Middleton	0001112002	5
Riehl	2222020220	7	Morris	2220202222	8
Hess	2222222222	10	Steck	2222122222	10
G White	1100012221	7	Deterline	1122210202	8
Leffingwell	0222212*21	8	Bingham	2022020122	7
J White	2020222200	6	Rolanzik	2222222020	8
Peters	1000202000	3	Peterman	0012011112	7
Antoine	2202222222	9	Wells	0222222221	9
Cool	1020201122	7	Lockie	2022022222	7
V Boltenstein	0021221220	7	Franklin	1210212112	9
Capt Smith	2002211122	10	T Graham	2022100122	7
E S Rice	0222012121	8	Hamlin	0002020110	4
Miner	0222012121	8	McBroom	2022022222	8
W Stannard	0020222222	7	Harbaugh	0012202222	7

Shoot-off of ties on 10:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Woodford	2212222222	22
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Marshall	2222222222	22
Rice	222121210	
Crosby	2222*	
Willard	11220	
Hess	2220	
Sperry	2120	
A Kleinman	20100	
Roll	22*	
Kuss	0020	
Crothers	*	
Steck	0	

Sweeps.

The conclusion of the Board of Trade Badge shoot made up of the live-bird scores, occupied the balance of the day. Most of the time was put in on the main sweep, which brought out thirty-eight entries, with the following scores: Studley 9, Dayton 7, Lechner 7, Brown 9, Eastman 8, Leffingwell 7, J. L. White 7, Palmer 9, Grimm 10, Walpert 8, Bleitz 8, Weller 8, H. Boltenstein 8, L. Willard 9, Deal 7, Gilbert 10, Barto 8, Powers 10, Sperry 10, Nance 10, Hicks 9, Rolanzik 6, F. Boltenstein 10, Al Morris 8, Burnside 8, Kelley w., Barr 7, Harbaugh 9, French 7, Curry w., Dries 5, Lafin 8, Crothers 5, Roll 8, Franklin 5, Cool 8, Kuss 9, E. S. Graham 10.

Open Targets.

Meantime a rattling good entry was doing business at the open target scores. Your Uncle Rolla Heikes, from Dayton, took all the boys down the line to-day—101 out of 105. Mr. Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co., mingled with the younger representatives and made a very good showing with them. Shooting was concluded early in the afternoon.

White Elephant System Abandoned.

Under the cumbersome cash system of the two preceding days the shooters to-day got money which they earned yesterday. The dissatisfaction over this delay was so general that the "white elephant" system was cut out, and cash was paid over in the simple, accurate and brief system of our forefathers, so that everybody was much happier.

Following is the target summary for the day:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 20 15 20 15 20	Targets:	15 20 15 20 15 20
Rike	14 19 14 19 15 19	Miner	8
Heikes	15 19 14 20 13 20	Harter	11
Courtney	14 20 12 15 14 13	Rowe	12
Crosby	15 18 13 16 13 18	Butler	12
Tripp	10 16 13 20 13 17	Burnside	10 14 8 12
Garrett	14 19 13 17 13 13	De Long	15 12
Hirshy	13 19 13 19 10 18	F P Stannard	10 14
Mrs Carson	12 14 11 11 12 11	G Miller	12
Riehl	12 15 13 13 12 14	Bleitz	12
Lefever	10 16 10 12 7 13	Sperry	16
Budd	14 17 13 19 10 7	Argaves	15 12
Parmelee	14 16 12 16 11 18	Kelley	14
Gilbert	13 17 14 17 12 17	Lockie	13 10
Loomis	11 14 14 19 13 16	Barto	9 11
Klein	12 19 12 16 14 19	Eastman	10
Powers	15 18 14 17 14 17	J Graham	12 19 12 17
Marshall	15 17 15 19 12 16	Dr Carson	10 17
Sconce	13 16 14 16 13 16	Owen	11 15 14 16
Cad	15 16 9 19 10 14	H Dunnell	13 18 12 17
Roll	12 14	B Dunnell	14 17 15 20
Deterline	12 17 10 18 13 19	A Vance	14 19 10 19
Grimm	12 18 11 15 14 15	Gubtill	14 14
Boa	13 17 14 17 14 16	Walpert	8 10
Crothers	12 15 12 16 12 14	Dayton	12 12
Lovell	9 8 9 17	F Brown	6 8
Simmonetti	12 19	Lechner	6 13
Duis	17	O'Brien	9 16 9
J N Shafter	5 13		



OFFICERS OF ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Thos. Lafin. C. M. Powers. J. H. Amberg. F. H. Lord.
W. B. Leffingwell. E. S. Rice. T. A. Marshall. T. P. Hicks.

One Hundred Present.

Interviews with shooters on the grounds show that over 100 different shooters are present, among these the following: C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; F. Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; R. M. Kline, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Chas. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; H. C. Hirshey, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. E. Parker, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; A. C. Connors, Pekin, Ill.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. Rike, Dayton, O.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; Mrs. Murry, Stillwater, Wis.; F. E. Riehl, Alton, Ill.; Thos. Lafin, Rock Island, Ill.; E. Nance, Rock Island, Ill.; E. Sperry, Rock Island, Ill.; C. Stephens, Moline, Ill.; W. Harbaugh, Geneseo, Ill.; A. S.

Miller, New Boston, Ill.; E. E. Deterline, Keithsburg, Ill.; C. A. Dunbar, Kewanee, Ill.; H. Dunnell, Fox Lake, Ill.; B. Dunnell, Fox Lake, Ill.; W. Dunnell, Fox Lake, Ill.; J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, Colo.; C. E. De Long, Hot Springs, Ark.; C. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; W. Fred Quimby, New York city, N. Y.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; H. E. Boltenstein, Cambridge, Ill.; V. F. Boltenstein, Cambridge, Ill.; M. H. Boltenstein, Galesburg, Ill.; J. Bush, Milwaukee, Wis.; Dr. Williamson, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. S. Mackie, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. Smith, Springfield, Ill.; G. D. Dunn, Moline, Ill.; H. Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill.; G. L. Alford, Marion, Ill.; M. C. Sanford, Clyde, Ill.; Dr. H. Browall, Palmyra, Wis.; M. Broom, Geneseo, Ill.; I. M. Latshaw, Marion, O.; G. L. Jackson, Peoria, Ill.; J. I. Case, Racine, Ill.; H. S. Blake, Racine, Wis.; F. Peterman, Henry, Ill.; F. Ellett, Keithsburg, Ill.; E. E. Kelley, Elgin, Ill.; B. P. Woodford, Dixon, Ill.; A. Kolanczik, Ohio, Ill.; A. C. Finkner, La Salle, Ill.; P. Loecker, Ladd, Ill.; A. Hart, Maple Park, Ill.; J. L. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn.; J. J. Bleitz, Tampico, Ill.; H. M. Miner, Guthrie, Ill.; F. Dayton, Lamolite, Ill.; E. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. Pepple, D. Nish, S. Adams, W. Andrews, I. Freeman, J. Reen, C. Gronnea, J. Sower, S. Dunbar, Uncle Heidman, Elgin, Ill.; S. O. Argaves, Compton, Ill.; E. K. Crothers, Bloomington, Ill.; R. W. Cool, Aledo, Ill.; D. A. O'Brien, West Madison, Ill.; F. Haines, Rockford, Ill.; J. Powell, Braceville, Ill.; W. Mattox, Oskaloosa, Ia.; D. S. Barr, Braidwood, Ill.; G. S. Wells, Geneseo, Ill.; J. L. Borseni, A. Fields and F. S. Matlocks, Ottawa, Ill.; J. O'Brien, F. Smith, L. Schwind and I. Oblim, Dubuque, Ia.; C. H. Richards, Prophetstown, Ill.; J. E. Smith, Cerrogoro, Ill.; M. Curry, Beardstown, Ill.; W. C. Deal, Brazil, Ind.; D. Rowe, Maple Park, Ill.; H. Weller, Wyoming, Ill.; A. Vance, Capron, Ill.

Thursday, Fourth Day, May 10.

One of the most sterling attractions of the tournament came to-day, the handicap race for the Dupont trophy, which was now reoffered to the shooting public with the very generous conditions of a \$1,000 guaranteed purse. The shooters of Illinois certainly have no license to complain of the management of the Association, which has this year done, with almost no assistance, more by way of good attractions than we ever had before. It took pluck to hang up this guaranty of \$1,000 for the fourth day of the week at a shoot where the first three days have usually marked high water in attendance, and where, under the conditions, it required forty shooters to enter to save the guaranty. It is pleasant to record an entry of forty-eight, which more than filled the purse. The shooting of this event took most of the day and monopolized the attention of those present.

Strong Entry.

The best of the talent entered for this event, and the total was as strong a shooting field as can be got together in the West. Everything conspired to make the contest a hot one. The day was bright and clear, and a strong wind came in from right to left across the score, making the birds exceedingly hard to stop. It was a shooter's game from the start, and the winning carried with it more money than anything else in the tournament. The victor was J. B. Barto, of the Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago. Mr. Barto has long been known here as a nervy and consistent performer, and his name was often prominent here in the local trophy shoots, though he has not heretofore been what would be called a lucky shooter, for though coming to the verge of victory many times, he has not pulled off enough big things to become a national character. Mr. Barto to-day shot a steady, skillful race, and he did not appear nervous at any stage of the game. At the close of the shoot his hand was moist, warm and without a tremor, and he looked fit to kill 100 more if necessary.

The runner-up, Mr. E. S. Graham, is also a Chicago man. He shot with the Long Lake team here this week, and is also a member of Garfield Gun Club, of this city, where he is ranked high in the live-bird class. Mr. Graham also shot a cool, deliberate and skillful race, and one in which it was no disgrace to lose. That these two Chicago club shooters should outshoot such experts as Budd, Parmelee, Gilbert, Crosby and all the rest of the Western cracks, is a matter which it would be mere affectation not to call a surprise, but which certainly gives the Chicago boys full reason for self-congratulation.

Dropping Out.

The experts began to fall out early in the game. Deterline, of Keithsburg, missed his 2d bird and then ran straight to his 25th. Charlie Budd got them all down till the uncky 18th bird. The Dunnell boys fell by the wayside before they got half way across. Tom Marshall lost 4 out of his 25, and the best Frank Parmelee could do was 19. Rolla Heikes came out in the 24-hole, and so did Billy Crosby, but Fred Gilbert could only account for 23. Kuss, of Chicago, and Voris, of Indiana, who won the State championship at Peru shoot, shot side by side and tied on 19.

Chicago anglers desiring cheap and convenient bass fishing trips cannot do better than to go to Diamond Lake, Mich., on the Grand Trunk Railway. The round trip costs but \$4.15, and a 20-ride ticket can be purchased for \$25. This means a season of delight. Write to Geo. T. Bell, A. G. P. & T. A. Grand Trunk Railway, Chicago, *Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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GAME AND THE CONSTITUTION.

MARIN COUNTY, California, has an ordinance which limits the number of quail which a person may take in a day to twenty-five, and which further prohibits the use of the repeating shotgun, commonly known as the "pump gun," as an instrument unduly destructive of game. Mr. W. A. Marshall, a large landowner of the county, was prosecuted for violation of the ordinance, and having been defeated in the Superior Court, carried the case to the United States Circuit Court, Judge Ross, where it has just been decided in his favor. As the case is reported, the question presented to Judge Ross under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution was as to whether the objectionable clause of the ordinance deprived Marshall of property without due process of law. This question the Court answered in the affirmative. From the evidence the Judge found that the repeating shotgun is less destructive of game than a double-barreled gun equipped with an automatic ejector. It was pointed out that a gun has no value except as it is used, and in this connection the opinion said:

"To deprive the petitioner of the use of the gun in question is, therefore, to deprive him of his property. Not only so, but if Marin county may lawfully prohibit the use of such a gun, every other county in the State of California may, as a matter of course, do likewise, and so may every other State and Territory in the United States, thus practically destroying the manufacture of this class of guns for the shooting of game within the United States."

We hardly need point out that while the reasoning of Judge Ross on this point is logical, the proposition is by no means clear that because the use of pump guns might universally be forbidden such prohibition would not be quite within the constitutional power of the States. An analogous case is that of the swivel-gun, or big-gun, formerly employed for killing wildfowl. The use of these arms is now almost universally forbidden, and the only lawful arm is a gun which is "shot from the shoulder." Yet no one has ever dreamed of contending for a right to use a swivel-gun on the ground that a swivel-gun is property and that to be deprived of the use of it is to be deprived of property without due process of law. Another analogy is that of fishing nets. The United States Supreme Court has sustained the constitutionality of a New York statute which forbids the use of nets in inland waters and empowers the protectors to seize and summarily destroy nets when found. The Supreme Court said that the Legislature had the constitutional authority to forbid the use of such contrivances, to declare them nuisances and to cause their immediate destruction. This right proceeds from the State's ownership of the game and fish. As the owner it may control the taking, and in this control may prescribe when and how the taking may be effected. In his opinion on this particular point, there is then the best reason to believe Judge Ross will probably not be sustained by the higher courts, if the Marin county supervisors shall carry out their expressed intention of appealing the case to the Circuit Court of Appeals.

On the other hand, there may be certain features of this particular case which would sustain the present finding, on the ground, for instance, that the prohibition of the use of pump guns did not actually tend to game protection in Marin county. As has been intimated, the testimony adduced at the trial was to the effect that the pump gun was not more destructive than the double-barrel, and the Court was, of course, obliged to go by the evidence. Moreover, Judge Ross found from an analysis of the Marin ordinance that the main object sought to be accomplished was to prevent the killing of more than twenty-five quail by any one man in a single day. This being so, no reason appeared for legislation against the use of a particular kind of gun. The opinion said:

"It is wholly immaterial whether the sportsman or hunter use a repeating or magazine gun or a double or single barreled gun. When the limit is reached he has to stop shooting or incur the penalty prescribed. No valid reason is, therefore, perceived, and none has been suggested by counsel, why the owner of a repeating or magazine gun should be prohibited from using it, and the owner of the equally if not more effective double-barreled automatic ejector shotgun be free to use it in the killing of the twenty-five quail, grouse, etc."

OHIO TRESPASS.

UNDER a new system which has just gone into effect in Ohio, it is made obligatory upon the sportsmen in quest of game to secure the written consent of a landowner before entering upon his fields for shooting. This is one of those affairs concerning which the most obvious comment is that circumstances alter cases. The regulation has manifestly grown out of the impatience of those owners of land who have been in frequent conflict with shooting trespassers. The rule is in the direction of more stringent protection for them. On the one hand, in sections and with people who have not had such conflicts, it is improbable that there will be any material change. If one has had the liberty of the fields accorded to him in seasons past, and if his relations with the owners of lands have been friendly and satisfactory, they will continue to be so. On the other hand, if the owner of shooting grounds has in the past kept off shooting trespassers, he will now have means of doing so more effectively, and in the end the result will be for the advantage of the game supply.

The Ohio law is significant of a growing restriction as to shooting privileges. Under the old conditions the right to enter upon lands for shooting or fishing was commonly accorded. Then, as it became the desire of a larger number to protect their premises against shooters, laws were enacted providing that notice must be given by trespass signs if shooting was to be forbidden. The assumption here was that a person had a right to enter upon the land unless notice was given to him of the contrary. The new Ohio law is based upon a different assumption, which is that a person has no liberty to enter unless permission is expressly given him. The old way was much the more convenient for the shooter, but it is doubtful if, all things considered, the new will not ultimately prove more advantageous, for it will restrict the game to those who either for a consideration or out of good will may secure permission to take it.

THE MAN WITH THE BASKET.

THIS is the season of the year when the man with the basket is seen on boat and train, at depot and on the street, and in the lonely nooks and byways of the country. People eye him curiously, with a manner of interest which denotes that they hope he has had good success and would like to know about it. They seem to wonder whether he had a pleasant day and through what stretches of valley and stream his wanderings lay. The spirit of the springtime, pervading around and about the basket, has its language, understood at a glance, by the brethren of the rod and reel. And as to the angler? You may know by the way in which he carries the basket, the glint of success in his eye, the erect poise of his person, the treasures that are within it even if its peculiar shape did not proclaim to all observers that it was made for trout. No other basket is borne so bravely. No other basket excites so much curiosity, so much sympathy of purpose in what the basket portends. Nor would the bearer of an ordinary basket tolerate the questioning looks and the questioning words of those met on car, or country road, or city street.

The curiously wrought basket is a link of sympathy between all those within sight of it. Conversation starts amiably and naturally at sight between old friends or those who meet in the passing moment. Has not the day been full of the delights of the hook and line? The heavy fish basket is proof of it, and he who bears it is therefore the most amiable of earth's creatures. He feels that he should be questioned, that he deserves to be questioned, and his manner invites questioning as is becoming unto one who has done deeds worthy of the consideration of his fellows. If you are a fisherman yourself, you do not stop to reason it out or ask why

you are interested; if you are a fisherman you go to him and amiably and cheerfully ask him for the story of the heavy basket. He will heartily tell you about the doings of a great day, and if you show a proper earnestness and appreciation, he may open the basket and let you peep at his treasures more precious than fine gold, more beautiful than the lily of the valley, and will point out the big fellow which gave several moments of perilous possibilities in the way of loss in the stream which rushed over rock and rapid; he will tell you all about it, everything about it—glories, thrills, perils. Tell everything? Not quite. One thing he holds back—you ask in vain where he got them.

SNAP SHOTS.

We print to-day the full report of the decision rendered by Judge Folger in the Maine guide case. It is deserving of careful reading because of the lucid way in which it sets forth the rights and privileges of shooting and fishing. Much of the opinion is of the nature of repetition anew of principles which have been stated over and over again by one court after another, and which by this time should be familiar to every intelligent sportsman. The fact is, however, that even many lawyers, however learned they may be in other branches of law, are all at sea when it comes to game and fish and "natural rights" and "constitutional rights." We have heard lawyers in State sportsmen's conventions solemnly argue that it would be unconstitutional to prevent the sale of game in open season, because when once a person had acquired possession of game lawfully killed, it was his to do with as he pleased.

An interesting suit, brought for penalties for infringements of the fish netting law, was decided in this city last week. The action was brought by Game Protector Willett Kidd, of Newburgh, against one August Rohl, of Rockland Lake, in Rockland county, for taking fish in a gill net. It appears that fishing parties stopping at Rohl's establishment on the lake never came away empty handed. The expression "fisherman's luck" had no meaning for them. They were always sure of a catch. Inquiry by the game protector developed the fact that Rohl was accustomed to secure a goodly supply of fish by gill netting, and these were kept on hand in fish cars to be carried home by his guests. Brought to trial, the enterprising host settled the case for \$31.50 and costs, and it is fair to assume that in the immediate future, at least, fishermen who patronize his establishment will be compelled to catch their own fish.

We print a suggestion by Dr. Robert T. Morris, that the fishermen of the inland lakes should have their nets licensed and that the money received from the licenses should be expended for the purpose of restocking the waters with fish. The plan appears sensible on its face. There is, however, grave question whether regulations could be enacted and enforced which would insure the restrictions necessary to keep the net fishermen within bounds. It is a characteristic of those who are engaged in the industry that they will not observe the law voluntarily, no matter how favorable to their own interests observance might prove to be. Those who have had experience with the netting problem in inland waters are those who are most skeptical as to the practical working of a licensing of nets.

A notable enterprise in international fish planting operations is the shipment of 700,000 shad eggs by the United States Fish Commission to Ireland. The eggs were sent on the steamship Oceanic, sailing from this port last week. They were consigned to Morton Frewen, of Innes Shannon, Ireland, by whom they will be put into the River Shannon. It is believed by those who have studied the conditions that the shad can be propagated in Irish and English waters.

The proceedings of the international conference at the British Foreign Office, to consider a scheme of united action for the preservation of African game, have not been made public. It is believed that the objects of the meeting are in a fair way of attainment.

The Lacey Bill passed the Senate without amendment on Monday of this week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Forest Camp Visitors.

To learn what there is of wild life in a great primitive forest it is desirable to become a resident for a while; to settle in a shelter of some sort—a tent or rough log house—and be quiet. The natives are shy, and at the sound of human footsteps tramping through their plantations they retreat or hide. Besides, they seem to know whether you are looking for them or attending to your own affairs. Make a camp and become a peaceful neighbor, and visitors will call.

At Lake Baude, in the Laurentian forest, last summer our two tents stood in a small clearing cut for them in dense spruce woods. Very soon after the tents were set up several spruce partridges strolled into our rustic court, walked among the bushes and pecked right and left, like chickens in a yard. They showed no timidity, and after our first meal walked under the outdoor table and gleaned the crumbs that had fallen. They remained in and about the camp for two or three days, and until a guide tried to catch one.

Rabbits were nocturnal visitors. In the night, after the camp-fire had burned low, they galloped along the path between the tents, and one night, as I lay in my blankets, listening to their footfalls, there was a sudden alarm and a scurry, and one of them, in his haste to get away, bumped against the side of the tent.

The red squirrels were companionable and friendly.

But the most remarkable visitation was of butterflies. It happened on Sunday—a day so warm we could not stay in the tents. The sun blazed down on them and drove us out to the shade of the trees by the lake.

About noon hundreds of butterflies descended upon the camp, illuminating it with color. They alighted on the bark of the trees, on the duff, the tents, the bushes, opening and closing their painted wings, rising, settling, coming and going, whence or whither, who could tell? Our canoe lying near us on the shore seemed to have a strong attraction for them. They lined it from bow to stern. The air was populous with them. It seemed as if all the butterflies of the Dominion were taking their Sunday outing with us. An entomologist might have identified them and possibly given us an explanation of the visitation, but then we should have been led into dry classification and formula, and failed to duly appreciate the brilliant display. Even the guides, not easily moved by curiosity, bestirred themselves to look at the fluttering swarms. The place seemed unsuited to the gay crowd—a dense evergreen forest—ilimitable; no meadows or fields; no grasses except the wild, coarse water growth of the sandy beach; no other clearing within the utmost compass of butterfly flight. We watched them for hours of the quiet day, seeing them as Richard Jeffries would no doubt have liked to see them—"a shining, quivering, gleaming; a changing, fluttering, shifting; a mixing, weaving; varnished wings, translucent wings, wings with dots and veins, all playing over the purple heath; a very tangle of many-toned lights and hues."

In contrast with the multitude of these fluttering visitors was the one white gull which sat still and solitary on the top of a gray Laurentian rock that projected from the lake near the shore. Unlike the restless butterflies, he seemed to belong to the scenery—to be typical of the lonely lake and the wilderness.

At night a thunder storm rolled over the forest. The rain sputtered in the fire, pelted the canvas roofs, the trees and all the camp. In the morning the brilliant, painted throng had disappeared, but the solitary gull still perched upon the rock.

The sportsman's shelter camps, built of logs, in the woods, usually near a lake or river, in outward aspect very soon become blended with their sylvan surroundings. The logs turn gray or brown, moss gathers on them, and rank grass and bushes hide the foundations. They are seldom occupied. Now and then the hunter or the fisherman comes for a few days, but nearly all the year they stand lonely and silent. What wonder that they become the familiar haunt of the small animals and birds, inhabitants of the forest; the wood mice and squirrels who live and breed and hold their frolicsome revels in the deserted rooms; the rabbits, hares and woodchucks, who find dry and safe lodgings under the floors?

It is a curious fact that the American or red crossbills are accustomed to creep under these shelters. Usually the sills and beams rest upon stones or logs placed upon the surface of the ground, and there are no cellars. The crossbills work away the earth, so as to make a passage under the sills. To that entrance they fly in numbers. Standing near the cabin, one hears the soft whirr of many wings in the air close by, and sees the flock drop to the ground near the passage, and with quick steps disappear under the building. The time of their stay varies. When they reappear they rise in the air in a flock as they came. It is characteristic of the red crossbills to move in flocks and to take wing together. Why they go under these forest shelters does not appear by any observation I have ever made. That it is their habit, I know from having seen them many times in different years in the Canadian woods in locations far apart. Like parrots, they will cling to the trunk of a tree or the side of a log house, and often I have seen them clinging to the side of a barrel, with their heads downward, as well as upward. In the wood camps they are comparatively fearless, and with caution can be caught in the hand when feeding on the ground. They are always welcome visitors. Their bright colors, in which red predominates, their social ways, their numbers, their evident partiality

to the presence of man, their activity and fearlessness, all tend to make the days of their visits brighter and more cheerful.

I have mentioned the wood mice as camp visitors. If you should have the curiosity to know how great a noise a houseful of them can make in a still night in the woods try sleeping in one of the forest shelters. Having arrived toward nightfall after a day on the lakes and trails, and having enjoyed the supper cooked by the guides, a lounge by the camp-fire, and snuffed out the candle, stretch yourself on the bough bed.

As soon as it is quiet, the legions emerge from their secret places, and troop into the arena. They tear over the floors, scratch up the wooden walls, run over the tables, chairs and packs, clamber up the blankets, race over the bed, and tramp up and down the stairs. The latter action is unique. They jump from one stair to another, and the accompanying noise is surprising. It seems incredible that so small a body can make so much noise. A dog doing the same thing would hardly make more. But they are harmless, and with the first movements of the camp in the morning the performances end.

Nor are the visits of the natives of the woods confined to the solitary camps. They come to those which are in continuous use, such as that at Lac la Pêche. A small river empties into the lake at the rear of the camp. Two summers ago a blue heron appeared every morning flying with heavy flapping wings from beyond the

toward me, and so got safely off; but it was the rabbit's unlucky day. In escaping the marten he fell victim to the cudgel of the guide, and later was served in a stew.

When once on the track of a rabbit, the marten pursues with bloodthirsty patience until he runs him down. Like others of the weasel family, he also catches and eats squirrels, mice and birds. His arboreal habits enable him to reach the birds. He ascends and descends trees with ease and swiftness.

On another day, while at the same camp, two otters appeared in the lake near by and played in the water, diving and rising and occasionally lifting their glossy heads and shoulders above the surface.

As for the squirrels, they occupied the shelter and were tenants in common with us, entering by the door or, at their convenience, by a dozen crevices between the logs. They made free with our food, without ever saying by your leave, eating it sitting upon their haunches or carrying it away, as they pleased. How happy and friendly and sometimes how impertinent they were, jumping on the table and scrambling over the dishes.

And now it is a hungry bird that comes. From the rude open-air fireplace of stones the odors of the cooking, rising with the smoke, are sifted by the wind through the surrounding woods, and attract the Northern shrike, who comes with the precision of an arrow, and with a sudden upward jerk settles on a high branch of a neighboring tree and utters his clear, eager cry. That note and his gray back, white breast, dark wings and alert air reveal his identity. He has come as by invitation to share our feast, and waits with manifest impatience, indicated by his frequent calls. By and by the guide hangs up a trout to be kept cool on the shady side of the log house, and when the coast is clear, down drops the shrike, alights on a projecting surface and strikes at the fish with his hawk-like bill. But he is discovered in time to save the trout for our own luncheon.

One August evening my friends and I had the pleasure of a visit from a deputation of owls. We were in camp at Lac Foin in evergreen woods. While sitting by the camp-fire toward dusk we heard the soft flapping of wings, and dimly saw in the twilight the forms of the nocturnal birds settling one by one on the trees around us. It was evident that the interest and curiosity of the community had been excited by the novel sight in their domain of a white tent and a crackling, blazing fire and strange intruders. Very likely, too, the smell of the broiling trout at supper time had attracted them. As the daylight faded and the firelight grew brighter, they came nearer and nearer, until the party in the forest amphitheater was complete—we were in the orchestra, as it were, and the owls in the balcony and upper tiers. One big owl flew down and perched on a low limb not more than 20 feet from us. He might be said to occupy a stage box. He sat quietly and stared at us as only an owl can stare.

Until after we went to our tent for the night the owls were silent; then they began a low call, which they kept up during the night. It was something like the note of the catbird, only much softer. It was not unmusical, and in fact was pleasant to the ear. Coming from different directions in the woods, it suggested a conversation in an undertone.

I think there is no doubt they were the American long-eared owls, although the light was not strong enough to detect the long ear tufts that are a mark of that species.

To a quiet and friendly camp on the lake the loon will not fail to present himself. Though wild by nature, he is full of curiosity, and if not shot at or otherwise frightened he will come often and regularly to the vicinity; and it is certain the wilderness cannot furnish a more attractive visitor.

What the lake is to the forest, the loon is to the lake. The lake enhances the beauty and wildness of the forest—the loon's far-sounding laugh and cry, his grace of movement and beauty of plumage, increase the charm and wildness of the lake. Loons are much given to reconnoitering a camp, especially in the early morning. Looking out upon the smooth surface at such a time it is pleasing to see them circling with easy motion toward the shore. They approach gradually, for they are wary and alert. They are on a voyage of discovery, and feel that man may be treacherous, but they are willing to take some risks. Their glossy, arched necks and the plumage of their broad backs shine in the slanting rays of the sun. Their heads turn quickly from side to side. They move with stately grace. If they detect no suspicious movement or appearance they will come quite near to the camp. Evidently they would like to establish friendly relations with the inhabitants.

What a fine thing it would be if a treaty of peace could be made between us, or if all sportsmen would refrain from shooting at them. It is to be hoped the loons will not be driven by the firearms entirely away from our Northern waters, to which they are so great an ornament.

The only plausible excuse now offered for shooting them is that they destroy the trout. True, they live on the fish, but it is also a fact that the lonely lakes, where the loons have lived and bred and fished undisturbed for unknown years, are full of trout, and no fisherman of experience expects to be or is disappointed in his sport, because he finds the wild lake he has discovered the habitat of loons.

I would plead for this camp visitor—the beautiful, graceful and typical bird of the Northern lakes.

The larger inhabitants of the forest, the moose and caribou, can hardly be included in the category of "camp visitors," except that sometimes in their restless wanderings their route takes them into the vicinity and they come within the range of vision while crossing waters or at the margin of the woods.



THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS IN THE PARIS AQUARIUM.

lake, and alighting at the mouth of the river, whence he went by easy stages up the stream to other waters. Toward sunset he returned and flew across the lake again. His visits to the camp were as regular for weeks as the coming of the day.

Another regular visitor was a bittern. He daily emerged from the edge of the woods and dropped his long legs among the grass and bushes on the soft shore of a pool in the center of the camp. There he would stand upright for hours, motionless, except when he snapped up the unwary frogs that paddled too near. He kept so still that no one would suspect his presence unless his arrival had been seen. The passing of members of the camp along the path, and even the noisy steps on a wooden bridge near by, did not disturb him; but I found that if I went to the opposite side of the pool and spied him out and stood and looked at him, he became agitated and soon flew away, whether moved by fear or by disgust at my lack of politeness in staring at him was not apparent.

At the same camp one season a beaver took up his residence on the lake. He was alone, and contrary to the habit of the beaver, often showed himself in the daytime, swimming about the lake, so that sometimes a canoe would be put in pursuit, but he was never harmed. Whether he was the last of his family or whether he had been expelled from his lodge for laziness, as the trappers allege is done, he never told.

While in camp at Lac Fou, one of the Laurentian lakes, a marten, or black fox, as he is sometimes called by fur hunters, rushed in. His visit happened in this manner. While in a thick copse of bushes near the log shelter one morning I was startled by a clamor and bustle at the lake shore, and at the same moment heard a rustling near my feet. Looking down, I saw the marten standing within a yard of me, his head turned to one side, apparently listening. His eyes glistened, and he was panting, as if from violent exercise. After two or three minutes he moved away at a slow trot. He had not shown any fear of me; and as I had kept quite still he probably did not realize my presence. Going to the shore, I learned that a rabbit had bounded into the camp with the marten at his heels in close pursuit, and had taken refuge from his enemy under the inverted canoe, while the marten, taking in the situation, quickly changed his course and came

The Paris Aquarium.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the most fascinating spots of the Exposition is in the Cours-la-Reine, on the right bank of the Seine. Nothing is more beautiful than nature, nor than the results in which she plays the largest part, so what could have been a more delightful conception than to place the great greenhouses of the city of Paris wherein man is aided by nature, where colossal plants and lovely flowers please the senses, directly over the cool enchanting Aquarium where again nature is called upon to help? Seated in the midst of this tropical forest or on the terraces from which broad stairs lead down with Claude Lorraine easiness to the promenade by the water's edge, the eyes rest upon works exclusively man's own. There are the palaces of many nations. On the left is Italy, gorgeous in its production of the marvelous, and away to the right the row of buildings continues, each showing the architecture of its own country—striking and picturesque. The panorama is splendid.

Underneath the greenhouses and the garden lies buried the gem of the ocean, the gem of the Exposition—the Aquarium of Paris. Neither scientific men nor naval men nor commercial men have thus carried to perfection the idea of a salt-water aquarium in the heart of a great country. It was left to two of the most popular artists of all Paris to suggest it and to carry it out successfully according to their fanciful tastes, aided by the wonderful accompaniments that ocean depths lend to those who know how to make use of them. It is by Albert Guillaume that I am able thus early to give a short description of this house of wonders.

These brothers Guillaume—Albert and Henri—are sons of a former architect of the Louvre, and not to know them is not to know the men of the day—the men the most in view at this moment in Paris. They not only conceived the idea of the Salt-Water Aquarium, but also that of the little marionette theater called after them, and where they

nil, while at the bottom it varied between 40,000 and 60,000 pounds, depending upon the size of the tank. Therefore, the gutta-percha would be unequally operated upon, and breaking of the glass was feared. A perfect substitute was found in strips of very resinous pitch pine, with a thick coat of carbonate of lead. The iron borders are lined with these strips of wood and the glass is inserted as a picture is placed in its frame. Similar strips are placed inside the glass to hold it upright in case the tank is to be emptied, but when the tank is full it is the weight of the water pressing the glass against these pine cushions which hermetically seals the compartments. These panes are sufficiently strong to support a weight three times as great as that which they are called upon to sustain, and the public may rest in perfect security.

The motive power is compressed air and it serves the double purpose of driving the machinery and of oxygenizing the water. It is the best system possible, because no coal is needed, no smoke is made, and there is no odor. It is noiseless, for the escapes pass off into the sewer. It drives the electric motors which are placed on the solid masonry of the dock outside, so as to avoid any trembling. The plumbing is in lead, copper and brass. All other filters have been rejected, and the ones chosen consist of sea gravel, powdered, about 14 inches thick. The filters are lined with glass so they can be more easily kept clean. It is owing to the size of the tanks, to the perfect filtration of the water, to its oxygenation and renewal that the fish and marine animals find all the necessary elements of life in their transparent prisons. Going behind the scenes in such a complicated installation is in itself an education, and permission to do so is easily obtained by those who care to ask for it.

The Aquarium of Paris does not resemble in any sense the similar establishments to which we are accustomed. No long lines of tanks and no sloppy floors await us. It is in a realistic dream of beauty that we visit under water the different regions of our globe. It is intended that the illusion of being at the bottom of the sea shall be severely felt. From the moment of entering we are in an immense

sea grotto copied from those on the savage and turbulent coast of Brittany. The constructors even brought from Quiberon the material of which it is largely composed. The first tank is placed in the upper grotto so that from the very beginning the visitor may associate a work of art with a work of nature, and it contains a fine statue called the "Triumph of Amphitrite," by Henri Gaugué. The goddess appears standing in her open shell surrounded by Tritons and water nymphs, while the water boils and foams around the group. We then descend by a darkened passage still further into the bowels of the earth, and we emerge into a large cave capable of holding 500 persons, where we are surrounded by water seen through openings in the grotto. Everywhere is the sea, with its mysterious depths, its varied colorings, teeming with life, in unceasing movement. The further side of each compartment is also of thick glass, behind which the decorations, aided by reflective mirrors, cunningly placed, exhibit astonishingly wonderful effects of obscurity, of light and of perspective. To further carry out the scheme, the separations between the compartments are concealed by arrangements of basaltic rocks, sea weed, coral or huge stalactites of ice, and to heighten the illusion the ceiling represents the ocean. Over our heads we see the fish prowling about and executing the most graceful curves as they swim in all directions.

In the middle of this cave and deeply embedded in the sand is the forward part of a vessel named Count Bismarck. She was run into and sunk in the harbor of Cherbourg by a steamer which sank also alongside of her. The Aquarium bought the hull and brought it to Paris, where it was carefully put together again. The deck sinks sufficiently to allow a passage, and the remainder of the vessel rises again in an adjoining tank. At the bow is the original figure head in the form of a siren, and the name may be read on the life preservers. Behind the glass the deck and poop stretch away, covered with wreckage, masts and cordage, and the smokestacks lie groveling in the sandy bottom. Divers descend into the hold at stated intervals, and the whole life and goods saving apparatus is put into operation before us. In another compartment pearl and coral divers are at work, surrounded by the fish, who are curiously interested in what is going on. Further on we find ourselves in the polar regions. Legions of icicles hang from the top, while immense jagged blocks of ice carelessly heaped seem to extend almost to infinity, so skillfully are the mirrors and lights placed. No vegetation exists here—it is but a wet, cold desert. The chaim of this basin in the middle of the Aquarium is not due alone to its arrangement, but also to the purity of the water and the clearness of the perspective.

Volcanoes exist at the bottom of the ocean as well as on the land, and some exceedingly fine effects are produced by submarine explosions; an eruption is successfully carried out. To illustrate these, Fingal's Cave has been chosen, an exact imitation of which serves for the interior of another tank. Sometimes a rock may suddenly open, a column of flame will dart upward in large glowing bubbles which swiftly reach the surface and the astonished inhabitants execute a very lively dance in trying to escape from the unexpected turmoil. On these occasions the hermit crab is quite funny, as his movements are naturally impeded by his burrowed hut.

One of the most attractive basins is known as the submarine ruins. The shores of the Bay of Pouzzoles, near Naples, were once submerged by the waters of the gulf, and the temples of Neptune, of the Nymphs and of Serapis were destroyed. MM. Guillaume have restored the latter, which was only exposed to view after the eruption of Vesuvius in 1538, and finally uncovered



IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS—THE PARIS AQUARIUM.

have popularized themselves by calling it the "Bons-hommes Guillaume." Artists to the very tips of their fingers, their enterprises represent all that is dainty, exquisite, airy, fantastic, effective and practical.

No sooner was the idea hatched than the capital came in a few hours, and soon after came a man than whom none better could be found, as he had been for years quietly studying the same subject in his own laboratory. Ichthyology, fishculture, the arrangement and care of aquariums have no secret for Monsieur Bouchereaux, formerly Director of the Exposition at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. And for two years, night and day, these three men have worked to offer us the surprises that await us.

No city in Europe at a distance from the sea, except Frankfurt and Berlin, possesses a salt-water aquarium. The water for this one is picked up in mid-channel, pure and salt as nature makes it. Freight boats from London were in the habit of filling certain cisterns on arriving at Havre so as to sink deep enough to pass under the bridges of the Seine, and they pumped the water afterward into the river on their arrival at Paris. These tanks were thoroughly cleansed and now the salt water is taken in far out at sea; the boats stop at the Aquarium reservoirs, where the water is pumped into the Aquarium reservoirs. Five voyages are necessary to bring the quantity required to fill them.

The floor of the Aquarium is 7 feet below the normal level of the River Seine. The work of making the whole structure water tight was long and very costly. The process is interesting, but would take too long to describe. Suffice it to say that the work is thoroughly well done. Every possible accident has been foreseen, and this Aquarium is not only water tight, but the large panes of glass used in the interior are fortified in so ingenious a manner that no danger of an inundation exists. The weight of these glass fronts, about 800 pounds each, and the weight of the water, were serious elements to deal with. Some of the tanks contain nearly 300 cubic feet of water. The panes are held in place by iron frames covered with a special cement to prevent oxidation. After many experiments gutta-percha was found too expensive on account of the quantity required, and it was also discarded because of the unequal pressure of the water on the panes. At the top the pressure was

A party of fishermen at the Cinq camp were called by a guide from their breakfast one May morning to see a moose that was swimming in the lake. It occurred to them that it would be a rare adventure to capture him, and taking a stout rope they put out in canoes. It was easy for the guides to overtake the swimmer—a more difficult feat to put the rope around his neck—but it was done, and the captive was towed ashore, although not without vigorous opposition on his part, and some exciting incidents of travel. He was nearly exhausted when a landing was effected on the beach, but he resisted all efforts to make him walk. He stood with his legs braced, immovable. The guides pulled on the rope with all their might, but, like a balky horse, he would not budge, until the guardian's dog, who had been jumping around in a state of prodigious excitement, snapped at his heels. That was an indignity the king could not bear; he started to run, and was steered and pulled into a log stable, where he was made fast in a stall, and later set free.

The Wessoneau camp, fronting on the river by that name, is hemmed in on the other three sides by the Laurentian forest. It is a drowsy camp. The sun shines into it; the tall trees on the hills at the rear protect it from the winds. The French guardian, Andree, and his wife, as kind-hearted old souls as ever enjoyed or endured the loneliness of a wilderness life, move about as quietly almost as the cloud shadows that drift over the surrounding tree tops. Bordering the opposite shore of the river is a wide bottom land, covered with coarse grass, which reaches to the forest beyond. Last summer Andree told me that in June and July he counted ten moose and caribou that ventured out of the woods into the grass in full view of the camp.

Looking westward up the shining river, a richly wooded point of land is seen projecting into the water. It is a favorite summer camping ground for an old Indian hunter and trapper. A few summers ago a fine bull moose was found dead in the close season, in August, in the rushes not very far from the Indian's shelter. No crowner's quest was had, but the Indian owns a rifle, is a famous shot, has so much respect for the game laws as suits his purpose, uses moose hide in making his canoes and snowshoes—a case of circumstantial evidence. The owls took note of the deed, but made no protest, although for days they assembled toward evening on the adjacent trees to consider the subject, winging their slow flight past our camp.

NEW YORK.

JOSEPH W. HOWE.

[Every person who goes into the woods with rifle or rod is conscious that many look upon him askance as one possessed of strange taste in that he should be a sportsman. Those who have never experienced the manifold and diversified charms and interests that life in the woods affords, fail completely to comprehend what there can be in it, that so many should be lured into the wilderness annually, or perhaps more than once a year. The answer is found in just such experiences as are here related by Mr. Howe, and there is contained in the paragraphs he has written more than abundant justification for camp life and the pursuits of game and fish. It is a very narrow, and, of course, altogether inadequate, view which makes of a shooting or fishing trip only an expedition to secure game or fish. The thousand and one incidents of the outing, the long, long days and the long, long nights filled with lore of the natural world, as one may learn it when thus penetrating the wilderness—all these make up a sum total which even the most facile pen cannot fully nor adequately put down in the cold record. Men go to the woods because there is entertainment there for those who have the eye and the heart to find it. There is in Mr. Howe's paper sufficient explanation of the hold woodland life has upon those who have tested it and proved its compensations and rewards.]

To Control Illegal Netting of Fish.

NEW YORK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On several occasions when visiting the interior of New York State, near lakes in which netting of fish is prohibited by law, I have learned definitely that gill nets were owned and used at night by a large number of people who were otherwise law abiding. The spirit of the people was generally in opposition to the law.

A proposal for remedying the trouble is this: License a certain number of nets, and employ the proceeds for restocking every year. The effect of this plan would be two-fold. A fund for restocking would be assured, and the licensed netters would not allow others to fish. The netters know one another, and the licensed netters would be much more efficient than other wardens, because self-interest would be brought into play.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Fred Mather's Library.

ON Monday, June 4, there will be sold at Bangs' auction rooms, 91 and 93 Fifth avenue, a collection of books, including the library of the late Mr. Fred Mather, of the U. S. Fish Commission.

To persons interested in angling, fisheries and fishculture, this sale will present unusual attraction, and no doubt here there will be opportunities to complete sets of works which have long been out of print. Besides this, Mr. Mather's library contains many works relating to the war of the rebellion of 1861-'65, together with other Americana, such as tracts, local histories, old almanacs and so forth. There are besides pieces of rare sheet music. The list contains also many presentation copies and works of modern authors on a variety of subjects. Catalogues may be had of Bangs & Co.

in 1750. In the foreground are fragments of the columns where the holes made by certain mollusks common to the Mediterranean may be plainly seen, while portions of the restored temple occupy the background and the middle of the tank. The view is particularly pleasing, heightened as usual by the lights, the perspective and the slowly circulating fishes which swim about where formerly the friends of Serapis took their melancholy walks.

This Aquarium is not a temporary venture. Paris has given a concession for nine years after 1900, and at the end of that period the Aquarium becomes the property of the city. But before that time it is the intention of the brothers Guillaume to arrange laboratories, hatcheries and provide all modern inventions for the study of the natural history of fishes as well as of plants and all marine life, thus bringing the ocean and the beach to the very door of the naturalist.

While the wish of the fair lady who loved the seaside, but wanted to have it on the boulevards opposite the Grand Hotel, is not fully complied with, it is realized to an extraordinary degree. In this cool and agreeable retreat we may easily imagine so much that regret and discomfort will pursue us in our homeward walk through the hot and dusty streets, from which an escape will have been a temporary and refreshing relief.

THORNDIKE NOURSE.

PARIS, April, 1900.

The Great Middle Northwest.

It was just forty-five years ago that I was situated on the south shore of Lake Superior, then a wilderness extending south to the middle of Wisconsin. The center of this vast region was a sylvan tract, covered by enormous forests of pine and other timber, and not very far from the noted Thousand Lake region, of which an old trapper with whom I used to hunt and fish once said to me that the name was not right, for there was more, and he knew it; there were just a thousand and one, for he had counted them and fished and trapped fur on every one of them for several years, and was acquainted with them like a book. But his acquaintance must have been somewhat slender, if he knew no more of them than that, for, curiously for a Yankee from Connecticut, the man could neither read nor write. And in the whirligig of events it happens that after forty-seven years, here I am back again quite near that wet spot of land, which is the head waters of the streams that run north into Lake Superior, and south into the streams which feed the Mississippi.

Where this vast tract of forest and stream, and lakes thrown in, was in those years, the country is now denuded of its timber, all of which has been cut and rafted down the streams into Lake Michigan or into the Mississippi. Some of it has gone east, but all to the big lumber mills, which, after satiating their greedy maws for forty years, are now licking the bones and feeding on the remnants left of their prey. The fire always follows the lumbermen, and here there is little left but blackened, half-rotten logs, and the big stumps which will last for a half-century to come unless the farmers and, what are better far, the sheepmen come in and occupy these denuded lands in which there is a vast wealth of fertility untouched as yet by the plow or the hoof. Here is an almost inexhaustible range for the shepherds, just now on the tip top of a boom which promises to stay, for the sheep is but only now being duly recognized as "the most profitable animal a man can have," as was said three centuries ago by an old writer of the name of Fitzgerald. And just here is the most profitable place to bring them to. The gently rolling surface is more like the Wiltshire downs of old England, where all those fine breeds—the Downs breeds, as they have been called—were first kept and have since been bred by the most skillful breeders on the face of the earth. But I did not intend to get off among the sheep—my favorite animal as it is—but to talk of old-time fishing and hunting up in this country.

Those thousand-and-one lakes may well make the subject of a thousand-and-one hunting and fishing stories surpassing in disbelief even those amazing tales of the famed "Arabian Nights." For in every stream and lake the fish crowd in, much as they did in some place in which your versatile—but truthful—correspondent in this village of Chicago once told us of, and I think the locale of it was up this way. I have been up on the tip-top watershed of that lake region, and have taken trout on both sides of the watershed without changing my stand, and have taken trout from the waters of Lake Superior and of the head of the Mississippi, which were close by me within a cast each way. First, before I noted this, I noted the difference in the color of the trout—one kind was dark with bright yellow bellies and crimson spots and white edges on the fins; the others were pale and dull and quite different in flavor when cooked. This difference first drew my attention to the fact that it was due to the clearer and brighter waters of the Lake Superior side of the ridge, and the dull color showed the effect of the warmer and less clear water flowing to the south into the Mississippi. But right here the Central Wisconsin road runs right through this old hunting ground of mine, where the trout and perch and muskalonge and the countless ducks and wild geese swarm in and on the waters. Deer too are as plentiful as rabbits in an English warren, although ours are hares, brown at this time of the year, but white in the winter, when I used to think it a poor hour's work to get less than a dozen along their runs, worn down in the snow in the cedar thickets.

But the railroad has come in, and soon this place will be the home of thousands of sheepmen and dairymen and farmers, whose business it is to follow the lumbermen and reap the fruits of his labors of clearing the land for them to come in and possess it. But I was forgetting to mention the deer still left, and increased in number since I used to go home by noon with three fine bucks to worry along through the trails. In the fifties I once saw the Indians bring into our mining village over a hundred deer the gang had shot in a fence trap, which was their way of hunting them in the fall when they were on their annual journey to the South. One fine buck, the biggest I ever saw, that weighed a little over 300 pounds with his coat on, and which had three fingers of fat on his loins, I remember buying from a red-skin for a dollar and a half. It was slow work selling deer like that in a mining village of 300 souls, ranging from a week old to three

score and ten. But they got off their deer at last for the price of a pint of whisky, and then they spent every dollar in a drunk until, when they got sober, they went back to their reservation at L'Anse, fifty miles away.

I have not read in the *FOREST AND STREAM* to my recollection anything of this region, and so in my generosity to all fellow sportsmen I invite them to come this way and count the thousand and one lakes, and fish through the whole cluster of them and live on wild duck and trout and the accustomed hard tack and flapjack. The Wisconsin Central Railroad runs right through it from Chicago to the head of Lake Superior. By and by these lands, now swarming with game and fish, will be covered by sheep pastures and farms, and the dairymaid's call to her cows will be heard in place of the halloo of the hunter and the reverberations of the breechloader. Bring some shoo-fly by all means, for there are a few flies left here since I saw two-year-olds swarming on the snow banks on an unusually warm, or possibly I should say on a less than usually cold, day in February.

FIELDF, Wis.

H. STEWART.

Elijah Simonds.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Burnham's article about Elijah Simonds. He and I often went out hunting and prospecting for game together, one time for a week, at nightfall stopping at a house or camping out, without protection for the night, near the summit of Fox Peak—a cold, windy experience.

We always carried my rifle only, a Ballard .44 cal., as he said "there was no need of loading ourselves down with an extra weapon."

Another time when out inspecting his bear traps, the rain came down very steadily, when he said, "I don't care how hard it rains now, but I hate to start from home in a rain."

The first trap we visited was apparently undisturbed, the rain having flattened out the ground where it had been set, immediately under an old bear footprint, but on closer inspection we found the trap gone. I was astonished at the way he followed the direction the bear had taken. He walked as fast as a man going to his business in Broadway, his quick eye discerning every broken twig, or mark on the ground the clog had made, and after walking a mile or so we came to the trap, empty, a fallen tree trunk having aided the bear in his escape. We then went to a second trap a long way off, and there at the base of a spruce tree sat a she bear, trapped; her two cubs immediately scampered up the tree in a regular gallop.

"Give me the rifle," I said, when he replied, "No; make a sketch of her first." So in my eagerness, I scratched off a few lines. When he handed me the weapon I put a ball in her breast, and she was soon beyond all thought of her young ones. Simonds regretted we had no axe to cut down the tree and capture them alive—we were miles from any house. But as he said, "Six dollars" (the bounty) "didn't grow upon every bush," their doom was decided. Seeing a black spot up the tree, I shot at it and a cub fell, shot through the head. As I could not see the other cub on account of the dense foliage, I fired a random shot, when the cub moved, and seeing another black spot, I fired at it, and the second cub fell at my feet, the first shot having gone through its wrist and the second through its head. I was surprised that the random shot had struck it, for one might have fired up the tree till doomsday with rifle and ball without effect.

While Mr. Simonds was skinning the body I attended to the feet, as I wished to have the claws on the pelt. As I laid the cubs on a log I could but exclaim, "the murder of the innocents," they had such a human look, like two little darkies. The old mother's teeth were worn to the gums, so I did not preserve the skull, as I had intended.

I am registered on the Essex county records as having killed the "varmints" and received the bounty, which I handed over to Mr. Simonds, as well as the value of the pelts, which were long a memento of the day's experience.

The prettiest rifle shot I ever saw made was by Mr. Simonds on the West Branch of the Ausable River, putting a ball through a young wild duck while attempting to escape by flying and paddling, which we enjoyed cooking over our camp-fire and eating its tender flesh.

All this was years ago, and it's long since I have seen or heard of him, so you can imagine the pleasure your article gave me, though attended with the painful notice of his death at a ripe old age, his gun forever laid aside—but I will ever hold him in pleasant remembrance.

GEO. B. WOOD.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Trout and Watersnake.

I WRITE this morning for a little information. I claim to be pretty well posted in regard to the waters of this State, but am frank to admit that I draw the line on snakes, and I therefore want the editor of your "snake column" to give me a little information.

I have a large pond on a farm in my charge in which are a good many large trout, and I am sorry to say some snakes. A year ago last summer a person in the neighborhood noticed a commotion in the water and stopped to see what caused it. Presently he saw that a large water snake had captured a large trout, too large to take out of the water on the bank in the ordinary way, head first, and presently the snake backed out on the bank, tail first, dragging the trout after him in his mouth.

This person killed the snake, which was a very large one, took the trout out of its mouth and brought it up to our farm house, where it was weighed and found to be 13 1/4 pounds in weight.

I asked the farmer whether he ate the trout, and he said no, that he did not eat trout when they had been caught by a snake.

I have not seen a statement to the effect that snakes are in the habit of backing out of the water in this way when they have seized a large fish, and if this is something new then I will authenticate this story more fully, as I do not wish to have any doubt raised as to my veracity in case I tell the story, although I know that it is substantially as I have told it.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

Natural History.

Eagles and Infants.

SEVERAL months since an article appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* under the foregoing head. When I read it I purposed to write you something on the same subject, but neglected to do so till the present moment. The incident I am about to relate I have only on hearsay, but I believe it true, nevertheless. Several accounts concerning it appeared in the Territorial newspapers at the time, and the statement was generally accepted as true.

For 200 miles southwest of Tucson is a great belt of country remarkable for its aridity. It is a great plain, practically treeless, ribbed with an occasional mountain range and thickly dotted with black volcanic hills. In the mountains a few good mines have been found, and on the plains a few stockmen have made their homes, but the principal residents of the country are Papago Indians. They live in villages, widely scattered, raise a few ponies of their own and many cattle of their neighbors. The little water found near the surface, or impounded in depressions on the plain, is a sure excuse for a straggling village, presided over by a *capitan* with limited authority over a given area.

About four years ago while some Indian women were working in a corn patch near the village of Quijotoa, one of them placed her young baby in the shade of a neighboring bush. An eagle soared above, but as no danger was apprehended, little notice was given to its ever lowering circles, when, with a noise like the violent rushing of wind, it shot down and struck the child. Instantly there was an uproar among the women, and with screams they ran to save it. For about 100 feet the bird flew low and laboriously, still holding to the struggling child, but slowly it rose, and despite the screams of the frantic women, it disappeared with its victim over the top of the Quijotoa range. The child was said to be between three and four months old. There can be no doubt of the truth of this story. It was told to some prospectors who happened through the country shortly afterward. They reported the Indians of the village as being much excited over the occurrence.

The only eagle in southern Arizona is the ring-tailed (*A. chrysatus*). They are a bold, strong bird, and many are the tales I have heard of their strength and daring. All told, I have seen some six or eight killed, and I measured most of them. The average stretch of wing was 7 feet. The largest one I ever saw was 7 feet 3 inches. I once saw one so gorged with food as to be unable to rise high in the air. It was killed with a load of No. 4 shot.

PIMA.

YUMA, ARIZ., May 9.

Zigzag Experiences.

V.—An Unexpected Encounter with Fiber Zibethicus.

YOUTH and early manhood have long since left our schoolboy days in the distant past, but the lapse of years only tends to renew and confirm the lessons learned in the little old weather-beaten school house beside the country road.

We turn a retrospective glance and behold the plain, everyday, common-sense system and methods of the past have been blotted out by the transmuting evolution of the present with its lengthening curriculum of frills and flourishes—with its "swing of Pleiades," isms, psychology and other iridescent bubbles.

New investigations, new light and deeper study may have overturned some of the old teachings, but our early lessons were so thoroughly inculcated, so thoroughly mastered, and so thoroughly assimilated, that we find it difficult to dethrone the old and fall down and worship the new—and in unguarded moments the mind reverts to the accepted teachings of early years.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

From our old leather-bound and well-thumbed textbook on natural history we learned that our interesting American friend, the muskrat, with whom we oftentimes sought closer acquaintance beside the brooks and rivers in early spring with shotgun in hand, is in the matter of diet exclusively a vegetarian, and so cleanly in his habits that he thoroughly washes the roots of the water plants, fruits and vegetables upon which he feeds before eating them.

Spending a sunny winter's day not long since upon a pond fishing through the ice for pickerel, judge of my astonishment and chagrin when answering the summons of the red flag at the masthead of a tilt to find a whole menagerie, including the clown, on the end of my line!—astonishment when I landed a quadruped with fur instead of a fish with scales, and chagrin because of the rude sundering of the ties which bound me to the teachings of the past!

Shades of Izaak Walton and all his disciples! didn't he cavort around, pull, and do all the trapeze and acrobatic acts of the circus man! For a time it seemed as if I had the whole Chinese Empire on my line and every Mongolian was doing his utmost to remain in his own country. But being securely hooked, all remonstrance was in vain, landing was effected, and he was my—muskrat!

My first impulse was to conclude that, since his appearance in the Devonian age in the Paleozoic era he had been ascending in the scale by evolution from a vegetarian to the higher forms of feeders upon a mixed diet, and so furnishing new matter for speculative thought and making a revision of text-books necessary.

But a little reflection convinced me that such conclusion was based upon insufficient data. While not questioning the changes wrought by evolution, or that the present experience might be a demonstration thereof, there are many other possible explanations which should be given due consideration.

Was it a case of mistaken identity? Did he mistake the minnow for a floating piece of yellow lily root or a piece of parsnip from a neighboring scullery? Was it an accident? Was Mr. Muskrat out on a love adventure,

and so thoroughly absorbed in prospective pleasure as to thoughtlessly run foul of the minnow, and snapping at it to cast it out of his pathway became accidentally impaired upon the hook?

Aha! And suppose the minnow was the attacking party. What then? Suppose the minnow was imbued with the ambition of Aesop's frog, and that he thought himself big enough and powerful enough to subdue everything in the pond? Ah! who will tell?

GEO. McALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

The Last Adirondack Moose.

CANTON, N. Y., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "The last moose killed in New York State" has been killed so many times that he ought to be very much dead by now. I do not know when he was killed, but I know this: In December, 1858 or '59, and I think the latter year, Charles Marsh, a resident of the township of Fine, St. Lawrence county, killed a bull moose. Marsh was one of the old-time woodsmen, though a man in those days hardly more than thirty-five. He hunted, fished, trapped, both for fur and for wolves and panthers; made maple sugar in spring, tanned it a little, and made cedar sap buckets, tinkered guns and watches, etc. He was a quiet, sober, industrious man, knew the woods as an open book, full of resources in a tight place and afraid of nothing if his right hand grasped his rifle. He was the quickest shot I ever saw outside the professionals, and thought it an unpardonable sin to make more than one hole in a tree when he fired both barrels of his rifle, bang, bang! from his shoulder at some little knot a dozen rods away.

At the time I speak of he had a winter hunting shanty near the head of Bossout Pond on the headwaters of the Oswegatchie River, and perhaps a couple of miles within the south line of St. Lawrence county, and perhaps three miles from the head of Mud Lake, the head of Bog River (distances estimated, but I have been over the ground in bygone years). One day in deer hunting he struck a moose track and followed it a while, then returned to his shanty and started out next day with provisions and a determination to bag that moose. He got a shot before night, as I remember, but only wounded the moose. However, he stuck to him and slept on the trail one night (I'm not sure but two), and got him. As near as I can remember, the finish was in the vicinity of Bog Lake. I was a youngster attending district school in Fine. One day the venison buyer came along with the moose on a sleigh and the pupils were given a recess to take a look at what they were told was probably "the last moose in the woods."

We were told later that the moose weighed 1,000 pounds. Later on I became well acquainted with Marsh and heard the details of the hunt from him. He was my ideal woodsman, and I have followed him through the trackless forest when I wondered if we wouldn't get lost, but never knew him to miss the place he was looking for by an inch. He has now gone over the Divide, as I am told, for he went West in the sixties, and I have not seen him since.

J. H. R.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. M. Chill reports in your issue of this date that a moose was killed in Essex county "between 1855 and 1858," which he thinks was the last moose killed in the State. In the following I shall not claim to have killed the last moose, but that I saw a live one as late as July, 1850.

I was stopping with my old friend, H. H. Thompson, in the Bank of Whitestown, four miles from Utica, where we had to drive every day after banking hours to express currency to New York for redemption. (At that time all banks had to redeem their own bills as sent from the clearing house every day.) After doing our business, friend Thompson and I repaired to a bowling alley at what was called The City Garden, kept by one Sam Ryan, and in this so-called garden was a year-old moose that had been brought down the Utica & Black River Railroad either from Boonville or Lowville.

I saw this moose a number of times. I do not remember what became of it, but I think that it died there.

I resided in Utica until 1862 and never heard of any moose being killed after the capture of this young one.

J. L. DAVISON.

Captive Grouse Breeding.

I NOTE the paragraph in the current issue of FOREST AND STREAM in which Secretary Brackett, of the Michigan Fish and Game Commission, asks that any one finding a nest of the ruffed grouse will communicate at once with him, presumably for the purpose of obtaining the eggs.

Will the Secretary pardon me for suggesting that he is beginning at the wrong end of the chain? It is very seriously to be doubted whether grouse chicks hatched from wild eggs under a common hen will survive any longer than they can be kept alive by the nourishment absorbed from the egg. Either they will be killed by the foster mother (as has been the case in other similar trials) or they will utterly refuse to have anything to do with her, and die of exposure and starvation.

On the other hand, the birds themselves, even if not taken till fully grown, will ultimately become quite tame, and chicks from eggs laid and hatched out by the parent bird in confinement, have every chance that is possible under artificial conditions. As some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember, the writer obtained from ruffed grouse in confinement two clutches of unfertilized and two of fertilized eggs in as many different seasons, and from the last clutch secured one live chick, hatched by the mother grouse. Unlike her distant relatives of the pheasant family, the hen grouse is a faithful and persistent sitter, even in confinement, and she may be safely trusted, under favorable circumstances, to bring chicks from fertilized eggs.

It is a long and complicated problem to which Secretary Brackett has turned his attention, but I am convinced that it can be solved. I am also equally convinced, however, that he does not want to begin it at all.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 19.

A Partridge's Drum at Night.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., May 14.—Last Saturday evening while fishing for pouts, a partridge began to drum quite near me. This was about 8 o'clock in the evening, and he kept it up at short intervals until I left, a little after 9 o'clock. Is not this something unusual? The moon was shining very brightly, and he was located in a rather open piece of ground that had been burned over last fall.

H. H. RUSSELL.

[The drumming of the partridge at night, though perhaps not very common, has often been heard, and is recorded by many observers. We have heard it at various times, usually on bright moonlight nights. It seems reasonable to conclude that it is analogous to the night singing of birds, which, of course, is common among certain species, and much less unusual than it is generally thought to be.]

Game Bag and Gun.

White-tail Deer.

OWING to the diminished numbers and the rapid decrease of the white-tail deer, I now enjoy far less pleasure in killing this noble species of game than I formerly did when deer were more numerous. I have never experienced pleasure in shooting a doe or a fawn for sport, and during the past five years I have not attempted to kill one of them even for fresh meat. Toward the male deer, however, I do not entertain the same feelings, for the occasional taking of a buck has much less effect in depleting the species. Furthermore, a buck is more cunning than a doe and will often evade the most experienced hunter. The man who kills a buck by still-hunting generally earns his prize. I well remember the experience of my younger days with a crafty old buck that made his headquarters on a high bluff about a half mile from my father's house. He was truly a monarch of the wilderness. I devoted my spare time for three winters in trying to bag him, but he would as often outwit me and escape without injury. He would permit an occasional glimpse at his branching antlers, and would give me a frequent parting salute with his great white tail as he bounded off, but I could never succeed in getting what I then regarded as a decent shot at him. The last season that I hunted him the buck appeared to experience a real pleasure whenever he found that I was on his trail, for he would circle, sneak, back track and frisk about in a



"BOTH BUCKS WERE NOBLE SPECIMENS."

tantalyzing sort of way, and in an all-day's tracking I would not drive him out of a certain patch of brush and young timber, containing less than twelve acres. The buck appeared to enjoy my company and had doubtless become to regard me as his friend. I finally concluded that this particular buck was an animal created to embellish the forest and animate the solitudes of nature, and I accordingly did not further molest him. A year after I quit hunting him, and at a time when I did not have my rifle with me, he walked out into an open place on the brow of the hill and stood for a number of seconds gazing at me as if to inquire why I had forsaken him and had ceased to be his companion. As I grew older and became more familiar with the habits of the deer, and became more expert in the use of the rifle, I occasionally met with better success, but I shall never forget the chagrin, keen disappointment and ill-success of the earlier years of my hunting experience in pursuit of the white-tail.

Although this animal is the shyest, shrewdest and most difficult to successfully still-hunt of all the American game animals, instances sometimes occur, although rarely, when it becomes an easy victim to the hunter's rifle. A circumstance of the kind fell to my lot during the open season in the fall of 1899. I started out alone after deer early in the morning, leaving the two others of our party sound asleep at the camp. Soon after leaving I discovered fresh bear tracks in the snow, indicating that the animal had passed along during the previous night. Thinking the bear steaks would be greatly relished by the parties at our camp, and being desirous of obtaining the hide, I decided to follow the trail.

The ground was bare except in now and then a spot where a small patch or remnant of snow still remained in a sheltered place. It was in one of these scanty patches of snow that I first discovered the footprints of the bear, but nearly all of the tracking had to be done without the aid of snow, making the work slow and tedious.

It was so late in the season that the bear had undoubtedly selected his winter den, and had only sauntered out for a short distance; I was, therefore, in hopes of tracking him to his quarters. In this I was not disappointed, for within a mile from camp I discovered his

den, which was composed of a mass of leaves and brush in a heap beside a fallen tree. After circling the spot to make sure that the bear was in his den, I did not molest him, but quietly started back to camp. The others of our party would be delighted to take a hand in the killing of the bear, and I was anxious to permit them to return with me for this purpose. I had traveled but a few rods on my way back to camp, when I became startled by a strange noise ahead. I stopped and listened with strained ears. I could hear clashing sounds and crackling from the breaking of brush and small trees. I could also distinguish a terrific snorting and blowing. Sneaking toward I soon reached a position from which I could plainly see, through an opening between the trees, the cause of the turmoil. Two mighty bucks were engaged in combat. It was the first time I had witnessed a fight of the kind, and I was grateful for the entertainment the opportunity afforded. With the hair on their backs bristled up, the two deer would thrash about, shake their heads and circle around, meanwhile facing each other and bellowing with all their force. At intervals they would make furious charges, their horns would meet, and each would make a desperate effort to overcome the other. They appeared to be about evenly matched. One of the deer was larger than the other, but the smaller of the two made up in quickness what he lacked in weight. After I had watched the two combatants long enough to satisfy my curiosity, I could not resist the desire to take a hand in the fray, and accordingly brought my .45-90 into action. Buck No. 1 fell from the effects of a bullet. His adversary was in such a violent rage that he did not desist at the report of my rifle, but continued to gore his prostrate antagonist by fierce thrusts with his horns, as if to inflict ill-tempered torture to a vanquished foe. At the second report of my rifle buck No. 2 went down. The prevailing solitude of the forest now settled over us, and all was again quiet save for the sounds made by the escaping bear. He had become alarmed at the reports of my rifle, had scampered out of his den and departed for his own safety, before I could get sight of him. Although chagrined at the escape of the bear, I felt in a measure recompensed for my inadvertency and the loss of the bear by the two deer I had taken. Both bucks were noble specimens of their species, and many times by their craftiness and cunning had doubtless escaped the cruel purpose of the hunter. In their ill-fated quarrel, however, they had become careless, reckless and bold. As the two deer lay dead on the ground before me, I somehow felt that I had taken an unfair advantage of them and did not feel proud of my work.

A. J. RICHARDS.

WISCONSIN.

A Persistent Goose.

CHERRYSTONE LODGE, Cherrystone, Va., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It did not take long—after I heard from L. that the genial manager of this delightful spot had written him that the geese were plentiful in Cherrystone Creek, but would probably clear out for the North on that (the April) full moon, then only four or five days off—for me to hustle my things together and meet L. and his pal, as he called him, at the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry to catch the 8:55 P. M. for Cherrystone. We were met at Cheriton Station by the depot wagon from the Lodge at 4:25 P. M., and in twenty minutes were landed here, guns and baggage. Dinner hour was at 7 P. M., and after showing Pal—it was his first trip—over the house and cottage row, L. suggested that we walk down to the kennels to see the dogs, and incidentally to view the "tame wild geese live decoys."

Now all guns, as is the rule, had meantime been deposited in the gun room and jealously locked away.

Cherrystone Lodge is just on the edge of the water—in fact, some thirty or forty rooms are built over the water with porches overhanging. A long plank walk, 1,000 feet long, runs down the shore to the kennels of the Cherrystone Shooting and Fishing Club, who make this their headquarters, availing themselves of the hotel as a club house. On the inshore side of the plank walk is a meadow between the water and the road, containing in all some twenty acres, and in this meadow between the kennels and the hotel the tame wild geese are turned out when not tied by the legs and anchored as decoys.

We had hardly gone 200 feet along the board walk when the geese started up the most tremendous honking ever heard. I looked over my shoulder. "Look there," I yelled and within 30 yards of us, wings set to alight, in sails a goose, heading for the tame wild ones. "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro." L. and his pal made a wild dash back for the gun room. I drew back behind a bush and watched the goose, which, seeing us, had sheered off over the water again. I thought for good, but around he swings and heads in again, and I look anxiously back to see if reinforcements with the guns were coming around the house—but no one is in sight yet.

Again, with set wings, he almost dropped in the meadow, but bang! goes a shot from the other side of the road from the front yard of a neighbor, 80 or 100 yards away at least. The shooter might have spared himself the trouble.

Away goes the goose, as the boys, one with an 8-gauge and one with a 10-gauge, join me, and swinging over the water appears to be headed for nothing nearer than the North Pole; but as we, returning slowly, have about reached the door of the gun room, that confiding creature actually heads back toward us, honking at a great rate.

Right over our heads he comes, but a long shot, pretty high up; L. lets go two barrels from his big 8-gauge, and Pal's No. 10 joins in the chorus; but there is no stopping that bird. Right down along the edge of the water to below the kennels he goes, and swinging around over the barn sails down, and actually after all this rumpus, alights in the meadow, where he is promptly potted by the aforesaid neighbor, fortunately without killing the tame decoys, he having meantime stolen up behind the fence near to the decoys. That's what I call a "persistent goose." I wonder if he intended suicide!

We spent the next day and the following forenoon in the floating blinds out on the bay, and with the live decoys out, and our bag was eleven, to which I contributed one. I only shot once—a long, single-barrel, 8-gauge, with cartridge loaded with about 7½ drams, 1¾ No. BB—at a flock fairly well up overhead, and down came three,

flopping into the water with a splash such as an elephant might make. I had them counted, in my mind, but do what we could, two of them got away, and my contribution to the bag was one goose.

L. and his friend returned to New York, but I have remained down here for the bay bird shooting, and yesterday hearing curlews—graybacks, yellowlegs and beagles were plenty—on the Broadwater, twenty-five minutes' drive from here, I drove over there and got Lucius Cobb, one of the best of the old Cobb Island guides, to sail me out and look about a bit.

We saw a tremendous number of birds; in fact, the marsh was alive with them, mostly curlew and graybacks, and returned to get snipe stools, etc., in readiness; and to-morrow I am going to have a day or two with the shore birds, and of my luck, if sufficiently interesting, I will write to you anon.

THE SECRETARY.

The Maine Guide Law.

FOLLOWING is the full text of the opinion delivered by Judge Folger in the case of Elmer Snowman, the Rangeley guide who contested the constitutionality of the law requiring guides to take out licenses:

The respondent was indicted and tried for an alleged violation of the provisions of Section 1 of Chapter 262, Public Laws of 1897, which reads as follows:

"Section 1. No person shall engage in the business of guiding, as the term is commonly understood, before he has caused his name, age and residence to be recorded in a book kept for that purpose by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, and procured a certificate from said Commissioners, setting forth in substance that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide, either for inland fishing or forest hunting, or both, as the case may be. Whoever engages in the business of guiding without having complied with the provisions of this section, forfeits \$50 and costs of prosecution."

Section 2 of the same chapter is as follows:

"Section 2. Each registered guide shall from time to time, as often as requested by the Commissioners, on blanks furnished by the Commissioners, forward a statement to them of the number of persons he has guided in inland fishing and forest hunting during the time called for in said statement, the number of days he has been employed as a guide, and such other information relative to the inland fish and game, forest fires and preservation of the forests in the localities where he has guided, as the Commissioners may deem of importance to the State."

Other sections of the chapter require that the registration provided for by the act shall take place annually on or before the first day of July; that when any registered guide shall be convicted of any violation of the inland fish and game laws he shall forfeit his certificate; that a fee of \$1 shall be paid by each person registered, and that the money thus received shall be and become a part of the fund for the preservation of inland fish and game; and that the act shall not be construed to apply to any person who has not, directly or indirectly, held himself out to the public as a guide, or solicited employment as such.

The indictment alleges that the respondent, Elmer Snowman, at Rangeley, in the county of Franklin, "On the second day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and on divers other days between said second day of July, A. D. 1898, and the day of the finding of this indictment, was then and there engaged in the business of guiding in inland fishing and forest hunting as the term is commonly understood, said Elmer Snowman not having caused his name, age and residence to be recorded in a book kept for that purpose by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, and had not then and there procured from said Commissioners a certificate setting forth in substance that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide either for inland fishing or forest hunting, against the peace," etc.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, whereupon the respondent filed a motion in arrest of judgment which was overruled by the presiding justice, and to such overruling of the motion the respondent excepts.

The respondent also excepts to an instruction given by the presiding justice to the jury.

The motion in arrest of judgment alleges that the indictment is bad for duplicity, and is otherwise insufficient in law; and that the statute under which the respondent is indicted is unconstitutional.

We are of opinion that the indictment is sufficient in law. But one offense is charged, namely, that of having been unlawfully engaged in the business of guiding, and the indictment is not, therefore, bad for duplicity. The indictment follows closely the language of the statute, so that the offense charged and the statute under which the indictment is found can be clearly identified and understood.

The counsel for the respondent contends that the statute under which the respondent is indicted is repugnant to that clause of the Declaration of Rights, Section 1, Article 1, of the Constitution of Maine, which declares that "All men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural inherent and unalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, obtaining and protecting property, and of pursuing safety and happiness."

It is argued in support of this contention that the statute in question deprives the respondent and others from engaging in a lawful vocation, and is therefore in contravention of the provisions of the bill of rights guaranteeing the liberty of all citizens.

It is unquestioned that every person has the natural right to pursue any lawful vocation, but such natural right is subject to the legal maxim, "*sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*." So when a vocation, naturally lawful, or the mode of exercising it, inflicts injury to the rights of others, or is inconsistent with the public welfare, it may be regulated and restrained by the State by the exercise of its police power, by which persons and property are subject to all kinds of restraints and burdens, in order to secure the general comfort, health and prosperity of the State. Tiedman's Lim. of Police Powers, Section 1.

The question here is whether the enactment of the statute under consideration by the Legislature was a legal and constitutional exercise of such power, or falls within constitutional limitation.

The rule to be observed by the judiciary in determining the constitutionality of a legislative enactment is thus stated in State v. Lube, 93 Me., 418: "Every presumption and intendment is in favor of the constitutionality of an act of the Legislature. Courts are not justified in pronouncing a legislative enactment invalid unless satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt of its repugnance to the constitution; and nothing but a clear violation of the constitution—a clear usurpation of power prohibited—will warrant the judiciary in declaring an act of the Legislature unconstitutional and void."

The manifest purpose of the statute in this case is the preservation of fishes in inland waters of the State, and the game in its forests. By the terms of the act a person to be authorized to act as a guide in inland fisheries and forest hunting must be registered and certified by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, whose certificate must set forth in substance that the person to whom it is issued is suitable to act in such capacity. Each person so registered and certified is required as requested by the Commissioners to furnish certain statistics as to his employment as guide, and also such other useful information relative to inland fish and game, forest fires and the preservation of the forests, as the Commissioners may deem important to the State.

The fishes in the waters of the State and the game in its forests belong to the people of the State in their sovereign capacity, who, through their representatives, the Legislature, have sole control thereof, and may permit or prohibit their taking. Martin v. Waddell, 16 Pet., 410; Geer v. Conn., 161 U. S., 519; and cases there cited. Ex parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476; State v. Redman, 58 Minn., 393.

In the case last cited the court says: "We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State, not as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity, as the representative and for the benefit of all its people in common."

In ex parte Maier, supra, it is said, "The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic and commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good."

When the State permits the taking of fish and game it has full power and authority to regulate such taking. It may impose such conditions, restrictions and limitations as it deems needful and proper. Geer v. Conn., supra, in which Mr. Justice White, who delivered the opinion of the court, exhaustively examined and discussed the question here involved, citing an array of authorities, says, p. 528, "In most of the States laws have been passed for the preservation and protection of game. We have been referred to no case where the power to so regulate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of some of the statutes." See also Manchester v. Massachusetts, 139 U. S., 240; Roth v. State, 51 Ohio St., 209; Allen v. Wyckoff, 48 N. J. L., 90; Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; Moulton v. Libby, 37 Me., 494; State v. Whitten, 90 Me., 55.

It has been for many years the policy of this State to protect and preserve its fish and game, and to that end the Legislature has annually appropriated and caused to be expended large sums of money and has enacted numerous statutes. Under this wise policy the fish and game within its borders have become of great importance and value to the State. The statute here in question is a further enactment in pursuance of such policy.

It is well known that most sportsmen who frequent remote streams and lakes, and traverse the trackless forests which cover large portions of the State, do so under the guidance and direction of guides. Guides may be regarded as instrumentalities in fishing and hunting. Guides should possess such skill, experience, sagacity and probity that not only the safety of the sportsmen but the welfare of the State can be properly intrusted to them. They should be under such restrictions that it shall be for their interests to discountenance violation of the fish and game laws. The Legislature has deemed it wise to create such a body of men who shall pursue such vocation under the supervision of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, and shall assist the Commissioners in protecting and preserving the property of the State. The privilege of hunting and fishing is granted by the State freely and without price, and it is reasonable and proper that all who avail themselves of that privilege, whether they be fishermen, hunters or guides, should conform and be amenable to such regulations as the State may impose. We are of opinion that the Legislature has the constitutional power to regulate the employment of guides in fishing and hunting as provided in the statute here in question.

The learned counsel for the respondent further contends that, assuming the statute to be otherwise constitutional, the requirement that each person registered and certified under the provisions of the act, shall pay a fee of \$1, is repugnant to the constitution, and that the statute is for that reason unconstitutional and void. We do not sustain that contention. It is well settled that when the State issues a license to any person to carry on any business or to engage in any vocation, it may exact a reasonable fee therefor. Tiedman on Lim. of Police Powers, Sec. 101, p. 274, et seq., where the authorities upon this point are collated and examined. The fee required by this statute is certainly reasonable, being no more than is sufficient to defray the expense of registering and certifying and maintaining necessary supervision.

We therefore hold that the statute under which the respondent is indicted is not repugnant to the constitution of the State, but is constitutional and valid.

The defendant excepts to the following instructions given to the jury by the presiding justice, viz.: "And I think I will say to you for the purposes of this case, as it will undoubtedly go forward to the law court, if he acts as guide one or more times, not being licensed, he falls within the provisions of the statute as being engaged in

the business of guiding, I think the statute intended to prohibit all guiding unless by licensed guides."

This instruction was erroneous, and the exception there to must be sustained.

The respondent is charged in the indictment with having been unlawfully engaged in the business of guiding. Whether he was so engaged as a business, was a question exclusively for the jury. A single act of guiding with proof of other circumstances might satisfy them of the truth of the charge, while, on the contrary, proof of two or more acts of guiding, with other circumstances proved, might fail to so satisfy them. Moreover, the statutes, Sec. 5, Ch. 262, P. L. 1897, provides that "This act shall not be construed to apply to any person who does not, directly or indirectly, hold himself out to the public as a guide, or directly or indirectly solicit employment as such."

Exceptions as to sufficiency of indictment and as to constitutionality of statute overruled. Exception to instruction of presiding justice sustained. New trial granted.

The Ohio Law Muddle.

THE Ohio Legislature has amended the laws governing Lake Erie fishing in a way to give greater concessions to the net fishermen. The Cleveland Leader relates the changes and explains their effect thus:

So important were the results that some details of the story of how Mr. Gear got the farmers to help him give the big fishermen of Lake Erie what they wanted may be worth stating.

A word or two of history is indispensable. Four, or perhaps more, years ago a law was enacted requiring the fishermen to pay a certain price on each ton of fish caught in Lake Erie. Not many of them made a report and paid the tax, and there was no way of getting information to compel payment. As the State was put to a heavy expense in policing Lake Erie, the State Game Commission two years ago had drafted a bill which became a law, requiring every person who fished for profit in Lake Erie to procure a license for each boat or net used. That law was strict, and hard to avoid. There also was inserted in the same act a definition of a reef, and this definition could be understood by a school boy. This year the State Game Commission attempted a general revision of the game laws, in particular, amending the penalty sections so as to effectually protect birds and game. This revision was known as the Roberts bill. Perhaps it gave too much power to the State Commission, but the Commission was sure it would reach every scheme to evade the laws. But the farmer members of the Legislature were desirous of practically putting a stop to all hunting, and the big Lake Erie fishermen were opposed to the boat and net licenses, which compelled them to pay fees amounting to about \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year. Neither the farmers nor the fish companies wanted the Roberts bill.

Gear, of Wyandot, undertook to please everybody. In William's bill all that was left of the provision for boat and net licenses was a row of dots here and there where he had smote the objectionable words. Instead of those provisions which the Game Commission declare would alone be effective in bringing to time the lake fishermen, William reincorporated the tax of fifty cents a ton on fish caught, which proved utterly ineffective a few years ago, because the fisherman makes his own tax returns, and practically can return as much or as little as he pleases.

The easily understood definition of a reef was (Section 6968-4):

"For the purpose of this act a reef shall be understood to mean the bed of the lake where the water is 20 feet or less in depth, whether it be along the shore of the mainland, the shore of an island, or the bed of the lake in any place, and where in each case the same is composed of rock, either broken or in place, or of gravel."

Gear substituted a definition, in interpreting which the Supreme Court judges certainly will earn the increased salaries the Legislature granted them. Whatever a reef is actually, in law, it now is an obscure something. The Gear definition reads:

"For the purpose of this act a reef shall mean an elevation of rock either broken or in place or gravel shown by the latest United States chart to be above the common level of the surrounding bottom of the lake, other than the rock, broken or in place, forming the base or foundation rock of an island or mainland, and sloping from the shore thereof; and shall also mean an elevation shown by such chart to be above the common level of such sloping base or foundation rock of an island or mainland, whether running from the shore of an island or parallel with the contour of the shore of an island or in any other way, whether formed by rock broken or in place or from gravel."

Any fisherman taken into court on the charge of fishing on or over a "reef" can prove easily that there are no "reefs" in or about Lake Erie.

To placate opposition to these features of his bill, Mr. Gear set a bait for the farmer vote. He fixed it so no game can be killed except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 1, except ducks, with certain limitations, and here is where the joke comes in on the duck hunters.

One provision of this section (6961), as it stood prior to the time William, of Wyandot, appeared, read: "No person shall kill any wild duck on Sunday or Monday of any week on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio, or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof," etc.

Now what Gear didn't do to that little provision was a plenty, and he did it with the little word "or."

That provision now reads: "No person shall kill any duck on Sunday or Monday of any week, or on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio, or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof, or on the rivers, creeks, ponds, or other waters or bodies of water in this state."

Now that little word "or" has caused a jubilee in duckland. For the next two years Ohio will be a paradise for ducks. The only duck that it is lawful to kill or shoot at is the duck who gets an idea into his head to fly over Ohio straight northward to the Arctic Circle, or wings his flight southward to perch on the ring of the Antarctic.

But the duck which comes down and says "Hello, there, how are you? I am here to stay," is perfectly safe. For

under the law as it reads not at any time can you kill any duck upon any waters whatever in the Commonwealth of Ohio. You might catch a dry land duck, but then you first would have to get the written permission of the farmer to hunt on his land, and at that you would find the ducks there nesting, and you dare not disturb them on their nests. The mother duck can drive her ducklings to water day by day in Ohio in peace, and the wicked hunter dare not molest or make her afraid.

Why Fish and Game Should Be Protected.

TORONTO, May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It must be admitted that the fish contained in our magnificent lakes and rivers, and the game of forest and field, is a most valuable heritage left us by nature, for the purpose of being used wisely for the benefit of all. Nature makes few mistakes, and intended her laws to be observed, and exacts heavy penalties for the violation of them. It is well known that large portions of the United States and Canada are not adapted for agriculture, or even grazing purposes. The rocks may be rich in mineral deposits that may in due season be discovered, these valuables extracted, the mines deserted, and afterward unproductive for all time. But on the surface of these rocks, and in the lakes and rivers intervening, there exists a perpetual and natural reproductive source of wealth.

We are told that good government consists in doing the greatest good to the largest numbers. This being the case, it is evidently the duty of the respective Governments to introduce measures to perpetuate a valuable heritage in the interests of the majority, and wisely prevent its total destruction in a few years, to satisfy the greed and rapacity of a few.

The question naturally arises, how can this desirable consummation be accomplished? Those intrusted with the important work of fish and game protection are fully conversant with the difficulties contended with. The protection of game should be self-sustaining. That can only be obtained by the license system.

The game and fish on public lands and in public waters are assets equally with timber and minerals, and those who indulge in the pleasure of shooting and fishing should supply the cost of protecting the game and fish for them. The leases of timber limits should be liable to cancellation, on proof of the owners or their agents supplying their respective camps with game during the close season for same. The licenses of the large fish companies who violate the fishing laws, or aid and abet others in evading fishery regulations, should be canceled. It is no secret that after the authorities have destroyed numbers of costly trap-nets, apparently the property of men in poor circumstances, they are at once furnished with others, presumably by big corporations, whose tools they are.

It is a farce fining wealthy companies \$25 for using moose meat or venison in their camps. They could pay a great many \$25 fines in one season, and then be gainers to a large extent by the illegal practice. The only effective way to stop the illegal killing of large game by these companies for the purpose of feeding their employees is to make the practice too expensive. The only way to reach them is through their pockets.

The fine should be \$50 for each and every skin or portion of moose or venison found in their camps during the close season. Then they would soon discover that it would be cheaper to feed their men on beef than venison. Fines of the above figures would also enable the authorities to employ more effective espionage.

The most effective factor in game and fish protection is the prohibiting the sale of game, and also speckled trout and black bass, neither of these fish being a factor in commerce, but of the greatest attraction to the tourist sportsman.

My sympathies are with the Indians and bona fide settlers who kill game for the immediate necessities of their families, but should not be allowed to kill during close season for sale. I would punish as far as possible the class of poachers who kill game during close seasons to supply lumber camps, etc. The penalties in these cases should be of such a nature that few examples would be required.

It is impossible to place a money value on the game and fish of the country, for the reason that they are a feature or part of nature's plan to attract men from the crowded cities and towns to the woods and streams, for the purpose of enabling them to recover to some extent the health and energy lost in the scramble for wealth.

Game and fish, outside their value as food, have a national value beyond computation. Anything that is conducive to the good health of the inhabitants of any country is of untold value. It should be plain to all those who have given these matters intelligent consideration, that game and fish are two of the principal attractions to our woods, rivers and lakes, to the thousands of health and recreation seeking tourists who are wise enough to spend their vacations in localities enjoying nature in its majestic grandeur. This being the case, it naturally follows that it is the bounden duty of our legislators to preserve and perpetuate for the benefit of the general public these valuable resources, and enact measures of the strongest nature to prevent the extermination of what nature has so bountifully provided for us. Nature never intended the game and fish to be exterminated for the purpose of enriching a few powerful and dominating companies.

It is certainly incomprehensible that so many men claiming to be sportsmen can be (to put it mildly) so inconsistent as to shoot birds in the spring en route to their nesting grounds. To do so appears to me to be in direct opposition to the laws of nature and common sense. Men who kill birds or game animals when in the act of propagating their species, or when preparing to do so, must necessarily be unthinking men, or otherwise of a very low order, and too far down in the intellectual scale to have the remotest claim to be classed as sportsmen or in any way responsible for their actions. Farmers killing off their poultry in the spring and expecting to have a supply for the market in the fall of the year, would be considered proper subjects for Government institutions under medical supervision.

Those States and Provinces in which spring shooting is allowed are, to a large extent, responsible for the

difficulties other Provinces (where better laws prevail) have in enforcing them.

Intense selfishness is the man factor actuating spring shooters. They know they are doing wrong, and console themselves with the reflection that others do it.

I affirm in the most positive manner that those who indulge in spring shooting of game, and those who advocate it, have not in their composition the smallest attribute of genuine sportsmen. Conventions of sportsmen may be held, and meetings of game protective associations. These meetings will have no beneficial effect in increasing or perpetuating the supply of game, if the hunting or killing of game animals or birds is allowed at the time allotted by nature for their propagation.

When we consider that migratory game on its way to the nesting places is shot at each and every stage of the journey from Florida to Hudson Bay, it is surprising that any are spared to return south to their winter quarters. I am convinced there are a sufficient number of sportsmen in every State of the Union, and in every Province of the Dominion, to bring influence to bear on the powers that be to have the disgraceful and unnatural practice of spring shooting abolished. Men worthy to be classed as sportsmen, put your shoulders to the wheel, make a united effort before it is too late, and prevent the necessity of the next generation having to visit museums to learn what the fauna of this great continent was.

The lesson taught by the practical extinction of the buffalo and wild pigeon should have the effect of causing thinking men to take the question of game protection to a higher plain than political expediency, and make it like reforestry, one of national importance. These are questions that should have the attention and consideration of statesman and scientist, as having a powerful influence for the future welfare and prosperity of their respective countries.

FOREST AND STREAM is doing its full share of the good work, and it is to be hoped the powers that be will take the question up as one affecting the general public, and not as only affecting a few sportsmen.

RANGER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Our First Maskalonge.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the ambition to take a St. Lawrence River maskalonge drew us to Alexandria Bay, where we engaged Bill —, a broad-shouldered giant of a guide (provided with one leg of flesh and bone and one of well seasoned spruce), to take us to Long Island, near the outlet of Lake Ontario. We were to reach a farm house on the island at sundown and begin fishing next morning. Bill had been there once, and professed to know all about everything connected with the trip and the capture of big game fish.

We, the enthusiast Bill and his canoe went by steamboat to Gananoque, Canada, where we added to our supplies. We launched our boat from the steamer and slid down a rope into it, followed by our guide, who skillfully avoided putting his wooden leg through the bottom. At dusk we reached the extremity of a long island, but not the Long Island of our desire. That we could see miles to the south—but such a space of water between! As darkness came down, Bill pulled with diminished vigor, and our wet goods having run out and his spruce leg getting tired, he stopped frequently to drink the water of the river, and to look for his bearings. We were not lost, but wanted badly to open up that farm house light on Long Island.

By 10 o'clock, to our joy, we were at the farm—but not welcomed. A party in a steam launch had arrived ahead of us and pre-empted all of the beds, and most of the food. How we spent the night cannot be told here.

Next morning we were off early for the fishing grounds on the big waters of the outlet. There was one big fish in those waters, and he was to be ours. Now Bill had provided the usual tackle of that region—a line nearly as big as a cod line, with an outrigger, and a guy line for safety in case of a strike of importance. I had my striped bass rod and reel, with 600 feet of fine 18-strand linen line, and the ordinary Buell spoon. Bill had bought at Alexandria Bay a gorgeous spoon—certainly very attractive—the apple of his eye. Of course, he condemned my rig as unsuitable for a fish of any size, and trusted his precious spoon only to the stout line which my wife was to handle.

After hours of rowing with no success, we were becoming skeptical as to the abundance of maskalonge in those waters, when a shock was experienced that made us all start. The strike was so terrific that the boat's speed was checked by it, the outrigger bent like a reed and the line, after holding out bravely for a moment, parted with a twang and the long snout was free again. Bill almost cried over the loss of his spoon, and complained that judgment had not been used after the fish struck, but before he had dried his eyes there was a strike on the other line, and then scientific methods were put into practice. After running a long distance toward Lake Ontario, the fish turned and with a rush came directly under our boat. Being coaxed up from the depths with the whole power of the rod, he suddenly came into view in all of his beauty and ugliness, his eyes looking devilish and defiant.

Bill had early made the announcement that the fish could not be saved with any such line as I was using, and now bewailed continually the loss of his spoon, until I told him to keep quiet and attend to business. When it was evident the fight was almost finished, Bill made his preparations to gaff the prize. Although fearful of overturning the boat, he safely landed him, and then I had the satisfaction of presenting to Bill his spoon, taken from the fish's mouth. This was the same fish that had broken away from my wife's line nearly an hour before.

Bill had covered himself with glory—having really captured a big fish. No other man could have done it. What I had considered an every day occurrence—taking big maskalonge—was really an event of the season. Bill himself confessed that he had never been in at the death of so large a fish. Our prize was 4 feet 10 inches long, and weighed not less than 40 pounds. With this addition to our load, our guide feared we might be swamped, as the waters were rough, but we arrived safely at Clayton and

took the steamer. Bill, resolutely refusing to leave the fish, was towed behind us all the way to Alexandria Bay with one oar in the air flying a handkerchief, as the sign of a catch.

On arriving the town soon heard the news and flocked to our hotel to see the maskalonge. Bill had coveted the fish from the first, and knowing we were booked for Montreal the next morning, had said if we would give it to him he would send it to a brother, who would give him a rifle for it. We gave in and let him have it, but alas! for poor weak humanity! By what inducement I do not know, Bill parted with his fish that same night to a man from Utica, who at once shipped it home, where it was met by a procession with a brass band—so we afterward heard—and we have no doubt the glory of that catch remains with the Utica personage.

We imagine in and around Alexandria Bay a tradition still lingers of our eventful voyage—although the weight of the fish may have increased with the years. We believe in being truthful, however.

A. H. WELLINGTON.

Maine's Great Fishing.

BOSTON, May 18.—The early fishing at the Rangeleys has started off in fine shape. The ice was very late about departing, and the trout and salmon have seemed to be ready to bite almost ever since. They have been met by a crowd of anglers, however, and the supply must be great to hold out. E. E. Suffern, of New York, is high line at the Upper Dam thus far. Tuesday he landed a salmon of 10 pounds, and has added another to his string of 7 pounds. B. G. Ackerman, of New York, has taken a salmon of 5 pounds and several trout. Tuesday morning J. B. Watkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., caught four salmon of about 2½ pounds each. He also caught several trout. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., who has fished at the Upper Dam for many successive seasons, has just taken trout of 5, 4 and 3 pounds. At Bemis the trout have been biting remarkably well right off Capt. Barker's wharf. Mrs. Newton Earl, of Providence, R. I., has caught a trout of 4 pounds there, and several smaller ones. C. E. Guild, of Boston, has taken some good trout at the same place. D. E. Adams, of Boston, made the first good catch of the season. Fishing at Bemis, he landed four good trout, one of over 4 pounds, on Monday after the ice left Saturday night. Frank P. Lee, of Malden, Mass., has caught there five trout, from 4 to 6 pounds. At Haines' Landing some good catches of salmon have been made, the salmon seeming to come to the lure first, as has been the case all over the lakes. Later the regulation brook trout are being taken. At Billy Soule's excellent catches of both trout and salmon are being made. The ice lingered in Rangeley Lake till late in the week, and hence fishing has not progressed very rapidly there. At the Old Boston Club camps, just below the Upper Dam, the T. J. McDonald party is quartered for a stay of three weeks. The fishermen have already made some excellent catches of both trout and salmon. Their record will be a good one when published.

Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, at the store of Dame, Stoddard & Co., was much pleased with a present to-day from his friend Park Dingley, of the Lewiston, Me., Journal. It was five brook trout, two of 4 pounds, one of 3 pounds, one of 3½ pounds and one of 2 pounds, and a black bass of 3 pounds. This string was the result of one day's fishing by Mr. Dingley at Belgrade Mills, Me. The fish were displayed in the store window of the firm on Washington street, and attracted a good deal of attention. The fishing at the Belgrade ponds is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that it is the result of stocking with bass, since which the brook trout, indigenous to all the Maine waters, but driven out or destroyed by pickerel, have come back.

Dr. and Mrs. House have sailed on the steamer Yarnouth for a fishing trip to Greenfield, on the Port Medway River, Queen's county, N. S. They will try the trout and salmon for a week or two. A recent letter to Mr. J. B. Baxter, at Dame, Stoddard & Co.'s, says that the Indians at Milton, on the Liverpool River, in the same county, have been catching a number of salmon, averaging 10 pounds. Mr. Baxter believes that there is excellent sport for Boston and New York sportsmen in that section of Nova Scotia.

May 21.—Railway ticket sellers and officials tell me that they have never sold as many tickets to the Rangeleys in the same length of time as they have done since the ice departed. To Moosehead the tide of fishing travel is also remarkably good. Everybody seems interested. At the Rangeleys guides are at a premium. Remarkable catches begin to be reported, with landlocked salmon still in the lead, although trout are expected to make a better showing a little later. T. J. McDonald, of Lowell, at the head of the McDonald party, now occupying the old Boston Club camps, just below the Upper Dam, writes me, under date of May 17: "The trout are more plenty and taking hold. Our catch is as follows: L. A. Derby, one salmon of 3 pounds, one trout of 3 pounds; Mrs. L. A. Derby, one trout of 3 pounds, one salmon of 3 pounds; Dr. G. C. Bates, thirteen salmon, from 3 to 4 pounds; E. S. Hosmer, four trout of 2 to 4 pounds; Mrs. E. S. Hosmer, five salmon, from 2 to 3½ pounds; S. R. Pendexter, three trout of 4 pounds, one salmon of 3 pounds; Dr. D. D. Snyder, one salmon of 4 pounds, one of 2 pounds; T. J. McDonald, three trout of from 1½ to 3 pounds; Mrs. T. J. McDonald, one salmon of 3½ and one trout of 2 pounds; Henry Bonyton, one trout of 5 pounds." Here is at least 115 pounds of brook trout and salmon taken in about a week by a party of ten. Dr. Johnson, of Boston, has just returned from Grand Lake, with a catch of two salmon of 10 pounds each, caught in the Calais Pools. Fifteen fishermen went through Bangor on Monday for Moosehead, and the number has been about as great every day since. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Gage, J. W. Shepard and W. F. Campbell, of Boston, and W. A. McDonald, of Portland, Me., took forty speckled trout at Moosehead in one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hill, of Boston, fishing the same waters, have brought in fourteen trout from one day's fishing. This is Mrs. Hill's first fishing trip to Moosehead. Mr. Steinway and Mr. Rossmassle caught nine fish Wednesday, the largest weighing 4 pounds. After all, Moosehead reports say that the fishing has not been what it ought to have been, by reason of the cold

weather. Fly-fishing is expected to begin soon. At Haines' Landing, Mooselucmagunc Lake, the following catch was made on Wednesday: Fred Richardson, salmon of 4 pounds; William Ivey, salmon of 4 pounds 7 ounces; E. W. Rounds, two salmon, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Thursday Mr. Rounds brought in a salmon of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

At the Middle Dam fishing is reported good. Henry Jones, of Lowell, has landed a trout of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Last season he caught a brook trout of 10 pounds at the same place. Capt. W. M. Roberts, of Phillips, Me., secured 10 pounds of salmon at Rangeley on Thursday. A salmon of 7 pounds seems to be the best taken so far this season there.

Fishing was poor and unsatisfactory at Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream early in the season. But with the warmer weather the catches are better. The following are a part of the catches reported: George Downes, Calais, fifteen salmon; Charles Grant, St. Stephen, twenty-two salmon; Dr. Johnson, Boston, twenty-three salmon; F. C. Pote, Calais, seven salmon; A. C. Lane, Boston, six salmon; Dr. F. L. Shaw, Machias, thirteen salmon; Col. A. C. Hopkins and party, Boston, thirty-nine salmon; Mr. Ely, Boston, eleven salmon; Nelson J. Adams, Calais, nine salmon; L. E. Robinson, Boston, sixteen salmon. A great many brook trout have been taken in that section, including nineteen by C. H. Bowdoin, of Boston, and A. Longfellow, of Machias; seventy-eight by Dr. Brehant and Professor Jourdanis, of Boston.

At Bemis later reports say that the fishing is remarkably good. Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley, who arrived there Friday, says that the catches of salmon are most remarkable. Twenty years ago only four lakes in Maine had salmon; now they are thriving in thirty or forty lakes and ponds in that State. The following catches at Bemis may be noted: M. C. Dizer, Boston, trout of $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; Stewart Hartshorn, New Haven, salmon of $5\frac{1}{2}$, 4 and three of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; R. C. Bradford and Frank Bradford, trout of $5\frac{1}{4}$, 3 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and salmon of $3\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; E. W. Rounds, Portland, seven trout of 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; Frank P. Thomas, ten trout of fair size, the largest, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; Franklin Hart, New Haven, six trout, of from 1 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Late reports bring more catches from Haines' Landing: William L. Reed, of Brockton, trout of 4, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{3}{4}$ and 3 pounds, and salmon 5 and $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; F. B. Richardson, Morristown, N. J., salmon of 4, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; Fred Skinner, Boston, salmon of $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lewis, New Bedford, salmon of $5\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; E. W. Nash, Boston, salmon of $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, and several small trout; John N. Wells, of New York, salmon of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; A. S. Hinds, Portland, Me., salmon of $4\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and two good trout; Mrs. N. C. Thayer, Boston, trout of $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; Walter Clark, salmon of $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; James M. Wells, salmon of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

The first salmon ever taken at Marancook, Winthrop, Me., was secured last week by a Mr. Nason, of Lewiston. The fish weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and this is remarkable when it is remembered that the first salmon were put into that lake only four years ago, by the State Fish Commissioners.

Fishing at Sebec Lake, Me., is reported very good indeed. Governor Powers and party are there. Game Warden T. J. Pollard, who has charge of that section, is a champion fisherman, having landed ten salmon in one day and made a total catch of twenty-four fish in three days. The early fishermen are off for the Jackman, Me., waters—Alteau, Wood, Hole and Long ponds. Sportsmen are also rushing to the waters of northern Aroostook and Penobscot counties, where the snow and ice have lingered till within a few days. SPECIAL.

Clear Water in Canada.

THE ice left Lake St. John and Lake Edward yesterday, the 17th inst.—the latest date to which it has been known to remain for many years past. The Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, reached their summer headquarters at Lake Edward last week while the ice was still upon the water, and a party of Quebec anglers arrived on the scene as early as Saturday last. Most of the club lakes had been clear for some time previously. So were Lakes St. Charles and Beauport. Some good 2-pound trout have been taken by moonlight this week in Lake Beauport. In Lake St. Charles the first trout was taken on Saturday, May 5. A number of Quebecers are now fishing on the Stadacona and Laurentide Club waters, though not so far with very much success, as the water is cold and considerable quantities of snow water are still running into the lakes. The sun's rays have not so far been at all warm here, except for a day or two. Two or three more fine days are necessary to bring the fish to the surface of the water, and these are expected with the next change of the moon. By the end of next week the trout fishing ought to be at its best.

Sir Thomas Hughes, ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, is up on the Stadacona Lakes with ex-Commodore H. H. Sharples, of the Quebec Yacht Club.

Mr. R. H. Brown, of New Haven, and other members of the Nonantum Club are expected up on their preserves about the end of the month.

Mr. George E. Hart and party, of Waterbury, Conn., have arrangements made for a trip to the Triton tract, to inaugurate Mr. Hart's new camp on Lac des Passes, erected during the last winter. More than a warm time is looked for at the house warming. Mr. Hart's companionship on fishing excursions is always at a premium, and Col. Chas. E. Turner, U. S. Consul-General at Ottawa, is endeavoring to inveigle him into accompanying him to the Neigon in July. There are just as big fish on the Triton tract as any in the Neigon. A party of Syracusans passed through here en route for that tract yesterday morning. It included Dr. F. W. Smith, A. E. Nettleton, L. C. Smith and R. B. Scott. From Meriden the following well-known anglers have already left for the lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway: Samuel Dodd, W. B. Hall, F. W. Cushing, C. P. Bradley, G. A. Fay and F. Stevenson. Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, and a number of others are up on their lakes near Kiskisink.

The spring fishing for ouananiche ought to be good in the early part of next week all along the Roberval shore, as well as at the mouths of the Onjatchouan and Metabetchouan rivers. As the water is reported very high, this fishing ought to remain good for at least three weeks, and

by that time the ouananiche will be rising freely in the Grande Décharge.

Mr. Fisher, of Washington, has gone to the limits of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club.

The St. Maurice country's lakes are now all clear of ice, and several members of the Laurentian and Shawenegan clubs are daily expected on their waters from New York.

His Excellency the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, has gone fishing to the Gatineau country.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 18.

New Jersey Fish Stocking.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTOR GEORGE RILEY reports to the Commissioners of his work from Jan. 1 to May 1:

The principal feature of the work done for the past four months has consisted of the distribution of bass, pickerel and perch, taken from the Delaware & Raritan Canal between Princeton and Griggstown. Mr. H. W. Dunn, the superintendent of the canal, kindly gave me permission to net the entire canal and to post it on all bridges, forbidding any others from taking fish. Superintendent Dunn is particularly deserving of the thanks of your Commission for the many courtesies he has shown to the protectors and wardens during the past three years, and for the deep interest he has at all times taken in furthering the work of stocking the waters of the State.

The State is fortunate in having such a large supply of bass and pickerel in its canals every year, so easy of access; but by reason of the fact that the appropriation for stocking purposes for the year 1899 had been exhausted in the purchase of fish and game, and that the Legislature of 1900 made no appropriation for such purposes, the canal could not be fished as thoroughly as it would have been had the money necessary thereto been at the disposal of this Commission. Ten thousand bass and pickerel can be secured every winter from this canal alone. Over 3,000 bass were secured for distribution. A great many of our lakes need new life to restore them to their former condition. With the increase in population and the active interest people are now taking in angling, it is necessary that our lakes should be more plentifully fed in order that the supply may meet the demand. The extension of the trolley lines throughout the State gives to thousands the opportunity of visiting our lakes and streams at small cost. This traffic is becoming more frequent as the Saturday half-holiday becomes more popular and is more generally observed. Along our shores are hundreds of cottages and summer resorts occupied and frequented by summer residents, many of whom are sportsmen. The constant drain from these lakes and streams has already created a demand for bass with which to replenish the depleted stock, until now these demands have far outgrown the meager ability of this Commission to satisfy.

Barnegat Bay.

Since my last report the warfare has been kept up both on land and water against those who violated the law. Several arrests were made for the illegal killing of ducks and unlawful fishing and several nets captured. There is great improvement visible, but not what I hope to have it. As I said in my last report, I purpose to continue the work until violations absolutely cease. The law on gill nets has been changed and will need more careful watching than ever. In the Fisher case, for setting nets illegally, the defendant had his trial on appeal postponed through fear of conviction, and the Gales case for shooting ducks illegally was decided in the warden's favor. The Fisher case will be pressed at the next term.

Illegal netting, Sunday gunning and shooting from sail vessels at ducks on the bay must stop. The wardens are instructed not to neglect the bay, and to enforce the law wherever they find it violated.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In the Michigan North Woods.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 5.—There is a tradition in the good old college of Ann Arbor, Mich., that once upon a time there was a student there whose name was J. D. Hawks, and that he played the part of Horatius at the Bridge. There was a gate which led out from the campus, a sort of turnstile, from which projected a long iron rod, an inch or so in thickness. If this rod were held in place, this turnstile could not be turned. Sometimes the clans of different classes would clash in college warfare at this gate, the one side seeking to turn it, the other to hold it. Once upon a time it chanced that a dozen or so of sophomores undertook to turn the gate at a time when there was no one to defend it except one freshman, whose name was J. D. Hawks. They did not turn the gate. The story goes that Hawks, "Jim Hawks," as he was called then, was taken out somewhat disfigured, but successful, and that, though the iron rod was bent into a semi-circle, the gate was never turned. The story is still told of this feat of a man who was destined to be a big man in every way—big in body, big in mind and big in heart.

He Held the Gate.

As the years went by Mr. Hawks became a railroad man, and built many good pieces of road for the Michigan Central. At this time there was a little logging road running north of Bay City up into the wonderful white pine country of Michigan, which made so many Michigan millionaires. This road was largely owned by Mr. Alger, former Secretary of War. His firm used it as a logging road, but could not make it pay after the logging was done. They forfeited, and the bondholders who had put up the cash to a great extent, had to take back their railroad. They looked about for some one who could hold the gate, who could stem the current of operating expenses which threatened to drown out the dwindling receipts. They hit upon the man who once held the gate at Ann Arbor. Mr. Hawks became the president of the Detroit & Mackinac Railway. He saw something in that wilderness of stumps and sand. He saw that towns could be built up and industries established. The city of Alpena, rejuvenated, strong and healthy, is one of his monuments to-day. He held the gate. He made a

valuable railroad out of what was once a logging road. It is his boast that you can ride over that road at night and not tell where you are by the feeling of the wheels beneath you. It is a well-built road and a profitable one. What it has meant for the eastern part of the Michigan lower peninsula is something for the industrial men to say.

Mr. Hawks did not give these facts to me, and he may not like to see them in print, but I cannot forbear them, since they carry so strong a moral of the FOREST AND STREAM sort. For in all these years of busy activity, no matter how much engrossed with big affairs, Mr. Hawks has always been a sportsman, and he has always taken time enough from work to get out into the fields and forest. He is a good shot with rifle or shotgun, and I can personally testify that he wields a most seductive fly-rod on a trout stream.

It was this same Mr. Hawks who was host for the party of anglers whose tour in the north woods of Michigan was forecast some weeks ago in these columns. Mr. Hawks took with him as his guests Messrs. Burke Graham, A. A. Sibley and J. T. Nichols, of Detroit; Messrs. W. H. Boardman and W. W. Churchill, both of New York, with the writer as representative of the only hot sporting paper on earth. Others of the party were Mr. H. S. New, of Indianapolis, and Mr. Jesse Fletcher, of the same city. The party was joined later in camp by Messrs. Ed. Loud and Mr. Ammett, of Oscoda, and Mr. C. B. Stephens, of Detroit. The three latter were also included in Mr. Hawks' broad hospitality. The host promised to show us a piece of wild country and a bit of actual trout fishing, and he certainly made good his promise.

Alpena is far up to the north along Lake Huron, far above Saginaw and Bay City, far above Tawas. If you do not know where all these points are, so much the more ignorant you are. They are all good places to know. You get to Alpena in the morning in time for breakfast, and in time to look around on a clean, busy, bustling, modern city, with paved streets and many active manufactories, such as tanneries, lath and shingle mills, cement works, etc. When the last of the Michigan pine was cut in the country tributary to Alpena, Alpena sat down and wept, for she thought the end of all things was at hand. The railroad came to her relief, and taught her that there were other things besides logs, and other transportation besides that of sail and keel. Alpena smiled through her tears, got up and went to work, and now you will not find a better town anywhere.

In the Wilderness.

But when you have reached Alpena you have not reached the trout fishing, or at least the trout fishing which we were to have. We were to go thirty-five to forty miles into the heart of the former pine woods and make camp on the Little Wolf. This long drive seemed a bit ominous, but we found it not so bad as was dreaded. For more than twenty miles the road was a gravel pike and as smooth as a boulevard, a piece of domestic engineering which cost the county \$100,000. It crosses where the old corduroy once ran, through the swamps, and over the swales, and across the quaking bogs of the ancient pine country. On either side lay the unspeakable desolation of the vanished forests. Miles and miles of it there were, all covered with the white standing trunks of dead and destroyed trees, among which lay criss-crossed the trunks of those trees which had fallen before the devastating fires.

In all this wilderness there were but few marks of the hands of home building man. Here and there appeared a little farm among the stumps, where some citizen was engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand battle with a region even more desolate and forbidding than it had been before the lumbermen visited it. One could not restore in his mind the picture of this country as it must have been in the days when the primeval forest covered swamp and hill and vale. It lies there to-day, a strip of country hundreds of miles across, blackened, ruined, desolate, unlike anything on earth.

The first lumberman cut out only the white pine—that magnificent Michigan cork pine whose like was never seen. They left the slashed-off tops lying in the forest. Then came the fires. The human mind cannot compute the unspeakable amount of damage created by these fires. The amount of wealth destroyed was something appalling. You may see something of the result when you note the tremendous bodies of great trees lying blackened and rotting where they fell when their roots were burned away. Never in any country was the waste of raw material so horrible as here.

At first the lumbermen would not use the Norway pine, but then they began to cut the Norways, and at last they learned how to handle timber which had been burned over, and so little by little, for nearly two score years, they worked away at the ancient forest until they utterly destroyed it, burning up what they did not cut down, and leaving enough damaged trees behind them to build an empire, had they been utilized in half their value.

There was not a man present in our party who did not comment on these things as we rode across the desolate land in which we found ourselves. If forest reservations should prevent the repetition of this horror in some part of our Western woods, then let us have forest reservations, and as many Col. Coopers as we can.

Farms.

Yet here we saw the covetousness of the American for land. Even this sandy, worthless soil has been taken up by the homesteaders. We saw some farms already under the plow, some green fields and many cattle and sheep grazing in the distance. The stump farms of Michigan are gaining in value every year, and in time we shall see the abandoned logging country more or less monopolized by the ultimate industry of agriculture. In those days we shall not have a country fifty miles square—with the Little Wolf in the middle of it—which shall show us deer and trout and partridge. The little farms which are edging out into the logged-off country are the greatest enemies of the trout and deer. The time has come for the preserve idea in Michigan, and happily one may say that this grows stronger and more tolerated by the average resident every year.

Untouched Country.

We rode for twenty miles across this region scratched

by the weary plow of the discouraged farmer, and then at last our nice pike road disappeared. Look as we might, we could no longer see a farm. The low hills rolled off and off, the one like to another, and nowhere on their monotonous expanse was there visible a green or gray spot to mark a clearing. Around us rose white thickets of poplars and birch and little young pines and short new-grown cedars. Our road grew bumpy with startling rapidity. "This is the last settlement," said our chief; and so at last we found ourselves in one of those few regions now left in America where you may travel for nearly fifty miles in any direction and not strike a human habitation. It was delightful to feel that we were out of elbow touch with all the world. This was world enough that lay about us; a ruined and desolated world, to be sure, but one which was not now contaminated by the foot of trampling humanity. So we breathed big and looked far and were very, very happy. The road grew continually bumpier, and as it did so we grew ever the happier.

At last there rose before us a thin streak on the far horizon, the blue of a noble lake. Still we drove on and on. It was well on in the afternoon when we topped a little rise and looked down into an enchanted valley. There lay the camp which we were to occupy, and comfortably enough it seemed, with its low, broad roof and its sides of massive logs, and the smoke curling comfortably up in the still air of the cool day of Northern springtime. We pushed down the slope with a rush, and saw Buck, the lodge keeper, waiting for us; saw Paul Murray, ninety-six years of age, waiting for us, and waving welcome with two thin, feeble hands, both extended as though he were making invocation. So we piled out, and bundled in by the great fire in the big fireplace, and made ready all things for the following day, which was to be the first day of May and the opening day of the trout season.

And what then followed shall be said at another time. All that I shall vouchsafe now is that we caught trout, and caught plenty of them, and that the story shall be worth reading, because it tells of a wide land where few people live, and tells of taking trout upon the fly, the acme of our Western angling.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Fish Distribution.

THE Forest, Fish and Game Commission gathered at the Constantia hatchery on Oneida Lake over 80,000,000 of pike-perch eggs this year, and between 50,000,000 and 55,000,000 of the eggs were hatched and distributed in the waters of the State. This was the most successful season at this station in the history of the Commission, and the percentage of eggs hatched was most satisfactory, as the eggs are more difficult to handle than the free eggs of the salmon family.

The mascalonge work at Bemus Point was not so encouraging, as up to this time only 6,800,000 eggs have been taken, and it is estimated that about 60 per cent. of the eggs will be hatched. Some fingerling mascalonge will be reared, but the bulk of the young fish will be distributed in the fry stage. It is the policy of the Commission to plant the greater portion of the fry hatched from eggs taken from any water in the water from which the breeding fish were taken, and following this policy over 15,000,000 of pike-perch have been, or will be, planted in Oneida Lake, and over 3,000,000 of the mascalonge will be planted in Chautauqua Lake.

The shad season on the Atlantic coast has been an excellent one, and the U. S. Fish Commission has granted to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission five carloads of shad fry for the Hudson River, and three carloads have been already planted. The total plant will amount to over 10,000,000 shad fry. In addition to this contribution from the U. S. Fish Commission of fry from eggs taken in the Susquehanna, the State Commission last week commenced operations at the shad station at Catskill-on-the-Hudson. The big run of shad in the Hudson is attributable to two causes: Three years ago the law went into effect causing the fishermen to take up their nets Friday night and to keep them up until Monday morning, and at the same time the State planted 10,800,000 shad fry in the river. The shad of the Hudson, the one shad river in the State, yields food in value nearly four times greater than the entire amount expended by the Commission for hatching and distributing fish of all kinds, and it is the great commercial fish of the State. Artificial fishculture has brought the price of shad down from 75 to 12 cents in the market since the Commission was created. The cultivation of other fishes reared by the State is also satisfactory in results obtained, and this year large quantities of young mascalonge were taken in the nets set for breeding fish.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series of 1900, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake May 12. Wind, west; weather, perfect.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting
Brooks	94	75.4	76	70.1
Edwards	85	95	87	81
Everett	107	95.4	87.8	80.1
Golcher	124	96	90.8	88.4
Lovett	117	94.8	84.4	78.5
Mansfield	94	96	93	93 2-5
Miller	102.6	93.8	82	78.4
Skinner	80	96.4	86.4	84
Young	92	92.8	94.8	83.2

Judges, Muller and Young; referee, Edwards.

Contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake May 13. Wind, west; weather, perfect.

W E Brooks...	89.6	85	79	61.8	70.4	74
T Brotherton...	110	86	84.8	73.4	79	68
E Everett.....	109.6	92.8	92	74.2	83.1	..
H C Golcher...	115	92.8	92	76.8	84.4	..
F M Haight...	72	91.8	85	63.4	76.8	..
C Huyck.....	91	86	94	67.6	80.9	..
A E Lovett.....	122	94.4	87.4	78.4	82.10	92
W D Mansfield...	93.8	94	80.10	87.5	87.3	..
H F Miller.....	100	91.4	86.4	78.4	82.4	60
C C Stratton...	73	85.8	86	67.6	76.9	78.3
C G Young.....	94	95.4	93.4	75.10	84.7	72.4

Judges, Everett, Young and Haight; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Huyck.

A Deed in Rhyme.

LAKEPORT, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping from the Manchester, N. H., Union may be fishy enough for your angling columns: GEO. B. THYNG.

The lawyer-poet of Carroll county, the late William C. Fox, of Wolfeborough, able and witty, wrote and had recorded at the registry of deeds for that county two deeds, one of which appeared in our columns some time since. The other is as follows:

To all men by these presents be it known—
Or, secrecy enjoined, to woman one—
That, I, who 'mongst my agricultural peers,
Am "Farmer" Rogers called these many years,
My Christian prefix being David C.,
By my respected sire bestowed on me,
Having a "habitation and a name,"
Since first upon this mundane sphere I came,
In Wolfeborough, New Hampshire, Carroll county,
In full consideration of the bounty
Of my good friend and amicable wisher,
Of piscatorial promise, O. M. Fisher,
Who books his name (see Belvue's record on't)
As dweller at Montpelier, Vermont,
And for five dollars—erst cycled a "V,"
By the said Fisher truly paid to me,
Have quit-claimed, remised and do
Remise, release, forever quit-claim to
Grantee, his heirs and his and their assigns
Forever and for aye—as run these lines:
A certain island, somewhat rough and rocky,
In that aquatic pond called Winnipiscogee,
Or better known by those who don't live near it
As the "Sweet orient smile of the Great Spirit,"
Containing one-fourth acre, less or more,
Some few stones' throw from Winslow Banfield's shore,
Or Jethro Furber's, not in any town,
But in said Carroll county not set down
In William Crocker's critical survey,
But known as Coffin's Island many a day:
To have and hold said premises remised,
All privileges, much or little prized,
And all appurtenances to the same,
To said grantee, his heirs, of whatever name,
Fisher or Fish, of high or low degree,
And true assigns, which Fish or Fisher's be.
With said grantee I also covenant
To warrant and defend (nor say I can't)
The same to him each heir assign
'Gainst lawful claimants under me or mine.
So let the name of Coffin buried be,
And Fisher stand while rivers seek the sea:
From Fisher's Island may the fish house rise,
Its fish-crowned smoke stack pierce the skies;
Its walls be cheered with ever happy faces,
And all our fish lines fall in pleasant places.
In witness whereof, without more ado,
I have my hand and seal set hereunto,
Upon the tenth of March's length'ning days,
In the first year of Presidential Hayes.
Signed, sealed and full delivery made o'er,
In presence of us two—as good as four.
Stephen Durgin. David C. Rogers. (Seal.)
William C. Fox.
State of New Hampshire, Carroll ss. Given
March tenth; new style, A. D. 1877.
To me well known in person and by name,
David C. Rogers personally came,
And the above instrument declared to be
His voluntary act and deed. 'Fore me,
William C. Fox, Esquire, now, as of late,
Justice of the peace and quorum for the State.

Waiting for the Weakfish.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., May 21.—The fishing season has opened and blackfish (tautog) and flounders are biting freely. The fishermen are waiting for the weather to get warm enough to make the weakfish bite. There is an old tradition that weakfish will not bite until the green meadow grass obscures the brown, dead grass of last year. According to this rule, it is now about time to look for weakfish. A school of bluefish came into the bay last week and many of them were captured by the net fishermen. The early advent of bluefish is said to be a good sign, and fishermen anticipate a good season.

QUAHOG.

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ice is out of Round Mountain Lake, and trout are lively. The camps are being put in order for the season, and the proprietors are busy having boats and everything about the place put in readiness for early parties. The coming week A. T. Harwood and F. F. Place, of Boston, with a party of six or eight gentlemen from Massachusetts, will be here. A number of Lynn sportsmen are to arrive a few days later, all eager for the early sport.

EDGAR SMITH

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Eastern Field Trials.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Eastern Field Trials Club will hold the twenty-second annual field trials at Newton, N. C., beginning with the Members' Stake, Nov. 16, followed with the Derby, All-Age and Subscription stakes, open to the world. Mr. Arthur Merriman and Theodore Sturges will act as two of the judges, the third judge to be selected.

The dates of running the different stakes, time of closing entries, purses offered, will be printed in the ad-

vertising columns of this paper next issue. Rules and entry blanks are ready for mailing. S. C. BRADLEY.

Points and Flushes.

Volume 16 of the American Kennel Stud Book for 1899 contains registrations from 49,977 to 54,327. It gives a list of the active and associate members, a list of the bench shows, number of dogs entered, judges, etc., and the bench show winnings of 1899. It is neatly printed and bound, in manner like that of the previous volume.

Canoeing.

The Cruise of the Beetle.

I.—The Boat.

BEETLE is a small canvas sailboat which I built in the spring of 1899. Canvas canoes are common, but I had never seen nor heard of a regular sailboat constructed of this material, until after mine was completed, since when I have seen two, only one of which resembles mine in model, the other being more like a canoe-yawl. Regarding my attempt as a somewhat doubtful experiment, I was careful not to risk greater expense for materials than was absolutely necessary, and though I took pains with her model and essential parts of her workmanship, her outward finish is somewhat rough.

For instance, her ribs are made of straight young shoots of maple, apple and other trees, cut when green, trimmed and bent into place with the bark on. The first boat builder who saw them asked me dryly if I wasn't afraid they would grow, but they have never given me any trouble on that score. She is finished in asphaltum varnish, which, though a handsome glossy black when new, assumes a peculiarly green gray hue when weather-beaten, so that I have twice had to answer a fool question as to whether or not she was made of cast iron. Her length over all is 12 ft., greatest beam 4 ft., depth amidships about 13 in., sheer very slight. Decked about 3 1/2 ft. forward, 2 ft. aft and 6 in. at sides of cockpit. Stern about 2 ft. broad at deck. Centerboard of galvanized iron, not very heavy, 30 in. long and dropping about 8 in. below keel. It had a drop of over a foot at first, but I found it unnecessary. Trunk of 1/2 in. pine, placed well forward—too much so, in fact, until I changed the sail to a balance lug, which by a portion of its area being forward of the mast corrected the excessive weather helm. Her keelson consisted of an inch pine board 14 in. wide amidships, 1 in. wide at stem, and about 4 in. wide at stern, rounded on the lower edges. This gave an excellent hold for nailing the ribs, and being so broad, I mortised the whole centerboard trunk right through the keelson. Outside the ribs ran several longitudinal strips of light wood, and over these the canvas. The deck was also of canvas, on a light but strong frame. The outer keel was oak, 1/2 x 2 in., and there were two light bilge keels to keep the canoe from chafing when she rested on shore. The work took my spare time for between six and seven weeks, all told.

Her first sail was a peculiar one of my own device. It had the pin and ring, and the very short mast of the lateen sail, but the yard went straight up, continuing the line of the mast. This would have made it practically a leg of mutton sail in shape, but the leach was cut with about 1 ft. sweep, and a batten extended from the jaw of the boom diagonally through the sail at an angle of about 45 degrees. The area was about 70 sq. ft. This form of sail had several advantages, but I afterward changed it to a balance lug of about the same area, for reasons mentioned above, and have been perfectly satisfied with the latter. Tin air tanks were fitted under the after deck and forward of the mast capable of supporting 100 lbs. dead weight if submerged. These, I assumed, would hold heads and shoulders of two or three people out of water in case of accident.

II.—The Outfit.

During the winter and spring my friend H. and I discussed various plans for a cruise, and at last settled on the St. Lawrence River, so one morning in the middle of July, 1899, found us on board the train for Fair Haven, whence we took the steamer to Clayton. We had with us the following luggage:

1. Shawlstrap containing two home-made sleeping bags, two oiled sheets, one piece of canvas 6 x 12 ft. for use in constructing shanty tent, one jointed fishrod.

2. Large tin bread box containing bread, butter, bacon, eggs, condensed milk, coffee, tea, sugar, salt, beans, four tin plates, three tin cups, one small pail, four spoons, three forks, three knives, one big spoon. Most of the provisions packed in well-fitting tin cans.

3. Leather valise containing a very limited supply of extra clothing, together with combs, brushes, etc., and also a few extra camping utensils—i. e., a pair of nigger-finger tongs for handling burning embers and hot things generally, a fine little hatchet and bowie knife in leather sheaths on a belt (made by Colclessor Bros., Eldorado, Pa.), and a frying pan. Also a little tin box containing quinine, mosquito ointment, brandy, rhubarb and vaseline. The coarser articles we put in a grain sack, rolling the sack of it round them, and then packing the whole in the valise. We needed a large nail or two, but found it most convenient to purchase at Clayton just before embarking.

4. A kodak camera, loaded with films for 60 exposures. Just four packages, all told. It took lots of planning to get our duffle into this compact and handy shape.

Our boat, with sails and oars, had already been shipped on by express to Clayton.

III.—The Voyage Begun.

Arriving at Clayton by the steamer Arundel about 8 P. M., we got a good supper of beefsteak, having in mind a possible several days' diet of bacon, eggs and fish in the immediate future. We then bought a good map of the Thousand Islands, and H. paid his respects to some friends in town, who recommended us to a good boarding place, it being too late and dark to start out that night on a cruise in a strange river, unless necessity compelled. Next morning we proceeded to the express office to claim our boat, and were appalled at the exorbitant charge.

We had ascertained the rate from the agent at Auburn, where one boat was shipped, and figuring from this, as our boat weighed 160lbs. with all fittings, we had expected to pay about \$3.20. I don't know whether the Auburn agent was mistaken, or whether I had in some way misunderstood him, but the bill at Clayton was \$8, and we found nothing to do but to pay it, under protest. (When we returned at the end of the cruise, we shipped the boat by freight via the steamer Arundel and the L. V. R. R. at a cost of only \$1.94.)

Besides that, they had knocked a hole in the canvas by some carelessness. This we repaired hurriedly, and under difficulties, and then launched the boat, the express office fortunately being close to the river.

Our intention was to sail for a small island (No. 27) in the Admiralty group near Gananoque, Ont., about eight miles nearly due north of Clayton, and as we had a strong west wind it would have been easily done in one long reach but for the fact that midway in the river Grindstone Island interposed its seven or eight miles of length and two or three of breadth, so we decided to sail as close to the wind as possible, and endeavor to round the west end of Grindstone—if necessary, by making several tacks. (Grindstone Island extends much further west than I at that time supposed, and I doubt whether we could have accomplished this at all that day, even had the accident which I am about to relate not happened.)

We had just passed the lee of Calumet Island about one mile north of Clayton when H. and I by chance got to talking of what we would do in one or another kind of accident or emergency, and H. asked me what we would do if we sprung aleak in mid-channel. I replied, "Make for the nearest shore" (nearest in the sense of the one toward which the wind would quickest take us); "if the leak was near the waterline, shift ballast so as to keep the leak out of water if possible; bail out the boat with the small tin pail. Lastly, if the water gained on us rapidly, with neither land nor help near, sacrifice the heavy luggage by throwing it overboard, and trust to the air tanks to keep our heads above water until help came." Just as I finished speaking I glanced down and saw a tiny stream of water trickling in about the L.W.L. on the starboard side some 3ft. from the stern—the patch we had put on at Clayton had come off. We then had an opportunity to put my plan to a practical test, and as our boat's swiftest course was reaching, we sailed due north and landed on a very rocky shore on Grindstone, a little west of Kendall's Point. We arrived there before it had become necessary to begin bailing, but our danger was by no means past—we grounded on rocks in a heavy sea before really reaching shore, and to prevent our boat being dashed to pieces, had to jump out instantly in water nearly waist deep and carry our luggage ashore, afterward helping the boat by hand to a slightly better landing a few rods off. In the excitement and hurry I managed to cut my finger very badly on a rough edge of the metal centerboard, which I had drawn clear out of the trunk and was trying to throw ashore. My finger bled profusely, but H., who is a master hand at tying a bandage, bound it up for me, and then by a sudden inspiration wrapped it again, outside of the first bandage, in a piece of bicycle tire tape which we had with us just by the merest chance. This proved a most excellent thing to resist wear, water and dirt, and saved me from being completely disabled. Afterward H. repaired the broken stem of my pipe in a similar manner with entire success.

A good canvas boat will stand vastly more banging and scratching without harm than one would imagine—usually it takes either a real cut or a long continued chafing in the same spot to make a puncture. We often ran on rocks during our cruise, but sustained no further harm.

H. cooked our first meal—of bacon and eggs, bread and butter and coffee—while I repaired the leak in the following manner: Melting some resin in a little iron ladle and adding a trifle of lard, I immersed a small piece of canvas in the hot fluid and laid it on the outside of the leak (the skin of the boat being thoroughly dried in the sun by this time). Smoothing down and pressing the patch with two small flat sticks, it hardened in a few minutes, and never gave us any further trouble. The reason the first patch didn't hold was, that having no conveniences at the express office for melting resin and lard, we had tried to do the job with some cement from a bicycle repair shop.

After dinner we lay down under some oak trees on the bank, and had a good rest, and about 2 o'clock we tried to start out again, but the wind had meanwhile freshened to a gale, and on rowing out a few rods to get clear of the rocks before setting sail, we found it so abominably rough and choppy that we thought best to turn back. Held council and decided it would be a very pleasant place to camp over night on the grassy bluff under the oak trees, about 20ft. elevation above the water, and near plenty of pines, cedars, etc. We were not exactly in the wilderness, however, there being a farmhouse thirty or forty rods from us, and we thought it best to get permission from the owners before camping on their land. They not only gave us permission with readiness, but were exceedingly hospitable and kind to us in many other ways during our stay. Returning from the farmhouse we set about making a camp. Our tent was merely a piece of heavy canvas 6 x 12ft., which, when stretched over poles and tacked lightly to them, made a roof, back, and front curtain to a sort of shanty about 7 x 6ft. ground plan, about 1ft. high at back and 5 or 6ft. high in front. The sides were made by driving down several stakes and weaving a number of green boughs among them after the fashion of basket work, piling leafy boughs outside against these walls to the depth of a couple of feet. The camp-fire is built about 6 or 7ft. from the front of tent, and its cheerful warmth and light is reflected down from the shanty roof upon the occupants within. This idea we got from Nessmuk's "Woodcraft," and we wholly agree with him that for real comfort and convenience it is superior to any A tent, wall tent or closed tent of any description. The erection of this shanty called for a good supply of light poles and logs, and in the search for these we explored this vicinity of the island. Proceeding inland we found a rocky shore, followed by a grassy bluff, which in turn was soon succeeded by a wall of rock a few feet in height—hardly enough to call a cliff—and this by a larger grassy plateau well sprinkled with boulders. These same features occur again and again on this and several other of the larger islands, as we afterward observed.

We found, by the way, some wild gooseberries, too harsh and prickly to eat raw, but which, at H.'s sugges-

tion, we stewed with sugar and found they made a delicious sauce. The prickles were in evidence, even after long boiling, but we found it possible after some experiments to press the pulp out from the skins and throw away the latter. We cut a quantity of evergreen boughs with the intention of picking off the browse for our bed. There were several kinds—pine, hemlock, cedar and arbor-vitæ, and we took all at first indiscriminately, but soon found the bark of one kind (was it the cedar? I regret that I am no botanist) to be full of irritating points—not exactly thorns, but very painful to the skin. We accordingly rejected this kind as bedding, but found it useful to pile against the outer side of our side walls, as before described.

By the time this work was completed it was supper time, and when we had eaten supper and washed the dishes and gotten together a good supply of wood for night, it was already dark, and we spread our oiled sheets out on the browse, and being very tired crawled into our sleeping bags and turned in. But our camp-fire shone bright and cheerful under the oaks, and we soon were surprised by friendly callers. I must digress a trifle here for reasons that will presently appear, to describe our sleeping bags and clothes. The former consisted each of two bags about 2½ x 6½ft., the inner one made of cotton sheeting, the outer one of a thick gray woolen blanket, in addition to which we had a couple of waterproof oiled sheets (prepared by painting with boiled linseed oil, and then drying for several weeks), which we usually laid down to keep off the dampness of the ground, but which sometimes on a cold or rainy night we wrapped around us. After several experiments in the line of dress and undress we found it most satisfactory to wear a suit of underclothing at night in our sleeping bags. In the daytime we wore thick woolen sweaters, bicycle trousers with golf stockings and cloth caps with visors. I wore light rubber-soled canvas slippers, which proved exceedingly convenient and comfortable, though they had the disadvantage of wearing out rapidly on the rocks. H. found his thick leather shoes rather slippery in climbing rocks, and it took them far longer to dry when wet—also in case of an upset, light slippers are far easier to swim in or to kick off entirely. We each had a sack coat and vest, but seldom wore them except when we went to town for provisions.

But to return to our visitors. We had disrobed and clad ourselves in underclothing and sleeping bags and then crawled out from our shanty to sit by the fire a few minutes before really lying down to sleep. The fire diffused a pleasant warmth, but was not blazing and crackling, because we had made it carefully so as not to spread and throw sparks. As we sat by the glowing embers, our sleeping bags falling in easy folds down to our waists, there came along the shore and up the bluff, first a little boy, or two, then one or two young men, a girl of about fifteen and a young lady perhaps ten years her senior. They sat down and chatted with us for an hour or so in the most friendly manner, and never noticed our decidedly negligée costume. We learned afterward by chance, from one of the little boys, that in that dim light they thought we had on gray flannel suits, the blankets being for extra cosiness. Had we known at the time how completely they were deceived in this respect, we would have been spared much inward embarrassment. All our visitors except the younger girl, who was a guest from Philadelphia, belonged to one group of families, and bore various relations to each other, such as brother, sister, cousin, step-brother, second cousin and so forth, to an extent quite confusing to a stranger, but the thing that impressed us most was that all the men in these families were captains and pilots on various steamers with the exception of one single individual, who was a farmer.

When they had taken their leave, we turned in and slept well.

From this point I shall copy from our log, the letter P. representing the writer, the letter M. the third member of our party—a large blond, good-natured Swiss, who added 200lbs. of ballast to the Beetle when he stepped aboard, and who spoke German, French and English all about equally badly, but who withal was good company and a jolly fellow to have in camp.

July 19.—Picked and cooked wild gooseberries. A little boy named Byron came and made friends with us. Sailed back to Clayton this afternoon to see if M. had arrived, but he wasn't there, so we sailed back after dark. Tried to use a bicycle lantern for a light, but it was put out by the wind and wave tossing. It was very dark, but by sheer good luck we found our camp without trouble. Byron had promised to light a fire to guide us to our camp, but he forgot it. Some of our new acquaintances very kindly sent us over a dish of fresh-picked blueberries.

July 20.—Moved our camp about one-quarter mile east to a pleasant grove on Kendall's Point. Caught plenty of fish to-day—mostly perch. More visitors to-night—almost too much of a good thing, in fact, but they mean it most kindly.

July 21.—Sailed to east end of Round Island, running free most of the way. Were much inconvenienced by the obstinate weather helm, and found it more profitable to steer with an oar, doing away with the regular rudder entirely, although this made considerable demands on the muscles.

Took dinner with Mr. S. and his family at their cottage. Sailed to Clayton, doing some nice windward work. M. came to-night at 8 o'clock on the Arundel, but as it was very rough on the water we put up at a boarding house until morning, first going to a restaurant and getting a square meal of beefsteak, to vary our fish, egg and bacon diet. Had a tinsmith cut off a few inches from the bottom of our centerboard, as we found it larger than necessary, and it will now be a little easier to steer.

July 22.—Got an early start and sailed for Grindstone Island, broke camp rapidly (much to the disappointment of our island friends, who wanted us to stay and attend a church social that evening), and set sail for Island 27. We ran free for about three miles, the wind being about east, then rounding the west end of Grindstone we made a long reach of about six miles to the south side of Howe Island about one mile from east end, where we made camp in a grove of young hickories near a fine spring of cold, clear water. Decided to rest there over Sunday before proceeding to No. 27. We had come through some very rough water, and being rather heavily loaded had taken in considerable, besides getting our clothes drenched. On this day's voyage we found chart and compass very useful,

P. steered and had the compass before him; M. held the chart spread out, and H. in the bow kept a lookout ahead. The chart was large and got wet and was hard to handle. Decided before another expedition to cut it up into convenient sections about 4 x 6in. and glue them to stout cardboard, making a waterproof case for the whole. After we had made camp P. explored a little and found a house, where he learned how far we were from the east end of the island, having supposed we were about one-half mile further east. On our voyage to-day we saw an immense muscalonge spring out of the water, almost at the very side of our boat. It was a grand sight—the spray and the sudden gleam of the sun on his scales.

July 23.—Sunday we rested most of the day and read a service from the prayer book this morning. Our provisions being very low, toward night M. and P. went out and caught a few fish. Found our little 3lb. folding anchor, used with plenty of scope, held wonderfully well even against a stiff breeze and current. Very convenient for fishing. Anticipating a cold night, we laboriously carried up to our camp some heavy chunks of oak driftwood, but we slept so soundly and comfortably that we didn't wake up to replenish the fire during the night. H. and M. got some bread and a few eggs from the farmhouse.

July 24.—Got a good early start. P. found difficulty in rousing M. and H., so he went to work striking the tent as though they were not there, and when it fell down around their ears they were effectually awakened. P. started to pack the things into the boat, but finding that he was less successful in arranging them compactly than H. had been, H. went ahead and finished the job. Nearly a dead calm, so we used the oars, M. doing most of the rowing, while P. studied the somewhat complicated course on the chart, directing the course in what appeared to be the straightest way among the numerous small islands.

Arriving near what we thought was No. 27, we asked our way of some fishermen, and found we were correct. The shore, however, was very rocky and presented no good place to land, but on the advice of the fishermen we rowed around to the north side of island, where we found a more gently sloping shore, and landed. We explored the island and decided to camp on the west end, on a grassy slope at the head of a high bluff, under a large pine tree. Blueberries were very plentiful. After moving our luggage to this place, H. and M. started off to Gananoque (about one mile) for provisions, leaving P. to make camp, that being one of his favorite employments. P. made camp and then caught a good string of fish for dinner off the rocks, using for bait some angle worms which H. had dug on Howe Island.

We passed about eight days on No. 27 very pleasantly, but by that time we began to thirst for more adventure, so we broke camp on Saturday, Aug. 5, and rowed down the river in a dead calm, passing by some islands with very bad names—Dumfounder, Bloodletter, Deathdealer, etc. Stopped to rest at an uninhabited island named Fort Wallace, but while in swimming discovered that a bad fire had in some way broken out on the island, and fearing for our safety, and also lest we should be blamed for it, we hurriedly set sail (a light wind having sprung up by this time), and passing the east end of Grindstone, sailed to Squaw Island on the American side, where we dined and rested.

We wished to sail through the Rift and get to Thousand Island Park, but were unable to discover the passage indicated on the map, from the distance of Squaw Island. Until P. went up on a little hill and watched half an hour or so, during which time he saw several small craft sail to about the spot he guessed the Rift to be, and then apparently be swallowed up by the land. We conjectured this to be the place, and found we were right. During our passage to the park the wind freshened to a gale and we were nearly swamped, just before reaching our destination. Most of the waves that came aboard came over the stern, and we regretted having cut down the coaming at that point for convenience in sitting on the deck.

We had some amusing adventures on landing, happening to moor at a private wharf with a fence and high locked gate, but it would take too long to relate them in detail. Suffice it to say that when we had once made ourselves known, we were very hospitably treated by the owner of the wharf, and soon after we met some old friends on the island, whom we were very glad to see.

We stayed until Sunday night, and by that time the wind had moderated to merely a good fresh breeze. H. and P. wished to set sail again, but M. was opposed, for certain reasons of his own. There was no ill feeling whatever, but it was mutually agreed that he should stay behind and rejoin us on the journey home in a few days. Then H. and P. set sail across the river, reaching on the starboard tack. Darkness coming on, they moored at a small deserted wharf on the mainland, but found no good camping ground ashore, so they put most of the luggage out of the boat, then anchored a few yards out under the lee of the wharf, anchoring both stem and stern to make sure of not drifting around onto the rocks should the wind change. Slept very comfortably, but woke before sunrise and sailed to a small uninhabited, unnamed and unnumbered island abounding in wild roses, where we had breakfast; then sailed to Clayton to buy a few supplies. Later in the day we visited our former acquaintances on Grindstone Island, where we camped at our old camp one night, and the next morning rowed to Clayton and took the steamer Arundel for Fair Haven, putting our boat and luggage aboard.

On the steamer we met M. and the friends whom we had seen at Thousand Island Park, and we had a jolly time together. We three voyagers found ourselves unexpectedly quite an object of interest to the other passengers, who insisted on hearing all the details of our cruise, and went below in pairs and groups to inspect our little black Beetle, as if she had just returned from a voyage to the North Pole, instead of a very modest little cruise on the St. Lawrence River.

CAP. P., OF THE BEETLE.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—John C. Headman, Herbert E. Kelly, Ray N. Grant, all of Lakeside Boat Club; Lloyd P. Benedict.

Eastern Division—Alfred F. Collins, Pemigewasset C. C.

Atlantic Division—W. H. Heidweiler, Trenton, N. J.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

24. Lake Sailing Skiff Ass'n, Kitley Cup, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
24. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising and 5-rater classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
26. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
26. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
30. California, annual, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
30. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Harlem, annual, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, spring, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Oregon, opening, Portland, Columbia River.
30. Atlantic, opening, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Corinthian, Baltimore, opening race, Chesapeake Bay.

JUNE.

2. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
2. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
2. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
2. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
3. Hudson River, spring, open, New York, Hudson River.
9. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
9. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft., Valois, Lake St. Louis.
9. Canarsie, first championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
9. Queen City, 17ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
9. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
11. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
14. New York, annual, New York Bay.
- 16-17. New Bedford, annual cruise, Buzzards Bay.
16. California, Wallace trophy, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
16. Larchmont, spring, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Hull-Massachusetts.
18. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
23. Queen City, Dodd cup, 20ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
30. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
- 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

JULY.

2. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
2. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 2-3-4. White Bear, Seawanhaka cup trials, White Bear Lake, Minn.
3. Columbia (Boston), open, Boston Harbor.
3. Royal St. Lawrence, Sir Donald A. Smith cup, yachts over 25ft., Lake St. Louis.
3. American, annual, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Hartford, annual.
5. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
6. Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
7. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
7. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
7. Queen City, Smith cup, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- 21-28. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.

AUGUST.

- 3-4-6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup matches, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
4. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
4. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
5. New York, rendezvous.
- 6-16. New York, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
7. Manchester, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Lake Champlain, annual, Burlington, Lake Champlain.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
11. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
11. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
1. Hartford, special.
1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
3. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
3. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
3. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.

STILL another fine British yacht will be added to the New York Y. C. fleet, as Rear-Com. Robinson, who has been cruising during the winter in the Mediterranean in a chartered steam yacht, has just purchased the cutter Hester, of 75ft. L. R. This yacht was designed by Wm. Fife, Jr., for John Gretton, and built by C. Hansen & Sons, Cowes, in 1895. She is of composite construction, about 90ft. over all, 67ft. l.w.l., 18ft. breadth and 13ft. draft.

THE new 57-footer Hussar II. had her trial trip on May 19 on the Sound, with her owner, Jas. Baird, and friends on board. After sailing for a short time her mast carried away about 5ft. above the deck, fortunately without killing any one. She was taken in tow by Queen Mab, cutter, and left at her builder's yard for repairs.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE House Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. announces that the club house at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, will be opened informally on Saturday, May 26.

On Decoration Day, May 30, at noon, the colors will be saluted and the club house placed in commission for the season. At 1 o'clock luncheon will be served. Music has been engaged for the day, and there will be dancing in the evening. The ferry service between Oyster Bay station and the club float will begin on May 30, and the steamer Seawanhaka will meet the principal trains from New York.

The Race Committee has issued the following programme for the season:

Wednesday, May 30, Decoration Day—Races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats; start, 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Saturdays, June 16 and 30, July 7 and 21, Aug. 4 and 18 and Sept. 1—Series races for Centre Island cup, open to Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Thursday, June 21—Races for schooners, all in one class; cutters, 80, 70, 36 and 21ft. classes; catboats, 30ft. class; yawls, 36ft. class, and for special classes, viz., sloops, 30ft. class; raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts.

Friday, June 22—Races for schooners, 85 and 65ft. classes; cutters, 90, 80, 43 and 25ft. classes; yawls, 51 and 43ft. classes; catboats, 25, 21 and 18ft. classes, and for special classes, viz., sloops, 30ft. class; raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts.

Saturday, June 23—Annual race for all classes.

Saturday, July 14—Race for Roosevelt Memorial cup, open to all yachts in the 36ft. class and under, owned by club members. All in one class with time allowance.

Saturday, July 28—Race for Leland Corinthian Challenge cup, open to Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Race for yachts manned by Corinthians only. Classes to be announced later.

Saturday, Aug. 25—Races for Robert Center Memorial prizes; open to 43ft. class of cutters and raceabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, Sept. 8—Annual autumn open race.

Yacht owners intending to participate in the Decoration Day races are requested to send their entries to the secretary of the Race Committee, at the Oyster Bay club house, not later than Tuesday, May 29. The races will be started off the club house at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and instructions may be obtained at the club house in the morning.

Com. Percy Chubb has appointed Herbert L. Satterlee fleet captain and Frederic R. Coudert signal officer.

Race Committee—C. W. Wetmore, chairman; Walter C. K. Clinton H. Crane, Charles A. Sherman and John De Forest, secretary.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., will formally go into commission on Decoration Day, at noon. The programme for the season is as follows:

May 30, Decoration Day, Spring Race—21ft. raceabout class.

July 5, Circuit Race—For the 75 and 65ft. classes of schooners; the 80, 70, 51, 43, 36 and 30ft. classes of cutters; the 43 and 36ft. classes of yawls; the special 30ft. class of sloops and the 21ft. raceabout class.

Aug. 4—Annual regatta, for all classes.

Sept. 1—Fall race, for all classes.

All races except the first will be sailed over the Sound courses, outside of Captain Islands. The distance to be sailed by the yachts on Memorial Day will be ten nautical miles.

Regatta Committee—F. Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. McManus, D. Willis Merritt, Charles F. Kirby and Thomas A. Mead.

Entries will be received by Mr. Jones at No. 29 Broadway, or at the club house, Greenwich, Conn.

The race of May 30 will be the first of the championship series for the raceabout class, starting at 2 P. M. Entries will close on May 29.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's readings?

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

THE following notice has been sent out by the Executive Committee of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound:

The girth rule of measurement has been rescinded. The load waterline and sail area now applies to all classes. Yachts of over 30ft. racing measurement are to be measured without crews aboard.

The classification above 43ft. in effect previous to last season has been restored, with the addition of an 80ft. class of sloops.

Separate classes for yawls, viz., a first class, a 43ft. class and a 36ft. class, have been created.

Separate enumeration of cabin and open classes has been made.

The rule limiting draft, in force during 1898, has been revived.

The 25ft. load waterline class of knockabouts has been abolished.

New restrictions for the 21ft. load waterline class of raceabouts have been adopted. Yachts of this class in existence Jan. 1, 1900, may qualify under the rules under which they were built, or under the new rules, at the option of the owners. All yachts of this class must be measured before racing this season.

The racing division for yachts of 30ft. racing measurement and under has been abolished.

There is no time allowance for yachts launched since Nov. 1, 1896.

Yachts of the 30ft. classes may carry their regular professional crews.

A yacht appearing alone in her class may sail in the next larger class of the same rig, at the maximum limit of that class.

The starting signals have been so rearranged that yachts of various rigs of the same class length will start on the same signal.

"Time" starts have been abolished.

Certificates giving the names and occupations of members of crews, and the declaration of the owners that such of them as are required by the rules so to be are Corinthians, and that all the rules have been obeyed, will be required from winning yachts.

Measurers should ascertain if cabin yachts conform to the cabin restrictions, and if yachts under 36ft. conform to scantling restrictions, and measurers' certificates should state the facts in regard thereto.

It is important that the measurement of yachts of the 30ft. and 18ft. classes be certified as in accordance with the rules of the Association.

Mr. C. D. Mower, of No. 9 Murray street, New York, has been elected official measurer of the Association. His services will be available in the event of the inability of club measurers to serve.

Yacht owners who have not procured racing numbers should do so before the opening of the racing season.

The Association will at the close of the yachting season of 1900 award a championship pennant to the yacht in each class in which Corinthian helmsmen are required—viz., 43ft. racing measurement and under—that shall have made the highest record in championship races, according to the scheme outlined below.

The annual regatta of every yacht club represented in the Association, and the special races assigned to such clubs in the Association schedule and sailed on Saturday and holidays from May 30 to Sept. 22, both inclusive—and no others—will be included in the championship series. Each yacht competing in a championship race will be credited with as many points as the number of yachts she defeats, with one point added as a premium for entry.

A report of every championship race, giving the names of all yachts starting therein and the order at the finish, must be filed with the secretary of the Executive Committee of the Association by the chairman or secretary of the Race Committee of the club giving the race. The points will be assigned and the championship record computed by the Executive Committee from the records so secured.

Ties, if any, will be sailed off at a time and place to be designated by the Executive Committee.

Pompano and the Quincy Cup.

DURING the past winter Pompano, one of the freaks which raced last season for the Quincy cup, has been converted from a fin-keel to a double-rudder-centerboard combination, and her owner, Mr. W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C., has again challenged for the cup, making a third challenger. The details of the change, which evidently called for some skillful work on the part of the designer, Mr. Eustis, and also of the builder, are given as follows by the Boston Globe:

Further interest in the challenge of Mr. Eustis is to be found in the fact that it will be practically a new Pompano that will make her appearance at the races. Last year she was a flatiron-shaped fin-keel, with her greatest breadth at the stern and her bow narrowing to a point. This year she is a centerboard of the Skow type, with her stern the same as before, but with her bow showing a breadth of about 6ft. Her extreme breadth is somewhat greater than before, and in place of a fin she carries two centerboards, one in each bilge, after the fashion of Mr. Eustis' successful 18-footer Capelin. Her sail area will probably be about the same as before, 1,100 sq. ft. She retains her unique feature of two rudders working together by means of a cross bar affixed to the tillers.

In remodeling Pompano she was cut in halves from stem to stern, and with the stern ends kept together while the sides were spread out at the bow to a width of 6ft. The wedged-shaped space thus left in the center was filled in with the necessary frames and planking, and the transformation of the hull from its flatiron to its present Skow shape was complete. The result is a boat with the same shaped sides as before, but with an extreme breadth of 12ft. 6in. instead of 10ft. 6in., for the sides had a slight outward curve that now brings the extreme breadth about 10ft. from the stern. She is nearly 40ft. over all, and her bow covering board rounds slightly outward. Her midship section is that of a flattened ellipse, in which the floor and deck show respectively a slight downward and upward curve, while the topsides round into the deck.

without an angle in about the same way that the bilge rounds into the floor.

Pompano should gain sufficient stability from her increased beam to more than offset the removed weight of her fin and lead, while, at the same time, she has a longer and more natural side on which to sail when heeled. Her centerboards are so placed as to be in the direct line of her forward motion when well heeled out, and are worked by a device of Mr. Eustis' own invention. The two rudders assure control of the boat at all times regardless of her angle of heel. She should be a decidedly faster and more dangerous competitor than last year, when she was not in proper shape owing to the necessity of removing fully half her original lead to enable her to measure into the class. Her owner has tried her under a small rig in Buzzard's Bay, and feels that she is a different boat. He will have her racing rig on before long, and will bring her around the Cape in good season for the races.

The work of changing Pompano was cleverly done by Howland at his Monument Beach shop, and she is stronger and tighter than before. Longitudinal strength was originally given by a single truss in the center. In cutting the boat apart a cut was made on each side of this truss. The new frames and deck beams were let into the truss so that it is again the backbone of the boat. Additional strength has been given by a longitudinal truss in each bilge, and it is believed that the boat will show no tendency to drop at the ends, even in being towed around the Cape.

New York Y. C.

THE third regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 17, Com. Ledyard presiding. The following cablegram, received during the day, was read:

London, May 17.—Com. Ledyard, New York Y. C.: As an honorary member of the club, I would be delighted if the committee would accept a \$500 cup or check for the same amount, as a prize for competition during the coming season, in whatever class of yachts the committee might decide upon. THOMAS LIPTON.

The offer was accepted and the question of the class in which the cup should be given was referred to the Regatta Committee. The following amendment to the racing rules was adopted: In Class G, change 70ft. racing length to 80ft.; in Class H, change 70ft. and 60ft. to 80ft. and 70ft., respectively; and insert between new Class H and present Class J, Class I, not over 70ft. and over 60ft. racing length. The draft limits were also amended to conform to the change in class limits. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Regatta Committee be authorized to give races and offer prizes for the 30-footers any time during the season that may be deemed expedient.

Com. Ledyard was authorized to appoint a committee to procure a suitable testimonial in the form of plate for ex-Com. Morgan, as a recognition of his numerous gifts to the club. The following members were elected: McLaurin J. Pickering, J. L. Lockwood, George W. Vrendenburgh, Thomas A. Ennis, S. O. Richardson, Jr., Elbert M. Wiley, Carleton W. Nason, Lieut. Herbert O. Dunn, U. S. N.; Jesse H. Metcalf, Henry C. Tinker, Joseph T. Bailey, Alden Freeman, F. B. Tilghman, W. P. B. Weeks, Lieut. H. H. Ward, U. S. N.; F. S. Smithers, William J. Curtis, James Hude Beekman, George D. Provost, Roswell Eldridge, W. H. Smith, Jr., Lieut. John B. Blish, U. S. N.; James Lawrence Breese, Arthur T. Kemp, Edward H. Snyder, Robert Kemp Wright, Charles A. Starbuck, Capt. Frank Wildes, U. S. N.; George B. Wilson, Hugo R. Johnstone, Henry C. Frick and Joseph B. Wainwright.

It is reported that the numerous Navy members of the club are taking steps to present two cups, for schooners and cutters.

Huguenot Y. C. Special Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 19.

WITH half a gale from E.N.E. and rain falling by the bucketful, the opening race of the season on Long Island Sound narrowly missed a postponement. In spite of the bad weather, a number of yachtsmen were on hand at the Huguenot Y. C. house, New Rochelle, on Saturday afternoon, and the colors were hoisted. The committee would have been willing to declare the races off, but four yachts were present and ready to sail. Mr. S. C. Pirie had come from across the Sound in the raceabout Spindrift, and Mr. Hazen Morse was ready to meet him in Kittie IIIII, while Mr. C. D. Mower was out in a new sloop of his own design, with Crony, H. A. Walsh, as a competitor. The course was a 3¼-mile triangle, sailed twice, from off Whortleberry Island to windward to the Hen and Chickens Buoy, then around Execution Black Buoy and home. Kittie carried whole sail, the others one reef. The start was made at 3:30. The times were:

Raceabouts.			
	First Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie.....	4 16 00	4 58 25	1 23 25
Kittie, Hazen Morse.....	4 22 00	5 07 59	1 32 59
Sloops—25ft. Class.			
Crony, H. A. Walsh.....	4 21 00	5 04 50	1 29 50
Jessica.....	4 23 20		

The race committee included Vice-Com. J. Nelson Gould, H. C. Ward and E. Hanford Sturges.

Harlem Y. C. Open Regatta.

THE principal race of Decoration Day on the Sound will be the open event of the Harlem Y. C., under the Sound Y. R. A. rules. Prizes are offered for races in the 51, 43, 36, 30, 25 and 21ft. classes of cutters, sloops and yawls; 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats; 30, 25, 21 and 18ft. classes of open catboats, and 25ft. jib and mainsail yachts. The start will be made at noon from off Belden Point, City Island. All yachts of 30ft. racing length and over will sail over a 20-mile course going to Matinick and Parsonage points; the 25ft. catboats and 21ft. sloops will sail over an 18-mile course going to Matinick and Delancey points; the 21 and 18ft. catboats will sail over a 13-mile course going to Old Hen Buoy and Delancey Point. The finish for all classes will be off Belden Point. The steamer Glen Island, chartered to follow the yachts, will leave the foot of East Twenty-first street at 9 o'clock on the morning of the race, from the foot of East 120th street at 10 o'clock, and from the Town Dock, City Island, on the arrival of the 10:45 train from 120th street.

New Rochelle Y. C.

A SPECIAL regatta will be given by the New Rochelle Y. C. on Saturday, May 26. There will be races for the following classes:

Cutters and yawls of the 43 and 36ft. classes, for yachts built previous to 1894; raceabouts, 21ft. load waterline class, and sloops, 25ft. class, and yawls under 36ft.

The total distance of the courses to be sailed by the 43 and 36ft. sloops, cutters and yawls will be fourteen and two-thirds miles, and of the other classes, twelve and three-quarters miles.

J. D. Sparkman, chairman; C. P. Tower, F. M. Carpenter, O. M. Becker and W. E. Moore, Regatta Committee.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The first completed of the two 51-footers building at Bristol, Altair, owned by Cord Meyer, Jr., made her trial trip on May 17. Capt. Lem Miller is in command. The second boat, for which the name Sirocco was proposed, has been named Shark. Her mast was stepped on May 16, and she will soon be ready for her trial trip. She is owned by F. Lothrop Ames.

Syce, cutter, has been resold by Rear-Com. C. L. T. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., who purchased her during the winter, to Henry S. Redmond, N. Y. Y. C., who will refit her for racing.

Southern Cross, schr., has been sold by John F. Phillips to Edward T. Cole, of Waterbury, Conn., owner of the schooner Woodmansie.

Satanella, steam yacht, under charter to the Earl of Warwick, arrived at New York on May 16 from Punta Gorda, Fla., with Capt. Fred L. Siemon in command.

Hirondelle, steam yacht, C. G. Evans, has been sold to J. F. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia.

The following dispatch from San Francisco to the New York Sun gives the latest news of the fortunes of the notorious "Com." Weaver. It is to be hoped that his swindling cruise has at last been brought to an end:

Com. N. J. Weaver, who has been cruising about for two years past in his yacht Norna, and who has had a number of unpleasant experiences, has lost his boat, and it has reverted to a San Francisco woman.

Starting from New York with the handsomely equipped Norna, Weaver cruised from island to island and from mainland to mainland. Weaver liked to play poker, and there has usually been talk of high play on Norna wherever she touched. Sometimes Weaver found it difficult to raise funds, but he managed to travel around the world.

When Norna was at Honolulu papers of that city got an inkling of Weaver's record. He had borrowed money from people there and some trouble was caused for him. His yacht was attached for \$6,000, but he gave a bottomry bond for the amount and sailed for the Samoan group. At Samoa Weaver is said to have borrowed money on some scheme, and the lenders sent letters of inquiry to this city. Before a reply was received Norna sailed. On her arrival at Auckland Weaver entertained a gathering of notables, but a few days later Mrs. Hattie Wallace appeared to lay claim to the yacht and to let the colonials know of Weaver's ways.

Mrs. Wallace is a widow of means who is traveling for recreation. When Weaver was at Honolulu, she says, she loaned him \$6,000 on the yacht on his representation that he was commodore of the Atlantic Y. C. of New York and a man of wealth and station. She had been entertained on Norna by Weaver and his wife and had been thoroughly convinced that he was financially responsible and suffering from only a temporary embarrassment. The Auckland judge heard the testimony, and after taking the case under consideration ordered Norna sold. Weaver went to Sydney to raise money to pay off the debt, but had failed to secure funds up to the time that the steamer Alameda left there.

Oneida, steam yacht, E. C. Benedict, is now in the West Indies, Mr. Benedict being accompanied by ex-President Cleveland and Dr. Joseph Bryant.

Capt. Jack Parker, of Itchen Ferry, with a crew of eleven men, arrived in New York last week on the steamer St. Paul from Southampton, and at once went to Bristol to join the new 70-footer Rainbow, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Quincy Y. C. it was voted to give two invitation races to the 25-footers, besides the September race, which was scheduled last February. These extra races will be held June 16 and July 4. The prizes will be \$20, \$12 and \$8 for each race, provided more than four boats start; under four starters, \$20 and \$10. A boat, in order to win a prize, must defeat a competitor. Possibly a championship prize for the series will be offered. The challenge for the 21ft. cup from John S. Lawrence, Harvard Y. C., has been accepted.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has established a new class, the 13ft. single-hand class, similar in model to the 22 and 17 footers, but 21ft. over all, 13ft. l.w.l., 5ft. 3in. breadth and carrying 175 sq. ft. of sail, in mainsail and jib, without bowsprit. The St. Lawrence Boat Company will turn out the boat for \$100. The class is intended for the younger members of the club. Three new 17-footers have been built this season, being launched on May 12; Doris, Fred Barlow; Aline, Morley Holland, and Kittiwake, Ernest Bolton. There are now nine boats in this class, giving very good class racing.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, opened the season on May 19 as per programme, in spite of a half gale from N.E. with heavy rain. The fleet was ready in the harbor

at Essington and dressed ship, and a reception was held on board the flagship May, Com. Alex Van Rensselaer. A luncheon was set in the club house and there was music from 4 to 6. Altogether the occasion passed off pleasantly in spite of the superfluous moisture in the atmosphere.

Chas. D. Mosher, the engineer and naval architect, is devoting all his time to the design of the new Mosher patent automobile, which he expects will create a great sensation in its line as the Buzz did among fast steam yachts, several years ago. Mr. Mosher will use common kerosene oil for fuel in his new vehicles. He will test the first of his automobiles by a run of 1,000 miles, up hills and down valleys.—American Shipbuilder.

The three schooners of the Atlantic Y. C., Vesta, Maj. J. T. Ackerman; Ramona, Gen. B. M. Whitlock, and Glendoveer, Malcolm Graham, all fitting out at Port Jefferson, will sail a private sweepstakes on May 26 from off Port Jefferson to Whitestone. Vesta is the old schooner which took part in the Atlantic race of 1866, and Ramona is the old Resolute, once equally well known. Glendoveer is a newer and much smaller boat.

Ivanhoe, schr., has been sold at auction for \$2,600 to New London owners.

Hugo Stockbredt, steward of the cutter Mira, C. L. Poor, was badly burned by the explosion of a vapor stove while the yacht was at anchor off City Island on May 18. He was taken to Fordham Hospital; the fire was extinguished without damage to the yacht.

According to the custom which it was the first to establish, the Atlantic Y. C. will celebrate the formal opening of the season on Decoration Day. There will be races for all the club yachts, the divisions and courses to be as follows: First, all schooners and the 80ft. and Class H of cutters, 21½ miles; second, Classes J, K, L and M of cutters and all classes of yawls, 19 miles; third, Classes N and P of cabin sloops and S and T of cabin cats and raceabouts, 16½ miles; fourth, Classes P, Q and R of open sloops, and Classes T, V and W of open cats, 14 miles. No limit to crews. Entries may be made with Charles T. Pierce, No. 170 Fulton street, not later than May 28, or at the club house, Sea Gate, Coney Island, not later than noon, May 29. Regatta Committee—Chas. T. Pierce, chairman; Geo. W. McNulty, A. F. Aldridge.

The Farragut Y. C., of Hastings, has elected the following officers: Com., John Rowley; Vice-Com., L. Trigg; Rear-Com., Edward Cook; Sec'y, F. H. Cornelius; Treas., John Brittain; Meas., Edward Gorlich.

The representatives of the Lipton Loving Cup Committee, Messrs. John N. Beach and Edwin P. Benjamin, sailed from New York on the Oceanic on May 16, carrying the cup with them. Two other members of the committee, Messrs. John D. Crimmins and Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, are now in Rome, but will join them in London.

Kismet, steam yacht, J. Roger Maxwell, has gone to Boston for the new 25-footer built at Lawley's from Crowninshield's design, and Snapper, the 21-footer built at Stearns' from Pardou's design. She will tow them to New York.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS:

May 23-24.—Richmond, Va.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. W. H. Colquitt, Sec'y.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

May 23.—Newcastle, Pa.—One-day tournament of the Newcastle Gun Club. Henry P. Shaner, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—Alcester, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

May 23-24.—Eaton, O.—Tenth annual tournament of the Preble County Gun Club. S. C. Hunt, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—New Jersey State Association's target tournament; two days at live birds; one day at targets.

May 23-25.—Dallas, Texas.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament; two days targets; one day live birds; \$500 added.

V. C. Dargan, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Elwood, Ind.—Zoo Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

J. M. Livingston, Sec'y.

May 24.—Westmount, Canada.—Annual tournament of the Westmount Gun Club. F. J. Elliott, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Upper Sandusky, O.—Upper Sandusky Gun Club's tournament.

May 25.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Lebchner's Dexter Park spring tournament; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

May 29.—London, O.—Cast iron medal contest between R. O. Heikes, holder, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

May 30.—Warwick, N. Y.—All-day target shoot; open to all; Rose system.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Decoration Day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day Decoration Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John T. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day target shoot and handicap shoot, Decoration Day, of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York.

May 30.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association shoot. H. B. Perrin, M.D., Pres.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

May 31-June 1.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club; bluerocks. L. Hezzelwood, Sec'y.

June (first week).—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, Mgr.

June 6-7.—Memphis, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap Target Tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Marion, Ind.—Marion Gun Club's bluerock and live-bird tournament; two days bluerocks; one day live birds. E. E. Jones, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 18.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. J. A. Hughes, Sec'y.

June 18.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Team race between the Hudson, Fulton and Oceanic clubs; all welcome.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

June 23-24.—Glenwood Springs, Colo.—First annual bluerock tournament of the Western Slope Gun Club. U. S. Devor, Sec'y.

July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. L. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 17-19.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

May 23.—Interstate Park, Queens.—New Utrecht midweek shoot at targets and live birds.

May 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club; targets and live birds.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens.—New Utrecht Gun Club.

May 30.—John S. Wright's Decoration Day shoot; live birds.

May 30.—First shoot for the Long Island Championship at live birds, under the management of the Medicus Gun Club. Open to all residents of Long Island; 25 birds each; all at 29yds. rise.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. First contest of a series of three under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club; also live-bird sweepstakes.

June 14.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Second contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club.

June 21.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Third contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail address matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is now ready for distribution and can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Charles R. Mizner, Utica, N. Y. The programme of sweepstake events, expert traps, for June 5, 6 and 7 are twelve events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, with an even entrance of \$2 in each event; \$10 are added to each 20-target event, \$60 total for each day. Targets included in entrance. Amateur traps, ten events, same programme. The programme sets forth as follows: "There is no doubt but that this convention will prove (good weather permitting) one of the best in the history of the Association. Several things will contribute to this result. In the first place the programme for the State events is of a character to attract the shooters of this State; in the second place the 'sweepstake' events are wide open under the handicap, conditions hereafter stated, and will attract many shooters from without the State of New York; in the third place Utica is centrally located, easy of access from all points, and the liberal reduction in fare enables all who desire to attend. We want everybody who ever thought of going anywhere to shoot to come to Utica. We will do our level best to entertain you and give you all the shooting you may desire. We trust there will be the usual jolly crowd of sportsmen, to whom will be extended the fraternal greeting that the old Oneida County Sportsmen's Association knows so well how to extend. Come and see us, one and all. The forty-second annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at Utica, N. Y., commencing June 4, under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The shooting tournament will be held at our grounds, 10 minutes' ride by Genesee street car from Bagg's and the St. James Hotel. The annual meeting will be held Monday, June 4, at 8 o'clock in the evening in the parlors of Bagg's Hotel. Delegates are respectfully requested to wear their club badges during the convention. The Association headquarters will be at Bagg's Hotel. Arrangements have been made for reduced railroad fare. When purchasing tickets visitors should be careful to ask the ticket agent for a certificate, which must be presented Wednesday evening, June 6, at the Association headquarters, Bagg's Hotel, where the secretary and a special agent of the Trunk Lines will be in attendance to sign them. The agent will also be on the grounds all day Wednesday. The best quality of hand and machine-loaded shells, with every kind of powder, for sale on the grounds. The State events will be confined strictly to residents of the State only. Known State experts who will be designated by the management must break 24 targets in a State event. Every State expert will receive notice on the grounds prior to making his entry of his being so classified. State experts may compete on teams in event No. 6. All State events except as otherwise designated will be divided into eight money events. The sweepstake events will be open to the world, and every shooter will classify himself. Three magautraps will be used. One trap will be used exclusively for State events, and the other two for sweeps. One trap will be known as the amateur and the other as the expert. All known experts will be required on the first day to shoot at the expert trap only. After the first day the shooters will be classified by the records. All shooters averaging 85 per cent. or more will be allowed to shoot at the expert trap only. This protects the amateur alike from the professional, and the expert amateur who is often able to beat out the professional. All sweepstake events will be divided into five money events. Five per cent. of all cash prizes will be deducted for daily average prizes and will be divided equally each day between the ten shooters making the highest average on each set of traps—i. e., to the ten experts making the ten best averages on the expert trap, the ten amateurs making the ten best averages on the amateur trap, and the ten shooters making the best averages in the State events, excluding No. 6. The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association will donate \$100 for grand average prizes as follows: To the five amateurs shooting either the amateur or expert programme through each day and making the five best averages in the sweeps for the three days, \$10 each. To the five experts shooting either the amateur or expert programme through each day and making the five best averages in the sweeps, \$10 each. The management will determine who are experts for the purposes of the grand average and

announce the fact prior to the last target day. It will be understood that an expert may by shooting less than 85 per cent. be allowed to shoot on the amateur traps, while an amateur may always shoot on the expert traps if he so desires, but for the purposes of the grand averages a shooter must shoot a full programme each day on the set of traps where he is classified for that day, and his score there will be taken for the average. In other words, if a shooter is named as an expert then he can compete for the expert grand average only, although he may not shoot well enough to even get away from the amateur traps. Tuesday, June 5, State event: Nos. 1 and 2, 25 targets, entrance \$4, \$25 added, eight money events. Wednesday, June 6, State event: No. 3, grand merchandise shoot, open to the world, no handicap. Twenty-five targets, entrance \$5. Birds included. Eight classes of ties, and in all probability a prize for every contestant. Ties in this event to be shot miss-and-out. No. 4, 25 targets, entrance \$4, \$25 added, eight money events. Thursday, June 7, State event: No. 5, 25 targets, entrance \$4, \$25 added, eight money events. No. 6, Oneida County Sportsmen's Association handicap, open to the world, 50 targets, entrance \$5. Afternoon: No. 7, team championship, State of New York, four members to each team. Any club may enter one or more teams. Residents of team must all reside in same county. Entrance \$10 per team, 20 targets per man. Targets included in entrance in the foregoing State events, and shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Friday, June 8, live-bird day: All events open to the world, except the Dean Richmond trophy contest. No. 1, opening event, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds included. High guns. No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2 entrance, birds extra. No. 3, 10 birds, \$7.50 entrance, birds included. Class shooting for money. No. 4, Dean Richmond trophy, value \$1,150. To be held by the winning club each year in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association, to be shot for by three members of a club belonging to the Association, such members to be residents of the county in which the club is located. Any club may enter one or more teams. Twenty single live birds to each contestant. Entrance fee \$20 per team. The team making the highest score shall win the trophy and 60 per cent. of the entrance money, and the team making the next highest score will receive the remaining 40 per cent. Birds extra. There is a long list of merchandise prizes, eighty-nine in all, from the first to the eighth classes of ties. Among them are an L. C. Smith hammerless gun, a Lefever hammerless gun, a Syracuse hammerless gun, a Savage rifle, and other useful arguments without number. The officers are as follows: President, Henry L. Gates; Vice-President, Dr. William H. Brownell; Secretary, Chas. R. Mizner; Treasurer, Oscar A. Wheeler. Committee on Credentials: Charles R. Mizner, Utica, Chairman; William P. Kayland, Rome; E. C. Meyer, Rochester. Officers of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association: Henry L. Gates, President; Dr. William H. Brownell, Vice-President; Charles R. Mizner, Secretary; Oscar A. Wheeler, Treasurer; Gustavus Dexter, Thomas L. Davidson, William A. Ainsworth, Directors. Committees in charge of State shoot: Reception: J. F. Maynard, Chairman; George E. Dunham, Dr. W. H. Brownell, G. A. Biedemann, L. D. Brainard, P. C. J. De Angelis, Henry F. Coupe, John Deck, George Ehrsam, William C. Harris, H. J. Horrocks.

The Michigan Trapshooters' League has issued the programme of its tournament, to be held under the auspices of the Flint Gun Club, June 5, 6 and 7, at Flint, Mich. There are eight events on the first day, of which No. 5 is the individual State championship event, for expert, semi-expert and amateur trophies, at 25 targets, entrance 75 cents. The other events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets. There are nine events on the second day's programme. No. 5 is the three-men team contest for the championship of the State and diamond trophies. No. 8 is the handicap for the Iron City Gun Club trophy, 25 targets, entrance 75 cents. No. 9 is the State live-bird championship trophy, 15 live birds, entrance \$3.75, sweep extra. Shooting commences on each of these days at 9:30. The third day is devoted to live birds. No. 1 is at 5 birds, \$3; 60 and 40 per cent. No. 2, 7 birds, \$5; 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 3, \$6 entrance; money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 4, miss-and-out, \$3. Extra events to suit shooters. Over \$90 added money. Bus will leave the hotels for the grounds each morning. Ship ammunition to A. D. Caldwell, and it will be delivered free on the grounds. The shoot will take place rain or shine. Targets 3 cents in all State and trophy events. A rebate of 1 cent each is allowed on all targets thrown during State days, which goes into a rebate fund and is divided among visiting teams pro rata, provided, however, that each team is a member of the State League and shoots in 66 2-3 per cent. of the State programme. Teams not belonging to the State League can join on the grounds before the team shoot by paying annual dues, and then be entitled to rebate, and also be entitled to shoot for all State trophies. The expert, semi-expert and amateur trophies must be won three times to become the property of winner. Each class is classified according to shooting ability and shoots by itself. Iron City Gun Club trophy, to become the property of the winner, must be won three times. Members of team for State team trophy must be residents of the same town, city or village, and bona fide members of same gun club. Manufacturers' agents, non-residents of State, can shoot through the entire programme for targets only, but can compete for averages. Magautrap will be used. \$10 added, \$5 of which will go to highest average for first day, providing the shooter shoots in all events; \$5 for highest average second day, shooter to shoot in all events. Good meals and lunches will be served on the grounds. All ties in live-bird shoot to be shot off miss-and-out. Chas. B. Flanders is secretary and treasurer, John Parker manager.

The programme of the Ohio Trapshooters' League's fourteenth annual tournament, to be held at Columbus, O., June 5, 6 and 7, can be obtained of the secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. C. Porterfield. The grounds are situated on West Broad street. Take Camp Chase cars or transfer to them. The Association is prepared to shoot, rain or shine. Interstate rules will govern. At the conclusion of each day's programme, extra events will be shot at the pleasure of the shooters. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The equitable system will govern the division of money. Manufacturers' agents will pay \$4 extra each day, excepting those representing firms which advertised in the programme, who will pay \$2 extra each day. All shooters who average 90 per cent. or better will pay \$2 extra each following day; this money to be divided equally among all amateurs who shoot through regular league events and do not draw their entrance. Lady shooters may shoot for targets free, their amount being deducted from entrance. In the handicap for cup races all who shoot 90 per cent. or over will shoot from scratch; all under 90 per cent. will be allowed to shoot at extra targets, the number to be determined by a handicap committee, which will be chosen on the grounds. This handicap applies to all cups except the L. C. Smith championship of Ohio trophy. Freight, express, mail and telegrams sent in care of J. C. Porterfield & Co., No. 11 South High street, will receive prompt and careful attention, and guns and shells will be forwarded by them to grounds each morning not later than 8:30. The annual meeting of the Ohio Trapshooters' League will be held at Smith's European Hotel, corner Broad and High streets, at 8 o'clock P. M., on Tuesday, June 5. The cup events are for members of O. T. S. L. only. A warm dinner will be served on the grounds each day. Loaded shells can be purchased on the grounds. General averages will be computed only on regular events. On June 5 there are ten events, eight of which are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$10 added. No. 5, at 25 targets, is a special prize race, \$2 entrance, and No. 10, is a special race at 30 targets, \$2 entrance. On June 6 there are eight 15-target events, entrance \$1.50, \$10 added; also the Press-Post trophy race, 25 targets, \$2, and the L. C. Smith trophy and championship of Ohio, at 50 targets, \$3. In the afternoon the Sportsmen's Review and two-men team trophy and the handicap amateur prize race will be contested. On the third day there are eight 15-target events, and the special five-men team contest for the Shooting and Fishing State championship team trophy, valued at \$300; each man to shoot at 30 singles and 5 pairs. In the afternoon the handicap amateur prize race, 50 targets, entrance \$3. The programme contains in full a list of the valuable merchandise prizes and the rules governing the cup events.

The New Utrecht Gun Club announces midweek shoots at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., as follows: "Agreeably with request of several of our members who cannot attend our Saturday shoots, arrangements have been made for occasional mid-week shoots, and the first of these will be held on Wednesday, May 23. Traps will be ready for use at 12 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the club will provide three silver-mounted cut-glass loving cups for competition by members only. Conditions are 15 pigeons, club handicap, no entrance fee. Guests may 'shoot along' and participate in the sweep, if one is arranged. Inanimate traps will also be in use, and sweeps may be arranged at the pleasure of those present. Further dates will be arranged, and events provided, if the attendance justifies them."

The Baltimore Sun of May 16 recounts the performance of the noted Baltimore shooter as follows: "Mr. Ansley H. Fox, the young Baltimore shooter, yesterday performed a feat with the shotgun at Monumental Park, Westport, that eclipses anything ever before accomplished anywhere in the world, within the recollection or the reading of any trapshooting men who could be found in Baltimore, where trapshooters are numerous. Fox made a score of 50 straight breaks in doubles at artificial birds, commonly called clay targets, thereby breaking the world's record of 44 out of 50. Then he kept on at 50 more, and made his total score 98 out of 100, the world's record being 86 out of 100. He stood 14yds. from the traps. An idea of the extraordinary skill required for yesterday's feat can best be judged from the shooter's point of view, for 98 out of 100 is talked about among them as great shooting when the targets are thrown singly, and 75 out of 100 in doubles is spoken of as 'splendid' marksmanship. So Fox's 98 breaks out of 50 pairs of doubles is little short of wonderful. On Saturday last at this style of marksmanship Mr. Fox exceeded the record by one bird, his score being 45 out of 50, and yesterday's successful trial arose out of wagers freely made with him that he could never again perform such a feat or beat 43 breaks in 25 pairs. Mr. Fox being in good form took a few bets, and is some \$50 richer to-day. Yesterday was favorable, as far as wind conditions went, but the heat was a serious handicap. At the close of the first 10 targets thrown he had not missed a bird, and after a few minutes' rest he faced the traps again for his second 10. When these were completed without a miss the shooters on the ground felt that something 'was doing,' and all eyes were turned on the Baltimore boy, who was perhaps the coolest man in the crowd. While the third and fourth 10s were broken the crowd held its breath, and then came the finish. Everybody was now nervous but Fox. With a sharp call of 'Pull!' the traps were again sprung. He shattered his first pair, and then without a miss ran off the remainder of his 50, and there was a new record. Mr. Fox's applauding friends crowded around him, and after numerous hand-shakes he was asked to continue to see how high he could run up his score. He shot 50 more birds, 25 pairs, and made the remarkable score of 48 out of the last 50, failing on his 52d and 56th birds." Mr. Fox used Winchester factory loaded ammunition, Leader shells, 3 1-8drs. E C powder, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot and a Parker gun.

The fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, Charlestown, W. Va., June 19, 20 and 21, is open to the world. It will be held on the grounds of the Beechwood Rod and Gun Club, Beechwood Park, which can be reached conveniently by car from the corner of Capitol and Virginia streets. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock. All shooters stand at 16yds. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. Two magautraps will be used. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The money will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. Concerning the money, the Association further rules: "Any one whose earnings are in excess of \$10 a day over his entrance money for the entire day will be required to divide the excess equally as follows, retaining half and the other half to go to a general purse, to be equally divided at the end of the tournament among all the shooters who entered and shot through the tournament, excepting the merchandise events. In other words, if the entrance money for all events in one day is \$18.50 and Mr. A. should earn \$38.50 he will be entitled to receive \$33.50, and the balance, \$5, to go to the general purse, to be divided as stated above, or if Mr. A. should earn \$48.50 he will receive \$38.50, and the balance, \$10, goes to the purse." Those who wish may shoot for targets at 2 cents each. The grounds will be open for practice on June 8, and targets on that day will be 1 cent each. On June 19 the club will give a supper, at which the shooters will be their guests. The programme of the first and second days is alike, namely, three events at 15 bluerocks, \$1.50 entrance; seven events at 20 bluerocks, \$2 entrance, \$20 added to each event. On the third day the first five events are: Two at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 bluerocks, entrance based on 10 cents per target. The other six events are open to members of the State Association only. The first five are merchandise events. The sixth is the individual State championship, 50 bluerocks, \$1.50 entrance. The list of merchandise prizes is a long one, and is set forth in the programme, which can be obtained on application to the secretary. The officers of the Beechwood Rod and Gun Club are: President, J. A. De Gruyter; Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Jones; Field Captain, Dr. J. N. Mahan; Assistant Field Captain, W. T. Levi.

The programme of the Memphis Gun Club for each day, excepting No. 9 on the second day, is at seven 15-target events, \$5 each day for high average. A beautiful silver loving cup will be given to the winner of the aforementioned ninth event, at 25 targets, entrance \$3. Other entrance based on 10 cents per target. Pure system to govern in division of money. In 15-target events, four money events; in 20-target events, five money events. This shoot will be open to all amateurs. Experts and manufacturers' agents to shoot for price of targets only. Two cents per target will be deducted from each event. Lunch will be served at club grounds. Take Raleigh car promptly at 8, as shooting begins at 9. Shells, guns, etc., will be cared for if forwarded to J. G. Schmidt & Son. The members of the Memphis Gun Club extend a hearty welcome to all visiting shooters, and will make every effort to make the affair enjoyable. They anticipate an attendance of forty or fifty shooters. For further particulars address the tournament committee—Irbey Bennett, T. A. Divine, A. H. Frank. The latter is secretary and treasurer.

The Westmount Gun Club, Canada, announces its annual tournament on the Queen's birthday, May 24, and it extends a cordial invitation to shooters to attend. The ladies of Westmount have kindly consented to provide a lunch, which will be free to contestants. The shoot is for amateurs only, but manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. The Rose system of division of the money will prevail. Extra money will be added to nearly all events. The merchandise match will be at 12 targets, 18yds. rise, from one trap, unknown angles, entries unlimited. First entry 50 cents; subsequent entries 25 cents, targets included. There are nine other events: Two at 10 targets, \$1 entrance; two at 15, \$1.50; two at 20, \$2 entrance; 5 pairs, \$1; the individual championship, 50 targets, \$5; the team race, open to teams of five men from any organized club, \$5 entrance, \$10 added. Guns and ammunition addressed to the secretary, F. J. Elliott, 385 Landsdown avenue, will be delivered on the grounds.

Dr. C. E. Kemble, secretary of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, sends us the following communication: "On May 30, the championship of Long Island will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. This will be the first contest of a series of three, under the auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club, for a trophy valued at \$100. Conditions: 25 live birds, 29yds. rise, each day. The man scoring the most birds in the three shoots wins the championship and trophy. Entries received up to the end of first round. Entrance \$5, birds extra. Interstate Association rules govern all contests. Preliminary events, May 30. First event, 5 birds, \$3.50; birds, cup and sweep included. Second event, 7 birds, \$5, birds, cup and sweep included. Extra events for other contests to be announced later. The next events for this championship will be on June 14 and 21. T. W. Morley is shooting master."

The management of the New Utrecht Gun Club advises its members that target traps are now installed at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., on which grounds the club holds its shoots, and can be used by the club members every Saturday. If a sufficient number of members attend the club will offer special prizes for two events and a prize for highest average in the club events. In computing averages "allowed birds" will be considered, but only where 100 or more birds have been shot at. The first midweek shoot of the club takes place on Wednesday of this week. Sweeps open to friends of members, and they may "shoot along" in club events, making a side sweep if they so desire.

The programme of the tenth annual tournament of the Preble County Gun Club's tournament, Eaton, O., May 23 and 24, provides like events, with an equal entrance in them, each day. There are ten at 10 targets, three at 15 and two at 20, entrances 50 cents, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50. Bluerocks will be thrown from a magautrap. Shooting commences at 9:30. Class shooting. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Prizes will be given for the three high averages, the first of which is \$10 in gold. S. C. Hunt is the secretary.

The Canajoharie Gun Club's target programme for its Decoration Day shoot is fifteen events, 15 bluerocks each, \$1.30 entrance, targets included. Charles Weeks is secretary.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., announces a target tournament to be held on May 30, Decoration Day, at its home, on the line of the Logan Valley Electric Railway. The programme has eight 10, four 15 and three 20 target races. Entrance, \$1 each; price of targets included at 1 cent each. Class shooting. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Free lunch to shooters. Cars direct to the grounds every seven minutes. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. This club holds a shoot on every Saturday afternoon, rain or shine, in which all are welcome to participate. Mr. G. G. Zeth, Altoona, Pa., is the secretary.

The inanimate target tournament of the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition, Baltimore, Md., which commenced on Monday of this week and continues to May 26, is open to all. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock each day, and continues till dark. There is a continuous match, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., entrance 25 cents, targets extra, re-entries unlimited. The Association championship, 100 targets, is shot from one o'clock till dark each day. Merchandise prizes will be shot for on May 19 and 26; also team races will be contested on these days.

Mr. J. C. Porterfield, secretary-treasurer of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club, Columbus, O., under date of May 19, writes us: "We to-day send you one of our 1900 programmes for Ohio Trapshooters' League. We feel you will find it all we have claimed, the finest programme offered this year. Our programmes are now ready for distribution, and will be furnished free on application. We are offering \$500 in cash and prizes added. Please do not omit mentioning \$500 instead of \$800, as printed on back of premium, it being an error of the printers."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, is a more active man in shooting matters in the year 1900 than he ever has been before, though far from inactive previously. After successfully managing the Pennsylvania State shoot last week, he has charge of the Interstate tournament at Richmond this week, Wednesday and Thursday, and he will have but a short interval of rest before the great Grand American Handicap Target Tournament begins at Interstate Park, June 11.

John S. Wright's Decoration Day shoot, May 30, at live birds, Interstate Park, Queens, has three events on the programme, with extra ones if time and the inclination of the shooters should accord. There is one event at 7 birds, one at 10 and one at 15, with entrance fees at popular amounts in each. All information pertinent to the shoot can be obtained of John S. Wright, 318 Broadway, New York.

In the Sanders-Storms cup contest at Interstate Park, May 16, at 50 targets, Mr. Edward Banks won with a score of 48. The scores made by the other contestants were as follows: J. S. S. Remsen and T. W. Morley, 47; W. H. W. Nassan, G. S. K. Remsen, 45; L. C. Cornell, 43; Lincoln, 40; Dr. Webber, 37; Saunders, 33. Sweepstake events filled in the spare time of the afternoon.

The programme of the Greater New York Gun Club's live-bird shoot on May 25 is the same as that of May 11, four events: 7 birds, \$3; 10 birds, \$5; 15 birds, \$7; 10 birds, \$5. There is \$15 added money in the last three events, divided \$7, \$5 and \$3. Birds extra in each event at 25 cents.

On May 15 at Watson's Park, Chicago, in the club shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, Messrs. Crow and Dewey scored 15 each in the club event, the former having 3 birds added to his score, the latter 4. In the shoot-off at 10 birds, Dewey won with 7 kills to 5 kills made by his opponent.

On June 24 and 25 the Western Slope Gun Club, of Glenwood Springs, Colo., will hold its first annual target tournament. A magantrap will serve to throw the targets. Programmes will be mailed after May 25. Mr. U. S. Devor is the secretary.

Mr. A. Schoverling informs us that the Hudson Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on June 18, and that besides the regular sweeps there will be a team match between the Hudsons, Fultons and Oceanics. All are welcome.

Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, famous in the annals of trapshooting history, with his friend, Mr. B. E. Brown, also of Indianapolis, sailed on Saturday of last week for Paris. May they have a pleasant and safe voyage.

The programme of the New Haven Gun Club's Decoration Day shoot provides thirteen events, 150 targets in all, with a total of \$10 entrance; targets 1 cent. John E. Bassett is secretary.

Messrs. Adams and Steck tied on 24 in the Lovell handicap of the Eureka Gun Club, Chicago, June 19, and in shooting off the tie at 10 targets Adams broke straight and won.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Illinois State Convention.

In the report of the Illinois State shoot in our issue of last week it was said that the Association convention had been postponed because of a prize fight which was to be held the same evening. Mr. E. S. Rice, who was at the time the president of the Association, writes us expressing indignation that such a statement should have been made, since having been without foundation it reflected unjustly upon the character of Association members. Mr. Hough tells us, in explanation, that on the grounds Tuesday afternoon the report was common that the convention would be postponed for the reason assigned and that this report was accepted by him without verification. He expresses his regret for the unintentional injustice done.

The statement of President Rice is of course authoritative, and we accept it as such. He tells us that the reason given by our Chicago correspondent for the adjournment of the convention was not the real one, and in view of this we can only express without qualification our sincere regret that the report should have been given currency in the FOREST AND STREAM, and that thus a wrong should have been done to the members of the Association.

Conditions of the Dewar Trophy.

The firm of John Dewar & Sons presents a handsome silver cup for competition among the shooters resident in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, except those who may be manufacturers' agents or considered professionals in any way by the committee.

The event will be a handicap, 25 to 30 yds., and the contests will be held once a month and continue until June, 1902, after which date the shooter having won the cup the greatest number of times will be declared the owner absolutely. All these contests will take place at Interstate Park, in the Borough of Queens, New York city.

At each contest the entry will be \$5, and the winner will receive the entire amount, provided the sum does not exceed 25. In case this amount is exceeded the amount will be divided among the next high guns, as follows: If six to nine entries, one extra purse; if ten to fifteen entries, 60 and 40 per cent.; if fifteen to twenty entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if twenty to twenty-four entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and if over twenty-five entries the management will designate the divisions, it being understood that there will be one money for every five entries in excess of twenty-five.

The conditions of each contest will be 25 live pigeons, and the price of birds will be in addition to the entrance fee of \$5. All entries must be made before a contestant goes to the score, and each event will be closed at the end of the second round. The first contest will take place on June 20, 1900, and if necessary will be continued until the next day.

The Interstate Association's rules will govern in all cases, and the manager of the Interstate Park will appoint a referee, have entire charge of the contests, and settle all disputes.

The handicap committee will consist of competent persons, three in number, any one of whom may appoint others or constitute a quorum in himself.

Newell Gun Club.

THE Newell Gun Club's tournament was held on May 16-17. There was some good shooting, as the following scores will show. There were many outside shooters. Mr. Steege, of Waterloo; Geo. Hughes, H. Dorton and A. Gibson, of Fond du Lac; Ed Welch, J. B. Paxton, of Sac City; W. F. Duncan, J. W. Grey, H. H. Hawman, of Sioux City; E. D. Trotter, of Kingsley; W. B. Linell, of Eldora; Flack and Warren, of Early; S. T. Gouley, and Curtis, of Marathon; Mr. Peck, of Sioux Rapids; Messrs. White, Schroder, Chandler and Scuyler, of Schaller, Ia., with a large number of local shooters:

First Day, May 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	20
Steege	8	12	12	14	20	10	14	12	14	18	
Hughes	9	12	14	15	19	8	15	14	12	14	19
Power	9	15	14	12	19	9	12	13	10	13	19
Dorton	9	9	14	15	19	8	14	10	11	18	
Haly	7	12	12	15	19	9	10	12	12	13	16
Welch	10	10	9	16	4	10	9	11	11	11	
Grey	8	10	14	12	18	9	12	10	14	12	16
Duncan	6	10	14	11	16	10	13	13	11	11	14
Trotter	10	13	14	14	19	10	15	14	12	15	19
Hawman	5	13	13	10	13	6	9	12	13	12	15
Line	10	13	15	17	8	14	15	15	14	17	
Paxton	10	10	10	12	8	11	9	10	12	15	
Gibson	9	12	13	15	17	9	14	15	14	14	16
Gantley	10	12	15	17	8	14	15	14	14	16	
Haley	10	12	15	17	8	14	15	14	14	16	
Knapp	6	10	14	12	18	9	12	10	14	12	16
Honnmor	2	8	9	16	4	10	9	11	11	11	
Hall	2	8	9	16	4	10	9	11	11	11	
Ervin	5	7	12	15	19	8	15	14	12	14	19
Barber	8	10	14	12	18	9	12	10	14	12	16
Flack	5	13	13	10	13	6	9	12	13	12	15
Warren	3	7	12	15	19	8	15	14	12	14	19
Rahn	10	10	9	16	4	10	9	11	11	11	

Second Day, May 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	25	
Steege	7	12	12	14	16	9	13	14	13	19	22	
Hughes	8	10	13	15	17	9	12	13	14	16	18	
Power	8	12	15	13	16	6	11	13	15	12	17	23
Dorton	10	14	13	12	18	8	13	14	14	13	17	23
Gibson	8	15	15	14	19	8	15	15	13	13	17	27
Grey	7	10	14	11	16	7	9	12	13	15	15	
Duncan	9	12	12	13	19	7	12	15	11	12	15	24
Trotter	9	14	13	13	18	9	14	15	14	14	18	20
Hawman	6	12	9	12	14	8	10	14	13	5	15	
Linell	8	11	14	14	17	7	13	14	14	14	18	19
White	15	13	17	17								
Chandler	15	13	17	17								
Schroder	15	13	17	17								

Duncan won twelfth event for medal, breaking 24 out of 25. Trotter got high average for first day. Gibson got high average for second day. Trotter got general high average for both days.

H. S. HALL, Sec'y.

St. Louis Republic Cup.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 12.—The match for the St. Louis Republic cup between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger, took place to-day at Exposition Park, this city. The conditions of the match were \$100 a side, cup and purse to go to winner; loser to pay for birds. Mr. Frank Parmelee was referee and Mr. L. Scott was trap puller.

The weather was quite warm, and a strong wind blew from right to left across the traps, but was of little help to the birds, owing to the park being inclosed by a high board fence.

Gilbert was first to lose; his 16th, a tailor from No. 3 trap, hard hit, died outside the fence.

Elliott lost his 39th, an incomer from No. 4 trap, hit with the first barrel, but shot behind with the second, and died outside.

Gilbert made a run of 70 straight, losing his 87th and 99th birds.

Elliott's next loss was his 57th, dead out. He also lost his 75th dead out. His 99th, a twisting driver from No. 2 trap, escaped unhurt and lost the match for him, as Gilbert killed his 100th and won a very hotly contested match by 1 bird. Gilbert, Parmelee and Budd go from here to St. Louis to attend the Missouri State tournament.

St. Louis Republic cup scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 1073 1074 1075 1076 1077 1078 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 1093 1094 1095 1096 1097 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 1109 1110 1111 1112 1113 1114 1115 1116 1117 1118 1119 1120 1121 1122 1123 1124 1125 1126 1127 1128 1129 1130 1131 1132 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 1138 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1144 1145 1146 1147 1148 1149 1150 1151 1152 1153 1154 1155 1156 1157 1158 1159 1160 1161 1162 1163 1164 1165 1166 1167 1168 1169 1170 1171 1172 1173 1174 1175 1176 1177 1178 1179 1180 1181 1182 1183 118

	Broke.	Average
Rike	15 13 16 14 15 19 17 20 20	149 .931
Heikes	14 12 16 13 13 17 18 10 20	142 .887
Courtney	12 12 15 12 15 15 17 16 18	132 .825
Connor	10 12 17 13 13 20 19 19 20	143 .894
J A R Elliott	15 15 18 16 15 20 20 19 20	157 .981
Heiligenstein	13 11 13 12 8 16
Reichert	11 12 16 8 12
Schroeder	13 11 16 12 13 20 17 16 18	136 .856
De Long	10 15 16 13 9 17 20 14 16	120 .812
Garrett	13 14 17 13 14 20 20 19 17	147 .919
D Elliott	13 15 17 14 14 17 17 17 16	140 .876
Gay	13 14 19 15 15 18 19 20 17	150 .928
Chase	12 12 12 11 7 23 17 12 15	118 .798
Spencer	14 11 19 15 12 16 9 15 18	129 .806
Daniels	14 14 19 14 13 18 18 19 20	149 .931
Lindeman	12 14 20 12 14 19 19 19 20	149 .921
Robin Hood	13 14 15 15 14 13 14 20 19	142 .887
Day	14 11 13 14 13 17 18 17 18	140 .876
Iap	11 11 17 14 11 15 19 19 16	133 .851
Weston	14 15 13 13 12 12 15 17
Wright	13 11 17 13 11 14 17 17 17	130 .812
Holmes	13 10 19 13 .. 17 19 19 18
Scott	13 15 13 14 13 20 18 19 17	142 .887
Hixon	13 12 15 12 11 16 18 18 16	131 .819
Riehl	10 13 16 14 14 15 19 14 18	133 .831
Boa	10 13 18 15 12 18 17 20 18	141 .881
Craig	13 11 16 14 13 .. 17 13 14
Schiess	10 10 12 14 9 13 15 15 17	115 .719
Powers	13 14 19 15 15 19 20 17 20	152 .950
Howell	10 13 16 11 13 17 17 16 19	132 .825
Harmlee	15 15 20 15 13 19 19 19 19	154 .969
Neal	12 13 19 15 13 19 19 17 19	146 .913
Tripp	14 13 17 14 14 19 18 18 19	146 .913
Budd	14 14 20 14 13 19 17 17 18	146 .913
Parker	10 12 18 12 15 15 17 16 16	131 .819
Lockridge	10 13 14 11 8 18 19 18 18	129 .803
Mackie	14 14 17 13 13 18 16 20 19	144 .900
Black	14 13 14 14 12 18 16
Page	8 11 .. 8
Crosby	14 15 17 14 13 19 17 19 20	148 .925
Holly	12 12 15 12 11 17
Mississippi	14 11 10
Vivian	11 11
Long	9 .. 13
Burnside	14 11 15 12 9
Bell	12 13 11 8
W D Thompson	12 11 17 10
Meaders	8 13 .. 11
Word	6 11 8 8 10
Sperry	15 14 11 13 11 11
Miss King	10 11 14 13 13
Milton	8 12 16 14 5 .. 15 17
St Clair	13 13 16 13 12 9
Kling	13 12 15 14
Simms	9 13 16 12
Norton	9 9 13 12
Hill	10 10 15 10
Bronie	9 13 .. 11
Beach	13 13 14 14
Meredith	12 12 15 13 13 17
Hoff	11 9 12 14 12 14 16 15

Allen	13	11	13
Thraillkill	8	13	13
Stayner	12	11	16
Denning	16		
Dowden	12	11	13
Johnson	11	11	15
White	11	15	
Leach	12	10	
Brown	15		

Wednesday, Third Day, May 16.

Another scorching, or at least such until 3 P. M., when a promised dew fell better to-day, as the wind was moving more strongly. At the target line the wind proved a most unwelcome factor, and made many a ragged hole in a score up to that time fair to look upon. The targets danced and skimmed weirdly, and no shooter could land on all of them. Several of the boys who were at the score at just about 3 o'clock lost a number of birds, and it was an interesting thing to watch the target game at that station. Billy Crosby, the hard-shooting E. Cite, took the boys down the line to-day with his little Baker.

In the live birds the interest was not intense after the close of the ties in the Lemp trophy, brought over from yesterday. This brought out a hot finish, Sperry, of Rock Island, and Griesedieck, a hot local favorite, who has won about everything down here, lining out for a good stiff run, the tie lasting to the 34th bird, and the trophy falling to the St. Louis man after a very pretty contest with a very hard companion in the harness alongside. On his next to last bird Griesedieck got a soft one, which lagged at the start and was killed when barely clear of the ground, leaving a close decision for Mr. Taylor, who was refereeing. Sperry, who followed him, caught a hot one, which he hardly handled fast enough, and which he lost, retiring after a gallant struggle. Score of the tie, Lemp trophy:

Lindeman	222220
Griesedieck	1122222212222221211111222111112112
Sperry	21122211212212222221222221212221120
Craig	1122110
Powers	220
Danvers	2,220
Allen	w

Following the Lemp tie there was a sweep, open to all, at 10 live birds, \$7. This brought out twenty-nine shooters, but offered nothing of interest, as the birds proved too dull to make the sport keen, seventeen men going straight. The score:

No. 1, 10 live birds, \$7:	
W. Thompson	1111122111-10
Popham	22222222-9
Craig	2111011112-9
Riehl	12222222-8
Holly	2122121201-9
Daniels	2222222112-10
Day	212-212222-9
Robin Hood	222222222-10
Heilman	2222222212-8
Hoff	1212222202-9
W. A. Thompson	2121111112-10
Gay	1222221022-9
Selzer	2321211211-9
St. Clair	1021212111-9
Wilmot	1212111111-10
Heikes	2222222221-10
Parmelee	222222222-10
Chase	222222222-10
Crosby	222222222-10
Weston	1111212112-10
Meredith	1211111212-10
Sperry	211111121-10
J. Hoff	112111222-10
Starkloff	112-211122-9
Powers	222222222-10
Milton	1122222212-10
Ward	2111212120-10
Tripp	222222222-10
Neal	11110w

The Targets.

The target entry held up splendidly, sixty-four guns going to the score, and a handsome proportion of the same finishing the programme, though the game grew too hard for even some of the faithful. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Rike	14	13	16	14	10	16	19	17	19
Heikes	13	15	19	13	14	18	17	18	
Courtney	14	14	19	15	12	15	15	13	15
Connor	13	14	17	14	11	19	16	13	19
J. A. R. Elliott	15	11	20	14	14	16	16	18	19
Boa	14	12	20	13	14	15	17	14	18
Riehl	9	14	17	14	13	19	16	17	
Schroeder	14	13	17	13	14	19	17	18	17
De Long	13	10	14	10	13	18	17	17	19
Garrett	14	15	19	14	15	18	19	18	18
Daniels	14	13	18	13	17	16	19	18	18
Jap	15	14	19	14	11	17	20	20	18
Robin Hood	15	14	19	15	12	17	18	19	18
Day	14	15	19	14	15	18	17	16	19
Lindeman	12	15	19	15	14	17	19	20	18
Weston	12	12	16	13	14	19	17	16	
Wilmot	14	12	16	13	15	16	9	17	15
Hixon	12	10	13	10	14	16	w	16	
Scott	13	15	17	10	15	17	18	18	20
Holmes	12	13	16	11	13	18	17	18	18
Gay	15	14	19	14	17	19	19	1	820
Spencer	14	14	19	11	13	17	20	15	19
Chase	10	13	12	10	9	12	14	14	13
Crosby	15	14	19	15	15	20	19	20	19
Wright	11	11	15	15	12	13	15	15	11
Powers	12	13	14	13	14	16	18	17	17
Parmelee	15	13	20	12	13	18	19	20	19
Starkloff	13	11	15	9	12	18	18	18	16
Popham									
Jule									
W. D. Thompson									
Schoenberg									
Neal	11	14	18	15	14	17	14	17	17
Tripp	11	12	17	13	14	18	19	19	18
Budd	14	13	18	14	14	20	19	18	19
Scheiss	8	11	16						
St. Clair	13	14	19	15	11	12			
Holly	13	11	17	13	11				
Sperry	13	10	18	13					
Fulton	14	13	19	12	11	18	14	18	18
Meaders	12	12	17	13	13	17	16	16	18
Lockridge	14	13	18	11	11				
Mackie	12	14	16	15	16	17			
Burnside	11	11	17	11	11	18	16	17	18
Apperson	15	15	17	13	13	16	17	16	18
W. A. Thompson	12	13	15	12					
Ward	13	9	17	9					
Lefever	14	9	17	12	9				
Millet	14	9	12						
Gulick	10	12							
Launsen	6	9							
Thraillkill	11	10							
Sta-ner	11	14	16	10					
Mc-ene King	12	11	15	11					
Milton	12	14	14	12					
Van Gundy	13	14	13	14	11	16	19	18	
Just	12	12	16	11	14	15	19	14	
Seltzer	8								
Heer	12	11	17	14	12	18			
Mackie									
Heilman									
Griesedieck									
Watt									
Prendergast									

Thursday, Fourth Day, May 17.

The weather continued unfavorable, though capricious, heavy rain falling at several different times during the day, drenching the grounds and interfering with the sport to a considerable extent. After the shower the humid heat resumed operations, so that the live birds did not have much ambition and the sport at the live-bird traps offered no great shooting interest. The event for the day was the Sportsmen's Review cup, a handsome trophy, which is put up by the Association with the guaranteed purse of \$1,000. This event did not quite fill, only thirty-seven men entering. Of the entire thirty-seven not a man shot back of the money, the rules being class shooting, five moneys, and 21 being low score. Eight men tied on 25—Lindeman, Parmelee, Crosby, Burnside, Spencer, Powers, Budd and Jim Elliott. First place paid \$37.50, but the 24s were more fortunate, taking down \$62.50. The 23 hole paid \$18.50; 22, \$21.40; 21, \$14.25.

The shooting of the above event practically took up the day, the contest continuing until late in the afternoon. The ties are to be shot out on Saturday, two days later, at which time the ties of the Republic cup are also to be decided. When the number of good ones left in the tie was seen it was confidently stated by many to-day that it would take all of Saturday to decide the ties, unless the birds should take to flying better than they did to-day. Nearly all the birds were killed almost at the traps, and there was not much excitement, unless over some such incident as when Robin Hood shot at a sitting bird with his second and scared it out of bounds. The trapper boys grew tired and careless once or twice,

and the shooter who seemed to get the worst of this was Dr. Smith, of St. Louis, who got two balks—one from a bird hung in the trap and one from an empty trap—and who then caught a left-quarterer, which fell dead out of bounds for him.

One incident of the day carried with it a decided warning which might perhaps very well be taken to heart. The trapping pits are not covered by a wire grating, as they were at the Grand American Handicap, and the boys had no underground signal when to go out from the pits, the word being given by calling from the score. At one time St. Clair (George Crosby) shot at a bird and knocked it down close to the trap with his first barrel. All at once the boy rose from the pit and reached for the bird, just at the time Crosby fired his second barrel. The charge did not miss the boy 2ft., and had it struck him it would have killed him at that distance. Once or twice there was this same difficulty of a boy getting up at the wrong time, as of course the trappers could not tell whether or not the shooter was to fire his second after the first shot was heard and the bird killed. It may readily be seen that there is a very serious risk of a bad accident in this arrangement—one which would injure the shooting game as well as cost life or limb. The traps should be supplied with gates, and these should be released only by the puller at the score, who can see, what the trapper boy cannot see from his pit, when all is safe for him to come out to retrieve the bird. The little fellows should not be allowed to take any chances of injury.

The crowd to-day was a trifle smaller, some of the shooters being unavoidably called home, among these Sperry, of Rock Island, second in the Lemp tie, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., came over from Hot Springs to-day and shot in the Review cup race. At the 15 hole he had "killed 'em all but 4," he said, when asked how he was doing; but then he pulled together and killed out straight.

Sportsmen's Review cup; open to the world; 30yds. rise, 25 birds; entrance \$25, including birds; \$1,000 guaranteed; five moneys, class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

General Rules.

The holder of this trophy shall provide suitable ground and the best live pigeons obtainable, at a nominal price, not to exceed 25 cents each. He will further be entitled to all ground benefits, unless otherwise agreed upon.

The distance between the home of the challenger and challengee will be considered fair and neutral. Should the holder of the trophy, through any mercenary or spiteful intention, name a place at a greater distance, he will be required, before his contest takes place, to pay to the challenger the excess of expenses which he has incurred by failing to name a neutral place.

The challenger, on request, may be required to post in the hands of the referee the amount or price of the pigeons shot in the contest, which will be returned to him, provided he wins the match.

Ties for cup must be shot off the same day, daylight permitting. Following are the scores:

Brownie	222222222222222222222222-21
J. B. Porter	201202221222122222222222-23
De Long	212222222222222222222222-23
Alexander	121121212121212121212121-24
Lindeman	122222222222222222222222-25
Heikes	222222222122222222222101121-24
Parmelee	21212122212222222222222222-25
Gay	22221222122222222222222222-24
Chase	222021211*2222222222222222-22
Kelly	222021211*2222222222222222-22
Weston	212222122222222222222222-23
Crosby	222212222222222222222222-25
Riehl	2122212122221*2221*202222-21
Wilmot	222212222222222222222222-23
Neal	202221111221222222222222-23
Norton	212222222222222222222222-23
Day	222222222222222222222222-23
Daniels	222222222222222222222222-23
St. Clair	112212002222222222222222-22
Burnside	222222222222222222222222-25
Spencer	222222222222222222222222-25
Powers	222222222222222222222222-25
J. W. Smith	122212122222222222222222-23
Milton	222222222222222222222222-23
Selzer	2100112211*2221221221*12-21
Meidroth	212221222222222222222222-21
Starkloff	2012212*2221112211212121-23
Budd	122121212111121212121212-25
J. A. R. Elliott	212221212221222222222222-25
Robin Hood	222202222222222222222222-23
Taylor	2*2012211121212222221201-22
D. Elliott	122221211222112221102212-24
Leach	222222222222222222222222-22
Hill	222202222122110222222222-22
Griesedieck	12111212111112121201211*23
Sumpter	1122220101*222222222222-21
Courtney	112222222222222222222222-21

The Targets.

The target programme to-day called for 90 birds, and in spite of the rain it was shot through by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. John Boa, of Chicago (and the only Chicago man present, by the way), was high man to-day, .978 per cent. Budd and Day tied on second, .967 per cent. Heikes, Jim Elliott, Powers, Parmelee and Crosby tied on third, .955 per cent. As the targets were soon shot through, and as the live-bird work kept only a squad at a time occupied, some of the enthusiasts, like Garrett, of Colorado Springs; De Long, of Hot Springs; Alexander, of St. Louis, and Herb Taylor, of St. Louis, got up a series of eccentric matches at the magautrap, sometimes standing precariously on the top of the awning at the target score, sometimes on top of the magautrap house, etc., and they seemed to get a deal of fun out of this, varying the programme by shooting at box lids and boards thrown in the air. The following are the target scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Broke:	Av.
Rike	14	13	15	14	15	15	84	.933
Heikes	14	15	14	14	15	14	86	.955
Courtney	12	13	14	13	14	13	79	.878
Connors	13	13	15	14	14	12	81	.900
J. A. R. Elliott	15	15	14	14	14	14	86	.955
Boa	15	14	15	14	15	15	88	.978
Riehl	14	15	13	15	14	14	82	.911
Schroeder	15	15	13	13	14	13	83	.922
De Long	10	13	14	13	15	14	79	.878
Barrett	14	14	14	14	14	12	82	.914
Gay	14	11	13	14	14	14	80	.889
Spencer	13	14	15	13	14	14	82	.922
Milton	13	12	14	14	14	13	80	.889
Fulton	13	13	15	12	10	14	77	.855
Starkloff	12	10	13	13	13	11	75	.833
Hungate	10	12	15	13	13	14	74	.822
Miss King	14	12	13	12	14	13	78	.867
Heer	13	15	14	14	14	13	83	.922
Lefever	13	12	12	7	13	4	61	.678
Weston	10	13	13	14	13	13	76	.844
Wilmot	13	14	12	12	10	14	75	.833
Hill	13	9	12	11
Scott	14	13	15	13	13	15	83	.922
Holmes	11	13	12	14	15	13	78	.867
Powers	13	14	14	15	15	15	86	.955
Parmelee	15	15	12	15	15	14	86	.955
Neal	13	12	9	14	13	11	72	.800
Budd	14	14	15	14	15	15	87	.967
Jule	13	11	12	10	12
Kelly	12	10
Stayner	5	8
Apperson	13	15	13	12	13	15	81	.900
Daniels	14	14	14	14	13	14	83	.922
Crosby	14	14	15	15	14	14	86	.955
Robin Hood	12	13	14	15	14	15	83	.922
Day	15	14	14	14	15	15	87	.967
Lindeman	14	14	15	15	13	14	85	.944
Griesedick	11	12
Todd	..	11	10
Burnside	10	..	10	12	..	12

The members of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City:									
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	25	25	25	15	15	25	20	
Schorty	11	17	23	23	11	10	21	16	
Dudley	9	19	13	23	13	8	23	..	
Fox	12	22	23	17	13	12	20	19	
Duke	11	22	19	22	10	12	17	..	
F Schorverling	10	16	17	17	11	8	12	..	
Brewer	7	12	8	
Van Dyne	8	
Whitley	6	9	6	
Kelly	9	20	..	20	11	
O'Brien	7	12	6	
Hansman	14	17	17	8	11	14	..	
Hughes	16	12	11	
Shields	13	

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa.—The tenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, May 15 to 18, had a good attendance. A number of the manufacturers' agents were present as follows: J. S. Fanning, Jersey City, N. J.; J. R. Hull, Meriden, Conn.; T. H. Keller, New York; B. Leroy Woodward, Campbell, Mass.; Gus Greiff, New York; J. J. Hallowell, Philadelphia; H. P. Collins, Baltimore; Will K. Park, Philadelphia; C. E. Bartlett, New Haven, Conn.

There was quite a hitch in the proceedings on account of the local management barring Hallowell as an expert, although many of the sportsmen present could not see by what right they could bar him, as he is a member of the State Association, and there is nothing in the rules which bars experts from taking part, if they are members. The board of directors of the State Association ruled that he could shoot, but he refused to do so, stating that as a sportsman he came to this tourney to make friends and not enemies.

In the shoot-off of the Remington gun handicap L. L. Graham, of Oil City, won.

No. 5 was the Reading team trophy.

May 15, First Day.

No. 6 was the Milt Lindsley trophy.

No. 7 was at 5 pairs.

Nos. 8 and 9 were the Remington gun handicap, and No. 10 the handicap allowance of same, misses as kills:

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	25	25	5	50	H		Broke.
Runk	9	10	12	13	19	21	7	23	22	4	89
Rhoads	8	12	12	11	18	16	4	20	19	5	82
Elder	10	9	11	10	21	21	8	19	21	6	80
Minick	9	12	14	12	18	22	7	20	20	3	87
Kennedy	9	6	14	9	22	21	7	21	21	7	80
Geo Anderson	9	13	13	10	20	25	5	22	23	5	90
G O Bell	8	9	8	10	15	20	3	22	21	9	78
W K Harris	9	9	6	9	15	17	3	16	16	10	65
A B Cartledge	10	12	12	13	15	20	3	18	20	3	85
E T Coleman	9	9	13	12	17	22	7	24	20	5	87
H Landis	10	14	11	12	22	22	7	23	22	3	92
H E Fisher	7	11	10	10	19	15	8	18	18	7	73
H Ridge	9	13	12	14	24	22	7	24	24	2	96
D Longnecker	8	14	10	15	18	19	9	21	17	3	85
H Henry	7	8	11	13	1	822	9	19	18	7	76
Bates	7	10	10	11	21	21	5	22	22	7	82
Dorworth	9	13	11	12	22	25	6	24	22	4	91
Chlay	7	15	14	11	23	23	7	25	24	3	96
Smedley	8	9	10	10	18	21	5	21	22	8	80
Clickner	8	9	11	12	19	21	2	14	18	6	72
Sullivan	9	11	12	14	22	18	9	23	22	3	91
Worden	5	10	10	12	21	18	6	20	18	8	75
Burnham	9	8	12	13	22	21	2	20	21	5	83
Brewster	9	13	14	13	23	19	7	22	24	2	95
Krueger	7	5	13	11	21	17	9	18	20	8	74
Atkinson	8	15	14	14	24	24	9	25	23	1	99
Miller	8	11	13	12	25	8	25	21	4	4	90
Black	9	8	10	12	22	22	20	19	8	75	
Fleming	10	13	15	13	23	23	23	1	97		
Shaner	10	11	12	14	18	22	5	22	18	3	84
Graham	5	11	13	11	18	22	23	21	6	84	
Fieles	8	10	11	13	21	22	8	22	21	5	85
Stroh	10	15	9	13	22	22	23	20	3	90	
Lane	7	9	11	13	22	22	20	16	6	76	
Vanderau	6	9	7	11	22	22	3	18	19	8	86
F Coleman	6	11	12	12	22	22	22	22	6	86	
Wertz	10	14	12	13	22	22	21	19	2	89	
Jessop	7	11	11	5	22	22	17	13	9	64	
Rearig	7	10	12	13	22	22	21	18	5	81	
Seitz	7	6	8	9	22	22	19	16	11	65	
Trego	6	10	11	12	21	22	20	19	7	78	
Smith	9	14	15	13	21	22	22	21	1	95	
Stine	8	14	14	8	20	22	21	20	4	85	
Holderbaum	8	9	11	12	22	22	23	20	6	83	
Hobbs	3	14	13	12	21	21	6	24	22	5	88
Updegrave	9	8	11	10	22	22	22	22	22	22	88
Wynn	6	12	9	8	19	9	22	22	22	22	84
Alexander	10	15	12	13	22	22	20	14	1	84	
McGosner	2	8	10	9	22	22	18	20	12	67	
Pepper	7	11	11	10	22	22	17	21	7	77	
McFalls	7	8	12	9	22	22	15	19	8	70	
Weinman	5	11	10	10	22	22	16	20	8	72	
Brey	8	11	10	11	22	22	19	23	6	82	
Richard	10	12	11	11	22	22	22	22	22	22	82
Trofford	11	14	13	13	22	22	23	12	6	82	
Cooper	12	14	11	11	22	22	23	23	4	82	
Addison	12	14	11	11	22	22	23	23	4	82	
Park	12	14	11	11	22	22	23	23	4	82	
Kyle	12	14	11	11	22	22	23	23	4	82	

State average for day in all but team matches: Atkinson, first, 99 out of a possible 105; Fleming, second, 97; Ridge and Chlay, third, 96; Smith and Brewster, fourth, 95.

In the open events the ten first shooters on the list are manufacturers' agents. The others are amateurs:

OPEN EVENTS—MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	25	25	20	25	20	
Fanning	20	20	22	19	18	25	20	144
Hull	18	18	24	13	19	23	20	135
Keller	17	16	17	13	18	19	16	116
Le Roy	20	1	825	16	20	22	20	141
Greiff	17	14	15	12	16	17	18	109
Hallowell	17	18	20	14	19	22	17	127
Sporting Life	16	17	21	20	15	21	18	128
Collins	10	14	16	12	11	19	12	94
Bartlett	17	1	820	14	17	18	16	120
Marlin	12	12	15	12	13	19	16	99

Expert averages: Fanning first, Le Roy second, Hull third, Sporting Life fourth.

AMATEURS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	25	25	20	25	20	
Marshall	16	19	16	10	16	19	16	112
Stroh	17	18	22	15	18	17	17	125
Fieles	15	13	22	22	22	22	22	133
Wertz	20	19	23	15	19	19	18	133
F Coleman	19	17	23	15	16	24	19	133
Landis	19	19	22	14	19	23	17	133
Henry	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	133
Longnecker	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	133
Fisher	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	133
Ridge	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	133
Atkinson	19	18	22	16	18	22	16	131
Miller	19	16	22	16	18	22	17	130
Black	15	15	22	15	15	22	15	130
Fleming	20	18	23	19	23	19	23	130
Shaner	16	16	21	14	21	14	21	130
Sullivan	16	19	21	14	21	14	21	130
Worden	16	17	24	15	19	16	24	130
Burnham	17	15	22	18	21	16	22	130
Brewster	16	18	16	17	14	17	16	130
Krueger	14	19	22	14	16	19	14	120
Trego	15	14	20	15	13	22	13	112
Smith	19	20	22	15	16	20	17	129
Stine	16	18	22	13	19	20	16	124
Holdenbaum	15	13	21	13	15	22	15	114
Hobbs	15	16	21	14	17	16	14	113
Rhoads	17	19	16	17	16	17	16	113
Richards	17	13	4	15	21	15	15	113
Brey	16	22	22	22	22	22	22	113
Runk	19	13	13	13	13	13	13	113
Minick	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	113
Elder	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	113
Kennedy	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	113
Alexander	16	19	17	16	19	17	16	113
Bates	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	113
Clickner	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	113
Bell	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	113
Anderson	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	113
Addison	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	113
Seitz	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	113
Updegrave	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	113
Lane	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	113
Cooper	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	113
Rearig	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	113
McFalls	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	113
Weinman	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	113
Pepper	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	113

*Ten pairs.

Amateur averages: Wertz and Landis first, Atkinson second, Miller third, Smith fourth.

Team shoot for Reading trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	25	25	20	25	20	
Bates	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Chlay	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Dorworth	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Harrisburg Shooting Association Team No. 1.	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Sullivan	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Brewster	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Worden	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
New Castle Gun Club.	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Shaner	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Atkinson	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Fleming	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Harrisburg Shooting Association Team No. 2.	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Krueger	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Burnham	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Fieles	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	25	25	20	25	20	
Landis	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Longnecker	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21
Ridge	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	21

Tyrone Gun Club.									
Trego	1101111111111111110101011	21							
Smith	010111111110110111111111	21							
Stine	1011111011011101101111	20-62							

Shultz, 30.....	0022222-5	Rehrig, 28.....	2121222-7
Malone, 30.....	1201222-6	Byers, 28.....	1001222-5
Fox, 30.....	2222222-7	Cooper, 30.....	2120121-6
Burke, 28.....	2222212-6	Dunkle, 28.....	1111102-6
Hallowell, 30.....	2022222-6	Jessop, 28.....	2001121-5
Hull, 30.....	0202222-5	Le Roy, 30.....	2222202-6
Fanning, 30.....	2222222-7	Ross, 28.....	2022122-5
Brewster, 28.....	2222212-6	Bollman, 28.....	2210211-6
Henry, 28.....	2222212-7	Vanderau, 28.....	2122222-7
Longnecker, 28.....	020202w	Geikler, 28.....	2220222-6
Chlay, 28.....	1000222-4	Burnham, 28.....	2222220-6
Wellington, 28.....	2022222-6	Gladfelter, 28.....	2212222-5
Hobbs, 28.....	2212222-7	Hanson, 28.....	2202222-6
Wynn, 28.....	2222211-7	Sweigert, 28.....	2002120-4
Davis, 28.....	2222221-7	Greiff, 30.....	2221200-5
Warton, 28.....	2110121-6	Hammersle, 28.....	0022210-4
Darby, 28.....	0222220-5	Coleman, 28.....	2222102-6
W G Minick, 28.....	2022020-4		

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	20 20 25 20 *	Targets:	20 20 25 20 *
Fanning	19 20 25 19 19	Cooper	18
Hull	17 17 21 20 17	Krueger	15 15 20 16 15
Sporting Life	15 19 19 20 12	Brewster	18 19 22 19
Le Roy	19 19 25 19 17	Keller	15 15 18 15 14
Bartlett	19 17 21 18 14	Ridge	15
Ross	14 17 .. 16 13	Landis	20
Updegrove	13	Hobbs	18 .. 14
Minick	16 .. 23 17 8	Anderson	18 ..
Winchester	9	Cartledge	18 ..
Marlin	16 16 14 14 8	Sweigert	7 ..
Richard	18 19 .. 19 ..	Reinhart	21 ..
Sweigert	13	Richards	23 ..
Dunkle	11 13 ..	Harris	14 ..
Gordon	16 15 .. 14	Bates	18 ..
Hallowell	20 18 23 18 13	Kissinger	7 ..
Shultz	15 16 19 20 17	Coleman	7 19
Fox	17 18 22 19 16	Lane	11 ..
Malone	19 19 21 20 11	Holdenbaum	18 ..
Burke	11 14 15 14 12	Jones	10 ..
Wendroth	14 13 ..	Fisher	13 ..
Hammersle	13 12 18 ..	Bell	13 ..
Stroh	18	Shaner	20 18 21 18 14
Rhoads	13 .. 14	Alexander	19 19 25 20 17
Withers	16	Miller	16 14 24 18 15
Hansen	11 14 ..	Fleming	20 19 24 19 17
Longnecker	15 .. 16	Pepper	17 .. 23
Warton	13 .. 11	McFalls	16 .. 14
Darby	16 .. 13	Wyman	15 .. 24
Davis	17	Harlow	20 16 23 17 ..
Wynn	12	Sullivan	19 20 21 19 17
Atkinson	20 19 24 19 14		

May 18, Fourth Day.

STATE EVENTS.

Event No. 1, 5 birds, optional sweep, \$2, 28yds. rise:	
Geikler	02212-4
Addison	22220-4
Seitz	01222-4
Fleming	02122-4
McMullin	21121-5
Atkinson	01111-4
Jessop	21012-4
Brewster	20222-4
Alexander	12122-5
Henry	12211-5
Hobbs	22222-5
Cartledge	22221-5
Trego	01102-3
Stine	02212-4
Rehrig	22220-4
Wellington	22222-5
Harris	12101-4
Cooper	11212-5
Williamsport trophy, 15 birds, \$10, birds extra:	

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

H Addison,	15 2 2 1 5 5 5 8 1 5 3 1 2 1
Wilkesbarre, 28.....	2 2 2 2 1 * 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 -18
H Henry,	5 4 3 4 5 1 1 5 2 5 8 1 5 4 3
Philadelphia, 28.....	1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 -14
A M Seitz,	2 1 5 3 4 5 1 1 3 4 5 4 2 3 2
Glenrock, 28.....	1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 -14
J T Atkinson,	4 2 3 2 3 2 3 5 3 2 1 2 3 5
New Castle, 28.....	2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 -15
Dr Jessop,	3 4 2 3 1 4 1 5 2 4 4 2 4 1 5
Greensburg, 28.....	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 -18
M M Mac Millan, 28.....	4 1 5 4 4 2 4 1 4 8 4 3 1 5 8
F M Hobbs,	2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 -14
Philadelphia, 28.....	5 5 4 3 5 4 3 2 1 3 3 1 5 2 4
A B Cartledge,	2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -18
Philadelphia, 28.....	2 3 3 1 8 5 5 5 1 4 5 4 2 4 2
H B Brewster,	2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 -18
Harrisburg, 28.....	3 8 4 4 1 8 2 8 5 3 1 5 1 1 5
J Rehrig,	1 5 3 2 4 1 8 2 2 5 5 1 4 2 1
Allentown, 28.....	2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 -14
G W Wellington,	1 1 4 8 4 2 4 4 4 1 8 3 3 3 8
Harrisburg, 28.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -15
W H Bollman,	3 4 5 3 8 1 8 5 3 4 2 2 2 4 4
Lebanon, 28.....	2 1 2 1 2 1 1 * 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 -18
A C Krueger,	2 4 3 5 4 5
Lancaster, 28.....	0 0 1 0 2 2 0 w.
G S Trafford,	5 3 2 2 5 3 3 2 3 2 1 5 4 4 1
Lebanon, 28.....	0 2 2 * 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -12
W H Burnham,	4 5 2 2 1 5 2 3 5 2 4 4 1 8 5
York, 28.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 -14
F Coleman,	4 1 8 5 3 2 4 4 3 5 4 1 5 4 4
Hegins, 28.....	2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 -15
J S Vanderau,	2 5 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 3 1 1 5 1 5
Chambersburg, 28.....	2 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 -18
H B Fisher,	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 2 1 5 4 1 4 2 1
Philadelphia, 28.....	1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 0 -18
P J Trego,	1 5 5 5 2 3 5 3 3 4 4 5 1 3 4
Tyrone, 28.....	2 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 -12
F Cooper,	3 2 1 2 2 4 8 2 5 5 5 4 6 4 1
Mahanoy City, 28.....	1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 -18
I C Elder,	5 8 1 8 3 8 4 3 1 1 2 2 3 4 4
Chambersburg, 28.....	0 2 3 2 1 2 2 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 -14
W C McGowan,	4 1 2 5 4 2 5 5 2 4 2 4 1 4
Chambersburg, 28.....	2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -14
J M Runk,	2 2 1 2 5 4 3 4 3 1 4 3 1 2 4
Chambersburg, 28.....	1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 * 1 2 -18

T A Kennedy,	3 2 5 8 5 2 1 1 8 7 2 4 5 8 8 1
Chambersburg, 28.....	2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 -12
L B Fleming,	4 4 8 4 1 1 2 2 5 1 2 4 4 2 8
Pittsburg, 28.....	2 * 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 -14
E D Gordon,	4 8 1 1 3 1 1 8
Harrisburg, 28.....	* 2 2 0 * 2 2 0 w.
D M Minick,	1 5 2 2 2 8 8 2 1 5 5 5 4 5 5
Chambersburg, 28.....	2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 -18
J S Alexander,	5 1 5 4 5 8 2 5 1 4 3 2 3 1
Pittsburg, 28.....	2 2 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 0 1 1 0 w.
W H Stroh,	3 3 4 3 1 4 5 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 5
W Pittston, 28.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 -18
D D Stine,	2 1 5 5 4 2 4 4 5 2 1 4 1 4 2
Tyrone, 28.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 -18
H P Shaner,	4 5 1 4 1 2 2 2 2 5 4 5 5 4
New Castle, 28.....	2 0 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 w.
C E Geikler,	2 4 8 8 4 4 5 5 3 8 8 4 4 5 1
Philadelphia, 28.....	2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 * 2 -11
M C Rhoads,	4 2 4 2 5 4 5 1 3 2 5 8 5 4 4
Chambersburg, 28.....	2 2 2 2 0 2 0 * 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 -12
Shoot-off of ties on 15, 5 birds:	
Atkinson.....	4 1 4 5 2 1 5 5 4 3 8 2 5 3 5
Brewster.....	* 2 1 1 2 -4
Wellington.....	2 1 2 2 -5 2 2 1 0 2 -4
Coleman.....	5 3 4 1 8 5 2 5 8 5 3 4 4 2
Denny-Wilson cup event, 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, 28yds. rise:	
Seitz.....	11 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 -15
Henry.....	2 2 * 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 -12
Hobbs.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -14
Cartledge.....	1 2 0 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 -13
Rehrig.....	2 1 2 0 2 * 1 2 2 2 1 2 -13
Wellington.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 -14
Ties on 15 for trophy, miss-and-out:	
Seitz.....	2 2 2 1 2 1 0 -6
Hallowell.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -7

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held here last night, and a large amount of important business was transacted. About forty sportsmen's clubs were represented, making the meeting the largest ever held in the Association's history.

In the absence of both President J. O'H. Denny and Vice-President John A. Wilson, J. H. Worden acted as chairman. The Wayne Gun Club, of Philadelphia; Tyrone Gun Club and New Castle Gun Club applied for and were admitted to membership, and the treasurer's report showed that the Association is in a good financial condition.

A motion was then made that the constitution be amended so that all experts and manufacturers' agents should be barred from participation in the State events at State tournaments. It was a well-known fact that this motion was made to hit John J. Hallowell, whom the Chambersburg Club announced stood in a class by himself. The issue was taken by the Florists' Gun Club that the rule was intended to weaken their team, which has proven so successful at State tournaments in the past few years. The Chambersburg Club was brought to task for stating that Hallowell would not be permitted to compete in their shoot, and pleaded ignorance of the rules. Elmer Shaner managed to get the floor, and his remarks against changing the constitution were very pointed. This brought H. M. F. Worden into the fight, and for a few minutes the meeting was the liveliest on record. The motion was finally voted upon and was defeated by 32 to 16.

The following amendment was then adopted: No manufacturers' agents shall be eligible to contest in any sweepstake event at the annual shoot of the State Sportsmen's Association.

Nothing in this amendment shall be construed as prohibiting any of said agents otherwise eligible from contesting for all trophies for State championship.

The following officers were elected: President, J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier; Vice-President, John A. Wilson, Franklin; Treasurer, J. H. Worden, Harrisburg; Secretary, J. M. Runk, Chambersburg; Corresponding Secretary, C. F. Kramosch, Allentown; Board of Directors, W. H. Burnham, York; J. F. O'Neil, Wilkesbarre; A. B. Cartledge, Philadelphia; George Crane, Mountville, and E. E. Shaner, Pittsburg.

The 1901 tournament was given to Allentown by a unanimous vote. Wilkesbarre made a bid for it, but withdrew.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Trap at Saginaw.

MR. JOHN M. MESSNER, secretary of the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., reports that organization in a highly prosperous condition, and submits the following résumé of the regular annual meeting of the club, which was held this week:

"The annual meeting and election of officers of the East Side Gun Club took place at its rooms, 619 General avenue, with eighty-seven members to the roll call. The new club house is paid for, at a cost of \$450, and with 300 members on the roll call. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Popp; Vice-President, Joe Litz; Secretary, John M. Messner; Treasurer, V. Kindler; Captains, J. B. Baum, Ed Carpenter, W. R. Avery, Geo. Zeigan and H. Moisher; Finance Committee, Chas. Schmidt, Chas. Bremmer, Joe Smith.

"The club is going to give a State shoot some time in July or August. The following is a list of members and their averages in medal races only for 1900: E. E. Bliss, 89 1/3; John M. Messner, 86 2/3; Ed Carpenter, 85 2/3; John B. Baum, 81 1/2; James Willhite, 78; H. G. Krogmann, 74; Fred Baumgartner, 73; G. Wirth, 72; John Popp, 70; A. H. Deloujay, 65 1/5; John Hermann, 65; J. Lafayette, 64 2/3; J. Brecktesbauer, 64 2/3; R. Tremper, 64; F. H. Allen, 64; Ed Skolih, 62; Wm. M. Nougyle, 61; V. Kindler, 58; L. Dambacher, 55 2/3; G. R. Endart, 54 2/3; L. E. Thompson, 56; C. Schmidt, 53; F. Lord, 53; J. Wolf, 52; Wm. Tremper, 48; C. Henckel, 44; Ed King, 44; Gus Weiss, 40; Geo. Lamb, 33 2/3; F. Wolf, 33; Ed Heyde, 36; G. Zeigan, 36; F. Lynch, 34; H. Henny, 28; J. Fischer, 24; F. Hunt, 20; J. Ditz, 12.

"The first annual shoot will be held May 20."

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—The scores made at the weekly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club follow:

Monthly trophy shoot:

W Adams.....11111011101011-12

J L Jones.....10110010101001-8

W Sprague.....11111001000011-9

Ed Steck.....11111111111111-15

Sundermeier.....101101000110011-8

R B Mack.....01111100011111-12

 Mrs Carson.....11111000101011-10 | Courtney.....11010101010101-8 | Milliken.....10110001010001-7 | Dr Carson.....11010101011111-13 | Cornwell.....11111101011101-12 | Mackie.....11101111000101-10 || Trophy shoot: | | | | | |
A W Adams.....	111110111110011110011101-19				
J L Jones.....	1110100101010111001000-14				
W Sprague.....	1110010100101001111101-11				
Ed Steck.....	0011011111111101111111-20				
Dr Morton.....	01001111101101110-10				
Atherton.....	111000001111001-8				
R R Goodrich.....	10110111111101-12				
Booroff.....	01110000010111-8				
W Stannard.....	00111011111111-12				
Patterson.....	11110111111111-14				
Walters.....	10001111111000-9				
Mrs Howard.....	00100000000000-10				
Parker, Jr.....	11111111011001-10				
O'Brien.....	11110100111111-12				
Courtney.....	11000101011110-9				
Dr Turck.....	01101001100000-6				

Sundermeier.....	010001111011101101111-18
R B Mack.....	001101011100110110100-15
Turck.....	001011010101010100000-10
Mrs Carson.....	011111111111111110111-22
Courtney.....	1011111111100011100111-20
Milliken.....	1000010101000101100010-12
Dr Carson.....	111010110111111011110-21
Cornwell.....	101110101101111111101-20
Mackie.....	1001001100001010111001-13
Dr Morton.....	0101111100100111111011-18
Atherton.....	1111100101000010100111-15
Goodrich.....	111111111111111111111-21
A C Booroff.....	1010101000111101010111-17
W Stannard.....	111111111111111111101-24
Walters.....	110101011110101010111-18
J G Parker.....	111011111010101111110-20
Sweeps:	
Events:	1 2
Targets:	15 25
Adams.....	12 20
Jones.....	8 12
Sprague.....	11 16
Steck.....	13 23
Sundermeier.....	11 19
Mack.....	10 18
Turck.....	14 ..
Mrs Carson.....	13 19
Courtney.....	13 20
Milliken.....	10 14
Dr Carson.....	12 15
Events:	1 2
Targets:	15 25
Cornwell.....	11 19
Mackie.....	11 ..
Dr Morton.....	10 ..
Goodrich.....	12 ..
Atherton.....	9 12
O'Brien.....	27
Booroff.....	17
W D Stannard.....	25
Mrs Howard.....	7
Parker.....	16
Peterman.....	16

Garfield Gun Club

CHICAGO, May 12.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the second trophy contest of the season. A strong south wind blew directly across the traps, making the flight of the targets very erratic, and when down wind extremely fast.

Owing to the very wet weather of the past week, our magautrap has not been installed as yet. We hope to have it going by next Saturday. Class A medal was won by R. Kuss, Class B medal by T. Eaton, and Class C medal by W. A. Jones.

Trophy shoot:

Class A.	
Dr Meek.....	011110110000000011111101-14
Northcott.....	1110100010101000010101-13
Pollard.....	1011100000001010110000-11
Ford.....	11000101010000011110011-13
Keal.....	1000000100000000100000-4
R Kuss.....	1111111110110111111111-23
Class B.	
A McGowan.....	011010000100101111100011-13
P McGowan.....	1110101011010010111111-17
T Eaton.....	0111010101001111111100-18
Keck.....	01000011100111110010100-14
Richards.....	011101010101010110100-17
S M Meek.....	00010100010111000000100-8
Class C.	
Young.....	0001110000000101111011-13
L Wolf.....	0000010010000000000010-4
Smedes.....	1100100001000001001000-9
Hellman.....	1001010101010101111111-18
Dr O'Byrne.....	11111000011110101000001-15
W A Jones.....	1001010100011111111111-20
Dorman.....	10001001010111000000111-13
C Kuss.....	101110010111111100011100-16
Sweeps:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets:	15 10 15 10 15 10 10 15
Dr Meek.....	10 6
Northcott.....	9 7 8 8
Pollard.....	6 2 4
Nord.....	12 8 9
Keal.....	3 0 3 2 3
R Kuss.....	13 8 13 9 13 9 9 15
A McGowan.....	9 3 9 4 8 6
P McGowan.....	5 6 12 7 11 7
Eaton.....	7 8 11 9 7 5

Peters Cartridge Co.'s Amateur Tournament.

Natchez, Miss.—The tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co. at Natchez, Miss., May 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club, and managed by John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., was a very enjoyable affair and a decided success from all standpoints.

The weather was perfect. The shooting, however, was very hard, targets being thrown from five unknown traps—i. e., five buerock expert traps, placed close together, Sergeant system, throwing fully 65yds. Markie's blackbird target was used and gave good satisfaction—scarcely any breakage in traps.

The following outside shooters were present: Mr. Abe Frank, of Memphis; Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans; George Clinton, R. Whitney and Ben Johnson, of St. Joseph, La.; Dr. A. Marable, Dr. Turpin and Mr. Daniel, of New Roads, La.; W. G. Johnson, H. Turpin, E. C. Rhodes, Mr. Mullen, F. Castleman and Mr. H. Rhodes, of L'Argent, La.; Mr. J. A. Ross and Mr. Scogin, of Bastrop, La.; W. O. Page, of Starkville, Miss.; John Miller, of Bullitt Bayou, La.; Ben Wade, of Frogmore, La.; W. G. Walton, of Sycamore, La., and Waldo Henderson, of Pine Ridge, Miss.

Mr. Frank, of Memphis, though not trying his best, frequently would show a burst of speed and break a straight. He made himself quite popular and will always be urged to attend future shoots given here.

The grounds are beautifully located and well protected from rain or shine. A number of ladies were in attendance each day and were very much interested in the shooting. The only trade representatives present were Messrs. Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans, and John Parker, of Detroit, both representing Peters Cartridge Co. and Kings Powder Co. They both felt quite pleased with the results of the tournament, as Peters Cartridge Co.'s New Ideal loads were much in evidence and high in the score.

Mr. C. W. Walton, of Natchez, Miss., won the Peters Cartridge Co.'s individual trophy emblematic of the championship of Mississippi and Louisiana, with the magnificent score of 24 out of 25, with the New Ideal—3/4drs. of Kings Smokeless and 1/4oz. No. 7 chilled shot; 24 out of 25, five unknown traps, walking around from trap 1 to 5 and targets flying 65yds. low and flat, is a fine performance, and Mr. Walton was heartily congratulated on his good shooting, and the win was a popular one.

Mr. Frank, of Memphis, tied for first average the second day with Mr. Whitney, of St. Joseph and Mr. E. Wilson, of Natchez, and won on the shoot off. He shot the New Ideal shell.

Messrs. Parker and Kaufman shot entirely through the programme for targets only, as per conditions of the tournament. Parker making high average for both days.

Dr. Sessions, of Natchez, won the prize for first average for the first day and the prize for general average for both days. His shooting was very strong, regular and well timed, Parker not being eligible for any prizes, being a manufacturer's agent. The other fourteen high gun prizes for general average were as follows: Sessions, Frank, Wilson, Dr. Turpin, Whitney, Walton, Daniel, Page, Marable, B. Johnson, Wade, W. Johnson, Sanford, H. L. Baker and George Clinton.

The team race for the King Powder Co.'s team trophies for the championship of Mississippi and Louisiana was won by the Merrouge (La.) team, with a score of 60 out of 75. They were highly elated with their win and were heartily congratulated. They were presented with the trophies in a neat speech by Mr. George Clinton, of St. Joseph.

Mr. Jas. Clinton, of Natchez, State Senator, presented Mr. Walton with the individual trophy in an appropriate speech, which was responded to by Mr. Walton.

About 11,000 targets were thrown, and the club netted a neat little sum, which goes into the club treasury. This shoot has given a new impetus to trapshooting, which has been comparatively dead in these parts.

The trophies are all challenge affairs, and a series of contests will follow this tournament for the final supremacy. All visiting shooters combine in saying that the citizens of Natchez and members of the Gaillard Club are a lot of good fellows, and were all highly pleased with the manner in which they were entertained.

After the tournament the members of the Gaillard Sporting Club expressed to Mr. Parker their appreciation of his earnest efforts and those of the Peters Cartridge Co. in giving this tournament in so successful a manner.

The members of the club fully realize the trouble and expense in giving an affair of this kind, and all say they never attended a more smoothly or better conducted tournament. It is needless to say that Mr. Parker will always be in demand to manage future tournaments here.

First Day, May 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25	10	15	10	Broke.	
Sessions	9	10	13	13	13	23	19	8	13	7	128
Parker	9	9	13	12	13	18	19	7	13	8	121
Frank	9	7	12	13	13	19	20	7	12	10	122
Walton	8	9	14	11	13	19	24	6	9	9	122
H. L. Barker	5	7	9	10	11	18	14	5	9	5	93
Clinton	6	5	7	7	10	11	17	2	9	8	82
Whitney	7	7	7	15	10	19	19	8	11	7	110
B. Johnson	6	8	13	9	11	17	20	4	9	8	105
Page	8	8	10	9	12	16	15	7	11	8	104
Gardner	5	4	8	8	8	12	5	5	7	4	66
Kaufman	8	6	8	11	6	13	14	10	10	5	86
E. Wilson	8	9	12	12	11	14	14	9	11	10	110
Babbitt	9	9	12	11	10	17	14	6	11	3	102
Wade	7	5	8	7	9	18	19	7	9	7	96
Marable	5	6	10	11	11	17	13	7	11	9	100
Dr. Turpin	6	8	12	11	11	18	19	10	12	6	113
W. Johnson	7	7	7	11	11	19	16	6	13	6	103
Daniel	7	9	9	14	11	19	18	10	11	7	115
Sanford	6	7	10	9	7	16	11	9	13	8	96
F. Arrighi	5	6	8	8	13	17	15	5	9	5	91
Watkins	7	6	7	11	10	19	20	10	10	..	169
S. Baker	7	9	9	9	7	11	13	4	69
H. Turpin	6	5	6	9	7	18	17	68
Ross	6	6	7	7	..	15	..	6	47
Smith	6	7	12	11	12	13	6	5	7	..	80
Mullen	6	10	12	12	19	..	7	12	7	..	85
Flood	..	3	..	14	11	6	7	4	45
Scogin	2	1	8	5	..	13	29
Engle	..	6	2	7	..	12	4	4	35
D. Arrighi	..	4	..	10	16	..	6	9	5	..	60
McDowell	9	14	11	7	10	5	56
Montgomery	9	..	16	3	8	6	..	42
H. Jenkins	17	6	9	3	35
Miller	12	11	6	5	34
Thwait	5	8	..	14	27
E. Rhodes	5	4	4	13
Henderson	17	14	6	37
W. Walton	9	10	12	11	10	11	5	26
J. F. Jenkins	8	8	10	11	13	17	7	14	8	23	120
Jim Jenkins	8	8	11	12	15	22	8	15	8	23	130
C. Wilson	6	8	11	11	15	19	9	13	8	22	122
Dr. Beekman	9	7	8	11	13	15	9	11	6	20	109
Moses	6	8	11	9	7	13	8	11	7	21	106
Byrnes	7	9	10	10	9	16	11	6	14	98	..
Castleman	7	8	10	10	8	13	7	13	5	17	101
Hudnall	3	1	122
J. Clinton	9	6	12	13	14	19	9	11	9	20	122
Adams	9	10	12	11	9	22	8	13	9	19	122
H. Rhodes	10	8	10	12	11	17	8	12	6	19	113
I Huff	8	6	11	9	10	19	3	8	4	16	84
I Huff	5	8	12	12	15	8	10	9	15	108	..
W. Johnson	4	9	11	9	12	17	18	12	8	15	105
Daniel	7	8	11	11	10	15	8	11	7	16	104
Marable	8	8	12	12	10	17	8	8	7	19	110
Clinton	8	8	6	9	8	12	6	9	5	16	87
Dr. Turpin	9	6	11	11	13	23	8	15	6	13	120
Flood	5	2	7	9	6	13	7	9	17	81	..
W. Johnson	5	7	11	9	18	8	10	7	13	103	..
H. H. Turpin	4	7	11	13	9	16	6	12	8	21	107
McDowell	8	10	11	15	3	11	7	13	..	83	..

Second Day, May 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	25	10	15	10	25	Broke.
Sessions	6	9	12	11	13	17	7	14	8	23	120
Parker	8	8	11	12	15	22	8	15	8	23	130
Frank	6	8	11	11	15	19	9	13	8	22	122
Walton	9	7	8	11	13	15	9	11	6	20	109
B Johnson	6	8	11	9	7	13	8	11	7	21	106
H L Baker	7	9	10	10	9	16	11	6	14	98	
Sanford	7	8	10	10	8	13	7	13	5	17	101
Whitney	9	6	12	13	14	19	9	11	9	20	122
E Wilson	9	10	12	11	9	22	8	13	9	19	122
Wade	10	8	10	12	11	17	8	12	6	19	113
Smith	8	6	11	9	10	19	3	8	4	16	84
Page	5	8	12	12	10	15	8	10	9	15	108
Kaufman	4	9	11	9	12	17	18	12	8	15	105
Daniel	7	8	11	11	10	15	8	11	7	16	104
Marable	8	8	12	12	10	17	8	8	7	19	110
Clinton	8	8	6	9	8	12	6	9	5	16	87
Dr Turpin	9	6	11	11	13	23	8	15	6	13	120
Flood	5	5	2	7	9	6	13	7	9	17	81
W Johnson	5	7	11	10	9	18	8	10	7	13	103
H H Turpin	4	7	11	13	9	16	6	12	8	21	107
McDowell	8	10	11	15	3	11	7	13	..	83	

J. F. Jenkins	6	11	12	15	5	12	7	16	84
F. Arrighi	7	9	9	19	4	12	6	13	79
Babbitt	9	10	..	22	..	12	..	21	74
Mullen	8	10	12	13	20	63
S. Baker	..	7	6	13	2	28
E. Rhodes	3	5	7	3	6	13	37
H. Rhodes	8	6	8	..	11	14	17
Hudnall	..	8	8	21
Dr. Usher	..	10	6	6	22
C. Wilson	8	8	..	14	6	7	31
Watkins	..	17	7	10	37
D. Jenkins	6	..	15	..	8	..	8	..	31
Pintard	..	7	..	5	9	13	21
Pipes	..	9	16
Ross	3	..	18	5	26
Byrnes	..	10	10
Scogin	..	12	12
Quarterman	..	8	8
Huff	8	8
Aby	..	8	8
Montgomery	7
Anderson	4	4
Castleman	5	5

Event No. 7 was the Three-Man Team Championship trophies and Team Championship of Mississippi and Louisiana, resulting as follows:

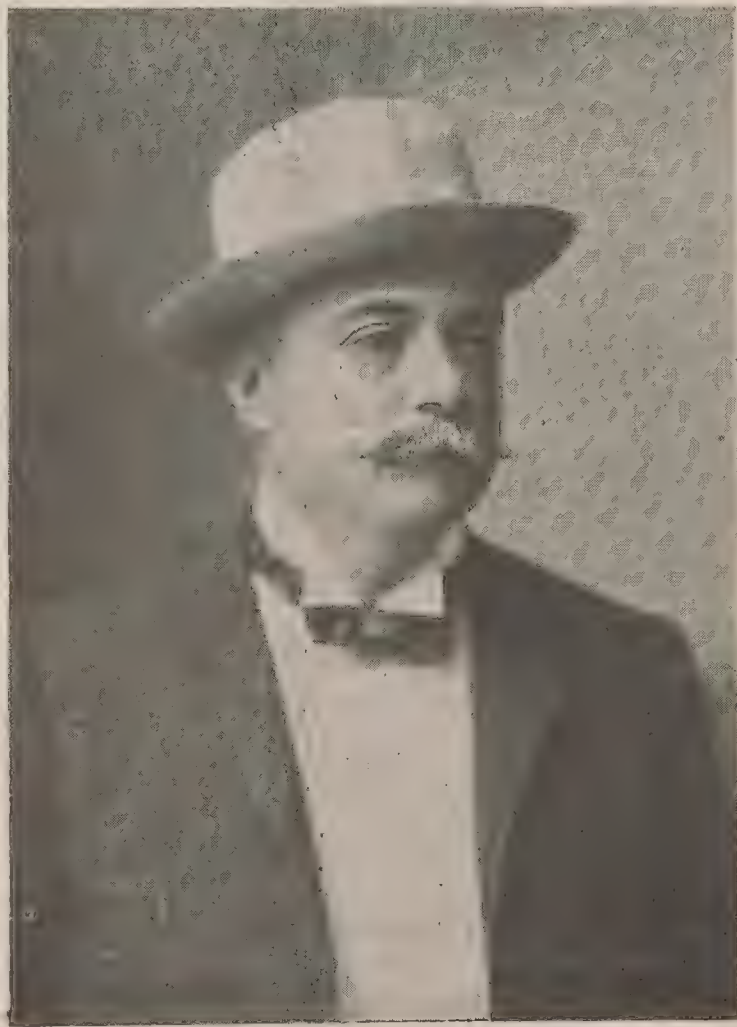
Merrouge Gun Club Team	Gaillard Sporting Club Team
Dr. Turpin	No. 1.
Dr. Marable	Walton
Daniel	Sessions
St. Joseph Gun Club Team	H. L. Baker
B. Johnson	Gaillard Sporting Club Team
Whitney	No. 2.
Clinton	E. Wilson
L'Argent Gun Club Team No. 1	Watkins
Mullen	Smith
H. Turpin	Gaillard Sporting Club Team
W. Johnson	No. 3.
L'Argent Gun Club Team No. 2	Sanford
H. Rhodes	S. Baker
E. Rhodes	C. W. Wilson
Castleman	Gaillard Sporting Club Team
Peters Cartridge Co. Team	No. 4.
Parker	Jenkins
Frank	Arrighi
Kaufman	McDowell

The Aftermath—Illinois Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—Bouquets innumerable have been thrown at our organization since the recent tournament. Many of these were sweet-scented, and a few had suspicious odors, with thorns left on the stems that prick the skin, but quickly heal.

The division of purses and absence of added money seem to be the particular bone of contention, and while we are willing to admit that an improvement can be made in this direction, yet take such squads as faced our traps—shooters who are not surpassed in skill and integrity—everybody going after records, and the front end money was bound to suffer a disastrous cutting up.

One of our critics—I beg leave to say an honest one—was very persistent in asserting that our divisions and absence of added



C. W. WALTON.

Winner of Challenge Trophy Target Championship of Mississippi and Louisiana.

money were entirely wrong, and that he had recently managed a tournament where the majority of shooters left his town with plentiful pocketbooks, and handed the management many pleasant smiles. I asked him how the management fared, and he admitted they faced a deficit of several hundred dollars, and being a small club the loss fell heavily upon a few individuals.

The shooting game is an expensive one at the best. We constantly hear the cry of "the wolf devouring the lamb," and I am free to say that any system of divisions that equalizes the cost among the participants is far preferable to one based on the theory that the expert shall have all the glory and money besides.

The Illinois Gun Club, in its recent tournament, was severely criticised prior to the opening gun for not placing prohibitive handicaps on the experts. Amateurs reasoned that they were simply placed on the altar as a sacrifice, and that they had no show whatever in the game. We cut the money down so that a man who could shoot a fairly stiff gait was sure of getting a piece, and urged our locals to keep in line. The result was a heavy entry list, fast work and a very equitable division among all who participated.

In the Grand Capital City Handicap, out of a total of fifty entries the Illinois Gun Club contributed eighteen of these, and I had the personal assurance of a great majority of the experts present that this constituted one of the heaviest local entries from a single club they had known in years, at an entrance of \$25.

I wish to say that our expert friends were very nice to us. They all complimented us on what we had accomplished for trapshooting in the West. They realized the heavy expense we incurred in fitting our grounds, and encouraged us in the belief that what we had done was far preferable to added money for this occasion. They came in generous numbers, contributed to our success by their magnificent work at the traps, and gave our grounds a record that we are very proud of.

It is the general sentiment now among our club members that the expert is all right in all the words imply; that to place a ban upon him is to do him an injustice, and he will always be welcome in our gates and will find men who have the assurance to measure their skill against his. We don't mean to be egotistical enough to think we can defeat him on equal terms, but we shall devise means to compete with him on a just and equitable basis.

The State Sportsmen's Association has seen fit to hand us next year's tournament. We appreciate the compliment, and will accept the responsibility implied in its management. We made some errors in our recent shoot, have gained some experience

that should guide us in the future. If we make further mistakes we are certain of magnanimous consideration, if we can be allowed to judge from those who so generously assisted in our recent undertaking.

CHAS. T. STICKLE, Sec'y.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 6.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the new club grounds on Gov. Fishback's place. The targets were corks, the wind strong and scores correspondingly low. Seven sweeps were shot at 15 birds, \$1 entrance, birds extra, three moneys—50, 30 and 20 per cent

FOREST AND STREAM.

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A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS.

ONE of the most interesting bird phenomena on this continent is the survival of the heath hen on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. The heath hen is the Eastern form of the grouse family answering to the pinnated grouse of the West. Formerly its range extended over Martha's Vineyard, Long Island, New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and elsewhere. From all this country, except the Massachusetts island, it has been long since exterminated by the growth of settlements and the relentless demands of the game market. It lingered on Long Island in the first quarter of the century until a price was put on its head by the gourmands of New York city; and here there was afforded in its fate an example of a species obliterated by the market shooter. This is a matter of history. In Wilson's "American Ornithology" is quoted a letter by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, who writes of the bird which had from time immemorial inhabited the peculiar tract on Long Island known as the Brushy Plains. This was a region between forty and fifty miles in length and from six to eight miles wide, in the district occupied by the towns of Oyster Bay, Huntington, Islip, Smithtown and Brookhaven. As early as 1791 the New York Legislature enacted a law to protect the birds from April 1 to Oct. 5. But shooting human nature in those days was very much like the human nature which shoots now; and the law, while most wise and excellent in intent, did not then enforce itself any more than our statutes of to-day prove to be automatic in their operation of restraint. Dr. Mitchill avers that notwithstanding the protection of the law, it was very common to disregard it, and that the gun was fired with impunity for weeks before the time prescribed in the act. There was formed by the sportsmen of the day an association under the title of the Brush Club, with the express intention of enforcing the law, but little real advantage was gained by this movement, and at the time the Doctor records that the statute was of small practical benefit toward the preservation of the diminishing species. Abundant explanation of this condition is found in the price paid for the birds in New York city. Whereas at the opening of the century a brace of grouse could be bought for a dollar, the price had been advanced at the time Dr. Mitchill wrote, in 1810, to from \$3 to \$5 a pair. These prices he thought indicated a depreciation of money and the luxury of eating. "They prove at the same time," he added, "that grouse are becoming rare, and this fact is admitted by every man who shoots them, whether for pleasure or profit." If the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank had been put into operation one hundred years ago, we might still have on Long Island a remnant at least of the heath hen.

The same incitement of pecuniary advantage which led to the killing of the last heath hen of Long Island now promises to do away with the little remnant left on Martha's Vineyard; for here too a price has been put on the head of the rare species. It is believed by those who are cognizant of the conditions that the number of birds remaining may be estimated at not more than half a hundred; and it is obvious that the possessor of an ornithological collection would be eager to add to his specimens a Martha's Vineyard heath hen. In fact, there are collectors who have sought such specimens and have hired natives of the island to secure them, paying \$25 or \$30 or even higher prices for single specimens. It is needless to say that with such a reward to encourage the Martha's Vineyard native, who knows the haunts of the bird and can pot a specimen at will, no effective device can be invented for the preservation of the species. We may enact the most stringent laws and provide the most perfect theoretical scheme of protection; but so long as it shall be true that a heath hen in the hand will be worth \$25 to its captor, the birds will be taken to the very last one. On Martha's Vineyard, as in the earlier period on Long Island, a price has been put on the head of the heath hen, and its early doom is assured. In the one case it was for gastronomic purposes, and in the other it is for scientific purposes. One may be a loftier end than the other, but the extinction of bird life wrought by each is equally lamentable and equally irreparable. Certainly it is not to the credit of the ornithologists of America that responsibility for the extinction of a form of bird life is thus to be laid at their doors.

There is no other species which could take the place of

the native heath hen and fill it so well as that which was indigenous to the soil. A few years ago the sportsmen of Massachusetts imported from the West a number of sharp-tailed grouse and pinnated grouse and freed them in eastern sections of the State which appeared best adapted to their habits and support. The enterprise was carried out under favorable conditions and intelligently, but the anticipations of the projectors were not filled. For a year or two subsequently stray birds were heard of here and there, one in Rhode Island, one in New Hampshire and one, we believe, in Connecticut, but the entire lot of imported stock appears to have vanished utterly from the earth.

There is more wisdom in protecting a native species than in endeavoring to make good its loss with birds that are foreign to the soil. This consideration is one which urges the protection of the Massachusetts ruffed grouse, a purpose which is specifically sought to be obtained by the new law which forbids the sale of the birds at any time. The snaring of ruffed grouse in Massachusetts has almost been broken up by the persistent and intelligent efforts of the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club. This organization, which is composed largely of Boston sportsmen, was established for business purposes, and while it fills no large figure in the press nor in publicity, it has done and is doing a work of incalculable benefit. It employs detectives who are continually engaged in a campaign of inquiry, detection and the apprehension of culprits. It enforces the law, and in this way is compelling respect for the statute and making the provisions of the law of some effect. Throughout large sections of Massachusetts where snaring was formerly common and was conducted without interference or fear of punishment, the practice is now almost unknown. It has been stamped out by the effective work of the Rod and Gun Club.

THE YELLOWSTONE IS NOT DEGENERATING.

THERE was recently published in a French scientific paper a statement by a scientist of Paris who had visited the Yellowstone National Park that the geysers were rapidly approaching extinction. The views and conclusions of the French alarmist have been translated and widely copied in this country, and have created an impression that the Park was losing some of the most interesting of its attractions. In response to this, Capt. Hiram H. Chittenden, the superintendent of the Park, has written to the New York *Tribune* an article in which he controverts the conclusions of the French writer and contends that the phenomena upon which his opinion was based bear out no such apprehension as to the decadence of geyser flow. One of the instances cited by the Frenchman was that of the Roaring Mountain, which because he did not hear it roar he counted as one of the attractions which had now come to belie its name. As a matter of fact, Capt. Chittenden points out, the name was given to the hill by some enthusiastic explorer who happened to visit it when there was an excessive escape of steam, though it is doubtful if, within the last fifteen or twenty years, any one else has heard it roar any more than it does now.

The article cites the Growler as one of the steam vents which are diminishing in power, whereas the fact is that in the last ten years it has quadrupled, as is demonstrated by the great destruction going on in the surrounding trees; Capt. Chittenden points out that there are several acres of ground around this spring on which the trees have been killed during the last six years; indeed, the Government has in recent years been compelled to change its road because of the outbreak of new springs and geysers of great energy and power near the Growler. The entire Norris Geyser basin is steadily increasing in activity.

The old Fountain Geyser in the Lower Firehole basin, which is named by the French visitor as another extinct vent, has been supplanted by a new geyser which appeared simultaneously with the disappearance of the old. The Great Fountain Geyser displays the same activity that was described by Folsom in 1869; and while it is true that the Excelsior Geyser has been active but two or three times since the discovery of the region, one probable explanation of this is found in the fact that at the time of its last eruption it burst through the rim, which separated it from the Firehole River, and by lowering the level of the pool several feet gave a relief of pressure which may account for its failure to discharge in recent years, though

the volume is as great as it ever was. Old Faithful still maintains the prestige of its name in frequency and flow; and while Beehive is less frequent in eruption than it used to be, others in the immediate neighborhood are more active. Geyser action on the shores of the Yellowstone Lake is more vigorous than it was some years ago. Mud Geyser has shown more violence and power in the last few years than at any previous time since its discovery. The springs on Sulphur Mountain and the Paint Pots show no perceptible diminution. The Mammoth Hot Springs show more change than any other feature, but while the springs on one side are dying out, those on the other are increasing, and it would be difficult to say on which side the balance lies.

Thus throughout the Park while some springs die out others take their places, and a constant change is going on; so that while by taking into consideration only one side, it might be possible to make out a case for the decadence of the phenomena, one who was intent upon proving the opposite would find quite as much to substantiate a conclusion that the thermal energy is increasing.

The phenomena noted by Capt. Chittenden are in keeping with the many evidences visible throughout the Park geyser region of the alternations of increase and diminution of the activity of springs old and new. For, as one may pitch his tent beneath the shade of trees growing from external geyser cones, so here and there are new geysers equal in size and activity to the old. To-day, as in the past, with these local fluctuations, the Yellowstone Park is holding its own as a wonderland, and it is now as well worth visiting as ever before.

SNAP SHOT.

The question of the date of the extermination of the moose in New York which has recently come up in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM is not an unfamiliar one, but it is always interesting. The account of what was probably the last moose killed in New York was printed in FOREST AND STREAM with considerable detail nearly twenty-six years ago, and next week we shall republish this account, together with certain additional material, which appeared on the same subject somewhat later. The evidence goes to show that this last moose was a cow killed on the Marion River near Raquette Lake, and that two guides and two Philadelphia sportsmen took part in the killing. Previous to this time, moose had been scarce in the Adirondacks for many years, but they were killed from time to time, and three killed in the summer of 1861, all in the vicinity of Raquette Lake, seem to have been the last of the race there. All this happened nearly forty years ago, and in that time the moose has been an unknown animal in this region, except for the few attempts made to reintroduce them in private parks. The earlier efforts were failures, but we are told that those made more recently have been attended with better success. At the same time the moose is reported never to do so well under fence as does the elk.

The Lacey bill was approved by the President on Friday of last week, and is now the law of the land. We have already described it as one of the most notable steps in game protective legislation in this country, and the benefits which may result from the operation of the law are past computation. We count the provision which relates to the interstate transportation of game in violation of the laws of a State the most important feature of the new law. It is in keeping with the tendency of the times which is to disregard State boundaries in bringing to justice offenders against the game laws. The old notion that one might kill game in a State and then make off home with his illicit booty received a severe shock last week when Secretary Kalbfus, of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, appeared in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., armed with a writ of extradition for a number of gunners of that place who had attempted to carry out of Pennsylvania game in violation of the law. This was not the first instance of following game law violators to their homes in other States, but it is one of the most notable, and the warning contained in it cannot fail to be of the most salutary effect.

The Lacey law does not concern itself with the whole question of game preservation, and its enactment does not mean that the problems we have been contending with are henceforward to be no longer perplexing. This piece of national legislation is not a panacea.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Eskimo.

Plover Bay and Port Clarence.

THREE or four interesting hours were spent on St. Paul Island, and then, taking to the life boats again, we returned to the ship. It took but a few moments to hoist the boats on board, to raise the anchor, and turning the ship's prow toward the dense fog bank that hung about the island, we sailed off into the mist.

The next day found us heading north for St. Matthew's Island. The sky was gray and the weather raw and cold. There was a good breeze, and the sea had rather more tumble to it than we had yet seen. Land was not visible, yet all about us were many sea birds, murre, petrels, fulmars, dark and light, and also, harlequin ducks, associated and flying with the murre. There was no fog, and we could see a long way. It was thought that we should reach St. Matthew's Island in the early evening, about dinner time, but before noon a heavy fog set in, and frequent soundings were taken to determine where we were with reference to the island. Not much could be learned from them, and as nothing was to be seen in the fog, we at length gave up trying to find it, and turned nearly west, so as to give the island a wide berth, heading for Plover Bay,

sun came out, so that observation could be made, and soon afterward land appeared before us, and as the ship approached it the sea went down. About 5 o'clock we were close to it, and could see that high bluffs or mountains, almost vertical, two or three thousand feet high, rose directly from the shore. They were streaked with snow banks and showed no green thing upon them.

Before long the ship entered Plover Bay, and soon, with the glasses, an Eskimo village was discovered on its north side. It stood on a sand spit and consisted of a dozen houses, of which half proved to be winter and half summer houses. People and dogs could be seen moving about; a wooden whale boat lay near the village, and two or three skin baidarras or umiaks were on the beach. In the water through which we were passing were many eider and king eider ducks, and now and then a hair seal showed its head near the ship.

Rounding in behind the sand spit, the ship came to anchor, and before long the whole party were on shore and inspecting the village. The small huts were circular in form. The walls were vertical, and of skin or canvas, higher than a man's head, and then a skin-covered roof sloped up to a blunt point. There was no actual smoke hole, though the smoke can leak out at the top, and where the skins come together over the door running up to the roof. The fireplace stood to the left of the door as one entered, and about it was a circle of large stones. Casks and kegs holding meat and oil stood on either side of the door near the walls, while trunks, boxes and other property were close to the walls, further from the door. On

These lines of sealskin are used in making nets for capturing the seals. The hide is stretched and dried, is then soaked again, the hair is removed by the application of lye, and it is again stretched and dried. It is then liberally oiled and trimmed about the edges, and with a sharp knife the Eskimo starts to cut the line in a spiral from the outer edge, round and round, until he reaches the center. The line so cut is uniform in width—about one-sixteenth of an inch—and nearly transparent. It is then worked a little and stretched between posts to dry. It is strong and durable, the best possible for their use. The nets are set under the ice, about the seal hole, and the seal coming up to breathe becomes entangled and drowns. Under frames made of the curved ribs of whales, and shaped somewhat like a sweat-house, were fireplaces, in one or two of which fires were burning, and over which pots were cooking.

The surroundings showed that this village had been occupied for a very long time. The moldering bones of many whales lay about it. Eight skulls were counted in varying stages of decay. There were old pits surrounded by whale skulls and other bones, in which blubber is stored until it can be tried out. These were practically refrigerators, though it is perhaps doubtful how far refrigerators are needed here, where in the shade it is always cool. The circles of the now disused winter houses are in summer used as store houses, in which casks of oil, sledges, drying frames, etc., are placed. The doors are closed—as are also those of the temporarily unoccupied summer houses—by the shoulder-blade of a whale set on



Photo by E. S. Curtis.

ESKIMO SUMMER HOUSE.

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Siberia. Here there was said to be a village of Eskimo, and mountain sheep are reported to inhabit the high lands near the coast. These, of course, are different from the mountain sheep of America, and are known as *Ovis nivicola*, a name which is certainly appropriate to any dwellers in the high lands in these latitudes, for here we were between the 64th and 65th parallel, and so but little south of the Arctic Circle.

From Captain Humphrey, the manager in Alaska of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, we had, on these two evenings, interesting talks concerning the whale fisheries of the Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean. It will be news to many readers, as it was to most of us, that each whaler, in addition to its crew, provides itself, when it reaches Alaska, with a crew of Eskimo and their dogs, which accompany the vessel throughout its entire cruise. The principal use of these people is as scouts and hunters. When the whalers reach Herschell Island, west of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where they have a station with permanent buildings, they send parties of Eskimo into the interior to kill deer, and at the close of the hunting season they often have no less than 500 caribou carcasses packed away in their ice houses on Herschell Island. Then, too, when the ships are surrounded by ice that they cannot break through, the Eskimo are often sent out in all directions to look for open water. With their dog teams they can travel great distances in a short time, and can make speedy report to the ship of anything of interest that they may discover.

To Plover Bay.

Under a gray sky, but with the air clear and with a hard northwest wind which raised quite a sea, the ship steamed away in the wind's eye. The air was cool, the thermometer standing at 40 degrees, but fresh and bracing. Owing to the head wind and the sea, progress was slow—only about seven knots an hour. Before mid-day the

poles running from point to point overhead hung tools, implements, lines, drying meat, etc. At the back of the hut, protected from the rain which may sometimes leak through the roof by a large walrus skin stretched tight close to the roof, are set in the ground four poles, supporting a frame of four other poles, from which hangs an inner house or sleeping apartment, rectangular, of deerskin dressed with the hair on, the hair side out. This is nearly high enough for a man to stand in, and is twice as wide as high. It is higher at the front than at the back; in other words, there is a little pitch backward to its roof. The front of this rectangular tent lifts up, and the family when retiring to rest go in, lower the front curtain, and sleep. Sometimes a partition divides the apartment, but usually there is none.

The winter houses have the same shape as those used in summer, but are far more substantial. The uprights, which are set in a circle about 1 foot apart, are straight whale ribs planted in the ground and projecting 6 or 8 feet above it. Between the uprights sods are piled in, one upon another, reaching up to the top. From the top of the wall so formed, the poles which support the roof—not greatly inclined—run together at the top. These poles are covered with dried walrus and sea lion hides. The houses are warm and comfortable, but, of course, close and smoky. When warm weather comes, the villagers move into the summer houses, pull the roofs off the winter ones, and sometimes even pull down the sods, so that the site of the winter house may dry off.

On poles and frames set in the ground about the camp were hanging reindeer skins, frames with the hides of seals, walrus and sea lions drying on them, seal meat, inflated seal bladders, the inflated complete skins of seals turned inside out through the mouth and drying—for walrus floats—harpoons and spears, bundles of seal nets, made from sealskin, while between posts were stretched long lengths of sealskin and walrus skin lines.

edge. Such a shoulder-blade is also often used as a table.

We saw here the fresh skulls of two sheep (*Ovis nivicola*). From the talk of the Eskimo it would appear that they are not uncommon.

This village consisted of twenty-five or thirty people. There seemed to be eight or ten men, as many women, and some children. All the men had scanty beards and moustaches, and all had the crown of the head shaved, the hair being cut short in a tonsure all about. The men are large and stout as to their bodies, but not of great stature. The women are very short. One by whom I stood came about up to my chest. On the whole, the people seemed well formed and strong. All were dressed in reindeer skin clothing; the men in parkas or shirts, usually with collars of bear fur. The men's parkas were short; the women's long. The men wear tightly fitting knee breeches and leggings; the women very large baggy knickerbockers. Both sexes wear sealskin mukluks, which reach to the knees. Children of either sex dress like the adults.

The dead of the village are removed from the house soon after dissolution and carried to a gravelly bench at the foot of the hill, where—dressed in their ordinary clothing—they are laid on the ground and left there. The dogs of the village soon eat them up, all except the skulls, which roll about until destroyed by the weather. Here we saw an old man with ivory labrets in his cheeks. There were one or two women with the ends of their noses cut off. These Eskimo say that they have lived here for a long time, but that their fathers came from the American side a great many years ago.

Late in the evening the ship steamed away from Plover Bay to Indian Point, where there is another Eskimo village, but the surf was so heavy that no one landed. The evening was brilliant, and the sun set behind the mountains at 10:30, and rose again at 1:45. It was possible to read ordinary type all through the night, and

several members of the party sat up all night reading and writing letters at the darkest hours.

The morning found the ship steaming across the narrow Bering Sea for Port Clarence. King's Island, where there is a very interesting village of extremely primitive Eskimo, was passed. These people live in caves in the rock. There is no beach on their island, and a landing is impossible except in fair weather. They enter and leave their boats from a platform of poles built out from the precipice, but when the sea is very high, while it is possible to drop down into the boat and so to go away from the island, no landing can be made.

Arrived at Port Clarence, ten whalers were found at anchor waiting for the ice to go out. Short trips were being made in various directions by members of the crew. One man, a week before, had killed twenty walrus; another, in St. Lawrence Bay, on the west side of the Straits, had killed about fifty eider ducks, of two species, *King* and *V-nigra*. The whalers had done much trading with the Eskimo and had many skins. They had also provided themselves with crews of Eskimo and with dogs for their trip to the Arctic. Some of the whalers had come north only for a short season; others were to winter at Herschell Island in the Arctic. The Eskimo who were on board had their kayaks and their sledges with them. On one ship there were seventy-nine dogs.

On the sand bar which forms the northern shore of Port Clarence there was a continuous camp of Eskimo stretched all along the curving beach for a mile or more. Many of them had just come in; some from Cape Prince of Wales; others from Cape Nome; others from St. Michaels. In many cases their baggage was not yet unpacked, but was piled up on the beach. Each camp had at least one large umiak, or skin traveling boat, and there were a few kayaks.

The Eskimo here were well provided with food. They had some fresh salmon, many dried flatfish, and other fish which were not recognized. They had also plenty of dried seal meat and fresh walrus meat. At one of the camps I was invited to eat some of this last, and did so. It was rather tough and stringy, and had an after taste of rancid oil; probably it had been killed a good while. They also had great quantities of a small, silvery fish, 3 or 4 inches long, which looked like smelt, and which they catch in dip nets, made of sealskin line. The people were a fine looking lot; stout, strong and healthy. There was a number of good looking women and children, and all were quite clean.

The dogs, of which there were many, were very wolf-like in appearance. All of them, even little pups not yet able to run well, were tied up by harness to pegs driven into the ground. They were not at all disposed to attack strangers, and only one or two barked at members of the party. In a number of cases the dogs were being fed on the small fish caught in dip nets.

Many of the implements for hunting and fishing carried by these people were of ancient type, headed with bone or ivory. One fine bundle consisted of a harpoon, two seal spears and two spare handles. Stone tools were not common. A fine chisel of jadeite was seen, and two stone pipes. They make a few baskets of good form and quality, of the Point Barrow type. Among the implements of the different camps were two or three adzes, each made from an ordinary steel hatchet lashed to a short handle, at right angles to the usual direction of the hatchet blade. Many complete sealskins were seen here, used as trunks, parfleches or possible sacks. They were made from the skins of the ribbon, Pallas and common hair seal. These, skinned out through the mouth, and with no other cut in them, and tied up at both ends, are used for walrus floats, for oil casks, or, when completely dried and turned right side out, for trunks. When used for this last purpose, a slit is often cut across the breast from flipper to flipper, for an opening, which is closed by a lacing.

The Eskimo were all living in wall tents of canvas or muslin with low wall and door, so that to enter one has to creep in on hands and knees. There were a few oval frames, covered with canvas, and in one case a sheet of canvas was stretched over the top of an umiak turned up on its side. Behind several of the tents were sticks standing in the gravel, surmounted by rudely carved figures. One of these was evidently a bear, which had once been painted black; another represented a bird; another a man and a woman, standing on either side of what looked like a rifle target, but very likely represented the sun; in fact, a man told us that this figure was "an same sun." These figures are undoubtedly sacred emblems, and one of the party who wished to purchase one received a very short answer to his offer.

The parkas of the men and women differ noticeably. The women have a long scallop hanging down in front and behind, while those worn by the men are of the same length all around. Here both sexes appear to wear tight trousers or leggings. All the men have the crown shaved. The women's hair hangs loose or is carelessly braided at either side. Many of the children are very pretty and clean. One woman was seen who spoke good English. She had been to San Francisco with Minor W. Bruce, who has charge of the United States reindeer herds. A station of these reindeer is only about eighteen miles back from Port Clarence.

When the ship reached her anchorage, after watering, a number of umiaks came out to trade, and before long there were eight alongside the ship, holding in all more than 125 persons. The boats were yellow, the color of the dried skin, and were crowded with people, some clad in reindeer skins and some in red or blue cloth. The boats were heavily laden. Sealskin trunks lay in the bottom, mixed up with deerskins, dogs and babies. The dogs and the babies were the only impassive living things in the boats; all the others were shouting, holding up hides, bits of carved ivory, mukluks or walrus teeth, and asking people to buy. Much of what was offered was of small value or interest, though there were a few skins and bits of carved ivory that were worth having.

Alaska has a stringent law against the importation of spirits, which law is regarded by no one. Liquor has been supplied to the Aleuts and to the Indians for years, and has helped to kill them off. It is now being supplied to the Eskimo, and has begun its deadly work with them. It is chiefly taken to the Arctic by the whalers. In 1878, it is said, a whaler at Port Clarence carried fifteen barrels of alcohol, to be diluted one-half with water, for trade with

the Eskimo. Of course the natives do not care anything about the taste of the alcohol, but drink it for its effect. They want to get drunk, and will trade anything that they have for liquor. The people on the Elder purchased several hundred dollars' worth of skins and curiosities from the Eskimo at Port Clarence, paying for these things chiefly in money. What became of that money may be inferred from a remark made to a member of the party by a sailor, who said: "The 'old man' will have all that money before night for liquor."

It is said that in 1899 the whaling fleet at Port Clarence started with 400 barrels of Chinese alcohol for trade with the natives. This, if diluted one-half, would make 800 barrels—an inconceivable quantity when one considers the number of natives to be supplied. This alcohol came across the sea from some point on the coast of Asia, and was never landed south of Port Clarence; in other words, it was smuggled into the country. It was intimated by individuals on board the whaling fleet that two or three of the whaling captains who did not believe in trading liquor to the natives intended when the revenue cutter came along to inform against the vessels carrying the liquor, and to give evidence. Whether this was done is not known. But probably it was not. It is also reported that the Pacific Steam Whaling Company has given orders to its captains not to give liquor to the natives, but, of course, it is very doubtful how far such orders will be obeyed.

Here at Port Clarence one or two Eskimo were seen wearing a wolf or dog tail hanging down from the belt behind. This reminded one of the report made by Popoff, long a captive of the Tchukchis in Siberia, nearly 200 years ago, when he told the Russians that he had heard that beyond the sea, to the east, there was a great land inhabited by people who had tusks growing out of their cheeks, and had tails like dogs. The old man seen at Plover Bay had labrets in his cheeks, which were these tusks, and here at Port Clarence were the men who had tails like dogs.

G. B. G.

Gens des Bois.

VI.—Martin Van Buren Moody.

A good lie, well told and plainly labeled for men of perception to read between the lines, has always been a popular form of humor with the American frontiersman. No one ever succeeded better at this kind of fun than Mart Moody, of Tupper Lake, who gained distinction for inventing some of the most original and surprising hunting and fishing stories that were ever manufactured from the whole cloth for the edification of city people and the amusement of fellow woodsmen.

The old settler still laughs at the mention of Uncle Mart's drowning a bear in his swill barrel or any other of the boss humorist's pet yarns, but Mart himself has come to be a little shy of his jokes. The city man who wanted particulars about Mart at first hand and was told that he was "part hunter, part guide and the rest general good-for-nothing and scamp," did not always have



UNCLE MART AND AUNT MINERVA.
Photo Aug. 10, 1894, by Mrs. W. W. Smith.

the wit to appreciate Mart at his true worth. In cities men always lie the other way. And when Mart told a whopper and then turned to his wife and asked, "Ain't that so, Minervy?" the outsiders did not always recognize the good-natured badinage. People who didn't know him took him too seriously, while some who did refused to take him seriously at all, and so Mart has renounced his stories, and the other day, when I saw him after an interval of eight years, he could not be induced to tell of catamounts jumping off dizzy heights into frozen lakes and striking with such force that their tracks could be seen in the ice the next August, or any other of the galaxy of the wonders of nature and animal life with which he used to delight his auditors.

"No," said Mart, "I'm not telling any more of those stories. It all started with Ed Derby, of Saranac, and Dr. Rosmond, of Brooklyn. First Ed would tell something remarkable, and then I'd try to go him one better, or else I'd get off some story and he'd cap it with a bigger yarn. Dr. Rosmond was the go-between and instigator of the trouble"—and Mart switched the subject off onto the Boer war, showing at once a knowledge of South African conditions and a grasp of the military situation that was the clearest and most forceful exposition of the matter I had yet heard.

Life History of a Woodsman.

Martin Van Buren Moody is sixty-seven years old, having been born June 27, 1833. He is a powerful man, standing 6 feet and 2 inches, and weighing 200 pounds, not an ounce of which is superfluous adipose.

His father, Jacob Smith Moody, was the first settler at Saranac Lake, on the Essex county side, going there in 1819 and settling on a tract of land received for services in the war of 1812.

Martin lived at Saranac Lake until March, 1868, when he moved to the foot of Big Tupper Lake, entertaining sportsmen in summer and lumbering in winter. He was already thoroughly acquainted with the country, having visited it with his father, who was an old trapper, when he was seven or eight years old, and having put in a good many months in the years from '46 to '60 camping in the immediate neighborhood. He had been one of the first guides in the Saranac Lakes, and as a young man guided Capt. Collingwood, of the British Navy, a nephew of the Collingwood who commanded a sixty-four-gun battleship at Irateagar. Since then Moody has guided many of the most noted American sportsmen, including two Presidents—Arthur and Cleveland.

For twenty years he lived at the hotel which is now kept by the widow of Pliny Robbins, and for ten years more at Alexander's, and now has built a third house near by and settled down to keep post-office and enjoy himself the rest of his life. There are only two in the family—Uncle Mart and Aunt Minerva.

How the Pickerel Came to Tupper.

When Hi Benham, the Saranac Lake guide, and I stopped at Moody's hostelry on a previous occasion, the pickerel had just gained a foothold in the Saranacs, and Uncle Mart, who had seen more of them in Tupper than he wanted, could not refrain from a joke at Hi's expense. The Saranac guides had been accustomed to look down on Tupper men because they had trout, while the pickerel had pretty effectually cleaned them out of Tupper Lake and they had by no means become reconciled to their new acquisition.

"Shall I help you off with your coat, Hi?" asked Uncle Mart, nonchalantly, as Benham entered the dining room.

"No," said the Saranacker, innocently. "Why do you want to help me off with my coat?"

"Because," said Uncle Mart, "I'm afraid you can't get it off yourself. The bones of those pickerel you've been eating over at Saranac must by this time be sticking out through your back."

The pickerel came to Tupper Lake by way of Long Lake and the Raquette River.

"Lysander Hall put them in Long Lake," says Moody. "He told me so himself. He went over to Lake Colden and got them, because he had been prosecuted for catching trout through the ice for a sick girl. He caught thirteen trout, and a neighbor who had a grudge informed on him and he was fined \$65. It was Hall's way of getting even to finish up the trout fishing there forever."

"The pickerel increased in Long Lake till they ate up all the food, and about '82 they came through in an army to Tupper Lake. From June 25 till August they came in droves, and it wasn't anything remarkable for fishermen to catch a hundred pounds in a day."

"They stayed in Tupper Lake until they ate up all the small fish, and then they started down the Raquette to the St. Lawrence. A man at the dam could see the pickerel going through the 12-foot slip so fast he couldn't begin to keep track of them. Now they are pretty well gone."

"We have lake trout, bass and some brook trout, and the fishing in Tupper Lake is first-class now, particularly for the bass. C. F. Martin, of New York, put in thirty-eight black bass and twelve Oswego bass, and a good many have come down all the way from Raquette Lake. Now they catch two bass to one pickerel. I saw thirty-seven bass brought in to Alexander's one night over 2 pounds in weight, and fish have been caught weighing 6 pounds."

Theory of Hibernation.

Moody's game record comprises seventeen wolves, fifty-seven bears shot out of traps, including seven bears in six days; 1,500 deer and five catamounts. His theory of hibernation in bears is that the condition depends on the temperature of the air, and that cold weather produces torpidity by its physical action on the lungs, "kind of paralyzes them," while a higher temperature at any time "creates breath and starts the air in the lungs."

"I have seen," says Moody, where a bear came out of its den and walked around a little on three thaws in a winter, and went back after each and hibernated same as before. There was a good deal of discharge about the place when I found it, after the bear had left for good and all, mostly bark and leaves and hair."

Trapped Man and Catamount.

Moody, when a young man, once went on a fishing excursion by boat from the foot of Lower Saranac Lake to Palmer Meadows on Ray Brook. With him were two of Daniel Ames' boys, Edward and Moses.

Reaching the lower falls they decided to fish Rogers' Brook. They ran up it as far as they could go with a boat, and took to the bank and began fishing.

Shortly after Mart met with an extremely unpleasant adventure. In stepping over a fallen log he put his foot in a concealed steel trap, which instantly pinned him fast, and it was not till the two boys had been summoned and a lever cut that he was released from his painful predicament. On getting out of the trap Mart hobbled toward the brook and was engaged in binding up his foot, when his nerves received a second shock. He heard one of the boys scream, "A catamount." and looking around saw a large panther crouching on a log.

Mart's first thought was for his companions, and he sent them across a fallen tree to the other side of the brook. Then, pulling on his shoe, he made his way to the boat, and securing his gun, which he had left there, hastily returned.

The panther was still on the log, and a careful shot laid him low, and then Mart had his third surprise of the day, for the panther was securely caught in a steel trap, the mate of the one he had stepped into a moment before, and was by no means the dangerous foe he had thought. Traps and dogs are responsible for the extermination of the panthers in the Adirondacks. There may be a stray specimen left somewhere in the woods, but none has been killed of recent years.

Robbed the Wolves of Their Game.

In the fall of 1860 Mart Moody, Elbridge G. Titus, Wm. Johnson and Bill Moody hunted near the head of the Upper Saranac, and were successful in killing a number of deer. The 20th of December Mart's brother, Harvey, came in with a sleigh to draw out their game across the

frozen lakes. With him was Clay Smith, son of Garrett A. Smith, a wealthy citizen of Cherry Valley, N. Y., and owner of Adirondack timber lands, who was notable for his sympathy with John Brown. Young Smith and Harvey Moody were in camp several days. The former having expressed a wish for some trout to take out along with the venison, Mart volunteered to secure the fish. With his lines and ice chisel he went over to Hoel Pond.

He had cut three holes in the ice and was busily engaged in his work when he heard a noise that sounded like the swish of the wings of a large bird flying. Looking up he was startled to see a deer bounding frantically across the pond in his direction with half a dozen wolves in pursuit.

Only one of the wolves was directly behind the deer. The others were dashing from either side toward a point ahead, where they would intercept it. These flanking lines converged at no great distance from where Mart stood. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the frightened deer had whirled to avoid collision with the wolves on either hand, had slipped and fallen, and simultaneously felt the cruel fangs of the trailing wolf, the others piling on a second later.

Mart, who had stood spellbound for the moment, was moved with a desire to take a hand in the game, and securing a firm grip on his ice chisel, he advanced toward the wolves, who were so engrossed with their prey that they paid no attention to his approach. When less than a rod away he yelled and the wolves hastily decamped, leaving Mart in possession of the field, whereupon he decided to have some of the venison, and with his chisel severed the hams from the carcass and made his way back toward his lines.

The wolves had only retreated a short distance, and the moment they saw Moody leave the deer they returned, and in an incredibly short space of time had devoured the part that remained.

Mart cut a limb off a birch tree and hung up the hams out of reach of the wolves, and made tracks for camp, carrying the ice chisel for protection, and keeping a sharp lookout for the wolves on the way. He was not pursued, however, and having secured his rifle, he returned to the spot where he had left his fishing tackle and the venison. Nothing was to be seen of the wolves. Investigation showed that they had followed Mart as far as the tree where the venison was cached, and that they had circled around the tree but had not ventured to approach its base, apparently fearing a trap. Afterward they had taken the back track across the pond.

Hunted by a Panther.

When Mart was a boy living with the Ames family, he set out one evening after dark to borrow an axe from a neighbor. The road led down through a sandy hollow, a few minutes' walk from the house, and on reaching this place Mart heard some animal jump into the road just ahead. It had evidently been running and was panting like a dog, and Mart whistled to it in a friendly way. Instead of responding, however, as a dog would have done, or else making off, the creature sulked and circled around at one side in the bushes, and Mart had an uncanny sensation that he was being hunted. His errand suddenly lost importance, and he determined to return to Ames'. He retreated slowly, realizing the danger of appearing to be frightened, and to his dismay the strange animal followed, pressing him closer and momentarily growing bolder.

Decisive action was necessary, and Mart cautiously groped around for a weapon, but there were no stones of any size in the road, and nothing that he could find in the nature of a club. In his extremity he gathered a handful of the damp road sand, and as the creature appeared on the bank threatening his line of retreat, he dashed at it, throwing the sand and scolding it, as he would have scolded a dog. Reaching for a second missile, his hand came in contact with a small tree that had been half-cut through with an axe, and bent back to form a rough fence for the neighboring pasture. The tree came up, roots and all, and Mart sent that flying as a second shot. Then he took to his heels and ran. He reached the house safely, but said nothing about his adventure. He did not feel altogether sure as to the character of the creature that had threatened him, and he did not want to be gayed for running away from something which, for all he knew to the contrary, might after all have been harmless. After breakfast the next morning Mart's father and Daniel Ames happened to have an errand in the direction of the hollow, and Mart went along. Ames discovered in the road the tracks of a large animal, which he said was a bear, but the elder Moody at once announced the footprints were those of a panther.

They followed the trail up into the pasture, and there lay a two-year-old colt, dead and partly consumed. The panther's panting the night before was no doubt due to his pursuit of the animals in the pasture. Now that the matter was settled beyond a doubt, Mart told his story and felt duly elated at having beaten off so formidable an antagonist.

Though it was not thought likely the panther would return, the elder Moody set a bear trap on the possibility, and was fortunate enough to capture the beast the next night. The panther got rid of the clog in some way and carried the trap into a tree top, where he was eventually found and shot by Jacob Moody.

A Memorable Pleasure Trip.

Where the village of Tupper Lake sprang up in a night in William McLaughlin's cow pasture, on Raquette Pond, boasting a population of 2,000 souls and the largest saw mill in the world, a town government had to be provided, and upon Mart Moody's shoulders a major part of the work and responsibility rested. He organized the first board of registry and town meeting, but as soon as matters were on a working basis, stepped out, not liking the game of politics as it is too often practiced.

Several years ago Mart had a sunstroke, and was out of sorts for some time afterward as a result. To hasten his convalescence and show their appreciation of the man, a number of his city friends got their heads together and decided that a pleasure trip was the thing for Mart, and for a month they kept him traveling and sight seeing. Though Mart tried to do so, he was unable to spend a cent on the trip, and he actually had \$85 more in his pocket when he got back to Tupper Lake than he had on

leaving. It is whispered that the increase is due to his financially expressed confidence in the speed of a certain horse, Joe Shelby by name, that tried conclusions with other horses at the Coney Island end of New York, and vindicated Uncle Mart's judgment by winning, but the postmaster at Moody's preserves a discreet silence in the matter.

In the course of his travels, Mart visited New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Annapolis and the Gettysburg battlefield, and at each place was met by some friend and shown all that was worth seeing.

If Mart had depended on his own unaided efforts he could not have seen as much in a solid year of sight seeing. In Philadelphia he went through Franklin Institute, Girard College, Wanamaker's store, and dined with wealthy bankers and men of affairs. He visited Independence Hall and Tammany Hall, which were never before mentioned in the same breath, and he saw Mary Anderson, the Eden Musée and the pictures in the Hoffman House, and many other things of beauty, art and notoriety. He met Billy Edwards, the boxing man, and saw Flood Rock blown up, and if he missed anything that was worth doing or seeing it was not the fault of his friends.

Finally he was turned around in New York, and could not get the lay of the land, even though he went on top of the Produce Exchange and remained there with paper and pencil trying to figure it out from sun up till 9 o'clock.

This is the one thing that Uncle Mart doesn't know about New York. J. B. BURNHAM.

Samoan Pigeon Shooting.

THE only fowling in Samoa that is worth the powder and shot is the pursuit of the island pigeon, which is found in one or two varieties as far to the northwest as New Guinea. The Argus pheasant has recently been introduced and seems to be taking kindly to the Samoan jungle. They are thriving, and there is a good prospect that in a few years they will be quite at home in the islands. In the meantime, the white people refrain from shooting them, and the Samoans, who would not pay the slightest attention to any game law that might be devised, are ignorant of the food value of the imported bird. In certain spots where there is a little flat land near the sea and the undergrowth is not too dense there is some chance at the island rails; not a great chance, however, for the rats are keen after eggs and fledglings, and only a small proportion of the birds comes to maturity. And at best, it is no more than a test of marksmanship and a proof of the ability to hit a streak of greased lightning hurrying on an important errand, for the rail is small and thin, and mighty little pickings when it comes to table. It is not only their speed that warrants pride in a dead rail, but it is in an even higher degree their cheerful willingness to make things interesting for the gun artist. No one shoots over a dog in Samoa, for it would be a shame to take a broken and respectable dog into such a country for the sake of the little cover work that could be had. The native curs—all sorts of European mixtures on an indigenous stock—are no more than dejected masses of red mange. I think they catch it from their masters. At any rate, you have to find your bird for yourself, and the first sight is most likely all that you will see of it until it stops running, and there is no telling when that will be. The bird has wisdom; he knows just what you are going to do, and he devotes his massive intellect to fooling you if he can—and mostly he can. I have flushed a rail into a little 3-foot clearing with a single bamboo in the center. I have caught the right swing of the gun to land the bird after passing the bamboo. At the appointed moment I have fired and shot a hole in the ground only to see the rail stroll back in the direction he had come with apparently full comprehension of the exact time it would take to pump another shell into the gun. The bamboo was all the cover needed, for I am confident that the bird knew that such a stalk could not be so much as dented even by a Mauser bullet.

But the Samoan pigeon, the lupe, combines good shooting with the best of good eating, and is altogether a satisfactory sort of bird from start to finish.

So far as I have been able to make out, there are at least three main groupings of pigeons in Samoa. You cannot tell by the Samoan names, for there may be a handful of different names for the same bird, according to its stage of development. Just to show to what a ridiculous extent they carry this system, the common cocoanut affords a good example. From the blossom to the fruit in its maturity there are no less than eleven distinct names, yet the whole period is included within six weeks.

The most common of the pigeons, and at the same time a quite worthless member of the family, is the manutangi, "the bird that cries." In size and plumage it much resembles the American wood dove. In the forests it most commonly affects the arcades below the foliage of the lofty trees, and is commonly seen perched on the low spindling shrubs of the undergrowth. It is so fearless that it may without difficulty be tolled into the hand with small pieces of fruit. This ease of capture accounts in a measure for its frequency in captivity as a house bird. Pretty nearly every Samoan house has its manutangi, which in fine weather is hung out of doors in the shade. The cage is a large bottle-shaped affair of open basket-work, and the bird is tied to a cross perch, with sufficient length of cord to allow flapping the wings for a foot or so. The bird is fed with pellets of bread fruit or banana the size of a marble, which the owner chews into the proper consistency for the pigeons. The sole occupation of the manutangi is to sit blinking all day on a perch and to keep up a cooing which is as musical as it is unnecessary. The meat is scanty, insipid, and, according to the Samoans, positively unwholesome. The islanders, being a very practical lot of people, do not keep these pets solely from a fondness for animals. According to the Samoan theory, the manutangi works his passage by serving as a sort of police against the "aitu," or combination ghost and devil, which makes the island nights such things of terror. If a caged dove is heard to coo during the night the waking Samoan knows that

the treacherous approach of some evil-working aitu has been detected by the vigilant guardian of the house, and the goblin put to flight, and the etiquette of the situation demands that the grateful householder shall express his thanks to the bird by murmuring "fa'afetai" before relapsing into sleep.

The rarest of all the pigeons is one that is found nowhere else than in Samoa, and not often there, for it seems to be dying out even without being hunted. This is the manuma, the first cousin to the dodo, which has only within historic times become extinct on the Mascarenes. This little dodo of Samoa differs from its bulky relative in that it still retains the power to fly. It is found only rarely, and then is shot only under the impression that it is a lupe.

The lupe is a credit to his country, and always an honor to the gun to which he has fallen. On the wing he is both swift and a baffling flyer, and frequently practices one trick which is most deceptive. At the click of the trigger the bird will come to a dead stop, and you shoot over or under. Even in a perch shot there is nothing of pot-hunting, for it is always a long shot at a dimly seen object which it is quite impossible to feel sure is the bird or a clump of dead leaves.

My first pigeon shooting experience only served to make me anxious to go after these excellent birds, for on that first experience I was forced to bide at home while my Samoan companions went through the motions of pigeon hunting, only for the purpose of getting from me a supply of powder, which is contraband in the islands, and yet greatly needed in the conduct of their wars. It was on a visit to Falefa, engineered by the Vaiala chief Tofaeono, who had not at that time been found out, and who was making his hay while the sun shone, and his official neighbors could be exploited for his personal benefit. Tofaeono had arranged this trip to Falefa for the purpose of exhibiting his gold mine to his wife's relatives, and we had the dignified position of paying the bills. I do not regret the trip to Falefa, which has already been described, nor do I regret the price, since the discovery of the deviousness of Tofaeono was cheap at any price.

Some time during the night Tofaeono claimed to hear the rolling note of the lupe right close at hand. Accordingly he sent Mitale to jab at me through the mosquito tent and lay this fact before me, with the suggestion that the loan of the gun would surely result in a mess of pigeons. Naturally, I was on the alert to enjoy the sport, no matter though it was long to daylight. But it was explained that I was the guest of the town and it would be the worst of ill breeding to slide out in this informal fashion into the bush and be absent from the morning visits of ceremony. I lay awake all the rest of the night, and I listened. I heard the leap of the fish in the lagoon. I heard the crash of falling cocoanuts. I heard the scratching of the hermit crabs dragging their top-heavy borrowed shells over the sleeping mats. I heard the clatter of the claws of the larger land crabs outside. I heard the sonatas of the mosquitoes. But, listen my hardest, there were two sounds I could not hear. I could not hear the call of the lupe; I could not hear the report of the gun.

Shortly after sunrise the sportsman chief Tofaeono came wearily into the house in time to lead the family devotions before the Falefa chiefs came in full form to drink our morning bowl of kava. He had a long tale of his fruitless search for pigeons up the valley of the Mulivai-to, and the weariness which overcame him and forced him to turn back after giving the gun to Mitale to carry on the hunt. His weariness was such that he had to stretch out on the mats and have his wife, Va, "lomilomi" him with the native system of massage, which combines a general kneading and drubbing of all the muscles. It was only through the incautious revelation of a small child that I learned that Tofaeono had gone no further away than to a neighboring house, where he had finished out his interrupted repose. Later in the forenoon Mitale came dawdling back with a story of seven misses and no birds, but with empty shells to support his statement. The value of this statement was somewhat vitiated by the fact that the gun barrel was spotlessly clean, and the seven empty shells had each its unexploded primer. It was all a sharp game to get possession of that much powder and shot, and I presume that it was stored away and used in the recent war of the succession.

But if it did nothing else, it set my interest on edge to go out for pigeons when the trip was over and I was once more domiciled in Vaiala. As usual Talolo was eager to gratify my desire. Although he was but a mere strip of a lad, Talolo's mother, or mothers, had no objection to trusting him with firearms. To earn the chance to fire my "shoot gun" would compensate the lad for any amount of work. He had his own gun—a long German piece with the caliber of a lead pencil—and on such trips I supplied his ammunition on condition that he would load under my inspection; but my gun had a great attraction for him; he was sure that it had what he called "mana," or supernatural influence, and his idea seemed to be based on the fact that it was hammerless, the first weapon of the sort which he had ever seen. Talolo said it was easy to get lupe on the Tavasivi, and if I really wanted to hunt we must go to the Falepouma'a and make a camp for the night. The only change I made in Talolo's plan was to include my maid, Tonga, and her gigantic husband, Laulu. There are no wild beasts in the Samoan uplands, but back there somewhere is a camp of runaway slaves, who are all cannibals, and I did not wish to venture on a night camp with no more protection than a mere child.

The Falepouma'a, or, as it is also known, the Fale o le Fe'e, is not a ruin, but in the old pagan days it was a rude stone temple of the thunder god, who was also the war god of the Tuamasanga, the central district of Upolu. It lies just below the crest of the mountain backbone of the island, and is only to be reached after a long climb over an ancient lava flow, where it is possible to hear the roar of the Vaisingano flowing through subterranean caverns. Near the ruins the river spreads out in a shallow pool above and deep gorge below, and in the latter are found some remarkable small fish of brilliant colors, such as are found nowhere else in Samoa. The native legend is that the thunder god brought these fish inland from the sea, and support for the story is

found in the unexplained presence of several large blocks of coral rag.

The climb to the Falepouma'a was like all travel in the Samoan bush, hard going, drenching rains and the green forest obscurity, where nothing can be seen 100 yards in any direction. When we arrived at our destination Talolo took charge of the duties of making camp. Lauulu did all the work, but the lad bossed the job, and the combination of dignity and impudence was well worth the seeing. The spot chosen was a thick clump of bush cocoanuts, the niu vao, which are not cocoanuts at all, but palms, with somewhat similar leaves. The fruit grows from the upper stem in a large cluster, like a loose bunch of grapes. This fruit was red and ripe, and this was a good sign for the shooting, for the berries are the chief food of the pigeons, which follow the ripening from the sea level to the mountain summits. This clump was composed of young trees not more than 2 inches in diameter. These trees and an adjacent thicket of bamboo down by the river pool, and a few shrubs of fau, or native hibiscus, were all the materials needed for the construction of a camp that would serve for weeks. The only tool required was the long and heavy head-chopping knife, without which no Samoan will enter the bush.

Supremely indifferent to the constant chatter of Talolo's general directions, Lauulu first selected four trees which stood at the corners of an oblong 6 feet one way and 8 the other, and lopped them off 2 feet above the ground. Outside of these he selected four others at the corners of an inclosing oblong 8 by 10 feet; the two at one of the shorter sides of the oblong were cut off at a height of 6 feet; the other two were left 4 feet high. As soon as these points had been fixed Talolo cut out all the other trees within this limit even with the ground and dragged them out, while Lauulu busied himself in getting out a large number of bamboo canes and fau bushes. A number of the bamboos—and those the stoutest ones—were saved intact; the others were slit into ribbons an inch wide. The fau bushes were peeled of their bark, which alone was saved. By the time these preparations had been completed Talolo had finished clearing the ground plan.

Lauulu now lashed bamboo canes to the four lower stumps, and thus outlined the lesser oblong. In the outer oblong bamboos were lashed on the shorter ends at front and rear. It was in these lashings that the fau bark served most satisfactorily to replace twine. When the work had reached this stage Lauulu and Talolo repeated the operation a few feet away and opposite the front of the camp.

Tonga then set at work on the first camp. Taking the bamboo ribbons she drew them from end to end of the inner oblong and back again, and lashed the ends so that they were in no danger of coming loose. The same operation was repeated from side to side, except that the ribbons were passed over and under the lengthwise ribbons, thus forming a strong and springy frame of basket-work. It did not take her deft hands long to do it, and when it was finished there was a comfortable couch raised above the damp ground and as elastic as the best spring bed. This was an agreeable change from the ordinary sleeping arrangements, which amount to no more than a thin mat laid on a smooth surface of pebbles, and can never be considered comfortable by those who have known anything better. Other bamboos were cut to the same length and laid from front to rear of the outer oblong, sheaves of coarse grass were disposed over these rafters, palm leaves were laid over all, the whole was tied in place, and the roof was completed. Screens of bamboo ribbons were hung on all four sides, and I found myself in possession of a shelter in which I had complete privacy and absolute protection from the weather. The crowning touch was given when Lauulu brought me a sturdy bamboo joint fitted with wooden feet at each end, the only pillow that the Samoans ever use. These bush houses the islanders call fale apitanga, but my party were very ceremonious and dubbed it my maota or palace. Be that as it may, it was attractive after the arduous climb, and I rapidly proved that it could be slept in by taking a nap at once.

When Tonga called me the other camp for the three Samoans was finished, the tea kettle boiling merrily over the fire, tins of beef and salmon and biscuit had been opened with that valuable head-chopping knife, and 200 crayfish had been caught in the river and induced to change from dark green to bright red on hot cobbles. The tea which I had brought along was a great treat, and all the more agreeable to them because there was enough sugar to allow them to make the tea-and-sugar soup which they like.

After dinner, and Tonga had thrown away the green leaves which had served as plates—a great simplification of housekeeping—the fire was replenished, and Tonga and Lauulu told about the aitu in these mountains, and their satisfaction that they no longer believed in them. But it was plain to see that they clung to the light of the fire, and their disbelief showed itself merely so many words and bravado. In the high altitudes there is a sharp chill after nightfall, and with an early hunt before us we were abed not long after the birds.

When Tonga crept in under my screens to wake me it was yet dark and cold, but there could be no doubt as to the pigeons; the sound of their thrilling note could be heard on every side. I had scarcely come out from my "palace" of green boughs and was in the act of slipping a shell into my gun, when I saw some dark body flying heavily under the branches overhead. It was an easy shot, and I brought down my first lupe in the dark. It seemed almost a pity to kill so beautiful a bird, but at any rate I could console myself with the reflection that it was not bonnet slaughter. But when I had once seen the game it seemed a waste of time to wait for the cup of tea that my good Tonga had made ready for me.

From that time on until broad daylight our guns were busy—three of them, for Tonga devoted herself to retrieving our fallen game until she had collected some six or eight, after which we saw no more of her until the shooting was over.

Before sunrise I did the most execution. The birds then were swooping down through the upper foliage in search of the lower growing palm berries. This was altogether wing shooting and Lauulu and Talolo were nowhere at that. In fact, they soon gave up and devoted

their time to calling the birds to me. It is a surprisingly easy note to imitate, and the pigeons are very quick to be attracted by it. These mountain covers are so seldom shot over that the report of a gun does not scare the birds appreciably in a morning's shooting.

After the sun was up the character of the shooting changed. The birds seemed much shyer and no longer ventured down to the underwoods. This was what the two Samoans had been waiting for, and they had their turn at bringing birds down. It was interesting to see them mark a bird in flight above the upper foliage, watch it to its resting place and bring into play all their woodcraft to get within range without flushing the bird. That was all the shooting they knew, and I don't know that they are much to be blamed. Powder is too hard for them to get at to admit of their taking any risk on a shot. I did not feel quite right about it, but I must confess that I tried one such shot. I marked my bird down to a certain branch of a certain tree, and I never let my eyes off of him. It was butchery to take such a shot as that, but I took it. It was a thing that could not be missed, and I hit fair. But somehow when my pigeon came tumbling to the ground it turned into a dirty piece of bird's nest fern. After that experience it did not seem right at all, and I resolved never again to venture on the enormity of perch shooting. I gave up in disgust, and went back to camp to see what Tonga was doing.

Tonga, I wish to remark, was a very sensible woman. Accordingly, I found Tonga doing what a very sensible woman might be expected to do. She had retrieved enough of my birds at the start to answer her needs, and when I got back I found that she had cleaned and drawn them ready to put on the coals when we hunters returned. Furthermore, she had made a fresh take of crayfish in the river, and at that moment they were baking on the hot stones. Having done all these wise things, Tonga had put into our one tin cup what she considered a really satisfactory amount of sugar; she had then poured on it just enough hot tea to dissolve it. With this slab mixture, which she called "ki," and with a pungent cigarette, I found her sitting cross-legged on a rock, perfectly content with her surroundings and waiting for hungry hunters to come trailing into camp.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

VIII.

THE storm still continues, and out from the window still stretches a bleak plain of snow. The sky is leaden and snowflakes are whirling and eddying outside before a northwest gale. It seems a drear prospect out of which to get an inspiration, and I am about to turn away, when hold! See that dim form flit through the misty whiteness! It has a rifle tucked under one arm, hands drawn up in the sleeves of coat as if to shield them from cold, great fur collar of coat turned up against face on one side and held there with end of sleeve, no hand appearing. It seems following a line of imprints in the snow. Some of the imprints are nearly obliterated by other snow that is fast drifting them full. But let us go back a couple of hours and seek an explanation of this wraith of the storm.

We had been playing euchre all morning, looking out at the whirling storm now and then to reconcile ourselves to being housed up all day. It was during my third expedition against the great West, and at last I had succeeded in getting into the very heart of it.

The camp was in the rugged hills south of the middle Loup in what is now Custer county, Neb. The upper springs of a small creek furnished us water and the red cedar from the cañon furnished us logs with which to build our camp, and firewood. The men whom I was playing euchre with were not my partners of the hunt, but were visitors from neighboring camps and from the settlement 200 hundred miles below. My partners were all away at that particular time. Though all of them were lovers of nature in her milder moods, they put in most of the time at the settlements, going to dances, literaries, revival meetings, and such other diversions as the frontier afforded. There was with me at the time Joel and Ike George from the settlements, and Adam Shiek and Ace Hutton from neighboring camps.

Among the gun equipments of our camp was a .46cal. Ballard rifle. The Kentucky Ballard was the name the manufacturers gave it, and it was the equal of any gun I ever saw for fine shooting. The ammunition for this gun had run low, there being only one cartridge left. Adam Shiek, one of the visitors, also had a Kentucky Ballard .46cal., and like unto us, he was nearly out of cartridges, having only three.

We had played euchre until the others had tired of the game and quit, and Adam and I were playing listlessly along single-handed, when he suggested that one of us ought to own all four of those Ballard rifle cartridges, and proposed that we place one apiece on each game until one of us had them all. I only had one stake, so that if I lost, the game was ended, but the Parson was not so slow at cards when it came to playing for rifle cartridges, and I won. After that we played seesaw for a while, but the cartridges finally all came my way. Meantime Hutton had gone up creek to look after his pony, which was picketed near by, and when he came back he reported the tracks of two bull elk as crossing the creek within ten rods of camp. This announcement came just as I played my right bower on Adam's left, securing the third trick in the last game, which made the cartridges all mine.

The Ballards were the only guns in camp suitable for elk hunting, and I had all the ammunition. Aside from these, there were one muzzleloading squirrel rifle and a couple of Spencers that hung or missed fire nine times out of ten. The needle guns and Sharps carbine were all out of the game, as there was not a cartridge of that caliber left on the upper Loup.

The tracks could not be more than twenty minutes old, as in that time they would all have been obliterated by the drifting snow. There was no talk to settle ownership of those tracks; the game of euchre had settled that before the tracks were discovered.

I was not long in getting inside such togs as I needed and out into the storm with my Ballard under one arm,

one of those four cartridges in its chamber and the other three in my pants pocket. Hence that apparition flitting through the storm.

The tracks were still visible, and I took up the trail, following it over hill and hollow, through the whirling snow. I soon came to a place where they had loitered in a little draw, and lost some time by overcaution before I discovered that the trail led across a flat nearly a mile wide. Over this I went at a dog trot lest all trace be lost in the fast drifting snow ere I reached the other side.

As I came close to the breaks on the far side I left the trail and made a wide circuit, as the elk were traveling with the wind, and following them of course gave them the advantage of it. I felt sure I should find them resting in some of the cañons just ahead, and knowing every inch of the ground I felt very hopeful. When I had gained a cross-wind to the point I expected to find them I worked cautiously down to the edge of the table, but before I had reached the break I saw the elk climbing the bank on the opposite side of the draw.

They had fooled me as to the course they would take and came out directly to windward of me. This brought them out at much closer range than I expected them, and down I went into the snow, brushing the snow from my rifle sights and resting across my knee to steady my aim. The bulls were nearly as white as the snow, and looked mystic enough against the purer white beyond, yet there was enough of outline to show me where to shoot.

Bull elk do not travel in matched teams, as usually where two are found in company one is much larger than the other. It was so in this case, and I took the larger for the first shot. How the white steam did flash from his nostrils as the bullet struck him in the ribs! How helpless, too, that great fellow looked as he made a few spasmodic jumps and staggered feebly into the next cañon, his white side crimsoning as he went.

The little bull stopped to look before going over the bank, and gave me a chance for a second shot. He was much darker in color than the old fellow, and made a clearer target, but the distance looked long through the falling snow, and I overestimated it and shot too high. The elk made a spring or two forward, and then stopped and bucked five or six times like a broncho that is trying to unseat its rider. When it went into the draw I ran up a hundred yards or more before it came out on the next rise, and it stopped to look, as elk invariably do when taken by surprise. I have had them stop at least a dozen times in going half a mile when shooting at them from a concealed position. My second shot went as much too low as the first did too high, breaking the fore-shoulder at the very bottom of the brisket, and the elk went off on three legs, the fourth swinging about like the loose end of a flail.

I followed on across the first cañon, which was little more than a draw with abrupt banks. I saw the big bull lying dead in the bottom of it as I passed. I thought from the course the little bull was taking that I might cut off a couple of hundred yards on him, and I sprinted across the next flat at my best pace, sitting down at the top of the break to wait for him to come out on the hill beyond. He soon did this, and desirous of seeing what had caused all his trouble stopped to look again.

It was now necessary for me to make my shot count, as it was my last. It counted, for when the bullet struck he dropped on the spot and never made an effort to get up. I found on examination that I had made a nice average with the three shots, the first striking the top of the withers, the second the bottom of the brisket, and the last the center of the shoulders—just equivalent to three center shots.

I dressed the small elk and then went back to the large one. Meantime the wind lulled and the sun came out bright and warm. As I was working at the big bull I heard the rumble of a wagon, and going to the top of the bank saw a team coming my way. It proved to be Phelix Henry, a settler from down the river, who had been camping in the hills a couple of miles away, hunting elk, but had failed to get anything.

He was on his way to pack up his outfit in the hills, intending to drive down as far as our camp that evening and start for home next morning. He said he would take out my elk when he came back. I promised to wait for him until he got there, which would likely be in a couple of hours. He looked ruefully at my prizes and wondered why he could not have had the luck to get them. I had my ideas as to why luck failed to bring the spoils of the chase his way, but concluded to send him home with one of the elk anyhow.

I had the elk skinned and dressed long before I expected Henry back, and after walking about for a time I stretched the elk skin flesh side down on the prairie and lay down upon it, but lying down in winter in the open air, without covering, one soon gets chilled, even if the sun be shining. I finally lay close to one edge of the skin, and holding to the edge of it rolled to the other. This wrapped the skin about me two-fold, with the hair inside, and I was fixed for a nap, and soon dropped off.

After a time I was awakened by the roar of the wind, and knew that the storm was on again. I knew also that it must have turned intensely cold, for I was already much chilled. But when I tried to get up I found myself unable to move. The elk skin was solidly frozen, and I might as well have been wrapped in a sheet of steel, so far as flexibility was concerned. I exerted all my strength, but I might as well have crawled into a brass cannon and tried to burst it by taking a full breath as to try and break my way out of that double fold of frozen elk skin. I then decided that the only thing to do was to wait for the return of Henry. But it soon dawned on me that Henry would not be likely to venture out of the shelter of the cañon, where he had been camping, in such a storm as appeared to be raging outside. At this thought I resolved to have one more try. My arms were stretched at my side; if I could get one of them above my head I could reach out through the hole at the end of the roll and get at the edge of the outside lap and perhaps force it off. As to moving my body an inch up or down I might as well have been inside a plaster cast, so closely had the raw elk skin fitted to my shape.

The left hand, with which I had held the edge of the skin in wrapping it about me, lay across my chest and had held the skin from fitting so closely at that place.

This gave me a little room to work my hand and arm, and by a desperate effort I finally thrust it out at the end of the roll. I then got hold of the edge of the skin at the corner and forced it back. I could reach no further than just the corner, though, and this did little good.

In groping about my hand rested on my rifle. I got hold of it and worked the muzzle around and got it under the edge of the skin, and using it as a pry finally got it loose all along. A couple of my fingers were frozen during this operation, but I did not mind that. With the outside fold loose, I exerted all my strength and spread the inside fold until I could crawl out.

The storm proved to be a regular blizzard, but I got to camp all right. Henry did just as I thought he would, and stayed in the shelter of the cañon until after the storm. If I had failed in breaking my bondage by my own effort I should unquestionably have made a new world's record in styles of getting over the mystic river.

When I told my story in camp that night there was a lot of cross-questioning indulged in and an evident inclination to make light of the danger that had beset me. Adam Shiek went so far as to call me a chump, and asked why I had not ripped the hide open with my knife; to which I answered, "What, spoil a \$3 hide that way?" Adam was one of your thrifty men, and that settled him.

It was evident all evening that Ace Hutton had something unusual on his mind, and at last he filled his pipe, stretched himself before the fire and remarked: "That adventure o' yours is mighty parallel to one that happened to me a few years ago. I was huntin' buffler over on the south side o' the Platte, when I killed a big bull 'long 'bout noon. After I had got him skinned an' et a little lunch, I tho't I'd take a nap.

"I rolled in that buffler skin same as you did in your elk skin. It was one o' them balmy sort o' weather breedin' days one often sees in midwinter, an' 'bout an hour I was waked up, like you, by the roarin' of the wind. I tried to raise up, same as you did, but couldn't stir a peg. That buffler skin was froze harder'n a stone, same as your'n.

"There happened to be a hole near my head 'bout as big as a silver dollar. Lookin' out thro' it I saw the snow eddyin' in the air about as thick as mud in a whirlpool in the Missouri River; you couldn't see no further into it.

"Maybe I didn't do some heavin' to get out o' there when I see that snow, but I might as well o' tried to upset Pike's Peak with a broom straw fer all the good it done me; that ole bull hide was drawn as tight as if it might have been drawn up by a jack-screw. I'd left my knife layin' 'side the buffler carcase, an' if I'd had it I couldn't move hand or foot the fraction of an inch to use it.

"A'ter I had tried a couple o' times an' seen how hopeless it was I just laid still and give it up, for I well knew that in an hour I'd be buried under two feet of snow an' smothered to death. You may talk all you want to 'bout bein' froze with horror on bein' brought close to the gates of the hereafter, but it don't work that way in actual experience.

"I had been purt' nigh froze ever since I woke up until I realized what a death trap I was in; then my heart began to jump an' the blood went shootin' thro' my veins hot as the lead in the ladle when you're expectin' to mould a dozen bullets at one heatin'."

Like all good story-tellers, Hutton knew when he had his audience on the anxious seat, and stopped to refill and light his pipe, and then he sat down and looked into the fire in silence. At last Ike George could stand it no longer, and said, "As you are here to tell the story, Ace, we should like to know how you got out."

"Oh, easy enough," said Ace, "and it's proof of the wonderful care nature takes to preserve the things she has created. You know I kept gettin' hotter an' hotter, an' in five minutes I could smell the buffler hair a-singin'. In ten that ole bull hide was limp as a rag, and all I had to do was to get up and go back to camp."

'Twas ever thus, with my most desperate adventures; they were always made sport of by the envious who never had the color of adventure in their own lives.

My story was true, with substantial evidence at hand; Hutton's was made out of "whole cloth," as he sat there before the fire, yet he had succeeded in making himself the hero of the evening.

Moral: Facts may be stubborn things, but fiction, skillfully handled, invariably bests them in the end.

THE PARSON.

Natural History.

The "Baby" Monkey.

IN one of the cages of the Philadelphia Zoo are a young monkey and its mother, the actions of whom, on a recent occasion, would, I am persuaded, have caused the most determined disbeliever in the Darwinian theory to grow thoughtful.

With a look of care and solicitude, so very familiar and affecting, the mother sat on the floor while the baby played about. In the center of the cage was a branching pole, and this the sportive mite took it into its head to climb. After it had got up a yard or two, either it missed its hold or its strength gave out, for it came tumbling down. Whimpering, it ran to its mother, who took it up in her arms and looked it over anxiously, each hand and foot being examined separately. Satisfied that no hurt had been sustained, the mother jabbered something (doubtless advice) and put the baby down. After the manner of youth the latter seemed soon to forget its mishap and began playing about as before, but it did not return to the pole.

A troop of schoolboys, led by two female teachers, now entered the building. Immediately the cry arose from the boys, "Oh, look at the baby monkey!" while the teachers joined in with, "How cunning! How sweet!" The baby, as if impelled by an irresistible sympathy, rushed up to the bars and sat watching the eager boyish faces. I suppose because it had been given dainties before, it put out a little hand, but this crowd had evidently too much capacity of its own for dainties to have

any to spare. However, one mischievous looking boy, after rummaging in his pocket (that receptacle of objects the most diverse), pulled out a piece of broken glass, which he put in the baby's hand. All the other boys, thinking this an excellent joke, laughed aloud, and laughed the louder when the baby, after raising the glass to its mouth and finding it was not edible, began whimpering, as it had done after its fall, only not so distressingly. The mother, who sat aloof up to this, now sprang forward, and seeing the glittering object in the baby's hand, snatched it, tried her teeth on it and incontinently flung it out of the cage. She then gathered up her baby and fled aloft, scolding the while if ever any indignant parent scolded.

It may be mentioned that the baby referred to was a hybrid between *Macacas leoninus*, male, and *M. nemestrinus*, female. There were two other babies in the gardens, one of *M. Rhesus* and the other of *M. maurus*, but pressed for time I was unable to observe these except passingly.

FRANK MOONAN.

Eaton Stone's Buffalo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many of your readers among the old-timers can recall their wonderment at the horseback feats of Eaton Stone in the circus ring. He was the first performer to turn somersaults on a bare-backed horse. He tamed and trained a wild horse from the Western plains, which he called Selim, whose swift running around the ring under the complete control of his master was very remarkable. Stone exhibited in all the principal cities of the United States, in Cuba and in Europe, and achieved a world-wide repute as the finest equestrian of his day. He is living a quiet life at a very advanced age on his farm at Nutley, N. J. Herewith is an interesting episode in his career, descriptive in his own words of the capture, taming and training of a herd of buffalo for exhibition at the East and in foreign countries.

H. H. THOMPSON.

In 1860 I left St. Louis for Leavenworth with my wife, a groom and two horses. Thence we traveled by stage to Ridgeway, Kan., where I made my headquarters with my brother, Den Stone, who owned a fine farm of 400 acres. Fitting out a double wagon with stores, I journeyed with one man and a good dog to Council Grove, then a wilderness, where I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a man by the name of Muncas, a fine business fellow of few words and well posted in all parts of the buffalo ranges, who joined my expedition with a couple of yearling buffalo cows. We traveled thence 110 miles to Diamond Springs, where we found a man who had three yearling buffalo running with his cattle, which I bought and left for the return trip. Thence we traveled ninety miles to Allison's Ranch, a noted place for good feed and water, where hundreds of wagons often halted for days to secure buffalo meat and fuel in the form of buffalo droppings, called chips. Thence we went over 100 miles to the Hollow Hills, our objective point, where we expected to obtain all the buffalo I was in search of.

Taking an old Indian whom Muncas knew, the horses and the two cows, we traveled ten miles further and found a herd of wild buffalo and cut out half a dozen, turning them toward the cows, which had been posted for the purpose, and they halted as soon as they saw the cows, whereupon Muncas rode up and lassoed a fine yearling, which was easily led to the cows. The other buffalo rejoined the herd, which ran about two miles and stopped. The next day we found fifteen miles from our camp a settler who had among his cattle three buffalo, which I bought.

Learning that Muncas would be able to capture as many animals as were wanted, I returned to Ridgeway to make preparations for taking care of them, Muncas agreeing to bring ten head to that place for \$500 in gold. I built a strong pen 100 feet by 60 feet with a stout fence 15 feet high. I made some iron-bound stakes and got a coil of inch rope from Kansas City and made some very strong halters with heavy snap rings, so that I could lariat the buffalo out on the prairie to feed.

Muncas brought in a dozen head of cattle and eleven buffalo, which we drove into the pen, where it took two hours to separate them, and then the fun commenced. I thought the buffalo would kill themselves. They would actually climb near to the top of the fence. We cut an immense quantity of prairie grass and put it into the pen. We found them next morning a little quieter, and Muncas went into the inclosure and lassoed one at a time, taking them out and fastening them to stakes driven firmly into the ground. I never saw such plunging, and surely thought they would break their necks. After they became in a day or two more quiet, I began talking to them, so that they might get to recognize my voice. In a week or so one or two of them would allow me to lay my hands on them. I found that any change of my clothing rendered them shy. They are exceedingly keen of sight and of scent. While on the plains I captured a calf so small that astride of him and without touching his back my feet would rest upon the ground. His mother having been killed, the youngster took kindly to me at once, and followed me around like a dog. I taught him to drink milk and eat grass. I bought a domestic cow, which after a while allowed him to suckle her. When he was six weeks old I sawed out two wheels a foot in diameter and fitted an axletree to them with light shafts on which was mounted a candle box, and then made a little harness of dried hide and trained Jim to draw his little cart. The herd being lariat half a mile from my house, Jim would draw me to them and be turned loose while I changed the lariats, and on call would be harnessed again for the return trip. After he was weaned from the cow, Mrs. Stone gave him milk twice a day. It was very amusing when he was a long distance off to see him stick up his head and rush for the house when my wife called him. He would follow me even into the store and lie down like a dog, but if any dog except mine ventured near, Jim would knock him down without ceremony. This was a matter of instinct. A pack of wolves will follow a herd of bison and tackle any cow that lags behind with her tired calf. If there be only a few wolves the cow will in defense of her offspring gore and stamp them to death.

About sunset the lariat animals would begin to play and cut up all sorts of capers. They would run the

length of their tethers and tumble head over heels a dozen times. They would stand stock still and jump directly upward to the height of a man's head. After a while two of them could be handled quite well, and I made a dozen yokes and bows with rings and snaps, and girths with loops on each side, through which long traces were rigged, enabling me to hitch up the buffalo tandem fashion. After patient and skillful training for about three months I could hitch up the whole eleven. My greatest trouble was in watering them. It was half a mile to the stream, and six men could manage the string until they were within two or three hundred yards of the water, when it would be impossible to control them in their rush for the stream. After they had drunk their fill we would manage to get hold of the leaders' halters and generally could get them out of the water quietly and back to their feeding grounds. Jim would never consort with them, and rain or shine persisted upon lying at my door, and I built a shanty for his accommodation.

My next move was to train the buffalo to work in shafts. First I hitched a three-year-old heifer to an ox sled loaded with stones, with four men to aid me in fastening ropes to her harness and in her mouth, and she ran away with all of us. They have double the strength of ordinary cattle. A three-year-old bull at Kansas City killed three bullocks at work with him. I found them too wild and nervous to bear separation, and began working two at a time and got them pulling a cart with very low wheels, and they soon worked well with the rest of the herd ahead of them. Severely "cuts no ice" with buffalo, and when angered they will fight so long as they have life. My treatment was very kind and considerate, and they seemed to like me.

While we were at Ridgeway a terrible drought set in, and my animals proved a godsend in procuring water from a distance over the fine prairie roads. Finally I hired a man to dig a well, who struck water at a depth of 36 feet. At about 20 feet down he found petrified buffalo chips and bones of some small animal. The sun scorched the grass so that the settlers could not cut hay for the winter. I paid \$40 a ton for corn stalks and \$2 a bushel for corn. During a year of my hard work in breaking the herd I captured three young antelope, which took six hours of chase before becoming tired out. I built a pen and yard for them and they soon got domesticated and became the finest possible pets. Some hunters with fast greyhounds used to visit the camp, and I would let the antelope out for a run before their dogs. Giving them a start of 200 yards, the hounds would be loosed and afford a race of a mile or so. The swift creatures would circle and reach home a quarter of a mile ahead every time. At their top speed one could see nothing but a blur under their little bodies.

In the following spring I left Ridgeway for Leavenworth with a two-horse wagon and nine men, keeping the buffalo in harness and making about twenty miles a day. Mrs. Stone and I slept in the wagon, while the men would build a fire, wrap themselves in blankets and sleep on the ground, taking turns at watching. Fortunately, I found a steamboat at Leavenworth bound for St. Louis. The captain would not undertake to load my freight, nor would he be responsible for the buffalo on board, assuring me that they would go overboard at the first chance. I assumed all risks, telling him to put out a strong gangplank and keep his crew out of sight while I attended to the loading. The buffalo were conducted to a hill about 300 yards from the boat. I led Jim on to the boat, and standing in full view of the animals gave a yell they were familiar with, the men let them loose, and they started in single file at full speed and ran up the gangplank right to me, and as soon as possible I got them hitched in a place prepared for them on the boiler deck. The wharves were crowded with people, and the gangplank had to be taken in to prevent their rushing on board.

The news of Eaton Stone's coming with a herd of trained buffalo preceded us, and at St. Louis the wharves were black with people, and the captain, not daring to make his usual landing, discharged the cargo at East St. Louis, where I shipped the herd to Pittsburg on the steamer Ohio Belle, whose arrival at the river towns en route brought out the whole population, so that in some cases freight had to be landed above or below the place in order to avoid the rush of people anxious to see the buffalo. At Cincinnati a guard was kept on duty all night, and only a few at a time were allowed on board. At Steubenville the people, in spite of efforts to restrain them, crowded on until the guards touched the water and the captain shoved off and landed the crowd fifteen miles above at a wood yard. At Wheeling, while I was sitting in the editorial room of a printing office, the first new came of the firing upon Fort Sumter. We all got on board quickly as possible and made no more stops on the Virginia side.

We found the river at Pittsburg very high, and in landing the buffalo we had to rig a very high gangplank. They had been on their feet about two weeks and had become very playful. An immense crowd had gathered. From the bow of the boat I made a speech to them, emphasizing my fear that some of them would get hurt if they got close to the animals. They all made way except a brawn Irishman, whose horse and cart stood in the water near the foot of the plank. He would not budge. With Jim in the lead, Jerome and I got the buffalo on the bow of the boat, and with Jim I made a rush down the gang way. As soon as we neared the obstinate son of Erin Jim gave a bound and bucked him heels over head into the water, and rushed back to me like a flash. This performance caused the crowd to keep a proper distance, while the buffalo, recognizing my whistle, followed close to my heels. I got the herd into the cars by taking in one at a time in company with Jim, and we started next morning for New York.

My brother had gone on in advance and arranged for keeping the herd in Harlem. We took them through the streets at midnight, hoping to escape observation, but the streets were lined with crowds, which, however, gave the animals a wide berth on account of their kicking and plunging when closely approached. Declining several good offers for my collection, I exhibited under canvas at Jones' Wood, New York city, through the summer, and in the fall joined James Nixon's circus at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street. I rode my noted Indian act in costume, with the eleven buffalo stake within the ring, and then hitching them up led them around while Robert Ellingham, from the center of the

ring, delivered a lecture in description of their capture and training.

Nixon was persuaded by some naturalists and church people to give morning entertainments minus the circus performance, and the lecturer had interested audiences for two weeks. Before cold weather set in my novel and successful enterprise met an unexpected and doleful finale in the sudden death of the whole herd from poison administered presumably by some one in pure malice, my pet Jim dying with his head in my wife's lap. I had expended over \$10,000 in the scheme and could have made a great deal of money. I had been offered \$500 a week for them.

The Axolotl and the Proteus.

Two small glass tanks, side by side, in the reptile house at the zoo in Bronx Park, contain each a strange and interesting water dweller. One is a curious axolotl from Mexico; the other a blind proteus from Lower Austria.

These two animals have both a tuft of external gills on each side of their necks. It can be really said of them that they have their lungs on the exterior. Although both are interesting in their way, probably the most interesting of the two, by reason of its odd life habits, is the axolotl. To understand better the peculiarity for which the axolotl is noted, a word or two in explanation of the development of all amphibians, the class to which the axolotl and the proteus belong, would not be out of place.

All of the amphibia, which includes the frogs, toads, salamanders and newts, pass the very earliest stage of their lives immediately after the development from the egg, in a tadpole or larval form. The most characteristic thing in this tadpole period is the possession of external gills. In the tadpole form of the frogs and the toads, these gills soon disappear, and shortly thereafter the individual

slightly darkening, and it may be reasonably supposed that this is due to the action of the light. Notwithstanding the blindness of this proteus, it is very sensitive to strong light, and on this account keeps at the bottom of the tank and as far away from the front as possible.

E. LUTZ.

Weasel Stories.

As a contributor to your weasel stories, I may relate a couple of incidents which may be interesting. In July last I was cruising on Lake Couchiching on the sloop Wind's Will, when, in an endeavor to get through the narrows into Lake Simcoe, we were becalmed. Just off Couchiching Point, perhaps 100 yards from shore, my sailing companion, Tom Wallace, noticed a small dark object in the water. He got into the dinghy and went to investigate. The object turned out to be a beautiful black squirrel, apparently dead. There wasn't a sign of life in him when we put him on the cabin top to dry out. By and by, when his hair had become a little dryer, and the heat of the sun had warmed a little life into him, the squirrel commenced to wiggle some. We were much interested. How had the poor fellow been placed in the water? I had no idea, and Tom hazarded the guess that he had been chased—probably by a weasel. In an hour or so, by which time we had drifted to a little wharf at Heron Island, our black friend had recovered enough to become frightened of us. So he shinned up the mast by slow degrees, and finally got right on top. We hadn't been tied up to the wharf more than fifteen minutes before Tom, who had been lazily reclining in the cabin top, jumped up, and ran below for a shotgun. I looked for the game, and saw in a crack in the crib work of the wharf a weasel, which evidently had its eye on the black squirrel on top of our mast, some 25 feet above him. Your correspondent of last week argued, I think,

concluded that in the dry dust the weasel had lost the track, and only recovered it when he reached the grass again.

OLD MAN.

NEW YORK, May 16.

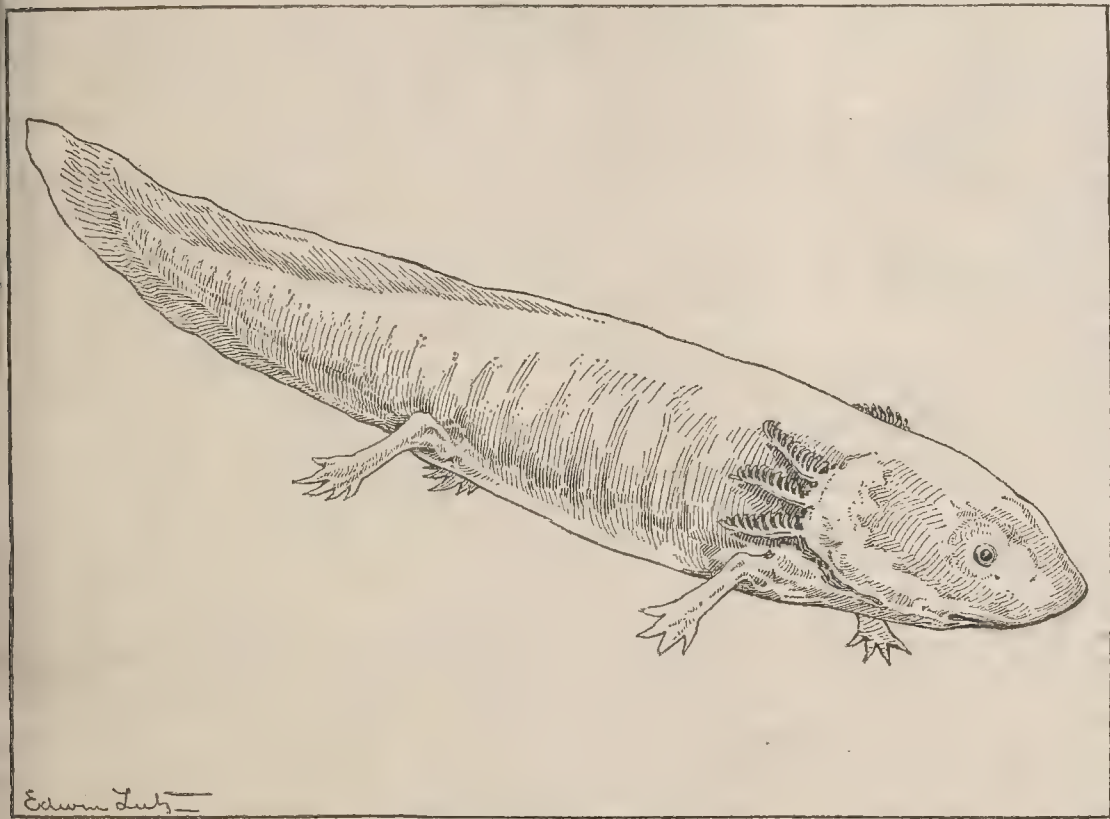
A Leaf from an Old Note Book.

"Birdland Melody."

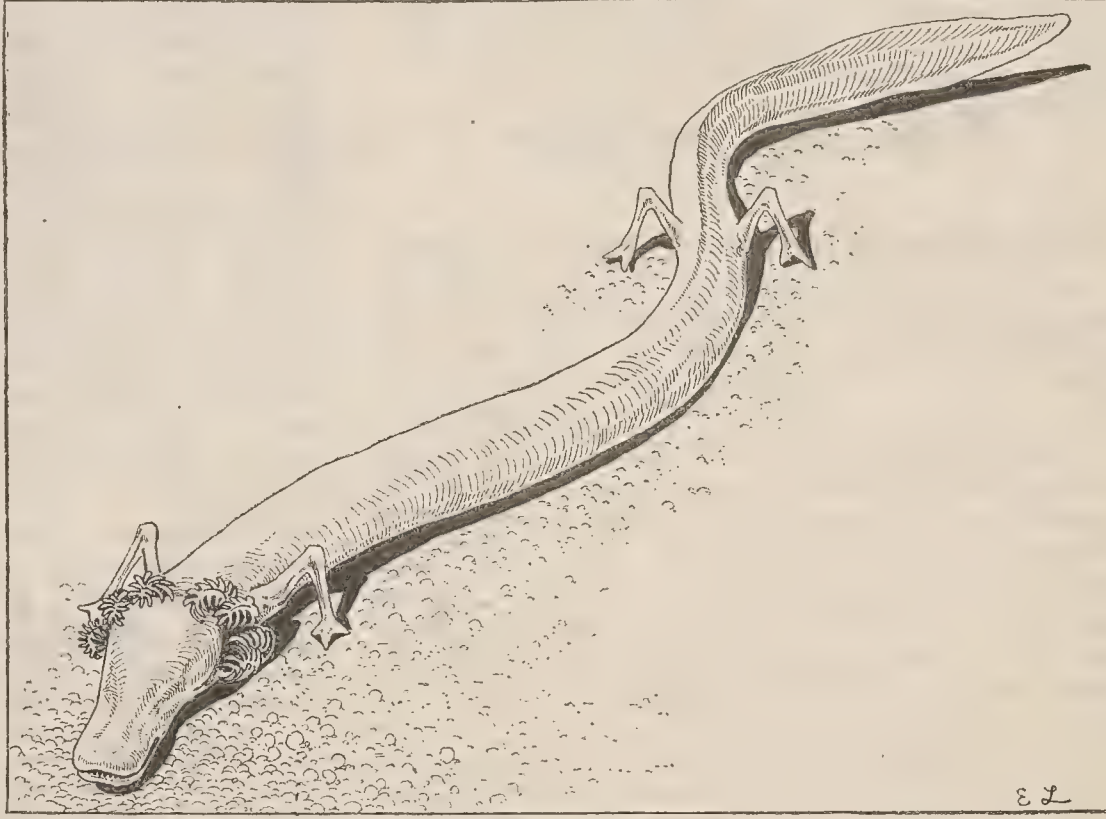
THE time is May and the dogwood has bloomed white and shed its petals. There is a scent of springtime flowers and the woods are ringing with singing of fresh arrivals among the birds.

I wandered out this morning to my favorite grove of dogwoods and found the prairie warblers nesting by the hundreds in this thicket. They were singing gladly their quaint little twittering note. Catbirds were asking "Who's there?" and the yellow-breasted chats were going through their somnambulistic evolutions in the air, uttering as they came down with raised wings and flopping tails, "Who, who, who." Then, alighting, they would say "Che, che, che." In the woods vireos warbled from their green bowers in the oak trees. Brown thrashers are feeding their young, and so are mocking birds, so they are rather silent. They nest first of all birds around here that sing. Indigo buntings sing merrily on every hand and so do the song sparrows and others. Bachman's finch occurs here, but is very silent—seldom seen or heard. Water thrushes and oven birds are common in the darkest and more shadowy part of the deep woods.

It's a pleasure to ramble in these big black hollows of the woods, for there is the smell of rich black earth and there is a silence that is awesome. The wood thrushes like these quiet retreats and sing their bell-like songs where few other birds are found. These clear, sweet notes are like bells and form appropriate temple bells for the



MEXICAN AXOLOTL.



BLIND PROTEUS.

develops into a mature animal by absorption of the tail and the growth of the four limbs. In some forms of the amphibia, as the proteus, and the common mud puppy of the waters of the eastern United States, the external gills are retained throughout life. In the axolotl there are, practically speaking, two adult forms; the one aquatic in habit with the external gills, and the other terrestrial in habits with air-breathing lungs. When the gilled axolotl was first found in the mountain lakes of Mexico, savants took it for the adult form of a distinct species, as it was observed to breed freely. It was not until some axolotls in captivity were observed to lose their gills by reabsorption and become air breathers, that it was known that the axolotls were only the larvæ form of a terrestrial salamander. The case in point happened some years ago at Paris, in the Jardin des Plantes, when one morning the keeper missed one of his axolotls and found instead an air-breathing salamander.

The axolotl is known to the scientific man as *Amblystoma mexicana*. It is common in the lakes surrounding the City of Mexico. The native Mexicans use it as an article of food.

Throughout most of the regions where the axolotl occurs, it is supposed to go through the regular amphibian stages of egg, gilled tadpole and air-breathing land animal. In this latter, or mature lunged, form it dwells altogether in moist localities, haunting damp moss and leaves; as moisture, in fact, is a very necessary condition of its surroundings. They do not drink water, but take in moisture through the pores of the skin. It is believed that the reason the axolotl of the Mexican lakes does not develop into the air-breathing type is because the land bordering these lakes is exceedingly barren and dry, and in consequence does not afford the highly important environment of damp and soggy moss with its accompanying humidity.

The other strange amphibian on view is the proteus, *Proteus anguinus*, of the naturalist. It is an inhabitant of the dark subterranean waters of caverns. The particular specimen at the zoo is from the celebrated grotto of Adelsberg, Carniola, Austria. Although the proteus is blind, it is not eyeless; the eyes are completely grown over by the skin; they are also undeveloped and seemingly useless.

The proteus never advances beyond the larval gilled form, as it keeps the tuft red gills throughout life. It is eel-like in form, and the apparently abortive legs are not much used for progression in the water. Movement is achieved mainly by a sinuous action of the long, slender body. The zoo proteus, when it first arrived, was of a fleshy-white color, but it is observed that the color is

that the weasel follows its prey by smell, and not by sight. How does he explain the weasel seeing my squirrel from shore? The wharf was 40 feet in length or thereabouts and the squirrel had been on the mast ever since we tied up.

Well, Tom shot the weasel, and then our friend on the mast left us.

A few minutes after this we were treated to a genuine race for life between a weasel and a chipmunk. About 50 yards away from us a chipmunk jumped off a tree overhanging the water, and plunged boldly in, followed at a distance of not more than 3 feet by a weasel. It was a great jumping contest, and our hearts were with the little fellow in front. However, we remained neutral. For 25 yards things looked black for the chipmunk. The weasel pulled up slightly—probably a foot—and we prepared to go out and give a hand. It was a fast race, too, the pair easily beating the best swimming I have ever seen a dog do. The weasel, I think, showed more of his body, and seemed to exert himself more. After the first spurt, the chipmunk managed to hold his lead, and at the end of 100 yards or less the weasel, completely blown, suddenly threw up the sponge and wheeled around for shore, his successful competitor keeping right on for another island a quarter of a mile away.

I think a chipmunk and probably a black squirrel can beat a weasel swimming, and also that weasels do not depend entirely on smell when after a meal.

JAS. W. CURRAN.

MONTREAL, May 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the risk of repeating something that I may have already published, I offer a small experience I once had of the weasel:

Many years ago, while riding between New Haven and Milford, Conn., in midsummer, as I was passing through a piece of woods, a half-grown rabbit darted from the brush on one side and raced across the road. I pulled up my horse and sat there looking into the brush after him, but he had disappeared. As I turned to look at the point from which he had come there was a movement in the grass and weeds, where the rabbit had run out—about 20 yards ahead of me—and a weasel ran into the road. When he reached the dry dust, which lay thickly in the wheel tracks, he stopped, smelled about for a moment and then made one or two casts—apparently fruitless—up and down the road. Then he made a wider circle, and in the grass, where the rabbit had disappeared he seemed to strike the track and at once disappeared himself. I

great temple of nature, the woods. Some shy warblers are seen now and then as we ramble among the leaves and brush. There is a flitting glance of a black and white warbler as it flutters away from its nest. A whippoorwill flushes noisily and wings its velvety flight to darker recesses of the hollows. Young crows are raising smoke over in the pine trees.

We leave the woods and enter an old field overgrown and neglected. It looks like it had been visited by the snow king, for it is pure white with daisies. Bees lazily come by us droning their lazy song. Field sparrows and indigo buntings cling to the weed stalks and sing in the warm sunlight. We pass the stream and find a big bullfrog sitting in the sun catching hapless gnats that come his way. A blacksnake falls out of some bush at our approach and we hear him rustling the leaves as he scurries away.

There is a din of birdland melody—sweet, soft, rasping, rollicking, gentle, harsh, purring, lisping, chuckling, trickling—all mixed in a great din of gladness. The big world is happy. The sun shines warmly. It is nearly summer. The air is sweet and balmy. Flowers are growing everywhere. Nature smiles upon her handiwork and blesses it to-day. Of all months, we have May, the sweetest of them all. The sunflowers, the rosemary, the rhododendrons, the violets, the daisies, the Indian pinks, the trailing arbutus, the wild rose, were born in May, and May flowers and birds are enough to make man happy. I am happy to-day.

JOHN W. DANIEL, JR.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 25.

Foreign Birds for America.

MACOMB, Ill., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Lacey bill having become a law, every sportsman in the broad land owes a debt of gratitude to the Hon. John F. Lacey for his work in pushing this bill to the front. A game law backed up by the National Government will be enforced.

The Government ought to introduce foreign game birds into this country. India seems to be the home of the game birds. They will live and thrive in this country, for I have tested them, and I find they can stand the mercury 28 degrees below zero in this State. They have a large variety of wild pigeons, and among them are the Bengal green pigeon, bronze-headed imperial pigeon, gray-headed imperial pigeon, imperial green pigeon, Indian stock pigeon, orange-breasted green pigeon, pink-necked pigeon, pin-tailed green pigeon, purple wood pigeon, speckled wood pigeon, blue

hill pigeon, red imperial pigeon, yellow-fronted pigeon, black-breasted quail, blue-breasted quail, common quail, common gray quail, Eastern pointed bush quail, Indian butter quail, jungle bush quail, mountain quail, close-barred sand grouse, common sand grouse, coronetted sand grouse, pointed sand grouse, spotted sand grouse, pin-tail sand grouse, Anderson's silver pheasants, Aracan silver pheasant, Argus pheasant, blood pheasant, gray peacock pheasant, chukor partridge, black partridge, brown-breasted hill partridge.

The above birds can be bought very cheaply in India.
W. O. BLAISDELL.

Woodcock's Nest in Cornfield.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it uncommon for woodcock to nest in open cornfield, though there is swampy meadow without brushwood in the vicinity?

A farmer, while plowing, called my attention to a depression near cornstalks containing one egg of the woodcock, which had just been forced to leave that depression.

The woods were distant about 300 yards, and were on fire for miles, and especially that part of them which is generally selected by the few pairs of woodcock which I happen to meet during my strolls through that vicinity.

Could it be possible that the woodcock could have carried its egg from the danger of fire to the open and distant field?

There is no doubt about these birds removing small young, though I never heard about the transportation of eggs by the woodcock.

AUGUST KOCH.

[We have not heard of the removal by woodcock of their eggs, though this is believed to be done by some species of birds.]

The Last New York Moose.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 24.—The date of the Utica moose was 1856 instead of 1850, as you have it in this week's issue.
J. L. DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Pennsylvania Export Case.

DETECTIVE C. B. JOHNSON, of Luzerne county, Pa., accompanied by Secretary Joseph Kalbfus, of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, armed with a requisition from Governor Stone, indorsed by Governor Roosevelt, appeared at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week and arrested Samuel E. Thurston, John Bourne, Frederick Herroder, John Herroder and Thomas Oakley, all of that town, and all under indictment in Franklin county, Pa., for violation of the game laws. The charge was that of shipping game out of Pennsylvania. As told in our issue of Nov. 25, 1899, the authorities had intercepted the trunks of the party containing the game and had seized their guns. From Mt. Vernon the men were taken to Wilkesbarre, where they pleaded guilty and paid \$50 each in fines and the costs, aggregating \$306. Secretary Kalbfus writes as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 25 last year you published an article relative to the seizure of game in trunks at Mauch Chunk, Pa. I need not refer to that particular chapter, as the facts are fully known, but write, as requested, the close of the drama. Our law authorizing the taking of these trunks, etc., states that such apparatus shall be disposed of "in such manner as may be directed by the court before whom the offense is tried," and right there came the rub in this matter. The gentlemen owning these articles had, at the time of their seizure, most important business in their own State that prevented them from arranging for a trial or settlement of our claims on them—at least, they did not stop at that time, and have ever since refrained from coming over into our yard to slide. Last Tuesday, though an officer from Luzerne county (one of the counties through which this game was carried in their attempt to get it out of the State) appeared in their back yard with a paper known as a requisition issued by Governor W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, and honored by Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, requesting these parties to lay aside all home matters for the time being and as good citizens come over and settle, the presentation of these papers came somewhat in the shape of a surprise; at least I judged this was the fact from the peculiar throat movement and other efforts of the parties before they seemed to be sure of their ground. They were found to be gentlemen of standing in the community in which they lived, the trouble being, as I understand it, that they had been deceived in several particulars. In the first place, they had been led to believe that our Pennsylvania game law was a farce; that its enforcement was not thought of at home, and that for an outsider to violate it would be considered only a joke. The seizure dispelled that illusion. In the next place, they were led to believe they were perfectly safe from arrest so long as they avoided Pennsylvania; but being honorable gentlemen and seeing they had done some wrong, they employed an attorney in Pennsylvania to look after their interests and to settle any claim we might have upon them. Here it seems they were deceived again, for their counsel in New York assured me that their Pennsylvania attorney had written them that the incident was closed and the Commission had no claim upon them. The presence of the officer appeared to clear the atmosphere of all doubts. They were under arrest; habeas corpus proceedings were started; the prisoners were in that way transferred from the officer to whom the writ was directed to the custody of the court; the hearing was continued for a time, and the gentlemen then voluntarily came into Pennsylvania and made such amends as was required of them, the minimum penalty and costs being imposed. To this proceeding I, as Secretary of the Game Commission, entered no objection, as the main purpose of the effort had been secured—that is, the establishment of the fact that the Game Commission of Pennsylvania is in earnest in its work; that the Pennsylvania State Sports-

men's Association is in earnest when it says it will see to it that the laws on the subject of protection to our game, our song and our insectivorous birds shall be obeyed. It establishes the fact that a requisition will lie and that the Governors of Pennsylvania and New York are alive to the situation and realize that the time has come when positive action is required in the defense of these innocent ones of nature, that they are ready (all honor to them) to stand up and be counted on the right side. The officers of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association want it understood that their organization stands ready to lend its aid to the cause of game and bird protection, forestry and fish protection in New York as well as our own State, and feel that a great stride has been made in the right direction.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,

Secretary of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The Gardner Electric Gun.

L. S. GARDNER, of New Orleans, has invented a cannon which promises to create a sensation in both the military and the scientific world. It is an absolutely new departure, and its possibilities seem almost unlimited. It turns accepted theories in regard to artillery simply topsy-turvy. It is a gun that pulls its projectile through by the nose instead of pushing it out by the base. It is open at both ends. It is made of light sheet metal or may be made of glass. It never gets hot. It can be fired as fast as it can be fed. Two or three shots may be going through the barrel at the same time. The muzzle velocity is at the will of the operator. The power is electricity.

Mr. Gardner is well known in New Orleans as superintendent of the Gardner Motor Works on Bayou St. John. He is a typical inventor and man of science, and in addition to the engine which bears his name, has turned out a number of practical and valuable appliances during the last dozen years. As an illustration of his versatility, he is the patentee of most of the delicate machinery used in modern artificial limbs, and also devised a cattle guard which has been adopted by many of the railroads of the Northwest.

The electrical gun first suggested itself to him five or six years ago, but he experimented with it only far enough to be assured that the principle was correct. Then it was laid aside for more pressing work, and only touched at irregular intervals. Last year a crude model was made and privately tested with success, but the invention has been really developed during the last few months. The principle of the gun is simple, and without the use of difficult technical terms may be explained as follows: If a short tube, say, for example, 6 inches long, is wound round with insulated wire, like thread on a spool, and an electric current is sent through the wire, the interior space instantly becomes magnetic and small pieces of iron or steel, placed at either opening, are drawn in toward the center. This is a familiar experiment in physics and is often performed before classes in the schools.

If a 6-inch rod is approached to the tube it is drawn in for its entire length and remains there poised. Although it enters with some force, it does not fly through and out, because, after passing the center, it encounters the magnetic suction or pull from the other side, which operates to slow it down until it reaches the end, where the two opposite attractions are counterbalanced. If, however, the current had been cut off at the instant it arrived at the middle of the tube it would have met with no resistance and would have darted straight through, impelled by the force which drew it in. Suppose then it immediately entered another 6-inch tube in which the same process was repeated, followed by another and another, all arranged in a straight line, it is easy to see that its momentum would be continually raised until it would acquire enormous speed.

This is the whole secret of the Gardner gun. The arm is simply a line of short coils or hollow magnets, forming a continuous tube, and provided with a mechanical device for switching on and off the current in each in succession. The switch which Mr. Gardner has designed, but which he will probably modify, consists of a thin disk with a row of metal buttons running from the center to the edge. This is attached to the breech of the gun and revolved at high speed. As it turns around the buttons come in successive contact with the ends of the wire, producing a series of indescribably rapid pulsations of the electric current. An opening opposite the line of buttons allows a projectile to pass from a feed box into the barrel with each revolution.

The switch, however, is a mechanical detail, susceptible of alteration. The cutting in and out of the current is a problem that presents no special difficulties to a trained mechanic, and the vital point of the invention is the principle of passing the projectile from coil to coil. "Let us assume," said Mr. Gardner, in explaining the invention to a reporter of the Times-Democrat, "that we have a gun with twenty magnets. They might of course be twenty separate sections, but the same effect is secured by making a number of wrappings one after the other around a single barrel. The current is flashed through and the projectile darts into the first magnet section. It leaves it, traveling at the rate of 50 feet a second, and is taken up by the next and the next to the end, each section giving it, so to speak, a fresh push. The speed increases in compound ratio, and to secure any desired muzzle velocity is merely a question of having a sufficient number of magnets.

"Now that I am assured of the correctness of the principle," continued Mr. Gardner, "the rest is chiefly a problem in mathematics. We can easily ascertain exactly how much magnetic force or energy is developed by passing a current of certain power around a coil. In other words, we can learn just how much of a 'push' is given to the projectile by each of the sections. Then, knowing the weight of the projectile itself and the loss by friction, we are able to compute exactly how many magnets are necessary to raise its speed from nothing at the breech to a definite number of feet per second at the muzzle. There is nothing complicated or uncertain about the device, and I have every confidence in its successful working when a large service model is built."

The small model which he has used in his experiments is most peculiar in appearance. It consists of a short, thick glass tube of an interior diameter somewhat smaller

than that of an ordinary lead pencil, wound with three coils of wire, each constituting a miniature magnet. For projectiles he uses common round wire nails, from which the heads have been clipped, leaving a straight shaft about 2 inches in length. The little tube, with its three queer bunches of wire, is mounted on a block of wood, and when in use a nail is so placed that the point is just inside the glass. The instant the electric connection is made the nail flies through the tube, and at a distance of 20 feet will perforate a half-inch pine plank. Its flight is accompanied by no noise, not even the snapping of a spark. Experimenting the other day with a single coil wound around a wooden spool, Mr. Gardner repeatedly sent a heavy iron bolt the size of a man's little finger at least 40 feet across his workshop, thus demonstrating the initial velocity that is set up. The muzzle velocity of a modern rifle cannon, with smokeless powder, is in the neighborhood of 20,000 feet a second. Mr. Gardner says confidently that there will be no difficulty in securing that or higher power with the electric gun.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Setback for the Minnesota Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—Everything has gone along so nicely up to this time in the work for the Minnesota National Park that it is not pleasant to chronicle even a temporary setback in that very commendable undertaking. The following dispatch was received in this city May 22, confirming a personal letter from Speaker Henderson to the editor of the Times-Herald:

"Washington, May 22.—There is believed to be little or no chance for the resolution providing for the establishing of a commission to take charge of an investigation of the proposed Minnesota national park passing the House at this session of Congress.

"Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, has the matter in hand and has about given up hope of getting recognition from the Speaker for the purpose of bringing up the resolution. The Senate passed a bill covering the question, and the House has a resolution of similar nature, so if both branches took action the prospects for the opening of the forest reserve would be very bright.

"Mr. Tawney says that while the Speaker is impressed with the desirability of bringing the plan to a successful culmination, he fears that if this park scheme is favored other members with park bills of less importance will demand that they be recognized and that their bills be given a chance. The Speaker does not want to do this, and so it is probable the meritorious project will have to give way in the face of those that are objectionable. Mr. Tawney hopes to get the matter cleared up within a week or ten days."

At first thought this would seem to be a permanent side-tracking of the Minnesota park movement, even after the park joint resolution had passed the Senate. The situation is perhaps not so bad as it seemed at first. If the promoters of some of the minor national park projects could be induced to suspend their efforts for the time, Speaker Henderson would probably not object to taking up the Minnesota park measure, which would not require an hour's time in the House of Representatives. If this succeeded, the other parks might also. It is possible that some arrangement of this kind may be effected during the coming week, and that the bill appointing a commission of inquiry may yet be brought up by Mr. Tawney. Col. Cooper will probably go to Washington this week, and if he does there is great hope that the matter may be arranged. Out here we believe that Col. Cooper could get a new lightning rod put on the Capitol building if he thought it ought to be done. It is certainly to be hoped that his earnest and unselfish efforts in this park measure will meet success, and meet it now.

There is little doubt that the park measure would be passed at the next session of Congress, but that is a long time to wait. In view of such a long wait, the only satisfaction is that meantime there is not being a stick of timber cut, not even under the dead-and-down timber act, on any of the twelve Indian reservations in Minnesota. Col. Cooper has done that much already. He has kept all that pine standing where it was. This is a great deal to have accomplished, but it surely has been done, and Secretary Hitchcock stands firm in his position that no more pine shall be cut until this matter has been looked into. Tom Shevlin, of Minneapolis, the hero of the splinter incident of last October's trip, bought 86,000 acres of the best pine lands on the Red Lake reservation. As he got title to this, of course he cannot be kept from cutting the pine. Yet no more pine will be sold for the present on any of those reservations. Should Col. Cooper meet success at Washington, and should the commission be appointed, it is possible there never will be any more cutting of pine on the four reservations proposed to be included within the limits of the park. The park itself is no such formidable thing. It is less than forty miles square, and the Government can well afford to give the people that forty miles.

A Young Meat Dog.

There is one peculiar word in the English language which is not easily translated into any other language, and whose meaning is not conveyed exactly by any other word of our own. If we say a thing is "cute," we mean—well, that it is cute, and that is all. I have just received a photograph, and I can only say that the picture is "cute." It is a picture of a bird dog puppy, with big head, big feet, and wobbly looking legs, standing at a full point, as rigidly as any old dog in the field. Such a picture you will not often see, or at least not in photographs. The gentleman who sends it to me is Mr. Jas. F. Powell, of the Courier, Ottumwa, Ia. Mr. Powell writes entertainingly, and any one who reads his letter will note the real ring. I sincerely hope that both he and the little meat dog will live long and prosper.

"I remember," he says, "that you wrote some time ago about the dog you had when a boy, and you have from time to time spoken of the 'meat' dog, and as a rule you leave one with a good impression of him. In him I see a similarity to one of my two companions, who accompanied me on my trips up and down a little creek in central Illinois, when I was about sixteen years old.

One of said comrades was a 16-bore, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun. This gun was undoubtedly the most valuable piece of property possessed by any mortal at that time. It didn't cut any of said value off when some cranky fault-finder, who was trying to make light of a boy's possessions, would call my attention to the lath nail which held the barrel on the stock, or to the top of the hammer that was not there, or said he 'would be afraid he would cut his fingers on the muzzle,' or that it needed a new tube, or laugh at the cheek piece, which looked like a shut cellar door. The designer of this arm evidently expected it to kick, so he made the stock about 3 inches wide at the butt. After my attention had been called to this, I seldom said anything, but would put it over my shoulder and walk off, followed by the third member of this combination. This was a setter dog. He was a hummer. In fact, he was the only real dog that ever was. He was white where he wasn't brown, and he didn't know there was any such a thing as a pedigree of a dog, and neither did I. In fact, I don't know whether he ever had a father or not, but if he did, that sire had a son to be proud of. He would tree a squirrel or chase a rabbit, or help dig a mink out of a drift. He would bring everything to me that I, or any one else in his sight, killed. We three were a trio that was dodged by every living animal, including the farmers, within a radius of five miles of the little town which was our base of operations. I didn't know then that a prominent feature of dog etiquette was to be steady to shot. It was a great pleasure to me to see a quail or a dove drop, because I knew that if he was only winged he wouldn't get over 6 feet before Dash would be where he fell. This dog was a retriever, and don't you forget it. We would walk five miles before daylight to get to Dickinson Lake for the morning duck flight, and during the day I would nearly starve, having eaten all the lunch I had started with before I got to the lake, but I would kill three or four ducks and would always find some party there who had a few ducks down, he couldn't get because he didn't have a good dog. He would offer me half of them if I would let my dog go in and get them, but I would give him and his dog a glance of contempt and walk on along the rushes, taking good care, however, to get the exact location of his dead ducks before I walked. After awhile I would go back, and if he had gotten tired of waiting and gone, I would get a clod and throw out toward the ducks, and then the dog would do the rest. I have made some remarkable bags in a morning's shooting for a boy. "I thought I taught that dog all he knew, but since then I have figured it out that I had the wrong one sized up for the teacher."

"But the reason I write this letter is to let you know that I believe I am about to enjoy the ownership of a dog which will nearly come up to the standard set by the old dog. I say nearly, for I don't expect anything to ever break even with old Dash without Divine help. Now I own the sire of the puppy whose portrait I inclose, and his pedigree covers a sheet of paper about the size of the delinquent tax list of a Kansas county, and he is about as good as a dog can be nowadays, after he has the usual amount of time put in on him, making him drop to shot, charge and divers other things that are expected of bird dogs, which were unknown to me and Dash. But it is the puppy of which I want to speak. Now I feel real sorry to think that this pup will have to be taught to charge, drop to shot and other things that fall to the common lot of up-to-date dogs, realizing what a wonderful future is before him, if he could fall into the hands of a real live, energetic country boy of about fifteen summers, who possessed a single-barrel muzzleloading shotgun."

"At the time this picture was taken (last month) this puppy was less than two months old. A friend of mine was shooting a target gun in the yard, and winged a sparrow, which fell by the edge of the hot-bed you see in the picture. The pup was wabbling around and crawled up on the glass, and just as he got on top caught sight of the bird, and there he is. The gentleman immediately laid down the gun, and went into the house, got the camera, and getting around so he could get the terrace for a background, took the picture. You will notice the stone wall on the left, and the shadow of a limb of a tree just back of the pup. It is the stanchest point I've ever seen so young a dog make, and I take pleasure in sending you this picture. as I feel that there is no one else who can so fully realize what an elegant "boy's dog" this fellow could be made under the proper conditions. He is a liver and white pointer."

Two Stories from Texas.

Mr. Omer H. Porter, of this city, travels a great deal and shoots in all parts of the country from Texas to California. Following the FOREST AND STREAM tips, he has tried both Rockport and the Galveston country, where there was such good snipe shooting six or eight years ago. Mr. Porter to-day said that he could see no future for the ducks in any part of America, and he considers the jack-snipe a doomed bird. He had very poor sport in his last Texas trip, and is looking for a better country.

On the other hand, I just have a letter from my friend, Oscar Guessaz, of San Antonio, Texas. He says: "The entire Southwest is covered with green. The dry streams are things of the past. The San Antonio, Salado, Medina, Leona, Medio and Rosillo rivers are again running as they did fourteen years ago. Our fish are coming back. This country will have the biggest crop it ever did, and the shooting will be much better than you ever saw it." Of these two pictures let us hope that the latter will prove the more accurate.

From the Blackfoot Country.

I have just heard from Crosby Boak, that ingenious mountain driver who took our party into the Two Medicine country of the Blackfoot reservation when Mr. McClesney and myself were the guests out there of Joe Kipp, J. W. Schultz and Billy Jackson. Mr. Boak is now at Adell, Ia., visiting his relatives. It was his brother-in-law, Mr. Thompson, who called at this office and brought the word that Boak is alive and well and spoiling for another hunt. I should have thought that Joe Kearney pretty nearly took all the walk out of him the time we went out to the railroad by moonlight, but one of these days we may all round up again somewhere. I think Boak could get more out of a team in deep snow than

any driver I ever saw, and his linguistic attainments left nothing to be said, except for us to add that those were "our sentiments."

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Wyoming Vermin.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Saratoga Sun, of Saratoga, Wyo., says that the amount of \$25,000 appropriated by the last Legislature for the extermination of predatory wild animals is now exhausted, and no more State bounties will be paid by the different counties until another appropriation is made. All the cattlemen in the Laramie district have banded together and have formed the Laramie Plains Live Stock Protective Association. Money is collected from the stock raisers according to their resources and expended in bounties on predatory wild animals in much the same way as the State appropriation.

Mr. Whitehouse, the secretary of the Association, reports for March that thirty-eight bounties have been paid at an expense of \$95.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Game in the Allegash Country.

PATTEN, Me.—From the Maine woods many rumors have been circulating that deer and partridges died off to quite an extent, owing to deep snow and heavy crusts, but such is not the case. I have just returned from a two weeks' trip to Chamberlain and Telos lakes, headwaters of the Allegash River, and can assure sportsmen that deer are as plentiful as ever. Partridges have not wintered so well for a long time, and with a good spring for hatching they will next season give the best shooting that has been had for ten years.

G. W. C.

The Lacey Law.

THIS is the text of the Lacey bill as it passed Congress and has been signed by the President:

An act to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture are hereby enlarged so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction, and restoration of game birds and other wild birds. The Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this act and to purchase such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories. The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

The Secretary of Agriculture shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses, and preservation of such birds.

And the Secretary of Agriculture shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor.

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to import into the United States any foreign wild animal or bird except under special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture: Provided, That nothing in this section shall restrict the importation of natural history specimens for museums or scientific collections, or the importation of certain cage birds, such as domesticated canaries, parrots, or such other species as the Secretary of Agriculture may designate.

The importation of the mongoose, the so-called "flying foxes" or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interest of agriculture or horticulture is hereby prohibited, and such species upon arrival at any of the ports of the United States shall be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska, any foreign animals or birds the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which the same were killed: Provided, That nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory, or District in which the same are killed.

Sec. 4. That all packages containing such dead animals, birds, or parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, as provided in section one of this act, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents may be readily ascertained on inspection of the outside of such packages. For each evasion or violation of this act the shipper shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars; and the consignee knowingly receiving such articles so shipped and transported in violation of this act shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars; and the carrier knowingly carrying or transporting the same shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars.

Sec. 5. That all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise. This act shall not prevent the importation, transportation, or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowl.

Sea and River Fishing.

Toledo Gossip.

Notes and News Anent Fishing in Ohio and Michigan.

THE bass fishing on the reefs adjoining the bass islands in Lake Erie has been unusually good this spring, and some excellent catches have been reported. The most serious enemy to the bass is the trap nets which are planted on the reefs, where it is difficult to anchor the pound nets, but the legislative committee which investigated the question of fish protection last winter were considerably blind to the workings of this recent and effective ally of the commercial fishing interests.

That insufferable nuisance the German carp continues to increase in the western portion of Lake Erie with alarming rapidity. Although only introduced in 1893, more than three and a half million pounds were taken last year, and the average prices from the lake to the wholesale markets was about one-eighth of a cent per pound. During the season just closed, many tons have been sold to various local fisheries at Sandusky, Port Clinton, and Toledo, at from \$2 to \$4 a ton, and during the last two weeks of the season many tons brought direct from the lake were dumped on the refuse fish scows. Large numbers were sold during the dull season for less than one-tenth of a cent per pound. On the Monroe marshes the carp are working serious injury to the wild rice, on which they are said to feed largely in the spring, and the farmers are retaliating by forking them out of the water and using them as fertilizing material.

Major W. R. Leflet, formerly a Toledo newspaper man, and a skillful fisherman, has established a novel but successful minnow farm on his place on the banks of the Ottawa River, some four miles below the city. Last fall the Major dug in his orchard, a short distance from the river, a pond of about an acre in area, and deposited in it something less than 200,000 shiner minnows. The water in the pond is in the neighborhood of 10 feet in depth, and it is kept constantly fresh and aerated by a supply drawn by a windmill from the river itself. This spring the Major has been able to fill all reasonable orders for bright, live minnows from 3 to 6 inches in length, while he has on hand a large crop of minnow fry from spawn cast by the original stock. Good minnows are always salable the season through at a dollar a hundred, so that it needs little figuring to establish the fact that a minnow farm may be readily made a profitable investment. By the way, the Major is also developing a plan for growing carp minnows for bait purposes—about the only good use to which the creatures can be put.

Messrs. Noah Swayne and W. J. Walding, of this city, are members of the famous Triton Club, of Canada, and early in August will start on a fishing tour into the extreme northern portion of its 500 square miles of territory. They go equipped for a six weeks' trip.

A day or two since the writer had a heart-to-heart talk with Judge J. M. Kenyon, of this city, on the subject of the Sable River and its trout fishing. The Judge finds his chief recreation, when he is unable to go fishing, as an amateur rod maker, and at other times he is engaged in administering justice in our city courts. He was found in his workshop occupied with a new rod, having just returned from a stay on the greatest of the Michigan trout rivers, which included the first two weeks of the season.

It will doubtless be a comforting statement to those who are chained to business that the number of fishermen on the Sable thus far this spring has been greater than in any previous season in its history, while all the accommodations of its principal camps are engaged for every day up to the first of July.

Among the parties on the river during the opening weeks were those of A. C. King, of Chicago, which included H. Galt, of Canada, and four others; J. B. Flinders, of Toledo, and ten others; Messrs. H. F. Allen, Geo. Smith and W. C. Jacus, of Buffalo; a Mr. Smith, of Jackson, and five others; Mr. Avery, of Detroit, and four others, and Clarence Brown, of Toledo, with a party of seven from this city and Columbus, O. These were located at the main camps some thirteen miles down from Grayling (as the river runs), while still further down were scattered innumerable tents, occupied by parties hailing from all accessible localities between New York and the Rocky Mountains. The Detroit club house, some two miles lower down, held about fifty fishermen.

The first days of May, the beginning of the open season for trout in Michigan, were cold and raw, with decided frosts nearly every night. The Sable is an ideal stream for fly-fishing, the finest open stream in the State, but it is astonishing how soon after the first of May the fish become educated. Schools which on that day are as verdant as any yearling, in the course of two or three days' training become as shrewd and wary as a four-year-old. Hence, it is the usual experience that in the first two or three days, the tenderfoot, who invariably fishes in the middle of the stream, gets as many trout as the adept, but after that it is different.

The Michigan law makes the minimum length of the legal trout 6 inches, and a careful estimate shows that there were in the neighborhood of 7,000 trout of that length and over shipped out during the first two weeks of the season by the fishermen at the main camps, saying nothing of those consumed by the fishermen themselves. Several of the more expert anglers on the stream this year, including Judge Kenyon, had a voluntary regulation of their own, under which they returned to the water all fish under 8 inches. These men, however, are the exceptions rather than the rule. It is a singular thing that some of the principal guides, if not all of them, are opposed to raising the limit, on the ground that fishermen under any change of that kind would get fewer trout, and in their disappointment would fail to return to the stream another year. An attempt was made in the State Legislature last winter to raise the limit to 7 inches, but the farmers in portions of the State having small trout streams opposed the change, alleging that the fish in such streams did not grow much more than 7 inches, and that their own chances for taking trout were thus practically destroyed. It may be said, on the other hand, that the law as it now stands is rigidly enforced, and the wells

in the different boats closely watched. There have been already this season, oddly enough, one or two fines imposed for having undersized fish in possession, the victims being men who do not intentionally retain anything less than 8 inches in length. In such cases the deputy warden is at once judge, jury and lord high executioner, the party assessed finding it much cheaper and more economical of valuable time to pay up rather than to be haled fifteen or twenty miles to the nearest justice. It seems altogether probable that these instances occur merely through carelessness in handling so many fish, and it is barely possible that sometimes they may be the result of spite work. It would not be a very difficult matter to "salt" the well of a fisherman against whom one had a grudge with an undersized trout when nobody was looking. Last season, it is said, a fisherman who had left the lower stream and returned to Grayling was fined for having in his well a trout so small that its presence there could only be accounted for on the assumption that it had come in through one of the inch holes bored in the sides and bottom of the well. But this case is not cited with the intention of casting any reflections on the enforcement of the law.

How long will the Sable River endure these enormous "drafts of fishes" that are made upon it with steadily increasing frequency every day of the open season and each recurring year? Certainly not for many years. It is the concurrent testimony of those who have been familiar with this river that the average size and weight of this season's catch is smaller than that of last year, just as that of last year was less than that of its predecessor. A record kept by Judge Kenyon of a single day's fishing shows that at its close he had retained thirty-two trout over 8 and under 10½ inches in length, while in the same time he had restored to the water seventy-six fish over 6 and under 8 inches. But all these fish, it will be noticed, were of the legal length. The State of Michigan has been lavish in stocking the waters of the Sable, which a few years ago did not contain a single trout, with the *fontinalis* and the rainbow; but even its present wondrous wealth cannot long withstand the depleting process that is now in operation. Only a comparatively few years ago the writer and others fished the Sable when it swarmed with grayling, and sixty or seventy of those gorgeous birds of the water was not considered a remarkable catch, even after all under 10 inches had been restored to their native element. Where are they now? Out of all the fish taken this season in the Sable, so far as heard from, not a single grayling has been reported. Last May the sheltered places of the main stream and the little spring branches running into it were darkened with millions of brook trout fry which had been hatched from the natural spawning beds. This year the stocks had suffered a marked diminution, in all probability owing to the fact that there were fewer spawners on the beds last fall. It should require no further demonstration to convince the people of Michigan that even under a compliance with the laws, the supply of trout in such rivers as the Sable is being cut off at both ends.

Quite naturally, I queried the Judge as to his ideas of protecting and preserving the trout supply of the Sable, and I gave his suggestions as those not merely of an experienced fisherman, but of one who has made a careful study of the habits of the trout. And these suggestions are:

First, to raise the limit of fish that may be legally taken to 8 inches. Nearly every 6-inch *fontinalis* of this spring would be a spawner of 8 or 9 inches next fall, if allowed to remain in the water. This would greatly lessen, if it would not entirely do away with, the necessity of further artificial restocking of the river. The Sable has the greatest possible advantages for the natural propagation of trout, in its extensive gravel beds, and in the fact that its waters run clear during the incubating season. If the limit were raised from 6 to 8 inches, the number of breeding fish would be largely increased, and the river would withstand heavy fishing for many years to come.

Second, impose a tax of from \$1 to \$5 per rod for the season, and employ the funds so obtained for any needed restocking and the better protection of the river. As it now stands, the Sable is a valuable source of revenue to the railroads and the guides upon its waters, while the State itself receives nothing. This recommendation is not made on the ground that a large number of those who enjoy the fine fishing which the river now affords come from outside the State; but because those who receive the benefit ought to contribute to its protection.*

Third, to prohibit, in the taking of fish, the use of any but artificial bait or lure. On many of the best private waters this regulation is enforced to advantage. Many of the parties who come on the Sable and talk learnedly of flies are abundantly supplied with worms, and use them whenever opportunity offers. But while natural bait will occasionally secure a larger fish, the average of such catches is usually no better than, if as good as, those taken with the fly. Of course, the Judge concedes that while such a regulation might be desirable, from an angler's point of view, the probabilities are very strongly against its adoption.

Very few of the fish taken on the Sable in May are rainbows. These fish, being spring spawners, are soft and unfit for food in May, and not much better in June. Of course this statement is not intended to apply to undersized fish. In July and later the rainbows are frequently found in mid-stream, where they afford excellent sport with the fly. The record rainbow of the Sable was taken last spring, and is said to have weighed 8½ pounds. Of how it was taken, the less said the better.

These notes are submitted along the line of the educational movement that is going on weekly through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and it is to be hoped may aid in bringing about some measures looking to the better protection of this grand fishing river.

JAY BEEBE.

TORONTO, O., May 23.

*Under the Michigan constitution the Legislature has the power to enact local laws affecting the fishing or hunting interests of any one portion of the State.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE new number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains an attractive list of contents and several hours of good reading. See advertisement elsewhere.

Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, May 24.—It seems that the court has decided to admit a new trial in the case of Elmer Snowman, of Rangeley, Me., convicted last year of guiding without a license. It is said that the excitement among the other guides is renewed. One of them told me the other day that all the guides of that section regard the law as a mistake, and that the Guides' Association there is constantly receiving letters expressing the same opinion, as well as the hope that Snowman will yet come off victorious. A reliable correspondent of the Boston Herald says that "having talked with a good many of the guides in that section, he finds a general feeling of hostility to the guide license law, notwithstanding the Rangeley guides have a great deal of interest in the preservation and propagation of fish and game, as witness the hatchery maintained by them, without a cent of aid from the State, from which more than 200,000 young trout are annually turned into those waters. Old and experienced guides object to the ease with which mere boys, who can hardly row a boat, can obtain licenses for guiding, and are thenceforth, in the eyes of the law, the equals of the older men who know every yard of water and every deer path in the woods. No man is ever refused a license who furnishes the requisite dollar to pay for it. The guides say that they might not feel quite as badly to pay the State a dollar a year, if that dollar went toward the propagation and protection of fish and game. But they understand that the license bureau, with office and clerks, has cost the State more than the full amount of the license fees. The guides seem determined to maintain the fight for what they consider to be their right; to labor in their chosen avocation, without being molested by special laws. They have retained one of the leading lawyers of the State as counsel for Snowman, and if the second trial in the Superior Court shall sustain the case against him, they will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The refusal of the Commissioners to give Snowman a license, now that they think they have beaten him, and since he has regularly applied for the same, is pointed out as showing the personal feeling of that body against a guide who is a gentleman and an honest, upright citizen in every way, his only offending being in the defense of what he believes to be a personal right. The guides believe that the Commissioners are frequently moved by pique rather than by reason and good judgment. This, of course, is not true of a Commission made up of gentlemen of such standing as those referred to, but to the guides their own opinion seems real, and the Commissioners do not try to change it by forgiving Snowman and granting him a license. The guides mention numerous attempts of the Fish and Game Commission to prevent free discussion of the guide laws by threatening to withdraw licenses from offending parties."

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed the somewhat celebrated bill prohibiting the sale of partridge and quail at all seasons, and shortening the open season for killing the same birds. The bill passed the House last Saturday and was not opposed seriously by the friends of the marketmen. It was on the calendar in the Senate yesterday. Senator Leach, of Bristol, opposed the bill. If the game birds in question were allowed to be killed, then the owner should be allowed to sell what was his own. He spoke in the interest of the farmer and his boy, who turned many an honest penny by selling game in the legal open season. The bill was ably defended, however, and was ordered to a third reading by a vote of 14 to 11. This is equivalent to a passage, and the measure will undoubtedly be signed by the Governor. This is the first bill ever passed in Massachusetts prohibiting the sale of any game at all seasons, and is regarded in the light of a victory by the best friends of fish and game.

In fishing and fishing resorts the interest is unabated. Indeed, it seems to be on the increase. Railway ticket officials tell me that they have sold more tickets for Maine fishing resorts this week than last, and last week was one of the largest in the history of that business. Large parties are quite the order of the day from this city. A party of seven or eight, including John E. Toulmin, George W. Brown, W. J. Leckie, W. J. Follett, J. L. Richards and William Flanders, leave to-night for the upper waters of the Penobscot. Their camps are near the Sourdnehunk Stream. I am not sure about the spelling of the name, but the party, some of them, have had great fishing there in previous seasons, and expect it this year, though fearing the ice and snow water, which is still rampant in the waters of northern Maine. Another party of about a dozen was off for the Rangeley waters this morning. Fishing in the Rangeleys is "spurdy"—that is, good now and then, but poor most of the time. F. H. Stevens, of Campe Vine Vale, Narrows, Richardson Lake, came out Wednesday, with Mrs. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Shattuck. Fishing was very poor. The brooks were still pouring snow water into the lake when they left. Mr. Stevens caught but five fish in a stay of about two weeks. Mr. C. P. Stevens, with Mrs. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Bedding, still remain in camp. They reasonably expect better fishing when the snow water is done running. G. F. Richardson and E. H. Tilton, of Newton Centre, with their wives, spent a few days at Newfoundland Lake, N. H. They caught but three fish, though they had "quantities of strikes." The gentlemen are a part of a party going to Nova Scotia the first of June, with J. B. Baxter, of Dame, Stoddard & Co. Mr. Henry Chatman is planning an extended fishing trip to Ashland, Aroostook county, Me., and thence to Portage Lake and the lakes above. The waters of that part of Maine are yet unfrequented by the crowd of fishermen that throngs the Rangeleys, Moosehead and other waters.

Boston, May 25.—The H. A. Phinny party were off for Upper Dam Friday morning. In the party were Messrs. W. J. Fallon, James Gormley, Harry H. Baldwin, Charles W. Allen, Theodore Allen, Arthur A. Lawson, G. S. Cushman, W. P. Yerrington, W. O'Hara and A. H. Phinny, mostly Boston merchants. If they have the usual Phinny party success, several 5, 6, 7 and 8 pound trout will be taken. The Moody party went into Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, Friday for a week. In the party are Prof. J. F. Moody, Miss Maide Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Day, of Auburn, Me.; Dr. Jenkins, of Philadelphia; Miss Katie Sheehan, and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody, of Boston.

Fishermen who cannot get time for long trips have to be satisfied with local fishing. N. B. Dann, who sells sportsman tickets for Maine and New Hampshire resorts, and R. D. Jones, of the same office, with W. H. Price, of the Intercolonial line, spent Thursday on a pond in Wilmington, Mass. They caught all the perch they cared for "cavies" by the bushel. SPECIAL.

MR. AND MRS. WALLACE DURAND, of Newark, N. J., left home on May 24 for a fishing trip in the Maine woods. They expect to remain about a month. It is expected that they will bring home some good scores, as Mr. Durand has taken some very large fish in Maine.

Massachusetts in A. D. 1900.

Diverging Paths.

WELL, it is just this way. You know, Massachusetts has the only "blarney stone" in America. It got its reputation some centuries back by the landing thereabout, thereat or thereupon of a most wonderful people, who brought with them all the virtues of all the ages, and also rare and valuable curios and heirlooms from England and the factory villages of Holland, where they worked in the woolen mills—sufficient at this distant day to make several ship loads.

But this story is a different tale. What I want to say is that Massachusetts has been peopled nigh on to 300 years and has now a population of over 2,000,000 upon her 7,800 square miles of territory. Men of hasty judgment might therefore conclude, in view of this long period of settlement, limited area and dense population, that the sportsman could find but little enjoyment with bird dog, gun and rod, but little to tempt his effort or reward his skill—but here again syllogistic reasoning would be at fault and such conclusions far from the truth.

It is true that large game is no longer found within her boundaries, nor is the lordly salmon taken in the waters of the State; but the smaller varieties of game—fur, fin and feather—still abound in large variety and generous in quantity throughout the State.

More fox pelts are taken annually than any but the initiated would believe. Coons furnish keenest zest for another large contingent. Hares, rabbits and gray squirrels allure many. Others pursue the mink, muskrat and sable, and occasionally an otter gives up his valuable coat of fur to a more fortunate hunter, who becomes an envied one in the guild of sportsmen.

For ruffed grouse, the king of game birds, no State in the Union furnishes better coverts, and as for food, no succession of varied mast or more generous in quantity exists elsewhere.

Birch, apple, poplar and other buds for midwinter food, partridge berries, buch berries, blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, wild grapes, apples, thorn apples, chestnuts, acorns and other food in abundance throughout the year. Water there is also in the numerous rivers, brooks, ponds and reservoirs, and dense growths of scrub oak, chestnut, pine and other deciduous and coniferous trees and shrubs for isolation and protection, furnish an ideal environment, in which they rapidly propagate and multiply, and where, despite the great slaughter wrought by the pot-hunter and the snares of the grangers' sons, they are yet found in large numbers.

Then there are the upland plover, woodcock, quail, snipe and all the tribe of marsh and shore birds, besides the migrating sea fowl, to lend variety and charm and to well reward an outing with dog and gun.

But I set out to tell of a day with rod and creel, but a short time ago, which, with a couple of friends, I spent beside a babbling trout brook not far distant from the heart of the Commonwealth in the good Old Bay State, and here I am again straying off in another diverging path.

Well, these varied paths are alluring, but time will not permit us to journey further in them now, so let us get back upon the trail which leads to the active little brook whither I must take you, and let the joyous music of its liquid melody regale your ear, as it hurries along in its winding course in the meadow.

The snow banks of March had disappeared, and they took their chilling winds with them. The breath of spring is in the land. There is a hollow resonance in the air and scudding clouds, driven by a gentle south wind, suggest refreshing showers.

The catkins upon the willows have burst from their restraining bonds, and their aments clothe the slender branches with a wealth of pleasing green. The maples make sharp contrast and glory in a dress of fiery red. Robins hop about in a social way and make love in the pastures. The red-wing blackbird flits about in the white birches, now laden with a wealth of plumules and waving plumes. Purple grackles sing their raucous songs in the towering elms, and lazy crows preen their plumage on the distant pine. The early flowers of spring carpet the earth beneath our feet, but in our haste we heed them not.

The convalescent member of the party is directed to a spot midway in the length of the brook, where the rapids terminate in a deep whirlpool, and where former efforts have been rewarded with many trout of more than average size.

He is told to make his best effort and content himself thereat while the other members of the party essay their skill on the balance of the brook, and that they would return to him at noon time for lunch, it then being 9 o'clock. The brook was industriously whipped, and not without success, until the noon hour. A goodly showing of the superlatively beautiful trout were displayed upon the grass when all gathered at the pool, to which our convalescent friend contributed a generous number as his reward for three hours' patient fishing.

Being somewhat tired after my tramp and effort, I sat down upon the opposite bank, and more to while away the time and to appear social than with any expectation of capturing a prize, I cast into the pool, and soon landed a trout which measured 14 inches and weighed 1 pound 2 ounces. After eating our lunch and spending a half hour in recounting the pleasures and adventures of the day, I again essayed the pool, and to my surprise and delight soon landed my record-trout for the brook of Massachusetts. He measured 18 inches in length and

weighed 2 pounds 10 ounces seven hours after his capture.

Receiving hearty congratulations from my companions, well satisfied with our outing and success, we turned our steps homeward, proud to know that at the dawn of the twentieth century hillside and dale, covert and marsh, upland and sea shore, were still the home of such variety and quantity of fur and feathered game, and that little trout brooks which the fisherman may readily stand astride of in the old and densely populated State of Massachusetts still contain such trout to attract and reward the patient and persistent angler, who knows their haunts.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Spring Fishing in Canada.

Two of the first fish taken with rod and line this season in Lake St. John waters weighed together 77 pounds, and were captured by the same lucky fisherman within an hour of each other. Both were pike; one weighing 40 pounds, the other 37. They were captured by Pierre Lavoie, one of the new settlers of Honfleur-sur-Peribonca, near the mouth of the Little Peribonca River. Some years ago a specimen of the true pike weighing 49 pounds was taken in the Grand Peribonca.

The members of the Triton Club who are already upon their preserves were joined on Saturday last by the following additional members and guests: C. G. Cole, of Corning, N. Y., and A. K. Hiscock, C. W. Andrews and W. S. Andrews, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Ouananiche fishing opened last week almost immediately after the ice had left Lake St. John. All along the lake shore from Chambord to Pointe Bleue the natives have been taking large quantities with bait. In the pool at the mouth of the Oniaichouan the fly-fishing is now exceptionally good. This is no doubt largely due to the fact that the Government has this year refused to issue any licenses for net fishing in this part of Lake St. John. At the mouth of the Metabetchouan in the early part of this week Mr. Hamel, of Fraserville, took forty splendid fish in two days. As the water is still very high in the lake, this fishing ought to continue good in these open waters for another ten or fifteen days before the ouananiche appear in the Grande Décharge. As usual at this time of the year, large flies are proving the most effective.

Notwithstanding the extremely cold weather and general backwardness of the season, a number of American anglers were even earlier than usual on their fishing grounds in the St. Maurice and Lake St. John regions this year. The result of their angling was practically nil for several days. At the Metabetchouan Club's preserves, the only fish taken last week were small ones for table use, coming from the brooks and streams about Kiskisink, and both at the Laurentides and Stadacona clubs the best of the fishing is only just setting in. At the latter, Mr. A. W. Boswell has just secured a handsome trout of 4½ pounds. A catch of 250 fish was made on the Jacques Cartier lakes in three days by a small party at the end of last week. Most of the anglers who were on their limits last week are remaining over in expectation of better sport. None of the visitors to the Triton Club waters have yet returned.

Mr. Geo. E. Hart has deferred his trip to the Triton tract until the autumn.

Maskinonge fishing, both in the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, is very fair at present, and at St. Anne de Bellevue specimens of 30 to 40 pounds have already been taken this spring.

The action of the Ontario authorities in prohibiting the sale or export of trout, while allowing the sale of the same fish imported from Quebec, is engaging the attention of the authorities here, and may result in the prohibition of exporting trout from this Province.

The annual meeting of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club will be held at Saccacomma Lake, the club's headquarters, in rear of Louiseville, P. Q., on the first Monday in June. Among those who will be on the fishing grounds about that time are General Henry, P. B. Laird and C. W. Wilson, of Glens Falls.

Lake St. Joseph has recently yielded some excellent catches of brook trout, in some cases all the specimens exceeding a pound in weight.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 25.

Some Salt-Water Fishing Kinks.

NEW YORK May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby send you a copy of the lecture by Fred Etz at the last meeting of the Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen, Monday, May 21, 1900, at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street. He said:

How to Place the Reel in the Seat.

There are many who do not understand how to place the reel in the reel seat, whereby they loosen the four screws that really hold the reel. In order to avoid that, place your two middle fingers, one on each side of the reel plate, the back of your hand toward the tip of the rod, your thumb on the cross-bar of reel facing the butt.

Rest the tip of rod on the ground and cause the rig to fall forward, which gives you the opportunity to place your reel properly before tightening; then raise the rod upright and with your two middle fingers press the reel plate home. Then bring your ring over the reel plate. By doing so you will avoid loosening the plate screws.

To Remove the Reel.

Place the butt in left hand, the tip on ground, and with thumb of left hand on reel plate press forward, your thumb acting as a lever. By trying to remove the reel otherwise you will injure your reel and be wondering how it got so shaky.

The Rod to Use for Surf Fishing.

Choose a rod 6 feet 6 inches, exclusive of the butt; butt, 22 inches; the rod devoid of guides. This rod is most convenient to carry. By omitting guides your line has free passage, giving a longer cast. On other rods as few guides as possible. The longer the rod, the longer the cast.

How to Cast.

Take the rod in the left hand, placing the thumb of the left hand on the spool of the reel, and with the right hand underneath the rod a little forward of the reel, and with a gentle swing bring the rod forward, releasing your right hand, and with your left raise your rod, and guide as the line runs, your thumb acting as a brake on spool.

A Hint About Winding.

Before starting to fish it is good policy to unwind your line from the reel about 200 or 250 feet and then rewind tight. The reason why this should be done is that the weather is a great factor affecting the line. If it should be dry your line will become limp, and when damp it will shrink, causing it to be kinky, and unmanageable from the reel.

Don'ts for Fishermen.

Don't take undersized fish and then brag of your luck. Don't use stale bait nor be stingy with fresh bait. Don't keep all good spots to yourself.

Don't anchor above another who may already be fishing.

Don't cast your anchor as though you were pitching a game of quoits.

Don't be noisy; noise frightens fish and disgusts your neighbors.

Don't make a practice of saying the biggest got away.

Don't imagine you know it all. Ideas of a novice are sometimes followed with success.

Don't go about in wet shoes and clothes.

Don't carry loose hooks in your pockets.

Don't blame your tackle dealer always if your rod or reel breaks.

Don't let the wind and rain get at your bait.

Don't keep worms in cigar or cedarwood boxes.

Don't attempt to cast over your companion's head.

Don't become discouraged if you fail to catch fish.

Don't forget to write or send your name and address to the office of the league.

Don't forget to attend our next meeting, June 18, 1900.

There were other interesting subjects he spoke on, which would take up too much space in your valuable paper. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and there was a large attendance.

EUGENE FLIEDNER, Rec. and Cor. Sec'y.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Our Michigan Troutng Trip.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 20.—The comforts of our lodging place repaid us well for the long ride from Alpena. Buck, the lodge-keeper, was as good as a whole circus himself, and we spent the first night principally engaged in laughing at his stories. Our first morning, which was also the first morning of the season, May 1, was hardly to be called an ideal day, but it was bright and clear, and the wind did not deter the party from an early start to the trout waters. Mr. New and Mr. Fletcher went on horseback to a point four or five miles up the stream. Mr. Hawks took another party in a wagon, Messrs. Graham, Sibley and Churchill. Mr. Boardman, Mr. Nichols and myself were driven by buck to the lowest point on the stream taken by any party on that day. We were by courtesy given what was thought to be the best of the water, but the deep pools proved unproductive on that day. Mr. Boardman worked up the stream from the wagon, and Mr. Nichols and I fished down. Mr. Boardman had very fair luck, but Mr. Nichols and I could not get the trout to come up out of the deep water to the fly, our work being done over the deepest part of the stream. We had less than a dozen fish between us, though they were nearly all good ones, Mr. Nichols having two which weighed over three-quarters of a pound each. My biggest trout was something of a disappointment. I raised him once at the edge of a log, and was wise enough not to cast for him again until I had removed the dropper of my two flies, which I feared would foul me in that snaggy pool. After having everything ready, I dropped the royal-coachman over him, and he came up dully and simply swallowed the fly. I never saw a trout so sluggish. When I struck him he hardly moved, and he played like a salt mackerel, yet he was a fish of over three-quarters of a pound, I should say. I have never fished a midwestern stream where the trout averaged so large. Mr. Nichols and I found the Lord-Baltimore and the royal-coachman the best flies that day.

When we got back to camp that night we found that those who had gone higher up the stream had found the best fishing. Mr. New and Mr. Fletcher had full baskets, and so did Mr. Hawks. Mr. Boardman was next, with the rest scattering. There were about 150 nice trout taken by the party; Mr. New had 50, Mr. Fletcher 44, these being the best taken.

Heavy forest fires were seen springing up that day all along the stream. This was the beginning of the big fires which were reported that week from Alpena, Sheboygan and Presque Isle counties, which burned out the towns of Larocque and Tower, and destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars in timber and manufactured lumber. We were directly on the ground, and could see how these fires started, and how hopeless it is to attempt to check them when once started. Messrs. New and Fletcher were nearly caught by the fire, and had to ride hard to get around the edge of it when they were coming home. The line of fire seemed that night some miles in extent, and we could see the fires eating off to the south and east below us. This is how much of the wild forests of America have been rendered hopeless tracts of ruin and desolation. We had no means of telling who started this fire, but thought it might have been done by a party of Alpena anglers who had been doing a little early work on the stream.

Salted Minnows.

These Alpena men were using the singular bait of salted minnows, of which they had two or three pailfuls. This was a new bait to me, but it had been very effective, for these people had caught with them over 150 big trout. One can carry a pocketful of these salted minnows, which are simply mummified by the salt. They are soft and easily torn away, but when run through a

good deep pool are pretty sure to raise a good trout if there is one there.

Our second day's fishing rather reversed the sequence of the previous day. Mr. Boardman was not quite so lucky. Mr. Hawks had about twenty-five fine fish and Mr. New and Mr. Fletcher, who again fished together, took very good baskets, but not so many as the day previous. Mr. Nichols had perhaps the best basket on this day, about twenty-five or thirty fish, which packed his basket full. I had a couple of dozen myself, some of which were beauties. Messrs. Sibley, Churchill and Graham also took fish, although their experience in trout fishing was less than that of the others.

Through the Burning Woods.

Mr. Hawks took me with him on this day, and very kindly told me to go ahead down the stream. We had learned, much to my own continued surprise, that the bright flies had been the successful ones on the day before, such as the grasshoppers, the jungle-cock and the Montreal. I tried a Montreal, a royal-coachman and a dark fly. At the first cast I had a rise, and the next instant I got another, and to my surprise found that I had a double. I found they had taken the royal-coachman and the Montreal. Mr. Hawks followed on down through that bend, and in fifteen minutes we had a half a dozen trout apiece. The day was opening well, though a bad wind was blowing and the smoke of the forest fires was hanging all over the country. As we fished down we came into the burning woods. Bits of bark and ashes fell continually on the water, and sometimes the smoke was almost blinding as we got into a bend where the fire was burning close at hand. This sort of thing did not help the trout fishing, for the water was covered with floating particles which must have deceived many a trout. Perhaps this might have been the reason why the bright flies proved so successful. I figured it out that the bright colors could be seen more clearly, as distinguished from the ashes and charred bits of wood. I put on a grasshopper as my hand fly, and found that the fish wanted it. I advanced it to second place, and found that they wanted it still more. Then I used it for tail fly the rest of the day, with Montreal above it, and this I found to be a good cast. The dark flies were not successful.

The fire and smoke spoiled what would otherwise have been an ideal day, or, rather, an ideal morning. At about 2 o'clock a cold wind set in and sent the fish down, so that the best of the fun was over before the day was half done. Mr. Hawks went on down the stream rapidly, trying to get below the fire, which was dropping trees all among the banks and making a smoke which was not pleasant. At lunch time Mr. Hawks, Buck and myself rounded up together and compared notes. Buck took our fish, of which we then had about a couple of dozen between us, Mr. Hawks' basket showing half a dozen beauties, which he had taken out of one bend in the river. After lunch we sought still further to escape the smoke and fire. Buck hitched up his wagon, and we started for a point a couple of miles down stream. In that country you cannot travel far if you get off the road, for the down timber and destroyed logs make driving an impossibility. We were, therefore, somewhat disturbed when we found that the fire extended directly across our road. We lost half an hour trying to get through, and at one time were fairly surrounded by the fire. Buck brought us through by making a little detour and driving through the edge of the fire where it proved thinnest. By the time we reached the river it was well on in the afternoon, and the fishing from that time on was not so good. Yet it happened, oddly enough, that Mr. Nichols caught his big fish right in the middle of the smokiest bend on the river, and when the water was covered with ashes.

The stream we found perfectly practicable for thigh waders, though some of the party used the high wading pants. A lovelier water I never stepped into, nor did I ever fish a stream in Michigan or Wisconsin where the trout ran so large. There were a lot of 1-pound trout brought into camp that night, and I believe the average length was quite above 9 inches.

Lost the Big One.

I had one odd circumstance happen to me early in the day. I was fishing a leader of very fine drawn gut, which had theretofore proved strong enough, but which was destined to lose me a very good fish. I saw a nice stump under which I thought there should be a good trout, and after a few casts he came out with a rush. He looked so big as he struck that he startled me, and I hit him so hard that I parted the leader, losing the two flies and most of the cast. I stepped back across the stream to rig up again, and as I did so there came a piece of floating cedar top, a bit of bough half as long as my arm, which floated directly over the place where the trout had risen. As it crossed him he rose at it savagely, and seemed to fight it as a dog would a rat, pulling it about violently. At first I thought he might have fouled one of the flies in the floating top, and perhaps this was really the case. My friends told me that sometimes a trout will rise at a bough in this way to take off some insect which they see hanging to it. I never saw a similar incident in my trout fishing before.

This must be a splendid stream to fish in the proper season. We were really a little too early, and the trout were not rising at their best. I only saw three trout rise on the feed during the entire day, and I caught two of them. Yet with all discouragements included, I had the best day of trout fishing that I have had for many a long year in this country. The total catch that night was again about 150 trout for the party. Mr. Nichols was going to Detroit the next morning, and Mr. Hawks said that he would have to take some trout out with him or else the entire party would have to stoop fishing.

This was my last day with the party, and it was a heart-breaking thing to have to turn away and leave them, when I knew that the fishing was going to be better every day, and that Buck's best stories were yet to come. Fate was relentless, however, and on the next morning I saw the entire party start out for the stream again, while Mr. Nichols and I had to face the long ride out to the railroad, and leave the fun behind us. Later I must add some further notes about our party and its doings, all too briefly described here.

Among the good fishing streams of this part of the

State are several of the Little Wolf tributaries. The Wildcat runs into the Little Wolf. Silver Creek, near Tawas, is an accessible and prolific stream. Reached by way of Rose City is Houghton Creek, a very good trout stream. The Rifle River is a good stream for May. Hale Creek and Smith Creek are two good ones also, and so are the two forks of the Pine River, which runs into Lake Huron. About forty miles away from us was the Au Sable River, one of the grandest trout streams in America. Most of these upper streams were barren of trout originally, and the stream which we fished had trout planted in it only thirteen years ago.

Later Luck of the Party.

I did not hear from the pleasant friends at the Little Wolf lodge for some days after I got back home, but under date of May 12 Mr. Hawks wrote me from Detroit, giving some advices of the later operations:

"I came out with Mr. Sweeney, the last of the party," he says. "The weather remained as when you were there, but I think the fishing was somewhat better. On Saturday I filled my basket with seventeen fish; I caught ten of them out of two pools, and in size they ran from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds each. Mr. Sweeney caught eleven fish the second day he was there, and then put up his rod, saying 'That was fish enough.' His first day's catch was in the neighborhood of fifteen or twenty, but he said he was having more fun casting than he would have if he undertook to catch more fish. Mr. Sweeney is a man who does not care so much for the number of fish caught as he does for the fun of fishing—unless there is an object in view in catching fish, and I believe he could catch more than any of us.

"The boys all said they had a good time, and I guess they did.

"The fires continued to get worse from day to day, and probably burned up half of the country before I left. I think, however, Monday night they had a rain, which no doubt stopped the fires. If you can do any good in rousing sentiment in the destruction of property I hope you will put in your best licks.

"I heard of some very large catches along the line of our road. That Alpena party you speak of in the FOREST AND STREAM caught about 400 in two days. I heard of a man catching over ninety on one branch of the Pine west of West Greenbush. The conductor on our train saw this man with three rainbow trout weighing from 3 to 4 pounds each, which he had brought out to send to some friend. This man resides near where he caught the fish. I heard of another party on a branch of the Au Sable who caught over 200 himself on May 1. Report is that he filled his basket and then took off his overalls, fixed them to hold fish, and tied them around his neck and filled his overalls before he quit. This man was an official of the Michigan Central R. R., as I understand it.

"The report from Fontinalis Club May 1 is that the weather was pleasant and warm, and fishing very good."

(Compare Mr. Sweeney's methods with those of the railroad official and his overalls, full of fish, instead of full of hog.)

Mr. Whitaker wrote:

"For a month or more I have been flirting with your invitation to open the season with you on the first, hoping I might, but believing I would not. I find it is very pleasant to be remembered, and hope the 'First' will prove to be an ideal opening day, and that your basket may be reasonably full. But what does it matter whether the fishing be fine or not early in the season? We feel

"The pussy willows now
Are creeping out on every bough,
Along the brook, and robins look
For early worms behind the plow.

"Then weary is the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade;
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing—
For this the month of May was made.

"I think the meadowlark's clear sound
Leaps upward slowly from the ground;
While on the wing the bluebirds sing
Their wedding bells to woods around.

"'Tis not a proud desire of mine—
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

"Only an idle little stream,
Those amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade through woodland shade
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

"Only a trout or two to dart
From foaming pools and try my art;
No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart."

"All these things I feel, as every true sportsman feels, but to make a long story short I am forced to say no."

Herschel Whitaker.

It was Mr. Hawks, by the way, who first informed me of the death of Mr. Herschel Whitaker, president of the Michigan State Fish Commission. The excellent work of this fish commission is well known in the West, and while on our trip different members of the party spoke with the greatest admiration of Mr. Whitaker, both in his personal and business capacity. Mr. Whitaker was to have been one of the party, and Mr. Hawks incloses to me a copy of the last letter which he received from him, regarding which he makes the following comment:

"Mr. Whitaker was invited to go with our party. I inclose copy of a letter written to me by him on April 24; also clipping from the Detroit Free Press, of May 6, showing that he died on May 5. Mr. Whitaker's interest in fishing and fish was very marked. I was going to look up the authority of the poem which he quotes, but have not had an opportunity to do so. Perhaps you can locate same at once. If so, I wish you would let me know the author or the book in which it can be found."

The State of Michigan sustains a great loss in Mr. Whitaker's death. It is he who has done some of the most distinguished work in Western fishculture. He got

up the Michigan fish exhibit at the World's Fair, which attracted the greatest attention. He has been a member of the Fish Commission in Michigan for nearly twenty years, and he was an authority on trout and grayling. He was well known and universally admired as a man and citizen.

At St. Louis.

The city of St. Louis is a gainer by a loss which Chicago sustains this spring. Mr. H. L. Stanton, long known here as agent of the Natchaug lines, and more widely known as one of the best silk men in the country, moves from Chicago to St. Louis, June 1. Mr. Stanton is one of the best anglers of Chicago, and the new friends he will form in the Southern city will no doubt see to it that he gets a try at the attractions of that region.

The Southern season is now pretty well under way. A bass was this week taken in the Big Piney that weighed $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Other good catches were reported from Missouri and Arkansas streams.

A New Bait.

Surely this is an age of progress. Surely, also, it is in the South that we find a great many of our latest and best ideas in angling matters. The latest, and the limit, is a wrinkle which I saw this week at Rawlings' Sporting Goods Co.'s new store on Locust street, St. Louis. It was a glass jar of embalmed minnows, as fresh and bright looking almost as if they were alive. This bait is said to be entirely practical, and one is disposed to believe it will prove more useful even than the salted minnow idea which we saw up in Michigan. Mr. Rawlings tells me the idea is that of a fishing physician of that city, who has tried it fully and says it works. The bait will be put in jars, and sold under the name of "Preserved Bait." One need not bother about a minnow pail, but may take a little flask along, holding a dozen baits or so. No danger, even if one does get his flasks mixed up, for the preserving fluid is said to be entirely harmless—indeed, perhaps less harmful than the fluid sometimes found in the regulation flask, and of yet greater embalming properties.

Spring in the South.

I violate no confidence in stating that Mr. Horace Kephart, the urbane librarian of the Mercantile Library, is back from his first spring vacation, and that he is a living testimonial of the industry of the Souther chigger, chigre, or jigger. He says these pests are the bane of the Southern woods.

A Good Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 24.—From all accounts we are having a very good trout season in this part of the West, and there is every reason to believe that our trout fishing is improving rather than deteriorating, more especially in the lower peninsula of Michigan. The southern peninsula has been getting better for two or three years, and it is to-day a splendid ground for anglers. The brook trout are more than holding their own, and the rainbow trout are growing bigger and more numerous all the time.

The Au Sable River continues its reputation as a magnificent trout stream. I have heard of some good catches there this spring, some of them almost incredibly large. This stream is fished very hard. Last summer there were literally thousands of trout taken out of it, but it does not seem fished out by any means this year.

I have already sent in brief mention of the good sport had by the J. D. Hawks party May 1, in the country northeast of the Au Sable, and referred to several good takes of trout made in different streams of that region. In all these streams the trout seem to be bigger than ever, and if anything increasing in numbers.

The Pere Marquette, of the Michigan west coast, has often been mentioned in these columns as a grand stream, more especially for rainbow trout. I mentioned the fact that Mr. F. N. Peet and his friends had started on their annual pilgrimage for the Pere Marquette. Mr. Peet told me that he intended to keep on going until he not only hooked but landed one of those big rainbows that John Waddell tells about. This time Mr. Peet had his heart's desire. He caught one rainbow that weighed 5 pounds, two others that weighed 4 pounds each, and an abundance of lesser fish. This certainly was a most satisfactory trip, and it will raise yet higher in the estimation of our fly-fishers this grand Michigan river. It seems to be a toss-up between the Pere Marquette and the Au Sable. There are more trout killed on the Au Sable, but bigger ones on the Pere Marquette.

From the Prairie River in Wisconsin I hear that Mr. Taylor is having good luck, and has had two very good days. From Mr. Daniels I have not yet heard, but presume he is still located on that stream.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, has gone trout fishing up in the Huron Mountain district on the Superior south shore. He took with him Bill Haskell, of this city. It will make no difference whether they get any fish or not. Bill Haskell will tell his honor enough fish stories to keep him entertained.

Mr. Graham Harris, President of the Board of Education, of Chicago, is at this writing absent at his former home in Old Virginia, but he is expected back soon, and is billed for a trout fish as soon as he gets here.

The next meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club for practice will be held June 2. Numbers of the club members have been out already trying their skill on the real thing.

Opening of Wisconsin Bass Season.

To-morrow morning, May 25, is opening day on bass in the State of Wisconsin, and it will be celebrated by a great many anglers. A big party is going up from Chicago to Billy Tuohy's place on Eagle Lake, among these Mr. C. W. Meeker, Mr. W. D. Thompson and Billy Farmer, with his friends, Messrs. Anderson, McDonald and Abendroth. These should have very fair sport in the prolific waters at Tuohy's place.

Alderman Walter Nelson, of this city, has gone to Mercer, Wis., for a session with the bass and muscallunge.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., seems to be having trouble with his bass, and I wish very much that I could help him out. Under date of May 21, he writes as below:

"I suppose you are so busy picking dollars off the Chicago trees that you won't have time to come up here and help me harvest my bass crop, the 25th. I need help badly, and don't know of anybody I had rather have than you. We are going to have some great fishing this year—in fact, are having it now, though the law says the bass must not bite until the 25th. If you could manage to run up Saturday afternoon (26th) we could put in a few days to great advantage, and I will guarantee to show you as many bass as you will want to take care of. We get 7-pounders up here, and 4 and 5 pounders are common. Of course, if you could stay a week it would suit us better, but even a day would be a pleasure.

"Our summer season is opening up very nicely, and we expect to have a very nice season. The fishing for pickerel, perch, etc., is good, and the bass are all ready for business. I caught four pickerel and a bass on a spoon hook trolling less than a mile the other day. I threw the bass back, though they would not understand what that meant here. Lots of them are being caught and yarded up, as per Representative sent you. The wardens have been here occasionally, but seem unable to catch offenders. Hope you can manage to get up and see us this season, at the opening if possible, later if not convenient then. Want you to see our lake and try our fishing, and if it isn't first-class you can call me another."

Col. John S. Cooper and a couple of his armor-bearers, Mr. John A. Campbell and Mr. V. L. Cunyngnam, are scheduled to leave Friday night for Lake Koshkonong, Wis. This, provided that Col. Cooper does not mean while go to Washington on important business. They would have good sport at Koshkonong at this season.

Mr. W. H. Bartlett, of Evanston, a Chicago suburb, has a summer place out at Denver, and this summer he proposes taking out a party of friends as guests, to show them some of the Colorado fishing.

Dr. Bingham, of this city, says that he will probably try Kabekona Camp this summer. He says he has never had better bass fishing anywhere.

The bass law in Wisconsin has apparently been extensively violated. Mr. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, says that he thinks there will be fully 1,000 pounds of black bass marketed in that town on May 25. The fishermen have been catching them for weeks and keeping them penned up. It is stated that some ministers of the gospel from towns near Fox Lake were seen with illegal black bass in their possession last week. Local sentiment does not seem to be strong enough to stop this sort of thing.

Where to Go.

Mr. W. S. Hendrixson writes to Messrs. A. J. Spalding & Co., of this city, as below, the letter being referred to me for reply:

"Grinnell, Ia., May 20.—The trout fisherman's mania has struck me again and struck me hard. This year I have no one to go with me, and I desire to arrange to join some camping party going to some good fishing region, preferably the North Shore, the Yellowstone, or even as tame a place as northern Minnesota. It would be quite satisfactory if I could arrange to stay at some club house in a region of large trout.

"I should be exceedingly obliged to you if you would put me in correspondence with parties who could give me information regarding the fishing in those regions and the possibilities as to bed and board."

If Mr. Hendrixson wishes a splendid trip for trout he could not do better than go to the Yellowstone Park, where he would not only get grand trout fishing, but have a delightful trip in every way. The army officers at Fort Yellowstone will tell him where to go, and if Lieut. Elmer Lindsley is still stationed at that post he will get advice *ex cathedra*. Perhaps Lindsley will point out some of his favorite pools on Nez Percé Creek.

I would rather go to the Yellowstone than the Nepigon, but if one cares to go to the latter place it is perfectly simple. You take a shawl strap full of money and plenty of mosquito dope, and the natives do the rest. It really is not so much pleasure to go where everybody can catch big trout as to go to a place where one can catch a big trout now and then. Thus, I opine that Mr. Hendrixson would have more fun on the Pere Marquette than he would on the Nepigon. Should he feel that way about it, he might write to John Waddell, at Grand Rapids, Mich. John Waddell is yard master of all the rainbows in the Pere Marquette system.

If Mr. Hendrixson does not care for trout fishing exclusively, he can go up to Walker, Brainerd, Park Rapids or any one of a dozen towns in northern Minnesota, and get all the fishing for bass and muscallunge that he wants. He perhaps could not do better than go to Kabekona Camp.

From Dakota.

My friend, Clint Smith, of Fargo, N. D., passed through Chicago on his way to Washington, D. C., last week, when I was out of town. Mr. Smith says that the fishing at the Detroit lakes of Minnesota is very good, and that he has a lot to tell me when he sees me.

From Massachusetts.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, a naturalist and sportsman, of Worcester, Mass., very well known in the FOREST AND STREAM family, paid this office a pleasant call the past week.

In Wisconsin.

I picked up one of the big Chicago dailies the other morning, and in it happened to see a two-column portrait, the features of which seemed familiar. It was none other than Mr. Neal Brown, the stalwart sportsman with whom I shot chickens last summer, and with whom I am going trout fishing this summer if I have luck. The picture is printed in connection with an article telling about the city of Wausau, where Mr. Brown lives. It seems that this is a literary center, and that there has recently been started there a fine literary publishing house, which is putting out some beautiful books. Mr. Brown, as has previously been mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, is himself an author, as well as a very good shot. Wausau is certainly a very good place whereat to live.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The African Tiger Fish.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Field, writing from British Central Africa, says: "The fish par excellence for sport is what we term the tiger fish, a bright silver species, with large scales, a very broad tail, bright red pectoral and ventral fins, and the sharpest and largest of teeth I have ever seen in a fish of his size. The largest I have yet seen was one I caught myself, and it was 12 pounds. He takes a spoon with a dash that almost plucks the rod out of your hand, as if to say 'Come on—who is the better man?' Very often you find he is the better. Coming out of the water directly he is hooked, he will take out 20 yards of line almost before you realize you are fastened, and if your tackle holds you have the very best of times for ten minutes before you can get the gaff in. The very stoutest and best of tackle is required, for his teeth play havoc with anything of an ordinary description. A small boat, paddled gently by a couple of natives, with your spoon spinning some 20 yards behind the boat when you find deep water, is the easiest method for sport. On two occasions while playing a tiger has it been taken by a crocodile. The first time he took the fish right on the top of the water; a hungry snap it was, and I brought up head and shoulders of my fish only. The second time I thought I was fast in a snag at the bottom, and I backed my boat down over the top to disengage it if possible by working the line with my hand; but in leaning over the side of the boat and peering down into about 10 feet of water, I saw a small crocodile of about 6 or 7 feet long, with my fish in his mouth. He moved off slowly, but soon stopped. I made my boys splash well with poles, and he then left the hold of my fish."

Vermont Pike Eggs.

ACTING for the United States Fish Commission, Mr. Livingston Stone took 130,000,000 pike eggs at Swanton, Vt. Of these 100,000,000 were sent to the Cape Vincent hatchery and 30,000,000 were distributed to Vermont waters. Mr. Stone thinks that Swanton is the best place in the country to take pike eggs, which means that sooner or later a permanent hatchery will be located here. With a larger force of men Mr. Stone says he could have easily taken double the number of eggs he did, but as the present capacity of the Cape Vincent hatchery is only 100,000,000 eggs, and but 30,000,000 could be hatched here, he had enough.

Mr. Stone thinks Swanton would also be an excellent place for the propagation of sturgeon, if it can be successfully done. He made some experiments last year, but was unable to secure any ripe eggs. He intends to try again this year, and hopes for better success.

Then again, Mr. Stone says a hatchery here would be a most excellent place for experimenting with the black bass and muskallonge. This fish is one of the best game fish of the country and the best that inhabits Lake Champlain. If the number in the lake could be increased it would attract many sportsmen to these waters.

Florida Tarpon.

FROM March 12 to April 29 thirty-seven tarpon were taken at Fort Myers. The largest one, taken by Mr. W. Ashly Jones, measured 7 feet 2 inches, and weighed 170 pounds, but one of 7 feet 1 inch, also taken by Mr. Jones, weighed 176 pounds. The heaviest catch was a jewfish of 220 pounds taken by Mr. T. H. Martin.

From Punta Rassa, from March 8 to April 26, twenty-five tarpon were taken. The record fish as to weight was taken by Mr. Frank Trishmuth; it was 6 feet 6 inches and weighed 143 pounds.

At Boca Grande Pass, from May 3 to 13, Col. R. T. Holloway, of Kentucky, took eighteen tarpon; the largest and the record fish for 1900 on the West Coast measured 7 feet 2 inches and weighed 190 pounds.

Fish Commissioner C. W. Willard, of Rhode Island, took two tarpon of about 90 pounds each at Sarasota.

A Big Brook Trout.

FISH COMMISSIONER BABCOCK received yesterday from Sierra county the largest brook trout on record. It measures 19½ inches from head to tail and weighs 7½ pounds. The fish, with four others of its kind, all weighing in the neighborhood of 5 pounds, will swim in the aquarium at the fair to be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion next month. "The fish," said Mr. Babcock, "came from a lake in the woods in Sierra county. They were planted there in 1891, having been taken from Eastern waters. Sportsmen and people interested at all in fish should surely go and look at them. They are simply marvelous for size. I never saw, except in the Smithsonian Institution, a fish of this kind larger than 2½ pounds. The biggest specimen I saw in the Chicago aquarium weighed 1½ pounds."—San Francisco Call.

Fred Mather's Library.

ON Monday, June 4, there will be sold at Bangs' auction rooms, 91 and 93 Fifth avenue, a collection of books, including the library of the late Mr. Fred Mather.

To persons interested in angling, fisheries and fishculture, this sale will present unusual attraction, and no doubt here there will be opportunities to complete sets of works which have long been out of print. Besides this, Mr. Mather's library contains many works relating to the war of the rebellion of 1861-'65, together with other Americana, such as tracts, local histories, old almanacs and so forth. There are besides pieces of rare sheet music. The list contains also many presentation copies and works of modern authors on a variety of subjects. Catalogues may be had of Bangs & Co.

On the Main Elkhorn.

FRANKFORT, Ky.—The gamiest fish in the world are the black bass of the Elkhorn. The fishing points on Elkhorn are easily reached from Frankfort or from the village Forks of Elkhorn, situated on the forks of the stream, four miles from Frankfort by pike or rail; the village is also easily reached from Cincinnati via Kentucky Midland Railway. There is no more beautiful scenery than here abounds. B.

Pennsylvania Fish Propositions.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 1020 Arch Street, Philadelphia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association have been instructed to prepare a general fisheries bill to be submitted to the next session of the Legislature and would like an expression of opinion from your Pennsylvania readers on the following points:

1. Should not the legal size of brook trout be made 6 inches instead of 5 inches as at present?
2. Would you think it advisable to extend the open season for trout until Aug. 1 or Aug. 15?
3. Should not the legal size of black bass be made 8 or 9 inches instead of 6 inches, as at present?
4. Inasmuch as black bass in many parts of the State are not off from their spawning beds until well into the month of June, would it not be well to make the opening of the bass season June 30 instead of May 30, as at present?
5. The barter and sale of brook trout is prohibited in five counties of the State—Clinton, Lycoming, Potter, Sullivan and Tioga. Would you advise a general law to this effect?
6. What provision should be made, in your opinion, regulating the furnishing of fish or fry by the State for waters not strictly public waters?

In addition to replies to the above questions, the committee will be pleased to receive suggestions regarding the drafting of a general fisheries law.

Very respectfully,

HOWARD A. CHASE,
MARION G. SELLERS,
J. R. SPYER, Committee.

Nets in Inland Waters.

SAYRE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Morris when writing in favor of licensing nets probably had Cayuga Lake, among other inland waters, in mind, and as one long acquainted with local sentiment and local parties who would very much like a licensed privilege for net hauling in waters adjacent to Ithaca, I would pronounce the scheme a surrender to a class operating from selfish motives alone, and with only pecuniary considerations in mind. Dr. Morris' idea, if put into effect, would create a monopoly and annihilate the supply. Give the net hauler an inch and he will take a mile. M. CHILL.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The plan proposed by Dr. Morris of licensing fish netting in inland waters, officially supervising the netting, and using the proceeds to restock the lakes, is certainly a proposal in the right direction. There are fish in these waters which are good for food, and which under the present system are going to waste—whitefish, for instance. Do the defenders of the present conditions mean to tell us that in this day it is impossible and beyond the ingenuity of man to devise a way to use the food fishes which are not game fish without at the same time destroying the game species? Is the problem so complex? To me it appears simple in the extreme. The new Commissioners ought to give it attention. Let us utilize the great food fish resources of our inland waters.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Eastern Adirondack Notes.

ESSEX, N. Y., May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The streams are swollen with the last of the Adirondack snows. Some good catches of trout were made two weeks ago in brooks that were supposed to be ruined by last summer's drought. The spring has been very dry so far, and no rain of any consequence has fallen—nothing since the heavy snows in March.

It is said that in one section of Essex county last fall deer were run with hounds from which the tonsils had been removed, thus making them voiceless. The offenders are said to have been Vermonters. If a fact, the expedient deserves to rank with the Connecticut nutmeg and has the true Yankee flavor to it. J. B. B. [Why "Yankee flavor"?]

No Free Fishing on Connecticut Highways.

NEW HAVEN, May 26.—In the town of Winchester, this State, a few days ago, a fisherman, after being ordered away from a posted stream by the land owner, continued fishing on a highway bridge and refused to move. The land owner had him arrested, and in the town court he was fined \$10, the judge quoting law and precedents to show that the bridge, as part of the highway, could only be used for highway purposes and that there could be no free fishing on highways in this State.—Correspondence New York Evening Post.

New Jersey Black Bass Season.

THE last session of the New Jersey Legislature made an amendment to the black bass law moving the opening day from May 30 (as under the old law) to June 15. But under a provision of the New Jersey statutes by which a new law (unless specially stated) does not go into effect until July 4 next after enactment, the new bass law is not in effect this season as to the opening date. The season will open on May 30.

A Large Togue.

MT. VERNON, Me., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May 23 a monster togue was caught in Flying Pond, Vienna, by Mr. M. F. Eaton, of same place; it weighed 15¼ pounds; length, 33 inches; girth, 18 inches. I saw the fish myself this A. M. and can assure you that it is a beauty. GEO. L. V. TYLER.

A Large Sturgeon.

THE New York Aquarium is to have an 8-foot sturgeon from the Farmington River, Conn.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

THE Secretary-Treasurer of the M. F. T. C. has issued the following circular:

Winnipeg, May 21.—Dear Sir: Herewith I have the pleasure to inclose you a blank form of entry for the fourteenth annual trials of this club, commencing Sept. 11 next, the stakes to be three in number, viz: Derby, All-Age and Free-for-All.

Not for years has the spring been so favorable for the nesting of prairie chickens. Great numbers of birds were left over from last fall; this, coupled with the stringent game laws of this Province, will no doubt give us the greatest supply of birds ever known since this country was settled up.

I have much pleasure in informing you that Mr. Simon C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., has kindly consented to judge the trials. His long experience as a judge will be a large feature in the success of our trials.

Handlers desirous of training in Manitoba can obtain good quarters in the best game localities at very moderate charges.

A committee of the club is now engaged in selecting the best possible grounds for running the trials, particulars of which will be announced as soon as possible.

We trust that you will favor us by sending your entry or entries before the dates of closing.

Points and Flushes.

In our advertising columns the Eastern Field Trials Club, through its able Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. C. Bradley, announces its twenty-second annual field trials, to be held on the club's preserves at Newton, N. C., commencing with the Members' Stake on Nov. 16, and followed by the Derby, All-Age and Subscription stakes, open to the world. Messrs. Theodore Sturges and Arthur Merriman, both of large experience in everything which pertains to field trials, have accepted the position of judges, and the third judge is to be selected later. Entries to the All-Age Stake and Eastern Subscription Stake close on Oct. 1, positively. The club has issued a neat brochure, which contains information in respect to the stakes and a list of the club officers, etc. The able Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., will take pleasure in giving all pertinent information on application.

The Honorary Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, Mr. Eric Hamber, Winnipeg, has issued the following circular concerning customs arrangements of 1900: "Should you contemplate entering dogs in the Manitoba Field Trials Club 1900 events, I beg to call your attention to the following arrangements that have been made in order to prevent expense, trouble or delay at any of the customs ports of entry—viz., Neche, Pembina and Grenia. All dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club events are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty. In order to benefit by this arrangement, an accurate description of each dog is absolutely necessary, giving name, breed, sex, color, event entered in, owner's name, name of person having charge and line of railway traveling by must be mailed to the undersigned one week previous to date of arrival at port of entry. Dogs unless entered in the trials will be detained by the custom house authorities."

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

30. California, annual, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
30. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Harlem, annual, City Island, Long Island Sound.
30. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Indian Harbor, spring, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Oregon, opening, Portland, Columbia River.
30. Atlantic, opening, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Corinthian, Baltimore, opening race, Chesapeake Bay.

JUNE.

2. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
2. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
2. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
2. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
3. Hudson River, spring, open, New York, Hudson River.
9. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
9. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft., Valois, Lake St. Louis.
9. Canarsie, first championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
9. Queen City, 17ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
9. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
11. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
14. New York, annual, New York Bay.
- 16-17. New Bedford, annual cruise, Buzzards Bay.
16. California, Wallace trophy, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
16. Larchmont, spring, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Hull-Massachusetts.
18. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
23. Queen City, Dodd cup, 20ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
30. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
- 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

JULY.

2. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
2. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 2-3-4. White Bear, Seawanhaka cup trials, White Bear Lake, Minn.
3. Columbia (Boston), open, Boston Harbor.
3. Royal St. Lawrence, Sir Donald A. Smith cup, yachts over 25ft., Lake St. Louis.
4. American, annual, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Hartford, annual.
5. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
6. Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
7. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
7. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
7. Queen City, Smith cup, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- 21-23. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
22. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.

AUGUST.

- 2-4-6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup matches, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
4. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
4. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
5. New York, rendezvous.
- 6-16. New York, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
7. Manchester, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Lake Champlain, annual, Burlington, Lake Champlain.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
11. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
11. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
1. Hartford, special.
1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
1. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverdale, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.

THE following correspondence by cable has just passed between Com. Ledyard and Sir Thomas Lipton following the offer of a \$500 cup to the New York Y. C.:

New York Y. C., New York, May 18.

Sir Thomas Lipton, City Road, London:

Club accepts your offer with sincere thanks. A cup given by so true a sportsman is a most acceptable trophy.

LEDYARD, Commodore.

London, May 21.

Com. Ledyard, New York Y. C.:

Many thanks kind cablegram. Please alter my former cablegram to read \$1,000.

LIPTON.

New York Y. C., New York, May 23.

Sir Thomas Lipton, City Road, London:

I beg to express the club's appreciation of your second cable. The committee will arrange the event later.

LEDYARD, Commodore.

THE Linton loving cup was formally presented in London on May 24. Ambassador Choate making the formal presentation speech. Among those present at the banquet were John N. Beach, Edwin F. Benjamin, John D. Crimmins and Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, of the loving cup committee; Foster M. Voorhees, Governor of New Jersey; William McKinley Osborn, Consul-General to London; Samuel W. Fairchild, Warner Miller and other Americans.

Two sons of Chas. Day Rose, owner of the new cutter Dis'ant Shore, have recently died in South Africa, Capt. C. E. Rose being killed at Wellow, while his brother died of fever in Natal. A third son has lately sailed for the Cape.

THE third of the quartette of 70-footers, Virginia, owned

by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was launched at Bristol on May 26 at 5:35 P. M. Mr. Vanderbilt was not present and there were no ceremonies. The yacht was quietly floated and warped under the sheers, where the mast was stepped. Capt. John Hansen, who was in command of Iroquois, schr., for several years when she was owned by Com. Rouse, is in charge of Virginia. Capt. Chas. Hansen, of Boston, has charge of Shark, 51-footer, F. Lothrop Ames. The yacht is now completed, being under sail on May 26.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

Racing Programme, Season of 1900.

IN formally announcing the club's racing programme for the season of 1900, the Regatta Committee desires to call attention of members to the general plan upon which the programme is based, as well as to several special features thereof. The general plan is for a race of some description at Hull practically every Saturday afternoon during the season, and on such other days as seem to be specially fitted for racing, to the end that both racing and non-racing members may share in the sport; the former as participants, the latter as spectators of what the committee hopes will prove to be interesting events. The plan includes the offering of prizes for handicap races in which yachts in cruising trim can compete, and also the encouragement, by cups and liberal prizes, of special classes in which racing without handicaps or time allowance may be had.

The special features of the plan are the establishment of a restricted 18ft. class, and the offer of a club championship for cabin 25-footers conforming to the restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The 18ft. restricted class is intended to provide a safe and handy boat for afternoon sailing and racing; a boat more easily handled and less expensive to build than a 21ft. knockabout, and yet affording the same possibilities of convenience and sport. The club championship for 25-footers is offered for the benefit of many members owning yachts in that class, as well as in the hope of adding to the club membership such owners as are not now enrolled.

Com. E. P. Boggs has offered a silver cup for the encouragement of the season's racing, and it will be placed for competition in either one or the other of the two classes just named, as may be deemed most advisable by the committee.

A silver cup and a cash prize of \$150 will be awarded the yacht winning the club championship of the 25ft. cabin class in the club's series of races as scheduled. A second cash prize of \$75 will also be awarded on the season's record. The races for this cup and the cash prizes will be open to yachts enrolled in the club and conforming to the restrictions of the class as established by the Y. R. A. The championship will be awarded on the best percentage for the series secured by a yacht under the system of giving 100 per cent. for first place in each race, 65 per cent. for second place, 35 per cent. for third place and 15 per cent. for a finish without securing first, second or third place. A yacht's average will be found by dividing her total percentage by the number of races sailed, but a yacht must compete in at least six races to qualify for the season's championship or second prize.

Cash prizes of \$20, \$15 and \$10 will be awarded in each race for first, second and third place, respectively, regardless of any competition for the season's record.

The schedule of races for championship awards is as follows: June 2 and 18, July 7, 14 and 21, Aug. 11, Sept. 1, 7 and 8.

A silver cup will be awarded the yacht winning the club championship of the 18ft. restricted class in the club races as scheduled. The races will be open to yachts enrolled in the club and conforming to the restrictions as formulated by the Regatta Committee. These restrictions are uniform with those of the 18ft. Knockabout Association. The championship will be awarded on the same percentage system as that for the 25-footers, except that more races must be sailed to qualify. The races counting for championship percentages will be scheduled before the opening of the season. Cash prizes will be offered in each race.

The Regatta Committee will arrange handicap races on Saturday afternoons throughout the season in one or more classes as may be deemed best in view of the number and sizes of boats desiring to enter. Cash prizes will be awarded in each race and the yachts will sail in cruising trim. The handicaps will be fixed by the committee for each race, and will not be changed for a particular event after having once been announced. Owners of yachts desiring to compete in handicap races are requested to notify the Regatta Committee before the opening of the season, so that classes and handicaps may be properly arranged.

A handsome silver cup has been offered, and a series of championship races will be given for "Hull's Own" 25ft. cabin class.

Races and Water Sports, Season 1900.

- Saturday, June 2.—Club race.
- Saturday, June 16.—Club race.
- Monday, June 18.—Open race.
- Saturday, June 30.—Club race.
- Saturday, July 7.—Club race.
- Saturday, July 14.—Club race.
- Saturday, July 21.—Club race.
- Saturday, July 28.—Club race.
- Saturday, Aug. 4.—Club race.
- Saturday, Aug. 11.—Club race.
- Saturday, Aug. 18.—Gala day and water sports.
- Saturday, Aug. 25.—Club race.
- Saturday, Sept. 1.—Club race.
- Friday, Sept. 7.—Club race.
- Saturday, Sept. 8.—Club race.

House Entertainments, Season 1900.

- Tuesday, July 3.—Band concert.
- Wednesday, July 11.—Promenade concert.
- Saturday, July 14.—Smoker.
- Wednesday, July 18.—Promenade concert.
- Saturday, July 21.—Hurdy-gurdy party.
- Wednesday, July 25.—Promenade concert.

Saturday, July 28.—Smoker.

Wednesday, Aug. 1.—Band concert.

Saturday, Aug. 4.—Hurdy-gurdy party.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.—Promenade concert.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—Smoker.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Promenade concert.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.—Promenade concert.

Saturday, Aug. 25.—Hurdy-gurdy party.

Wednesday, Aug. 29.—Band concert.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. has announced the following programme for the season:

Thursday, May 24.—Invitation regatta, for special ballasted and 16ft. skiff classes, open to clubs of L. S. S. A., and dinghy races in the afternoon.

Saturday, May 26.—16ft. skiff class and others, and dinghy races.

Saturday, June 2.—Yacht maneuvers at Toronto.

Saturday, June 9.—First class (Lorne cup) 35 and 30ft. classes, 16ft. skiff class.

Saturday, June 16.—Club cruise to Niagara.

Saturday, June 23.—16ft. skiff class and others, and dinghy races.

Saturday, June 30.—First class (Murray cup) cruise to Hamilton—handicap at start.

Monday, July 2.—Queen's cup, for yachts over 45ft., R. M., at Toronto; a gold medal will be presented to the winner.

Saturday, July 7.—Club cruise to Oakville.

Saturday, July 14.—First class (Lansdowne cup) 35 and 30ft. classes, 16ft. skiff class.

Saturday, July 21.—16ft. skiff class and others, and dinghy races.

Between July 21 and Aug. 11—L. Y. R. A. regattas.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—16ft. skiff class and dinghy races.

Saturday, Aug. 25.—35 and 30ft. classes, 16ft. skiff class and others.

Saturday, Sept. 1.—Dinghy races.

Monday, Sept. 3.—Prince of Wales cup race, for all classes of yachts.

Saturday, Sept. 8.—Club cruise to Oakville, 16ft. skiff class.

The 16ft. skiff class will race every Wednesday after May 30, over a small triangle in front of the town club. A challenge flag will be awarded to the boat making the best average during the season.

The club and challenge flag will be awarded to the yachts making the best average during the season, as follows:

R. C. Y. C. challenge flag to first class.

Cosgrave cup to 30ft. class.

McGaw cup to 16ft. skiff class and others.

Harman cup to dinghy class

Points from which the best average is obtained during the season are awarded in each race as follows: First boat, 3 points; second boat, 2 points; third boat, 1 point; and 1 point for each boat which starts.

The Sailing Committee has classified the club fleet as follows for the season:

First class—Yachts over 35ft., R. M.

35ft. class—Yachts over 30, up to and including 35ft., R. M.

30ft. class—Yachts over 25, up to and including 30ft., R. M.

16ft. skiff class—This class to be measured under and to conform to L. S. S. A. rules, except that they may carry a crew of four instead of three, as provided by said rules. With this class may sail the following yachts: Frou Frou, Lady Adeline, Bat, Kittilou (provided they do not increase their R. L.), with such other boats as may be approved of by the Sailing Committee. There shall be no time allowance in these races.

Dinghy class—As specified by club rules.

The prizes are: In each first class race, \$25, \$15 and \$10 (four races); in each 35ft. class race, \$15 and \$8 (three races); in each 30ft. class race, \$15 and \$8 (three races); in each 16ft. class race, \$9, \$6, \$5 and \$4 (four races); in each dinghy class race, \$5, \$3, \$2 and \$1 (six races).

New Rochelle Y. C. Special Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 26.

THE second racing Saturday of the season was little better than the first at New Rochelle, a heavy rain and light wind making a poor day for sailors and spectators alike. The New Rochelle Y. C. held a special open race, the course being a triangle with the start off Echo Bay, distance 7½ miles. Owing to the light and fluky wind, from the west, the race was called at the end of the first round. The new Huntington 30-footer, built for the Solent racing, made her first start, but the weather prevented any satisfactory test. The times were:

Cutters and Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 2:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eurybia, Charles Pryer.....	4 01 15	1 21 15
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:45.		
To, E. F. Birdsall.....	4 44 52	1 59 52
Bohemian Girl, W. A. Muncy.....	4 59 15	2 14 19
Sakano, A. B. McCreery.....	4 06 00	1 21 22
Escape, George Matthews.....	4 18 37	1 30 37
Veery, G. A. Souter.....	4 18 25	1 33 25
Possum, W. M. Bavier.....	4 28 34	1 43 34
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 2:50.		
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie.....	4 27 40	1 37 40
Kitty, Hazen L. Morse.....	4 28 33	1 38 33
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:55.		
Edwina III., J. L. Gould.....	4 37 09	1 42 09
Kenosha, C. A. Fultz.....	4 38 10	1 43 10
Ute.....	4 54 29	1 59 29
Special Class—30ft. Sloops—Start, 3:00.		
Alerion, A. K. Alker.....	4 19 35	1 19 35
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	4 21 59	1 21 59
Crony, W. Welch.....	4 43 44	1 43 44

Skiffs at Toronto.

On the morning of May 24 the National Sailing Skiff Association held a race at Toronto, Dodo, winning by about four minutes, with Merlin second and Huselin third. At 2:30 P. M. the Royal Canadian Y. C. started an open race for the class in a light breeze. Dodo won, with Alert second and Spray third.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, May 19.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. opened the season on May 19 with a race for the 17ft. class with four starters, Turtle winning, with Habitant second. A number of members were present, and the club house was formally opened with a new superintendent in charge. Five new boats for the defense of the Seawanhaka cup are under construction, four being finished and the fifth about decked in.

A cruise to Beauharnois was scheduled for May 24, but was abandoned. A number of yachts were out, however, in a strong breeze. The new steam yacht St. Louis, designed by Mr. Arthur Drummond, for the club, and built by Davis & Sons, of Kingston, was at the Dorval station.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Lorelei, cutter, Alfred Peats, has been sold through F. B. Jones to A. H. Hagemeyer. Mr. Jones has also chartered Viva, steam yacht, Isaac A. Hopper to F. W. Wurster; and Marguerite, steam yacht, S. & G. Loomis, to S. E. Guild, of Boston. He has also chartered Dagmar, schr., formerly the cutter Tiana and owned by the estate of the late R. W. Inman, to A. G. Pierce, Jr., of New Bedford.

Viator, schr., A. J. Morgan, has been sold to an unknown owner, who will rent her and use her under another name. The yacht achieved a certain amount of notoriety through a slight connection with the famous Molneux case, in consequence of which Mr. Morgan withdrew as a candidate for rear-commodore of the Larchmont Y. C. last year.

Buccaneer, steam yacht, formerly Unquowa, W. R. Hearst, has been sold to R. A. C. Smith.

The old yacht Laurel was pulled off the Knightsville shore yesterday, and in charge of a volunteer crew of four from the East End Y. C. started for the club anchorage, where she will be moored during the summer as an object lesson in yachting progress. The Laurel was built in 1820, and is the sole survivor of the fleet that sailed these waters in those long distant days. The Laurel apparently leaked like a sieve yesterday, for one member of the crew was hard at work with a portable pump and another with a bailing dipper all the time the boat was passing down the harbor. It is not strange that there was a little water coming in, since the old veteran has been lying up high and dry all winter, and it would naturally take some time to swell up.

Mr. Fickett, of the barge office, was drawn into a reminiscent vein as the venerable boat floated down by. He said that it was a boat precisely similar to the Laurel in rig and appearance which was involved in the terrible accident in 1845 when five young ladies were drowned and several others came near following them. This terrible calamity is one of the worst that ever occurred in the bay, and is well remembered by our older people. Mr. Fickett says he was a mere child at the time, but the accident made such an impression on him that he has always had a wholesome dread of sail boats unless in perfectly competent hands.

This accident, it will be remembered, came about as the result of a sudden squall somewhat similar to that which came down last Tuesday afternoon at a time when several boats were returning from the islands. The people in the other boats had so much to do to save themselves from a similar fate that they were unable to go to the assistance of those on the boat which capsized.

It should be remembered that boats like these were then the only means of communication between the city and the islands. They made regular trips when there was a breeze, but were often a long time going down or returning when calms happened to descend upon the water.—Portland Argus, May 18.

Articles incorporating the Yacht Stewards' and Cooks' Association, of Brooklyn, have been filed with the Secretary of State. The directors for the first year are Thomas Gillen, of New York city, and August Chresty, Paul Melzer, George Casby, David Cardno and John Coogan, of Brooklyn.

The Brown University Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Daniel Howland, '00; Vice-Com., Stewart B. McLeod; Fleet Capt., Clinton R. Williams, '02; Sec'y and Treas., Howard D. Briggs, '02. The annual cruise will start from Newport a day or two after commencement.

Com. Charles T. Wills, Indian Harbor Y. C., has appointed George J. Bradish Fleet Captain; Drs. L. P. Jones and Joseph Muir, Fleet Surgeons, and Rev. M. George Thompson, Fleet Chaplain. The club will go into commission for the season on Decoration Day, at noon.

Harry S. Pearsons, assistant secretary of the Bridgeport Malleable Iron Company, reported to Superintendent Birmingham to-day, the theft of his sloop yacht, Florence, from the local harbor some time yesterday. Work was immediately commenced on the case and the authorities throughout the State were notified and requested to keep a watch for the stolen vessel.

The yacht is described as being 25ft. long with an 8ft. beam, white top, red bottom, keel boat, new forward mast raking, new mainsail and jib. A reward will be offered for the return of the boat and the apprehension of the thieves. Mr. Pearsons had fitted up the yacht for the summer, and it was anchored off Seaside Park. No clue has as yet been secured to the identity of the thieves.

The police learned this afternoon that the thieves first stole a skiff from William E. Edward, of 693 Howard avenue, and made a trip to the Bridgeport lighthouse. Four kegs of black paint were stolen, the police think for the purpose of painting the yacht.—Bridgeport Standard, May 17.

Gloriana, cutter, now off Woods' Yard, City Island, had a fire in the galley on May 27, but it was extinguished before serious damage was done. The fire was due to an oil stove.

The proposed race between the schooners Vesta and Ramona has been abandoned, the former not being ready in time.

The Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, has arranged the following programme:

May 26—16ft. skiffs.
June 2—35 and 40ft. handicap class.
June 9—25 and 30ft. classes.
June 16—16ft. skiffs.
June 25—35 and 40ft. handicap class.
July 2—Frank E. Walker cup for 16ft. skiff, open to all skiffs in L. S. S. A.
July 2—Queen's cup for 35 and 40ft. classes at Toronto.
July 7—R. E. Chilman's set of silk flags for 16ft. skiffs and white squadron.
July 14—Cruising race for all classes.
July 21 to Aug. 11—L. Y. R. A. circuit.
Aug. 13—25 and 30ft. classes and Commodore's cup for 16ft. skiffs and white squadron.
Aug. 18—16ft. skiff class, Vice-Commodore's prizes.
Aug. 25—35 and 40ft. handicap class and Cosgrave cup for 35-footers.
Sept. 8—25 and 30ft. classes and Brigger cup for 25-footers.

The new Year Book of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound has just been published by Thomson & Co., No. 9 Murray street, New York. It is larger than in previous years, and the price has been increased to 25 cents.

The Fox Lake Y. C. has announced the following programme of races on June 2, 9, 10 and 30; July 4, 14 and 28, and Aug. 4. During the week of July 10 to 21 there will be handicap races every day at 2 o'clock. There is to be a parade of the entire fleet Sunday, July 22, at 2:30 o'clock from the club house. Races of the mosquito fleet, sailed by youths under fifteen or by women, will take place June 30, July 4, 7, 14, 21, 28 and Aug. 4. Aug. 11 there will be postponed races and special entertainments, and during the week of Aug. 20 to 25 the members will attend the regatta of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association at Lake Geneva, Wis. Various social events are also planned, chief among which will be the Commodore's ball, July 21.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, will sail its cruising race to Michigan City on June 9, a good fleet of starters being promised.

Gloria, cutter, which won the Coupe de France in the Mediterranean in 1898, and which later on in the same year made a dead heat with Caress in a handicap match of the Royal Southern Y. C., had been waiting at Southampton for favorable weather to proceed on her voyage to Halifax, N. S., where her new owner, Mr. McLeod, resides. The heavy northeast wind which had been blowing since Sunday subsided somewhat on Tuesday night, and at 1 A. M. on Wednesday Gloria sailed from the Itchem. Later in the day the wind piped up considerably, and much sea was reported in the west channel. Ross, who has charge of Gloria, stated before leaving that he should make for Plymouth, and there await a slant of wind which will take him across the Atlantic.—The Field, May 19.

On Friday, May 11, Mr. Simons, of Glasgow, as representing the executive of the Glasgow International Exhibition, had a long interview with Sir Thomas Lipton in London regarding the international yacht races proposed to be held on the Clyde next year, with the view of inducing Sir Thomas to postpone his challenge for the America Cup till the following year. Sir Thomas has agreed to take the matter into consideration, but is unable to reply at the present moment. He promises that, under any circumstances, Shamrock will be commissioned to take part in any international yacht race which may be held on the Clyde during the exhibition year. He has also consented to give a cup, or money, to the extent of 200 guineas in conjunction with the £500 already promised in the shape of prizes. If he does challenge for the America Cup next year, he will send the new challenger to the Clyde to take part in an international or other contest, provided a suitable date can be arranged.—The Field, May 19.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 403 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM..

Fixtures.

May.

26-31. Atlantic Division meet, Park Island.

June.

2. Toronto, tandem relay, scratch fours.
9. Toronto, war canoe and sailing canoes to Humber.
9-11. Central Division meet, Stony Point Cove, Irondequoit Bay.
16. Toronto, races and hop.
23. Toronto, cruise to Humber.
16-18. Eastern Division meet, Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass.

July.

1. Toronto, Dominion Day regatta.
7. Toronto, club annual.
14. Toronto, paddling and sailing races.
21. Toronto, races and hop.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

1-3. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of May 26 will be found an account of a cruise on the St. Lawrence River in a canoe-yawl or small sailing boat built of canvas; the construction being similar to that of the canvas canoe, though greater strength is necessarily required to carry the rig and centerboard and crew of two or three persons.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of May 19 was published a very interesting account of a canoe cruise down the Connecticut River, accompanied by a map specially drawn for the use of cruisers. The details of the trip are very accurately noted and will prove of service to all who may follow the route. Accompanying the article was a map of Winnepesaukee and Merrimac rivers, from Lake Winnepesaukee to the sea, also specially marked for the aid of canoeists. Those who wish to cruise in New England will find one map or the other of great assistance. Work of this kind is very interesting and much more of it might be done by canoeists. A map of some sort is usually obtainable of any water within civilized limits, and on the cruise this can be verified and extended in a way to make it of permanent value.

THE organization of a second canoe association in Canada, as told in another column, seems to be peculiarly untimely and ill-advised. Since the formation of the American Canoe Association, in which they took a prominent part, the members of the Northern Division, which includes the whole of Canada, have had an equal share in the management of the Association, many of the leading officers having been chosen from this Division. That the Division is not much larger and stronger than it is to-day is due not to any lack of assistance from the Association as a whole, but to the apathy of the average Canadian canoeist, who cares little for anything outside his own club and local interests, and to the unfriendly rivalry and hostile feeling between different localities within the Division. With a far larger contingent of practical canoeists to draw from than in the States, and usually with hard-working and enthusiastic officers to push the interests of the Division, it has never received the hearty and general support of the Canadian clubs and canoeists.

At the present time, however, the Northern Division is comparatively in a very prosperous condition, the debt which once held it back has been replaced by a neat balance, its membership has enlarged for several years past and promises to be still further increased this year, and it has sent a good number to the recent meets. In Com. MacKendrick, a representative Canadian canoeist, the Association has one of the most active and energetic officers that it has yet known, and he, with a strong corps of assistants in the Division, officers and committees, is working to make the annual Association meet at Muskoka a success. For many years the American members from the States have been told of the beauties of the Muskoka lakes, and this year it is probable that a large number will visit them for the first time.

With matters in such a condition, it would seem that every patriotic Canadian who had the interests of canoeing at heart would lend his aid in all possible ways to help the Northern Division. It would not be too much to expect that, in view of all that has been said about Muskoka, and the long and expensive journey which men from the States will be compelled to make, the Canadian clubs and crews might go to a little extra trouble themselves in order to be present, and do their share to make the meet a credit to their division. Instead of this, a number of them have selected this particular year in which to start what must be in a way an opposition to the Northern Division. The objects of the new association are largely the same as those of the A. C. A., the territory covered is that of the Northern Division, and there really seems no good reason for the existence of two such associations. The special circumstances which led to the formation of the new association have already been discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM; the war canoe crews wish to race within convenient reach of the center of the sport on the St. Lawrence River, and they object to attending the A. C. A. meet at Muskoka on account of the distance, while there is also the question of dues. There is, however, nothing in all of this that might not have been easily adjusted without going to the extreme of a rival organization.

In one way the new association will have no effect upon the A. C. A. or the Northern Division as it will take no members from them and it will not diminish the normal attendance at the meets. It is, however, much to be regretted that such enthusiasm and energy as are back of the new enterprise could not have been given where they really belong, to the service of the Northern Division in the advancement of Canadian canoeing.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Shenandoah Cruising Canoes.

To those who love to dwell in tents and to go a-fishing, and to loiter along by the waterside and to paddle over its surface, canoe cruising offers peculiar attractions. By canoe cruising I refer to that particular branch of the sport for which, by the way, the canoe possesses a peculiarly happy adaptation, wherein the canoeist loads his boat with camp plunder, and armed only with his paddle, hies himself, in company with a few kindred spirits, to some point high up on some narrow, winding, swift-flowing stream; or perchance launches his canoe in the very lake, pond or spring in which his chosen stream has its birth, and follows it down its winding course day after day—perchance for weeks—paddling and drifting gently along by day, over deep, shady pools, sparkling rapids and swift, glassy shallows, and by night drawing his canoe ashore near some cold spring or opportune farmhouse, and going into camp, to remain for a night, a day of a week, if the mood suits him, the location is inviting or the fishing is good.

This is the only form of canoeing with which I have had any experience. I know nothing practically of the sailing canoes, as our Virginia mountain streams afford no opportunity for the use of a sail. I never even saw a canoe afloat under full sail, except on one occasion, when on a brief business trip from New York to Hartford a few years ago. (Of course I went by water.) I sat on the hurricane deck of the steamer City of Richmond (at least that term would describe my location in Western river parlance, but I have my doubts as to whether it will go in Sound lingo—at any rate, that's where I was), and watched with great curiosity and interest the maneuvers of quite a little fleet of canoes of the Hartford C. C., as they skimmed about like swallows over the rough surface of the river, under a pretty stiff breeze. I do not, like most canoeists, even use my boat for a few hours—or an afternoon—paddling or sailing, for the simple reason that the nearest available water course is about six miles from Staunton; consequently the one or two camping cruises I take each summer will comprise the sum total of my season's canoeing, unless the continual pottering around with the canoe, known to the craft as "monkeying," can also be classed as canoeing. As a consequence I have devoted considerable time and attention to getting my canoe and outfit down to the most practical and effective cruising point, as viewed from my standpoint, and I feel confident that I have succeeded.

My first known experience afloat was when, as an exceedingly small bare-footed boy, a stray barn door in convenient juxtaposition to a good-sized mud puddle tempted me, and I did cruise. My clumsy craft was awash to my ankles most of the time, but it sustained me and I had a good time; fully as much so as I have often enjoyed in after and more mature years, when afloat in a much more comfortable and seaworthy craft. The next experience of which my memory records any impression was when, on an occasion when spending the day at my uncle's farmhouse, I undertook to make a cruise in a wash tub, with a broom for a paddle, across a flooded cellar, to reach an apple bin located on the further shore. This cruise, I regret to say, was not a success, and I spent the rest of my day in bed while my garments were being dried by friendly and sympathizing female hands by the kitchen fire. I passed by easy stages through boyhood into manhood, but always in possession of a boat of some kind, in which I sailed, rowed, paddled and otherwise got me over the surface of the various rivers, lakes and ponds with which a kind Providence provided me, until I finally attained to the canoe stage of nautical development.

It was several years, however, after I reached this stage before I rejoiced in the possession of a canoe. I wanted one badly enough, and the catalogues of the various builders were among my highest prized collections of literature, and were pored over by me until I knew them all by heart. But the difference between the lowest level of the quoted prices and the highest level of my available funds was so great that the canoe project seemed hopeless, until by chance Mr. W. P. Stephens' little leaflet "How to Build a Cheap Canoe" came into my hands, when I solved the problem by building my own canoe. His method of construction may be described briefly as a frame of light oak ribbands built fore and aft over pine cross sections and covered with canvas. This method I still continue in building the canoes I shall describe presently, although I have long since departed considerably from the plans and methods described by Mr. Stephens. Mr. Stephens' canoe, however, struck me as being exceedingly small. Her dimensions were 14ft. long, 26in. beam, 8in. deep amidships and 10 in. deep at bow and stern, with a 3ft. by 18in. cockpit—a regular Rob Roy, in fact, of the smallest size. So in building I took the liberty of enlarging the plans to 30in. beam, 9in. depth amidships and 12 at either end, with a cockpit 4ft. by 18in. As my enlargements were done without previous experience, and entirely by guess, the resultant canoe was a very crude sort of boat, but such as she was she answered my purpose for a couple of years, and I enjoyed several nice cruises in her.

I then tackled Mr. S.'s plans again; this time adhering closely to his original lines, except that I gave the boat more depth and sheer, making it 9in. deep amidships and 14in. at each end. As I was very careful and painstaking in extending my lines, the extensions also not affecting the underbody of the boat in the least, I this time succeeded in turning out a beautiful and serviceable little craft, albeit a very small one. This canoe was fitted with a cockpit 8ft. in length by 18in. amidships, which greatly increased her roominess and comfort.

By this time some of my friends had become inoculated with the canoe fever, and as a result three more canoes were built exactly from Mr. S.'s lines, except that at my suggestion they were fitted with 8ft. cockpits instead of 3ft.; also the method of building was simplified to some extent, and some needless details omitted and some minor improvements added. These little canoes were quite successful, and were a source of satisfaction and pleasure to their owners and builders for several years. They were remarkably easy to paddle and control—in this respect, capital boats for our kind of cruising in swift, rough streams, full of rocks and rapids—but were very cramped and uncomfortable both for cruising and camping, as owing to the lack of depth they possessed

almost no stowage and sleeping room, and owing to their lack of sheer, with their narrow, sharp lines, were very wet boats in rough water. They were, in fact, continually awash in running rapids that were at all rough. My canoe, with her improved lines, was drier and more comfortable in all respects.

I next tried my hand on Mr. Stephens' well-known Jersey Blue model, obtaining my lines from his excellent little book "Canoe and Boat Building." I "monkeyed" with this model to the extent of leaving off her deep keel and rounding away her stern just like her bow. The result was an exceedingly handsome and serviceable canoe, 14ft. in length, 30in. beam, 10in. deep amidships, 14in. at stern and 16in. at bow, with a cockpit 8ft. long by 20in. wide amidships. In the canoe I made my Shenandoah cruise of 1888, published in FOREST AND STREAM under the head of "The Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C." in March, April and May, 1891. This canoe was a very comfortable and dry boat, but, owing to her long straight keel, which extended needlessly far fore and aft for a boat designed for this kind of water, she was entirely too hard to control and handle in swift, rough water; also she was rather too large and heavy for me—or at least, I thought so—so I sold her and built a new one. This trip I built to Mr. Stephens' Raritanian model. This canoe, which is designed expressly for this kind of cruising, is 14ft. long, 27in. beam, 9in. deep amidships, 13in. at bow and 12in. at stern. It is unusually full, with a broad, flat bottom, and for so small a boat affords considerable stowage and sleeping room. The cutaway at bow and stern is considerable; the curve of bow and stern pieces beginning 3ft. from either end, while almost the entire bottom is slightly rockered. This boat, therefore, paddled easily, was easily controlled in rough water and was in all respects, perhaps the most satisfactory cruising canoe I had as yet built. She lasted me for several years, and several other canoes were built from the same model, all of which were quite satisfactory. Her faults were lack of room and lack of sheer; she was quite a wet boat in rough water. I should have mentioned that she was about 3in. fuller aft than forward; her cockpit, which was 8ft. long by 18in. width amidships, was 10in. wide at the fore end and 13in. aft.

When I was ready to build again, I carefully enlarged the lines, giving it an inch more beam and considerably

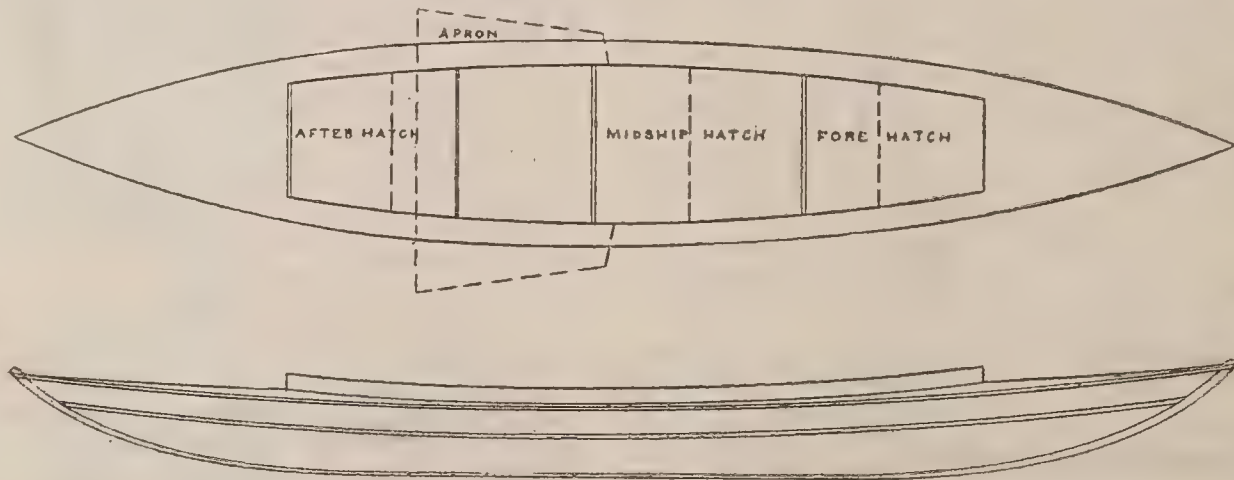
and midship-hatches, in which the crew sits. This space is covered by an oiled canvas apron of ample dimensions, which comes well up around the breast of the crew and well down over the sides of the canoe, affording ample protection from rain or seas. The motive power is a double-bladed paddle $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8ft. long.

Shenandoah model No. 2:	
Length	14ft.
Breadth	30in.
Depth—	
Amidships	10in.
Bow	16in.
Stern	14in.
Cockpit—	
Length	8ft.
Width amidships	20in.
Width, fore	20in.
Width, aft	15in.

Both ends are alike, both bow and stern being rounded away, as in model No. 1. The bottoms of both models are slightly rockered for their entire length. This boat has more fullness forward in proportion to her general lines than has the other model, there being no distinguishable difference in her deck lines fore and aft, although her aft lines are a little fuller under water than her fore lines. The balance of No. 1 description applies equally to this model. The paddle should be from 6 to 12in. longer.

These boats can of course be built by any method of construction, and in any of the materials ordinarily used in canoe construction. My own canoes have always been canvas canoes, and while undoubtedly heavier than the cedar boats, they have always proven stanch, seaworthy and in every respect reliable and satisfactory. They will stand as much rough usage as any other kind of craft—and possibly more. If torn or punctured the canvas is quickly and easily repaired. My canoes have cost me on an average from \$13 to \$16 each for materials. No estimate is made for work, as I built them myself at odd times, and on off afternoons during the winters.

Since writing the above the most excellent and readable canoeing number of FOREST AND STREAM for February has reached me, and I note Mr. Podgers' objection to the canoe as a cruising craft on account of its crankiness. My own experience has been that when ballasted



SHENANDOAH CANOE, AS BUILT BY F. R. WEBB, ESQ.

more sheer, with half an inch more depth amidships; at the same time widening the cockpit to 20in. amidships. The result was a canoe that for beauty of outline, quickness and ease of handling in rough water, where quickness and ease of handling is a prime consideration; light draft, roominess, dryness, etc., I am confident can hardly be improved upon. At the same time, I tinkered with Mr. Stephens' Jersey Blue again, giving it a long sloping cutaway bow and stern like the Raritanian. I sent my Raritanian plans to Mr. S., together with my suggestions as to his Jersey Blue plans. He was much interested in both, and was kind enough to correct and revise the lines of the former, and to draw entirely new plans for the latter, and to rename the resultant new models, at my suggestion, the Shenandoah models Nos. 1 and 2.

These models I now have the pleasure of presenting to the canoeist readers of FOREST AND STREAM, with the confident assertion that for this kind of cruising they are the very best models that exist. I have no doubt that they will look small to the canoeist accustomed to the conventional 16ft. by 30in. sailing canoe, but for the purposes for which they are designed they will be found amply large. What the No. 1 model lacks in this respect will be found in the No. 2, the extra 2in. beam of the latter, with her resultant fullness, making a surprising difference.

The dimensions of the Shenandoah model No. 1 are as follows:

Length	14ft.
Breadth	28in.
Depth—	
Amidships	9½in.
Bow	16in.
Stern	14in.
Cockpit—	
Length	8ft.
Width, bow	12in.
Width, aft	15in.
Width amidships	20in.

Both ends are alike, except that the boat has about 3in. more fullness aft than forward. Both bow and stern are well rounded away, the curves of both bow and stern pieces beginning 3ft. from either end. This extreme cutaway renders the boat quite easy to handle, and to turn quickly under the paddle. The lines are unusually full, with a broad, flat floor, giving plenty of room inside, as well as insuring light draft. The ends of the cockpit are square across the canoe. The cockpit is protected by a 1½in. coaming, which follows the lines of the gunwales, tapering from amidships toward either end. The cockpit is large and roomy, and gives plenty of sleeping stowage room, and being well protected by hatches affords practically all the conveniences of the open canoe, with the security of the decked craft. The hatches are three in number, and each hatch is divided into two sections, which are hinged together. The fore and aft hatches are 24in. long, and the midship hatch is 30in. long. There is a space of 18in. between the aft

with about 100 to 125lbs. of camp plunder my canoe is remarkably stiff and steady, and when seated in her the idea of her capsizing with me never occurs to me, any more than the idea of capsizing from a bicycle, which is also a crank craft and prone to capsizing on occasions, yet, as a rule, remains right side up when properly handled. Caution is of course necessary in standing up in a canoe, and the operation of getting aboard and getting ashore is one to be performed with a reasonable amount of care, and a due regard for the delicate balance of the craft. I confess I would hardly care to fire a shotgun while standing in a canoe, or to cast a line, although I have taken scores of bass of various sizes, weights and fighting proclivities while seated. I have, however, shot some tolerably lively rapids while standing in my canoe, and I know of canoeists who always take their rapids standing.

In all my fifteen or sixteen years' canoeing experience I have scored but one capsiz. It came very suddenly—they generally do—and as the result of a little too much brashness in attempting to shoot a full-grown, able-bodied mill dam; but that, as our friend Mr. Kipling would remark, is another story.

COMMODORE.

[The special model and construction developed by Mr. Webb in the course of many experiments in building and the subsequent practical use of the canoes is excellently adapted for many localities, being thoroughly strong and stanch, and of very low cost. The full details of the construction, with the full-size plans, are given in his book, "The Manual of the Canvas Canoe." These canoes are in no sense toys, but capable of the roughest sort of cruising and exploring, equaling in durability a good wooden boat.]

The R. C. C. Cruising Class.

THE following was written in reply to a request for an opinion as to the suitability of the R. C. C. cruising class canoe, as illustrated in the May canoeing number, to the needs of American canoeists. In regard to the small increase of breadth suggested by Mr. Douglass, we are not in favor of any change unless it be sufficiently great, as in the R. C. C. canoe, to make the sliding seat unnecessary. With a breadth of 33in. in place of 30in., there would still be a need for the long slide, and little would be gained.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have your letter asking for my opinion of Vanessa VII., and particularly her merits as compared with our old style of 16ft. by 30in. canoe, by which I take it you mean her suitability for adoption by the A. C. A. I shall confine myself almost entirely to the latter proposition, for probably not much fault can be found with her, of her kind, but she does not appeal at all to me as a boat to be taken up by the A. C. A. I believe the Association should stick to the canoe, pure and simple, and not go off

after new idols. We have tried the Class C canoe, and unclassified small boats, without any result; possibly it may be because we did not confine ourselves to them, and made them only a side issue, but it seems to me that there are plenty of clubs and associations to foster single-handed cruisers of all kinds, without the A. C. A. doing it. The canoe, if rightly designed and built, is all right. It is what we have known, used and lived with for twenty years, and has proven a true and faithful friend and companion. If our Association covered but a small territory, and the canoe was used almost entirely on the coast line where the water is quite open, perhaps we would like a larger boat than our present measurements allow; but as the conditions are, where we have the meets so widely scattered and we have to ship our boats so far, and where so much of our work is done on inland waters, it seems to me that we must stay very near what we already have, as to measurements. I do think we might add an inch, possibly two, to our present beam. This would give us a much more comfortable and roomy boat, without adding much to weight or bulk, and at the same time she would paddle almost as easily; but if we went beyond that size, it would be too hard to paddle, and the minute you do that you no longer have a canoe.

Canoeing ought to be canoeing, not boat sailing, and if the A. C. A. gives up one for the other, who will take it up?

Do not think I am condemning small sailing craft of any kind, for I am not, but, on the contrary, I believe thoroughly in them where they are suitable, but for adoption by the A. C. A. it seems to me a canoe "must be capable of being efficiently sailed and paddled."

GEO. P. DOUGLASS.

The Canadian Canoe Association.

THE following, from the Montreal Gazette of May 14, announces the formation of a new canoe association in Canada:

Brockville, Ont., May 13.—Another canoe association was launched here Saturday night when a meeting of the delegates representing five canoe clubs assembled and formed what is to be known as the Canadian Canoe Association. The meeting was characterized by harmony and enthusiasm, the delegates present were E. A. Black, Ottawa C. C.; E. R. McNeil, Britannia B. C.; H. S. Seaman, Y. M. C. A., Brockville; C. A. MacNaughton, B. R. C., Brockville; A. G. Dobbie, Bohemians, Brockville; A. G. Powell and T. Drummond, G. T. R. B. C., Montreal; A. McPhee and F. Donald, Carleton Place C. C. The Lachine B. C. was represented by proxy and the Kingston Y. C., though not represented, heartily approves of the scheme. The object of the meeting was to promote perpetual canoeing in Canada, protect it from professionalism and establish canoe championships for war canoes, fours, tandems and singles for the Dominion. Also to promote a kindly feeling among the members of canoe clubs. Other features of the constitution are that the membership fee is fixed at \$15 for each club. The annual meeting is to be held June 1. Protests are to be filed within two hours after a race, accompanied by \$25. War canoes are to be 30ft. long over all, canoes built previous to 1899 excepted.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Com., E. A. Black, Ottawa; Rear-Com., C. A. MacNaughton, Brockville; Sec'y and Treas., E. R. McNeil, Ottawa; Executive Committee—A. G. Davie, Bohemians; C. A. MacNaughton, B. R. C.; H. S. Seaman, Y. M. C. A.; A. McPhee, Carleton Place; J. Powell, G. T. R.; W. A. Brown, Ottawa; E. R. McNeil, Britannia; J. M. Mowat, Kingston; Lachine to be appointed. It was decided to hold the first regatta at Brockville, the date to be fixed by the B. A. A., who now hold the war canoe championship. The war canoe race will be half-mile straightaway. The meeting decided to be in no wise antagonistic to the A. C. A. and a resolution to this effect was passed.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—George H. Raymond, Arthur B. Raymond, W. H. Heidweiler, Trenton, N. J.

Central Division—Dr. Chas. Van Bergen, Asheville, N. C.

Eastern Division—John B. Howard, Medford B. C.; Roland Finley, Chas. A. Lakin, Harry L. Hastings, Tatasit C. C., Worcester, Mass.; Morton M. Holbrook, Medford B. C.; Eugene Buzzell, John C. Headman, Herbert E. Kelly, Ray N. Grant, Lakeside B. C.; Alfred E. Collins, Pemigewasset C. C.

Northern Division—Alf. Baker, James Grand, R. Osler Wade, Bernard Saunders, Sr., all of Toronto, proposed by Com. MacKendrick, seconded by Sec'y-Treas. Begg.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shoot to-day was crowded. Four new members have joined us, among them R. W. Edgren, the famous hammer thrower and athlete. He is an artist, and will probably make his mark with the single pellet also. Several lady and gentlemen visitors were interested in our shooting, Col. J. H. Burns being one of the number. He is one of the oldest shooters here, and remarked that he shot Schneider (a former famous rifle maker here) a rest match on our range about thirty years ago. He loves the revolver, and has competed in the State matches with it for years. Uncle Sam has employed him as guard to many tons of gold and silver across the continent. Dr. J. J. Guisti came to bid us farewell, and he takes our best wishes to Europe, where he goes to reside for a time. He is wedded to the revolver, and will visit the revolver resorts in Europe and send us the news, etc.

The day was off on good shooting, owing to the light. Dorrell and Washburn shot Daiss and Mannel a 50-shot match with rifle, the former team winning by 58 points. Dorrell carried off first honors with rifle. Pape remarked thusly: "Dorrell, you deserve great credit for your 46 in such a changing light." Barley tried Peters 22 shorts in his pistol (S. & W.) and carried off first honors with 39 in a new 22 Winchester single-shot rifle, bottle-neck shell, and was greatly pleased with 26 on his first score at 50yds., and 109 on one entry at 200yds. There was a general scramble for Daiss buttons to-day, which are won on most flags (1s) on first three scores. They were won with rifle by Dorrell, Daiss and Mrs. G. Mannel, and with pistol by Young, Hoadley and Robinson, who wear them until next shoot. Our shooting is off-hand, 200yds. with rifles and 50yds. with pistols. On the Columbia target the figures express diameter or ring that is hit in inches; point off one place in total score for average ring in inches, one-half of which is average from center. Scores:

Rifle, class medals, one entry, members only. Experts:	
A H Pape.....	1 9 4 8 5 6 13 3 6 13-68
F O Young.....	11 5 8 5 5 5 6 8 5 7 10-70
A R Dorrell.....	12 3 3 6 9 10 11 7 7 4-72
Sharpshooters: C. M. Daiss 93, G. Mannel '96, G. Barley 128, F. S. Washburn 151.	
Marksmen: E. E. Beamax 85, P. Becker 111, Dr. H. C. Trask 137, R. W. Edgren 145, E. A. Allen 180, F. W. Page 184, A. R. Partridge 223, N. A. Robinson 224, Mrs. G. Mannel 175.	
Pistol, class medals, one entry, members only. Experts:	
G Barley.....	3 2 8 3 2 1 10 2 6 2-39
F O Young.....	4 3 9 5 5 4 4 1 1 9-45
A. B. Dorrell 66, C. M. Daiss 78.	
Sharpshooters: P. Becker 57, Dr. J. F. Twist 68, G. Hoadley 75.	
Marksmen: F. Hassmann 59, Mrs. Waltham 82, N. A. Robinson 83, Mrs. Mannel 84, G. Mannel 91, E. A. Allen 96, A. R. Partridge 96, F. W. Page 109.	
All-comers' rifle medals:	
A B Dorrell.....	3 6 9 4 7 3 3 7 3 1-46
	9 1 6 13 6 5 7 7 2 9-65
	71 77 81 71
A H Pape.....	2 7 2 4 10 10 1 9 6 4-55
	5 4 4 9 7 7 10 7 6 3-62
	70
C M Daiss.....	2 5 4 4 8 5 2 9 9 8-56
	71 75 84 104
G Mannel.....	103 99 87 13 6 96
F S Washburn.....	82 100 90 90
F O Young.....	68 69
All-comers' pistol medals: F. O. Young 47, C. M. Daiss 50, G. Hoadley 61, P. Becker 69, Dr. Twist 72.	
Pistol records: Barley 44, Daiss 50, Mrs. Mannel 76, Robinson 74, Washburn 80.	
Twist revolver medal: A. H. Pape 59, 65, 71.	
Twenty-two and twenty-five caliber rifle medals, 50yds.: Dr. J. F. Twist 26, Mrs. Waltham 31, Allen 44, Robinson 44.	
Vice-President Paul Becker was elected president in place of J. P. Cosgrave, resigned, and A. H. Pape was elected vice-president. The Columbia target was made the official target of the club.	
May 13.—Seven members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club assembled at the range to-day for an off day shoot. The scores at 50yds. on Columbia target, in ten-shot strings, were:	
Pistol:	
Young.....	50 45 46 49 44 49 42 53 46 46
Dr. Twist.....	56 66 65 60.....
Washburn.....	80.....
Robinson.....	85 76 86 65 56.....
L H Edgren.....	88.....
R W Edgren.....	62.....
Revolver: Young 56, Dr. Twist 68, R. W. Edgren 86.	
30-30 Winchester carbine, L. & R. powder:	
P Becker.....	21 24 24 31 R W Edgren..... 56 50 52 25
The boys are stuck on the 30-30 Winchester carbines, and are getting them ready for the deer season. G. W. Hoadley bought himself a new one last week, and in his first ten shots, after three sighters, made a very fine group—seven of the ten shots being in an inch ring, but a little to the right. The target is so good that I send duplicate to show what this rifle will do with a 1 to 12 bullet and L. & R. smokeless powder.	
Dr. B. H. Foreman, of Lone, Cal., sends me his original target of 50 shots with pistol. All the shots are in the 7in. ring but two, one being an 8 and the other a 9, shooting at 7 o'clock. He is shooting in great form with the pistol and rifle. The Arcata, Tuolumne and Stockton clubs are getting ready for the season; and Sacramento is forming a pistol club.	
May 20.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shoot for all comers' and members' medals and prizes was well attended and fine average work was done. With rifle Dorrell beat his best average work to date, making better than 6in. ring average for 50 consecutive shots. Daiss beat Young in a 50-shot Creedmoor match with revolver, making 42 8in. bullseyes. Several new members made their debut at the target. Many visitors were interested, among them several ladies. Mrs. Page shot her husband's 45-70 with as much ease and grace as some men would a 22 rifle. She has a grizzly to her credit with this same gun, shooting him behind the ear and blowing out the end of his spinal column, as her husband said. He said he would rather pin his faith on it than the 30-30s in an emergency.	
Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shoot, 1st shot scores, rifle:	
F O Young.....	47 49 52 55 60 62 G Mannel..... 67 72 73 81 89
A B Dorrell.....	51 56 59 64 67 69 Dr H E Trask..... 106
C M Daiss.....	60 67 84 85
Rifle record scores: Dorrell, 73; Dr. Twist, 108, 103.	
Repeating rifles (30-30 carbines), Creedmoor count: P. Becker 43, F. W. Page 42, G. Hoadley 42, 41, A. Partridge 40, Miss Starkweather 35.	
Twist revolver medal:	
C M Daiss.....	52 56 57 58 72 P Becker..... 73 80 8
F O Young.....	63 63 70
Pistol: F. O. Young 61, 66, N. A. Robinson 82, 91.	
Pistol record scores: N. A. Robinson 68, A. Partridge 91, Dr. Hunsaker 100, E. A. Allen 93, 22, 25.	
Rifle, 50yds.:	
G Mannel.....	22 27
Dr J F Twist.....	26 26 29 29 32
Mrs C F Waltham.....	29 31 43
Mrs Mannel.....	34 40 22
Rifle record scores:	
Mrs Waltham.....	26 34 F Hassmann..... 45
E A Allen.....	31 43 51
30-30 carbines, 50yds.:	
P Becker.....	28 41 A Partridge..... 60 60
G Hoadley.....	34 Miss Starkweather..... 70
W R Edgren.....	55 58
Pape made a run of 12 shots last week on the 3in. ring, using Pope rifle and semi-smokeless powder, and at theverein shoot to-day he made 3 points over a 2 average on German point target for 66 shots.	
F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.	

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE above Association held its regular shoot May 13 at 200yds., off-hand, standard American target. Payne was declared champion with the score of 86. Capt. Gindele has been shooting a heavy-weight Sisch rifle presented to him by Mr. Uckotter. It is one of the finest put up rifles ever seen at the Cincinnati rifle range. Following is the result of the day's shoot:

Gindele.....	6 9 8 8 10 10 7 7 9 10-84
	10 10 10 7 9 8 5 7 10 8-84
	9 9 8 8 10 9 8 7 8 7-83
Hasenzahl.....	8 9 6 8 9 10 9 10 7 10-86
	8 9 8 9 8 10 6 8 6 9-81
	10 6 8 8 8 9 10 6 8 8-79
Weinheimer.....	6 10 6 5 8 4 8 10 8 6-71
	7 9 6 6 6 10 7 5 6 5-67
	8 8 6 3 6 6 9 5 8 6-65
Nestler.....	7 10 10 7 6 9 8 9 6 10-82
	9 9 9 8 9 10 7 8 7 6-82
	9 9 8 6 8 9 9 9 8 6-71
Topf.....	10 8 5 8 4 8 8 7 8 6-82
	9 7 8 9 5 9 6 6 4 8-71
	7 6 6 7 7 4 8 6 9 8-68
Payne.....	10 10 10 6 8 9 10 7 8 10-86
	9 10 10 8 7 9 7 7 9 5-85
	10 7 6 10 7 9 9 8 8 10-84
Roberts.....	9 8 10 6 9 9 9 7 9 9-82
	8 7 9 10 10 10 9 8 6 6-81
	7 9 8 7 10 10 6 7 10 7-81
Tenbusch.....	3 0 2 6 2 5 5 3 2 5-33
	0 0 8 0 5 7 0 4 4 3-31
	1 0 3 3 8 4 4 5 0 0-28
Dodge.....	6 6 7 9 7 8 10 8 9 6-76
	8 9 7 9 9 8 6 7 6 6-75
	6 9 7 7 6 8 10 7 7 8-75
Trounstine.....	8 7 6 10 9 3 5 7 8 7-70
	8 4 7 6 6 7 7 8 8 10-71
	9 5 5 6 8 9 5 9 7 6-64
Drube.....	7 8 10 7 6 7 9 8 8 10-80
	8 8 8 9 7 10 6 10 5 8-79
	9 6 7 6 9 4 8 7 8 6-70
Bruns.....	8 8 9 9 8 10 9 7 8 7-83
	7 9 7 10 10 9 8 6 9 7-82
	9 5 10 10 8 7 7 10 6 7-79
Jouscher.....	8 6 6 9 7 6 4 8 10 6-70
	8 6 6 9 5 6 7 8 6 7-68
	7 5 5 6 6 6 6 9 10 7-67

Mr. V. K. Dodge, of Lexington, Ky., honored us with a visit to-day. We trust that he will make his visits of frequent occurrence.

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

At the shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps, May 19, the following scores were made:

L Zoellner.....	24 24 23 21 23 24 21 23 21 17-221
	18 21 25 22 20 24 23 24 21 18-218
	24 10 24 23 25 16 25 24 14 23-208
G Krauss.....	24 22 20 19 21 22 24 21 20-216
	24 21 22 23 24 16 18 23 19 21-211
	21 24 21 16 20 19 18 20 23 22-204
I Martin.....	23 23 20 21 24 18 17 23 19 23-211
	22 19 22 18 18 20 22 22 19 20-202
	23 22 19 21 18 15 21 23 18 21-201
T Wolters.....	20 22 19 18 21 22 24 14 20 25-205
	22 15 15 22 21 22 19 24 14 19-193
68T-6T 22 1T 1T 1T 1T 1T 1T 22 22	
C Engert.....	23 20 21 16 24 22 16 22 23 20-207
99T-8T 02 6 8T 12 9 6T 8T 9T 6	
C Kaufman.....	22 10 5 16 20 15 12 22 7 19-148
	20 21 6 21 16 7 14 13 19 17-154
	4 19 25 8 17 15 17 20 18 0-143
	20 9 5 12 22 0 17 17 9 18-129
J Kaufman.....	16 14 16 24 18 16 12 22 17 2-157
	21 13 8 16 9 12 25 12 24 9-149
	13 0 8 23 20 11 9 20 3 10-117
CHAS. K. HOERNING, S. M.	

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club, Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club, J. R. Akin, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club, Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association.

May 30.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

May 30.—Warwick, N. Y.—All-day target shoot; open to all; Rose system.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Decoration Day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club, John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—All-day Decoration Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club, John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day target shoot and handicap shoot, Decoration Day, of the Fulton Gun Club, East New York.

May 30.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, L. O. Converse, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Annual target shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club, Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Palmer, Mass.—Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association shoot. H. B. Perry, M.D., Pres.

May 30-June 1.—London, O.—London Gun Club's tournament.

May 31-June 1.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament. George Reynolds, Sec'y.

May 31-June 1.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club; bluerocks. L. Hezzelwood, Sec'y.

June (first week).—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-6.—Monroe, Wis.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament. J. C. Hood, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Flint, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament. Jack Parker, Mgr.

June 6-7.—Memphis, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap Target Tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Marion, Ind.—Marion Gun Club's bluerock and live-bird tournament; two days bluerocks; one day live birds. E. E. Jones, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 18.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. J. A. Hughes, Sec'y.

June 18.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Team race between the Hudson, Fulton and Oceanic clubs; all welcome.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

June 23-24.—Glenwood Springs, Colo.—First annual bluerock tournament of the Western Slope Gun Club. U. S. Devor, Sec'y.

June 26.—Pawling, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Pawling Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Toledo, O.—Midsummer tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. A. Gillespie, Sec'y.

July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Powder Co.'s tournament. N. P. Leach, Mgr.

July 10-12.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Delaware, O.—Delaware Gun Club's tournament. H. D. Leas, Sec'y.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens.—New Utrecht Gun Club.

May 30.—John S. Wright's Decoration Day shoot; live birds.

May 30.—First shoot for the Long Island Championship at live birds, under the management of the Medicus Gun Club. Open to all residents of Long Island; 25 birds each; all at 29yds. rise.

May 30.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. First contest of a series of three under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club; also live-bird sweepstakes.

June 14.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Second contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club.

June 21.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Third contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Under date of May 26 Mr. N. P. Leach, general manager of the Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt., writes us as follows: "We claim the following dates for our tournament: Robin Hood Powder Co.'s tournament, Swanton, Vt., Wednesday and Thursday, July 4 and 5."

The New Utrecht Gun Club issues the following announcement: "The club will hold an all-day shoot on Decoration Day, May 30, at Interstate Park, and will provide events for both pigeons and inanimates. Programmes will be mailed later. Traps will be ready at 10 o'clock, and the club will serve lunch at 1 o'clock. This will wind up our pigeon shooting until Labor Day. Commencing with Saturday, June 2, all events will be at targets. Programmes will be mailed later. The club will present to the member making the highest average in June—allowances to be computed—a Mauer magazine, 10-shot, combination rifle and pistol. We have secured splendid quarters in the main building of the new Casino, and during the summer will decorate and furnish them. All lockers will be in our room. To defray the cost of decorating and furnishing we shall shortly ask for subscriptions, either in the way of cash or furniture. It will be our endeavor to make our room one in which our members and their friends will have every comfort. The windows overlook our traps. The club officials are doing all they can to provide for our members, facilities for shooting such as we have never enjoyed before, and also to provide for interesting events. It is to be hoped that their work will receive the only recognition desired, viz.: The approval of their club mates, shown by their attendance. If you don't shoot, come out and see those who do."

The programme of the Monroe Gun Club's tournament, to be held at Monroe, Wis., June 5 and 6, provides twelve events on the first day, entrance on a 10-cent-per-target basis. The single 25-target event is the State championship medal shoot. The second day has events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, four of each; entrance based on 10 cents per target. Total number of targets first day, 185; entrance, \$18.50; second day, 180; entrance, \$18. There is a valuable lot of merchandise prizes for average prizes. Ammunition, etc., shipped to the secretary, Mr. J. C. Hood, will be delivered on the grounds free. The tournament is open to all amateurs; to professionals under the common restrictions. Purses divided 35, 25, 25 and 15 per cent., with a merchandise prize to fifth. Mr. H. C. Hirsche, of Minneapolis, will manage the shoot.

Mr. Ansley H. Fox, of Baltimore, added new laurels to his stock on May 26. In the 100-target race at the Exposition tournament he and Malone tied on 96 out of 100 targets. On the next day, shooting the tie off at 50 targets, Fox broke 48 to Malone's 47. His average during the tournament, we are informed, was 96 per cent.

Mr. J. Gerow Dutcher writes us as follows: "The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., desire to announce that they will hold an all-day tournament at targets Tuesday, June 26. Programmes will be mailed you next week. Address Geo. S. Williams, secretary."

On Wednesday of next week Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and Geo. Peabody have arranged to shoot a match at 100 birds each, \$100. The winner to stand at 30 yds., the latter at 28. The contest to begin at 10 o'clock.

Mr. W. A. Leach, president of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, announces a change of dates of the State tournament from July 17, 18 and 19 to July 10, 11 and 12, the change being made to avoid conflicting with the dates of the Moberly shoot.

In a match between Messrs. H. D. Travis, of West Virginia, and James Cowan, of Maryland, Pa., May 21, at 100 birds, the former won. Score: 93 to 88. The contest took place on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

The East End Gun Club, of Toledo, O., announces its mid-summer tournament, to be held on June 26, 27 and 28. Mr. F. A. Guiespie, 324 Spitzer street, is the secretary.

Mr. D. H. Leas, of Delaware, O., announces the tournament of the Delaware Gun Club on July 11 and 12.

Decoration Day will be a day of activity at Interstate Park. BERNARD WATERS.

New Castle Gun Club.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., May 26.—I herewith append a copy of scores made at the shoot held at New Castle, Pa., May 23 last. In the contest for the bronze medal James T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., holder, won with a score of 88, against his opponent's (John Knude, of Pittsburg, Pa.) 81. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, one of the best shots, it not the best, in the State, will likely be the next challenger. There were shooters present from Warren, O., Pittsburg, O., City, Greenville, Sharon, Mercer, Beaver Falls, Rochester, Butler and Enon Valley, Pa. The shoot passed off very pleasantly, not a kick being registered. One incident worthy of mention was the consistent shooting of Alexander, of Greenville, Pa. Alexander, whose home name is plain, hearty and honest old Jack McNavy, made the only 20 straight during the day. The remarkableness of this consists in the fact that he is nearing (so his friends allege) his sixty-eighth birthday, but really he doesn't look a minute over sixty, and shoots right up with young fellows like Fleming, Atkinson, Shaner, Doc Jessup, etc. Visiting shooters say New Castle is the only place where, to crib from one of Hans Breitman's poems, "a man gets all he wants to eat, unt twice as much to drink." Old Hoss, of Pittsburg, was present, and his hosts of friends were glad of it.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	15
Atkinson	7	15	15	15	17	13	14	13	17	13	13	13
Shaner	8	13	13	15	13	13	15	15	15	13	15	15
Farmer	7	9	7	12	14	12	10	14	10	13	10	10
Alexander	8	8	14	11	13	10	9	12	13	20	13	12
Nye	8	11	8	11	12	13	11	12	17	13	9	9
Old Hoss	7	12	11	9	11	16	10	12	10	10	10	10
Homes	10	12	10	12	10	10	8	12	12	10	10	10
Fleming	8	15	13	14	13	13	15	13	15	19	14	13
Pills	10	13	14	10	11	17	12	13	14	14	12	12
Born	7	9	8	11	10	5	4	10	10	10	10	10
Ostermier	3	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Von Berg	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Robison	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Miller	9	12	14	15	10	17	13	12	14	14	13	12
Black	8	10	12	12	13	14	10	10	10	10	10	10
Clark	8	13	10	11	13	15	12	13	13	10	8	8
Crozier	10	12	11	13	11	12	10	13	11	10	10	10
Bad Shot	4	9	12	14	9	14	11	11	11	11	12	12
No 7	8	12	14	14	12	15	15	14	9	9	7	10
Jones	7	14	10	10	13	16	15	12	10	10	10	10
Naylor	15	5	9	15	9	12	8	13	7	7	7	7
Lawrence	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Perkins	15	11	18	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13

HENRY P. SHANER, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 24.—The opening shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club at the new Inter City Shooting Park yesterday was well attended, the day being perfect. Several good scores were made. The attendance was not as large as was expected, but notice of the shoot was limited. The remarkable feature of the day's sport was an exhibition given at the close of the medal contest by Mr. H. C. Hirsche, who had shot a 100-bird race with Parker for Not being satisfied with his score, he concluded to shoot 100 birds with his own gun. He broke 96 out of the 100, breaking his last 56 straight. He then concluded to continue shooting until he missed, making a continuous run of 172 birds, which is within 3 birds of the world's record.

Event No. 4, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Moore 19, Parker 17, Hirsche 14, Johnston 15, Biffon 14, Hayes 16, Melich 16, J. Thomas 13, Hoffman 13, Sutherland 6, Nelson 14, Seeley 5. Moore won senior badge, Hoffman won junior badge and Johnston won amateur badge.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., May 25.—The weekly shoot of the Pine Bluff Gun Club had an extra attraction, a contest between Mr. George Clement and Mr. Walter B. Sorrells for the individual championship medal of the State. Mr. Sorrells obtained the medal by making a score of 43 out of 50.

The medal was won last Saturday by Mr. Sorrells from Mr. De Long, of Hot Springs. The fact that the medal is now held by a Pine Bluff man seems to have awakened a new interest in the gun club, as four new shooters participated yesterday.

In the practice shoot the following score was made out of a possible 50: Howell 33, Russell 31, Cromwell 37, Speers 43, Arnold 32, Webb 25, Phillips 37, Sorrells 43, Clement 41.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., May 24.—The twenty-third annual convention and tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association opened Tuesday morning, with about thirty-five entries from Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska and Minnesota. The weather was favorable for good scores, but a bad background made the targets hard to see at times. Two sets of target traps, Sergeant system, were used and about 12,000 targets were thrown.

The trade representatives in attendance were S. A. Tucker, Parker Gun Co.; F. S. Parmelee, Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; W. R. Crosby, Baker Gun Co. and E. C. & Shultz Powder Co.; C. W. Budd, Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Parker Gun and Hazard Powder Co. In the L. C. Smith cup contest Mr. Cook, of Marshalltown, and Mr. Sheldon, of Mason City, each broke 20 straight, and in shooting off the tie Mr. Cook won. He used Parker gun, U. M. C. shell and Dupont powder.

The State team championship contest took place to-day. Conditions: Two men to a team, 10 live birds per man. Lane and Kibbey, of Marshalltown, and Budd and Milner, of Des Moines, tied on 19, Budd and Milner winning in shoot-off. Both shot Parker guns and U. M. C. shells. Forty-five dollars was given each day for averages for amateurs only, but the scores of the winners would do credit to most of the experts. The Marshalltown Gun Club had charge of the tournament, and there was little delay. This club is made up of hustlers, and each member takes it upon himself to see that things are kept moving.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held Tuesday evening. Newton was selected as the meeting place for the Association next year. Fort Dodge was the only other city desiring the honor of entertaining the sportsmen. The officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, W. B. Kibbey, Marshalltown; Vice-President, J. C. Thompson, Newton; Secretary, D. R. Tripp, Newton; Treasurer, E. H. Geise, Newton; Board of Directors, F. E. Thompson, Newton; F. M. Card, Grinnell; Henry Steege, Waterloo; J. F. Drake, Fort Dodge; C. W. Budd, Des Moines.

A new committee of the Association, to be known as the legislative committee, was also elected in the persons of W. R. Milner and Joseph Kirscher, of Des Moines, and Dr. W. B. Kibbey, of Marshalltown.

The interests of the game and fish laws of the State were carefully talked over and discussed at length.

First Day, Tuesday, May 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Shelden	12	13	13	15	11	14	14	14	14	14	15	18
Remington	12	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	12	10	12	8
Abbott	11	10	12	11	11	13	14	12	13	9	14	11
Milner	11	15	13	11	12	11	11	14	12	14	10	12
Johnson	12	12	14	10	12	11	8	4	9	10	8	8
Lane	10	11	11	10	11	10	10	9	10	12	12	11
Steege	13	12	13	13	10	12	12	13	14	11	14	12
Deusel	14	15	10	12	12	14	12	15	12	13	11	11
Whitmauer	13	12	12	13	12	12	15	9	10	11	11	15
Kirsher	11	9	11	11	12	12	9	14	11	13	9	13
Powers	13	15	10	13	12	14	14	11	14	13	12	14
Gilson	13	10	13	12	13	10	14	10	12	9	14	11
Hawman	13	11	9	13	12	10	10	12	10	12	9	12
Cook	13	13	11	12	14	12	13	15	15	13	13	13
W B Kibbey	10	14	14	12	13	12	9	13	12	13	14	13
Budd	12	13	14	14	12	13	15	12	14	11	13	13
Parmelee	14	14	15	15	13	14	15	14	13	13	13	14
Crosby	12	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	14	14	14
J Thompson	13	12	11	13	14	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Linnell	14	10	13	13	11	15	15	12	13	14	11	11
Get	11	9	14	14	12	11	13	13	10	6	12	11
Mark	7	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wallace	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Twist	14	9	12	13	14	13	14	12	13	11	13	11
Ford	9	10	12	10	11	9	11	9	9	9	9	9
Mallory	12	10	7	4	9	9	11	13	13	13	13	13
Sears	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	12	7	9	9	9
Tripp	10	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
McCormick	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Drake	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Bruner	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Seeley	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

Averages first day on targets, amateurs only: Shelden, first, \$9; Cook, second, \$8; Linnell, third, \$7; Power, fourth, \$6; Deusel, fifth, \$5. Low average: Johnson, \$9.

Second Day, Wednesday, May 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Shelden	15	14	15	14	14	13	20	13	13	14	14	13
Abbott	10	10	11	12	11	13	16	12	14	12	15	15
Kaep	9	10	8	9	11	9	9	7	9	6	8	8
Milner	12	13	12	12	14	13	18	13	14	13	14	14
Kirsher	9	11	10	8	14	11	15	13	12	7	12	10
Lane	11	10	12	12	10	11	15	11	9	11	14	11
Sheehy	13	9	10	9	8	11	14	11	11	11	11	11
Deusel	15	9	10	13	12	15	14	12	14	13	14	11
Whitmauer	11	13	13	12	12	13	15	14	14	13	12	12
Budd	12	12	14	13	13	12	18	14	14	13	13	15
Hawman	10	13	13	14	12	11	19	13	13	13	11	13
W B Kibbey	14	12	14	12	11	11	15	15	13	11	14	11
Cook	14	14	11	12	14	10	20	14	14	14	12	14
Crosby	14	14	15	12	15	15	14	12	13	15	15	15
Heeb	12	10	13	14	12	13	14	12	10	13	10	16
Bronson	9	11	10	11	9	10	17	14	10	11	9	11
O'Brien	13	12	9	10	11	12	11	11	8	12	14	12
Rossback	10	13	9	13	13	10	16	11	10	15	13	13
Powers	11	11	13	14	13	13	16	13	14	14	11	12
Scott	12	10	11	14	13	12	17	14	11	12	12	14
Mattox	8	10	12	12	8	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Gilson	15	12	14	14	12	12	19	13	12	13	13	11
Parmelee	14	15	16	14	14	14	13	15	15	14	15	15
Linnell	13	13	14	14	14	12	19	13	13	14	11	12
Twist	13	12	15	11	14	14	14	12	13	13	13	13
Wallace	13	13	12	11	12	13	14	11	11	11	11	11
Waterbury	10	9	9	6	11	11	11	11	11	9	11	11
Cory	9	9	7	13	12	11	12	12	10	11	14	14
F E Thompson	14	9	13	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Johnson	13	14	13	12	13	9	17	11	11	11	11	11
McCormick	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Tripp	14	13	12	14	12	12	11	11	13		12	
J C. Thompson.	12	13	11	14	14	13	11	13				
Remington	1				11							
Foster	10	8	11	12	9	8		7	9			
Mervin	13		13			12	17		11			11
Steege	15	14	12	10	14	14	17	14	13	13	14	14
Hanson			12			17						
Nichols				9	11							
Patter					10							
Card				8				10		7		
Houghton					14							14
Dunn						9	11		9	8		
J D Kibbey						12			12		11	
Kerr								17				
Seeley											13	
Kerwin												8
Thomas												6

Uno	2211121102	9	Gumz	2201011212	8
Blake	0022122220	7	Thomas	1112002222	7
Case	0122020100	5	King	2011201202	7
Collins	1212121212	9	Weston	1222202000	6
Bush	2212222022	9	Burnham	2001211211	8
Stuth	1211012221	9	R W Houghton	0222210111	8
Johnson	2222120202	8	S Becker	0100202020	4
Sherer	1222122002	8	Klapinski	2012122222	9
Hare	1212101111	9	Lewis	2222122211	10
I L W	2221220221	9	Reid	2211222122	10
Borg	2202222222	8			

Hot Springs Items.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Belvidere, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phoenixville, and principal intermediate stations (as well as the Chestnut Hill Branch) to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 2 to June 2, good to return until June 4, 1900, inclusive.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE VIRTUE OF SPITE.

WE are accustomed to hear much of spite and revenge as factors which deter persons from reporting to the authorities game law violations of which they have knowledge. One may know of deer crusting or trout netting or grouse snaring, but would not dream of reporting it, because he believes that if he were known in connection with the prosecution his dog would be poisoned, or his cows' tails cut off or his barn set afire. This fear of revenge affords one explanation of the characteristic timidity with which game wardens are so familiar when they endeavor to ferret out the facts about law violations. It is a common experience with them to find that those who have the necessary evidence to convict absolutely refuse to co-operate because of fear of what might happen to them in case of prosecution. Taking it by and large, as they say in Connecticut, we must credit to the spirit of spite a large share of the immunity enjoyed by those for whom the game laws have no terrors.

In another phase of its manifestation, however, spite is a motive which is active and admirable in promoting the cause of game protection. There is at least one extensive game district where the operation of spite has saved a large stock of game. An officer of a protective organization which concerns itself particularly with the task of suppressing grouse snaring testifies that out of every hundred complaints received, ninety are spite complaints; that is to say, the informers are actuated by spite, their purpose being not to suppress snaring, but to gratify a private grudge against the individual snarer. The agents of the association have come to look with peculiar complaisance on these spite complaints, because experience has demonstrated that information which grows out of a desire to injure the person complained of is likely to be of a substantial character. One who informs on another out of spite could not gratify his spite by this action unless the individual upon whom he informed was actually guilty of the practices complained of. Moreover, it very often develops that the informer is moved by a spite which has its basis in jealousy, and he himself is discovered to be a snarer who is seeking to get a rival into the toils of the law; so that it is not an unheard of achievement for the club's detectives to bag two birds at once—the snarer informed against and the snaring informer himself. Spite is not commonly reckoned among the cardinal virtues, but if it may be converted into such a useful factor in getting the better of the grouse snarers, we must perhaps revise our estimation of it and exalt to the higher rank.

There is another manifestation of spite in connection with shooting and fishing which is not altogether undeserving of notice, since it affords an insight, amusing or pathetic as one may consider it, into the weaknesses of human nature. There is a certain censor who, having gratified an abnormal lust of blood by limitless slaughter of wild creatures, now makes a practice of vehemently and vociferously damning as game hogs or fish hogs other people who take more fish or game than he has determined to be allowable. The performance of this self-appointed task is, of course, a most praiseworthy and useful service, but one who does it conscientiously must of necessity make himself the easy prey of designing scamps who are bent on using him for selfish ends. There are, for instance, some conscienceless tricksters who manufacture out of whole cloth stories of game and fish slaughter which they send to him for no other purpose under heaven than to see him perform, just as in the old days travelers in the Yellowstone Park would throw soap into a geyser and then stand on one side and watch it spout. There are others who have discovered here an easy way to gratify their petty spite against their fellows. Johnny Jones, for instance, gets the mitten from Susie Brown, who inclines to Jimmy Smith; and Johnny thereupon sends to the self-

appointed denunciator of game hogs some yarn about the doings of Jimmy, and exults as he pokes under the eyes of Susie the column, or page, or two or three pages of "hot stuff" which he has thus cunningly induced the denunciator to denunciate. Statistics are not available for determining the percentage of such affairs which have their origin in the harmless invention of jokers or in the spiteful impulse of revengeful suitors; it may not be the ninety per cent. which the game protective association has determined as the proportion of spite complaints of grouse snaring, but it is at least considerable enough to furnish a commentary on the amiable gullibility of the most astute reformers.

"ALL THE CRANKS."

IN his talk at the meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association the other day, Representative Hunt related that one of his associates on the Legislative Game Committee had assured him that before the committee would appear all the cranks in Massachusetts, and that the proper way was to let them talk themselves out and then to give leave to withdraw, which is the polite and formal way the Massachusetts legislators have of refusing to accede to the views of those who appear at their hearings. This member's notion that the individuals who appeared before him in the committee were cranks may have been accounted for by the familiar fact that one who has absolutely not the slightest interest in a cause is given to viewing as a crank any person to whom the cause is of great moment and who persists in talking about it. Members of legislative game committees, for instance, often appear to have been selected because of their dense ignorance of whatever relates to game and fish, a callous indifference to it, and a persevering determination to learn nothing of it. There is no wonder then that they should regard as a "crank" the man who comes before them to argue with all his soul for a changed opening date or a new restriction on killing game. Being himself incompetent to discern the false from the true, the wisdom from the foolishness, the committee member has easy recourse to the conclusion that all alike are cranks, and he lets it go at that. Under such circumstances, with ignorance on the part of the committee, the wisest advocate of the best game laws may expect to accomplish little or nothing. He is handicapped and defeated at the very start by being regarded askance as a crank who must be listened to while he talks himself out.

On the other hand, it must be confessed, there may have been some justification for this member in his uncharitable and unsympathetic characterization of sportsmen as he has known them in committee. Sportsmen's conventions and gatherings of independent sportsmen before game committees of our different Legislatures are apt to represent very many different individual opinions, and more likely than not very conflicting opinions and personal views and desires. In their arguments they contradict one another as to fact and contend with one another as to principles. The individual Senator or Assemblyman who is himself ignorant of the merits of the case, cannot be blamed if he comes from such a hearing dazed and bewildered and all at sea as to what is the right course for him to take. Under these circumstances he is prone to act as the Massachusetts member declared was the proper way, simply to let the whole matter rest where it was.

So long as sportsmen leave it to unorganized endeavor to secure for themselves what is desirable, they will fail of their effort because of this confusion which must inevitably result in the minds of those they are seeking to influence. When in a hearing on a measure prescribing close season, for example, a dozen different advocates contend for dates no two of which agree, what is the committee to do? This year in Massachusetts a different course has been pursued. The sportsmen of the State, or a very large and influential proportion of them, having come together in convention, decided for themselves what they desired and presented themselves in solid front and with unwavering determination before the Legislature to secure this one definite law. They have encountered opposition, as was to be expected, but they have demonstrated once again the old principle of strength in union; and there appears to be good promise that they will win what they are striving for.

In these days of organization there is no good reason why the sportsmen of every State in the Union, pro-

vided they themselves could definitely decide what they wanted and would agree upon it and combine to effect it, could not have an ideal code of game laws. Certainly there is not any reason why they should present themselves before legislative committees disorganized, pulling at cross purposes, accomplishing nothing, and winning for themselves the characterization of "all the cranks in the State."

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE fourth annual meeting of the New York Audubon Society, which was held on Saturday last at the American Museum of Natural History, was an interesting occasion. It was marked by the usual reports and election of officers, and by an illustrated talk by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, who told of the destruction of birds in various places, and gave the audience much interesting information, besides correcting many misstatements with regard to feather millinery. The excellent work done by the Society during the past year is a subject for congratulation to all bird lovers. This work will undoubtedly continue, and the growing interest felt in it is shown by the considerable contributions received for the purpose of protecting the gulls and terns at the various points along the Atlantic coast where they still breed, though in such diminished numbers.

The Millinery Merchants' Protective Association, which is understood to have been originally formed to combat the work of the Audubon Society, has bowed to the force of public opinion and has offered to agree hereafter to use only the plumage of domestic birds and of game birds killed in season, provided the Society will consent that these feathers may be worn, as well as feathers imported from abroad.

If this Protective Association and its members and those who are working for them could all be bound by such an agreement, something of the sort might perhaps well enough be considered; but will such an agreement bind all these people? Within a very short time officials of this Association have been quoted by the newspapers as denying that the feathers of North American birds were used at all in hat trimming, although the headgear worn by women on the streets gave the lie to each such statement. Moreover, at the present moment, according to correspondents in Maine, and according to the Maine papers, the gulls and terns along that coast are being slaughtered for commercial purposes by a large number of Indians and white men, working under the orders of a person who is reported to be the agent of various New York and Boston millinery firms.

These people are endeavoring to sweep the sea along the Maine coast of its feathered life, and the destination of the remains of the birds appears to be well known. In the past Maine has given great attention to the laws protecting large game, and the passage and enforcement of these laws have added largely to the wealth of the State. It is worth while now to consider whether the laws with regard to birds, and especially sea fowl, are not worth looking after. The Maine coast without gulls and terns would seem to many of its summer inhabitants a very barren one.

SNAP SHOTS.

The American Forestry Association will hold the principal summer meeting this year in New York city, the sessions beginning on June 25 at Columbus University, on Morningside Heights. The Association is constantly growing in membership and in the measure of importance as an institution working for the public good.

The Roberval Association, of which Mr. Chambers writes this week, is quite the most ambitious and expansive enterprise in the way of a fish and game preserve yet projected on this continent. The concessions acquired by the Association cover exclusive sporting rights in nearly 30,000 square miles in the Province of Quebec. The club membership limit is put at 5,000 and the price of a share is \$500. This figures up a total of \$2,500,000, which is a fairly respectable sum when we consider that it is to be expended for fishing and shooting privileges. The country included in the territory concerned covers the Lake St. John region, which has been resorted to by the *ouananiche* fishing; but it is announced that for the present at least the waters will be open to the public as heretofore.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia.—VII.

THE morning was warm and bright—almost like a day in May. I felt no keen desire to go afield with gun, and was casting about in my mind for a pleasant way of putting in the time, when my attention was attracted to Governor, who was running along on the inside of the high picket fence at the front of the large yard, occasionally stopping to peer through and shout at a little darky passing along through the grove of trees in front.

"Hullo, Jim!" I heard him shout, but Jim did not seem sociably inclined and made no reply to the salutation. Running along the fence a little further he tried it again with slight variations: "Oh, Jim, I say! Hullo!"

Very curtly and condescendingly, it seemed, Jim replied to this cordial salutation: "Howdy, boy."

In nowise embarrassed, Governor raced down the fence a few panels, and taking a new position proceeded to try his unsociable acquaintance again: "Jim, wha' you goin' to?"

"Feeshin'; dat's wha' I goin'. Don't you see my feesh-pol'?" was the reply of the superior one, who was evidently feeling his importance.

"You is goin' feeshin', you say. Wha' at, Jim?"

"To de rivah, of co'se. Think I goin' feeshin' in de pig trough?"

Then, evidently thawed by the warmth of his own humor, he proceeded to enter into particulars: "I got pappy's pol' an' lin' an' dis hea' can plum' full of worms, an' I bet you I goin' ketch mo' feesh den evah you see in yo' whole lifetime, boy."

It was evident to the most casual observer that the iron had entered the soul of the boy who was not "goin' feeshin'," and that he was well nigh consumed with envy; but I felt sure my little sportsman would make a brave show and fight against the heavy odds he was "up against," and was not disappointed.

"Shucks!" he shouted back; "dis ain' no time to go feeshin', an' you can't ketch no feesh, nohow. I goin' huntin', I is, wid a gun what shoots two times, an' I totes it some myself, dat's what."

This took a little of the pompousness out of the fisherman, but he still showed fight and sent back a final shot to the effect: "Gun ain' no good when you don't shoot it, an' I done fish wid my pole, don't des tote it foh som'boddy else to feesh wid."

This retort ended the match at repartee, and the little fisherman soon disappeared down through the grove in the direction of the river, watched till the last by the envious little sportsman.

I now remembered a small stream near by that I had crossed and recrossed in my wanderings that was called The River. Calling Governor up and interrogating him at length, I learned that there was supposed to be fish and other aquatic in the river, which he thus enumerated: "Dey is catfeesh, sunfeesh, pic'rels, turkles en' all kin's of feesh, suh."

Concluding that the morning at least should be devoted to angling, I ordered Governor to get his breakfast as soon as possible and present himself at the horseblock provided with fishing outfit and plenty of bait, where I would shortly join him. Half beside himself with delight he jerked out a "Yaas, suh!" and was off at full speed before the average boy could have turned around. The projected fishing trip met the approval of my hostess and she agreed to join the party. As soon as we had breakfasted she hunted up some small hooks and coarse thread, while I cut some slender switches that were tough and springy for rods, and split shot for sinkers. With this primitive outfit we sallied forth and found the small boy waiting for us at the front gate.

If our outfit was primitive his might be, in all fairness, classified as unique. In one hand he carried a generous fragment of a broken milk crock, in which squirmed a ball of fish worms, the size of which indicated that he expected the fish to bite fast and furiously. In the other hand he held a very crooked dead twig or switch not over 3 feet in length, studded liberally with short branches, which he proudly exhibited as his "pol'." About 8 or 10 inches from the end of this remarkable fishing rod was tied about 3 feet of coarse white wrapping cord, which he explained to be his "lin'." The line was fitted with a bit of cork, tied securely on about midway, which was supposed to be the float; a stone, about the same size as the cork, was tied on just below to do duty as a sinker, while the dealy implement that all the foregoing was the accessory of—the hook—consisted of a pin bent in the shape of the letter V. His delight and satisfaction over this remarkable fishing outfit as we examined it was a real pleasure to see, for he evidently had full faith in its efficacy. There was no reason to doubt the truth of his statement that his "mammy had made it" for him, for it was evidently the work of unskillful but willing hands, and only the latter fact was known to the appreciative little sportsman.

The first place selected for a try at the fish after reaching the river was a large pool just below the wagon ford, the upper end of which was spanned by a footlog that reached from bank to bank. Seating ourselves comfortably on the hewn flat top of the footlog, well out over the water, I proceeded to prepare the implements of sport. I had only been thus engaged a few moments when my companion called my attention to Governor. That enthusiastic young disciple of Walton had impaled a big, long-fish worm through the middle with his bent pin and was now lying full length on the log, reaching down as far as possible in a futile effort to get it in the water, which he lacked about 2 feet of doing. After trying from both sides of the log and nearly falling in, he straightened up with a look of hopeless dejection and sat looking down at the water, "So near and yet so far."

"Why don't you fish, Governor?" I asked.

"Can't reach de watah, suh. Dis hea' ole log too high," was the reply.

Bidding him take some bait in his hand and go out on the bank and make his way down to the water's edge, I resumed my work on our tackle.

A few moments later I discovered the boy trying to get down to water where the bank was some 12 or 15

feet high, and so steep as to almost overhang the water. Less than half way down his feet slipped, and grabbing and gasping he tumbled, slid and rolled to the bottom, lighting with a splash in the shallow water, fortunately feet first, but never through it all losing hold of his bait or his precious "pol'-en'-lin'." A moment later, as calmly as though that was his usual way of descending steep banks, this imperturbable youth was calmly fishing.

We found the fish biting very well and were soon catching small fry fast enough to make it quite interesting. The small boy did not catch any fish, but his industry did not abate nor his enthusiasm wane. Three trips he made back and forth for fresh supplies of bait, and each time he would resume fishing with an air of business that boded ill for any unwary fish in his vicinity. Some small minnows were collected around him and were eagerly pulling the worms off his bent pin as fast as he dropped it in the water, and these he was apostrophizing between vicious jerks that would have thrown them 40 feet if the hook had struck. He seemed totally unconscious of our presence, and my companion finally left off fishing altogether to enjoy watching him.

With his pole grasped in his left hand and standing nearly knee deep in the water, moving only when he made sudden and desperate jerks, he kept repeating: "Now I goin' git you, I des is; I goin' ketch you, sho', I des is, now; an' I ain' goin' fool wid you no mo', I des ain'."

"Finally, when he made his fourth trip for more bait, I stopped him, and removing the bent pin replaced it with a real hook properly baited.

He had barely regained his position and resumed his dire threats, when he jerked vigorously, tearing a small fish out of the water that swung three or four times around his head and then hung squirming in front of his big black eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"Da now!" he fairly screamed. "What I don't tol' you? Didn't I don't tol' you to quit foolin' wid me? Dat I git you ef you didn't? Dus see what you don't got by not mindin' me w'en I tol' you. Now I goin'!" But what he was "goin'" will never be known, for just at this point the little fish gave a flit which released it from the hook, and dropping back into the water quickly disappeared.

The boy stood looking straight down into the water where the fish had disappeared for a full minute, and then in perfect silence resumed his fishing.

In a few moments he caught another fish, but he did not stop to make any remarks to it until he had scrambled up the bank and run back 10 feet from the edge and grasped it in both hands, then he proceeded with his harangue to its entire completion.

Concluding after a while that we had about fished out this hole, we moved on down the river to a point where the water looked deep, and large rocks in the water's edge made advantageous and comfortable positions.

The trees grew thickly on either bank, and it was clear and cool looking with that sweet and restful smell of water and woods; the sun sifting down through the thick foliage on the still surface of the water in a thousand shapeless splashes of molten gold. The only sound heard was the low gurgling song of the water, as it broke on the shoal at the foot of the pool.

Here we comfortably disposed ourselves on the admirably arranged seats on the rocks, while the boy waded out in the stream and took possession of a large, flat rock forming a small island a few feet from the bank.

We continued to have excellent luck, my companion being high hook, with the largest fish of the day—a perch weighing nearly a pound, and several others large enough to make it interesting. Governor had waded out three or four times with small fish which he added to his creel, this being as primitive as his tackle, consisting of a hole scooped in the sand at the water's edge, and finally came rolling and staggering out, with little regard to his personal safety or comfort, but deeply solicitous for the safe impounding of his greatest prize—a mud cat 6 or 8 inches long.

The smile of delight at successfully accomplishing this had scarcely faded from his happy face after he resumed his position, when I noticed that he had a tug at his line that looked very much like business. Following his usual course, he jerked sharply, but his hook seemed fast, and did not come flying out. Waiting a moment and the pull on the line being repeated, he jerked again, with the same result. Then growing very much excited, he grasped his pole with both hands and laid back with a good, long, strong pull.

The little switch was tough and well seasoned, the wrapping cord was strong, the little fisherman in earnest, and something had to give way. It did. The grip of a long, slender eel that had taken the boy's bait was pulled loose from the sunken brush in which it had twisted its strong body, and out of the water and straight into the little fellow's face it came with a most startling suddenness. With a terrified shriek of "Snak'!" the boy ducked barely in time to let it pass over his head, but held on to the pole. Swinging out to the end of the line it was brought up with a sharp jerk and came squirming and thrashing back toward the terrified boy.

"Snak'! Snak'!" he screamed, and spun around on the rock with arm extended, holding the outfit as far away as possible, for a moment, and then tangling his legs he fell full length off the edge of the rock into the water, fortunately rather in to the bank, where it was not more than 2 feet deep, and then only releasing his hold on his beloved pole.

Never so much as attempting to get to his feet, he scrambled in to the shore, churning up the water and continuing his cry of "Snak'! Snak'! Snak'!" Seeing that he was in no danger, I promptly set about rescuing his fishing outfit, which was being dragged away by the captive eel, and was fortunate enough the first cast to catch my hook in a twig on the pole, and proceeded to haul it in, with the struggling captive.

Thereupon my companion surprised me by springing to her feet and dashing up the face of the steep bluff, at the foot of which we were seated, with a disregard for personal safety and dainty costume that was not at all in keeping with her usual dignity and repose of manner.

It was not until the boy had made his way safely to land, where he was dividing his lamentations between the state of his clothes and loss of his beloved pole, that this

last remarkable act in the comedy was made clear by a request from the lady up the bluff to "Please kill the snake, quick." Then I remembered that eels were not usual sights in drawing rooms and boudoirs, and some one else besides the little boy had mistaken the identity of the one "be-born the house."

The lady was easily reassured, but when I approached the boy, holding out to him the rescued pole and line, with the eel thrashing and squirming thereon, and attempted an explanation, he promptly turned and scrambled up the bluff with the piteous appeal: "Oh! pleas', suh, don't put him on me; pleas', suh, don't." After seeing me detach the supposed snake from the hook and kick him back into the water, both of the terrified ones were soon persuaded to come down, and as the boy was thoroughly soaked we concluded to quit and return to the house.

Breaking a generous forked switch, Governor proceeded to string his fish—seven in all, ranging from 3 to 8 inches in length—then enjoying the proud honor of carrying our right respectable string, very wet, but quite happy, he led the way as we started on the return trip.

I had bid him hurry on and walk fast, so as to get out of the woods and into the clearing, where the sun could warm him and dry his clothes, and he quickly disappeared around a bend in the path that followed the river bank. We had proceeded but a short distance when we heard his voice, and making my way through a fringe of trees that stood on the bank and looking over, I saw Governor in a very earnest conversation with the little fellow with whom he had held the confab of early morning that had instigated our fishing trip.

"You ain' got but des dem?" Governor was saying in the most surprised and disgusted manner, pointing dramatically at a stick projecting out from the bank, from which depended half a dozen little dried, shriveled minnows. "W'y, des look at what we all got, an' 'sides som' what got away—big ones too. Thought you said you was goin' ketch mo' feesh den evah I see? An now des look at dem minners. Ain' 'nuff to make de grees smell feeshy."

"How you git wet?" was the irrelevant reply of the youth, who evidently desired a change of subject.

"I got wet by bein' pulled in," said the other, slowly and impressively.

"Pulled in! What don't pull you in? Ain' no feesh big 'nuff to pull you in, in dis heah little rivah."

"Hit wan't no feesh, it was a snak', dat's what."

"Snake, you say; snake pull you in? You buttah g'way from heah an' quit tellin' me sech fool'sness as dat, or I take a stic' an' bus' yo' haid. I got mo' sense den he fool'd by sech lies as dat, I is."

"I ain' foolin' you, an' it's so—des lik' I tellin' you," was the reply, delivered in the most impressive manner.

"How com' he git hol' of you to pull you in de watah?" was the next question by the now thoroughly interested boy.

"Didn't git hol' of me; he des com' 'long an' bit my hook, an' he juk me des like dis" (throwing forward his arms and jerking his body in the most violent manner). "Den I wouldn't leg go, and he des up and snatch me off in de rivah, an' I wouldn't a leg go den, but de white folks dey up an' grab me an' holler foh me to leg go quick as evah I could, an' I don't it; an' den dey pull me out, an' I was mos' drown'd, I was, an' de gen'man he des mak' a grab and he ketch my pol', and he an' Mis' Lady togedda, dey des pul' dey level bes', an' den dey, bofe couldn't hadly pull dat ole snak' out. But at las' I run an' help som', too, an' we pull him out, an' he was 'mos' long as yo' feesh pol' is, an' des as big 'round'."

This was not such a great exaggeration, for a fisherman, as the pole was a sapling about 12 feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist, and the eel was about 2 feet long and near an inch in diameter.

Revenge is generally supposed to contain a large proportion of the saccharine ingredient, but in the case of our young Munchausen it was apparently the pure article unadulterated. The boy who had been so supercilious and condescending in the morning, now found himself a very humble and ordinary individual compared with the youth who had been through such a thrilling adventure and hairbreadth escape.

After a short silence he feebly gasped out: "Well, I des don't believe it."

"Huc-cum you don't believe it w'en I tell you des lik' it wuz? Feel my clo's, den, an' see if dey ain' wet des like I tol' you."

"Yaas, dey is sho' wet," was the unwilling admission. "W'at kin' of snak' you say it wuz?"

"It kin' w'at noboddy didn't nevah see 'round' heah befo'," was the reply. "It wuz a Heel snak', an' mo' pizun den a mocsun, wid toofs des like feesh hooks, an' kill you des lik' li'nin' striken ef he bit you."

This last flight of the boy's imagination was wholly unnecessary, as his auditor was already speechless and helpless.

Before he had sufficiently recovered to put another question, I slipped away and left them.

A few moments thereafter the boy who had been the hero of the wonderful adventure overtook us, and the satisfaction that shone from his face told of inward peace and accomplished desire.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

The large saw fish caught last Thursday night by Udo Smith, bridgetender at Ormond (Fla.), was captured with a shrimpt net and measured 15 feet and 8 inches, 5 feet and 6 inches across and his saw was 3 feet and 10 inches. The net caught on the tip of the saw and he was so near the piles in the bridges, and the tide running out, that he could not turn. Udo, nevertheless, got the rope off his arm as quickly as possible.—Halifax Journal.

A peculiar thing has happened in the Housatonic River, which is thought to be due to the lightning which accompanied the heavy showers last week. From the Lenoxdale bridge to the Valley mill of the Smith Paper Company, thousands of fish are dead, and they lay along the bank and float along the stream to the dam. Already the odor is very objectionable.—Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Creektown.

THE founders discovered near the original site of the town a great natural curiosity. Two creeks that wound about to the north and west of the town crossed each other, one being very swift and the other sluggish. The swift flowed easily over the slower one, as could be proved by launching a piece of bark on either limpid wave, which would sail gayly over with the faster stream or sink under with the slower, to reappear lower down.

In after years when the town site was moved, they chose a situation within the entrance of the creeks, and to it they gave the name of Creektown. It is believed that the reason this town and other settlements in the same colony progressed in civilization and statesmanship so much faster than some others was on account of the lightwood knots, which they procured in unlimited quantities from their pine forests. These furnished the settlers with abundant and cheerful light at night, thus promoting reading and sociability.

Matters Military.

The founders of the town were Scotch and had sprung from races and clans which were chivalric and warlike, so quite early in its history they set about the formation of a military company. Now companies in other towns might be called the Blues, the Grays or some other conventional name, but these people followed no such precedent; their company was named the Independent Company. The uniform was blue with gilt trimmings and tall hats with red and white plumes. The ranks were kept filled with the best citizens, and they turned out with enthusiasm on the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday and other anniversaries.

When a good many military companies had been formed in the other towns of the State, the members of the Independent Company were afraid that their officers might be of no more consequence than those of any other; in other words, that any newly made captain or lieutenant would rank with them, so they presented their grievance to the Legislature, which body, in due time, made a law that all the captains of this company should henceforth be majors, while the lieutenants should be captains, and so they are up to the present time, no other company in the United States enjoying such honor as theirs.

There is one fact in the history of the company that deserves honorable mention. At the time of the Old War, when the honor of the new country was insulted by the older and stronger power, they promptly met and offered their services to the Government, whereupon every man of them hired a substitute and then went to war himself, thus doubling the strength of the organization.

In the piping times of peace which followed, on each first of May the whole town turned out to the crowning of the Queen of May. Then the company would go to the Young Ladies' Seminary in the town, and escort the Queen, with her maids of honor, her crowner and other attendants, to the hill that lay west. The men made a brave show, clad in white trousers, with their red and white plumes waving gayly from their tall chapeaux. On the breezy hill top there was a grove where ancient oaks formed Gothic arches over the grassy sward. In the midst of it a throne was erected and decked with flowers and evergreens. There, supported by the military, the May Queen was crowned, with her crown-er and scepter-bearer on either side and her little nymphs in front, making a charming picture. Their sweet voices echo down the halls of time, their modest loveliness is seen through the vista of years. Ah, me! but they lived and joyfully fulfilled their destiny, and ever-changing time rolls on.

The Independent Company having now rounded out more than a century, is considered to be the oldest military organization in the United States, although it is true there is a company in Boston that sets up claims to equal, if not greater, antiquity, but no one in this part of the country pays any attention to them. Of course not!

Where the Waters Crossed.

In old times the street that went north from the market house ended in a square that was called St. James. In the middle of it was the court house. A wide, green street stretched out from this square and seemed to end mysteriously in a kind of jumping-off place. This is the beginning of the glen where the waters cross. A steep path leads down to a bridge. You cross it and follow the path in its windings, and you find that you are in the hollow of a picturesque dell, shaded with pines that are forever sighing, and so many flowers greet the eye that it seems as if the wood nymphs must have made a garden there. In springtime, when the foliage is most beautiful, the yellow jasmine entwines and garlands each tree and shrub. There are yards of it, bushels of it, ropes of it, swaying in the soft air and exhaling its subtle fragrance. In May the woodbine thrives, the

wild-ivy (*Kalmia*) with its wealth of bloom, all growing and blossoming—a lovers' walk of nature's own planting! And everywhere was the sound of rippling waters.

On many a night when the moonlight was shimmering on the ripples, the music of a soft laugh, the murmur of a voice, or the gleam of a white dress, would betray the presence of a party of young folks late in returning from a picnic, or taking a moonlight stroll under the pines. After these mysterious waters crossed, they bent around a sylvan island, then meeting they flowed boldly down, washing the foot of a flower-decked slope called Mount Rosa, and mingled their volume with the river.

Plank Roads and Steamboat.

As time rolled on trade increased. Strings of canvas-covered wagons whitened the roads that led to the different points of the compass. As many as 200 would pass a given point in an hour. These wagons were enormously high in the front and back, and correspondingly sway-backed in the middle, and drawn by four or six mules, the driver astride the leader, wearing bells. A gladsome "ting-a-ling" they made of a frosty morning as they came down the hills in imposing processions,

cause work was stopped when it was near completion. It is not known at this day why water was never turned into the canal, why boats did not ply busily up and down, or why the patient mule did not plod its carefully smoothed tow path. But the canal itself is always cropping up in the most unexpected places, a fragment here and there, with sides moss-grown and tinkling water in the bottom, at such angles to each other that you would wonder how the ends could ever have been pieced together.

After this, the era of railroads came in. The city fathers met and discussed the question as to whether they would have a railroad. It was decided unanimously in the negative. Plank roads were the thing, said they. Five plank roads could be built for what one railroad would cost, besides all sorts of objectionable people would intrude themselves by way of the railroad. Plank roads brought people who were able to own their own teams and had something to sell. Plank roads to the back country and a line of steamboats down the river; what more could one want? And plank roads it was, four of them radiating from the market, duly provided with toll houses and sign boards bearing aloft the legend, "Five dollars fine for locking a wheel on the plank track of this road."

But, alas! other people built railroads if they did not. Bars of iron soon bound the different parts of the State and crossed their plank roads at various angles and places, and regarded them not. The railroads bore rushing trains that carried away the trade from the old borough; the white-topped wagons with their jangling bells came in diminished numbers, to bring the butter and the apples and the honey and the poultry. The town thereafter enjoyed a season of dignified repose.

The Ambient Hills.

Seen from the tower of the town hall, as from any elevated point in Creektown, the entire horizon is bounded with an unbroken line of hills, which, clothed in a perennial growth of pine, show green or blue, as they are near or far. So, the town lies in a bowl, of which the wooded hills form the rim. Surely the land is blessed from whose hills gush never-failing springs of water! No one has ever counted the springs of Creektown, but they, like the creeks, are omnipresent, and in size are from little disks of silver set in emerald moss to one that is large enough to supply the town with water. This the inhabitants utilized at a very early date, using pine logs for water mains, and soon abundant crystal streams flowed from hydrants made of upright logs furnished with plug and spigot, being, no doubt, the oldest waterworks of this kind in the United States. Sometimes a stone arch in a bank holds the spring around some flower-studded turf kept green by the runlet.

Another is a melancholy and eerie place indeed, o'erhung with cedars and poplars. Nearby is the old graveyard for persons of color, and here the friends of the departed would linger after their melancholy task was done and refresh themselves and their animals. Then we find one clear spring in the corner of a lady's garden, and over it a picturesque summer house. Another lady, a good Samaritan, has curbed her spring with stones and hung a dipper for the thirsty wayfarers. This one is on the edge of a flower-decked terrace. Then the springs in the little dooryards of the poor should not be forgotten; welling up from pebbly beds with carefully brought stones placed around, and a well-scoured gourd hanging from a convenient shrub. They are precious possessions, that neither gold nor gems could buy. And yet another springs out joyfully from the green bank, as if glad to be free from the confining water veins. All around, as far as the vision extends, are vines, vines on arbors and trellises laden with the purple clusters; this is in a celebrated

vineyard and nearby are the spacious wine vaults. Always pure, sweet and cool, their sources too far down in the secret places of the earth for any harmful thing to reach them, they remain forever, a precious gift from nature to those who dwell within the hills.

Where in the whole United States, save in Creektown, could one find almost within sight and hearing of the market place a sylvan glen containing an enchanted spring? The spring lies under a hill, by a bend in the creek, the water coming boldly from an opening in the rock. The water is peculiarly cool and sweet. A draught of it will work a spell, so that, no matter how far one may roam, at times he will feel a mighty desire to return to listen to the ever-present murmur of its creeks, to see the sunset once more behind the western hills, and having this desire so strongly, he will return. Whether one be native or foreign, with him the charm is just the same. And now in these end of the century days the old town (with modern improvements) still rests safe within its encircling hills, lulled by its winding ever-present creeks. Let us hope that the peculiar character of the place may not be subverted, and that it may not sink to a melancholy fate among the conventional and commonplace.

JOSEPHINE BRYAN WORTH.

CREEKTOWN, North Carolina.



A CLUMP OF WHITE BIRCH.
(See "An Indian Reverie.")

bringing all kinds of country produce and luxuries. Cotton, too, poured in from the South; the creeks were dammed up and harnessed to machinery; mills were built, and the old town seemed entering on a career of endless prosperity. Astonishingly soon, too, after the discovery of the great Oliver Evans, the people of Creektown began to build boats to navigate their river; so early, indeed, in the history of steam was it, that half a century ago the ancient steamboat Amoretta was said to be "the oldest steamboat in the United States." Alternating with others, it made regular trips to Mornington, at the mouth of the river, starting fifteen minutes after sunrise, but the obliging captain would wait for you if you let him know before hand you were coming. The little steamer would then back gallantly out into the stream, the red wheel at the stern throwing up the water in torrents, the engine complaining, "Chuckalunk e-e-e, chuckalunk o-o-o," and presently it would proceed on its way down stream with dignity, followed by the admiring gaze of such of the inhabitants as happened to be abroad at that hour. A canal was also dug about the time of the Erie Canal. It went around the rocks and rapids that impeded navigation up the river, and was intended to do for Creektown on a small scale what the Erie did for New York. But for some unexplained

To the Cubitas Mountains.

PUERTO PRINCEPE, Cuba.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few of my friends and myself have just taken a trip into the Cubitas Mountains, a region we have long wished to visit, being attracted by its historic interest and also by the mountains themselves, with their blue, fresh appearance, particularly on days of hot parching breezes. An opportune occasion at last presented itself and I set off on a Friday just after noon with a pack train to find a camp in the vicinity of the mountains; the rest of the party were to come out the following morning in a wagon, and finding the pack train rested and in readiness, immediately take up the trail into the mountains, leaving the wagon behind.

We journeyed along till about 6 o'clock that afternoon through a country apparently uninhabited.

Puerto Principe, from which I set forth, is doubtless about as old a city as any on the American continent, yet after leaving its immediate vicinity I did not see a human being, a house or a domestic animal throughout the entire afternoon's march, nor wild game of any description; the country seemed always to have been utterly deserted. As it was getting nearly night, we encamped just after crossing a fine stream, unpacked the mules and got our supper. By the time this was over it was nearly dark, and what was of more important concern, it was beginning to rain. We put up two small tents with pointed poles, which we had brought with us for such an emergency, but before we had an opportunity to ditch them and make them snug, the storm was upon us. Of course, the tents kept off most of the rain, but soon the ground was covered to the depth of an inch or more. This ran under our tents and soaked our bedding, which we had spread down on the ground, and made us generally uncomfortable, and in spite of our best endeavors we got more or less wet through. Our packer made his bed down outside on a pile of forage; this kept him up off the ground, and as he had artistically arranged some canvas pack covers over him, he went to sleep dry and lighthearted and was inclined to view with contempt the sufferings of his fellows. But, alas! "pride goeth before a fall." In the midst of the storm and darkness a loose mule chanced that way, and recognizing the odor of the forage, closed his teeth upon a sack and unceremoniously yanked it out from under its occupant, precipitating him into the mud and depriving him of every advantage over his fellows. After all, getting wet through is part of the pleasure of a trip, for you feel so nice and comfortable when you are dry again.

The next morning we dried our wet blankets and clothing, and meanwhile sent back to guide the expected wagon to our camp, as the storm had obliterated our trail. The wagon was found and conducted to camp, though with some difficulty, as the creeks were now so high that it was a difficult matter to ford them, and the trail was heavy with mud.

It was so late when the wagon arrived that we abandoned our plan of marching into the mountains with the pack train that day, but concluded to go in that evening with our horses and return to the same camp that night. After dinner we set out for the mountains, distant about three miles. A fine little stream runs along their base, and in its valley we found a few simple habitations, one of them being the invariable cantina, or roadway rum shop. A Cuban goes without almost everything, but he loves rum, so on every trail much traversed one doesn't have to go far before he finds one of these dispensaries of happiness. We held as much conversation with its proprietor as our combined knowledge of the language would permit. Engaged him to furnish a guide on the following morning, and then set forth for the Paradoes Pass through the mountains.

We discovered the pass without much difficulty, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in riding through it and gazing upon its beauty and grandeur. It is a rift (doubtless volcanic) in the solid marble of which the mountains appear to be composed; it is a mile or more in length, and of a width just sufficient for a wagon road with a margin of a few yards on each side. Beyond this margin rise the sheer walls of marble to a height which I will not attempt to state, as we had no means of measuring, but it was a long way to the top. The margin on each side of the trail grew thick with tropical vegetation, and even in many places along the vertical rocks trees had succeeded in attaching themselves to crevices, and while putting stem and branches upward like ordinary trees, had also put vertical branches downward toward the ground. I suppose these were of the nature of roots, but they looked just like ropes, and taking it all round, the walls were in great part obscured with vegetation. This greatly enhanced the beauty of the scene, and we all gazed with delight upon a sight the like of which we had never seen before.

Twenty-two years ago or thereabouts, in the Ten Years' War, a Spanish column of troops was surprised in this pass by Cuban insurgents, who lined the edges of the cliffs and hurled down stones upon them after the practice of the Moors and Spanish in former days, as related by Irving. There appears to be no authentic account of the number killed, but it may have been considerable. We interrogated our guide about it on the following day. He was an aged Cuban of unusual spirit and intelligence, a master of the machete, and a thorough woodsman. He told us that the tradition of the massacre of the Spanish was indeed true, that he himself was one of the Cubans who had thrown the stones, and that many Spanish were killed. All this was extremely interesting to us; we had always heard of this massacre, and here we were at last on the very ground and talking with one of the men who did it. We pressed him for facts, particularly as to numbers killed. He replied in the Spanish way, "Oh, many, many." I asked him if he thought a hundred. He said probably more; and we let the matter drop for the time being. The guide bore the usual appearance of poverty and destitution, but on the strength of his employment as guide, which was doubtless unusual, he had indulged in a bottle of Jamaica rum, which he pressed on us with great liberality, and of which he partook himself copiously. After one or two tumblers of the scorching beverage had been turned down his aged throat, he became more communicative, and I asked him again about the number of Spaniards killed; he now replied that it was over two hundred. Later, about the time the rum was entirely consumed, he was again asked, and he said "more than

three hundred." Finally, on our return to camp, when we settled with him for his services, we were so pleased with him—for he had really given us a most interesting day—that we gave him a dollar more than his price and invited him to dinner with us. This seemed to have completely warmed the cockles of his heart, and he showed his appreciation of our attention in the only way possible to him, viz., by increasing the number of Spanish killed in the Paradoes Pass, for on one of the packers asking him about this time as to the number, he replied with great gusto, "More than a thousand."

We saw no game this day except two birds in the pass that resembled pigeons, with heads like quail. They were of a sooty or dusky color, were walking on the ground, and apparently had mated. We did not disturb them. On our return to camp we found that the packers had succeeded in killing three jutias, a kind of rodent that inhabits Cuban forests. I believe it is said to be the only mammal indigenous to the island. It grows about the size of a coon, which it resembles some in appearance, and is excellent eating. In some parts of Cuba they are said to be abundant. They are found in trees like squirrels.

On the following day—Sunday—we arose early and moved our camp over in the vicinity of the mountains, as we had now given up the idea of moving into the mountains in our limited time. We then again set forth, and on arriving at the cantina found our guide already there and busying himself in making torches out of hard, dry timber with his machete. It was interesting to watch the ease with which this feeble old man split long and straight strips out of this seasoned timber with his machete, while some young and lusty Cubans with him were toiling hard and could scarce succeed in splitting a creditable strip. After he had prepared his torches we set forth and entered the mouth of a different pass from that of the day before, similar to it in some respects, though not nearly so grand; and finally ascending a narrow trail up one side at the end of which we left our horses, and proceeding on foot we soon found ourselves at the mouth of an enormous cave in the face of the rocky cliff. The guide told us that in some former troubles in this island his grandfather had brought his family from Puerto Principe to dwell in this cave for safety, and that he was thoroughly familiar with it. We lighted our torches, entered and found it a grand subterranean cavern in the marble rock, one large chamber opening into another and each descending constantly to lower depths, while the ceiling above remained at practically the same level. Some of us were content with visiting but a few of these chambers, not desiring to risk life and limb by passing down any more of the wet, slippery inclines than was necessary for a general idea; but others were more venturesome and willing to go to the limit with the guide. The latter was greatly troubled at our declining to go the full distance, and seemed to consider it a reflection either upon his cave or himself, and pleaded with us as best he could to follow him. It was with difficulty that we succeeded in getting him to go on without us. Finally, after enjoying the sights and securing a quantity of stalactites and other specimens, we took the trail back toward the camp, the guide now doing all in his power to entertain us, and proving himself a kind of natural or practical botanist, as he showed us some interesting facts connected with the surrounding vegetation. As he rode along he lopped off about 20 inches of a branch or stem of a tree he called Indio, and placing one end to his lips blew bubbles with the sap at the further end, just as with a pipe and soap suds. He lopped off a similar piece of a para tree, and holding it vertically, placed his open mouth beneath and a stream of clear sap ran down into his mouth sufficient to give him a fair drink. He pulled bark from the mahogany and in the twinkling of an eye would have built that none could break, and I believe he would have built us a house if we had intimated to him it would please us.

After dinner we visited the Maximo River, a fine stream, which the guide assured us was full of fish, and indeed we had little doubt of it. We had brought fly-book and tackle with us on purpose to try this stream for bass, but, alas! the hard storm of the first night had left it still high and roily, so that fishing was out of the question. We will endeavor to try it later on. The guide showed us the general locality of Gomez's headquarters during the last war, but he said they moved constantly and left nothing to positively mark the place where they had been. We had always supposed before, and I understand that the supposition is general, that there is a town among these mountains called Cubitas, and that this town was the seat of the insurgent government during the war. Geographers indeed show such a town on their maps. The old man, however, said this was an error, that the word Cubitas applied merely to the general tract covered by the mountains, and that there was no town by that name. We were disappointed at hearing this, as we had intended to visit this town; we felt, however, that it was the truth, for the old man was so anxious to please us he would willingly have built a town for us in the same manner that he had increased the Spanish losses in the pass, if he had only something on which to base it. We finally took leave of our interesting guide, and the following morning packed up and hastened back to town, without having killed or caught anything, or scarcely having seen any game, but having, nevertheless, had a most enjoyable trip, and once more breathed the fresh invigorating air of the mountains.

WM. F. FLYNN.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., June 4.—The first weakfish of the season was caught Decoration Day. Fluke and blackfish are biting freely, and it is very easy to get a basketful of them in a few hours, but weakfish, while they are in the bay, do not take readily to the bait, and are evidently waiting for warmer weather. At the Fishing Banks and wreck of the Iberia sea bass or "humpbacks," as the fishermen call them, are being caught by the bushel, and with the commoner sort of fish, secure a good day's sport when the sea and weather will allow the small boat to go out of the inlet.

QUAHAUG.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE new number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains an attractive list of contents and several hours of good reading. See advertisement elsewhere.

An Indian Reverie.

"Lay aside your cloak, O birch tree!
Lay aside your white skin wrapper;
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven."

—Whittier.

ALONG the edges of Melrose and the Highlands in the Old Bay State a little brook winds its way by pine-clad hills, through white birch groves, across low meadows where cattle delight to cool themselves on hot summer days. Here and there it tumbles in bright cascades over the rocks, forming dark pools where the speckled trout play hide and seek.

In April a little tent appeared among the birch trees and a solitary Indian fishing up and down the brook. What was it that called him to this spot?

More than 250 years ago the great Sagamore Nanepashemet (New Moon), Chief of the Pawtuckets, ruled over all this country. He could, by one spoken word, command 3,000 braves to do his bidding. It must have been the spirits of his forefathers which drew this nineteenth century Indian, the last remnant of a once free and powerful people, to dwell beside the little stream.

"I make chairs," he said, "from the trees which grow about. I come every summer." Only a mile or so away is one of the largest chair factories in the State—the Wakefield Rattan Works—and yet this child of the forest calmly went to work making chairs. It took him several weeks to complete one. As he finished each he took it on his back, carrying it from door to door until he succeeded in selling it. The chairs were of the rustic order, strong and serviceable, as well as picturesque, and ornamented by leaving the soft brown inner bark in rings and scallops on the twisted arms, backs and legs.

Here and there along the brookside is a group of the primeval pines and hemlocks which once covered the hills and valleys, and through which Nanepashemet's men hunted the fleet-footed red deer, wolves, bears, moose, rabbits and squirrels. Their arrows were of elder wood, feathered with eagles' quills and tipped with porphyry or jasper.

Their bows of walnut were strung with moose and deer sinews.

Beside this same brook the pretty Brownettos, as the Indian girls were called, wandered to see their reflections mirrored in the still pools, and the lads trapped beaver, or fished with their lines of wild hemp and hooks of fish bone.

The men wore only a deer or seal skin tied about the waist, and in winter a larger skin of wolf or bear thrown over the shoulders, with moosehide moccasins. The women were dressed in deerskin robes ornamented with figures of birds and flowers, drawn in bright colors, and often plume-decked fillets crowned their heads. The sachems carried a wealth of wampum in belts, bracelets and pendants, sometimes many feet long, with the shells cut into the form of bird and beast.

Along the edges of the streams and lakes the red men built their lodges, and it is not many years since arrow-heads and tomahawks were picked up about Lake Quana-powitt (in Wakefield) which bears the name of one of Nanepashemet's descendants. They planted their fields of corn when the oak leaves were as large as mouse ears. Capt. Smith says that as he passed along the coast in 1614 he saw "large corne fields and great troupes of well proportioned people."

Occasionally the Indians had a great feast when *wus-cowan* (the wanderer) appeared. These birds (wild pigeons) sometimes passed over the country in such hordes that the children killed them with sticks. The first Lynn settlers tell us that they continued flying for four or five hours together to such an extent that one could see neither beginning nor end, length nor breadth, of these millions of millions, and when they alighted in woods they often broke down great limbs.

Thus the red men lived in happiness and plenty in the early days of the coming of the white men; but a few years after a terrible sickness swept away great numbers of them. There are no records left to tell us the name or the nature of this dread disease, but historians of that period have decided that it must have been the plague, the smallpox, or possibly yellow fever. Many more were killed in tribal wars, and those who were left became gradually converted to the white man's ways of living.

Alas, that this influence should have gone so far as to cause Poquannum, or as he is called in the Salem records, Black-Will, the ruler of Nahant, to sell the whole of that peninsula to Thomas Dexter for a suit of clothes!

The language of the Indians was full of poetic meaning and expression. They called the ocean by a name which meant the great panting. One of their old sachems on seeing the prosperity of the Europeans and the decline of his own people through sickness and war, said, "I am an aged hemlock whose head has been whitened by many snows. You are the rising sun; we are the setting."

A Persian sage has said, "Change not the barbarous names, for they are given of God." So let us cling to the few reminders yet left to us of this fast dying race in the names of lake, stream and mountain.

MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON.

MELROSE, Mass.

Fish Stories from Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The tautog down the bay are still biting voraciously. Wednesday evening Judge George A. Bliss, of East Providence, carried a party, including the tax assessors of this city, in his yacht down to the vicinity of Nayatt, and he said the fishing was the best he ever had, the party catching about 500 pounds. He thinks that the abundance of fish this spring is owing to the systematic destruction of the star fish by the oystermen. They have invented a method of catching them by which they are kept down to the minimum. Besides preying upon oysters, the star fish in previous years have consumed much of the food used by tautog and other food fish.

Albert Rhodes, of Wrentham, has made the largest catch of pickerel recorded in these parts in many years. It was at the Glenwood Mill Pond that he cast his line, and in a few minutes landed fifteen handsome pickerel. All were of good size, but one tipped the scales and 4½ pounds.

W. H. M.

Natural History.

The Last Adirondack Moose.

AS stated last week, the last moose killed in the Adirondacks of which we have any definite account was taken in the summer of 1861 near Raquette or Blue Mountain Lake. The account of the killing was given in full by E. C. S. (Mr. Edward Clarence Smith) in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 2, 1874. His account was called out by an article published in February of that year, in which the writer stated his belief that "there had not been one killed within the State for the last sixteen years." In other words, since the early part of 1858. To this statement Mr. Smith took exception and said:

"During the summer of 1861 a small party of Philadelphians, including myself, were encamped for several days upon Raquette Lake in the Adirondacks. Many of your readers will recall the wild and picturesque stream called Marion River that discharges into Raquette Lake, the waters of that beautiful, clear sheet of water called by some Lake Emmons, by others Blue Mountain Lake. It is a stream full of remarkable windings, a second Meander. We were camping on Raquette Lake, right opposite the mouth of this stream, and used frequently to cross the lake, pass up the stream a few hundred yards and try for speckled trout that were wont to frequent a cold spring hole in the vicinity. It was almost 3 o'clock one afternoon of a beautiful golden day. We had been angling with some success, and were returning to camp for a late dinner. There were six persons in all, two boat loads. Our guides were rowing leisurely along, and the rest of us were enjoying the pure mountain air, the golden flood of sunlight, the sparkling waters, and the thousand genial sights and sounds of the grand wilderness region. We were rounding an abrupt turn in the river, when we suddenly caught sight of a huge beast up to its waist in the water, and feeding leisurely upon the lily pads. We were within a half rifle shot of it before it perceived us. The first boat, having no suitable weapon, halted. Our guide instantly seized his rifle and sprang to the bow. The animal turned and walked slowly toward the shore, the mud in which he was treading preventing a more rapid exit. As it turned its huge flank the guide leveled his rifle. The occupants of the first boat discharged their guns, loaded with bird shot, at the ears of the creature, with no visible effect except to provoke the laughter of the company. Our guide covered his game, but was very deliberate, waiting for a better exposure. Finally he pulled the trigger, and the beast dropped, quivering and dead, on the edge of the bank.

"It turned out to be a large cow moose. After some effort we got her into one of the boats, which she weighed down to the water's edge. We all found place in the remaining boat and towed the moose behind us. I well remember that as we began to cross the lake a fresh breeze prevailed, and we were threatened with quite a sea. However, we got safely across. The moose was an acceptable addition to our stock of provisions, although she was not in very good condition.

"Your contributor may therefore record that during the summer of 1861 a veritable female moose was shot on Marion River near Raquette Lake, twelve years ago last summer. The persons present were Isaac Gerhart, lawyer; Mr. Burgin, Rev. Augustus Smith, now settled in West Philadelphia, and the undersigned, all residents of Philadelphia. The guide who did the shooting was one Palmer, of Long Lake. An account of this was recorded on the travelers' book at Bartlett's on the Saranac, as the party went out. I have understood the record is still there, but that sundry envious and disappointed sportsmen have indicated their disbelief of the story by certain ironical and skeptical comments. Nevertheless it is a true story, every word of it, and if Mr. Lamberton will visit Philadelphia I will introduce him to the parties, and will show him a bone taken from the foreleg of the beast."

When Dr. C. Hart Merriam was writing his work on "The Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region," which was published by the Linnean Society of New York, in October, 1882, he made further investigation of this occurrence, and had some correspondence on the subject with Mr. Smith, who addressed a letter of inquiry to Isaac Gerhart, Esq., who was of the party. The reply showing how another individual saw and remembered the incident is published on page 141 of "The Mammals of the Adirondack Region" (New York, 1884). Mr. Gerhart says:

"I should say the moose was shot about the end of the second week in August, 1861, at the mouth of the East Inlet of Raquette Lake, on whose shore, about four miles distant, we then had a camp. We had been up this inlet—your correspondent calls it Marion River, a name I cannot recall—for a day's trout fishing. You and your brother (Rev. H. Augustus Smith) and guide were in one boat; Burgin, a guide, and I in another. We as usual, 'though on fishing bent,' still had our trusty guns, lest some chance game should find us unprepared. At its mouth the inlet was bordered on either hand by a thickly wooded shore, terminating on the south side in a short promontory, round the end of which a sloping shore curved off to the southwest. Off this shore grew in the water a border of lily pads, perhaps a hundred feet wide, and about half as far from the edge of the water the shore became bold and thickly wooded. We were rowing steadily down, the bottoms of our boats covered with finny spoils. I was in the bow of the foremost boat, when as we came abreast of the end of the promontory I caught sight of the monster up to her belly in water cropping the tender lily shoots. I shall never forget the confusing impression the sight made upon me. In my mind the moose was always associated with imposing antlers, such as I had seen in the pictured and stuffed specimens, which had all been males; but this uncouth creature had only immense ears, which, though its head was below the humped shoulders, still towered above them. I felt that it must be game because of the complete wildness of the surroundings; and yet it seemed so suggestive of an exaggerated caricature of a jackass that the idea passed across my mind that there might be some clearing in the neighborhood to which it belonged. I do not think my guide's impressions were any more coherent than mine, for although he was a year or two

past his majority and had been born and bred in the woods he had never seen a moose. Meanwhile, profiting by our confusion of ideas, Madame Moose had 'slewed around' in the water, with a view to making for the friendly shelter of the woods, when your boat came within view of the creature, and your guide shouted 'Moose! Moose!' which had the effect of clearing up my ideas instantaneously. In the twinkling of an eye I had lodged in front of her shoulder the contents of my gun—not 'bird shot,' as you suggest, but 'buck cartridge,' consisting of over a dozen buckshot inclosed in a wire frame, making a load that 'carried' very closely, and made a hole in her at that short range of not over 50 yards that would doubtless, after one of those long runs for which these animals are famous when fatally wounded, have ended her career. My shot lent impetus to her progress toward shore. Then Burgin fired some shot (I think No. 6) into her and she emerged from the water. The two guides, first ours and then yours, each put a rifle ball into her, and she fell heavily, to rise no more. She doubtless had a spouse somewhere in the neighborhood, for a party who had been after her for a week had killed a moose calf near by that was too young to have left its parents and claimed to have found tracks of both the old ones. We lived on her tenderloin—after getting her to camp under great difficulties—for about a week.

"On our way out of the region, whence we made our exit at the First Saranac Lake, we stopped at Bartlett's on Round Lake, which appeared to be a famous and extensive rendezvous for hunters and guides; and on the register there we recorded conspicuously opposite our names our notable, albeit fortuitous, achievement. I think we recorded it as weighing about 800 pounds, and standing about 7 feet high in the hump. The derisive incredulity which this entry evoked was only silenced by the production of the hide, which we had brought with us."

Records of moose in the Adirondacks during the few years last preceding this capture are not wanting, and from a mass of evidence which is uncertain or traditional. Dr. Merriam gives the following occurrences as well established:

The Constable brothers killed their last moose in 1856 west of Charley's Pond, in Hamilton county.

A moose was killed at or near Mud Lake in the lower Saranac region in 1856. This may be the one recently referred to in *FOREST AND STREAM*. In the same year Ed Arnold killed a moose at Nick's Lake, and the next spring a man named Baker killed another in the same neighborhood.

In July, 1861, Mr. A. F. Tait, the artist, and Mr. Jas. B. Blossom each shot at moose at Raquette Lake, Mr. Tait wounding his, which was later killed by Wm. Wood, and Mr. Blossom killing his, a dry cow, on the South Inlet of Raquette Lake.

An attempt to reintroduce the moose was made by the Adirondack Club quite a good many years ago, but the animals died. Later Mr. W. Seward Webb turned out moose in some numbers on his preserve in the Adirondacks. These animals are understood to have increased, but not to such an extent as to be satisfactory to the owners of the preserve.

In the Corbin game park in New Hampshire, however, it is understood that moose have done very well, and have increased so that the preserve is fairly well stocked.

The Wood Bison.

BY J. A. ALLEN.

From the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History.

The Museum has recently obtained a head (skull and unmounted head skin) of the wood bison, taken by Indians near Great Slave Lake. The exact point is not known, but it is evidently a freshly killed specimen, and is in excellent condition. It is a young male, probably about four years old, the second upper molar being wholly unworn, and the third molar not having yet broken through its alveolus. Compared with specimens of the plains bison (*Bison bison*) of corresponding age, it is rather above the average size of the latter, with the base of the horn cores relatively thicker. The head skin has the whole pelage darker, softer and more silky than the bison of the plains, this specimen agreeing in this respect with several mounted heads of the wood bison I have seen in the possession of dealers within the last few years.

The present specimen confirms, as far as it goes, the characters recently assigned to the wood bison by Mr. S. N. Rhoads (Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Phila., 1897, p. 488), and quite warrant its recognition under the name *Bison bison athabasca*, applied to it by Mr. Rhoads. Formerly it doubtless completely intergraded with the southern form. Now that it is on the point of extinction, the following summary of its recent decadence may not be without interest.

As is well known, the American bison formerly ranged continuously from the northern boundary of the United States northward over the Saskatchewan plains to the region about Great Slave Lake, in latitude 60° north, and even, according to Richardson,¹ to the vicinity of Great Marten Lake, in latitude 63° or 64°. Their range in the north, as well as in the south, gradually became more and more restricted, the last remnants consisting of only a few widely separated bands.

There is abundant historic evidence to show that the wood bison formerly ranged from the Liard River, in latitude 60°, eastward to the eastern end of Great Slave Lake, and from the district just northwest of Great Slave Lake southward, including the half-open country on both sides of Great Slave River, to the western end of Lake Athabasca, and westward to the east base of the Rocky Mountains. On my map,² intended to show the approximate range of the bison in 1875, its northern limit is given as not extending much beyond Peace River, while in 1889 Mr. Hornaday gave its supposed area as a very limited district, wholly to the south of Peace River.³ It is quite probable that both maps were in this respect erroneous. Mr. Hornaday's plotting of

this portion of his map was doubtless based on Prof. John Macoun's statement in his "Manitoba and the Great Northwest," published in 1883, in which he says (p. 342): "In the winter of 1870 the last buffalo were killed north of Peace River; but in 1875 about one thousand were still in existence between the Athabasca and Peace rivers, north of Little Slave River."

According to Warburton Pike,⁴ in 1890 "a few bands of buffalo" were scattered over a considerable area of country between the Liard River and Great Slave Lake, and thence south to Peace River. "Sometimes," he says, "they are heard of at Forts Smith and Vermilion, sometimes at Fort St. John close up to the big mountains on Peace River, and occasionally at Fort Nelson on the south branch of the Liard. It is impossible to say anything about their numbers, as the country they inhabit is so large, and the Indians, who are few in number, usually keep to the same hunting ground." The site of his own successful hunt for these animals, in February, 1890, was on a tributary of Buffalo River, about fifty miles south of its entrance into Great Slave Lake.

It was near this point that Frank Russell hunted them in 1894, with the same Indian guide, but without success. He says: "At the end of the fourth day [from Fort Resolution] we reached the northern limit of the buffalo range, perhaps fifty miles south of the Great Slave Lake." Owing to stormy weather, Mr. Russell failed to reach the herd, being compelled to turn back without seeing a single bison. Concerning their numbers, haunts and prospects he writes as follows:

"The herd at present consists of a few hundred only. They are so wary that but one effective shot can be fired, when they betake themselves to instant flight, and, as with the moose, pursuit is altogether futile. They cannot be hunted in summer, as the country which they inhabit is an impenetrable, mosquito-infested, wooded swamp at that season. * * * They can only be killed by stalking in midwinter, when their pelage is at its best. * * *

"The Indians along the Peace and Slave rivers make occasional trips into the buffalo country with dog teams to establish lines of marten traps. When they discover a band of buffaloes they of course kill as many as they can, but they have not made systematic efforts to hunt them for their robes, as they have the musk-ox. Fortunately, the officers of the company have exerted their influence toward the preservation of the buffalo, not trading for the robes, until the recent advent of rival traders. During the winter of 1892-3 forty buffaloes were killed, the largest number that had been secured for several years. I saw most of these robes, which were very dark, the hair thick and curled, making a robe superior to that of either musk-ox or plains buffalo; they were so large that the Indians had cut many of them in halves for convenience in hauling on the sleds.

"From 20 to 100 MB [\$10 to \$50] are paid for the robes. The traders are trying to induce the Indians to preserve them as mountable skins.

"The northern limit of the range of the buffalo, as given by Mackenzie, was the Horn Mountains, north of the Little Lake. Père Ruore, of the Saint Michael Mission, at Rae, who has crossed the Rae-Providence traverse several times, assured me that he had seen buffalo skulls on the prairies which lie within fifty miles of Providence, northwest of the western end of the Great Slave Lake. I saw no remains of buffaloes when I crossed these prairies in December, owing to the snow, but the country is similar to that south of the lake, where they are still found.

"Black Head, an old Yellow Knife chief, living at the mouth of the Rivière au Jean, told me that he had killed 'plenty of buffaloes' in the delta of the Slave River. About fifteen years ago a few were killed near Liard, but they are seldom seen in that quarter. They formerly frequented the 'Salt Plains,' forty miles northeast of Fort Smith. Franklin's party killed a buffalo in that vicinity at the time of their visit in 1820.⁵ Richardson states that in 1848 there was an abundance of deer and buffalo meat obtainable on the Salt Plains."

Still later information is furnished by Thomas Johnson, in a quotation from the report of Game Inspector Jarvis to the Canadian Government, published in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Oct. 23, 1897 (Vol. XLIX., p. 323). His inspection of the region embracing the present range of the bison was made in 1897, and in his report he says: "I have taken great pains in making as thorough inquiries as possible in connection with the buffalo, their habits, number and range. The range of a scattered band of about 300 is from Peace Point to Salt River, and from Salt River to within twenty miles of Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. I met a Mr. Handbury, an English sportsman, who is on a hunting expedition. He had just returned from an unsuccessful buffalo hunt, but he saw fresh tracks and beds of about sixty buffalo. Mr. Handbury returns this year, but the fear of a \$200 fine will hardly prevent his hunt. * * * If it be the intention of the Government to protect these nearly extinct animals, it can only be done by placing officials on the spot. I have in the case of buffalo and other game impressed on all hunters and other interested persons the necessity of obeying the game act, and have left printed notices where practicable."

Mr. Rhoads, in his "Notes on Living and Extinct Species of North American Bovidae" (Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Philadelphia, 1897, p. 497), published a letter from Mr. H. I. Moberly, of the Hudson Bay Co., dated Nov. 9, 1897, in which Mr. Moberly states: "They lived formerly from the beginning of the wooded country north of the Saskatchewan to Great Slave Lake, and further north along the east slope of the Rocky Mountains. At present there are not more than two hundred and fifty to three hundred alive, and they are in two bands, one on the lower Peace River, north of it, and run from close to Great Slave Lake at Peace Point, which is some ninety miles below Fort Vermilion. The other is on the upper Hay River and ranges between Peace River and Liard River, and runs down some two hundred and fifty miles east of the Rocky Mountains and up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains."

This brings the history down to Mr. Stone's report, pub-

¹Fauna Bor.-Am., I., 1829, p. 279.

²The American Bison, Living and Extinct. Mem. Geol. Surv. Kentucky, Vol. I., Part II., 1876, and Mem. Mus. Comp. Zool., Vol. IV., No. 10, 1876.

³The Extirpation of the American Bison. Report of the U. S. Nat. Mus., 1886-87 (1889), pp. 389-548, pl. i-xxii.

⁴Barren Ground of Northern Canada, 1893, p. 143.

⁵Explorations in the Far North, 1898, pp. 231, 232.

⁶Sir John Franklin, Narrative, p. 177.

⁷Arctic Searching Expedition, p. 149.

lished in this volume of the Bulletin (*antea*, p. 41), in which he states that he does not think the present number exceeds fifty, and that their complete extinction, in spite of the efforts of the Canadian Government to protect them, will be consummated within the next three years.

The number of wood bison estimated to exist at different times during the last ten years may be summarized as follows:

Hornaday, 1889	550.
Russell, 1894	a few hundred.
Jarvis, 1897	about 300.
Moberly, 1897	250-300.
Stone, 1899	50.

From the above it appears that the wood bison, during the last six years at least, have occupied a portion of country considerably to the north of the region where they were located by Mr. Hornaday in 1889, and by myself in 1876. It is likely, however, that they never wholly forsook the region they now occupy, and that the two maps above cited were in this respect erroneous. It is pretty safe now to assume, however, that they have been entirely exterminated from their former range south of the Peace River, and that a few years more will suffice for their complete extermination.

The extirpation of the plains bison (*Bison bison*) has already been practically effected. Mr. E. Hough, of Chicago, an excellent authority on this subject, states in a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM* (Vol. LIV., No. 12, p. 248, March 31, 1900) that in 1895 there were possibly twenty to twenty-five wild examples in different parts of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, and 100 to 125 in the Yellowstone National Park. Now (March, 1900) he says: "On the face of all discoverable information on this head it is safe to say there are not a dozen live wild buffalo outside the Yellowstone Park in the United States, and if there is a single one I do not know where it is. Inside the Park there may be twenty head or so."

The different domesticated herds he estimates may contain; all told, "between 300 and 500."

Thus the American bison is already practically exterminated in the wild state, and its perpetuation depends upon the care and skill exercised to preserve the domesticated herds.

Game Bag and Gun.

Newfoundland Caribou with Rifle and Camera.

AFTER planning and going over the trip to Newfoundland in our minds for several weeks we at last really made the start. E. D. Ward, E. S. Carlton and C. K. Reed on the morning of Sept. 12 left Worcester, Mass., at 9 o'clock for Boston, and took the Plant Line steamer from there at 12 o'clock for Halifax and Hawksburg. This part of our trip had very much sameness to it for all three of us; in fact, too much sameness by far. Dinner was called on the boat at 1 o'clock, just as we were getting outside the harbor and into rough water. Having a good appetite on, we invested in 75-cent dinner tickets. We had just got well seated at the table and our first course brought on, when Mr. Ward decided he would go on deck and see if there was any danger, as the boat was beginning to roll considerably, and somehow his appetite was not as big as he thought. Mr. Carlton decided it was not right to let Mr. Ward go alone, so followed him, and I—well, I followed them and found them both in their berths and looking frightened, or at least very pale. That is where the sameness started in, and it lasted until the next afternoon, when we reached Halifax. We had two or three hours' stay, so went ashore to see the sights; but somehow the land there had an unpleasant way of moving up and down very much after the manner of the boat. Leaving Halifax in the evening after a good night's sleep, we find ourselves at Hawksburg in the morning, and here also have several hours to look about and enjoy ourselves in a drizzling rain. In the afternoon we take the train and cross Cape Breton, arriving at North Sidney early in the evening, where we go aboard of the elegant little steamer Bruce, which leaves about 9 o'clock, and in the morning we find the boat at Port aux Basque, and are soon on the island of Newfoundland.

Making a few inquiries, we find we can obtain our licenses here of the game warden, and have our luggage looked over by the customs officer. We find all of these gentlemen very courteous, and all seem, so far, to try and make everything pleasant as possible for us. We again take the train about 9 o'clock, and late in the afternoon reach Bay of Islands, where our head guide, Mr. Robert Brookings, meets us. We make a stop here over night and lay in a supply of provisions. We find quite a store, with everything necessary for camping, and Messrs. Bagg Brothers soon have us all fitted out with provisions, etc., for a party of eight men for two weeks. Here we see our first caribou—four little ones only a few months old in a small yard—and they were very tame, taking leaves and grass from our hands. The next morning (Saturday) we again take the train for Gaptopsail, where we are to meet the rest of our party, and we find them all there on hand and in readiness for us. The second guide, Robt. Saunders; our cook, Fred Le Drew, and two men for carriers, Tom Hinds and John Wells, all from Alexander Bay, Newfoundland. They are all strangers to us, but we soon find out that there has been no mistake, and that we have a fine party, and all are anxious to get away from the track. We have to pitch our tents here for the night, as we are in a wild country, with no accommodations, no station or signs of civilization except the railroad, which runs only one train each way every day. The guides have been in to where they propose to camp, and early Sunday morning we are up for breakfast, and break camp and start for a ten-mile tramp north, the carriers and guides packing in some heavy loads. We find the traveling very good, and make our camp by 3 o'clock, and have tents up and everything in good shape before sundown.

We have seen several caribou on our way in, and the first evening in camp soon passes, and with big expecta-

tions of the coming morning, we turn in to dream of the caribou we will get another day.

Monday morning finds all hands up early, and rifles and ammunition about in abundance. The weather nice and clear, but very warm for the caribou to travel about much, so the guides tell us. Two of us, with one of the guides start in one direction, the other two going in the opposite way to get the lay of the land and see what we can for the first day. The two carriers start back for the railroad for another lot of provisions.

Our first day we see quite a number, but none that have very large horns. We must have some meat for camp,



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

and Mr. Ward brings down the first, a nice fat doe, from which we have our first caribou steaks. Another day passes in much the same way, and we do no shooting, though we have seen many and some better heads; but as the guides call them not good enough we let them pass and use the camera when we can in place of the rifle.

The next day the guide thinks we had better change our camp and move about two miles further in and nearer the white hills, where there is a fine lookout. With eight of us at work the change is soon made, and we have a much better location. Friday afternoon Mr.



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

Ward and Brookings bring in the first good head, and it is a fine one. We have all seen quite a number of good ones that we could not get within fair shooting distance of. The next day Messrs. Ward and Carlton bring in two more large fellows. Upward of fifty have been seen, one herd of twelve, out of which with our glasses we could count ten good sets of antlers; but we did not get a shot at them.

Monday, our banner day, we bring in five, all of them big fellows with elegant antlers. Messrs. Ward and Reed, with Guide Saunders, bring in four, which we got within an hour, taking our pick from several herds. Mr. Carlton also comes in with another a little later. The first two were the largest taken, and were a pretty sight. From our lookout we saw three caribou nearly two miles away, and could see at that distance with our glasses that two of them were large stags with immense antlers, and they were coming nearer all the time. We changed our position, less than 50 yards, and allowed them to come to within about 75 yards of us, when Mr. Ward and myself fired at the same time, bringing down our game; not with the first shot, though, as Mr. Ward's required two and mine the third from our .45-90 Winchesters. We find them not easy to bring down at a single shot, in nearly every case requiring the second or third, though the first might be fatal. The country is very open, and

there is no chance for the game to get away if in good range and one has a full magazine.

The next day Mr. Carlton, after looking over a large doe with nice even antlers, and in the velvet, decided it would be nice to have one mounted in that way if possible, and secured it, and taking good care to wind the horns with cloth for protection, now has it mounted with the velvet in perfect condition. We are now getting to be very particular as to what we shoot, and what we called fine at first are now allowed to pass by, and all heads are carefully looked over with the aid of our glasses before we try for them.

We found the game easy to get at if we could keep the wind in our favor. Sometimes even when they would see us they would not seem alarmed until they would get scent of us, when they would be off in a hurry and it was lively work to stop them.

Thursday, Sept. 28, we had taken our full number of heads, and breaking camp, we started on our twelve-mile tramp for the cars, Tom, one of the carriers, having as his pack out five large heads (skinned), but bringing the scalps with the horns. He made easy work of his load, and his only trouble was that some one might see him and shoot at him for an immense caribou.

I must speak of one thing that we found in abundance and because it was so late in the season seemed very strange to us. This was the most delicious blueberries any of us had ever seen. Such large ones, and at their very best! No matter how eager any of us was at any time for a shot at caribou we could always find time to grab a handful of berries, and the number of quarts that were eaten would be hard to guess, besides the blueberry pies our cook always had for us.

We took the cars Friday morning for home, and after crossing from the island in the Bruce concluded we would not use our return tickets by boat, but come back all rail, and so had a much more agreeable time than on our trip down. We arrived in St. John Sunday morning, and found we had got to spend the day there, as there were no Sunday trains for the States. Tuesday morning finds us back again in Worcester, with one of the most enjoyable trips to look back upon and bringing with us sixteen fine heads of caribou and a collection of photos that will recall many of the events of our trip for years to come. Any one contemplating such a trip cannot find a more willing and agreeable party of guides and helpers than the ones I mention.

I inclose photos of two heads, showing great variation in make up of the horns, one being quite like the deer, the other with palms 10 and 12 inches in width.

CHAS. K. REED.

WORCESTER, MASS.

In the Heart of the Wild Woods.

BY PAUL TARBEL.

A BEAR, three deer and one wildcat.

The bear a black one, weighing 208 pounds; the deer, splendid specimens, above the average in weight, and the "bobcat" was a devil in disguise.

All this game was bagged in three days, while camping in a forsaken, dismantled logging camp in Vilas county, Wis., twelve miles from the nearest white man or Indian.

I believe the trip will interest the reader, and if he will follow me with his mind's eye I will repeat the experience.

Vilas county is one of the garden spots of the earth for the sportsman. Within its lines are located 296 distinct and separate lakes and streams. The majority are joined by thoroughfares; those that are not, a portage varying from ten rods to a mile will make the connection.

The glory of the woods and water! The exhilaration of air and exercise! The sleep of the gods on beds of balsam fir! The solitude, with no neighbor but nature in all her varying moods! The Virginia deer, the most beautiful of all the forest's inhabitants, are in constant review. See that red fox slyly stalking after partridge or sage hen? Hundreds of chipmunks and squirrels, scolding, scolding all the time. Look up and watch the majestic movements of the white-headed eagle; listen to the plaintive, melancholy wail of the loon. Hundreds of mallard hens in yonder marsh, teaching their young all the tricks of a wary life. What's that? Yes, it's a bobcat, as perfectly harmless as its larger brother, the lynx. That tip-up is a cute little fellow. Blackbirds, ravens, hawks of all kinds, and a multitude of song birds.

At dusk, when the mother leaves the nest to seek nourishment, the male the while sits on a limb, guarding the treasure, and to appear perfectly nonchalant begins its command of "whip-poor-will." Soon another and another and another takes up the refrain, until hundreds combine in the threat, and I'm sure if their commands were obeyed every poor Will in America would receive a sound thrashing. Do you know that the male continues this cry uninterruptedly until the female returns to nest, be it five minutes or two hours?

What in the world is that? A bear cub? Oh, no. Don't you know a Northern "porky" when you see one? We will have a little fun with Mr. Porcupine. Time? Of course he is. Can't run fast. I'll show you how to humble him. Look out for his tail! There, he has darted two of his quills clean through your shoes. Turn him over on his back with this stick. Now lay this little limb across his stomach. You hold one end, I the other. Now look at him. Grunts like a human being. His face is slightly human; his nostrils extend and inflate; his four red teeth remind you somewhat of a squirrel; he squirms, grunts, until this unwonted exercise exhausts him. He ceases his tail flappings, gives one long, human-like sigh of subjection, and now you can handle him with comparative safety, but keep away from his tail. Let him up. He is so fat he won't run. Very deliberate in his movements. Stops every few feet to see if you are coming. Now, at the base of a tree, he gives one quick look around, and is 15 feet up that Norway pine before you can say Jack Robinson. Climbs like a lineman going up a telegraph pole. There he stops. Like the partridge, as long as he is above you, he imagines himself in perfect safety. How he grunts! Yes, just like a little pig. None but a brute or a starving man would shoot a "porky." In the fall of the year they are good eating, so our Indian friend says, but his taste

is peculiar. Boiled dog and wild rice compose his wedding feast.

There is such a variety of animal and bird life the book is too big; one can never read it all.

The water—look at this lake, Round Lake, this side of the Lake Superior divide, one of the Manitowish chain. Isn't it an inspiration?

The lumberman has not dammed nor devastated its banks. It is as beautiful and perfect as it was a hundred years ago, when the Indian held full sway. If it is near lunch time and you crave fish with your bacon you can have your choice between black bass, wall-eyed pike or muscalonge, and that at any time. There are no pick-erel in the Manitowish chain of lakes.

The largest "muskey" I ever saw? A 48-pounder, and when he was opened a full-grown mallard duck was found. True as gospel. Judge Sears, of the Cook county, Ill., bench, was the fisherman, and the event happened in Alder Lake, just beyond Spider, and if you doubt, ask Buck, the lodge keeper and guide with the musical heart, and he will tell you it's true. Who would doubt Buck?

That's a concert you hear just around that bend in the wild rice swamp. Bullfrogs, varying in size from 2 to 15 inches. They live in schools. One leader to each school. Probably a hundred schools in that particular swamp. The leader starts the song. Hear him go one, two, three; one, two, three. Now they all join. Their song vocabulary is limited to one note. This school being



A STREAM NEAR LITTLE PAPOOSE LAKE.

born on one day, their key is in B flat, the neighboring one in E flat; this one in G, etc., and when they all have started there is a certain weird musical effect about it that is bewitching. Loud and sonorous as Sousa's band, in the Auditorium—perfect time and rhythm. Two concerts a day, morning and evening. Frogs are splendid eating, and vary the bill of fare.

But I am running away from my story. Let me begin. On Oct. 29, 1899, at 5 P. M., my friend Ed Allen, a banker, and the writer boarded the Ashland express at the Chicago & Northwestern depot, on tickets entitling us to go as far as Manitowish, four hundred miles north of Chicago.

Mr. Allen had never hunted in northern Wisconsin—in fact, honest man that he is, candidly acknowledged he had never shot at a deer in his life.

Would he like to? Of course, but doubted my deer exploits. But after a little persuasion he agreed to accompany me on the condition that I was to pay all the expenses of a ten days' trip if I did not find for him an opportunity to shoot at a deer within twenty-four hours from the time we struck camp. If Allen did get a shot at a deer (mark the term "at") within the specified time he was to pay all expenses.

Upon these terms we started. "Manitowish!" cried the porter at twenty minutes past five next morning, and we alight with our baggage and guns, to be greeted by Billy Johnston, the proprietor of the Johnston House. Billy's wife is a jewel—in fact, the lumber jacks all know her as the "Black Diamond." A good cook, a splendid manager, and it certainly isn't Billy's fault that this world's goods are rapidly increasing in the Johnston family.

"How about guides, Billy?" I asked after introducing Allen.

"I don't know," says Billy. Joe La Vigne is at Pete Vance's, and of course Pete goes with you."

At the hotel we change our city clothes for hunting garments, while Mrs. Johnston prepares our breakfast. After eating, Billy having hitched up his best team and buckboard, we start on our eight-mile drive along the banks of the Manitowish River to the Dam. The Dam is where the Manitowish River ends and the chain of lakes begins.

The first, Rest Lake, is a beautiful sheet of water. Pete Vance and his good wife own a fine lodge on its banks, and furnish good cheer to hunters or lumbermen. Pete is an ideal guide. Indefatigable, good-natured, knows every foot of ground for thirty miles around, a splendid shot, a tireless worker and a good companion. He is there to bid us welcome, and Joe La Vigne, a French-Canadian, also shows his smiling face.

Both Joe and Pete are personal friends of mine, and are always ready to go into the woods with me whenever I come up. Joe, when you ask him his profession, answers, "I am blacksmithing by trade."

But Joe's great forte is cooking and guiding. Pete is a humorist, as you will learn later on.

Etiquette compels us to accept Mrs. Vance's invitation to a second breakfast. Johnston departs for home after having received instructions to call for us on Nov. 10.

We pack our hunting outfit, fishing rods, guns, food and spirits, blankets—in fact, every necessary thing—into two boats and it is 8:30 as we start for our camp on Big Lake.

We fish on the way, have tolerable luck, and after passing through Rest, Stone, Spider, Manitowish and

Island lakes and about twenty miles of thoroughfares we are up against a high bluff, where Allen and I leave guides and boats, walk a trail about one-half mile in length, at the end of which Big Lake spreads itself before our delighted vision, unquestionably one of the most ideal camping locations in the entire State. In about half an hour the guides, having pushed through a narrow creek, appear with the boat, and we start across the lake to our camp.

Here is our camp. How do you like it? It is grander than it appears. As we arrive I look at my watch and say to Allen:

"Ed, it's now half-past three. By this time to-morrow you will have a shot at a deer."

Ed winks. We possess every convenience at this camp—good beds, stoves, dishes, kitchen, dining room, root house (for the preservation of game and fish), which, together with what we brought in our boats, and the results of our force at arms and pole, put us in a condition to live like kings for a month if necessary.

Pete has already told me that deer were never so numerous, partridges are so thick they fly in your face when going through the woods, and fish—never was there just such a period of absolutely gluttonous fishing prosperity as during the past week, and Pete is sure it will last until ice covers the lakes.

Looking around to see if Joe or Allen are within hearing, Pete comes close to me and whispers just one word: "Bears." I say nothing. I know Pete. It would be useless, so wait until he chooses to say more. No efforts are made to do anything that day except to put things in order and divide the duties. Joe is cook, Pete is water carrier and fuel producer, and Allen and I arrange our stuff and make up our beds. After supper we enjoy a pipe, then go to bed, as we promise to be up by 3 in the morning to get an early start for a runaway on Clear Lake, and we must be there before day-break.

I noticed a fine doe hanging on Pete's porch while at the Dam. He told me he had shot it the day before. I asked him for the hind feet. He cut them off, and I put them in the boat. Allen wanted to know at that time my object in taking them. I told him to wait and see.

At 3 o'clock next morning we were not only up, but eating a breakfast consisting of fried pike, potatoes, eggs, bacon and coffee. Lunch for four was put in the basket. Fishing tackle, guns (both rifle and shot), ammunition, gum coats, were put into our boats, and by 3:30 we were speeding for Clear Lake trail at the lower end of the Big Lake.

Indian summer in northern Wisconsin is a climate of paradise. It is simply perfect; it leaves nothing to be desired. Last fall was one of the most ideal I ever experienced in this region. Even so early in the day we do not find it uncomfortably cold. Bracing, very, every breath of air seems to possess all the invigorating qualities of a Manhattan cocktail without any of the bad after effects.

To the right of the lake, about a hundred rods from camp, is Rice Creek, a thoroughfare leading to Round Lake.

As we pass this I motion to Pete to stop, and calling to Allen request him to listen.

Imagine if you can at least 10,000 ducks—mallard, teal, redheads, canvasbacks—in a rice swamp not more than a quarter of a mile in diameter. I aim my Savage rifle into the center of the swamp and fire. Allen has no conception of what is to follow. Ten thousand pairs of wings fluttering, beating, thrashing, making a noise like a thousand hurricanes, and the swamp being entirely surrounded by woods, the acoustic properties transmit the noise with a hundred times its real volume, until Allen is forced to exclaim:

"Great guns! There must be a million ducks in that place."

But we are not after ducks. I know we can get them



THE MANITOWISH DAM.

at any time at this season, so we continue on our way, and in thirty minutes we are at the foot of Clear Lake trail.

The runaway is one-half mile into the woods. I know its location well. Before we leave the boat I take a red bandanna handkerchief, take one of the hind feet of Pete's doe, insert the handkerchief between the toes and pull it through from one end to the other vigorously for a few minutes. I keep turning the 'kerchief, refold it again and again, so that every portion of its fiber is impregnated with that peculiar scent which the doe carries between her toes during the mating season. A buck will follow the doe by this scent, which she ejects from the glands as she walks the woods. I have stood on runways, hid myself well, and with my red bandanna thoroughly scented and tied around my head, have had Mr. Buck come up to within 10 feet of me.

This rule will hold good from the middle of October to the middle of November.

Allen and the guides do likewise, and then every one fastens the 'kerchiefs around their heads. It serves the two-fold purpose of decoying bucks and as a positive beacon to the careless hunter that a man and not a deer is wearing the bandanna. The idea saves funeral expenses.

Allen and I take to the trail, and the guides go further down the lake about one mile, separating, come through the woods, half a mile apart, toward Clear Lake, and the runaway, where we will be located.

Pete and Joe can imitate hounds perfectly, and with the noise and howling all deer near either Clear or Big lake claiming that neck of woods as their runaway will make tracks for their haunts of slumber, which we happen to know will take them very near to where we shall presently be standing. The guides will in half an hour start the game, and it will take us nearly that long to get located.

I inform Allen by going slow and careful we may get a shot before reaching the runaway. Day is just beginning to break, forms take on distinctness, and in a few minutes we will be able to distinguish objects. We had not walked more than ten minutes, when, looking to my left in a clearing, not more than twenty rods distant, stood two yearlings—handsome, alert, but not especially afraid. They had never been shot at. Had probably never seen a man before. Fascinating beauties, looking us straight in the eye. I motioned to Allen not to move. He saw the deer and stood perfectly quiet.

"Now, Allen, stand quiet; make no sudden motion, and do what I say and we will get both. Now raise your gun slow—very slow. When you get it to your shoulder I will count 'One, two, three,' then aim and say 'Ready?' When I say 'Fire,' shoot. You take the one to the left; leave the other one for me."

Allen by this time was thoroughly fascinated; his eyes



AN IDEAL LODGE IN THE WILD WOODS.

gleamed like electric lights, his arm shook like a dice box. I warned him again to be cool, and asked if he understood me. Of course, all this happened in less time than it takes to tell it.

I repeated my instructions. Allen (poor fellow), shaking worse than ever, jerked his gun to his shoulder, cried "One, two, three. Ready? Fire," and if ever four rifle bullets were ejected from a gun any quicker than Allen pumped his four, I want to see it done.

The yearlings winked at us with their flags, and before I could get my rifle to my shoulder they had a dozen trees between us and were gone.

"Ed, what time is it?" I asked.

"Did I get 'em? Did I get 'em?" shrieked Ed.

And then he woke up. He realized he had the buck fever.

Again I asked, "Ed, what time is it?"

"Time I was being shot. That's all right, I'll pay the expenses of this trip."

The guides having heard Allen's fusillade, worked toward us quickly, but it was not our fortune to see anything more that morning. We followed the trail until we arrived at Clear Lake, worked the shore line thoroughly, and at noon we brought up at Pat Devine's shack. Pat is a pensioner of the Government and has lived on his Clear Lake clearing for twenty years, and he now has a deed from Uncle Sam for his 160-acre tract. There are only about five or six acres cleared, on which his squaw (Pat married an Indian of the Chippewa tribe) and children raise potatoes and vegetables, and Pat, in imitation of his brothers-in-law, furnishes fish or game—if he feels like it, but generally he does not feel like it. There is a family of four children; the eldest—a daughter—is handsome. She was educated at an Indian school, and I am informed has been fitted for a position of teacher, the duties of which she is to assume next week, at the Indian school on the reservation at Lac de Flambeau.

After lunch we return the way we came, and by 2 o'clock are back at Big Lake and our boats, and not so much as a partridge for all our work. Allen, however, agrees that it is his fault, so getting our rods and reels in condition, we determine to spend the rest of the day trolling for the bull dogs of the lakes—muskalonge.

At 5 o'clock we arrive at camp, and produce between us six pike, one 12-pound "musky" and three black bass.

Thoroughly tired, we waste but little time in preparing our dinner, and 7 o'clock finds us all in bed, as we agreed to make another early start in order to work the same trail at different points.

Three o'clock again finds us eating breakfast.

The grounds we worked yesterday we again traverse, but beyond catching a far-away glimpse of a wary old buck, we have no luck.

The balance of the day is spent in the spruce and hemlock brakes, bordering on Little Papoose Lake, just one and a quarter miles by trail from Big Lake. We are after partridges, and eighteen fine, fat birds compose our string, as thoroughly tired and satisfied we retrace the trail to our boats, and then lose no time in getting to our camp, eating dinner and then to bed.

We sleep until 6 o'clock next morning, as no definite line of action has been outlined. During breakfast Pete Vance suggests going to an old deserted logging camp that he knows of, eight miles up the thoroughfare from Island Lake toward Wolf Lake, and a walk of four miles into the woods. No one has used the place for four years, and Pete is positive, time, location and all else considered, the thing is ripe for a good plucking.

"How long will we stay?"

Pete thinks if we start by noon we can reach there by sundown, and then two or three days will give us all the sport we deserve. We all agree, so provisions, ammunition, blankets and other necessities are put in our boats, and by 11 o'clock we are on the way, shooting the creek leading from Big Lake to Island Lake.

Just as we start, Pete thinks something may have been forgotten, so he shouts:

"Joe, did you put drinking cups in the boats?"

"Yes, sir, she is in. One in your boat, and I have an empty can of condensed milk!"

Joe looks a little hurt to hear Allen and myself laugh at this reply.

With the French language dominant, therefore recognizing no gender, and suspicious that Pete has caused this burst of merriment at his expense, Joe becomes sarcastic, and turning to Allen, he nods toward Pete and says, "She thinks it's smart."

The guides throughout all these waters are expert rowers, and never seem to tire. Using a constant, steady pull, we are through the Creek and Island Lake and eight miles up the thoroughfare toward Wolf Lake by 3 o'clock.

We have had an enjoyable time. So much to see, if you have eyes to see, there is not a moment that something wonderful does not take place. At this junction of the thoroughfare and Island Lake, on a dead pine, more than a hundred feet high, sat a white-headed eagle. In the air a large fish hawk was sailing over the water, looking for his dinner two or three hundred feet below him. What penetrating orbs of vision nature has endowed this bird with! There, he gives his lightning-like shot to the water, seems almost submerged, only to reappear with a 4-pound pike in his talons. Slowly he rises, going toward the woods, where he hopes to enjoy his well-earned meal; but he has reckoned without his host. The king of birds has been watching his every movement, and if found successful, is in readiness to exact that tribute which the stronger always demands and compels from the weak.

Almost quick as thought the eagle is pursuing the hawk, and for a little while a merry chase it is. But the eagle is the master, and the hawk instinctively feels it, as after a sudden, violent swerve, only just to evade the terrible claws of the now enraged eagle, he drops the prize and slowly flies to the other end of the lake.

There is no need for haste now, as the master was after tribute, not the hawk. Payment having been made by relinquishing valuable property, the eagle once more displays his wonderful activity by catching the pike before it strikes the water, and then as leisurely to cover to gormandize.

A logging road leads to the river, and here we disembark and pack all our possessions into bundles, cover them with shoulder bag straps, and after hiding our boats and oars in the rushes, we are ready for lunch, and then start on our four-mile tramp with packs on our backs and guns in our hands, to the deserted logging camp. When we are all ready to start, we discover we have too much luggage to carry, so we put in the boat what we need the least, and at 6 o'clock, after two hours of hard trudging, at least for Allen and myself, we arrive at our destination.

Tired! The word does not express my condition, and it is dark, and the moon will not be up until 8 o'clock. After imbibing several invigorators and some cold lunch Allen and I roll up in blankets and are asleep almost as soon as we touch the floor. No description can be given of the camp and its surroundings until morning, as it is now pitch dark, except for the light from our lantern, and our physical condition is at too low an ebb to permit even the mind to flow freely.

I have an indistinct recollection of Pete and Joe making use of some rather indecent language just as I was about to drop into the arms of Morpheus; the subject of it seemed to be tobacco, and that it had been left in the boat. As I learned the next morning, our two laddy bucks started for the river to get what they so much missed, and incidentally to bring the remainder of the baggage. The shack we were in was about 20 feet square. It had a door and three square holes on three sides, where windows had been once upon a time, but now were in the same condition as Uncle Ned, who had no hair on the top of his head. We were sleeping on the floor, nearly in the corner, where we would have had a perfect view of the door and three windows if it hadn't been so dark and we had been awake instead of in a heavy dreamless sleep.

Some magnetic influence caused me to open my eyes after sleeping, as I then thought all the night through. I looked around, it seemed to be light as day, but soon recognized the effect of a wonderfully clear atmosphere and a full moon. Oh, how distinct everything looked! Nothing to be seen of Pete and Joe, and looking at my watch I found it was only 11 o'clock. They had not returned yet. The endurance of these people is past understanding. In the morning they will be fresher than any townsman, if they get only three or four hours' sleep.

But hark! What is that noise? Purring; now loud, now soft, sounds like the grating of a miniature millstone grinding big leaves. I turn over gently to get a fair look at the third window, and Heaven help me! What is that huge, terrible monster sitting in the window hole? A panther, a grizzly, a mountain lion? I acknowledge frankly I was thoroughly frightened for a few minutes. Eyes, a greenish yellow, shining like burning brimstone, sitting as the monster was in the opening, with the mellow, clear moonlight for a background, his size and devilish outlines were enhanced manifold, both by the conditions of the setting and atmosphere, as well as by my most agitated mind. In a few minutes it dawned upon me that I had nothing more fierce to face than a Northern wildcat. The brute looked savage, with his wicked orbs gleaming viciously down on us, but knowing him and his peculiarities, I knew there was nothing to fear.

My revolver was lying in my hat by my side. Grasping it, I gave Allen several sound nudges in the ribs. He awoke, and then I whispered:

"Don't move, Ed. Look at the window to your right."

He looked and continued looking. I was frightened. Allen was more so. He was speechless, and I was heartlessly cruel.

"Ed, that's a panther, and I'm afraid we're in for it; the devil is evidently hungry, and I'm going to try a shot at

him. If I miss you roll yourself in your blankets and let me fight it out. He will not attack but one. We both have families, but, oh, Ed, look after my wife and children. Oh, Lord! Why did I ever come here and cause you to run your head in this death trap!"

I gurgled several gurgles in imitation of tearful despair, and Allen still remained speechless. Slowly I took aim with my revolver, until the barrel covered the body of the cat. I had a perfect sight, thanks to the moon; I pressed the trigger, a deafening report, and then two ear-splitting yells—one from the cat, the other from Allen.

To this day I am unable to state which was the louder, but I give Allen the benefit of the doubt. He had so thoroughly taken my advice that when I tried to unroll him from his blankets, he evidently thought the panther had lunched off me, and was after him for dessert. He kicked and squirmed, but at last he was quiet long enough to hear me speak to him, and then uncovering himself, he leaned on his elbow and hoarsely whispered:

"Old man, old man, are you badly hurt? Is the panther gone?"

My emotions forbade my speaking, and Allen mistaking my convulsions for spasms of pain, like a true hero, regardless of the probable presence of the panther, jumped to his feet and came to me, turned me over on my back and seeing my uncontrollable convulsions of laughter, instantly regained his sang froid, and calmly said:

"Say, you're very smart, mister, but I knew it wasn't a panther all the time. Any fool could tell it was a bear."

And then I began anew, until Allen opened his vials of wrath and gave me such a shower bath of the most pungent English that I soon began to sober up.

But he would not accept my wildcat story. In a few minutes Joe and Pete came trotting in. They had heard the shot when they were within a mile of the camp, and fearing some danger, had run the remainder of the way.

After listening to my story, Pete asked:

"Did you hit the cat?"

I acknowledged I hadn't gone outside the shack to see.

Pete went, and about 30 yards from the window he found the cat—a male, and a giant, stone, stark dead.

After taking a nerve-quieter all around, we again repaired to dreamland. Allen claims that he didn't sleep another minute that night.

Make It a Political Issue.

RAHWAY, N. J., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday morning last a cigarette smoking youth of seventeen or eighteen years, fishing in open view of the street at a pool known to be frequented by bass, was seen to catch a small-mouth black bass of about 6 inches length, was remonstrated with for thus doubly infringing the law (season opens May 30), he became impudent, not only, but reluctantly complying with demand for its return to the water, proceeded to free the hook by a succession of brutal jerks upon the snell, which proving ineffectual, he deliberately planted his foot on the fish and by one vengeful yank tore out the deep-seated barb and then flung the already moribund bass 30 feet out in the river. Accompanying him, as pupils, were two urchins of seven to nine years, a pair of samples of the graceless dozens of town youth who from ice clearing to ice forming year after year haunt our bass waters with perfect assurance and impunity. Hundreds of small bass are thus sacrificed every season. Besides, netting and spearing are common practices, and by no means furtively at that. Police officers even are guilty of these latter atrocities—poach without fear. From information known to be accurate, mostly from my own observation, I could give enough details and particulars of infractions of our game and fish laws to fill a column of FOREST AND STREAM entire.

Time and again have efforts aiming at punitive enforcement of the statutes been made. To be ignored, unnoticed entire or more or less pointedly snubbed for the pains taken, has been the result in every instance, two barely excepted. One, the burning of a net of the bass poachers and another a domiciliary visit by the warden at the home of a sooner gray squirrel shooter. That warden has since been given seven years' imprisonment for performing his duty fearlessly, as he and many others saw it. By the way, his conviction and harsh sentence has done much to weaken the wardens and impair their usefulness and embolden the gangs of Italian laborers engaged by contractors on public works everywhere to continue their Sunday maraudings.

Directly to blame for all this is the prevalent corrupt practice of political leaders of rewarding their favorites and heelers for their services by appointment to sinecure offices, or sustain and abet them in neglect of duties due the position. Such is the case in two counties of the State where conditions are well known to the writer. Good men who would give good, efficient service have sought wardenships, but State leaders have no use for such material. Nor will Governors, ex-Governors, Attorney-Generals or Senators heed any protests affecting their appointees—all they require of the underlings is "to get out the vote." Nor have reminders that the sportsmen throughout the State could, if they chose, decide the outcome of any election made any impression for good. Under such conditions, with such provocation, why should not such recognized a champion of the interests of sport as FOREST AND STREAM is, "talk politics" and speak out loud, too, at that? Why not urge the sportsmen of the State and elsewhere where interest demands to organize and "go into politics" and for the same purpose the partisans do—our own good and profit, the betterment of sport, the ending of the days of the N. G. political job warden?

E. J. W.

Pennsylvania Feathered Game.

TEMPLETON, Pa.—We have had a splendid spring for grouse and quail hatching, although some nests were destroyed by forest fires. I saw a brood of ten grouse yesterday, and half-grown rabbits are plentiful. Quail are again becoming plentiful. Bass fishing in the Allegheny River near Templeton promises good.

G. E.

The Massachusetts Law.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As regards the bird bill of the Central Committee, the end is not yet. But we confidently expect a satisfactory result of the long contest.

On Monday, May 28, the Senate passed the bill, to be engrossed, by a vote of 14 to 8. Yesterday Senator Leach moved a reconsideration of that vote, and had it put over to Thursday next and placed first in the order for that day. He is working hard, but against odds, to defeat the bill. Meantime the friends of the measure are not wholly idle and are hoping that all their supporters will do their duty when the final vote is reached. Your readers will be informed of the result. The House members who bore the brunt of the fight in that body are watching the contest in the upper branch with the keenest interest, and so are the most intelligent sportsmen all over the State.

An important and exceedingly interesting meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel on Thursday evening. The President, Hon. Geo. W. Wiggin, was in the chair, and there were present ex-Presidents B. C. Clark and Horace T. Rockwell; Vice-President A. B. F. Kinney, chairman of the Central Committee; Vice-President C. H. Moulton, President of the Quacumquasit Club, of Brookfield; Dr. Samuel H. Spaulding, President of the Hingham Gun Club; A. C. Sylvester, President of the North Attleboro Fish and Game Association; J. E. Tweedy, of the Central Committee, and several others from the North Attleboro Club and a goodly number of members of various other associations.

The principal speakers were Representative Harry D. Hunt, of North Attleboro, member of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game; Hon. Wm. Tolman, Senator from Pittsfield; Representative Arthur Harrington, of Boston, and Chairman J. W. Collins, of the State Board of Commissioners.

Representative Hunt read a paper reviewing the various stages of the contest at the State House, an abstract of which I send you herewith, as follows:

"The Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game this year has not been one favorable to the best interests of the sportsmen. In fact, that committee has been distinctly unfavorable to the objects for which your Association stands. Two members of the committee—one in the Senate, the other in the House—have been hostile to House Bill 549 from the first. My colleagues on the committee early vouchsafed the information that 'All the cranks in Massachusetts appear before this committee.' Between the sportsmen and the marketmen nobody can tell 'where he is at.' Some report, 'Leave to withdraw.' We let them talk themselves out. Several warring elements early appeared. Mr. MacKey seemed anxious to stop everybody from doing anything. The marketmen were for the 'open door' policy. Soon about forty bills were before the committee, with a general mix-up, and a battle royal on each bill with the prospect of 'no legislation necessary' as the verdict of the committee. This would have been the result but for the happy thought of a conference between sportsmen and marketmen. Mr. Jas. H. Bennett, for the marketmen, and Mr. Heman S. Fay, counsel for the Central Committee, came to an agreement on what should be done. To Mr. Fay the sportsmen of the State owe no small debt of gratitude for his untiring efforts in their behalf. The evidence for the bill was overwhelming in amount and in character. Then came a fly in the honey—the Walker Bill, 571—practically the same as 549, with its best feature—prohibition of sale—left out. Much shorter and easier would have been our fight but for this bill which came from those who should have been our friends. The first report of the committee was in favor of No. 571, and 'ought not to pass' on No. 549, four members dissenting. They were House Chairman Reed and Messrs. Sprague, Collins and Hunt. The constituents of one member of the committee who had voted against No. 549 made such a commotion that he asked the House to recommit it to the committee. The committee finally reported favorably on 549, with a slight change of the open season, and meantime 571 had been quietly laid on the table to await the fate of 549. Before the final vote a campaign of education supplemented by personal efforts had been carried on by Secretary Kimball. Sportsmen of the western counties who desired opening the shooting season at an earlier date whirled into line. Adverse amendments were defeated by large majorities, and the bill, receiving some unimportant changes by the Committee on Bills in the third reading, was sent to the Senate.

"Our enemies had said all along, 'We will bury it in the Senate.' At the solicitation of Mr. Wm. B. Phinney, of Lynn, Senator H. K. Sanderson agreed to take charge of the bill, and his efforts were ably seconded by Hon. Wm. Tolman, Senator from Pittsfield. The result of the first test vote was 14 for to 11 against. Our last vote on engrossment was 14 to 8.

"In politics, religion, business, the first lesson to learn is organization. That, and only that, can win victories of legislation for the sportsmen of Massachusetts."

At the conclusion of Mr. Hunt's paper, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm, the meeting by a standing vote passed a vote of thanks to him for his efficient and untiring labors in behalf of sportsmen's interests and his intensely interesting account of the hard-fought battle at the State House. Representative Arthur Harrington also spoke of his efforts for the bill, and later on Senator Wm. Tolman, of Pittsfield, who worked very hard last year to secure a more efficient system of administration for the State Department of Fisheries and Game, spoke with great earnestness of legislative matters. By a standing vote he was also accorded a unanimous vote of thanks. Chairman Collins expressed his hearty approval of and warm interest in the bill.

The meeting was one of the most enthusiastic the Association has ever held, and among those in attendance was Heman S. Fay, Esq., of Marlborough, who has been indefatigable in his efforts for the bill from the very first, and Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, who, as Chairman of the Central Committee, has done valiant service.

Both these gentlemen should hold a warm place in the hearts of Massachusetts sportsmen. But all our labors, I sincerely believe, would have come to naught but for the

fortunate selection of Representative Harry Draper Hunt as a member of the Committee on Fisheries and Game. But even if, by accident or untoward events, our bill should fail this year, the sportsmen of the State have it in their power to make that defeat as useful to their cause as was the defeat of the patriots at Bunker Hill to the cause of American independence.

The following names were added to our list by unanimous election: Messrs. Louis E. P. Smith, Boston; Nathaniel LeRoy, Boston; Howard Marston, Boston; Henry F. Libby, D. D. S., Boston; H. A. Pratt, North Middleboro; Heman S. Fay, Marlborough; Leonard C. Hewson, Quincy; A. C. Sylvester, North Attleboro; J. E. Tweedy, North Attleboro. My observation is that those of our members who read your valuable paper regularly are very sure to become our most interested workers in the cause of protection. They are not the men who attend a meeting now and then just for the sake of passing a pleasant evening with friends about the social board, which is all well enough in its way, but they learn by reading your pages that there is work to be done of a serious and important character, and they do not hesitate to "put a shoulder to the wheel." We want more men of that stamp in our Association.

You would hardly believe it possible that many well-informed citizens are wholly ignorant as to what our Association stands for.

"What is your Association?" is a question frequently asked. "How can any one become a member?" is sometimes the query. Will you kindly say that any reputable sportsman who will send his name and address to the secretary will receive a call from him, or, if not a Bostonian, a written statement of what the requirements for membership are. Last year this Association liberated fifty dozen quail in about thirty different localities. It caused to be put up 3,500 posters of the game laws, one in every post-office, one in each of 300 railroad stations of the Consolidated R. R.—the only road whose management consented to receive them—and many hundred were sent to various clubs and to individuals who applied for them. In addition to these, 600 copies of abstracts of the game laws for pocket use were sent to persons who made application for them. The Association is thus doing a great educational work.

As your readers already know, it labors for improved legislation and more thorough enforcement of the existing laws. For twenty-six years it has worked vigorously to improve the fish and game supply and prevent the extermination of any species of song, insectivorous and game birds or of fish. HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Testing Firearms in Liege.

CONSUL ALFRED A. WINSLOW sends to the State Department from Liege, Belgium, an interesting account of the firearm testing. He writes: The Government testing of all firearms manufactured in Belgium is of more importance than is generally recognized at first thought, for it does away almost entirely with accidents caused by the bursting of guns in the hands of sportsmen, and prevents manufacturers imposing dangerous and worthless guns on the public. The test of the cheap double-barrel breech-loading shotgun manufactured in Belgium and sold in the United States at from \$10 to \$12 is just as thorough and complete as that of the one that sells for \$150, and the same is true of all the guns made in this country.

Liege being the leading firearms manufacturing city of the world, it has the most extensive as well as the most complete proving station. The Government has provided very strict rules and regulations to govern it, and the director, Mr. Jules Polain—to whom I am indebted for much of the information given in this report—is very jealous of its reputation.

The law of the land makes it a crime to sell, offer for sale or to be found in possession of a gun, pistol or any kind of firearm not bearing the proper Government test marks, or a gun of a different caliber than that stamped on the barrel; the fine is not less than 50 francs (\$9.65) nor more than 100 francs (\$19.30), and the arm in question is confiscated.

It is also a crime severely punishable for any one to put any testing marks on firearms, or even to mark the caliber, to add the words "choke bored," or anything of a similar character.

Single-barrel muzzleloading shotguns are tested but once, while a double-barrel is tested twice. A single-barrel breechloading shotgun is tested twice, while a double-barrel is tested three times. The guns having more than one test have the barrels tested before they are fastened together, and again when breechblock is finished. In all cases at least double the usual charge of powder is used, and that of an extra fine quality, which is carefully tested three times each week; and one-third more shot is used than ordinarily.

The loss by testing varies from 1 to 5 per cent.; the largest percentage of loss is in the higher priced and lighter guns. The same quality of steel is used for all barrels, but the difference comes in the workmanship and weight.

The cost of testing is paid by the manufacturer, and is 1 franc (19.3 cents) for the three tests.

To give an idea of the growth of the firearms industry in Liege, I note the total number of tests made at the proving station for the past three years: In 1897 there were 1,712,800; in 1898, 1,968,708, and in 1899, 2,238,326, showing in two years an increase of 525,526 tests.

The gun barrels burst at the testing station burst at different points along the barrel; but I am informed that it is most common near the breech. Some of the barrels are badly demoralized, while others are only slightly damaged.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Game Law Questions.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday, of this city, recently gave me a look at a lot of correspondence which he had just received from his deputies at different points all over the State. Mr. Loveday has asked these deputies what they think of the new law, what would probably be the local opinion in regard to a law prohibiting spring shooting and what were their impressions in regard to the present game supply compared to that of earlier times. The answers constitute a considerable volume of correspondence, and the bulk of the writers appear to be satisfied with the present law and in favor of a still wider application of the license idea, most of them thinking there should be a resident shooting license, so that no man might go afield without carrying his license with him. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the local license should cost \$1.50 to \$2.

Naturally there is great reason for the deputy wardens to favor a license clause, because certainly if any class of men in the world have ever been underpaid it has been these same deputies. There can be no position more thankless than that of the local warden who is asked to make arrests in the locality where he is known, and who in return for such unpleasant work gets practically no pay, and abundance of nothing except abuse and ill will. Many of the deputies complain that they are obliged to pay out of their own pockets in traveling expenses more than they can ever get back in fines. Unless supported by the sentiment of an entire community, there are but few wardens who last long in this sort of work. As they see under an extension of the license idea the possibility of a fund which would pay them for their work, it does not take them long to figure out that they would be better off under a stiffer license law. No doubt they would personally. Whether the entire State would be better off must remain to be seen.

There is matter of considerable surprise in the very common reply from the deputies that they think there ought to be a law stopping spring shooting. This is something new in Illinois, and one finds it difficult to believe that there has been such a change in sentiment as this would indicate. Commissioner Loveday states that there may possibly be a movement to secure a bill prohibiting spring shooting at the next session of the Legislature.

In regard to the supply of game in Illinois, the reports of the deputies differ. It would appear that in the upper portions of the State the game birds are growing scarcer, whereas in the southern section the game supply is holding its own or increasing. The non-resident license law is accredited with this increase, since it is thought to stop something of the tide of reckless shooters from St. Louis and other outside points.

The deputy at Hinsdale, in upper Illinois, says that both the song birds and game birds are going fast. The report from Alton says that game is on the increase. The deputy at Batavia says there are more chickens than for four years past. At Elgin game is said to be increasing. At Jerseyville, far down in Illinois, the deputy, Moses Collenberger, says there is some game, but there would be more if the gun license were passed. Mr. Collenberger feelingly says that he does not care for his job unless he can be paid a salary. Much the same story comes from Evansville and Plano, whose deputies also favor a home license on the gun.

Among the above reports there are instances of many arrests and convictions for violations of the game law. Thus on May 6 Harry Crossett, of De Kalb county, was fined \$15 and costs for shooting plover out of season.

The Bobo Bear Country Gone.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may perhaps remember the story of Bobo's bear country down in Mississippi. Five years ago this was one of the biggest and wildest pieces of wilderness in the United States. For nearly fifty miles in any direction there was not a human habitation. Yet all this was one of the best hardwood countries in the world, and it was not to endure as a wilderness. Some time ago the timber cutters began their work. This past week the lumbering firm of Geo. T. Houston & Co., of Chicago, bought of the Illinois Central R. R. a tract of land seventy miles long and from eight to twenty miles wide, situated in Sharkey and Washington counties, and on the Sunflower and Yazoo rivers. The price paid was over \$1,000,000, and what the tract will yield in oak, ash, cypress, etc., is almost beyond estimate. There is no richer soil on earth than this, and there is an enormous fortune to be made out of this operation in timber farms. This ends the Bobo bear country, which within a decade will be a thing of the past. Two branches of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R. are now being extended into the property, and saw mills will soon begin their work. This is the way the hunting grounds of America are going.

He Lent a Hand.

Among the persons at Washington who have been useful during this session of Congress in measures interesting to Western sportsmen, there should not be forgotten Mr. R. F. Bishop, son of Congressman Bishop, of Michigan. This young man is not a Congressman himself, but is of the House Library, and it is he who has been the practical emissary of the spot, who has done the fatigue work of looking up records, documents, etc., in the Minnesota Park work. Mr. Bishop ought some day to go out to that park and see some of the things which he has done his mite toward securing.

Singular Accident.

A singular double accident took place on May 29 at Shelbyville, Ind. Two friends—Frank Miller and Leonard Hines—went out squirrel hunting and in some way while climbing the fence Miller accidentally discharged his gun and shot himself in the abdomen, fatally. Not long afterward Hines was trying to show some friends how the accident occurred, and he used his own gun in the object lesson. His imitation was but too perfect, for his gun also was discharged, and Hines, shot fatally in the side, fell to the ground. The entire affair is a most pitiable one.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Quail.

DANVERS, Mass., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to report of hearing many quail whistling this spring. There were not many birds last fall, but the low market price of 15 cents was no encouragement for the market-hunter when he could get a dollar for a grouse, so he did not shoot many quail, consequently that accounts for so much Bob Whiting.

Caught a small string of trout recently, and finally ended the outing by pulling out a good pickerel. I cut him open and found a fresh 4-inch trout in him, head first. The trout had several bites on it, but there was no get away while in that shark's mouth.

I heard two or three old cock partridges a-drumming, and with some pretty woodcock covers that were new to me, I have that place scheduled for a pleasant day's outing with my old dog and gun next October if I am alive and well.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Col. Horace T. Rockwell, ex-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has just returned from Maine, whither he went with Mr. E. B. Haskell, Mr. Henry Priest and others, and reports having all the trout and salmon that were needed in camp. He says the planked salmon cooked before an open fire, which they enjoyed in their camp, was food "fit for the gods."

Dr. Heber Bishop, with Mr. Wm. S. Hinman and others of our officers, left Boston last Saturday for the Megantic preserve, to be gone for a couple of weeks.

Early in the season they, with Mr. C. C. Williams and others, passed a few days in Mr. E. C. Gay's camp, at Clear Water Pond, near Farmington, where they were successful in taking several landlocked salmon and trout.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

The Indian Green Partridge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with pleasure in your issue of this week the enactment of the Lacey law and Dr. Blaisdell's comments upon it, and recommendation that we should import pigeons from India. I notice that he includes among the desirable species the green pigeon. I doubt very much, however, if this is a bird that you would care to have in this country, for my observation of it in India was that it was very destructive of fruit. There it feeds on figs principally, and I suppose that if we introduced it in this country it would be introduced into the Southern States. Moreover, it is a bird which is easily got at, and my opinion is that even if we were to introduce it and found it a desirable addition to our avifauna, we would be unable to give it the proper protection which it would need. The green pigeon may be said to be a pot-hunter's bird.

I presume, however, that Dr. Blaisdell may have informed himself of the game qualities and habits of the Indian species.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

My First Day with the Black Bass.

NEWARK, N. J.—My first fishing trip with the Judge was for pickerel, with a fair catch; and the kind of treatment I received as his guest in every detail, even to his doing all the rowing and compelling me to bring all the fish to the city with me, gave me courage to propose another trip.

After confessing to him that I had never been fortunate enough to locate black bass when they were in the biting mood, he requested me to meet him on the 6:15 P. M. train the day before Decoration Day, ready for business, and he would endeavor to show me what real fishing was. I began counting the days and hours in anticipation of the coming event, and arranging my business route accordingly, and found myself in Newton, N. J., at 11 A. M. instead of 6:15 P. M., as agreed. Learning that the Judge was holding court, and not wishing to disturb him (to 1 he would have adjourned court immediately), I decided to spend the afternoon trout fishing in a good stream about four miles from town. Promptly at 12:30 my carriage was announced, and ten minutes later found me urging my horse over the mountainous and picturesque roads fragrant with the leaves and buds of trees and vines about to bloom.

Having fished this locality before, I was soon trying my favorite and most likely pool, but the afternoon was very hot and clear, and likewise very unfavorable for a good catch. After wading and casting for thirty or forty minutes, I was rewarded with a strike, which proved to be a 10-inch fish. By 4:15 my catch showed eleven trout of from 7 inches to 10 inches. Arriving at the hotel, I found I had but thirty minutes to get to the depot and meet the Judge, as agreed. He was standing there with the rods and bait pail awaiting the train on which he expected to meet me. Locating ourselves in the baggage car, the Judge began by saying, "Now, Mr. E., let me see the contents of that box." Of course he admired the trout very much, to my entire satisfaction, and capped the climax by saying, "We have just about enough trout for a nice dinner at Branchville."

"But, Judge," said I, "we won't have time to wait and have these trout cooked." I was trying to save my trout, which I had fully decided to take to the city.

"Oh, yes we will," insisted the Judge. "I have engaged a carriage to take us up to the lake, and as we don't expect to begin fishing before 3 in the morning we will have lots of time. I have been very busy to-day trying to close that infernal will suit, and am tired and hungry, and these trout are nice and fresh, and I feel as if I could welcome them on the bill of fare to-night."

Of course, not caring to carry the matter to the higher court, I accepted the Judge's decision as final. Arriving at Branchville a little before 7 o'clock, we immediately proceeded to the hotel and had soon made arrangements to have our trout served at 7:45. At 9 o'clock the Judge ordered the carriage, and we were on our way to Culver's Lake. The night was very dark, and there were indications of rain. After a good shaking up over the rocky roads, we arrived at Riker's boat house safe and sound.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod and Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

Leaving orders to be called at 3 o'clock sharp, we at once retired, lulled to sleep with the music of the rain on the roof directly over us. When we met in the hall we found it was 2:30 o'clock, and at once began making preparations to get out on the lake. It had ceased raining, but was pitch dark. As we were groping around I remarked to the Judge, "The early bird catches the worm."

"Well," says he, "the early bird will get the nicest bait," and he began to scoop out the largest minnows in Riker's box.

In a few minutes we were in our boat and rowing toward the upper end of the lake, and found that we had time to spare, as it seemed to be useless to expect any results before dawn. As we were rowing along, the Judge was posting me how to act and handle the big bass, and naturally had me at that stage of anxiety which it would be impossible to term anything but "buck fever," if we could apply the term to fishing.

We had both our lines out about 100 feet, baited with fine live minnows, and finally the Judge said, "Now, we ought to soon be on the ground." By watching the shore carefully, we found that a few moments would bring us on his favorite ground. As we started across a small inlet, I received an awful tug at my line, and without thinking, immediately tried to hook him without allowing the fish time to take the bait. The Judge of course saw my move, and at once began to reprimand me for prematurely trying to hook my fish, and of course to avoid his censure I claimed to have been fast to some grass. At that moment he dropped his oars and said, "I will show you what kind of grass you were fast to," and began to pull the line off his reel. After giving about 10 or 15 yards of line, he said, "Guess he has about enough," and then gave the fatal strike. The effect of that strike seemed to me to act like touching the button to a submarine mine, for immediately there was an awful commotion 150 feet from the boat, as the bass rose 3 feet out of the water.

After playing the fish ten minutes, we landed him, and he weighed 4¾ pounds. The Judge then caught three more before 7 o'clock, and I began to feel as if my "luck" would again be repeated; but my companion kept my spirits up by saying they would come my way soon. About 8 o'clock the long-expected strike came, and I immediately began giving line, and when I gave him the rod I experienced my first battle with a black bass. The Judge can possibly describe my actions better than I; but after he had netted the fish he complimented me by saying, "Very well done, indeed."

The next bass I caught gave me more pleasure and satisfaction. A strong wind began blowing, and about 9 o'clock the Judge desired to go ashore. He was rowing, and reeled in his line and began rowing ashore. When the boat reached shore I began reeling in my line also, and when within 5 yards of the boat there was a strike. After calling the Judge, who was in the act of stepping off the boat, I began to give the fish line, and gave him nearly all I had, and still he did not make the usual halt. Finding that he was not going to stop, I gave him the rod, and the battle began. The Judge immediately rowed into deep water, and we played him to a finish. The weight was 3¾ pounds.

We left the lake at 4:30 with eight black bass, the smallest a little less than 3 pounds. We could have taken many more, but Judge Huston is a thorough and conscientious sportsman, and refused to do any fishing over or near the beds. We discovered that May 30 last year found hundreds of black bass spawning. The Judge insisted upon my bringing five of the bass to Newark, and I found three of them to be full of spawn.

A. C. ERLE.

Angling in Canada.

THE American anglers who returned from their spring fishing upon Canadian waters in the early part of last week, confirm all previous reports of the backwardness of the season, and admit that they were too early upon their preserves for the best of the fishing. With the exception of the few days that were really warm during their stay in the woods, there was but very little insect life upon the surface of the water, and the fish did but a small amount of surface feeding. Some very large fish have been taken by trolling in Lakes Edward and Batisca, and on some of the Triton and Stadacona waters fish of 4 pounds and upward have already fallen to fly rods.

The waters of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club have yielded good sport to a party of American anglers who left for home last week. Included in the party were Messrs. S. Dodds, Jno. W. Coe, Clarence Bradley and William Hall, of Meriden, and C. Bury Peet, of New Haven.

Dr. Geo. H. Clarke, of Germantown, Pa., who was up here on a fishing expedition some days ago, had it unfortunately cut short by news of illness in his family.

A party consisting of Messrs. J. M. Harmon, W. B. Ives and Francis Stevenson, of Meriden, Conn., and F. N. Benham and Robert J. Fisher, of Washington, returned on Wednesday from a ten days' visit to Lake Kiskissink. During the early days of their stay the weather was somewhat cold and the sport was not lively, but toward the end it brightened up wonderfully and they made splendid catches, being thoroughly satisfied with their trip.

The Rev. Messrs. P. R. Converse, of Rochester, N. Y., and Alex. Mackey-Smith, of Washington, have just returned from the Triton tract, where they have had more than the average amount of "fisherman's luck."

It is understood that at last the organization for the largest fish and game club in Canada has been perfected. Its name is the Roberval Fish and Game Association and its promoters claim that it is to be the biggest thing of the kind on earth. Its prospectus is ready and will be issued by the time that this letter appears in print. His Excellency the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, in the patron of the club, Sir Wilfred Laurier has been enrolled as its first member, and a large and influential membership has already been secured without any solicitation. The Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council of the Province of Quebec has incorporated the club, and its constitution and by-laws have been approved by the Honorable Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisher-

ies of the Government of Quebec. The Government, by order-in-council, signed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, has conferred to Mr. Beemer, the founder of the Association, the fishing rights in 30,000 square miles of territory, north and northwest of Lake St. John and the Saguenay, and many private rights have already been secured by him. The club has acquired these rights from Mr. Beemer in exchange for a certain amount of the company's stock. As soon as the membership of the new Association is large enough to warrant it, its waters will be closed to all but members and their friends, and the system of protection and hatcheries that will be maintained will insure a maintenance of the present fish supply. So much good work has been accomplished already in the preservation of Canadian fish and game by the existing clubs that it is almost impossible to estimate the benefit that will accrue to the country from an organization of the magnitude of the Roberval Fish and Game Association.

A number of American salmon fishermen, including Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, are going to the Ristigouche next week for salmon fishing.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, June 2.

The Maine Waters.

BOSTON, June 4.—The first body of early sportsmen to Maine waters is returning. Never before has that body been as great. The number is remarkable. Saturday brought a great many fishermen home. There came down by morning train from Bemis that day over sixty people, and every one had been a-fishing. This beats the record for any one train bearing sportsmen from that section. Railway men say that there "has never been anything like it." Yet this is the outlet of but one Maine fishing section. Other routes are equally well patronized. The movement toward Moosehead, Penobscot and Aroostook waters has been equally great. On board the trains every man and boy has fishing rods, and many of the women. All talk fish and fishing. Trout and salmon are the words most heard, while the conversation turns upon their capture, size, weight and the precise spot where taken. A bright young lady, coming into Boston by Flying Yankee, Saturday evening, says: "I heard nothing but trout, trout, all the way from Portland. I concluded that everybody had been a-fishing."

Best of all, the returning sportsmen are reasonably satisfied. At the Rangeleys the number of trout taken has been greater than ever before, although the size is hardly up to former seasons. There has been an increase in the number of salmon taken and the size is fully up to the former seasons. For a week the weather has been remarkably fine, and there has been one or two days of most remarkable fishing. Over 100 pounds of trout and salmon were brought in at the Upper Dam one day last week, while at the Middle Dam the fishing begins to be good. Big catches are reported at Haines' Landing. At Billy Soule's there have been many happy anglers. Right off the wharves at Bemis good catches by trout continue to be made, with occasionally a salmon. Trolling and bait-fishing will soon give way to fly-fishing in the Rangeleys. Already some good fly-fishing is reported at Moosehead, where trolling and bait-fishing has been excellent. The toques taken there have not been as large as usual, but the number has been greater. More salmon than ever before are reported, with the size generally a little larger than a year ago. Salmon up to 4 and 4½ pounds are reported. At the Rangeleys they run larger, though many small ones are taken. The record this year includes the 10-pound salmon, taken at the Upper Dam, by Mr. Suffern, of New York, of which the FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account, and a record-breaker taken last week, from Rangeley Lake, by Mr. C. F. Hutchins, of Boston. This salmon weighed 10¾ pounds, and was a beautiful specimen. The fish was all game, and came to the net only after a hard fight. The best part of this story is that Mr. Hutchins is reported to have turned the fish loose for some other fellow to catch, after having weighed him. A salmon of 10 pounds is also credited to Mr. W. H. Young, of the Allerton Lodge party, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. In that party this year were Col. E. B. Haskell, ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis, Col. H. T. Rockwell, John A. Lovell, Fred Felton, H. A. Priest and Frank A. Chase. The gentlemen, most of them, have visited the same camp for many seasons. They have had good sport this year.

Talking with a prominent Maine politician the other day, he freely expressed the opinion that at the coming biennial session of the State Legislature something more must be done to keep up the supply of fish to be taken in Maine waters. Trout and salmon are being taken by the tons, and without great restocking no waters in the world can continue to furnish so many fish. The interest in fishing is rapidly increasing, while it is certain that the supply of fish is growing less. While it is admitted the supply of fish taken each year has not yet greatly fallen off, it must also be granted that great improvements in tackle and devices have been made, and that these improvements in tackle are required to keep up the supply of fish taken. The supply is being too greatly taxed, and only a few years will be required to put the celebrated Maine trout and salmon waters where the Adirondack waters are to-day, with the fishing exhausted. The only salvation lies in restocking and in doing much more in that direction than the State has ever done. Some method must be adopted to pay for this restocking. The farmers and manufacturers of the State will take alarm at the bare mention of any increase in taxation, and will oppose it to the bitter end. "If the sportsmen want to fish, let them pay for it," say the farmers and those not interested in that sport. Already some sort of a tax on sportsmen from out of the State is proposed, the revenue to go toward restocking Maine waters. But the gentleman is also reasonable enough to admit that such a tax will carry some difficulties with it. In the first place, the increase in rod and line sporting is greater in Maine than outside the State, if such a thing is possible. A tax on every man who fishes is suggested.

A Jackman, Me., special to the Boston Herald says that the Birch Island sporting camps, at Birch Island, Holeb Pond, which for ten years have been managed by L. P. Kinne, pass this season into the hands of C. S.

Cook, of Boston. Mr. Cook has been a guest at these camps for years. The preserve is one of the best. It includes four townships—Holeb, Dennistown, Lowell Town and Township No. 6—each six miles square. In this territory are some twenty back ponds and streams which furnish fishing and hunting, with sixteen branch camps located at ten different places. Forty miles of trail connect them. From the island the headwaters of Moose River are reached, and from that point sixty-five miles of canoeing with few carries lies before the sportsman. One may follow the river to Attean Lake and return to Holeb, or continue on down the river through Wood, Long and Brassua lakes, to Moosehead Lake, fishing and hunting along the line. Associated with Mr. Cook are a number of prominent men, including Judge Henry Baldwin, S. E. Hyde and A. T. Maynard. In all the members of this party, together with their families and friends, make up a company of about fifty. Messrs. Cook, Baldwin and Hyde have built cabins on Birch Island. These cabins have private wharfs.

Mr. Cook has renamed the camps Boston Ranch, and the public will be admitted during the present season at least.

Mr. Charles L. Bly writes from Round Mountain Lake that the trout have been very lively ever since the ice went out. Several parties are there, and have been having rare sport. A feature of this lake is that trout rise to the fly at all seasons.

SPECIAL.

Winds for Anglers.

"WHEN the wind is in the north," etc., is an adage which applies so very palpably to the particular class of persons who can peregrinate riverwards only when the weather is exactly right that we—that is, most of us who have to make little prearrangements for a day's fishing—are beginning to leave it out of our ordinary quotations. The fortunate people who can go out to fish when they like and stop at home through the same impulse are presumably as numerous as they used to be. Some rash-minded critics are wont to audibly discount the sporting value of a bag of fish made under conditions which are exactly favorable to success; but justice must be done to those whose time is their own, even at the cost of all the others who have not such a possession. It may, after all, only be the natural envy of the great multitude of anglers who have to sit at work in an office thinking of the lovely fishing days that pass, and letting their minds wander away to the trout and their haunts; but if it is, it is a sympathetic envy. A north wind does not by any means deserve the cold reception that the old saying condemns it to. Any wind at all is better than the calm, staring clear water of a breezeless day. A north wind may blow up stream, although it very rarely does, or it may be deflected by the deep valleys and blow any way; but still it is a breeze, and a helpful one.

We were out the other day in half a gale from the northwest, the whole concentration of wind blowing straight down stream. Every now and then the line would be wrenched out of the water and dashed down again with force enough to startle every fish near it. Then a gust would catch it as it was sent across the stream and hurry it back again, hitching it on beautifully secure in a twig on our bank. Sometimes the flies would go in with such a splash as no development of energy could have accomplished. But we had rare sport, nevertheless. We got nearly forty trout, and real good ones. In all the grand pools, which in calm weather are left severely alone, heavy waves chased each other over the surface, and trout came and took the fly as if they had been waiting for weeks for the opportunity. As we drove back that evening, buried in rugs and overcoats, we decided, *non con.*, that the man who said the skillful fisher goes not forth when the wind is in the north did not know everything.

Then this same gentleman's unsparing condemnation of an east wind wants considerable toning down. An east wind blowing over a river that has a course toward that maligned point is, in summer at least, an unquestionable blessing, and by no means to be caviled at in spring. Half of any breeze is better than no wind.

On a certain day in April, high up a Cornish stream, we were fishing under circumstances that the go-when-you-please fisher would have unhesitatingly condemned as of the vilest most vile. Snow showers in gusts of keen wind blew right up stream and chilled every part of us but our determination. We had to go, of course, for had not the owner in his generosity given us this day, which we had asked for and prepared for a fortnight before? Yet we caught trout—each of us nearly a basketful. And when the snow stopped, and the wind too, so did the sport. We wanted snow, and never left the river for a moment when it came. What flies could have been moving about then we did not stop to inquire. The trout wanted ours, and they had them. No; an east wind, if the fisher will steel himself against the discomfort of it, is not to be placed in the category of conditions for staying at home. We know more now than when the nearly defunct axiom was accepted that fish will sport the very least when the wind is in the east. You will not, be it acknowledged, always get a good bag in an east wind; but at times and in places it is a most charitable friend. Stay at home because of it? Forsooth!

The conviction that a south wind will blow the bait into the fish's mouth is pure and simple superstition. No man—that is, no sportsman—in this world depends on sport at any time, even although all the conditions according to laid down and ancient principles are in his favor. If either of us were asked to choose his day, he would probably pick out that time when there were fleecy clouds, a light occasional shower and a warm breeze. But how many of us have gone out rubbing our hands in certain expectation of rare times and have come back wondering why on earth trout do not take and our basket is so light? Thousands of flies are everywhere, and fish are rising. Perhaps, we argue, it is because of this plethora, or because they are already well fed, and can afford to pick out the tit-bits; perhaps the water is too bright, or—well, we are always fortified with excuses; but to-day we know not what solid reason to give for our bad luck.

From a sequence of reasoning to which the old couplet draws us on, it follows that if the wind is in the west we can catch as many fish as we like. From a lengthened

experience it pans out that we can do nothing of the kind. Sometimes, of course, we get a good day, and if we have not we have no excuse to offer, as every help is assumed to be ready; but often as not we are again disappointed with the result of a day which looks and feels the very thing. It is, perhaps, well for us and for the trout that we do not know their humors. We estimate with the nicety of long practice the kind of weather most favorable toward making a bag; but as time goes on, and with it come keener attainments and observation, there is an imperative necessity for the exercise of such skill, even if all the prejudged weather conditions be deadly opposed. Much rather should we lay down as a guiding line of conduct that the art of fly-fishing lies in the power to induce fish to rise when they have not the slightest inclination to feed at all, and take the day when it comes, making the best of it, than to growl and fret on the way to the river because the fates have sent us weather which we read of as being dead against sport. We too rashly decide in our minds that we might as well, and better, be at home. In the end it will be found that about as good a fly as can be used is confidence.—London Field.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 2.—From all appearances it would seem that the best of the spring trout season is now nearly over; that is to say, the best of the fly-fishing season. After the grasshoppers have grown big enough to constitute a staple article of food for the trout, they again begin to take surface food to an extent making fly-fishing more practical. July and August are sometimes very good months for fly-fishing, although the actual hopper is always a better bait, of course, than the best artificial fly. Hopper fishing is delicate work, and if any sort of bait-fishing is allowable in the trout game, this certainly is, differing essentially as it does from the sinker-and-worm act.

The coming on of warm weather has put the trout down on most of our earlier streams. The flies are beginning to hatch and in some of the streams the caddis grub has been so extremely abundant that the trout have been gorged upon it all the time, and for the last ten days have not been on the feed to any extent worth noticing. This has been especially the case on my favorite river—the Prairie—which one reaches from Merrill, Wis. Our friend, Edward G. Taylor, of "Taylor system" fame, has been on the Prairie for over a month, and he reports very bad luck for the last week or more. Previous to that time, he had splendid fishing, and on two days filled his basket in less than an hour, and after covering hardly half a mile of the stream.

Mr. F. B. Orr, of this city, has for some years been in the habit of spending a couple of weeks on the Prairie, going up about May 20. He made his usual trip this spring, but came home this week, after rather poor success with the trout for the past few days. He always stops at Delos Cone's farmhouse, about two miles this side of Dudley, out from Merrill. This part of the river ordinarily produces larger trout than the upper reaches, but last week the trout were so full of ground food that they did not offer much encouragement to fly-fishers. This did not disturb Mr. Orr very much, since he is one of the sort who go out for a good, quiet time, and who only want trout enough to eat. Between Mr. Taylor and himself the table was always well supplied.

Mr. William Cooke Daniels, of Denver, often mentioned as a devotee of Prairie River, has been there for some time, living in his little cottage, which was put up for him this spring by Dudley, just across the river from Dudley's house. Mrs. Daniels has accompanied her husband, and the two will spend the month of June along the Prairie. Mr. Daniels goes out nearly every day, up stream or down, and practices his favorite art of dry-fly fishing, doing most of his work up stream. He is perhaps the most scientific fly-fisherman that ever worked on the Prairie, and his enthusiasm never flags. He fishes all day, and then ties flies all night. He tied over 400 flies last winter, and is giving all the patterns a good testing now. He is meeting all the success he cares for in the different parts of the stream, which he visits both above and below the Dudley bridge.

I went up to the Prairie this week myself for one day, going as usual to Lottie Cone's place, where I met Mr. Taylor and Mr. Orr. Mr. Taylor had to go home the next morning, so could not fish with us, and as I had but the one day myself, the trip was not very conclusive, though very pleasant and very fairly successful. We got a cloudy, showery day, after a week of bright, warm weather, and Mr. Orr and I, who fished together, were able to give a fairly good account of ourselves. We brought in forty-five trout between us for the day, and I suppose each of us put back nearly as many as we kept. We fished about three or four miles of the river above Dudley's. This part of the stream is literally alive with trout, though they do not run so large as lower down the stream. They started in right well early in the morning, and up to 10 o'clock offered very pretty fun. Mr. Orr struck a streak of feeding trout below the Stub Pool, and said he made most of his basket after 3 in the afternoon. He found a grizzly-king and royal-coachman his best flies. I took nearly all of mine on a fly made for me by Fred Peet, of this city—a cinnamon-wing and yellow dubbing body. I found the jungle-cock very good early in the morning, and took a half-dozen trout on it, but then lost the only specimen of that fly I had along. The trout seemed to be notional and streaky, and did not appear to be regularly on the feed. Seeing this to be the case, Mr. Orr came home with me the next day. Mr. Daniels thinks that the fly-fishing will improve there and be best in June, as the ground feed will then not be quite so abundant. It is pleasant to add that every one is well at Dudley's, that Lottie Cone is as irrepressible as ever. Mrs. Cone as busy cooking trout as ever, and Chester, the ex-kid, now nearly as tall as a man, and become alike a skillful wielder of the fly-rod and an earnest despiser of the worm. Dudley had two or three different parties in at his house, and most of these were using worms and plugging the stream heavily, something which we did not like to see, as all of us have always tried to keep this pleasant little river sacred to the fly.

Movements of Western Anglers.

On the way up to Merrill I found on the same train—the Milwaukee & St. Paul 10:30 evening train north—some gentlemen who were on their way up to the Plum Lake and Star Lake chain, something like a hundred miles north of Merrill, on the St. Paul road. These were Mr. John McDonald and his friend Mrs. rGay, and my old-time friend, Mr. Geo. E. Marshall, of the Calumet Heights Club, of this city. Mr. McDonald has a summer home near Plum Lake, and is taking up his friends for a couple of weeks' fishing. I was glad to see Mr. Marshall going fishing, but sorry to see him going under the circumstances of which he told me. It is the same old story, of the city man who has overworked himself. Mr. Marshall was under sentence of banishment by his doctor, and will probably be absent from his place of business for some time. He seemed cheerful, however, and declared he was out for a good time and intended to have it. Mr. McDonald is thoroughly acquainted in all that country, and it is certain that his friends will find good sport. Mr. Marshall was taking up with him an old Kankakee River guide, who will explore the Plum Lake country, and probably trap in that region next winter.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of this city, with his friends, Mr. Chas. Lester and Dr. Baxter, had a very pleasant trip this past week, from which they returned today. They went in on Sand Lake by way of Hayward, Wis., being the first party to fish Sand Lake this spring. They found very good fishing, indeed, and brought home a splendid lot of muscullunge. Their largest fish weighed 38 pounds, and is quite the largest reported yet this season from any Western water, and is very apt to prove the record for the season. It is a long fish, and not very fat, so that in size it appears a very monster. It was displayed to-day at Von Lengerke's store, with others of the catch. Several fish of 12 and 14 pounds were taken, and the party simply quit fishing for bass because they were too easy to catch. The local fishers think that Sand Lake will be better in a week or so than it is now, and this lake is well worth keeping in mind. It is said it produced a 42-pound muscullunge last year.

Attorney-General Aiken, of Illinois, leaves to-night for a trip after muscullunge to Mr. C. H. Ferry's place, near the Tomahawk waters.

Mr. McDonald, who spends a great deal of time each summer in the Plum Lake country, says that he believes the big St. Germaine Lake is the best muscullunge water in Wisconsin now. This lake was hit hard for many years, but every once in a while it turns out a heavy fish. If one wanted to get a big 'lunge in Wisconsin, he could hardly do better than stick to this water.

The Squirrel Lake waters, via Minocqua, are doing well this spring, according to report. This water seems to have a great many small 'lunge, though one rarely hears of a fish heavier than 20 pounds. It is a good sporting water.

The Minnesota muscullunge season should be good now, and a great many Chicago anglers are headed that way for this week or next.

Reports come down from Twohy's place on Eagle Lake, Waukesha county, Wis., that bass fishing is better than it has been for years. Mr. Thompson, who has been there for the past week, is having very fine bass fishing.

A pleasant little party of friends will go up to the Manitowish waters this coming week, after their annual trip for muscullunge and bass, prominent among these being Mr. Geo. E. Cole, President of the Municipal League; Mr. C. S. Dennis, of the Wishininn Club; Mr. J. B. Clark, of the Hibernian Bank; Mr. Geo. H. Walker, etc. These gentlemen should meet very good success at the time of their trip, and they will be gone a couple of weeks.

Mr. H. E. Gobel, agent of the Hartford Building, of this city, and his friend, Mr. C. B. Cleveland, with three or four others, will leave next week for High Lake, Wis., via State Line. From all appearances they will strike it just about right for their purposes.

On yesterday evening a good sized party of Chicago anglers left for Winnebago Lake, Wis., going to Neenah. Among these are Mr. Geo. Jenny and Mr. William Johnson. They may find some bass fishing, and they will have plenty of boating and a good time.

Dr. R. B. Miller, of this city, is planning a trip for himself, wife and child, to some good Western fishing country this summer. He has in mind the Yellowstone Park, and I have given him the address of Billy Hofer out there, as the best man to tell him about that country and to take him to the good places. Mr. Hofer's address, I may state for the benefit of any other possible inquirers, is Elwood Hofer, Gardiner, Mont.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., was in Chicago for a short time this week. Mr. Irwin is planning for his regular summer trip to the White River, Colo., and this time he is going loaded for bear.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The practice meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club is in progress this afternoon at Garfield Park, north lagoon. The weather is cool and pleasant. The attendance should be good and the occasion a nice one.

Some Grayling Left.

From an Alpena, Mich., paper sent to me by Mr. J. D. Hawks, of Detroit, I observe that Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Morse, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dobson returned this week to Alpena from a trip after grayling, and that they brought home "several grayling over 10 inches in length." They seem to have gone on some stream twenty miles northwest of Valentine, but I do not know what this stream was.

Condition of the Minnesota Park Bill.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 2.—The success of the Lacey Bill in Congress last week has meant a great deal to the sportsmen of the West, and they feel that Mr. Lacey's success has been their own. Such is their elation over this good outcome of a valuable measure, that it fits them very ill for bad news regarding another project dear to the Western sportsman's heart, that of the Minnesota National Park. At this writing it cannot be said that the park measure is an assured fact. Speaker Henderson two days ago had still declined to name a day for the

consideration of this bill. Congressman Lacey is reported to have urged the Speaker to reconsider his decision not to take up the park bill this session. It is sure that Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, will leave no effort untried to get the measure before the House. Meantime the editors of one or more prominent Chicago daily newspapers have written to the Speaker urging the appropriateness of taking action at this session. Col. Cooper has not yet gone to Washington, and it may or may not seem necessary for him to do so.

There is an emergency to be considered in the case of the Minnesota National Park. This very week a number of the big lumbermen of the Northwest have written to the Secretary of the Interior, asking permission for the Indians to put their reservation timber on the market.

These big lumbering corporations have been making a quiet but very strong fight to block or kill this park measure. They have written, in all probability, to officials high in power at Washington, and they will leave no stone unturned to make the passage of this bill more difficult with every passing month. With them every month gained is so much capital and so much opportunity, since it allows them to go on with their devastating operations on these Indian lands. They will use threats, cajolery, or anything else which they can find as a weapon, and they will stop that park if they are able to do so.

It is to be remembered as an offset against this proposition, that there is every reason to suppose the park bill would be brought up at the next session of Congress, and that it would then pass. This is some comfort, though it would mean a year's time lost. Really, the greatest safety for the park measure lies in the personal attitude of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Interior, who has stopped the estimating of the timber on the Indian lands and who has declared that the lumbering shall be stopped until the matter has been looked into.

Three different corps of timber examiners under the Nelson law have been employed by successive administrations, and each has been discharged in turn. On March 30, 1899, the Secretary of the Interior directed the last corps to be "furloughed without pay until further notice." Let us hope that the further notice will be a long time in coming.

Figures of Shady Sort.

Usually people do not care much to read about Congressional action, and one must confess that the interest in forestry is small in the West. Out here we have a child-like confidence that Congress will run itself and do everything that ought to be done, and that the pine forests in some way will last forever. Yet there is a very pretty story connected with this Minnesota Park matter, which would make very interesting reading to almost any Western man who once began to take it up. The time may come, perhaps, when the operations of such lumber barons as our friend Tom Shevlin, the hero of the split Congressional train, will come to be generally understood.

It is the Shevlin & Carpenter Lumber Company which has been operating most extensively on the Red Lake Indian reservation, this reservation not being included within the bounds of the proposed park. By the way, as an instance of the extreme innocence of Mr. Shevlin, it might be stated that it was on his suggestion that the park was reduced in size and the Red Lake reservation left out. He said he would then help work for the measure, and he was believed. He did help, as see the record of last fall, mentioned in these columns.

It is well known that this firm bought 86,000 acres of the best of the Red Lake reservation pine at a cost of about \$1.76 per acre, less than \$200,000. Suppose you cut but 10,000 feet of pine from an acre, and that you get but \$10 a thousand for that pine. The difference between the total and the original cost of about \$1.76 per acre will leave you a handsome margin. In practice this margin is doubled and trebled.

The only sale of land on the four reservations yet made was the sale of about 357 acres at the junction of the two railroads at Cass Lake, when, for the purpose of avoiding loss and hardship to a number of persons who had settled and built there, the Secretary of the Interior ordered the same sold at public auction under the discretion vested in him by the Nelson law. The proceeds of sale were upward of \$17,000. The appraised value made by the examiners for the Government of the same tract, it is understood, was about \$1,700. There be figures for you! There was never a more outrageous piece of robbery perpetrated upon any people than has been intentionally or unintentionally, honestly or dishonestly, committed upon these simple-minded Indians under the name of the law and under the supposed knowledge of the Government of the United States. It is inconceivable that any man worthy of the name of statesman, or fit to serve in public office, would for one moment tolerate such transactions were the facts once known to him. Secretary Hitchcock knows something of these facts. By the time that Mr. Tawney has gotten through with his explanation, whenever the Speaker consents to hear him, the entire House will know the facts. That means that the commission will be appointed, and if a half-dozen honest men once get up into that country, it may be considered certain that they will put an end to the old, ruinous, wasteful squandering of the Indians' property. Under the proposed park measure the forests will be practically left untouched, and yet they will produce tenfold as much money for the Indians as they have done in the past when they have been stripped utterly from the earth. Senator Nelson himself sees the failure of his well-intended law of 1889, and he will probably be one of the first to come out in favor of the park.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Western men are looking with great anxiety to Speaker Henderson, and asking him to give a hearing to this measure, where an emergency exists, where the relief asked is a public benefit, and where the appropriation required is but the trifle of \$5,000.

Movements of Chicago Sportsmen.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, starts to-morrow for Kabekona Camp, Minnesota, for a fishing trip of a week or so.

Mr. I. Edmond Strong and Mr. Selz, of Selz, Schwab & Co., of this city, left last night for the Au Sable River,

where they purpose a canoe trip, as earlier mentioned in these columns. As these gentlemen try the Au Sable on my recommendation, I am much interested to hear what sort of time they will have. If they will only stop long enough to fish a bit they will not be disappointed, for the Au Sable is just right these days. It is a lovely stream in every way.

Messrs. Fred Gardner, Jim Clark, Leonard Goodwin, O. G. Grady, E. R. Letterman, John Wood and Howard Parker all leave to-morrow for a few days at Crystal Lake, Ill. It was at this little water that Mr. Itha H. Bellows three weeks ago had such good sport—thirty-two bass in one short day of fishing, seven of them small-mouths. This party should have good luck, and they are all of them skillful bait-casters and know how to make good all their opportunities.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, leaves this week for a long stay at Minocqua, where he will try for muscullunge. Mr. Von Lengerke has been quite ill recently, and the trip will do him good.

The Fred Peet party mentioned earlier as having had such good sport on the Pere Marquette, Michigan, was composed of Messrs. F. N. Peet, A. C. Smith, H. G. Hascal, C. H. Chadwick and C. A. Lippincott, of Chicago; Messrs. John Waddell, Asa Stuart, D. Berry and Jim Baine, of Grand Rapids. They were out five days, a few of them seven days. They had uniformly good luck. Mr. Peet himself, as stated, caught one rainbow that weighed 5 pounds, and the party had a number that weighed 2½ pounds each. The first day Mr. Peet was out he caught six rainbows and fifteen brook trout, and the others did much the same. Mr. Peet's big fish took him down stream a quarter of a mile, but he says it did not fight as hard as the 3¼-pound rainbow he got over there last year. The whole party was delighted with the sport found, and everybody wished he could stay longer, for the biggest trout were beginning to rise at the time they came away.

Mr. Chas. F. Lambert, one of the sportsmen who make life pleasant at the big shoe town of Lynn, Mass., is in Chicago this week, completing a traveling trip in the West. Mr. Lambert ought to move out here, and if he will come we will make life one glad, sweet dream for him; as it is for all Chicago folk.

Must Have Been Real Diamonds.

Roll Organ, one of the best known all-round sportsmen of this city, was this week down at a little town on the Fox River, some forty miles away, and he strolled down to the river bank to watch some young fishermen who were using throw lines and catching an occasional sucker or carp. He engaged the youngsters in conversation, after his wont, and they all grew to be great friends. "Where do you live?" asked one seven-year-old boy, and he was answered that the stranger lived in Chicago.

"Do you know Carter Harrison?" asked the kid, and Mr. Organ said he did. "Of course he does," added a ten-year-old girl, reprovingly. "How could he live in Chicago and not know Carter Harrison? Why, he's the Mayor." By and by the boy said: "Well, I don't know Carter Harrison, but I seen his picture in the paper." This last with some pride. A bit later the same boy, seeing a ring on Mr. Organ's hand, asked: "Is that a real di'mon?" "Why! Benny, hush!" said the girl, reprovingly, again. "If he knows Carter Harrison, why, of course, it's a real diamond." E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Keuka Lake Fishing.

CORNING, N. Y., May 21.—I am much interested in reports of hunting and fishing trips published from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM. Through them I have learned of places where I have had pleasant outings after fish and game. Any of your readers who are fond of lake trout fishing would be well paid by a visit to Lake Keuka, N. Y. I have fished in this lake several years, and always with excellent success. I fished there a day and three hours last week and caught seventeen trout of the aggregate weight of 65 pounds. July 4 and 5, 1899, I caught three which together weighed 31 pounds and 2 ounces, besides several small ones. The largest tipped the beam at 13 pounds and 6 ounces four hours after taken from the water, and is said to be the largest one taken in two years. The second one in size weighed 10 pounds and 4 ounces. On one occasion three years ago I caught five of an average weight of 4 pounds before breakfast. Of course, these are exceptionally good catches, but I have always met with gratifying success in this water. The trout are caught with what is known as the Seth Green rig, which is a No. 4 oiled skin with gut leaders, using shiners for bait. W. R.

PENN YAN, N. Y., May 21.—I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM and often see items from nearby localities, but scarcely ever anything about the gem lake of western New York, Lake Keuka. Few sportsmen, I judge, know what fine sport can be had here, to say nothing of the scenery, which is the finest of any of the chain of lakes in this part of the State. The trout and pike fishing since the opening, especially for the past ten days, has been superb. Hundreds have been taken in a few days. One party of two took twenty-six in one day (far too many) weighing from 1½ to 6½ pounds, and any one who could fish a little bit has been getting all he ought to. One market here has handled over 700 pounds of trout and pike in the past few days. They were all caught with Seth Green rig with sawbellies for bait, mostly. It is a shame the way they have taken them for market. We have also very fine bass fishing in season—as fine as one might reasonably wish. Pickerel and perch can nearly always be taken. E. P. S.

American Fisheries Society.

DETROIT, Mich.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The American Fisheries Society will hold its annual meeting at the United States Fish Commission Station, Woods Holl, Mass., July 18, 19 and 20, 1900. The society will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M., July 18.

The opportunities for advancing the objects of the society were never better than at the present time, and the place of meeting presents unusual facilities for observ-

ing the practical work of marine fishculture and scientific inquiry.

United States Fish Commissioner Bowers writes: "It will afford me pleasure to extend such courtesies as are possible to the members of the society by placing at their disposal for one or two days the steamer Fish Hawk and the schooner Grampus, besides the launches and sail boats attached to the station."

The Rhode Island Commission of Inland Fisheries cordially invites the society to visit the oyster beds in Narragansett Bay and to be the guests of the Commission at a Rhode Island clam bake.

If opportunity is offered without conflicting with the reading and discussion of papers, a visit to one of the commercial trout hatcheries not far distant from Woods Holl will be arranged.

Many papers have already been promised. To give an idea of what may be expected, a partial list of the names of those who will present papers is given below:

John G. Ruge, of Florida, "Sponges."
J. E. Gunckel, of Ohio, "The Benefit of Fish Exhibits at Expositions."

A. C. Babbitt, of Michigan, "The Michigan Grayling."
S. W. Downing, of Oregon, "Propagation of the Pacific Salmon."

Fred J. Adams, of Michigan, "The Value of Brook Trout Planting in Public Waters."

S. P. Bartlett, Illinois, "The Value of the Carp as a Food Product of Illinois Waters."

Jacob Reighard, of Michigan, "The Breeding Habits of Fishes."

Livingston Stone, of New York, "The Spawning Habits of the Sturgeon."

Some of the above have promised papers conditionally upon having time to prepare them, but all are practical students of fishculture, the fisheries, biology or science.

The membership fee is now \$1 a year.

JOHN W. TITCOMB, Prest.,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
SEYMOUR BOWER, Sec'y,
Detroit, Mich.

The Madagascar Queen's Goldfish.

THE mania for introducing ornamental and supposed useful species by ignorant people is almost incredible. Some of the birds which are thought to be valuable by our bird protection societies have been, fortunately for the colonists, interdicted in Western Australia. Thus they have tabooed the starling and other species. The thoughtless acclimatization of birds is still continued, and it is said that a thousand rooks have been in the last two years liberated in Rhodesia, where in all probability they will do greater damage than they even effect in England. But perhaps the most amusing, although by no means the most injurious, example of ill-considered injurious acclimatization was related by Mr. Boulenger in his lecture on the fresh water fishes of Africa, delivered recently at the Zoological Society. He stated that before the occupation of Madagascar by the French the Queen of that country took a fancy to the goldfish so well known in this country. This fish is a native of the warmer parts of China and Japan, being in its wild state of a black or brown color, and it is only the variety that is kept in confinement which is of the well-known golden yellow, or, as may be seen sometimes, perfectly white. The golden varieties were, after introduction by the Queen, turned into several of the rivers of Madagascar, where they have bred freely, reverting to their native brown color, and have demonstrated the absurdity of ill-considered acclimatization by feeding on the spawn of the eatable native fishes, several species of which they have almost exterminated. As they breed freely in these warm waters their removal will, in all probability, never be accomplished. During the long period of its domestication, varieties of the goldfish, many being hideous monstrosities, have been produced. These have been carefully propagated by fanciers. Thus we have the telescope fish, in which the eyes, instead of being confined to the skull, protrude at a considerable length from the front of the head, hence the name; and in this variety the tail has been developed so as to be actually as broad as the whole length of the animal, producing a monstrosity which in ugliness and uselessness even a prize bulldog could not rival. The goldfish, the *Cyprinus auratus* of zoologists, was introduced into England more than 300 years ago, but, fortunately for us, it does not breed freely unless turned out in water which is prevented from freezing, so that its introduction in this country has not been as injurious as in Madagascar.—London Field.

Weakfish Near New York.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., June 4.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The first weakfish of the season were caught in Prince's Bay Saturday, June 2, by Isaac Smith. He hooked five, or six, but only succeeded in landing one. The fish were not so weak but that they demoralized Smith's tackle to the extent that it made him feel deeply grieved. These yellow-finned tide runners that come in here on the "flats" have to be handled on the give-and-take plan; if not they generally take all but rod and reel. The same day further up the bay at Ward's Point, Wm. Hartman, of Perth Amboy, caught another large weakfish. All fish were caught on flood tide with shedder crabs. **

Pearls from Fish Scales.

CONSUL JOHN C. COVERT writes from Lyons, France, to the State Department: "I have had an interview with Mr. Leuret, the manufacturer of artificial pearls from fish scales. He will go to the United States and erect works there as soon as he hears of a locality where the right kind of scales can be had in large quantities. I suggest that a suitable place might be found on the St. Lawrence River, among the Thousand Islands. Some years ago the State or National authorities cast quantities of spawn into Lake Ontario, among which was the spawn of some salt-water fish. The latter die before maturity, as soon as the water becomes warm. Every summer many thousands of them are cast upon the shores of the river and islands. They are called by two names—menhaden and alewives. If these were tried and found suitable,

works could be built and put in operation in a short time. A sample sent me will receive prompt attention.

"The scales should be small and have a silvery sheen. The brighter they are the higher price they will command. The scales should be removed while the fish are alive if possible. They should be packed with slime, very little salt being used (about 5 grams per pound of scales). All organic matter that may cause decay should be removed, and the scales left suspended in a mosquito netting until the surplus slime oozes off, then packed in a zinc can of 10 or 12 pounds capacity. Tin oxidizes where zinc will not. Scales will rust tin, but not zinc. The opening in the top of the can should not be larger than a half dollar. If larger the scales will suffer from the heat of the soldering iron.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds of these scales can be used per year. It is anticipated that twice that quantity may be used in a few years. The price paid will be 80 cents to \$1.25 per pound, according to quality and the amount of shiny matter on the scales. The present supply is from a fish called the bleak or blay. Mr. Leuret thinks that a child twelve years old can easily remove 4 or 5 pounds of scales per day."

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 26.—Manasquan has been favored the past week with most welcome visitors. Bluefish have been in the surf in abundance and of large size. While it is not unusual to take them in Barnegat Bay at this season of the year, it is quite out of the ordinary to take them in the surf with the squid. The fish were of large size, from 5 pounds to 9 pounds each, and very well conditioned. As many as twenty-five were taken on one rod in two hours' fishing. That should satisfy the most exacting. Plaice are taking the hook freely at that point, and some kingfish also have been taken. Just why all manner of fish are always to be had at least three weeks earlier at that point than at Shark River Inlet, with only a difference of eight miles, has never been determined. Bass are unusually and unaccountably scarce all along the coast. While rumor gives us a few catches at different points, in no case has a single report been verified. One weakfish was taken Wednesday evening from our pier, but it appears it was only a stray, as none of his fellows put in appearance. The whiting still continue quite abundant, and when the surf is quiet, each evening many are taken, and ling are to be had for the taking in almost countless numbers. We are looking for the bluefish to break in at this point any day; they would doubtless have done so only for the pound net obstruction, as myriads of menhaden are to be seen when the surf is quiet.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 2.—The fourth largest bass ever taken along the coast with rod and reel was landed at Deal Beach on the 30th ult., weighing 38½ pounds. Our popular caterer, William Rollins, was the lucky man, and to say he was, and is, a proud angler is putting it mild. It seems a fitting conclusion that it should fall into the hands of one who knows so well how to prepare an appetizing dish. His striped majesty was duly baked and served the following evening to a most appreciative crowd of the faithful. While bass are not at all plentiful as yet, still the most of what are taken are of good size. The next largest for the week was Bartine Brown's 12-pounder. Kingfish are moving inshore and are taking the hook fairly well, and we look forward to a heavy run during the next two weeks, as the pounds are taking them in abundance, one pound lifting fourteen barrels this morning. The recent blow has apparently sent the bluefish off shore, as none have been taken the past few days, but with pleasant weather they will soon put in appearance. The menhaden pirates have again begun their nefarious trade, and that may account for the absence of the blues to some degree. LEONARD HULLIT.

Suckers and Trout Spawn.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 24.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Some two or three years ago I wrote an article which was published in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to suckers as trout destroyers, and the impressions I then had have been confirmed by later observations.

That provision of the fish law which has prohibited the taking of suckers in streams inhabited by trout is proving to be an injury rather than a benefit to our trout streams, and the fact may as well be acknowledged and some effort made to check the evil.

Where suckers abound in a trout stream they are very destructive of the trout spawn. We made a practical test in regard to this on the Rondout, and found that where suckers had access to the spawn beds the eggs were almost entirely destroyed.

The remedy which I have proposed is to permit the catching of suckers in our trout streams under such restrictions that the trout cannot be taken, and this might be done, especially during the spawning season of the suckers, under the supervision of a game director, or persons or clubs owning trout waters might be permitted to take out the suckers with nets upon giving a bond to the effect that if any trout are taken they shall be returned alive. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

De Tour as a Fishing Center.

THE Sault Ste. Marie News says of De Tour, Mich., which is on the St. Mary's River, near the head of Lake Huron:

"The waters around these islands abound in gamy fish, such as black bass, maskinonge and pike, making it doubly pleasant for lovers of this much sought for sport. Boats and guides are always in attendance and can be had at reasonable rates. Belated couples have no difficulty in returning should darkness overtake them. They have not only the moon for their guidance, but also three light-houses, which throw their beacon light far out into the darkness. The illumination of the electric lights can also be seen at a great distance. In the surrounding country on the west, vast tracts of forest can be seen almost in their primeval state. They are inhabited by brui, the wily deer and smaller game too numerous to mention. Rivers and rivulets running in various directions, abounding with brook trout, greet the eyes of the adventurous

nimrod on his cruise. There are also numerous inland lakes, of which Caribou is the most picturesque and pleasant for trolling. It is at a distance of about five miles from De Tour."

Long Island Bluefishing.

THE first catch of Long Island bluefish was made by a crew under command of Capt. Charles Smith, of Amityville, at Fire Island Inlet, on Saturday, May 26, when about 200 were taken. The catch is an unusually early one, as the fish rarely make their appearance before the middle of June.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, Saturday re-entry contest, held at Stow Lake May 26. Wind, variable; weather, cold.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. % Del. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu 86	83.8	87.8	70
Battu 90	78.10
Brooks 99	60
Brotherton 108
Brotherton 110
Brotherton 94
Edwards 93	83.8	85.8	78.4
Edwards 92	89.8	84.4	75
Edwards 93	82.4	87.4	79.8
Everett 90	92.4	84.4	74.2
Everett 90	81.8	85	80.9
Everett 90	89.4	85.8	82.7
Golcher 112	86.4	91.4	82.11
Lovett 113	88.4	91	85
Lovett 120	88.8	86.8	85.11
Lovett 111.6	84	85.8	95.2
Skinner 90	84	75	96.3
Skinner 88	87	72.6	81.8
Skinner 90	..	72.7	80.4

Judges, Skinner, Lovett and Young; Referee, Everett. Sunday re-entry contest, held at Stow Lake May 27. Wind, west; weather, warm.

Battu 84	87	88	65	76.6	48
Battu 90	88.4	87.4	65	76.2	..
Brooks 104	81.4	80.4	59.2	69.9	..
Brotherton 100	84.4	90.4	75.10	83.1	..
Brotherton 106	84.8
Daverkosen 106	84.8	85.8	79.2	82.5	..
Daverkosen 109	83.8	92.8	75.10	84.3	..
Daverkosen 104	88.8	87.8	72.6	80.1	..
Everett 98	92.4	74	59.2	66.7	..
Everett 96	94.4	92.4	80.10	86.7	..
Everett 97
Foulks 80	80.8	69.4	58.4	63.10	..
Foulks 85	87.4	80.4	64.2	72.3	..
Foulks 89	74	73.8	65	69.4	..
Golcher 122	83.8	93.8	77.6	85.7	..
Golcher 120	91.8	88	77.6	82.9	..
Haight 75	86	81.8	60	70.10	..
Huyck 92	80.4	75.8	59.2	67.5	..
Klein 80	79.4	76.4	61.8	69	..
Klein 61	69.4	89.8	62.6	76.1	..
Lovett 115	93	89.4	72.6	80.11	96.1
Lovett 112	91.4	93.8	71.8	82.8	92.2
Lovett 110	88.4	95.4	72.6	83.11	96
Muller 95	91.4	85	73.4	79.2	..
Young 88.6	89.8	91.4	62.6	76.11	..
Young 92	91.8	86.8	67.6	77.1	..

Judges, Young, Battu and Mansfield; Referee, Muller; Clerk, Huyck.

hunting, who told us that they had followed this trail from East Farnham, a distance of four miles, expecting every moment to start the fox. They, however, took their hard luck like sportsmen, and after chatting a few minutes, called off their dogs and moved on in search of another track.

Our own dogs were out of hearing, so we started out to locate them and get in the hunt. For this purpose we separated, two of us following the ridge and the other two taking the team back up the road. The Banker and I found them about 2 o'clock apparently fairly outwitted. We took them with us and had just reached the road, when a couple of men drove around a bend very much excited and told us that they had just driven a fox from the road, about 40 yards back. We made a sprint for it, and soon had the music going. The fox ran straight up a very steep ridge back into the road, which he followed to a farmhouse, thence through the door yard and on out of hearing on the back side of a range of hills.

The rest of our party now came dashing up with the team, and we had just got the horses cared for at the farmhouse when we heard the dogs coming our way. We immediately scattered and took up positions for a shot. The range of hills terminated in a pinnacle which towered over its neighbors by about 200 feet, and was, thickly covered with undergrowth. For this Reynard shaped his course and circled the top no less than six times, each circle growing smaller. He was about 30 yards ahead of the dogs, and they were running him partly by sight, the music coming in one continuous roar. We were covering three sides of the pinnacle and would stand like posts till we could see the fox pass, when we would make a break in succession to intercept his next circle. The Constable finally obtained such a position, when Brother Fox left via the unguarded side, and we saw him no more. The dogs ran him to earth about sundown on the side of a mountain back of Iron Hill, after repeatedly running roads, fences and barn yards. I presume we should have shot him, but with the exception of the Constable we were all novices at the game. We drove home at twilight and were amply rewarded for our trip by the view from Iron Hill of a most gorgeous sunset.

I think it "more than rather likely" there were three fox hunters born that day.

WARRINGTON.

Connecticut Field Trial Club.

PINE MEADOW, Conn., May 28.—A meeting of the Board of Governors was held on May 25 at 3 P. M. at Bassett & Reeves' sportsmen's goods store, 5 Church street, New Haven, President E. Knight Sperry in the chair. Present—First Vice-President Dr. J. E. Hare, Bridgeport; Second Vice-President F. M. Chapin, Pine Meadow; Secretary and Treasurer J. E. Bassett, New Haven; Wm. J. Comstock, East Hartford, and W. S. Hawley, Bridgeport, the only absentee being E. S. Gordon, Williamantic.

It was voted to hold the trials on the preserves of the club at Hampton Hills, on Wednesday, Nov. 7, the drawings for place to be held on the evening of the 6th at the club's headquarters, Whittaker's Hotel, Hampton Hills. It was voted that the entries for the Derby Stake close on Wednesday, Oct. 3, and the entries for the All-Age Stake close on Wednesday, Oct. 17, \$5 forfeit and \$5 for starters. It was also voted that the club run a Membership Stake during the trials, the entries and nominations to be made on the grounds, the prize to be a silver cup.

The judges for the trials will be announced just as soon as they are assured. All necessary action regarding the same was taken at the meeting, but no positive answer can be given at this writing. Referring to the Membership Stake, we desire to call to the attention of all New England sportsmen that this is an opportunity to have your dog run and see what he can do in the company of others, with but little expense and a lot of pleasure. At Whittaker's Hotel there can be found excellent accommodation for all, with nice quarters for the dogs. The trial grounds are ideal, and President Sperry reports having just returned from a two weeks visit, and states he found the birds all came nicely through the winter, having been well cared for and fed by attendants, and that they were now mating nicely. It is his opinion that we will have double the quantity of birds this fall and that they will be the better for having been raised on the grounds, as some of those last year were imported birds and had not been down long enough to hardly know how to act.

The membership fee for Connecticut residents is \$2, the annual dues \$1, payable in advance. Associate membership—non-resident of the State, but resident of New England—fee, \$1 annually.

Now, boys, for this small amount you will become eligible to the Membership Stake that is to be run, therefore do not hesitate, but act at once and send for membership blanks to J. E. Bassett, Secretary, P. O. Box 603, New Haven, or any other member of the Board of Governors, and thereby assure us the permanent success that is due the labor already laid out in the direction of forming in Connecticut a field trial club that will be of great value and interest to all New England sportsmen.

FRANK M. CHAPIN.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Good Sport but No Kill.

SUTTON, Quebec.—There were five of us—the Parson, the Banker, the Constable, the Merchant and myself—who had been planning for a day with the fox hounds, and having finally fixed the date, we made arrangements by telephone over night for an early start and a place of meeting. The Constable and myself each furnishing a horse, drove out of town the next morning with a three-seated sleigh and a couple of dogs, just as the sun was showing his face above the ragged top of old Mount Sutton. The thermometer stood at 20 degrees below, but we were well wrapped up in furs and robes, and our circulation being good, we did not mind the cold. Not so the Merchant, for when we arrived at his place of business, which was also the place of rendezvous, he flatly refused to venture out. The Banker, more keen for sport, being on hand and ready, we made a start. As we went we watched closely the road on either side for the ribbon-like trail of dots placed one after the other with mathematical precision that would indicate sport if found, and the reverse if not. About two miles out we met the Parson in his own team just starting out on business connected with his parish. We quickly persuaded him to abandon his designs on his flock and join us.

We were now well in the fox country and had found but one trail so far, which we did not think best to run. There had been snow the previous day, but owing to the extreme cold the foxes had not been stirring, so after driving about five miles without finding a track, the Parson and I left the team with the dogs to climb a hardwood ridge running parallel with the road. We started out with lots of vim, but soon concluded that a track would keep in that weather for a long time, and that there was no hurry about it anyway. We finally reached the summit well blown, but failed to find. So I took the dogs on over the next ridge and there found a fresh trail, the dogs getting the scent at a distance of fully 50 yards. I could not see it at that distance, but they pulled so hard I concluded it must be there good and hot. I slipped their leashes and they went straight to it and opened cry, taking a course directly toward the boys in the team and at right angles with the Parson, who was skirting the ridge, and saw the fox when he was started, but failed to get a shot. They then bore away to the left, just out of gun shot of the team, and in a short time were out of hearing.

We soon heard a dog coming up the back trail barking rather slowly. He was soon in sight, followed by three

of the subject, but they are not even familiar with the names of the oldest and best known yachtsmen and yachts.

It may be that the compositor is responsible for the statement in one of the great dailies that a yacht parted her "pig halyards" in a race on Decoration Day; but it is quite as likely that some bucolic recruit was sent out to report a yacht race for the first time. Another great journal on the same occasion—one that has in the past numbered several very competent yachting reporters on its staff—gave the wind as "south by southeast." Still another paper, which is sufficiently in the confidence of all the great personages of the world to publish signed telegrams from them on the smallest provocation, in the course of a sensational and exaggerated report of the dismasting of a yacht in the Sound, described her as follows: "The latter was rigged 'full-masted,' to use a yachtsman's term; that is, she carried no jib, but a correspondingly larger mainsail."

The cause of this condition of affairs lies with the principal editors, who personally know nothing and care less about yachting. If it is a case of a prize fight, a cock fight, a baseball game or a horse race, they see to it that some man thoroughly familiar with the sport in question is sent to report it; but if it is only a yacht race, any one who is not wanted for other work will do. They do not even remember that a man who may be in every way *persona grata* to the average assemblage of "sports" at a prize fight or a ball game, may not be the proper man to represent the paper at a club house or on a steamer where ladies are present, or in the small party on board a private yacht. Even where the reporters are competent, the methods of the average city editor are not conducive to a high standard of writing. When he realizes that the racing season has begun, the city editor demands about a fixed amount of yachting "copy" every day. If two or three important events by chance come together on the same day, they are cut down to fit the space allotted; and if, next day, there is but one small and unimportant race, it must be padded and fitted with big head lines to fill up the same space. Under such conditions no good journalistic work is possible.

The contrast between New York and Boston is most marked, and entirely in favor of the latter city. Boston can boast of several very competent and capable yachting writers, connected permanently with different papers, and doing regular work the season round, to the good advantage of the sport, and presumably of their respective papers as well. Why the same thing is not done in New York is a question that some of the astute and up-to-date publishers may be able to answer.

Converted Yachts.

WHILE much has already been printed about the steam yachts converted to war uses two years ago, the most interesting part is still to be written; the story of the selection and sale of these vessels to the Government. Perhaps the most useless of the entire fleet was the steam yacht Enquirer, of Buffalo, which was brought to New York and refitted at considerable expense, but could never be put into serviceable condition. On the one or two occasions when she left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for service about New York Bay, she was towed in disabled, and the end of the war found her still in the hands of workmen. Since then she has been offered for sale at a price of \$20,000, but no purchaser has appeared. As the result of a faction fight now on over the appointment of a Republican politician to a high position, some interesting disclosures are being made as to the true history of the sale of this yacht, owned by a Democratic politician and newspaper owner, to the Government at an extravagant price. The following letter is from Rowland B. Mahany, who was for several terms and up to last year the Republican member of the House of Representatives from the Thirty-second New York District:

Buffalo, N. Y., May 24.—The Hon. George E. Matthews, Editor of the Express, Buffalo, N. Y. My Dear Mr. Matthews: Your letter of this morning is at hand, and I am astonished to learn that Mr. Hazel has denied to any one his conversation with me regarding the sale of the Connors yacht. Shortly after the transaction I met Mr. Hazel on my return from Washington at the Iroquois Hotel, and among other matters we discussed the question of the yacht deal came up. I taxed him with having taken advantage of his political position in selling a yacht to the Government for an exorbitant price—twice what the vessel was worth. He laughed and said that I took an extreme view of the matter; that he was in business, and it was all right for him to sell the yacht if he could, and that he had not got as much out of it as he ought to have received, all things considered. I answered that he got enough, according to popular report, and then asked him how much he really did get.

"Well," he replied, "there are so many stories about the matter that I suppose it is just as well to set them at rest by the truth in the case. My share was \$5,000."

"What did the Government give for the yacht?" I asked.

"Why, that is a matter of record at the Treasury," Mr. Hazel answered. "The purchase price was \$80,000."

"What did Connors get?" I continued.

"Sixty thousand dollars," was the answer.

"Where did the other \$15,000 go?" I inquired.

Mr. Hazel laughed and said, "Oh, come, now; I can't tell all about it," or words to that effect.

"But do you acknowledge," I said, "that you personally received \$5,000 as your share?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I was a fool not to have asked more, for I could easily have got it."

"Well," I said, "I don't take the same view of these things that you do."

"I suppose you don't. I guess we never will agree on anything," was his reply.

This is the conversation as it took place in the presence of at least one reputable witness, who will substantiate its accuracy, if necessary. I think there were also some other gentlemen present who remember the occurrence and the conversation. Sincerely yours,

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

In this connection it may be noted that the Goelet yacht Mayflower, which cost the Government \$430,000, besides a large sum for alterations, has just been refitted for the use of the new Governor of Porto Rico.

Yachting.

THE position of New York as the great yachting center of the country can hardly be disputed; and certainly in their sphere the New York daily papers consider themselves second to none in the world. Such being the case, it might be expected that the yachting news published in these papers would at least equal both in amount, accuracy and high technical quality that of other cities. Far from this being the case, the stuff inflicted on the readers by the New York dailies is in the main a disgrace to them and a detriment to the sport. No encouragement whatever is given to competent and qualified yachting writers to gather the news regularly, to set it forth correctly and attractively, and to discuss intelligently and fairly the events of the day. At times yachting is ignored entirely, and then a spasmodic attempt is made to catch up by means of a long article hashed up by some incompetent writer and illustrated with old cuts under new names. The majority of the so-called yachting writers of the daily press to-day not only have no technical knowledge

Decoration Day.

May 30, 1900.

THE last days of May were very unpleasant about New York, with rain at times, and a very low temperature, but Decoration Day came with good weather—clear and warm and with moderate breezes. As is always the case, many yachts, new and old, were not ready, but still a very large number turned out to do honor to the official opening of the season of 1900. Almost all the clubs paid formal observance of some sort to the day, generally in the way of hoisting the colors and a sail in the afternoon, while many races were held.

In Eastern waters the day was clear with a strong westerly wind, giving good racing.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

THE Atlantic Y. C. opened the day by the hoisting of the flag over the club station at Sea Gate at 10:30, followed by a race for club yachts. The new 51-footer Altair was present, but not being owned in the club, could not start; however, she sailed over the course. There was a fresh S.W. wind, shifting to S.E. The times were:

Cutters—60ft. Class.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan.....	55.33	Withdrew.	
Cutters—51ft. Class.			
Awa, T. L. Arnold.....	46.43	3 06 35	3 26 35
Ondawa, H. J. Roberts.....	46.93	Disabled.	
Cutters—43ft. Class.			
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	43.00	2 58 50	3 18 50
Eidolon, Jas. Weir, Jr.....	43.85	Withdrew.	
Sloops—36ft. Class.			
Akista, George Hill.....	36.00	3 49 03	4 09 03
Sloops—30ft. Class.			
Tammany, W. C. Town.....	30.00	Not timed.	
Sloops—21ft. Class.			
Minnetonka, S. E. Vernon.....	20.05	2 31 55	2 41 55
Corodo, G. F. Blandy.....	18.00	Not timed.	
Sloops—18ft. Class.			
Pebble, R. W. Spear.....	16.85	2 59 03	3 09 03
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	16.85	2 55 50	3 00 50
Sport, J. Allerton.....	16.85	2 55 50	3 05 50
Bronco.....		Not timed.	

Ondawa parted her peak halyards and withdrew. The Race Committee included Messrs. C. T. Pierce, G. W. McNulty and A. F. Aldridge.

Harlem Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Harlem Y. C., as usual, held the first open race of the Sound Y. R. A. season, starting off Belden's Point, City Island. The courses were: For 30ft. class and over, around Matinnicock Point Buoy, Parsonage Point Buoy and home, 20 miles, naut.; 21 and 25ft. classes, around Matinnicock and Delancy Point marks, 18 miles, naut., and 21ft. open cats and 18ft. class, around Old Hen and Delancy Point buoys, 13 miles, naut. With a fresh S.W. wind, this made a run to the outer mark, a reach to the second and a beat home, the wind falling toward the end. The times were:

Cabin Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 1:25.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Paiute, Beam Brothers.....	4 11 12	4 11 12
Pontiac, H. Hanlein, Jr.....	4 00 05	3 57 02
Mistral, R. Evans.....	Not timed.	
Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:25.		
Ashumet, R. C. Kipp.....	3 40 50	3 40 50
Sakana, A. B. McCreary.....	3 52 21	3 45 08
Possum, W. N. Bavier.....	Not timed.	
Coquette, M. Delaney.....	Not timed.	
Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	3 47 38	3 43 45
Jessica.....	3 56 14	3 56 14
Isabel, J. Lalor.....	Withdrew.	
Water Lily, T. McLaughlin.....	Withdrew.	
Wanderer, W. Strauss.....	Withdrew.	
Falcon, J. H. Summers.....	Withdrew.	
Una, W. Scardefield.....	Withdrew.	
Crony.....	Withdrew.	
Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:10.		
Romance, A. Johnson.....	4 11 24	4 11 24
Emyzol, Zollinger et al.....	4 39 51	4 39 51
Coquette, F. C. Sullivan.....	4 43 46	4 43 31
Naiad, C. Christiansen.....	Withdrew.	
Fortuna, Brodi & Ulrich.....	Withdrew.	
Gertrude.....	Withdrew.	
Jack Rabbit, M. Nestedt.....	4 52 55	4 52 40
Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:10.		
Ox, Robert Bavier.....	4 42 43	4 42 43
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	3 54 42	3 54 42
Lou, George J. Oakes.....	4 49 12	4 41 19
Grayling, H. W. Warren.....	4 49 22	3 49 22
Open Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Rochelle, Edmund Kelly.....	4 17 34	
Mystic.....	Not timed.	
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:15.		
Golden Rod, W. A. Towner.....	4 37 16	4 35 25
Lauretta, W. P. Scheerer.....	4 37 03	4 37 03
Marguerite, T. J. Canavan.....	4 50 04	4 48 46
Roxane, Baxter & Steele.....	Not timed.	
Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:15.		
Jennie D., Dady & Harrington.....	4 18 49	4 18 49
Emily J., Wimmer.....	4 51 34	4 51 34
Open Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:30.		
Vera, A. M. Bradley.....	3 29 05	3 28 09
Madeline.....	Not timed.	
Open Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:30.		
Sunday, F. L. Downing.....	Not timed.	
Mystery, A. D. Fuller.....	Not timed.	

The winners were Pontiac, Ashumet, Alerion, Romance, Ox, Dot, Rochelle, Golden Rod, Jennie D. and Vera.

Ashumet, a new importation from Boston, won the Williams Challenge cup, for the best elapsed time made by a yacht of the Harlem Y. C. The judges were C. P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.; G. W. Fuller, Harlem Y. C.; George Bleekman. The steamer Glen Island carried a very large number of members and guests.

Williamsburgh Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NORTH BEACH—FLUSHING BAY.

THE Williamsburgh Y. C. sailed its annual club regatta in a moderate S.W. breeze over the regular club triangle off Flushing Bay, the times being:

Sloops and Cutters—43ft. Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Portia, Brush & Fennell.....	3 14 35	1 58 35
Cutters and Sloops—35ft. Class.		
Kelpie, F. W. Smedley.....	3 14 30	1 50 30
Cabin Sloops—26ft. Class.		
Pastime, James Schusselle.....	3 35 20	2 04 22
Emily B., Emil Bottke.....	3 32 09	2 09 00

Cabin Sloops—23ft. Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith, E. V. Rosemond.....	3 39 55	2 03 55
Rover, Gus Schwartz.....	3 39 58	2 03 58
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class.		
Mabel M., E. Haman.....	3 22 20	1 51 20
Ripple, W. C. Hurst.....	3 30 10	1 53 40
Open Catboats—Over 19ft.		
Paragon, William E. Long.....	3 21 55	1 45 55
Marguerite, S. G. Poole.....	3 25 30	1 54 10
Open Catboats—19ft. Class.		
Venus, William Jacoby.....	3 42 00	2 06 00
Undine, Jacob Wurstein.....	3 49 40	2 13 40

Reliance started in 43ft. class, but fouled Portia on the line and withdrew. The winners were Portia, Kelpie, Pastime, Edith, Mabel, Paragon and Venus.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. mast-headed its colors at noon, and at 2 P. M. started the first race for the 21ft. raceabout series. Only three boats started—Snapper, a new boat just from Lawley's Yard, where she was built for H. L. Maxwell, from Purdon's design; Colleen, also a Purdon boat, recently purchased in Boston by L. R. Alberger, and the well-known Spindrift. The course was from a line off the club house to the gas buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain Island, thence to the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain Island, thence to the red spar buoy on Carmel Reef, thence to the mark boat at the starting line. Course to be sailed over twice; 10 nautical miles.

The wind was fresh from S.W. The start was a poor one, the boats being badly timed for the line. Though Colleen was over first, Snapper was under better way and took the lead. At the weather mark Colleen was well ahead of Snapper and the first round was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colleen.....	3 04 05	3 05 45
Snapper.....	3 04 48	

On the reach the three drew together, but on the wind again Colleen made up a little. The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colleen, L. Alberger.....	4 05 48	2 00 48
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 06 32	2 01 32
Spindrift, S. C. Picie.....	4 08 14	2 03 14

Snapper reported that she had touched a mark, so she was disqualified. Mr. F. B. Jones was in charge of the race.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. opened its station at Center Island, Oyster Bay, with the usual ceremonies, a race being held in the afternoon for the raceabout class, club knockabouts and club cats. The times were:

21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 2:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	3 51 01	1 51 01
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	3 52 03	1 52 03
21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 2:05.		
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings.....	4 05 50	2 00 50
Thelga, A. B. Thayer.....	4 09 06	2 04 06
Ditto, H. S. Redmond.....	4 09 46	2 04 46
Robb, W. A. W. Stewart.....	4 13 25	2 08 25
Dacot, A. Moseman.....	Disabled.	
25ft. Club Cats—Start, 2:10.		
No. 3, C. Whitman.....	3 48 44	1 38 44
No. 2, C. E. Willis, Jr.....	3 49 53	1 39 53

The winners were Scamp, Wyntje and Cat No. 3. Scamp is a new Purdon boat, while Raider was designed by C. H. Crane.

Greenville Y. C.

GREENVILLE—NEW YORK BAY.

THE Greenville Y. C. sailed a club race in a moderate S.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara II, P. Renig.....	26.00	1 23 00	1 16 00
Ensign, C. McGeihan.....	30.05	1 22 03	1 19 33
Lady Eldridge, A. Wenzel.....	33.00	1 20 06	1 20 06
Charm, F. Ketcham.....	28.06	1 25 30	1 21 00
Clara, Dr. Hollister.....	27.06	1 26 30	1 21 00
Louisa L., C. J. Leach.....	24.00	1 30 45	1 21 45
Madeline, A. G. Roemer.....	20.06	1 37 00	1 24 30
Ocean Spray, C. N. Pinkney.....	27.06	1 32 00	1 26 30
Trident, A. A. Taft.....	23.00	1 38 30	1 28 30

The judges were Messrs. A. G. Roemer, S. Renshaw and William Brown. Clara II. won, with Ensign second.

Passaic River Y. C.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

THE Passaic River Y. C. sailed a club race on Newark Bay, starting off Twenty-fourth street, in a moderate S.W. wind. The times were:

Sloops—Over 28ft.	Finish.
Bijou, William Bruen.....	1 10 15
Sloops—Under 25ft.	
Sylvia, Frank Krupka.....	1 24 30
Buoyant, William Rogers.....	1 40 30
Puritan, Gus Schmidt.....	Withdrew.
Etta, William Freeman.....	Withdrew.
Star, Isaac Sauls.....	1 35 15
Cabin Catboats.	
Ella F., John Deckherd.....	1 20 30
Enid, Wesley Stickles.....	1 32 30
Open Catboats—Over 20ft.	
Lillian, Com. C. E. Hall.....	1 10 45
Sans Gene, G. and J. Sanford.....	1 13 30
Open Catboats—Under 20ft.	
Essex, John Buckley.....	1 17 45

The yachts are not measured, but the winners probably are Bijou, Sylvia, Ella F., Lillian, Sans Gene and Essex. The judges were Messrs. Frederick Weslow, W. D. Moore and Daniel Brown.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

THE first race of the new one-design class was sailed in a fresh S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quinque, Smith & Hillard.....	4 22 00	1 22 00
Vixen, W. Balour.....	4 26 00	1 26 00
Kelpie, H. K. Brown.....	4 27 00	1 27 00
Flying Fox, H. Buckman.....	4 28 01	1 28 01
Sweetheart, Fish & Sumner.....	Withdrew.	
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	Withdrew.	

Saturday, June 2.

THE second race of the new one-design class of the Marine and Field Club was sailed on June 2 over a 3-mile

triangle, two rounds. The wind was fresh from the west, ending in a rainstorm. The times were:

Start: 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kelpie, J. H. Brown.....	4 36 30	1 31 30
Flying Fox, H. R. Cone.....	4 40 43	1 35 43
Quinque, W. G. Smith.....	4 40 47	1 35 47
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	4 41 40	1 36 40
Sweetheart, A. C. Fiske.....	4 41 58	1 36 58
Skylark, J. H. Elliott.....	Withdrew.	

South Boston Y. C. Open Race.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE South Boston Y. C., as usual, held the first race of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts series, for all classes. The wind was from the west, strong and puffy. The times were:

30-Footers.	Elapsed.
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson.....	1 49 12
Emma C., P. A. Coupal.....	1 53 16
Cabin—25ft. Class.	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 44 30
Little Peter, J. L. Moebis.....	1 48 40
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 50 00
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 54 18
Helene, W. S. Burgess.....	1 59 52
Cygnat, J. R. Hodder.....	2 03 32
Open—25ft. Class.	
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	2 07 00
Romance, Loring Sears.....	Withdrew.
Cabin—21ft. Class.	
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	1 57 12
Usona, E. E. Prior.....	1 58 39
Minx, W. D. Turner.....	2 06 01
Coquette, B. D. Anderson.....	Disabled.
Open—18ft. Class.	
Lobster, C. E. Hendrie.....	1 41 59
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 44 16
Joque, Walter Kelsey.....	1 46 00
Catherine, J. R. Young.....	1 59 45
Oriolus, R. S. Landers.....	2 01 11

The winners were: Elfreda, \$12; Widgeon, \$12; Harriet, \$10; Usona, \$5; Lobster, \$10; Perhaps, \$5; Joque, \$3. Only Opitsah II. and Tacoma started in the 21ft. class, and at the line Tacoma put her bowsprit through Opitsah's side. The latter gave up and started for home after temporary repairs, while Tacoma sailed over. Flirt, a new keel boat, designed by Crowninshield, was protested by Little Peter for fouling, no decision yet being made.

The Regatta Committee included Com. Simon Goldsmith, ex-officio; Vice-Com. S. Gordon Sawyer, ex-officio; George M. Krey, E. B. Walbridge, V. B. Johnson, W. Wallace Kee and Dr. Charles E. Ryder, Sec'y. The judges were: Messrs. Arthur Fuller, W. H. Godfrey, John T. Hurley, D. F. Carew; J. H. Corrigan, V. B. Johnson, Thomas Christian, Frank Williams and Morris Livingston.

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Burgess Y. C. Open Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed a good race in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 02 06
Dorothea, Lambert.....	1 29 32
Handicap Class.	
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	1 23 48
Brigand, H. A. Morss.....	1 27 27
16-Footers.	
Cyclone, Macomber.....	1 02 25
Pandora, C. S. Stebbins.....	1 03 07
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 03 15
Gunning Boats.	
Hope, W. H. Brown.....	1 10 56
Bubble, C. B. Coburn.....	1 13 00

Pirate mistook the signal and being late did not start.

Fall River Y. C. Open Race.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE Fall River Y. C. had a two-reef breeze for its race, with a good fleet of starters, the times being:

Second Class—Sloops Under 35ft.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nixie, A. W. Martin.....	3 04 09	2 59 42
Reginald, H. W. Ostby.....	2 59 44	2 59 44
Third Class—Catboats Under 24ft.		
Emeline, Frank White.....	2 41 59	2 41 59
Victor, E. V. Bowen.....	3 01 33	2 59 01
Mole, G. E. Darling.....	3 05 45	3 04 56
Adela, Manuel Souza.....	Withdrew.	
Fourth Class—Catboats 21 to 24ft.		
Marguerite, J. D. Peck.....	1 51 59	1 48 52
Inez L., Wm. Whitaker.....	1 53 37	1 50 44
Curlew, A. F. Rich.....	1 56 28	1 53 22
Madloff, Gifford & Brown.....	Withdrew.	
Fifth Class—Catboats 18 to 21ft.		
Orme, R. W. Zuill.....	1 57 29	1 55 55
Colleen, M. Considine.....	1 56 06	1 56 06
Pet, W. A. Spencer.....	1 57 31	1 56 59
Rival, N. C. Arnold.....	2 01 55	2 00 05
Quaker, Hugh Montgomery.....	2 29 04	2 27 04
Caroline, A. S. Brownell.....	Withdrew.	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	Withdrew.	
Sixth Class—Catboats 15 to 18ft.		
Dora, John Conboy.....	2 12 15	2 11 19
Laloo, Frank White Pead.....	2 17 09	2 17 09
Zara, G. H. Kingman.....	2 25 57	2 23 52

Class C—Sloops.		
Thyra, Horace Wood.....	1 25 56	1 24 27
Alca, C. P. Clifford.....	1 25 59	1 25 59
Sweep, W. O. Knowles.....	1 31 39	1 30 10
Class D—Sloops.		
Wanda, F. W. Reynolds.....	Disqualified.	
Lotus, W. Bourne.....	Not timed.	
Class E—Cats.		
Carleton B., T. H. Bradley.....	Started before gun.	
Queen Mab, A. Robbins.....	Started before gun.	
Sprit Sails.		
Dr. E. B. Whitney.....	12 06 28	
George A. York.....	12 09 52	
John B. Rhodes.....	12 10 49	
R. L. Snow.....	12 11 00	
H. W. Plummer.....	12 11 14	
R. A. Terry.....	12 11 30	
W. H. Colville.....	12 12 05	

Wanda was disqualified. Carleton and Queen Mab were disqualified for starting before the gun.

Plymouth Y. C. Club Race.

PLYMOUTH—PLYMOUTH HARBOR.
THE Plymouth Y. C. opened the season with a race in a strong and puffy S.W. wind, the times being:

18ft. Class.		
Milady, F. R. Adams.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grace, M. S. Weston.....	1 39 14	1 43 10
Spider, Hunt.....	1 44 20	1 44 20
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 44 44	1 48 25
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 48 25	
Handicap Class.		
Veritas, Alex. Holmes.....	1 51 00	1 28 00
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	1 59 36	1 33 36
Nancy Hanks, P. Magiathlin.....	1 39 50	1 34 50
Seconset, H. M. Jones.....	1 41 10	1 37 10
Getsha, W. T. Whitman.....	1 37 23	1 37 23
Puritan, E. Watson.....	1 57 47	1 39 47

The judges were John T. Stoddard, George D. Bartlett and T. N. Eldridge.

East Gloucester Y. C. Open Race.

EAST GLOUCESTER—GLOUCESTER HARBOR.
THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed its first race in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

First Class.			
Rambler, S. Pomeroy.....	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Orda, J. Greenough.....	21.07	1 56 06	1 19 53
Alice and Maud, A. McCurdy.....	25.00	1 53 26	1 21 54
Angel, Dr. Cox.....	23.11	2 06 19	1 22 06
Second Class.			
Nymph, O. Perkins.....	18.00	2 03 21	1 21 46
Snapshot, Joseph Perry.....	17.06	2 10 52	1 28 26
Ida B., J. Merchant.....	Withdrew.		
Third Class.			
Dorothea, A. W. Findley.....	14.10	1 29 59	1 01 22
Spider, E. Flye.....	12.08	1 37 44	1 06 30
Gracie, G. Norris.....	13.00	1 46 50	1 15 36

Jubilee Y. C. Handicap Race.

BEVERLY—BEVERLY HARBOR.
THE Jubilee Y. C. sailed a handicap race, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
Black Cloud, T. Gillott.....	11 45 00	12 47 01
Nixie, S. J. Connolly.....	11 49 00	12 56 04
Addie, J. Kennison.....	11 48 00	12 53 45
Priscilla, D. W. Taylor.....	11 47 00	Withdrew.

Hudson River Y. C. Annual Race.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.
Sunday, June 3.
THE Hudson River Y. C. sailed its twenty-sixth annual race on June 3 over a triangular course from off the club house at Ninety-second street, North River, around a mark off Fort Lee, on the Jersey shore, and another off Guttenberg, 5 miles, naut. The larger yachts sailed three rounds, the smaller two. The wind was from the west, fresh and fluky. The times were:

Class A—Sloops Over 30ft.			
Sparetime, H. B. Reed.....	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idle Hour, J. J. Ryan.....	12 04 50	1 56 33	1 56 33
	12 05 20	2 06 35	1 57 55
Class B—Sloops Under 30ft.			
Eureka, Geo. Steigleder.....	12 05 59	2 26 50	2 26 50
Happy Hours, T. H. Hall.....	12 05 00	2 12 18	2 09 38
Ella, W. Willse.....	12 06 03	Withdrew.	
Class C—Open Sloops Under 25ft.			
Nettie Thorpe, J. J. Weber.....	12 06 00	1 53 32	1 53 32
Naves, W. F. Ridley.....	12 08 35	2 00 22	1 58 22
Sybillia, J. Kurstener.....	12 08 00	Withdrew.	
Class D—Cabin Catboats—25ft.			
Clara S., E. E. Voelmy.....	12 05 15	2 09 17	2 09 17
Presto, E. Y. Nelson.....	12 03 00	1 57 30	1 54 55
Falcon, A. Vogel.....	12 06 20	Withdrew.	
Kitten, E. Devitt.....	12 09 20	Withdrew.	
John E. Drew, P. H. Voegli.....	12 07 00	Withdrew.	
Class E—Open Catboats—Over 20ft.			
James T. Corlett, C. Rothmel.....	12 09 15	2 05 00	2 05 00
Mag McDonald, Wm. Rentzel.....	12 06 35	2 02 35	1 59 35
W. H. Gill, J. J. McCarthy.....	12 07 50	2 07 17	2 01 27
Class F—Open Catboats—Under 20ft.			
Marguerite, A. Simpson.....	12 06 00	1 36 30	1 36 30
C. T. Willis, M. Nicholas.....	12 06 30	1 27 30	1 26 35
Paul W., Paul Wetzels.....	12 05 10	1 37 50	1 35 45
Loyal, E. Ryder.....	12 05 00	1 29 08	1 25 18
Class G—Launches.			
Acadia, F. J. Gibson.....	12 26 00	1 00 30	1 00 30
Janette, R. Pehlemann, Jr.....	12 25 30	1 00 30	0 57 20
Racine, E. Detmold.....	12 25 50	1 11 00	1 05 30

The winners were Sparetime, Happy Hours, Nettie Thorpe, Presto, Mag McDonald, Loyal and Janette, subject to the decision of various protests. Sparetime is protested for fouling a mark and also for fouling Happy Hours; Loyal for fouling a mark, and Mag McDonald for carrying eleven men in her crew. The judges were: Sheridan Plush, Louis Maurier and Dr. A. Steubenrauch.

Catboats on Jamaica Bay.

A good fleet of 16ft. catboats sailed a hard race on Jamaica Bay on June 3, the course being an 8-mile triangle, starting off Van Siclen's Beach. With a fresh N.W. wind and double reefs in, it was wet work for the little fellows, but eight finished out of eleven starters. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Estelle, R. Singer.....	2 53 00	0 53 00
Rip, Barker Brothers.....	2 58 00	0 58 00
Spray, H. J. Fisher.....	2 59 00	0 59 00
Dione, A. Pigott.....	3 04 01	1 14 01
Yankee Boy, Henry Van Wipken.....	3 09 00	1 09 00
Queenie, V. H. V. Miller.....	3 20 00	1 15 00
Manhattan, F. Koller.....	3 35 09	1 35 09
Storm King, J. Salzmann.....	3 41 19	1 43 10

Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Race.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, June 2.
THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed its annual race on June 2 over a new course, the club being for the time the guest of the New Rochelle Y. C., and starting off Echo Bay. This change gave an open course on the Sound instead of the narrower waters near College Point. The course was a 12-mile triangle around the Matinickcock Point and Prospect Point buoys, sailed in a fresh W.S.W. wind. The two new 51-tooters, Hussar II. and Altair, were entered, but the sudden death of Mr. Cord Meyer's brother necessitated the withdrawal of the latter boat, and Hussar II., with a new mast in place of that carried away two weeks ago, had to sail alone. The cutter Mira had no competitor, so the keel sloop O Shima San went up into her class. Esperanza was in collision with the steam yacht Barraconta in entering the harbor, so Hera had no competitor and did not start. The race was under the rules of the Sound Y. R. A., the Race Committee being O. H. Chellborg, Harry Stephenson, Rodman Sands, C. W. Schlesinger, H. A. Quackenbush and J. O. Sinkinson. The Alcedo cup was offered for yachts of the Knickerbocker Y. C. of the 43ft. class. The times were:

Cutters and Sloops—51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 12:15.			
Hussar II., James Baird.....	51.00	2 01 00	1 46 00
Cutters and Sloops—43ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:20.			
Mira, Chas. L. Poor.....	43.00	2 12 45	1 52 45
O Shima San, J. D. Pratt.....	43.00	2 27 24	2 07 24
Cutters and Sloops—43ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 12:20.			
Eurybia, Charles Fryer.....	40.02	2 38 35	2 18 35
Maude, Beam Brothers.....	39.05	2 44 20	2 25 20
White Wing, W. L. Hall.....	38.06	3 48 40	2 48 40
Nautilus, John J. McCue.....	36.78	2 51 04	2 31 04
30ft. Class—Start, 12:35.			
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	30.00	2 42 09	2 07 09
Alerion, A. H. Aker.....	30.00	2 46 42	2 11 42
Crony, R. B. Weich.....	30.00	Did not finish.	
Onanahie, R. Sands.....	30.00	3 13 10	2 38 10
Porgie, John G. Honey.....	30.00	3 26 54	2 51 54
Kit, I. H. McDonald.....	30.00	2 46 44	2 11 44
Jessica, C. D. Mower.....	30.00	2 03 23	2 27 23
30ft. Class—Start, 12:35.			
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	30.00	2 47 46	2 12 46
25ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Edwina III., J. N. Gould.....	25.00	Did not finish.	
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:25.			
Freyja, G. J. Bradish.....	24.00	2 47 09	2 22 00
Sakana, B. McCreeery.....	24.00	2 43 17	2 18 17
Escape, George Matthews.....	24.00	2 56 11	2 31 11
21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 12:40.			
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	21.00	3 02 27	2 22 27
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	21.00	3 00 02	2 20 02
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	21.00	Did not finish.	
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	21.00	3 08 54	2 28 57
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....	21.00	3 09 54	2 29 54
Kittie, Hazen Morse.....	21.00	3 15 52	2 35 52
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:35.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	30.00	2 56 14	2 21 14
Leisure, E. B. Ayrick.....	27.96	3 25 59	2 50 59
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Kite, R. M. Goddard.....	24.19	Did not finish.	
Frolic, F. L. Kraemer.....	24.20	3 36 09	2 51 09
Usage, A. C. Nickerson.....	23.50	Did not finish.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appieby.....	23.50	3 39 14	2 50 14
Thesbe, W. D. Reed.....	23.50	3 52 51	2 52 51
Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:50.			
Ox, R. N. Bayer.....	21.00	4 10 42	3 20 42
Riot, R. M. Sayre.....	21.00	Did not finish.	
21ft. Open Cats—Start, 12:50.			
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford.....	21.00	3 16 37	2 26 37

The winners were: Hussar II. (sail over), Mira, Eurybia, Oiseau, Alerion (second prize), Rochelle (sail over), Sakana, Colleen and Scamp, second prize; Dot, Win or Lose and Frolic, second prize; Ox and Mongoose (sail over).

Hull—Massachusetts Opening Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.
Saturday, June 2.
THE opening race of the Hull—Massachusetts Y. C. on June 2 had but few starters. There was a fresh S.W. wind, and the yachts were reefed. The times were:

Y. R. A. 25ft. Class.		
Elrit, Fabyan & McKee.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	1 58 19	
H. O. 25ft. Class.		
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	2 05 22	
Handicap Class.		
Broncho, F. N. Tandy.....	1 38 53	1 24 53
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	1 42 12	1 26 12

The judges were: Wm. A. Cary, Y. M. Clark, Lawrence B. Flint and John L. Amory. Al Kyris will not count the race as a percentage record.

Winthrop Y. C. Handicap Race.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.
Saturday, June 2.
THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a handicap race on June 2 in a strong S.E. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Cygnat, J. R. Hodder.....	4 30 05	0 01 00	0 49 05
Alert, John McConnell.....	4 34 21	0 05 00	0 49 21
Winona, Charles Goddard.....	4 36 23	0 07 00	0 49 23
Don, D. Murphy.....	4 42 23	0 10 30	0 52 13
Opeechee, Miss J. Chapman.....	4 29 16	0 06 00	0 53 16
Virginia, William Traiser.....	4 48 42	0 13 00	0 55 42
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	4 47 39	0 11 30	0 56 36
Gwendolin, Mr. Field.....	4 48 57	0 12 00	0 56 57

New Factors in Measurement.

IN the following letter to the Field, still another formula is proposed:

Editor the Field: There can be no doubt that there is a good deal of dissatisfaction with the working of the present rating rule, and as this question must shortly be reconsidered, it will not, I think, be out of place to bring forward a new proposal.

Would not the following formula meet the difficulty?

$$L + B + \sqrt[4]{SA} - C \sqrt[4]{M} + \text{Constant} = \text{Linear Rating.}$$

M being the area of greatest immersed transverse section and C a constant of any given positive value, depending upon the amount of premium that it may be considered advisable to put on displacement. The terms B and $\sqrt[4]{SA}$ could also be varied without affecting the formula.

It might be necessary to fix an extreme limit of draft, proportional to length, but this is very doubtful.

This formula practically embodies two rules suggested in 1894 by Thalassa and myself, respectively, each of which was a modification of the Seawanhaka rule.

The object that I have kept in view in framing this rule is the encouragement of a type of vessel that would be fast and weatherly in relation to her cost-causing dimensions, while at the same time a concession has been made to the popular demand for accommodation.

M. HECKSTALL-SMITH.

GREENOCK, May 16.

IN this formula the area of the midship section is used instead of displacement, being reduced to correspond with the other factors, all linear measurements, by taking the square root. It does not appear that there is to-day any need of a direct tax on breadth as here proposed, and the factor B is simply taken because it is found in the present linear rating rule. Unless some good reasons can be advanced for thus taxing the breadth, it may well be dropped from the formula as unnecessary and positively harmful; at least in this country. While the proposed formula is better than those involving the direct use of displacement, its effect is the same; to place a positive premium upon large displacement. As we have repeatedly demonstrated, this is by no means the sole end, nor even a desirable end, of measurement legislation; what is really needed is to secure a proper and harmonious proportion between dimensions and displacement. Neither the narrow cutter of great displacement nor the unwieldy Skow of great dimensions and small displacement is the right boat for the times, but a middle type of moderate proportions of breadth and draft coupled with reasonable displacement for the general model.

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 2.—This bids fair to be an unusually busy season in yachting circles in this portion of the country. The seven different clubs of the Lake Michigan Association are making plans for a general summer campaign; the Jackson Park Club is getting out a great many boats, Chicago Y. C. is putting in commission a good number of fine big ones, and Columbia Y. C. will be extraordinarily busy. The season will practically be opened next Saturday, June 9, when Columbia Y. C. will sail the Michigan City race. The following are the entries at this date:

Class A 9.—Query, Griffith and Baker; Loon, C. Webster; Albatross, William Bruce; Sidewalk, George C. Fargher, and Willit, Com. F. D. Porter.

Class B 10.—Atlantic, William H. Reeves; Shepherdess, Harry Byrnes; The Fox, Charles C. Fox, and Jeanette, W. S. Rait.

Fox Lake yachts will go generally into commission this coming week, and there will be more of the little fellows than was ever known on those waters. Commodore Hertz will be busy in the month of June. It is stated that Com. Hertz was one of the losers, with others of our Chicago yachtsmen, by the unfortunate fire which recently destroyed the sail lofts of Messrs. Geo. B. Carpenter & Co. Several of our yachtsmen had suits of sails in progress of manufacture which were destroyed in this fire, and this will perhaps slightly delay the commissioning of one or two of the smaller boats.

Besides the new Maybe, recently turned out, there is another tidy one building, for J. B. Keogh, of this city. The model of this boat remains a secret.

E. H.

The Sentinel, Mission Yacht.

DOWN at Manning's Basin, in South Brooklyn, there lies a little craft whose name has not appeared in lists of yachts now fitting out for summer cruises. She is the Sentinel, missionary yacht.

The Sentinel is a 30ft. naphtha launch, and is owned by the International Tract Society, which distributes to seamen all kinds of desirable reading matter, secular as well as religious.

Capt. J. L. Johnson, for twenty-three years a sailor on the Great Lakes, commands the little vessel, and his wife is associated with him in his work. Together they make their home on board from early spring until winter renders the waters of the harbor too dangerous. Capt. Johnson and his wife are just now engaged in fitting out the Sentinel for a long trip. "On Monday next," said the Captain to a reporter, "we will start by way of the canal for Philadelphia. With us will go Mr. Nicholas, secretary of the tract society, his wife and four children. The Sentinel being much too small to furnish sleeping accommodations for so many, we have provided a camping outfit, and every night we will pitch our tents along the bank. We are taking with us a full cargo of Bibles, Testaments, tracts and other reading matter, which we intend to distribute along the way. At Philadelphia we shall stay ten days, attending the annual camp meeting of the sect of the Seventh Day Adventists.

"On June 17 we shall leave Philadelphia and proceed by easy stages to Baltimore, where there will be another great religious gathering."—New York Evening Post, June 2.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At the shops of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. there has just been turned out what is perhaps the most curious racing yacht afloat. It is an aluminum hull boat that at first sight resembles a covered bathtub. It was built to fit no class now provided for, and is without a name save that of "Freak," with which it was christened by the men employed in its construction.

The "Freak" was built for William H. Meyers, of Milwaukee. The hull, rivets, clamps and beams are all of aluminum, and wood is used only in the cockpit, combing and deck floor. The length over all is 32ft. 4in., with 8ft. 4in. beam. Its shape is difficult to describe, as it can be assigned to no class. When W. E. Collier, the designer, was asked to build a racing machine he was given no specific direction, and worked out a design different from any he had ever seen.

The aluminum dish will carry a centerboard, but its sailing angle has not been ascertained, as it will be fitted with a freak rig made from a design by Mr. Meyers. The

water line length in racing trim is also still a matter of doubt. Being built almost entirely of aluminum, the machine weighs scarcely more than half of that of an ordinary racing yacht of similar dimensions, and the "Freak's" performance on the water is consequently looked forward to with a great deal of interest among yachtsmen. The cost of Mr. Meyers' queer boat is said to have been but little more than that of the conventional racing yacht of similar dimensions.—New York Times.

As Rear-Com. Philip T. Dodge, of the Larchmont Y. C., has sold his yacht Clarita he has resigned and Com. Postley has appointed Mr. James Baird, owner of Hus-sar II., in his place. Com. Postley has also appointed Mr. Joseph H. Sterling fleet captain.

On May 28 the remains of the schooner Grayling were burned at Greenport, L. I. The yacht was sold by her owner, Latham A. Fish, on the condition that the hull should be burned after the fittings and lead were removed.

Dominion, the noted Canadian 20-footer, has been sold to Mr. Shirley Davidson, who will race her at Cape Breton.

Among the many yachtsmen who lost more or less material in the fire at George B. Carpenter's last Saturday, the heaviest loser was George R. Peare, owner of Siren and Briar. Every stitch of canvas belonging to these yachts was stored in the Carpenter sail loft, and all was burnt. This was particularly bad luck, inasmuch as Mr. Peare has just been spending time and money overhauling and fitting out Siren for the big cruising race to Michigan City next Saturday, and was considered to have an excellent chance of winning it. The stalwart yachtsman was plunged into despair, but a bright idea struck him and he hurried to the office of his quondam rival, W. R. Crawford, owner of Vanenna, and Mr. Crawford willingly lent Mr. Peare all his canvas. Experts have been busy bending Vanenna's sails on Siren, and, although they by no means fit, Mr. Peare believes he can make shift with them. At any rate, he intends to go into the long cruising race with them and do the best he can. Vanenna has about 3ft. more hoist than Siren, but is shorter in topmast and gaff and has not quite such a large fore triangle.—Chicago Tribune June 3.

Another new edition, the ninth, of the "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing" is announced by Horace Cox, London. The late Dixon Kemp was engaged on the revision at the time of his death, and the work has been completed by B. Heckstall-Smith.

Canoeing.

THE cruise and meet of the Atlantic Division at the end of May proved a great success, forty men making the cruise, while nearly double that number were present at Park Island during the camp and races. We will give a full report in the next canoeing number.

Eastern Division Meet.

THE annual meet of the Eastern Division, American Canoe Association, will be held at Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., June 16, 17 and 18. The lake is reached by electric cars every seven minutes from the Union Station. The camp is exceedingly easy of access, being reached every fifteen minutes by steamers leaving terminal of electric cars.

The Executive Committee have decided to make the charge of \$1.50 per day for meals.

All canoes and camp equipage shipped to Mr. James Thompson, care of the Tatassit C. C., Worcester, Mass., so as to arrive by Friday, June 15, will be cared for and forwarded to camp. Kindly send postal card to Mr. Thompson, No. 20 Salisbury street, at time canoes are shipped, so that there will be no delay in getting canoes to camp in proper season.

Those desiring tent or tent floors set ready for occupancy upon arrival, can make necessary arrangements by application to the chairman of the Camp Site Committee before Friday, June 15.

The Regatta Committee have arranged the following programme of races, which will take place on Monday, June 18:

1. Single blade, one-half mile.
2. Tandem single blade, one-half mile.
3. Club fours, single blade, one-half mile.
4. Club fours, double blade, one-half mile.
5. Tandem, double blade, one-half mile.
6. Single, double blade, one-half mile.
7. War canoe, one mile straightway.
8. Relay race, three men, single canoes.
9. Tandem, man overboard.
10. Standing paddling.
11. Skiff sailing.
12. Upset.

You are cordially invited to be present and to extend this invitation to your canoeing friends.

It is expected that Com. W. G. MacKendrick will be present, and every member should make it a point to attend, if such a thing be possible, to give him a hearty welcome.

By sending new names and addresses to Fred Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass., together with \$2 (\$1 initiation fee and \$1 yearly dues), the application will receive prompt attention, and upon election the applicant will become at once a member of the A. C. A. and of the Division, provided he is a resident of New England.

The annual meet of the A. C. A. will be held on Tobin's Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, Aug. 3 to 17.

Per order of

FRANK A. SMITH, Vice-Com.

FREDERICK COULSON, Purser.

The Central Division Meet.

THE annual meet of the Central Division will be held at Stony Point Cove, Irondequoit Bay, from June 9 to 11. The racing programme is as follows:

SATURDAY.

4:30 P. M., Single Paddling, One-Half Mile—First, engraved cup; second, flag.

5 P. M., Mixed Tandem, One-Quarter Mile—First, flags.

5:30 P. M., Tandem Paddling, One-Half Mile—First, flags; second, flags.

SUNDAY.

10:30 A. M.—Cruise.

MONDAY.

10 A. M., Sailing Central Division Trophy, Four One-Half Miles—First, Central Division cup; second, engraved cup.

H. D. McVEAN, Chairman,

HARRY CAUFFMAN,

HARRY FORD,

Regatta Committee.

New York C. C.

THE annual regatta of the New York C. C. was held on June 2 at the club house, Gravesend Bay, a number of spectators, including ladies, being present. A heavy rain-storm interrupted the programme, and some of the events were postponed to June 9. Those which took place were:

Sailing Race—Twice around triangular course, 6 miles—Won by Aziz, Louis H. May; Toreador, F. G. Paula, second; Pioneer, F. G. MacTaggart, third; Zipp, F. C. Moore, fourth. Time, 1 hour 12 minutes 30 seconds.

Half-Mile, With Turn—Single-blade paddling races—Won by Charles F. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.; Baron Fredericks, New York C. C., second; R. D. Bailey, New York C. C., third; F. C. Moore, New York C. C., fourth. No time taken.

Single Blades, Tail End Paddling, 100yds, Scratch—Won by Baron Fredericks; Charles F. Eastmond, second; R. D. Bailey, third; F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., fourth; C. Erskine, N. Y. C. C., fifth. Time not taken.

Tournament—Won by Eastmond and Bailey, who defeated Fredericks and Moore in two straight falls.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—W. S. Rodway, H. B. Cogswell, John E. Washburn, Lakeside B. C.; Arthur G. Mather, Walter E. Chick, Medford B. C.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Brooklyn C. C. has issued the programme of races for 1900 as follows: Sailing races, 75ft. limit, three miles, Brooklyn C. C. Challenge cup. Open canoes. Decked canoes, cruising trim without sliding seat or standing sail. On cruise, Pagan trophy. Paddling races. Brooklyn C. C. paddling trophy. Open canoe, single blade. Open canoe, double blade. Decked canoe, double blade. Swimming races, spurt and distance. Combined race. Records, best all-round for Schuyler trophy, mileage for paddling. Dates, regular races June 9 and 23, July 14, Sept. 8 and 22. Annual cruise, June 30-July 5. Fall cruise, Sept. 1-4. Regatta Committee, R. J. Wilkin, H. Aug. Reitzenstein.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Martin vs. Worn.

THE complete scores of the rifle match that was shot for \$50 a side between Ignatz Martin and Gottlob Worn, at B. Koenig's Glendale Schuetzen Park, on May 30, are appended. Both men shot strictly off-hand, each having separate targets. Time of match was two hours and five minutes.

Martin took the lead, and at 50 shots had his opponent positively beaten, whereupon he was not particular about his next 50 shots. Martin beat Worn 56 points.

By publishing the above results you will greatly oblige a great many shooters who are anxious to have the results of said match.

Ignatz Martin.....	20	18	21	22	16	15	25	23	18	17	195
	17	22	20	24	25	23	22	24	25	23	225
	23	24	21	22	23	22	24	17	20	23	219
	21	23	19	24	24	22	19	22	22	23	219
	20	19	25	23	14	20	19	23	25	24	212
	20	18	21	18	17	22	24	22	23	21	206
	23	22	21	22	22	21	19	20	18	23	211
	30	24	16	19	12	20	22	18	20	21	192
	21	25	19	21	23	24	19	15	22	17	206
	17	21	21	24	25	17	19	18	18	24	2087
Gottlob Worn.....	18	19	21	25	24	18	15	14	23	17	194
	17	22	20	9	23	23	19	22	24	17	196
	17	22	14	23	22	16	25	22	12	18	191
	23	22	24	23	24	20	22	22	21	21	222
	19	24	15	18	22	19	24	22	24	21	208
	22	21	22	20	23	18	18	22	17	19	202
	16	22	19	17	21	23	21	23	23	15	200
	21	24	20	24	25	20	19	18	17	21	209
	21	19	24	16	22	20	22	17	14	23	198
	19	25	22	18	22	19	20	21	23	22	211-2031

Brookside Gun and Rifle Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Brookside Gun and Rifle Club was well attended. In the morning there was a rifle shooting match between J. Bradley Scott and Frederic M. Sneed on the one side and Dr. W. M. Stanbrough and Wes Stewart on the other. The men shot at the 500yd. range, and the first team won.

The scores were: J. B. Scott 45, F. M. Sneed 45; total 90. Dr. Stanbrough 44, Wes Stewart 41; total 85.

In the afternoon the following scores were made on targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
Miss Hyland.....	5	7	7	16	12	8	12
T. Vale.....	6	12	6	17	12	7	11
E. J. Foster.....	10	14	11	18	13	8	13
T. Tallman.....	10	14	13	15	15	9	11
I. Wood.....	9	11	11	13	9	7	11
E. Spencer.....	5	8	8	19	12	7	13
Hoppenstedt.....	9	13	12	19	12	9	12
W. Stewart.....	8	9	12	18	13	8	10
J. Baldwin.....	8	14	10	16	7	6	9
W. C. Hyland.....	8	13	13	16	14	7	15
Stanbrough.....	10	14	13	20	13	9	14
A. Tallman.....	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
W. C. Gibb.....	7	13	13	13	13	13	13
H. Wyatt.....	8	12	12	12	12	12	12

Dr. Stanbrough and C. Hoppenstedt shot a match at 50 targets for the handsome silver challenge cup offered by the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., held by Dr. Stanbrough. Mr. Hoppenstedt won the cup, making a score of 44 to Dr. Stanbrough's 41.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

SCORES shot May 27 at 200yds., standard target, off-hand. Payne was declared champion of the day with a score of 89:

Giudelo.....	9	9	10	10	7	10	6	6	8	85
	6	10	10	7	8	10	7	5	10	83
	6	8	8	10	10	10	8	7	8	72
Weinheimer.....	8	10	7	8	7	9	6	10	7	476
	10	8	5	5	5	9	9	4	10	671
	7	6	7	7	7	7	5	9	6	465
Nestler.....	10	7	10	6	8	9	5	10	9	923
	5	10	9	7	7	8	8	10	9	730
	10	8	6	6	9	10	9	6	7	879
Jonscher.....	6	10	10	9	5	10	6	10	4	575
	6	9	9	9	9	7	7	6	8	874
	6	9	5	5	8	10	6	6	10	974
Payne.....	10	9	8	7	9	10	7	10	10	989
	9	7	7	9	10	10	7	9	9	87
	5	9	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	87
Roberts.....	10	10	8	6	8	10	8	7	9	1086
	7	8	8	10	8	8	9	7	8	82
	9	8	8	9	8	6	8	8	7	930
Bruns.....	10	8	10	10	6	8	7	8	8	833
	8	8	7	8	10	7	9	7	9	832
	9	8	10	6	6	10	8	9	10	92
Drube.....	6	10	8	9	8	9	10	10	9	635
	6	10	6	7	7	7	9	3	7	688
	5	8	4	5	4	5	4	6	5	854
Topf.....	8	6	8	7	10	10	7	6	6	775
	7	6	7	5	6	6	7	10	10	865
	5	6	8	2	7	8	10	6	8	868

Rifle at Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14.—The following scores were made at Shell Mound Range yesterday. Weather conditions were good: Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot: Bushnell trophy: Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 217; F. E. Mason, 220. First class trophy, re-entry: A. B. Dorrell, 219, 217, 210, 215, 215, 210; C. M. Henderson, 207.

Second class trophy: G. Tammeyer, 209, 192. Club gold medal: C. M. Henderson, 209, 201, 222; F. E. Mason, 227, 212, 229; A. B. Dorrell, 218.

Club silver medal: W. N. Unfred, 144; J. F. Bridges, 202, 199. Pistol, first class trophy: C. M. Henderson, 75, 68; J. F. Bridges, 76, 69.

Champion all-comers' trophy: J. E. Gorman 97, M. J. White 93. Silver medal: F. E. Mason 88.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, John Utschig, 228, 223; second champion class, R. Stettin, 212, 195; first class, J. F. Bridges, 206, 192; second class, August Jungblut, 204; third class, J. Beutler, 181, 158; best first shot, R. Stettin, 25; best last shot, J. Beutler, 25.

Competition for cash prizes: R. Stettin 71, E. P. Schuster 70. San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, D. B. Faktor, 435; first class, not filled; second class, J. Lankenau, 387; third class, Henry Stelling, 393; fourth class, J. Beutler, 353; best first shot, D. Salfeld, 25; best last shot, D. B. Faktor, 24.

ROEEL.

Hudson Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 24.—The very creditable score of 236 was made by Mrs. J. Evans in the competition of the Lady Hudson Rifle Club. Mrs. Louis Schortemeier, who won the pin in the last series, finished second. The scores were:

Mrs J Evans.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	20	236
Mrs L Schortemeier.....	25	25	25	24	23	23	23	23	22	21	234
Mrs J Rebhan.....	25	25	25	25	22	21	21	20	16	225	
Mrs B Thiele.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	20	18	226
L Brown.....	25	25	25	24	23	22	21	21	21	19	226
Mrs Breede.....	25	25	23	21	19	19	19	16	15	291	
Mrs H Mahlenbrock.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	21	19	229

June 16 has been fixed upon for the American team's international competition with the French team. A trial tournament will take place on July 14, and as probable candidates the following are mentioned: New York: Dr. R. H. Sayre, president of the U. S. R. A.; J. A. Dietz, Jr.; A. L. A. Himmelwright, Dr. Ashley A. Webber, Dr. W. G. Hudson, B. F. Wilder, T. E. Beck, Capt. J. C. Summers, Sergt. W. E. Petley and Alfred Brennan, Boston: E. E. Partridge, J. T. Humphrey, Thomas Anderton, Dr. Louis Bell and Z. C. Talbot, Springfield, Mass.: G. W. Waterhouse, J. B. Crabtree, Dr. Smith and A. L. Smith; C. S. Richmond, Charleston, S. C.; Lieut. W. M. Farrow, Washington, D. C.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

July 11-12.—Naragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

June 6-7.—Memphis, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 10-11.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap Target Tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 12.—South Framington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the South Framington Gun Club.

June 12-14.—Marion, Ind.—Marion Gun Club's bluerock and live-bird tournament; two days bluerocks; one day live birds. E. E. Jones, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

June 14.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Second contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club.

June 21.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Third contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail always matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Soo Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, to be held on June 12, 13 and 14, announces \$450 in cash and merchandise added. The events on each day are uniformly at twelve 15-target events, \$1.50 entrance, \$5 added. There are five daily high averages, namely, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5 and \$4. There is a list of merchandise prizes for low averages. The club publishes the following further information: "This tournament is open to all amateurs. Professionals and manufacturers' agents are barred from participating in division of purses, but we extend them a cordial invitation to be with us, and will provide them every facility for displaying their goods. American Association rules, modified, will govern. Referee's decision will be final. All shooters making an average of 90 per cent. or better either day will be charged 25 cents extra for each event same day. This extra entrance to form a purse in cash, to be divided equally among all shooters who shoot through the three days' programme an average of less than 85 per cent. All purses divided 35, 20, 20 and 15 per cent., except event No. 7 of the second day. Event No. 7 of the second day will be for the interstate championship trophy, which was won last year by Mr. Frank Crabill, of Missouri Valley, Ia. The trophy is a beautiful silver cup, the winner being entitled to the possession of the same until the June, 1901, tournament of the Soo Gun Club, at which time the club will pay \$50 to the holder for the return of same. Fifty per cent. of the purse in this event will be divided among the next three high guns. In other words, the one shooting all others out will take the trophy, the one remaining next longest in the tie will receive 25 per cent. of purse, the next 15 per cent., and the next 10 per cent. Dropping for place or for average will positively not be tolerated. All fair birds are birds—please remember that the referee will so decide. Grounds will be open for practice on Monday, June 11. Soo Gun Club Park is located within easy walking distance of the business center of Sioux City, and has also the advantage of two electric lines. Take Riverside or West Third street cars to Main street. The Soo Gun Club Park is well known to the shooting fraternity of the Northwest, and is unsurpassed for a tournament of the magnitude of this one. First-class meals will be served each day in the large dining room of the club house by the Soo Restaurant. All events will be shot over two magautraps, and one Sergeant system. Shooting will begin promptly at 9 o'clock each day. To assist the management please enter for the day, and if for any reason you wish to withdraw, money will be refunded in the events not shot. The Mondamin Hotel will be headquarters for sportsmen. Reduced rates. Ship shells and guns to J. W. Boyd, or Gillette Hardware Co., and the same will be delivered to the grounds free."

The programme of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club's tournament on June 20 can be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. G. S. Williams. There are fifteen events, of which No. 13 is at 100 targets for the championship of the club. It is open to members and all guests; entrance money to high guns, 60 and 40 per cent. divisions; targets 2 cents. The total number of targets in the events is 300, with a total entrance of \$21. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Sergeant system, electric pull, Interstate rules, class shooting, excepting in event No. 13. Lunch served on the grounds. Stages to and from the grounds. Special rates at Dutcher House. To its programme the club adds the following: "Everybody welcome. We ask your support and influence in our tournament, the proceeds of which go entirely to the propagating of game birds and fish in our woods, fields and streams, to which, in their seasons, you are most heartily welcomed to enjoy. If you cannot come yourself try and get your sportsmen friends to attend. We promise you a hearty welcome. Harlem time table: Trains leave Grand Central Station daily at 6:10, 8:08, 9:12, 11:35 A. M. and 2:08, 3:35, 4:35, 5:20 P. M. Arrive at Pawling at 8:35, 10:25, 11:02 A. M., and 2:01, 4:26, 5:08, 6:50, 7:25 P. M."

Mr. Henry Gehrmann, of South Norwalk, Conn., under date of June 2, writes us as follows: "The Naromake Gun Club, of South Norwalk, Conn., will give the first of a series of monthly all-day shoots at the club grounds, Dorlon's Point road, Tuesday, June 19. The shooting grounds have the sky and waters of Long Island Sound for a background. A shore dinner may be had at the well-known hotel, Dorlon's Point Hotel, or a lunch served by the club free to shooters. The breezes from off Long Island Sound alone are tempting enough to entice the devotee of the gun to spend the night at Dorlon's, so as to be on the score bright and early in the morning. An attractive programme is being prepared, of which more later. The grounds are very accessible via N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and yellow trolley direct to the grounds; no long walk at either end of the route. Remember the date, June 19. Programmes will be mailed by communicating with E. H. Fox or the president of the Naromake Gun Club, Henry Gehrmann."

The Sun of June 5 states that "C. S. Guthrie, of the Carteret Gun Club, won a members' challenge cup at the London Gun Club traps on May 19. The cup was worth \$500, and was added to a sweepstakes of \$25 at 9 birds, 30yds. rise. Guthrie killed 9 straight, and in addition to the cup won \$225. In the next shoot, a \$15 handicap sweepstakes, with a \$125 cup added, Guthrie was fifth with 9 kills. He took part in two other events on that day, but dropped out early in every shoot. At the Hurlingham Club, on May 21, he was second in a cup shoot with 4 kills out of 5, shooting from the 28yd. mark."

A correspondent writes us as follows: "In connection with the bi-centennial celebration of this town on Tuesday, June 12, there will be an all-day shoot held at the grounds of the South Framingham Gun Club, South Framingham, Mass. The open events will comprise sweepstakes, with added money and merchandise prizes. There will also be special prizes presented by the town only. All are invited, and a good programme is assured. Targets at 1½ cents. Take Holliston and Milford electric cars for the grounds."

Next week will be famous in the annals of bluerock competition as the first great tournament in which the theory of a handicap has a scope which really establishes a handicap. The 18yd. limit, which has been used as a handicap betimes heretofore, is no handicap at all for the expert, as it establishes no important differences whatever as compared with 16yd. mark under ordinary conditions of light and weather. It is expected that this tournament will take its place among the great ones of the earth.

Mr. C. B. Wiggins, secretary of the Triangular Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club, Homer, Ill., is to be held on the grounds, Sept. 12 and 13. One day at targets and one day at live birds. Two sets of live-bird traps; magautrap for targets. Programmes will be out Aug. 15. Our tournament for local shooters will be held June 13. At our medal shoot, May 31, Henry Hefley won on a score of 23 out of 25."

Mr. E. D. Fulford, we learn, has designed a new pigeon trap, specially designed to meet the needs of small clubs, which have no permanent grounds. The set can be put up in ten minutes, and they open and close by a pull from the score. The price is \$25. His regulation club traps are now installed on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, besides on the grounds of the Interstate Park Association, and at St. Louis, Cleveland and other cities.

On Decoration Day, at Detroit, in the special event at 100 targets for a gold medal, emblematic of the expert championship of the city of Detroit, Mr. John Parker won with an excellent score under the difficult conditions—that is, 40 targets Sergeant system, 30 singles, 2lyds. rise, use of both barrels, and 15 pairs. He scored 35 out of 40, 29 out of 30 and 28 of the 15 pairs, a total of 92 out of the 100 shot at.

Our correspondent in Utica, in a communication published in this department this week, informs us that the next New York State shoot will be held at Interstate Park, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club, one of the most active and progressive clubs about New York, and one of sterling good membership. In making this choice for 1901 the Association could not have acted more wisely.

Mr. Colin Wise, of Passaic, N. J., after weeks of illness, was a visitor in the district where sportsmen congregate on Friday of last week, and showed all the signs of returning health. His convalescence was most gratifyingly rapid from the severe attack of typhoid pneumonia which developed early in April. It is hardly necessary to add that his host-of-friends rejoice at his recovery.

In the contest for the cast-iron medal, at London, O., last week, at 100 birds, \$100 a side, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Rolla O. Heikes, the former won by a score of 98 to 93. This contest will probably close the important live-bird contests of the season, as the hot weather and soft birds preclude any standard test of skill before the fall weather sets in.

In the first contest for the trophy emblematic of the Long Island championship at Interstate Park on May 30, Mr. T. W. Morley was the winner with a score of 24 out of 25. Wm. Hopkins was a close second with 23 kills. The two remaining contests are fixed to take place on June 14 and 21 respectively.

On Decoration Day the Providence Gun Club and the Woonsocket Gun Club contested for the State trophy, the former being the holder, the latter the challenger. There were five men on a side, 50 targets each, Providence winning by a score of 203 to 199.

Mr. G. E. Painter, a member of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, won both the Decoration Day cup and the allowance cup, each a 10-bird event, at the Carteret Gun Club's shoot on May 30. He stood at 30yds., and killed straight in each event.

A Bristol sheep bake will be an incident of the fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club, Sept. 3, at Meriden, Conn. The programme calls for 10 events, 175 targets in all, with a total entrance of \$18.50.

We are informed that Mr. Paul North is making his departure from England for the shores of the land where baked beans flourish and bluerocks flit through the sunlight from boundary to boundary.

Messrs. Johnson and Milner, Box 572, Des Moines, Ia., announce an amateur tournament on Jun 19 and 20. There are ten events daily, \$5 added to each event, and \$60 in averages.

The Silver Lake Gun Club, of Bellefontaine, O., will issue in the near future its programme for its third annual tournament, fixed to be held on June 19 and 20.

Mr. Chas. Billings, president of the Emerald Gun Club, took a flight Floridaward last week to enjoy the balmy Gulf breezes.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich.—The accompanying scores were made at our annual Decoration Day tournament, the principal event of which is the race at 100 targets—40 singles, Sergeant system; 30 singles, 2lyds. rise, use of both barrels, and 15 pairs—for a gold medal emblematic expert championship, city of Detroit.

The winner, Mr. John Parker, made a very creditable score. This race is a hard proposition, the conditions being very difficult.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot
Parker	15	11	12	14	15	12	11	90
Marks	10	13	11	15	13	13	11	90
Woods	12	14	13	13	12	9	11	90
Black	12	9	12	14	13	12	11	90
Clark	10	12	11	9	13	10	11	90
Swift	11	11	9	9	9	9	9	75
Mutter	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	75
Frank	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	21
Springborn	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	75
Cox	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
A Reid	13	10	12	8	11	14	11	90
A Chapman	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Weir	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Northmore	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Webster	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Lyman	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Hoyer	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
Carlson	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70
English	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	70

Special event for championship:

	30 Singles,	2lyds. Rise,	15 Pairs,	Total.
Parker	35	29	28	92
Marks	38	25	22	85
Woods	34	24	20	78
Black	30	24	17	71
Klein	26	27	13	66

E. J. CADY,
Chn. Decoration Day Committee.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt.—The Bellows Falls Gun Club held a very successful shoot, Decoration Day, sixteen shooters taking part. Quite a number did not shoot the whole programme through, on account of going to Springfield at noon. Below is the score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	20	5p	10	15	20	10	15	10	10p
Dr Knight	6	12	8	13	7	8	10	10	6	13	9	13
Gibson	8	13	10	17	7	8	12	16	7	11	9	17
Norwood	9	13	8	14	8	8	12	16	7	11	9	17
Ray	7	12	9	14	6	7	9	12	6	10	8	10
Russell	7	9	6	19	5	5	10	12	6	10	8	10
Fassett	9	12	9	14	6	9	12	14	8	13	8	10
Shepardson	8	11	6	20	5	6	10	12	6	10	8	10
Lawton	5	8	8	4	7	8	12	16	7	11	9	17
Dr Morrison	5	10	6	16	6	7	8	17	5	10	7	8
Capron	9	15	7	14	6	7	11	11	8	10	8	10
Blakley	8	10	7	6	5	2	11	9	6	10	8	10
Isham	5	6	6	0	5	2	11	9	6	10	8	10
Duffy	6	8	8	4	6	11	9	12	6	10	8	10
Underhill	6	10	4	6	6	11	9	12	6	10	8	10
Knowlton	8	6	6	6	6	11	9	12	6	10	8	10
Norridge	8	6	6	6	6	11	9	12	6	10	8	10

The next shoot will be Friday, June 8.

C. H. GIBSON, Sec'y.

Palmer Rod and Gun Club.

PALMER, Mass.—The shoot of the Massachusetts Shooting Association, held in Palmer, May 30, was the most successful ever held in Palmer. About forty-five shooters took part in the events. About 4,000 bluerocks were thrown from the magautrap during the day.

Three experts demonstrated the quality of Dupont and Hazard powders, and also the Parker gun. Mr. W. R. Colville, represented Dupont; Mr. Ben Norton, Hazard, and J. R. Hull, the Parker gun.

Palmer won the team shoot. The team shoot was the most interesting, it being the second of the series for silver cup and badges. The following are the scores of the teams, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Palmer Gun Club—E. Manchester 15, Crocker 18, W. Manchester 22, Prossee 17, Wales 20; total 92.
Amherst Gun Club—Shaw 18, Perry 18, Gaylor 16, Gale 16, Page 21; total 89.

Gardner Gun Club—Swain 19, Parni 21, Dodge 16, Crother 11, Knights 10; total 77.

Winchendon Gun Club—Lorimer 11, Plummer 18, Warner 21, Clarke 11, Lawrence 12; total 73.

Brookfield Gun Club—Gibson 13, W. L. Keith 14, Matthewson 15, Crosby 8, Chapin 18; total 68.

The positions of the clubs are as follows: Amherst 182, Palmer 172, Gardner 165, Winchendon 142, Brookfield 141.

Find herewith scores of sweep shooting of May 30:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	5p	10	10	15	10	10
Gale	6	13	9	5	12	10	10	10
Prossu	8	12	6	8	6	6	6	6
Crocker	7	8	5	7	8	9	4	4
W E Manchester	8	11	7	4	7	9	11	11
Crabtree	7	9	7	4	7	9	11	11
Paine	7	13	5	9	8	11	11	11
Dr Perry	8	14	7	8	9	11	11	11
Chapin	7	12	8	9	11	11	11	11
W J Keith	5	11	7	4	7	9	11	11
Mathewson	7	9	7	4	7	9	11	11
Gibson	7	9	7	4	7	9	11	11
W N Manchester	8	10	6	7	4	7	9	11
Plummer	8	9	5	5	8	11	11	11
Lincoln	2	2	6	1	7	9	11	11
Knowlton	9	11	4	5	5	5	5	5
Dodge	5	7	6	8	7	9	11	11
Peck	2	2	2	3	5	5	5	5
C I Shaw	6	12	8	8	5	5	5	5
Gales	10	12	8	10	8	13	13	13
Sawin	9	15	6	7	9	10	10	10
Knight	6	9	3	6	8	7	7	7
Wales	9	12	6	7	7	9	9	9
W G Keith	4	10	6	2	4	4	4	4
Crosby	4	6	4	4	4	4	4	4
Dr Keith	6	6	6	6	13	6	6	6
Lawrence	7	7	8	6	9	9	9	9
Loreime	3	6	4	4	5	5	5	5
Clarke	4	9	8	6	6	6	6	6
Fellows	7	8	4	4	6	12	12	12
Morse	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Page	9	4	7	11	6	6	6	6
Dr Warren	12	6	6	7	5	5	5	5
Adams	2	5	3	8	6	6	6	6
C N Shaw	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Hatch	6	6	4	8	8	8	8	8

Dr. Keith, Sec'y.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 30.—A large crowd was present to witness the Decoration Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club to-day. The event for the Clinton Bidwell trophy, owing to the scarcity of pigeons, had to be held over, very much to the regret of all present. The high honors of the day were captured by E. C. Burkhardt and H. D. Kirkover, both of whom gave fine exhibitions of shooting.

Following are the scores: Nos. 3 and 6 events were at doubles and No. 11 was at 10 live birds and No. 12 was a miss-and-out at live birds.

The regular monthly cup shoot takes place on Saturday next and also a very important meeting of the club at the club room on Saturday evening. A large attendance is looked for at the meeting, and a fine treat is promised for those who attend.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	20	15	15	25	25	10
F D Kelsey.....	14	9	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
H D Kirkover.....	14	9	7	12	10	16	15	14	22	23	8
E C Burkhardt.....	13	8	10	11	15	13	11	10	21	22	10
Douglass.....	9	4	10	4	10	4	10	4	10	4	10
W R Eaton.....	9	9	5	9	8	11	11	11	18	18	9
R Stacy.....	11	11	8	11	10	10	11	13	18	8	9
J J Reid.....	5	6	7	11	8	11	11	11	11	11	9
T B Walker.....	10	14	0	10	9	8	11	11	11	11	9
66.....	9	9	7	7	7	7	7	16	16	16	9
333.....	7	12	12	12	8	13	12	9	22	18	7
J E Lodge.....	7	6	11	11	13	14	11	11	11	11	11
Simon.....	4	11	14	13	11	11	20	22	9	9	9
Wheeler.....	6	12	9	13	11	20	22	9	9	9	9
Salls.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Strebel.....	5	8	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Turner.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
J Burkhardt.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Apfel.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Gremlick.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
U E Story.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
P Reid.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Mack.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
E N McCarney.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Bird.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Parker.....	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18
Besser.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Burgward.....	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22

Montana State Sportsmen's Tournament.

BUTTE, Mont., May 21.—Please find herein scores of the seventh annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association. The weather was fine throughout the entire three days, which is unusual for the month of May in Montana. The attendance was good, and the several events were run off without a hitch.

John and Matt Browning, of Ogden, Utah, the inventors of many different styles of firearms, participated in all the events. The visitors taking part in the different events were M. B. Brownlee, of Spokane, Wash.; Dan Jaeger, of Sumpter, Ore.; A. P. Bigelow, M. S. Browning, J. M. Browning, G. L. Becker, of Ogden, Utah; J. P. Sharp, Cal. Callison, of Salt Lake, Utah; G. W. Bickett, H. L. Nalbach, Jas. Pearson, E. A. Reichel, D. A. Prior, of Great Falls, Mont.; E. F. Confarr, Livingston, Mont.; J. W. Huse, of Fort Benton, Mont.; H. H. Nell, H. N. Reno, R. B. Lewis, B. D. Mahan, C. A. Tuttle and Howard Rockefeller, of Anaconda, Mont.; W. A. Selvege, Helena, Mont.; Geo. Edinger, H. D. Brainard, of Dillon, Mont.

First Day, May 18.

Events:	1	2	3	5	7	8	9	Average,
Targets:	15	20	20	50	20	10	20	Per Cent.
J. M. Browning.....	15	14	18	15	16	17	18	80
A. J. Walker.....	14	12	14	16	42	16	17	75
C. H. Smith.....	14	18	14	19	47	19	17	87
P. E. McGowan.....	14	17	18	19	13	15	18	82
D. Jaeger.....	13	18	19	16	48	19	18	90
C. E. Rueger.....	12	18	10	15	40	14	12	67
J. Trudgeon.....	12	14	17	10	37	14	12	67
D. A. Prior.....	12	15	15	15	15	15	15	72
J. N. Gaunt.....	12	17	15	9	17	14	14	72
A. P. Bigelow.....	11	15	15	15	15	15	15	77
G. L. Becker.....	11	20	18	15	15	15	15	85
C. Callison.....	11	18	17	18	17	19	19	81
J. F. Cowan.....	11	16	17	18	15	15	15	81
J. M. Spargo.....	11	15	11	14	38	9	9	58
H. Rockefeller.....	11	16	14	17	37	11	7	71
G. W. Bickett.....	10	18	16	19	11	7	7	71
D. D. Twohy.....	11	16	18	19	45	17	17	87
J. T. Sharp.....	10	16	17	17	12	18	18	80
B. D. Mahan.....	10	14	11	16	11	14	14	66
T. Knight.....	10	16	14	17	39	17	15	79
M. S. Browning.....	9	14	14	19	20	15	15	82
R. H. Mertz.....	9	17	17	18	45	14	14	82
C. G. Westphal.....	9	14	14	14	14	14	14	73
H. H. Nell.....	9	16	13	17	40	14	13	73
H. N. Reno.....	9	16	12	11	29	15	16	70
R. B. Lewis.....	9	19	13	15	15	15	15	72
M. B. Brownlee.....	8	18	13	14	33	17	10	72
J. N. Huse.....	8	13	14	17	40	17	14	75
E. F. Confarr.....	8	15	14	16	14	14	14	73
E. S. Paxson.....	8	16	16	16	16	16	16	88
H. L. Nalbach.....	7	18	17	17	17	19	19	88
J. Pearson.....	7	14	11	15	15	15	15	81
C. A. Tuttle.....	7	13	14	20	40	18	16	81
W. A. Selvege.....	3	8	7	7	7	7	7	10
E. A. Reichel.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	10

Event No. 4, three-men team shoot, 25 bluebirds per man:		
Butte Team No. 2.		Great Falls Team.
Cowan.....	19	Gaunt.....20
Jaeger.....	23	Bickett.....20
Smith.....	24-66	Nalbach.....19-59
Anaconda Team No. 2.		Ogden Team.
Levis.....	18	Becker.....19
Mahan.....	22	J. Browning.....21
Nell.....	21-61	M. Browning.....18-58
Butte Team No. 3.		Butte Team No. 1.
Mertz.....	22	Walker.....18
Paxson.....	21	Trudgeon.....17
Rueger.....	18-61	McGowan.....20-55
Anaconda Team No. 1.		Butte Team No. 4.
Tuttle.....	15	Brownlee.....22
Twohy.....	25	Knight.....14
Rockefeller.....	20-60	Spargo.....17-53

Event No. 6, two-men team shoot, 20 bluebirds per man:	Butte Team No. 2.	Great Falls Team.
Gaunt.....	17	J. Browning.....19
Bickett.....	19-36	M. Browning.....13-32
Callison.....	16	Becker.....15
Sharp.....	18-34	Bigelow.....16-31
Jaeger.....	17	Cowan.....15
Brownlee.....	16-33	Smith.....16-31
Twohy.....	16	Nell.....14
Tuttle.....	17-33	Mahan.....15-29
Huse.....	15	Trudgeon.....16
Nalbach.....	17-32	Spargo.....11-27
Knight.....	13	
Walker.....	19-32	

Second Day, May 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Average,
Targets:	10	11	12	13	14	15	Per Cent.
Bigelow.....	19	17	20	13	15	15	80½
Jaeger.....	18	20	20	17	25	17	88½
Smith.....	18	21	18	17	33	16	88
Confarr.....	18	22	13	15	11	6	68
Callison.....	17	17	19	15	18	17	88½
Twohy.....	17	20	17	16	30	17	84
Nalbach.....	17	21	14	15	16	14	82
Prior.....	17	12	12	12	17	17	79½
Knight.....	17	19	15	17	17	10	79½
McGowan.....	16	17	14	14	12	16	78½
Huse.....	16	16	11	15	12	18	73½
J. Browning.....	15	15	17	15	16	17	80
Becker.....	15	15	17	15	13	13	80
Sharp.....	14	16	17	17	17	17	80½
M. Browning.....	14	15	15	15	12	13	75½
Brownlee.....	14	23	14	12	26	15	69½
Cowan.....	14	16	16	28	15	17	79½
Nell.....	14	21	17	16	13	19	76
Gaunt.....	14	14	16	13	17	12	72
Tuttle.....	14	20	16	15	30	14	76
Walker.....	14	20	14	19	29	16	78½
Pearson.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Brainard.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Edinger.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Jones.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
O'Brien.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Reichel.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Spargo.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Bickett.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½
Trudgeon.....	16	18	10	23	16	16	78½

Event No. 17, consolation, 15 bluebirds: The only entry was E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, who took down the purse without a contest.

Third Day, May 20.

Event No. 18, 15 live birds:	Walker.....	210101121122121-13
Tuttle.....	2010222222221202-12	Reno.....100200211020112-9
Smith.....	222201211111211-14	Jones.....202121111111221-14
Pearson.....	11210110211101-12	Jaeger.....11211211110111-21
Brownlee.....	22110121011220-12	Gaunt.....021221122202222-13
Spargo.....	102001022110122-10	Huse.....02212112122222-14
Trudgeon.....	20121221112222-14	

Shoot-off for the medal, 10 birds: Jaeger.....121111212-9 Smith.....1211212021-9 Huse.....221211021-10 Trudgeon.....2212102102-8

Jaeger wins the medal. Second shoot-off for the challenge medal, which goes to the second high gun, 5 birds, then miss-and-out: Huse.....2212120 Smith.....1221222 Smith wins challenge medal.

A. H. SMITH, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 24.—The opening shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club at the new Inter-city Shooting Park to-day was well attended. The day being perfect several good scores were made. The remarkable feature of the day's sport was an exhibition given at the close of the medal contest by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, who broke 223 out of 228 targets, making a continuous run of 172, thus establishing a Northwestern record, and falling but 3 short of the world's record. Manager Brom has prepared for an all-day sweep-stake shoot on Memorial Day, and the public in general are cordially invited. Shooting to begin at 9:30 A. M. The grounds are located on Cono and Twenty-seven and One-half avenues, S. E., where all cars stop.

The following are the scores in detail of the day's events: Event No. 1, Schlitz diamond badge; 25 singles, unknown angles: Moore 23, Parker 20, Hirschy 21, Johnston 15, Biffon 20, Hayes 24, Stone 20, Baker 11, Melich 13, J. Thomas 19, Hoffman 17, Mrs. Welch 17, Thompson 17, Sully 20, Nelson 15, Ford 19, Terrell 20,

Spear 18, P. Hauser 22, Wilkinson 20, Danz 18, Hall 19, Tompkins 15, Carl 14, Hendricks 15, Barker 21, Williams 23, Drake 20, Howe 20, Bowlan 24, Put 16, Seawell 19, Foote 12.

Event No. 2, Val Blatz diamond badge; 15 singles, unknown angles: Moore 15, Parker 14, Hirschy 13, Johnston 11, Biffon 14, Hayes 11, Stone 12, Baker 11, Melich 11, J. Thomas 7, Hoffman 14, Mrs. Melich 7, Thompson 11, Stokes 10, Miller 15, March 12, Dow 9, Danz 13, P. Hauser 11, F. Novotny, Jr., 11, Hall 11, Spear 11, Wilkinson 13, Ford 10, Terrell 11, Steen 11, Milan 13, Dean 7, Dakin 13, Paulson 10, Nevins 10, Mall 10, Willis 13, Carlson 3, Kranz 11, Drake 7, Starkie 12, Daniels 15.

Event No. 3, Daegel diamond challenge badge; 25 singles, unknown angles: Moore 23, Parker 20, Hirschy 21, Johnston 20, Biffon 21, Hayes 21, J. Thomas 19, Melich 22, Hoffman 19, Mrs. Melich 16, Stokes 17, Stone 21, Miller 20, Dow 9, Ford 16, Terrell 22, Nelson 22, Sutherland 17, Sully 20, Minor 15, Clark 21, Hauser 21, Danz 21, Carl 20.

Event No. 4, club badges; 15 singles and 5 pairs: Moore 19, Parker 17, Hirschy 13, Johnston 15, Biffon 14, Hayes 16, Melich 16, J. Thomas 13, Hoffman 13, Sully 7, Nelson 14, Sutherland 6. Moore won senior badge; Hoffman won junior badge; Johnston won amateur badge.

May 31.—The weekly shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was poorly attended, owing to the sweepstake shoot held on Memorial Day. The scores are good, considering the day, which was very windy: Johnston 15, Parker 17, Hirschy 20, Moore 18, Melich 12, Thompson 15.

Hirschy won senior badge, Johnston the junior badge, Melich the amateur badge.

Val Blatz diamond badge; 15 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 10, Parker 14, Hirschy 12, Moore 13, Gillfillan 12, Hays 14, Thompson 13, Melich 8, Kennedy 8, Spear 8, Mrs. Melich 8, J. Lidon 10. Hays won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge; 15 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 21, Parker 21, Hirschy 21, Moore 22, Gillfillan 22, Hays 16, Thompson 22, Melich 23, Kennedy 16, Spear 16, Mrs. Melich 13, Linden 11. Melich won badge.

Paegel Diamond Badge; 25 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 21, Parker 20, Hirschy 22, Moore 24, Gillfillan 20, Hays 21, Thompson 24, Melich 21, Kennedy 13, Spear 14. Thompson won badge.

Providence Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 31.—By a margin of 4 the Providence Gun Club defended the trophy representing the trapshooting supremacy of the State from the challenge of the Woonsocket Gun Club, at the grounds of the local club in East Providence, yesterday, Decoration Day.

During the day about 4,000 targets were thrown. The shoot brought together thirty of the best shots of the State.

The handicap for a Winchester shotgun was won by Rust. The day was all that could be desired. Shooting began at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, and lasted all day, the events being open to all.

Sweepstakes were optional, and there were four moneys.

Luncheon was served on the grounds, and the day proved one of the most successful trap events held in Rhode Island for some years.

The scores: Providence—Griffith 44, Root 44, Bain 41, Greener 37, Inman 37; total 203. Woonsocket—Mills 42, Darling 41, Campbell 40, Baker 38, Getchell 38; total 199.

The regular events were:

Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	
Campbell.....	13	11	21	19	13	23	12	11	133
Griffith.....	14	15	23	21	15	23	15	12	124
Mills.....	11	14	23	19	10	20	12	9	124
Greener.....	12	13	21	16	13	21	12	10	114
Getchell.....	12	12	20	18	11	18	13	13	9
Inman.....	13	11	21	16	11	22	14	13	13
Darling.....	13	11	19	22	14	12	13	15	159
Bain.....	13	14	22	19	14	23	14	12	13
Root.....	12	12	21	23	13	23	13	11	13
F. Arnold.....	10	10	16	12	22	12	12	11	14
Slade.....	9	11	22	15	11	18	8	11	13
Powell.....	10	13	12	18	8	16	9	8	11
Phetteplace.....	6	10	11	11	9	9	9	9	9
Smith.....	10	10	16	17	9	16	10	11	11
Moore.....	12	10	22	20	10	20	11	9	9
Rush.....	5	6	13	8	15	6	7	8	11
Budlong.....	3	4	6	4	8	3	4	5	4
A. Arnold.....	11	10	11	10	14	10	10	10	10
Leroy.....	12	14	25	21	14	23	15	14	14
Baker.....	13	13	21	17	13	23	12	14	13
Greene, Jr.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
McArdle.....	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Palmer.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
White.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Adams.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Wilkinson.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Eddy.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Repeater.....	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18
Barstow.....	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22
Darling.....	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Staples.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14

Five handicaps were also shot, most of them having a large number of entries. R. C. Rust, Sec'y.

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 29.—The scores made at our last weekly shoot were very good indeed. The weather was fine. During the morning the experts of the club left for New Iberia to shoot with the marksmen of that city. On the club grounds the third handicap shoot for the diamond medal was held, and Mr. Louis Pitard was successful for the third time. The scores of the prize handicap shoot follow:

Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
Saucier.....	2	13
Tabery.....	10	9
Novice.....	6	18
Pitard.....	7	19
L. Willie.....	10	7
Dupont.....	10	12
Huber.....	10	8
Gerteis.....	8	9

Events: 1

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Forest and Stream Platform Plank

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1900.

I.—MASSACHUSETTS.—Act passed June 7. Section 2 For a period of three years after the passage of this act, it shall also be unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale or have in possession for sale any woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, whenever or wherever the said birds may have been taken or killed.

We congratulate most warmly the sportsmen of Massachusetts upon their splendid achievement of putting this law on the statute books. We congratulate Secretary Kimball, who has been indefatigable in his labor for the law, and Messrs. Kinney, Hunt, Fay and their associates upon the outcome of their excellent work in behalf of the measure. We congratulate the game protective organizations of Massachusetts that their union and co-operation have been rewarded by the victory. We congratulate the sportsmen of other States, of the country at large, upon the existence of such a law in Massachusetts. It closes the Boston market not only to the grouse and the woodcock of the Commonwealth, but to the game of other fields in other States, which have been robbed to supply the Boston demand. We congratulate all workers in the cause of game protection everywhere that thus the idea first promulgated by the FOREST AND STREAM in 1894 is spreading and gaining power and appealing more and more widely every year to the deliberate opinion of the public as an efficient protective system.

THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD REMNANT.

We give elsewhere some editorial comments of the Boston Herald upon recent remarks in these columns on the threatened extinction of the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard; and there is added the pertinent reply sent to the Herald by Mr. Charles H. Ames, of Boston. Mr. Ames writes with a warmly sympathetic appreciation of the spirit which has prompted our plea for the salvation of the birds—a motive which the Herald has woefully misconstrued. Our appeal was and is that the heath hen may be preserved not for the purposes of sport, but that a diminishing species of American wild life may survive. We plead for the heath hen as we would have pleaded for the great auk. This is a reason, as we are perfectly well aware, which does not have any weight with the prosaic, matter of fact, utilitarian mind; and unhappily it is the prosaic and utilitarian mind which rules and determines the attitude of the public in such matters and makes so hopeless any endeavor to arouse a sentiment which shall stay the blotting out of a species. Mr. Ames writes eloquently, but how many of the readers of the Boston Herald, think you, will give his plea a second thought?

The extinction of the Martha's Vineyard heath hen, when the record shall come to be written, may be charged to the account of the sportsman, or the market-hunter, or the naturalist. The bird may have been killed off for sport, or for eating, or for "scientific purposes." But whatever active agency shall be determined to have wrought the end, back of it and giving the free license to its operation we must put that public indifference and apathy which permitted the destruction to take place and the extinction to be wrought.

It is susceptible of clear showing that throughout the country at large, and as a general proposition, the sportsman—the man who shoots game—has been the one to recognize the necessity of protecting the game, and the active agent in securing protection for it. Granted that

his purpose in this has been to provide himself with game to shoot, the purpose is one which is perfectly legitimate. To provide game birds to shoot in the field is as reasonable, and quite as defensible in morals and economics, as it is to propagate chickens to wring the necks of. If anybody on the Boston Herald can demonstrate that it is right to raise steers for beef and wrong to raise deer for venison, we would like to see him or her essay the demonstration.

The FOREST AND STREAM believes in game protection. It believes in game protection for the end of having game to hunt, when and so far as the supply warrants the pursuit. But when any species of animal life becomes so rare, so peculiar and so pathetically a remnant as is the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, according to our way of thinking that species then passes out of classification in the category of game; and its immunity and the cherishing and preservation of it are demanded on purely sentimental grounds, if you will. For your sportsman is a sentimentalist. If there are among sportsmen any who being cognizant of the conditions surrounding the Martha's Vineyard birds would harbor a wish to shoot them, or could be induced to shoot them—if there be such sportsmen, we protest that we would not know where to look for them. On the contrary, the attitude of the field sportsmanship of this country in its relation to such matters is precisely that which is exhibited by Mr. Ames.

If it rested with the sportsmen, the Martha's Vineyard grouse would be secure. If, in spite of the desperate straits to which it is now reduced, the species shall survive, it will owe its preservation to the sportsmen. And we submit that all who are interested in the heath hen and concerned for its cherishing, whether or not we class ourselves as sportsmen, would heartily welcome, in place of a questioning of our motives, the active co-operation and substantial support of so powerful and influential an ally as the Boston Herald.

THE MARIN COUNTY CASE.

By courtesy of Judge Ross of the United States Circuit Court; we are enabled to give the full text of the decision recently rendered by him in the case of W. A. Marshall, of Marin county, California, who had been convicted of the use of a magazine shotgun for killing game, in violation of a county ordinance prohibiting the employment of such an arm for killing birds.

Judge Ross finds in favor of Mr. Marshall, holding that the ordinance prohibiting the use of a magazine gun is unconstitutional, on the ground that to forbid the use of a repeating gun is virtually to deprive the possessor of his property, since a gun is valueless unless it can be used; and that this deprivation is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it is not a reasonable exercise of the police power. "The absolute prohibition of the use of one's own property on his own land cannot be held to be a reasonable exercise of the police power when regulation will plainly attain the end desired." This end, the opinion holds, is to limit a person to the killing of twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse in any one day.

Adopting this reasoning as sound, we must also concede that swivel guns, nets, snares and other devices may be used, so long as the legal limit of game taken shall not be exceeded; also with fishing, that in all cases where there exist limitations as to the number of fish caught the use of nets, jigs, snares and other devices is warranted for the capture of trout and bass, provided only that the fisherman shall keep within the prescribed limits of number.

If then the principles enunciated in this Marin county decision shall be held to constitute good law and shall be extended in their application, this will be to brush aside as unconstitutional all regulations forbidding swivel guns, nets, traps and snares where there is a limitation of the amount of game to be taken. For instance, in the Adirondacks the clauses of the law which forbid hounding and jacking deer must be held unconstitutional, because there is also in the statute a clause which limits the number of deer an individual may take in a season; and the hunter could employ a hound or a jack light to take the two deer the law allows him.

In like manner applied to fishing this principle would make unconstitutional the Maine law against taking trout otherwise than by angling, because there is in the law also a limitation of the number of trout a person may take in a day. In fact, in the great majority of the States a large body of the game and fish laws would be swept

away as the logical carrying out of the reasoning adopted by Judge Ross, if his reasoning should be accepted as final. We do not believe that it will be accepted as final, however, since it appears to us to be based on a fallacy. The fundamental error is in the reading of the prohibition of magazine arms as intended only to strengthen the provision limiting the number of birds lawfully killed in a day. We fail to find anything in the statute to warrant this assumption. There are two distinct prohibitions. One forbids the taking of more than twenty-five birds in a day. The other forbids the use of certain implements for taking what? The twenty-five birds? No; any birds whatever. The two provisions are separate and distinct. One is not intended to secure the effect of the other. Each one stands by itself.

To sustain the contrary view taken by the Court, it would be necessary to interpret the clause,

Every person who shall take, kill or destroy more than twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse in one day, etc.,

as in effect declaring that a person is entitled to twenty-five birds in a day, and may take them in any way he can get them. If this were the intent of the law, Judge Ross's finding as to the further prohibition of a certain style of gun for taking the game would be sustained; for if the gunner were by law entitled to twenty-five birds, clearly it would not matter how he got them. But the statute forbidding the taking of more than twenty-five birds is not intended to parcel out the game to the citizens of the county and to assert that each shooter is entitled to twenty-five birds, take them how he may. It means in this particular case that he may take twenty-five if he can secure them by such means and only such means as are legalized by the statute. Or to put it in another way, the law says to the gunner, you may use only certain appliances, and with these certain appliances you may take only so much game.

The framers of the Marin ordinance we may assume were influenced by some such considerations as these: Using single and double guns, the shooters of the county, expert and inexpert all together, are capable of killing a certain total amount of game. We will put the limit which the expert individual may take in a day at twenty-five; such limitation will apply to the expert only; for the inexpert no such restriction is required, since their bags will of necessity be smaller. By restriction of the most skillful to twenty-five birds in a day, the average killed by all the shooters will be less than twenty-five, and the aggregate killed by all will be such a reasonable drain on the supply as it can stand. But if weapons of greater efficiency than double guns were to be used, their employment would increase the capacity of the inexpert shooters and so would increase the execution of the county shooters as a whole. We will therefore forbid the use of such weapons. And in doing this they were quite within the limits of well established and recognized constitutional authority.

The Marin county ordinance by these two separate and distinct prohibitions was designed to operate in two separate and distinct ways: first, to limit excessive destruction by expert shooters; second, to prevent the use of an arm which by reason of its effectiveness would increase the common expertness—that is to say, the destructive capacity—of the shooters as a body. Whatever may be the relative efficiency of the repeating shotgun and the double-barrel arm (the Marin county testimony was to the effect that the double-barrel was the more effective) does not affect the principle involved. If the repeater is unduly destructive the Legislature has a constitutional right to forbid its employment. If the double-barrel gun is unduly destructive there is like constitutional warrant for prohibiting its use. The lawmakers may forbid either one; they may forbid both. Indeed they may go further, and acting still within constitutional authority, may, to use the language of Judge Ross, prohibit "all but muzzle-loading guns, and so on until the pop-gun only is permitted to be used." They may go even beyond that and forbid the pop-gun. They may forbid absolutely the taking by any means whatever.

The convention of seven great Powers to consider the question of African game supply is the most impressive fact in game protection in this closing year of the century. The programme adopted at the London conference contains many most admirable provisions. Just how far the enforcement of the several articles may prove to be practicable only time can disclose; but the situation appears to be one which is full of encouragement.

The Sportsman Tourist.

We've All Seen Him.

HAVE you seen our Izaak Walton,
With his bamboo posed with grace,
And his casting-lines and flies around his hat,
But the quarters to buy fish with
Kept discreetly out of sight,
With the pennyroyal to keep away the gnat?

Have you seen his natty creel, too—
A square hole in its lid,
Showing sandwiches and milk and lemonade,
But his flask of Four Crown whisky
Kept discreetly out of sight—
To prevent the influenza, should he wade?

Have you seen him lug his fish home,
And heard him spin the yarns
'Bout his fighting them, and pile up lie on lie,
But the boy who sold them to him
Kept discreetly out of sight,
While he posed "a holy terror" with the fly?

Why, of course you've often seen him,
And you've been there, too, yourself,
And you've done the great prevaricating act,
But the quarters that you've squandered
Kept discreetly out of sight,
As you've passed off whopping lies for solid fact.

D. G. SMITH.

CHATHAM, N. B., May 28.

In the Adirondacks.

OLD FORGE, June 8.—Seven days more and the hosteleries, large and small, throughout the Adirondacks will be open for the season, June 15 being the generally recognized opening day. Many of these have for some time past been receiving guests, but have done so without much formality. The indications everywhere point toward a profitable season for the various resorts, and here on the Fulton Chain the influx of people is likely to be unusually large. Because of the recent construction of the Raquette Lake Railroad, the management of the steamboats on the lakes has seen fit to reduce the round trip fare from two dollars to one dollar, for the boats no longer monopolize the transportation service.

H. E. Annin, superintendent of the State hatchery at this place, can verify the statement recently made by J. S. Van Cleef as to blacksnakes catching fish and taking them ashore with reversed action. Mr. Annin says he saw this done by a snake some 3 feet long at the private hatchery at East Randolph, Cattaraugus county. He also saw such a snake wound around a tree at a height of several feet from the ground. So the fact is well established that water snakes really do unexpected things under the very eyes of people who never see any but real snakes. And both of these incidents are verified by a young man here, who says he has seen similar sights on the Arkansas River.

Superintendent Annin is doing faithful and efficient work at this hatchery. During the season he has hatched and distributed nearly two millions of lake trout, and more than half a million brook trout. Two and one-half million frost fish have been hatched and turned into the lake. He has about one hundred thousand fry of various kinds, which he will rear to fingerlings before distributing them.

Several handsome German and rainbow trout have been caught hereabouts recently, one specimen of the kind first mentioned weighing 2¾ pounds. These fish were first planted in these waters three years ago.

The bloom is just now spoiling the fishing in the lake, which, up to several days ago, was excellent for the Adirondacks. But the lakes and streams do not in these days tell the old, old stories, and never will while the present number of anglers exist. A male incomer without a bundle of rods is but seldom seen, and not a few women are in these days likewise outfitted.

Sam Donovan, one of the very few living old-time guides, and domiciled on Fourth Lake, very emphatically replies to the statement that Governor Seymour killed the last moose; that such is not the fact; that the aforesaid last moose of which anything is known was caught by him in the fall of 1859, and by him led to Utica and sold to White Brothers, showmen. The animal was two years old. Sam declares that moose tracks were afterward seen (in 1863) in the great forest, but none were killed after his own exploit. The question has for some time past interested Donovan, and he has made much inquiry in relation to it. He now asserts with all positiveness that he is possessed of the real facts. It is a confirmatory fact that in his opinion he is in accord with most, if not all, the old guides now living. Alas! there are but few of these old pilgrims left, and very few of those who succeed them are worthy of the name of guide.

But conditions in this great forest, as well as the character of its inhabitants, have changed. There are now hosteleries everywhere, with railroads to make almost every locality accessible, therefore it is no wonder that game and fish are reduced to the minimum, that sportsmen are going by hundreds to the Canadian forests, to various localities where no white face was ever seen until in recent years. Time was when these 3,500,000 acres were as fruitful of game and fish as any like area in Canada, but civilization and the neglect of the State have changed all. Nevertheless, it is still full of health, rest and invigoration, a place where the weary can find real comfort as well as physical benefit. If the State would only awaken to its duty, and honestly and intelligently discharge it, this region would wholly become the property of the people and forever be what it should long have been.

D. H. B.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Adirondack "camps" and cottages are being repaired by numerous guides and craftsmen in the expectation that their owners, or lessees, will soon occupy them—that is to say, arrive by July 1. The camps are gorgeous affairs,

judged by a spruce bark shelter. They have bay windows, broad verandas, polished floors and ceiled interiors, marvelous rustic furniture, mounted heads by the dozen (literally), fur rugs gathered from the tropics and icebergs, beautiful pictures of woods scenery, and photographs of game and forest life; firearms of every description, especially light rifles and target pistols fit for the ladies to use; camera racks and buffets, all of which tends to reduce camp life to its easiest terms. It is not the old-time woodsman's way of camping. His blanket and slab of salt pork are not missing from the up-to-date camp; neither are his venison steaks and broiled brook trout lacking. His balsam bough bed is elaborated in a modern camp to the dignity of fir-bough mattresses. It is almost mournful to relate that the modern camp is healthier. There is no lying down in rain saturated clothes, nor sleeping in cold fireless shelters. Sleep is the sounder for the comforts; but sitting up is too comfortable, by the light of bright lamps behind mosquito proof doors. Moreover, there are neighboring camps, and visiting is frequent. Alas! there are social functions in the shadows of Old Whiteface and St. Regis mountains such as a panther or a wolf never saw, and which must startle even the imported stags.

The old-time Adirondack woodsman isn't dead yet—he hasn't had time. I had a talk with one of them last week. We were within splashing distance of a four-story hotel, and half a shout from a dozen or so camps.

"Sorry?" he said. "Umph! What do ye take me for? Did you know I git four dollars a day now where I ust to git two an' a half? An' I live better, too—good grub and lots of it. We don't have to tote such packs, either, 'ceptin' to branch camps. A horse does it. An' these 'ere private parks with no huntin' 'lowed—did ye know the game gits so thick on 'em that they crowds each other off onto State lands, where I can find it?"

Along the north side of the Adirondacks, where the swell camps and hotels are, two-thirds of the guides I talked to were glad that hounding had been stopped. The hotel keepers mostly aren't, because their season is not so long at its zenith when men can't sit on runways and kill game in sight of the sleeping quarters. Nevertheless all woodsmen agree that deer are more plenty than usual this spring, now that their signs begin to show in the beaver meadows. They don't have stray hounds to contend with, nor are many killed out of season. The winter was a hard one; a few died from its severity, but those killed late in the fall were in splendid condition for weathering storms and deep snow.

"You could peel the fat off 'em jest like a blanket," was said of those in the heart of the mountains.

In Herkimer county many deer have been seen in the clearings. Within a mile of Northwood six different ones (judging by the descriptions) were seen within ten days. In the Moose River country they fared well.

The fishermen did not have a very comfortable time this year. The ice did not go out by the lakes till May 1 or thereabouts. The streams were swollen to abnormal height till May 22 at least. And now the fish are going in the cold beds.

The best lake fishing is very seldom enjoyed by the tourist sportsmen, because it comes too early. The day the ice goes out the big brook trout in the lakes bite. They take worms best, or minnows trolled. Sometimes flies are used successfully. The woodsmen think the best bait for large trout are young mice, or shiners cut into slabs. The tails of the minnows are the best. The fishing from now on will be in deep pools, where there is a layer of cold water on the bottom, or on the cold beds over springs, or where small brooks come into large streams or lakes.

There never was a time when there were so many cameras in the Adirondacks. I saw four fishermen on the West Canada Creek the other day and they all had cameras. Three men came to Northwood last week on bicycles fishing. Two were ready to take photographs. But rift fishing and cameras do not always hitch. The number of soaked cameras sent to the hospital for repairs must be highly gratifying to manufacturers. The careless fashion in which exposures are made by the amateurs results in a very large percentage of failures. A photographer told me of a young lady who snapped her camera over a hundred times during a visit here, having some beautiful views and curious incidents. She secured just one clear negative, and that one was cornywise. Very rarely is a good game picture secured. In the fall dead deer with men standing over them are got frequently enough, but not many live game pictures.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

In the Heart of the Wild Woods.—II.

(Continued from page 448.)

BY PAUL TARBEL.

I AWOKE about daylight thoroughly rested.

Allen and the two guides were sleeping soundly, so I quietly arose, and with my clothes and gun, quietly slipped out of the cabin.

A clearing in the wild woods—a spacious solitude, surrounded by the virgin forest. I now saw there were two shacks—one intended to house man, the other beasts. Tall, ragged weeds struggled against the foundation logs, growth which might have proven oats had the season been long enough and the sun strong enough to have helped it to maturity; empty boxes, tin cans, barrels—all in profusion and confusion. The space between the shacks, and for a considerable distance from the doors, was strewn thick with decaying chips. There lay a chopping log, which showed the scars of many a vigorous stroke of an axe, gone many a day. A typical deserted logging camp.

But what of nature's work? I looked around, and the enchantment of surroundings and atmosphere began its subtle spell. The sun was low and would not throw its beams above the tree tops for hours; the old logging road leading from river to camp ran due east and west, permitting the first genial rays of old Sol to light up the clearing like a sanctuary.

The grand unspeakable peace of it all!

Oh, for the soul of a Thoreau and the pen of an Agassiz!

But even I, untutored and ignorant of the ways of nature, much could I see and understand.

Do you remember that verse from Wordsworth?

"I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

Nature was holding its secret with an open hand, and my eyes and ears were filled to overflowing. The following description, written by a naturalist and seer, fits here:

"Not indolent, soft, like that which sifts in green shadow through the leafage of a summer garden, but tense, alertly and mysteriously expectant, was the silence of the forest. It was something like a vast bubble of glass, blown to a fineness so tenuous that a small sound, were it but to strike the one preordained and mystic note, might shatter it down in loud ruin, yet it had existed there flawless for generations, transmitting into its own quality such infrequent and inconsequent disturbance as might arise from the far-off cry of the panther, or the thin chirp of the clambering nuthatch, the long, solemn calling of the taciturn moose, twice or thrice repeated under the round October moon, or the noise of some great wind roaring in the remote tops of pine and birch and hemlock.

"The air that washed the endless vistas of brown-green shadow was of marvelous clarity, not blurred by any stain of dust or vapor. Its magical transparency was confusing to an eye not born and bred to it, making the far branches seem near, and the near twigs unreal, disturbing the accustomed perspective, and hinting of some elfish deception in familiar and apparent things."

Birds everywhere; squirrels and chipmunks scolding worse than Socrates' Xantippe. A stream of fresh water flowed within two rods of the camp. I went to it. There lay a glass; I filled it, held it between the sky and my eye, and so very transparent was the liquid it could not be distinguished.

I drank again and again, and each time raising my eyes toward the blue vault of heaven, I thanked God I was alive and permitted to enjoy what was so generously spread before me.

Performing my ablutions, I felt as if I could lick my weight in wildcats. Remembering the episode of last night, I laughed. Walking toward the door of the cabin, I found the body of the cat, and looking within, noticed all my companions were still sleeping soundly.

About ten rods from the cabin door, in line with the road, stood a large pine stump. It was a good spot to plant my dead wildcat upon. Taking the body, I propped it into as natural a position as possible. I laid the body sideways and turned the round, furry head with the pointed tufted ears toward the cabin. Returning to the door to note the effect of my efforts at natural taxidermy, I was surprised at the result. Old Bobs looked natural as life, and by intently gazing I imagined I could see the glint of the pale yellow eyes, with fine black slits for pupils.

Satisfied, I walked along the road toward the river. Watching intently, about fifty rods in advance I saw three or four partridges playing where the sunbeams could strike them.

Instantly Mr. Nimrod appeared and Master Goodboy went a-vaulting. I walked slowly and carefully, taking out the shells from my rifle and replaced them with miniatures. Following the brush closely I easily got to within 100 yards, and then turning slightly out to see my feathered friends, I counted eight fat, full-grown birds. A pot shot with two No. 8 shells and 50 yards closer would have given me, perhaps, all of them, but with a rifle at 100 yards range was quite another problem.

I wanted four of them for breakfast. Aiming carefully at a fat old hen in the middle of the road, I fired. The hen collapsed, and the seven flew with a noise like thunder. I spotted them as well as I could, and walking through the woods in about five minutes came to a bunch of cedars where I hunted for my birds.

The partridge has the power to efface himself till his brown, mottled feathers are fairly one with the mottled-brown bark of his perch. And it takes the eye of an expert to detect them. The foolish birds will not fly even after you see them, but it took me a long time to locate them, and then to know that I had passed the tree that held them several times.

It reminded me of a stereoscope. When you do get the focus, the picture stands out as plain as life, but until then everything is unseeing blur.

Now that I had the focus, I could count seven birds, but not one move of a feather. The black, liquid eyes watched me closer than a brother. Walking away until I was within 100 feet of the tree, I aimed at the lowest bird and got him. Then the next I missed, and still the six remain. Again I shot and got another, but that evidently taxed the patience of the remainder, for they flew with that tumultuous whirring which is a warning to all inhabitants of the forest.

Picking up my birds, I now noticed the sudden and absolute silence which my shooting had effected. But by the time I reached the road and picked up my third bird, the citizens of the forest had again resumed their sang froid. "Gracious! What's that?" Six shots, and apparently from three rifles! And that close to camp! I walked as quickly as possible, and as I pass the stump with Old Bobs upon it, I notice he has lost his proud position of defiance and lies an inert mass, fairly riddled with bullets.

"Hullo!" I shouted; "breakfast ready?" "No, she ain't ready, but soon will be. Fired to let you know it." This from Joe Lavigne. Pete and Allen say nothing. Neither do I. Am satisfied to know that I fooled even the experienced eyes of the guides.

Pete is building the fire; the birds are cleaned, and a breakfast of fried partridge, bacon, potatoes, coffee and bread and butter is ready in less than forty-five minutes.

Delmonico has no cook like Joe Lavigne in the wilderness. Why? Because the surroundings furnish a natural sauce that is more piquant and tempting than anything that art can prepare.

While eating we decide to spend the day reconnoitering, locating the runways and forming plans.

It is agreed all shall be in camp by 6 o'clock, so after the dishes are cleaned Joe and Allen go in one direction and Pete and myself in another.

Pete evidently is bent on some definite errand. He leaves the road about half a mile from camp, and in a few minutes we find ourselves upon an old Indian trail. Pete says: "Once a trail, always a trail," and another woodsman once said: "A path once fairly differentiated by the successive passing of feet will keep almost forever a spell for the persuasion of all that go afoot."

This trail we followed for nearly two miles, and though using every precaution, see nothing that looks like a deer, except numerous hoof prints, and fresh ones at that, which prove that we are on a runway. Soon we come to an open space in the forest. Not a clearing nor a burning, but a natural opening probably 200 yards in diameter, and nearly circular in shape. Pete tells me that this is a great place for deer to "yard" in winter.

"Do you know what this is?" Pete asks. He is pointing to a peculiar looking print, which looks something like the naked footmark of a human. Pete's countenance is quizzical; his expression is not one of astonishment, but it is evident he has found something that he knew would be there. The answer comes to me, probably through mental telepathy.

"Bears!" I shout.

"Correct," says Pete, and then we trailed, but not a bear did we find, but plenty of tracks.

At noon we rest for an hour or more, eat some biscuits and dried beef, find some running water and start again to work toward camp.

About 4 o'clock we find ourselves within two miles of our cabin. I am thoroughly fagged and sitting on a log; we are suddenly aroused by hearing two rifle shots. The sound is not more than half a mile away, and we immediately start in the direction of the sound.

After not more than fifteen minutes' walking we stop, and listening we hear Allen and Joe Lavigne talking very excitedly. We shout, and are answered. Getting our true bearings, we find the two standing proudly over the dead body of a three-year-old buck.

"Who shot him?" I inquired.

"Mr. Allen did," answers Joe, and I can see by Allen's expression and the tone of Joe's voice that it is true.

Ed was very, very proud, and I did not blame him a little bit. The buck was a grand fellow, weighing easily 175 pounds.

"Tell us all about it, Ed," I ask.

"Joe, you do it," requests Ed of Joe. And Joe does tell the story, and here it is:

Joe is proud, and Pete, I'm afraid, is a little jealous. His eyes are gleaming and he is evidently concocting a scheme. I found out afterward I was right in my surmise. After all hands and the cook had taken a generous draught from Allen's bottle, Joe began his story as follows:

"We saw more dan feefy deer to-day, sure. Why should I say so if not true? Meester Allen tell you so—ask him! Of course, we could not shoot at all. Oh, no; too many trees between, but we see dem. Only tracks! No, sir, de real t'ing. But maybe not feefy, but about twenty. All morning see not'ing. Work, work, work, and find only one 'porky'—a red fox—but no shoot him; yes, and we see bear track, but no bear." (Pete is painfully attentive.) "Den we stop to rest, eat lunch and go to sleep before we know. Wake up, look around and see two does—biggest one in my life! Looking at me. Not move one bit. One big fool, he keep right on feeding. I wake Meester Allen, then deer scoot. About hour ago we come here. See dat brush? Good place to lay and wait. We do, and about half hour ago hear Meester Deer moving t'rough woods. Guess smelt our red bandannas. Meester Allen wide awake, he see buck quick as I. Buck stop not more than feefy yards, right at dat point" (pointing to spot in woods). "Both raise our rifles, Meester Allen shoot, buck jump t'irty feet in air, den come down, and try run away, and shoot again Meester Buck falls dead—hit clear t'rough de lights. There she is."

And sure enough it is a beautiful animal.

In less than twenty minutes he is cleaned, his limbs tied, a strong hemlock sapling run between the tied limbs, each end of the sapling on one of Pete's and Joe's shoulders, and leading, Allen and I follow in true Indian style to camp.

Arriving, the buck is tied 10 feet up a pine; dinner is prepared, eaten, and now it is dark. Our beds of balsam fir have been prepared by Pete while Joe was cooking dinner, but we are not ready to go to sleep, so we make a roaring camp-fire—one that lights up the entire clearing, and a weird, somber scene it is. We smoke, exchange hunting yarns, and then we prepare to retire.

Joe is asleep before Allen or I have laid down. Pete takes the lantern and says he is going to the boat. Forgotten something. I notice he takes an empty grain sack with him, which he finds in the barn shack. However, soon we are all asleep and do not even hear Pete when he returns.

Again we are up with the day, breakfast and make an early start. We agree to be back at camp at 3 o'clock, game or no game, for to-morrow morning we return to our Big Lake camp.

Pete leads toward the clearing of yesterday. Imagine my astonishment to find a portion of the intestines and the heart and lungs of Allen's buck on the spot. This explains Pete's night voyage. He has spread the bait from the clearing to the river, and the bag was used to carry the stuff in.

A bear is by nature a scavenger, and loves refuse and offal. Whenever bears are found in northern Wisconsin, it will be in the vicinity of camps.

We hide and wait. But no bear shows himself, but Pete says he is hopeful, because Bruin has not been around that day, so he will be sure to come.

At noon, after eating, we take a skirmish through the woods, and about 2 o'clock work again toward our clearing and bait.

Oh! Oh! Oh! There is Mr. Bear, a big black one, and he does not see, hear or wind us; we get to within 50 yards of him and stop. No, I am not frightened, but if there is such a thing, I have the bear fever.

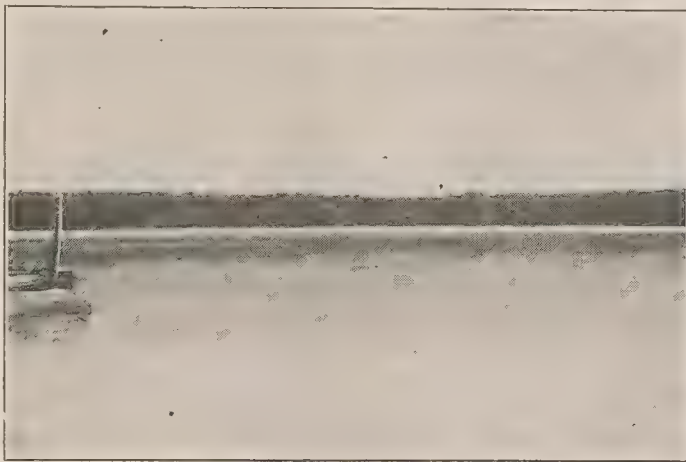
Bruin is busy with the flesh pots; now Pete tells me to get my rifle to my shoulder, and when the bear turns to plug him through the foreshoulder or about 3 inches back through the heart. I am ready, then Pete gives a growl like an angry dog. For a lumbering brute, Mr. Bruin whirls around mighty lively, and seeing us, stops with his head toward us, his side advantageously exposed. I aim quickly and fire. The bear growls, raises himself

on his hind feet and slashing the air with his forepaws comes toward us.

He stops short when he has gone about 20 feet, drops on all fours and has half a dozen trees between us before I am ready to shoot again. Pete says he is seriously hurt, and that it is our bear. So we follow the bloody trail and occasionally see his lordship not more than 60 or 70 yards ahead. Now he darts into a thick underbrush. We follow close, but it is very hard work to go through such thick brush, and we emerge, only to find we have lost the trail. No more blood nor tracks, so we go on, hoping to again find the lost thread.

Coming to a small clearing, we cross it in separate directions, Pete going due north and I taking a westerly course; here we part, having arranged signals so we can call to one another.

I had not gone more than half a mile, when bear tracks and blood now and then plainly showed. Eagerly I followed, and had not gone but a few rods when I almost



BIG LAKE.

At the time the photo was taken there were three deer on the further shore.

fell upon Bruin, laying stone, stark dead at the foot of a large pine. I prodded the animal with a stick to see if he would move or show any signs of life, but he was in all reality dead. I had shot him through the fore shoulder, and that he should have gone so far was a physical surprise. He looked a huge beast, and Pete afterward stated he must have been at least ten years old—in fact, he was a very large bear, and I was proportionately proud. I shot three times with my rifle, and soon received a response, and within thirty minutes Pete was at my side.

The bear was making for the river; in fact, we were not three rods from its banks. The animal was skinned, keeping the head intact, leaving on the claws, for I intended to have a bear rug of my own providing.

The skin was taken to the river, thoroughly washed, and cutting off some desirable pieces of bear meat, we followed



A BIT OF RIVER SCENERY NEAR WHERE THE BEAR FELL.

the river for about three-quarters of a mile to where our boat was hidden, put our hide in the boat, and then walked four miles to camp.

It was dark before we left the river, but the sky was clear, and my guide could walk the woods as well at night as in day time, so by 7 o'clock we were at camp, to find dinner ready and Allen just a little anxious about us.

Allen and Joe had no more deer, but six partridges were fried for our supper.

"Well, what luck?" inquires Joe Lavigne. Now listen to Pete; proud, haughty Pete:

"Oh, pretty fair; here is some bear steak, Joe, which you cook for our breakfast."

Both Joe and Allen look surprised. Joe took the meat, examined it carefully and then ejaculated:

"Oh, yes, she's bear meat all right!" And then we had to repeat the entire day's work.

So far we have proven up our wildcat, our bear and one deer. That leaves two deer unaccounted for. We will leave that for another day. It is late and time to sleep.

Fifty-eight Years Between Snakes.

THE Palmer, Mass., correspondent of the Springfield Republican reports that on June 7 a laborer near that town was bitten by a rattlesnake. The man was cutting wood, and as he picked up his axe the snake struck him in the middle finger of the right hand and hung on. In a short time the hand and arm began to swell and cause him considerable pain. He walked to Three Rivers, where he was attended by Dr. Giroux. The snake was about 4 feet long, and had five rattles, which were cut off and shown in Three Rivers. The last rattlesnake that is known to have been seen in Palmer was killed fifty-eight years ago upon the Jonathan McIlwain farm. The snake was thrown upon a load of hay in a field, and was shaken off into a barrel and killed.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

XIII.—Life on Shipboard.

LIFE on board the *Elder* was never monotonous. In the first place the day was divided into sections by three meals, which the ship's company with rare exceptions attended with commendable punctuality. The cool air and the sea wind gave all hands good appetites, and it was amusing as the meal hour approached to see the men look at their watches and announce hungrily that it was almost time for the gong to sound.

The frequent landings furnished abundant opportunity to the collectors, and almost every day a portion of their time was taken up working over the material that they had gathered.

Thus the botanists were engaged in sorting and drying their plants; the bird and mammal men in skinning their specimens; the invertebrate men worked at their tables on the main deck. Those of the party who had nothing better to do either paced the deck or sat in the smoking room, reading, playing chess or discussing the events of the day. Every evening there was an entertainment of some description in the main saloon. Sometimes the best equipped member of the party would talk about some point that was soon to be visited, or that had just been left. Or again, some one would discourse on the glaciers, fiords, volcanoes, birds or plants of the region, or of some natural history topic, which, under the circumstances, had a living interest for all. On Sunday evening short service was conducted by the chaplain. On two or three evenings, when entertainments were held to celebrate some special events, there was music, clog dancing by a doctor of divinity, a college professor and some of the sailors, and an Indian dance by a member of the party arrayed in blanket and feathers.

The smoking room was, in fact, a favorite resort for all hands, and even the ladies and the young girls did not disdain occasionally to put their heads within the door and inspect it. It was primarily, as its name implied, a place for lounging, conversation and smoking, and many were the stories told there of past adventures and of distant lands. Many members of the party were widely traveled, and the tales were of all parts of the habitable globe. Some had visited the frozen coasts of Greenland and wintered in the Arctic; others had seen the ice blink of the Antarctic Sea, and all contributed some share to the general fund of entertainment.

It was in the smoking room that one of our authors repeated the thrilling and oft-told story of his perilous passage across a wide crevasse in a glacier by means of a narrow comb of ice which joined the two sides, and told of the feelings and actions of the little Indian dog which accompanied him. It was to this narrative that the ship's captain referred, when, in his parody of a real poem on the Innuits, or Eskimos, he said:

"Oh, we are the Innuits people,
O'er a glacial sliver we slide,
With no little pup to liven us up,
And no light of science to guide."

It was in the smoking room, too, that the story was told of the Stikine boy who lost his soul:

In a village by the shore there lived a man who had a little son. The boy was born, grew strong, learned to walk and talk and play with his fellows. His father loved him and was proud of him.

All at once the boy changed; he no longer ran about and played and shouted; he no longer even talked. If he moved, he seemed dull and heavy.

His father said to himself, "My boy is sick. He has changed so much I do not know him. I must surely do something to cure him." So he thought for a while, and then he went to a Shaman of the tribe, the man who of all had the most mysterious power. He could do many wonderful things, and often he talked to persons whom no one else saw.

The father said to the man, "My boy is sick. He no longer talks and plays; he is heavy, stupid and does not like to move. What can you do for him?"

"Yes," said the Shaman, "I know he is sick. He has had bad luck. Something terrible has happened to him."

"What is the matter?" said the father. "What is his disease? I have not seen any one sick in the same way."

"Ah," said the Shaman, "he has lost his soul. It has been taken from him, and until he gets it back he will not recover."

When the father heard this he felt very badly and did not know what to do, so he asked the Shaman how the boy had lost his soul, and if it were not possible to recover it.

"I will tell you," said the Shaman, "just what happened. It was not many days ago that your boy was walking along the beach when the water was low, when he met a crab—a big one. The boy ran between the crab and the water and began to plague it. He would not let the crab get back to the water, and he called it names. He said, 'Ah, crooked legs, crooked legs, you can't travel forward. You have to go backward or sideways. How ugly your big white claws are. Crooked legs, crooked legs,' and he pointed at the crab with his finger and danced up and down, calling out, 'Crooked legs, crooked legs,' and laughing and pointing.

"Now when the crab was teased like this he began to feel angry, but still he did nothing except to try to get away to the water. But at last when your boy kept on plaguing him and calling him names, the crab reached up one of his big claws and grasped the boy's soul and pulled it out of his body, and then slid away sideways into the water and swam down to the bottom. This is what happened, and now your boy's soul is down at the bottom of the water, where the crab is keeping it."

"Alas!" said the father. "What can be done? Is it not possible to get the soul away from the crab and to give it back to my boy so that he may be well again?"

"Well," said the Shaman, "that is a hard thing to do. I am afraid I could not do it. Still, perhaps it might be done. I could try; but it would cost you many blankets."

"Ah!" said the father, "I am very poor, but I would give whatever I have to see the boy like himself again. Try what you can do."

So finally, through the power of the Shaman, the boy recovered his soul, but the operation left his father poor. This Indian story is chiefly interesting as teaching the

lesson that, like the people, the animals have feelings which should be respected.

Besides being a resort, the smoking room was also a publication office. Before the ship had been long on its way, it appeared that among its freight there was a considerable quantity of poetic talent. From time to time this made itself apparent in rhyme, doggerel or even sometimes in actual poetry, which would be discovered tacked up against the walls, and the news that a new poem had been written, spreading quickly through the ship, would bring to the smoking room a crowd eager to read the effusion, and to speculate as to who was its probable author. Most of these poems were unsigned, but some bore initials familiar enough to readers of the magazines, and belonging to one irreverently designated by another author as an "old literary war horse." If a poem was unsigned, interest in it was heightened, and if it contained some bit of good-natured satire aimed at a member of the party, the allusion being at once recognized, curiosity as to the author was increased and furnished food for much conversation. It was often interesting to listen to the clever evasions practiced by some man on whom suspicion had fastened, and who, unwilling, if guilty, to acknowledge the responsibility for what had been written, and, if innocent, equally unwilling to positively deny its authorship, strove to throw the questioner off the scent, and to clear his own skirts, or in some way to mislead the person who was striving to pin him down to facts.

A feature of the smoking room poetry which was not without interest was the fact that many a new poem there published drew out from some one of its readers a reply or a parody. Often the reply would be written by some individual who fancied that he saw in the original poem

place for all men, most of whom were specialists, any one who desired information about most of the sciences or subjects represented on board went there to find the person whom he wished to question. If he wanted to ask about Alaska in general, or about geology, botany, glaciers or Indians, he went off to the smoking room, but if his inquiry was about birds or mammals, he turned in another direction. The chart room had been given over as a work room to the bird and mammal men, and it was here that they prepared their specimens and stood ready to answer questions.

In fine weather the hurricane deck was a favorite lounging place. Here in the lee of the chart room, sheltered from the wind and warmed by the sun, a group of idlers usually reclined in steamer chairs reading, chatting or working. In good weather the ship's boats, too, were a favorite resort for sight seers and for groups of young people who wished to hear stories of distant lands or of strange people told by flattered narrators, or to receive lessons in geology, geography or biology from good-natured and helpful naturalists.

At times, when for several days a landing was not made, the exercise needed by the ship's company was had in various ways. Often at night there would be heard for hours the steady tramp on the hurricane deck of some who were walking back and forth, back and forth, as a matter of serious duty. Often, too, the small children, and some others of greater stature, engaged in riotous games of tag about the saloon deck, and it was a pleasing sight to see men whose beards had been silvered by many years of work, or whose heads, in war time, would have been a distinct disappointment to the conventional North American Indian, racing to and fro, dodging around

Natural History.

The Heath Hen.

THE sportsman's journal, *FOREST AND STREAM*, makes an earnest appeal for preventing the extinction of the heath hen, a game bird of the grouse family, formerly living in all the Eastern States, but now found only in Martha's Vineyard, where it is believed there are not more than fifty, all told. These are now hunted, not so much for the market as for collectors of specimens, who realize that they must procure one now or never. The price set on the head of each bird is \$25, or even more, a temptation that incites to great perseverance in exterminating them. This seems to *FOREST AND STREAM* a wicked and cruel thing. It calls for the passage and enforcement of a rigid law for their preservation, but has little hope that it can be secured. Perhaps it is as well. If the killing could be stopped now, the flock might indeed increase. As sure as it did, the men who shoot birds for mere sport would clamor for a chance at them. It is not the ultimate happiness of the birds that the class represented by *FOREST AND STREAM* have in mind in pleading for the preservation of the kind, nor even the satisfaction of having them as an article of food, but the future sport of shooting them. Except for the numbers that have been killed in sport, we suspect there would be no danger of the extinction of the family, and no present urgency for securing specimens for ornithological museums. The sportsmen have small reason for condemning



WILD FOWL AVIARY.

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a reference to himself, and who took this method of getting even, in kind, with the supposed author of the attack. It must be remembered that all this written material was in the nature of the most good-natured chaff, and that nothing ever appeared with the slightest intention of being taken in the least seriously.

From its name the smoking room should have been a place for smokers, but sometimes when three or four of these were comfortably sitting there, each in his corner, buried in his book and puffing out dense volumes of smoke, it would be visited by some non-smoker, who would declare that the atmosphere was terrible, that the air could be cut with a knife, and would insist on opening all the doors and windows. This seemed to the smokers a little hard, but they bore it shivering.

The position of champion story teller of the smoking room would perhaps be yielded to a man from the West, just as an Eastern man was the authority to whom all went when information was required about Alaska, its history and its fauna and flora. Other men had special knowledge, about special objects, but no member of all the ship's company had so broad an equipment of general information as the authority on Alaska, and perhaps no one possessed so broad and so judicial a mind, and could give on almost any subject so unprejudiced and fair an opinion.

The entertainment in the saloon was usually over soon after 9 o'clock; from that time until 10 the smoking room was crowded; by 10 it had begun to thin out, as the men retired to their staterooms, and before 11 o'clock only the owls were up. Soon after this there would perhaps be an adjournment to the cabin for some supper, and by midnight the lights were out, and all the ship's company, except the officers on watch, were in bed.

When the smoking room was full, the gathering was curiously diverse. There were men who talked all the time, and others who never spoke at all. Some groups of talkers discussed various branches of science, and some big-game hunting or bird-shooting, or yachting. Those who talked were all interested and enjoying themselves hugely, while the silent ones had quite as good a time as listeners.

Another function performed by the smoking room was that of ship's encyclopedia. Because it was a gathering

pillars and leaping over hatchways and deck beams, in the effort to escape the children who were pursuing them. Often, too, in rainy and foggy weather there would be a procession of people tramping in single file round and round the narrow gangway of the saloon deck, sometimes singing at the tops of their voices, at others whistling in unison a lively march.

On a few occasions, when important celebrations had taken place, the ship's company burst forth into noisy rioting, and individuals from seven to seventy years of age shouted, sang, danced and ran races until dark.

The fact that during the sixty days of the trip the weather was always calm, made sea sickness almost an unknown malady on board the ship. There were, it is true, occasions when a slight motion of the vessel caused a few men to omit their meals, but even these were not so ill but that the smell of a Welsh rarebit at 11 or 12 o'clock at night would bring them sniffing out of their staterooms to partake of the good things that were going. One eminent man—not himself a biologist, but interested in all science—propounded to one of the mammal men a new and infallible method by which rabbits might be captured. He said: "All you have to do is to hide behind a rock and make a noise like a turnip, and the rabbit will at once come straight up to you." This was paraphrased by the chairman of the Big Game Committee, who declared that he had at last discovered a certain remedy for sickness. This was to go into the ship's cabin and make a noise like a Welsh rarebit, when all the seasick men would come directly to him, cured.

Perhaps the most singular thing about this trip, and about these fifty people who for two months were shut up together on board ship, was that all were smiling, good-natured, jolly and helpful from the beginning of the trip until its very end. No one had dyspepsia or was nervous; no one turned curtly on some pertinacious inquirer who failed altogether to comprehend an explanation; no one was ever abrupt or short in his replies. Unfailing courtesy, patience and helpfulness was the rule, which in this case was not proved by any exception. At no time was there the slightest friction, and the members of the party who at the beginning had met as strangers, or as slight acquaintances, parted at its end with feelings of warm friendship for each other.

G. B. G.

the collectors. Their motive is not a superior one.—*Boston Herald*, June 2.

BOSTON, June 2.—To the Editor of the *Boston Herald*: Will you permit me to express in your columns my very strong dissent from the conclusions of your editorial in this morning's issue on "The Heath Hen"? You correctly report the earnest appeal made by the sportsman's journal, *FOREST AND STREAM*, for the protection of the heath hen, the Eastern cousin of the "prairie chicken," once to be found over a considerable extent of territory, but now reduced to a very few specimens on the island of Martha's Vineyard. You add the statement that it is perhaps as well that there is little chance for the enactment of a rigid law for the preservation of this remnant, as even if this could be secured and the flock increased, "the men who shoot birds for mere sport would clamor for a chance at them," and you say that the class of persons represented by *FOREST AND STREAM* have in mind in pleading for the preservation of this species not the happiness of the birds nor even the satisfaction of having them as an article of food, but the future sport of shooting them, and that it is the killing of them for sport which threatens their extinction, and that the motive of *FOREST AND STREAM* should not command attention.

As one who has for years had special interest in the preservation of this most interesting bird, the Martha's Vineyard heath hen, and who knows well the noble service of *FOREST AND STREAM* in all that pertains to the interest of the noble study of natural history, I wish to express a surprise and regret at the *Herald* editorial.

I think it evidently based on an entire misconception of the motives of the gentlemen who are conducting *FOREST AND STREAM*, which, while it is indeed a "sportsman's journal," is at the same time the paper which has done more than any other agency in this country, perhaps more than all others combined, to discourage wanton sport and butchery, to encourage "hunting with the camera," to preserve in the interest of science all rare and interesting forms of animal and plant life now threatened with extinction, to secure the reservation of parks and wild lands for the perpetual enjoyment of the student of nature, and, in short, to turn the modern reckless vandalism of our people into wise and thoughtful preservation of the

At the New York Zoo.

No better time than this can be chosen for a visit to the Zoological Garden at Bronx Park. Although the sun is bright and warm, the air is not yet hot with the stifling torridity of midsummer. Often a cool breeze draws down from the north or northwest, sometimes with force enough to bow the younger trees and to make the pale green leaves, which are still tender, stream out and flutter with a violence that looks as if it might tear them to pieces.

Entering the park from the northwest, near where Cope Lake is to be when finished, the visitor passes between deer paddocks, the one on the right holding the mule deer buck, whose horns are in the velvet, while that on the left contains axis and fallow and sambur deer. The axis deer, which was the first to shed his antlers, has grown another set and cleaned them off, and to-day may be seen shaking a bush as if he were getting ready to go on the warpath. The sambur, on the other hand, has not yet shed his antlers. Passing on through the bird house, one sees in the large central cage many of the water birds, now in their most beautiful spring plumage. The white pelicans are particularly attractive, and the male bears on his bill the curious seasonal crest from which he takes his name. All these birds seem to be in singularly good condition.

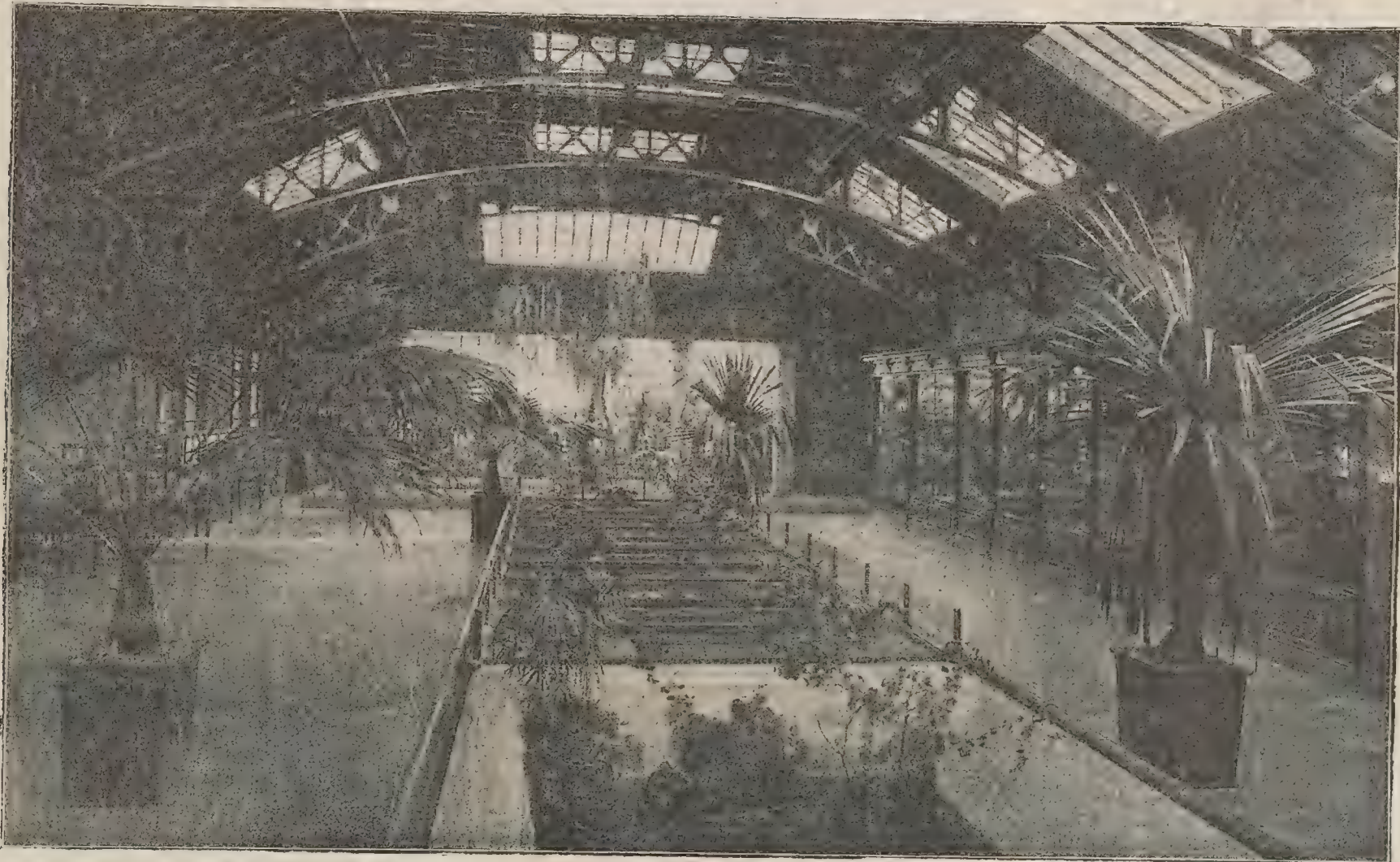
Having passed through the bird house, a paddock is seen containing half a dozen cassowaries, which are comparatively new arrivals. Beyond that, in the caribou range, are not only the yearling caribou from Canada, which was the first large mammal to be turned loose in the garden, but also two calves from Newfoundland. The next door neighbors of the caribou are three yearling moose, two females and one male. Two of these are

and at each visit one is more impressed by the taste and good judgment shown in the arrangement of the building, and the display of the collections. Here there are a number of new specimens, of which the most impressive are some huge snakes. Beyond the reptile house, in the crocodile pool, are now domiciled the four sea lions, which were just having their meal given them as the reporter passed. As these creatures fight over their food, they have been taught to distribute themselves over the pool and the rocks at feeding time, and the keeper deals out a fish to each in succession and with exact justice. Beyond, at the bears' den, there was the usual crowd of people watching the restless pacing of the huge polar bears and the absurd gambols and pretended wars of the young grizzlies and black bears. At this season of the year the bears are not at their best, since all of them are shedding their coats, and look more or less ragged.

Still beyond the bear den is the buffalo range, where one looks in vain for the little calf recently born. Inquiry revealed that it has received an injury, and it is not now on exhibition. It is earnestly to be hoped that it may recover and long survive.

Later in the day, passing before the pen where the red foxes are confined, three or four of these were seen apparently finishing up some food that had just been given them, but the largest and the wisest of them all had finished eating, and was now doing something else.

When first seen he had just picked up in his mouth something from the lower end of the pen and was trotting to the back of the inclosure. The floor here is perfectly smooth cement, and slopes down at a slight incline from the back to the front of the pen. When the fox had gone a little more than half way to the back of the inclosure, he turned about and dropped what he had in his mouth, which immediately began to roll down toward



INTERIOR OF REPTILE HOUSE.

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loomed. The passenger pigeon is a thing of the past. The seal herds are dwindled to a remnant. The grandest grove of the giant trees of California, the greatest marvels of vegetation on this earth, is even now in most imminent danger of the woodman's axe and saw. Our birds of song and plume are slaughtered by the million because fashion calls for them. The enginery of slaughter has reached its deadly perfection and is in the hands of all. These are but the slightest and most random hints at the thoughtless prodigality of the present age with its treasures of life in mineral and plant with which the century began.

Will not the Herald lend its voice to help, rather than to hinder, in this matter?

Granted that the cause is small, indeed, compared to some that demand our attention, yet it is a real one, and one which, in its way, also belongs to the broad cause of humanity.

C. H. AMES.

Another Game Preserve.

THE New York Sun reports that a number of wealthy men interested in sport have combined and propose to reed game on a large scale on Long Island. They have purchased a track of open and wooded land in the town of Islip estimated to contain 1,200 acres. It is watered by several streams and ponds. The New York Game Preserving and Acclimatization Association has been incorporated for the purpose of carrying out the plan. The preserve is already stocked with deer, rabbits, quail and partridge of native growth. It is proposed to import English pheasants of the ordinary and albino species, French partridges, European hares, Syrian partridges, teal, capercaillie, ptarmigan, south rouse and Black Forest roe deer. Contracts have already been made for large numbers of game, and they will be liberated during the fall months. One object of the association is to sell live game to sporting clubs and owners of preserves.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

comparatively recent additions, the gift of Mr. Chas. T. Barney. It was extremely interesting to see one of these young moose on his knees browsing on the luxuriant grass. Short-necked and long-legged as these beasts are, it is impossible for them to reach the ground with their muzzles in the ordinary way, and this young animal was saving himself the trouble of straddling widely, and fed on his knees. In the effort to supply these beasts with food best adapted to them, the Society is bringing from the Adirondacks the twigs and branches of a species of poplar which the moose is known to like, and one of these young ones was seen greedily feeding on such browse. As is well understood, the moose is not a grass eater, but lives chiefly on the leaves and twigs of trees and underbrush. The problem of supplying it with proper food is not, therefore, an easy one, and yet proper food must be had if the animals are to thrive.

Passing along to the director's office, it was interesting to see the elk lying on the bare hillside chewing the cud in the hot sunshine, just as years ago they used to be seen on the rolling prairies of Nebraska. In those days, one thought of the elk always as an animal of the prairie, and not of the timber and the mountains. But those days are gone, and it is long since a bunch of elk have been seen at large on the Nebraska hills. The elk look ragged as to their coats, not yet having completely shed out. The horns of the bulls are well grown, and of course still velvet-covered.

Beyond the administration building, in the ornamental wildfowl pond were seen a pair of wild swans, some Canada geese and two brown pelicans, while motionless on the shore, looking almost like a dead stick standing on the beach, was a blue heron quite free to go wherever he might wish. East of this pond is the small building in which are found such mammals as require artificial heat—the oranges, monkeys, a pair of dorcas gazelles, and many other small creatures—while in the open air across the way from the house are the homes of the burrowing rodents, where squirrels, woodchucks, ground squirrels, gray rabbits and other small mammals are comfortably accommodated.

In the reptile house the usual beautiful display is made,

the front of the pen. It was a short acorn without the cup, and rolled along as a ball might, gradually going faster and faster. The fox trotted close after it, watching it closely, and presently sprang forward and put his paw on it, so as to stop it. After a moment he let it go again, and again followed it until it had stopped on reaching the level portion of the cement, near the front of the pen. Then he picked it up again, carried it back, and again let it roll down the slope, following and playing with it as before. In this way he continued to play with this acorn for fully ten minutes, and he was still at work with it when the reporter passed on. This fox was clearly so far acquainted with the laws of gravitation as to know that the ball will roll down hill. This he must have learned in confinement, and he had utilized that knowledge to his own advantage. The observation struck the reporter as being one of very great significance, and as well worth recording.

In a pen in the same line with the fox den was seen a curious and interesting sight. An old mother coyote was standing with her legs well spread apart and her head hanging down with an air of dejection and weariness, and sitting on their haunches beneath her, with their small fore paws resting against her side, were three tiny puppies nursing, as if they had never before had anything to drink. They were too busy to pay any attention to the people outside the cage, and the mother felt that she was burdened with too many cares to consider observers. So the meal went on, and when the reporter next passed that way the puppies had evidently satisfied themselves and gone to rest, while the mother was pacing up and down the den.

An interesting point that will come up so soon as the garden is fully in operation is the breeding in confinement of various mammals, birds and reptiles. As yet there has been no opportunity for anything of this sort to take place, and yet, in spite of this lack of opportunity, a number of birds have insisted on breeding. Thus there are sitting at present three wild turkeys and three Canada geese. There is also one good-sized gosling that is doing well. Mallards are sitting, and black ducks' eggs are under hens. It may be imagined that when the

wildfowl are permanently located in their places a great deal of work of this sort will be undertaken.

The work of preparing the garden for the public goes on most energetically, and walks and drives are being made. A system of labeling the cages has been devised by which a small picture, painted on each label with the name of the bird or animal, will enable the individual most unlearned in matters zoological to associate the name on the label with the animal in the cage. This is a matter of very great importance, since it will transform the Society's collections from a mere wild beast show into an exhibition of very high educational value, enabling each observer to identify the animals that he may see.

The Society has just issued its fourth annual report, a document which, for the information it contains and its illustrations, ought to be in the hands of every one interested in wild creatures. As yet the New York Zoological Park has been seen by very few people, but as it comes to be more and more known its value both from the point of entertainment and education will come to be highly appreciated.

Light Stations and the Birds.

THE Lighthouse Board has recently sent out a circular letter to light-keepers cautioning them against the violation of the game laws of the States in which they may be stationed, and to inculcate in them a spirit of protection, not only of the game birds, but of song birds, and of all bird life.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Game Bag and Gun.

Preservation of African Game.

THE text of the Convention signed at London, May 15, for the preservation of the wild life of Africa, has just been issued as a Parliamentary Paper. The contracting parties are the Queen, the German Emperor, the King of Spain, the King of the Belgians (for the Congo State), the French President, the King of Italy and the King of Portugal. The articles defining the scope and adopted methods of the Convention are as follows:

ARTICLE I.

The zone within which the provisions of the present Convention shall apply is bounded as follows: On the north by the twentieth parallel of north latitude, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east by the Red Sea and by the Indian Ocean, on the south by a line following the northern boundary of the German possessions in Southwestern Africa, from its western extremity to its junction with the River Zambesi, and thence running along the right bank of that river as far as the Indian Ocean.

ARTICLE II.

The High Contracting Powers declare that the most effective means of preserving the various forms of animal life existing in a wild state within the zone defined in Article I. are the following:

1. Prohibition of the hunting and destruction of the animals mentioned in Schedule I. attached to the present Convention, and also of any other animals whose protection, whether owing to their usefulness or to their rarity and threatened extermination, may be considered necessary by each local Government.

2. Prohibition of the hunting and destruction of young animals of the species mentioned in Schedule II. attached to the present Convention.

3. Prohibition of the hunting and destruction of the females of the species mentioned in Schedule III. attached to the present Convention when accompanied by their young. The prohibition, to a certain extent, of the destruction of any females, when they can be recognized as such, with the exception of those of the species mentioned in Schedule V. attached to the present Convention.

4. Prohibition of the hunting and destruction, except in limited numbers, of animals of the species mentioned in Schedule IV. attached to the present Convention.

5. Establishment, as far as it is possible, of reserves within which it shall be unlawful to hunt, capture or kill any bird or other wild animal except those which shall be specially exempted from protection by the local authorities. By the term "reserves" are to be understood sufficiently large tracts of land which have all the qualifications necessary as regards food, water, and, if possible, salt, for preserving birds or other wild animals, and for affording them the necessary quiet during the breeding time.

6. Establishment of close seasons with a view to facilitate the rearing of young.

7. Prohibition of the hunting of wild animals by any persons except holders of licenses issued by the local Government, such licenses to be revocable in case of any breach of the provisions of the present Convention.

8. Restriction of the use of nets and pitfalls for taking animals.

9. Prohibition of the use of dynamite or other explosives, and of poison, for the purpose of taking fish in rivers, streams, brooks, lakes, ponds, or lagoons.

10. Imposition of export duties on the hides and skins of giraffes, antelopes, zebras, rhinoceroses and hippotami, on rhinoceros and antelope horns, and on hippopotamus tusks.

11. Prohibition of hunting or killing young elephants, and, in order to insure the efficacy of this measure, establishment of severe penalties against the hunters, and the confiscation in every case, by the local Governments, of all elephant tusks weighing less than 5 kilograms.

The confiscation shall not be enforced when it shall be duly proved that the possession of the tusks weighing less than 5 kilograms was anterior to the date of the coming into force of the present Convention. No such proof shall be accepted a year after that date.

12. Application of measures, such as the supervision of sick cattle, etc., for preventing the transmission of contagious diseases from domestic animals to wild animals.

13. Application of measures for effecting the sufficient reduction of the numbers of the animals of the species

mentioned in Schedule V. attached to the present Convention.

14. Application of measures for insuring the protection of the eggs of ostriches.

15. Destruction of the eggs of crocodiles, of those of poisonous snakes, and of those of pythons.

ARTICLE III.

The contracting parties undertake to promulgate, within a year from the date on which the present Convention comes into force, unless they already exist, provisions applying in their respective possessions within the zone defined in Article I. the principles and measures laid down in Article II., and to communicate to one another, as soon as possible after issue, the text of such provisions, and, within eighteen months, information as to the areas which may be established as reserves. It is, however, understood that the principles laid down in paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 5 and 9 of Article II. may be relaxed, either in order to permit the collection of specimens for museums or zoological gardens, or for any other scientific purpose, or in cases where such relaxation is desirable for important administrative reasons, or necessitated by temporary difficulties in the administrative organization of certain territories.

ARTICLE IV.

The contracting parties undertake to apply, as far as possible, each in their respective possessions, measures for encouraging the domestication of zebras, of elephants, of ostriches, etc.

SCHEDULE I.

Animals referred to in paragraph 1 of Article II., whose preservation it is desired to insure:

(Series A).—On account of their usefulness: 1, vultures; 2, secretary bird; 3, owls; 4, rhinoceros birds or beef-eaters (*Buphaga*).

(Series B).—On account of their rarity and threatened extermination: 1, giraffe; 2, gorilla; 3, chimpanzee; 4, mountain zebra; 5, wild asses; 6, white-tailed gnu (*Connochaetes gnu*); 7, elands (*Taurotragus*); 8, little-Liberian hippopotamus.

SCHEDULE II.

Animals referred to in paragraph 2 of Article II., of which it is desired to prohibit the destruction when young: 1, elephants; 2, rhinoceroses; 3, hippopotami; 4, zebras of the species not referred to in Schedule I.; 5, buffaloes; 6, antelopes and gazelles; 7, ibex; 8, chevrotains (*Tragulus*).

SCHEDULE III.

Animals referred to in paragraph 3 of Article II., the killing of the females of which, when accompanied by their young, is prohibited: 1, elephants; 2, rhinoceroses; 3, hippopotami; 4, zebras of the species not referred to in Schedule I.; 5, buffaloes; 6, antelopes and gazelles; 7, ibex; 8, chevrotains (*Tragulus*).

SCHEDULE IV.

Animals referred to in paragraph 4 of Article II., of which only limited numbers may be killed: 1, elephants; 2, rhinoceroses; 3, hippopotami; 4, zebras of the species not referred to in Schedule I.; 5, buffaloes; 6, antelope and gazelles; 7, ibex; 8, chevrotains (*Tragulus*); 9, various pigs; 10, colibi and all the fur monkeys; 11, aardvarks (genus *Oryctoropus*); 12, dugongs (genus *Hallcore*); 13, manatees (genus *Manatus*); 14, small cats; 15, serval; 16, cheetah (*Cynelarus*); 17, jackals; 18, aardwolf (*Proteles*); 19, small monkeys; 20, ostriches; 21, marabouts; 22, egrets; 23, bustards; 24, francolins, guinea fowl, and other "game" birds; 25, large tortoises.

SCHEDULE V.

Harmful animals referred to in paragraphs 3 and 13 of Article II., of which it is desired to reduce the numbers within sufficient limits: 1, lions; 2, leopards; 3, hyenas; 4, hunting dogs (*Lycaon pictus*); 5, otter (*Lutra*); 6, baboons (*Cynocephalus*) and other harmful monkeys; 7, large birds of prey, except vulture, the secretary bird and owls; 8, crocodiles; 9, poisonous snakes; 10, pythons.

The Marin County Case.

In the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of California.

IN RE APPLICATION OF W. A. MARSHALL FOR A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

THE petitioner was convicted in the Justices' Court of Marin county, California, of a violation of the provisions of an ordinance enacted by the Board of Supervisors of that county declaring in its seventh section that "Every person who, in the county of Marin, shall use any kind of a repeating shotgun or any kind of magazine shotgun for the purpose of killing or destroying any kind of wild duck, geese, quail, partridge, doves, or any other birds, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor"; and by its eighth section prescribing that "Any person violating any provision of this ordinance shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten days or more than thirty days, or pay a fine of not less than twenty dollars or more than two hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment. A judgment that the defendant pay a fine may also direct that he be imprisoned until the fine be satisfied, specifying the extent of imprisonment, which must not exceed one day for every dollar of the fine."

The complaint upon which the petitioner was prosecuted and on which his conviction rests charges in substance that on the 12th day of January, 1900, he did in the county of Marin, State of California, use a repeating shotgun for the purpose of killing quail and bluejays, and did on that day and in that county shoot and kill with a repeating shotgun one quail and one bluejay, contrary to the provisions of the seventh section of the ordinance mentioned. A judgment of imprisonment having followed the conviction, the petitioner seeks his discharge from custody under the judgment by means of a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the judgment and his imprisonment thereunder are in contravention of provisions of the Constitution of the United States and therefore void.

By the fourteenth amendment of that Constitution it is, among other things, declared that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges

or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The broad question in the case is whether all or either of these provisions have or has been violated by the judgment under which the petitioner is held in custody. "Life," said Mr. Justice Swayne, in the Slaughter-House Cases, 16 Wall., 127, "is the gift of God, and the right to preserve it is the most sacred of the rights of man. Liberty is freedom from all restraints but such as are justly imposed by law. Beyond that line lies the domain of usurpation and tyranny. Property is everything which has an exchangeable value, and the right of property includes the power to dispose of it according to the will of the owner. Labor is property, and, as such, merits protection. The right to make it available is next in importance to the rights of life and liberty. It lies, to a large extent, at the foundation of most other forms of property." This was said in a dissenting opinion, but it is none the less true. The evidence given on the hearing of the application of the petitioner shows that the repeating shotgun with which the petitioner killed the quail and bluejay he was convicted of killing was his own gun, manufactured by a concern whose annual output of such guns aggregate several million dollars in value; that the petitioner killed the quail and bluejay on his own land, and that the gun in question with which he did the killing was not only not more but in fact less destructive than the double-barreled automatic ejector shotgun not prohibited by the Marin county ordinance. Guns are made, not for ornament, but to be used; and their chief, if not their only, value is in their use. "The constitutional guaranty," said the Court of Appeals of New York in the matter of Jacobs, 98 N. Y., 105, "that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law may be violated without the physical taking of property for public or private use. Property may be destroyed, or its value may be annihilated; it is owned and kept for some useful purpose and it has no value unless it can be used. Its capability for enjoyment and adaptability to some use are essential characteristics and attributes without which property cannot be conceived; and hence any law which destroys it or its value, or takes away any of its essential attributes, deprives the owner of his property." See also *Pumpelly vs. Green Bay Co.*, 13 Wall., 177; *Wynehamer vs. People*, 13 N. Y., 398; *People vs. Otis*, 90 N. Y., 48. To deprive the petitioner of the use of the gun in question is therefore to deprive him of his property. Not only so, but if Marin county may lawfully prohibit the use of such a gun, every other county within the State of California may, as a matter of course, do likewise, and so may every other State and Territory within the United States, thus practically destroying the manufacture of this class of guns for the shooting of game within the United States.

Of course, this right of property, as well as the higher right of liberty of action on the part of the owner—the rights here involved of freely using one's own property—is subject to the lawful exercise of the police power; a power which, as said by the Court in the Slaughter-House Cases, 16 Wall., 36, 62, "is, and must be from its very nature, incapable of any very exact definition or limitation." It is not denied on the part of the petitioner, and cannot be successfully denied, that private property and private rights must always yield where the public safety, public health, or public morals demand the sacrifice. Thus, if a great conflagration is spreading toward one's house and the public exigency demands it, the individual's home may be torn down or blown up, if such drastic measure be necessary to stay the fire. So may gambling and dance houses and such devices and other things as have direct relation to public morals be absolutely prohibited and prohibited. On the same principle—that of danger to the public—it is held that the sale of intoxicating liquor by retail may be entirely prohibited, and the value of breweries destroyed by the laws prohibiting the manufacture of malt liquors. *Carroll vs. Christensen*, 137 U. S., 86; *Muegler vs. Kansas*, 123 U. S., 669. But surely in a case like the one at bar, where there is no question of the public safety, public health, or public morals, and where the prohibited act is in no respect *malum in se*, the absolute prohibition of the use of one's own property on his own land cannot be held to be a reasonable exercise of the police power, when regulation will plainly attain the end desired by the legislation in question. In the present instance, what was the end sought? Manifestly only the prevention of the taking or killing by one person of more than twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse in any one day; for section 3 of the ordinance provides: "Every person who in the county of Marin shall take, kill or destroy more than twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse in one day, and every person who in the county of Marin shall have in his possession in any one day more than twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." That end is just as effectively accomplished without the obnoxious section as with it. It is wholly immaterial to that object whether the sportsman or hunter use a repeating or magazine gun, or a double or single barreled gun. When the limit is reached he has to stop shooting or incur the penalty prescribed. And the opportunity of detection is just as great in the one case as in the other. No valid reason is therefore perceived, and none has been suggested by counsel, why the owner of a repeating or magazine shotgun should be prohibited from using it, and the owner of the equally not more effective double-barreled automatic ejector shotgun be free to use it, in killing the twenty-five quail, partridge or grouse permitted to be killed by any person in one day. The equal protection of the laws to which every person is, by the provision of the Constitution of the United States above quoted, declared entitled, would indeed be a vain thing if such discriminatory legislation was sustained by the courts. If section 7 of the ordinance in question is valid, no reason is perceived why the process of elimination may not be extended by next prohibiting the use of the double-barreled automatic ejector shotgun, next all but muzzleloading guns, and so on until the population only is permitted to be used upon wild duck, geese, quail, partridge, grouse, doves, or other birds in Marin county. Laws enacted in the exercise of the police power, whether by a municipal corporation acting in pursuance of the laws of a State, or by a State itself, must be reasonable and are always subject to the provisions of both the Federal and State constitutions; and they are always subject to judicial scrutiny. *Yick Wo vs. Hopkins*, 118 U. S.,

72; Forster vs. Scott, 136 N. Y., 577, 584; Toledo, Wash & W. R. R. Co. vs. City of Jacksonville, 67 Ill., 37; & parte Whittwell, 98 Cal., 73. "Laws passed in the exercise of it [the police power]," said the Court of Appeals of New York in the matter of Jacobs, supra, "must tend toward the preservation of the lives, health, morals or welfare of the community, and the court must be enabled to see some clear and real connection between the assumed purpose of the law and the actual provisions thereof, and that the latter tend in some plain and unappreciable manner toward the accomplishment of the objects for which the Legislature may use this power." In a very recent case the Supreme Court of California held that "a county ordinance making it a misdemeanor for one to transport, or offer to transport, from the county, game lawfully taken therein, is an unreasonable interference with the right of private property, and therefore void." Ex parte Napp, 59 Pac. Rep., 315.

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the section of the ordinance under which the petitioner was convicted and is imprisoned is unconstitutional and void. But the other matter is looked into, the more indefensible the judgment of conviction appear. As has been seen, the charge against the petitioner upon which he was convicted and for which he was sentenced to imprisonment was the killing of one quail and one bluejay. Now, either by the ordinance of Marin county nor by any statute of the State of California are bluejays in any way protected, except by those provisions of the ordinance in question which declare it a misdemeanor for any person to use a repeating or magazine shotgun "for the purpose of killing or destroying any kind of wild duck, geese, rail, partridge, grouse, doves or any other birds." This ordinance does not assume to protect bluejays in any other way, and I think it would puzzle any one to give a sensible reason why it should; for they are well-known pests, and unfit for human food, and are, therefore, not within the purview of the police power in respect to game, the purpose of which, said the Supreme Court in Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S., 534, "flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply." If a bluejay was one of the two birds the petitioner was charged with, and convicted of, killing, and for which he was imprisoned. And that bluejay ordinance in question committed the petitioner, or any other person, to kill with rock, rifle, cannon, double or single barreled shotgun, or with any other thing than a repeating or magazine shotgun. Such discriminatory legislation, without any basis in sound reason to rest upon, is, in my opinion, so plainly void as to require no further comment. An order will be entered discharging the prisoner from custody.

Liege School of Firearms.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Consul Alfred A. Winslow writes the State Department:

In this city there is established an industrial school, known as the Ecole Professionnelle d'Armurerie, founded in 1896 by the city of Liege, the Government of the province, where thorough instruction is given in the manufacture of firearms.

The complete course covers a period of three years, and is divided into theoretical and practical. The theoretical covers drawing, lectures on the strength and combination of steel and iron, etc. The practical consists of several departments, such as wood working, engraving and polishing, each presided over by a competent instructor.

Tuition is free, and besides the pupil is paid 25 centimes (5 cents) per day, and on completing his course receives a sum equal to 25 per cent. of the sales of his finished work.

This school opened with 8 pupils, and at present has 15 in the different departments, which is its limit. Arrangements are about completed for materially enlarging the buildings during the coming summer to provide accommodations for more than 200.

Pupils from this school have no difficulty, I am informed, in securing positions at good wages for this country, which is from 4 to 6 francs (77 cents to \$1.15) per day, while ordinary workmen receive from 2.50 to 3 francs (49 to 77 cents) per day.

The important position occupied by the school will be realized when it is understood that about 30,000 persons in this city and immediate vicinity are employed in the firearms industry. The object of the institution is to qualify workmen for responsible positions in the different factories, since for the past few years nearly all are employed on piece work, which does not fit men for positions requiring a general knowledge of the business. This puts the manufacturers at a great disadvantage, as it was becoming nearly impossible to secure competent foremen and superintendents of departments.

For several centuries the manufacture of firearms has been the leading industry of Liege and vicinity, and the city maintains an extensive museum of firearms. It is interesting to note that several thousand of the old flint lock guns are still manufactured here each year for the trade in the interior of Africa, the natives preferring them to the modern guns.

The Lacey Law and Live Game.

WICHITA, Kan., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You no doubt know from my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM that I have been shipping live game for scientific and propagating purposes for a number of years, but as the Lacey Game Bill has become a law this will stop all shipment of game from one State to another, even for propagating purposes, unless under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. In view of the fact that I have made the shipping of game successful, and have patented and patented a shipping crate for game birds, which pronounced by a great many to be perfect, and further, that I have never handled dead game of any kind, I would like to continue in this line of work, but the Lacey law puts me out, unless I am under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. While I knew that this would be the result should the Lacey bill pass, yet I worked hard and did all I could to have it pass. I wrote several hundred letters to my patrons, many of whom are very influential in the East, and urged them to write to their Representatives in Congress and to have them favor the bill and

vote for it, and I am glad to say that I added my influence in that way to its passage. I am well posted as to how live game should be handled, know where it can be most readily obtained, have a patent shipping crate and believe that I have always treated my customers honorably, and would ask if you can indorse me to the Secretary of Agriculture, at least as far as my ability goes to handle live game.

CHAS. PAYNE.

Mr. Payne's activity in advocating the enactment of the Lacey law, in the face of its operation to his disadvantage, is deserving of high commendation. It is a mistake, however, to read the Lacey law as stopping "all shipment of game from one State to another even for propagating purposes unless under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture." The law does not so provide. It enlarges the power of the Department of Agriculture so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds; but it by no means restricts such preservation and distribution to the Department, nor does it forbid any one from engaging in that work. Individuals, clubs and associations are as free to-day as ever to engage in the work of restocking with native game. The law declares that one of its purposes is "to regulate the introduction of American and foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed." This does not affect restocking with quail or other species; but it will apply to the introduction of new species, whenever the Department shall publish any regulations concerning them.

The Massachusetts Law.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The victory is won.

The end of the protracted struggle came on Thursday. Several committees were away making investigations, which took several of our friends away, but Representative Hunt, with characteristic vigilance, looked out to have our supporters paired. The fight was made on reconsideration. The President declared the motion for reconsideration lost, as was evident on the *viva voce* vote. Senator Leach doubted the vote, and a standing vote was taken, resulting in 8 for and 10 against. Not satisfied, Senator Leach called for the yeas and nays, and the result was 6 in favor to 16 against.

A remarkable thing about the contest in the Senate was the intense interest of members of the Lower House, several of whom took the trouble to go over to the upper branch when the vote was taken. We have had a very hard fight, and while confident of success, all along we have known that very strong efforts were being made to defeat the bill, and that they would be kept up to the very last minute. The past week has been the most anxious one of all. When the favorable report of the Fish and Game Committee was obtained, we had not one of the three Senate members with us. Senate Chairman Leach and Senator Joy have opposed us to the end, but Senator Baldwin, of Boston, became one of our supporters. Many members of the House interviewed Senators of their acquaintance and urged them to vote for the bill. So great was the interest in the vote of last Thursday that several of our friends came a long distance to be present when the vote was taken, among them Warden Frank R. Whitcher, of Amesbury, who has been active from the first. Counsel Fay was there with several friends, and the venerable father of Representative Hunt was an interested spectator in the gallery. By our bill we take six weeks' shooting from the time now permitted on ducks, closing the season March 1 instead of April 15.

The signature of Governor Crane is yet to come, but we have confidence to believe he will not hesitate to affix his name to the bill, and we hope Representative Hunt will be favored with the pen. He is certainly entitled to it. The steadfast position he has maintained from the first and the diplomatic skill he has shown in managing the bill are worthy the highest praise.

Counsel Heman S. Fay, too, has been ever on the alert and made great sacrifices of time and labor in looking after the bill through all its stages. In conversation with Senator Leach yesterday, he said to me, "You began early." "Yes," I said; "this work was started more than a year ago. As a matter of fact it was begun in the first conference of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs in November, 1898."

I will not now review the various steps that have been taken since. I may perhaps do so at some future time.

While this bill is expected to accomplish much, there are other things yet to be done. We hope for a great deal from the Lacey bill, but so long as there is in any great city an open market for game illegally killed in any part of the country, the sportsmen will have work demanding their attention.

No one has more reason to be gratified with the result of our winter's work than the chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, who has spared neither time nor effort in this campaign. Let us hope he may live long enough to see the good old State of Massachusetts take her place where she belongs, at the front, in game protection.

Several of our members have gone to the Hopewell Camp at Great East Lake, Maine, for a few days. In the party are the Messrs. Geo. B. Goodall, Louis B. Goodall, Ernest M. Goodall, of the Sanford Mills, Me.; Mr. Frank Hopewell, who is the host of the party, and Messrs. W. B. Hastings, A. J. Selfridge, Alfred A. Glasier, W. L. Henry, Thomas H. Hall, W. H. Mertz, Richard V. Joyce, Dr. E. W. Branigan and others. These gentlemen are accustomed to make a yearly trip to Mr. Hopewell's camp, and always return with glowing accounts of their pleasures in camp and in bass fishing. I inclose copy of our bill.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

An act to provide for the better protection and to regulate the sale of game birds.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in general court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful to take or kill or have in possession or buy, sell or offer for sale a woodcock or a ruffed grouse, commonly called a partridge, between the first day of December and the first day of October following, whenever or wherever such bird may have been taken or killed.

Section 2. For a period of three years after the passage of this act, it shall also be unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale or have in possession for sale any woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly

called partridge, whenever or wherever the said birds may have been taken or killed.

Section 3. It shall be unlawful to take or kill or have in possession or buy, sell or offer for sale a quail, between the first day of December and the first day of October, whenever or wherever such bird may have been taken or killed: Provided, however, That any person, firm or corporation dealing in game or engaged in the cold storage business may buy, sell or have in possession, and any person may buy from such person, firm or corporation, and have in possession if so bought, quail from the first day of December to the first day of May, if such quail were not taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act; and any person, firm or corporation dealing in game or engaged in the cold storage business may have quail in possession on cold storage at any season, if such quail were not taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act.

Section 4. It shall be unlawful to take or kill a pinnated grouse at any time, or a wood or summer duck, black duck or teal, or any of the so-called duck species, excepting the scoters, commonly called coots, between the first day of September, or any of the scoters, commonly called coots, between the twentieth day of May and the first day of September, or to buy, sell or have in possession any of the birds named in this section during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever such birds may have been taken or killed: Provided, however, That any person, firm or corporation dealing in game or engaged in the cold storage business may buy, sell or have in possession, and any person may buy from such person, firm or corporation, and have in possession if so bought, pinnated grouse, wild pigeons and any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, or any of the so-called duck species, at any season, if such birds were not taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act.

Section 5. Whoever takes or kills or buys or sells or offers for sale or has in possession, or has in possession for sale, any bird contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so taken or killed or bought or sold or offered for sale or had in possession or had in possession for sale.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Just a Little Experience.

THE old saying, "experience is a great teacher," is all right in its way, but the price paid sometimes is rather exorbitant; at least such was my opinion one night during the past summer, and I am of the same conviction now, even after eight months have elapsed. To be sure, I know more about certain things than I did before, but it seems as though I could have gained this knowledge in a more pleasing manner; for instance, some good, kind friend could have told me in a dozen words what it nearly cost me my life to find out. After you read this you may say any fool would have known better than to try and do what I did. Well, that may be so, but for fear that "there are others" I will relate my experience, and hope you will profit by it.

This article is written chiefly for the benefit of amateur photographers, or, to speak in the language of the cold, cold world, the camera fiends, for I doubt if there is any other being in this world who would take the chances or go through the hardships for such small returns.

Jim, my partner, and myself started, as usual, last summer on our annual visit to the woods of Maine. After reaching the end of the railroad we made the balance of the trip by boat to what is known as the head camp, and after spending a few days there among the trout we started on a four days' trip by trail and canoe into the heart of one of the greatest and grandest of nature's wild wooded lands in this country. Our destination was a small lake, miles and miles away from any human habitation, surrounded by grand old mountains, whose tops were often lost in the great fleecy clouds which float across the blue of the unknown like mammoth white-sailed ships. Here we expected to get some pictures of moose, deer, bear, and, in fact, all game for which this section of the State was noted; also to drop a fly into waters that were seldom visited, yet known to contain some great fish. Before going any further, I must tell you whom you are making this trip with. In introducing Jim, will say that he is about 5 feet 8 inches, weight 160 pounds, as hard as a knot, will tramp all day and all night, and pack 30 or 40 pounds without a murmur; knows the woods backward and forward; a true sportsman, and all that word implies; a good shot, and can cast a fly in a manner that even the most wary old trout can't resist. He never destroys game or fish for the pleasure of killing, but a whole-souled, kind-hearted fellow, whose greatest enjoyment seems to be in making others happy. I hope he will see this article, for I want to square one or two things that happened this summer. As to myself, will leave that to your imagination; maybe the less said the better.

In due time we arrived at the little lake on a point where we could see our camp on the other side—a bright and welcome spot in the great rugged picture that nature unfolded before us. We soon had the rusty old lock off from the door, which opened with many a crack and groan, caused by months of idleness, and set at work getting things in shape for our stay. The following morning, after taking a number of fine trout for breakfast, we started out for pictures, and succeeded in getting quite a few—some good ones. At last the eventful night arrived when we were to get some flashlight pictures of deer that venture out of the woods at night to feed on lily pads and roots that were in abundance around the lake shores. I went down to the canoe, and after getting all my paraphernalia stored away, called to Jim, who was fussing about the camp for something or other. He replied, saying, "I'll be with you in a minute, old man. Do you think it's dark enough?" "Dark enough? Why, a piece of coal would shine like an electric lamp out here." "All right; wait until I fill the lantern, for if that should go out, everything is off for the night."

At last he came, paddle and lantern in hand, ready for the start. Our scheme was to jack up to the deer and then spring the flashlight on them, working the camera at the same time. I wish to say right here that we both knew that using a light in this manner was a violation of the game law, but we eased our conscience by saying it was in the interest of science. For the benefit of those who have never used a light, I will say that an expert can get within 3 or 4 feet of a feeding deer before he will become frightened; one can, therefore, easily see the wisdom of the law which forbids hunting in this fashion.

After things were placed in their proper position, the lantern with its reflector in front of me in the bow, fastened to a small stick so that it could be turned noiselessly in any direction, my camera just under it, and the

flash just above my head, with Jim in the stern, we crept out on the lake which spread out like a great yawning pit. Not a breath of air was on the move; everything was quiet and still as a tomb. The thump, thump, thump of my heart sounded to me like the drumming of an old partridge on a hollow log. Everything appeared so strange in the pale yellow light ahead; the rushes took on a ghost-like aspect and looked so unnatural; the lily pads seemed to spring up from the bottom of the lake as we slipped by; now and then a rock would rise to the very surface directly in our path, but as we passed or went over it it would appear to melt into the ground again, and gradually vanish into the great wall of darkness. Like a shadow we silently stole around a small point; but hush! we heard the familiar pat, pat in the water just ahead, and although we could not see, we knew that the object of our trip was not far away. Moving gently around the point, and keeping the light turned in the direction of the noise, we soon were rewarded by seeing two large balls of fire in the darkness beyond. Gradually we moved in their direction until the outlines of a fine young buck were before us, when, within about 15 feet, I let the flash go and got the picture. I don't suppose there was ever such a surprised deer in the woods of Maine as he was. He was simply paralyzed with fear or wonderment, and for two or more seconds could not move. The flash blinded him. When he did come to, the first jump he made was directly at me; he struck the canoe on the bow, which seemed to restore his lost senses, for he turned and made for cover in an instant, showing his displeasure by stamping and snorting as he followed us in the woods along the shore.

We covered up the light and moved on into the inky darkness, heading for the opposite shore, making in the direction of the inlet. Here we succeeded in frightening other deer nearly out of their wits, and in all got about eight or nine what I think would have made very fine pictures; one in particular—a group of three, an old buck and two does. We were now nearly opposite the inlet. It must have been after midnight, and we expected to get about two more pictures and return to camp. Suddenly a brown looking object appeared in the edge of the darkness directly ahead of us. After looking it over and coming to the conclusion that it was a stone or bent tree trunk, I turned the light toward the near shore. We pushed on quietly, but nothing appeared in the circle of our light, except this queer looking mound, which, as we got nearer, seemed to move. I still couldn't make it out, and was about to call Jim's attention to it, but as I turned to do so there was a splash and a snort, and looking again I saw a great bull moose not over 30 feet away. A larger and uglier looking creature never existed. For a second I was seized with buck fever, but soon came to, and remembering what I was there for, started to get his picture, when Jim, who knew more about the habits of the subject than I did, holowed: "Put out the light; put out the light, quick!" I turned to ask him why, when I was interrupted by another snort that made every hair on my head vibrate. To add to my discomfort, Jim fairly screamed: "For God's sake put out the light," and began to swing the canoe around. I turned to untie the lantern and saw the old moose making for us with all the haste possible, but, as usual, my fingers were all thumbs. Another snort, directly in my ear, made further endeavors impossible. Jim hallowed: "Look out!" I did, and saw Mr. Moose directly over me. He had risen on his hind legs and was just about to strike at the light or me (I don't know which, and I didn't stop to find out), but threw myself backward into the lake. As to what followed, I have but a faint recollection. Thoughts by this time were running through my mind with lightning-like rapidity. How deep was the water? Which way the nearest shore? How would my friends find me? Where was the moose? Where was Jim? and hundreds of others, crowded in upon my brain in the few seconds I was under water. Reaching the surface, I had lost my bearings entirely, and did not know which way to turn for the shore. I knew I couldn't last long dressed as heavily as I was, for the night was cold, unless I reached shore quick or could touch bottom. I was able to do the latter, thanks to kind providence, and never has a foot of soft mud felt so welcome before. By standing on my toes, I could just chin the surface. Just at this moment Jim called. He was headed for the middle of the lake, we afterward found out. Upon receiving my answer, he turned and was soon by my side, and told me not to move or make any more noise. My thoughts then turned toward the moose, who was thrashing around in the water not far away. There we were, at about 1 o'clock in the morning, darker than pitch, up to our necks in cold water, listening and shaking while our unwelcome subject was doing all in his power to find us. He would walk around, stop, snort, and strike the water in a way that started the cold shivers playing tag up and down my back. He finally started for the shore, we thought, judging from his grunts, and we were about to seek better footing, when he stopped and listened. I really think he could hear our teeth chatter. He evidently made up his mind to give it up, for he soon went into the woods. After giving him time enough to get well away, we took as long a breath as possible under the circumstances, and started for the shore. After wading about 20 feet, we ran into the canoe, floating bottom up. Running my hand along the keel, I struck a hole about a foot wide at my end, directly where I had been kneeling. Right there I offered thanks to the guardian angel that was hovering over us that night. We pushed the canoe ashore and started to build a fire. Fortunately, Jim had matches in a water-tight box. We were soon sitting each side of a big blaze, looking at one another. Two more wretched, disheartened and forlorn looking individuals never existed. As the warmth started the blood in our veins again, we began to see the funny side of our situation. Jim even went so far as to try a few bars of "He never cares to wander from his own fireside," but it didn't go for a cent. A more dismal failure never happened.

At last the gray dawn of early day began to make itself manifest over the mountains, and we at once set at work, preparing to return to camp. We found everything well soaked; the canoe was in bad shape, but getting some birch bark and gum we managed to patch it up to answer our purpose.

It would have been impossible to have tried to reach

camp on foot, on account of the thick underbrush and windfalls. We managed to keep the canoe afloat by my continual bailing, and reached camp without further mishap.

We remained a day longer to get ourselves in shape again, and started on our return journey full of valuable experience, but with no picture of a moose. VAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Life's Reminiscence.

BY SALMO FONTINALIS.

I.

My first recollections were associated with a cool, shaded rivulet. It traced a babbling, noisy course through a thousand bends and turns, through wild meadowlands where fragrant grasses cast dancing shadows overhead, frightening our little timid souls with fantastic, spectral motions. Its overhanging banks, protected here and there with great shrubs whose density was brightened by many a colored rose or graceful fern, provided insect food for our greedy mouths when shaken by the wind. Great pines stood like silent sentinels at other points, to furnish soughing music when shaken by the breeze, or tossed and shook with anger when storms passed by, responding to each wind blast with defiant roar, shooting a challenge to all their natural enemies. Sometimes a bolt of lightning struck one down; it staggered, bent, then fell as great trees do, like a giant sinking to his knees in deadly combat. First came the fatal blow, so bright, so loud, the forest shrieks in agony, then staggering shakes, then crashing falls, slowly at first, until in its descent it tears through forest, brake and ferns, a relentless path of mutilation and of death, leaving an open space above its prostrate length for coming winds and storms to view a fallen foe.

We were a swarming multitude of little trouts, our tender bellies of a deep red hue, given by the dark protected pools in which we lived, fought, played and fed. Our crimson sides were so luminous that when jumping through the surface after flies, sparkling drops of water, shaken from our sides, were as dimmed crystals compared to our crimson spots, or when at sundown a hundred of us played in leaping sports, breaking from water into light and air, the surface of the pool appeared flashed across by rays of colored lights.

Our lives were thoughtless, happy, free; we had no fear of man or hooks, false flies or nets. We sported, fed, or when weary found secluded banks or sunken snags or roots for shelter from the sun and light, then rested to grow strong and big. Increasing growth encouraged us to test the rapids which gurgled, hissed and spat their unceasing strength upon a thousand pebbles whose iridescent hues threw back to the sun endless noisy thanks for warmth and light. The cascades next tried our skill. How high they seemed; what fun we had in contests as to which should climb them best. At first we fell back panting, bruised and sore, then rested an instant, to dart up again with all our speed, cutting through the falling spray to land upon some higher ledge until the top was passed.

Skillful at last in all these necessary tests, we drifted down into an endless river with pools at all its numerous bends so large a hundred trout could live in one, each finding for himself a hiding place. Great falls upon the river could be heard for miles, making the forest stillness more acute by noisy contrast. Majestic pines, sweet scented spruces, primeval oaks, beech trees whose heads once reached high above all surrounding woods, were fallen here and there to form new pools, furnishing a shelter for the myriad flies and bugs for which we fought or watched.

In these broad waters we traveled many miles along its numberless curves and bends. It was fed by mountain springs whose crystal coolness tempered to our needs our native stream. It flowed between sandy plains, deep, shaded glens, below great mountains whose western tops shortened the sunsets above our heads, through elder thickets whose bushy tops formed noble arches, giving us shade; through overreaching banks, weighted to almost falling with vegetation rich in sweet smelling shrubs or flowers. It shallowed, deepened, rushed madly on over granite boulders which every one gave musical resistance to the downward tide, making a choir to sing continuous, joyous tunes. Its change from rushing, foaming life to spots so still and placid made them peaceful as tired troutlets after happy play. Its cataracts tore over ragged rocks high in a bluish sky line from which ever fell a million rainbows into boiling basins below. Along its banks the timid doe, accompanied by her fawns, her long ears alert, coming to drink, would cast startled glances toward our play as some great splash was heard, or an antlered stag raising his dripping lips would spring upon the bank to paw the earth while looking defiance at our sport. The jaybird, always alert, dwelt nearby to warn us by his shrill cry of "danger near," while the stately kingfisher was a sentinel who, from his overhanging perch, disclosed to us an unwelcome approach by skimming over our pools in dipping flight without diving for his prey.

Our elders, patriarchs of the tribe, taught all they knew of natural enemies, of men and boys who pursued us for wanton sport with cruel flies or wriggling worms—concealing deadly hooks.

They told us to avoid bright spinning-things, seines, nets and flies, until we found the banks were clear of men with slender rods, or boys with saplings in their hands. How big these elders were, how they rushed more quickly than a flash of light upon the moving food, or under shelter from some unknown foe. Observing, we learned the selfishness of fish, each for himself in play or food, that when some secluded hole was found beneath a fallen log, or protruding bank, where food floats past or insects drop from overhanging boughs, such a place where one could lie near a rushing flow, or foaming fall, with head up stream, there to keep stand by ceaseless movement of fore fins, to fight for it until master of the spot, or, conquered, seek another equally as good. If once master of this place to lie as quiet as the sunken

stones until unconscious bait or fly came floating past, then quick as thought to flout the muscled tail, dart forward like a flash, the victim secured, a victorious swirl to right or left, then back again to wait and watch.

II.

One autumn day toward evening, when the waters were cool, when the maple leaves turned to many brilliant hues, making the hillside look like bits of flame where the sunlight fell, I was watching in a pool shaded by a fallen pine, which lay slantwise above. The day had been hot. The sun's rays casting shadows above our heads reminded us that feeding time approached. Suddenly from above three flies fluttered down, settling as gently near to our lair as withered leaves. The first was black with spots of white, the second scarlet red, the third was of a dun brown hue. Before they touched the water, I darted for the dun brown fly, but in my haste collided with another trout, causing us both to miss the mark. Two trout about my age seized the other flies. They seemed suddenly bereft of sense, darting right, left, up, down, broke the water's surface in exaggerated bounds; they tugged hard on a slender line until, appearing weary of this odd sport, they slowly moved up stream beyond our view. It was not long before other flies fell fluttering upon the pool. I struck this time before the rest, catching the dun brown fly. It pricked my upper lip near the edge, giving a pain which made me swerve to seek quick shelter, but could not, for I was forcefully drawn up the stream, powerless to cast out the treacherous fly. It held me tight, pulling ever toward the low up-stream bank. I could not fight, or run, or move. In desperation, when passing close to a sunken tree, I darted into its sheltering limbs, there to find myself relieved of that overpowering drag. When I would swim away, I found myself held fast to the sunken twigs by a whitish film, not seen before.

I lay there powerless to escape until a man entered the pool, waist deep, holding high above him in one hand a thin rod, to which was attached a slender line, which he kept drawn tight. His other hand controlled a long stripped limb which he poked at both the fly and me, until suddenly the fly broke loose, leaving me free, exhausted, happy, but unfed. My lesson learned, I saw, as seasons passed, less wary fish drawn out by men and boys. I learned to feed with that caution which meant life, to know the mysteries of fishcraft, rivers, lakes, to fear more than their sires' skill the wiles of those boys whose tanned legs and faces made promise of the hardy man, whose keen, bright eyes gave no hope to hiding quarry or to fish, whose dress showed more of the picturesque than care, with breeches suspended from a half-broken brace scarce reaching their shirts, so buttonless they showed no garments underneath. They were not equipped as older fishermen. No creel swung to their backs, but in lieu thereof they bore a forked twig, on which suspended always hung a score or more of good sized trout. No reel, no fancy spoon, no flies they had, but used a rod cut from some birch tree, to which was tied a long, white line, fastened to a large, ringed hook. Yet these boys did more to thin our ranks than the most accomplished anglers with all their arts.

Their luck came from persistence or a skillful sneak upon our pools, where, taken unawares, the trout would strike the hook buried deep in lucious angle worms—baits which never fail to make them feed. If once they struck, no chance to fight was given, for with one awful jerk these boys landed them in the trees above or on the banks behind. Seldom one returned to tell the tale, but if he did, his story was of sudden flight—a shattered jaw or spine, with vows never to feed again.

III.

A fading sunset one day was flooding our choicest pool. The dying rays penetrated their oblique beams to many darkened places, the maple leaves just overhead vied with our spots in crimson tints or with the yellow sunset bathing all nature in a haze so soft the plants, the birds, all living things, were hushed in silent worship.

We lay there at peace with nature and ourselves. Suddenly a crimson light flashed through the pool, cutting the slanting sunbeams as with a ray of fire. It was a trout so beautiful all turned to gaze on her. Her belly was so brilliant red it gave color to the sands and stones beneath, her spots so numerous, edging into the crimson eyes; to see them one blinked as at the noonday sun. Her lines so graceful, she moved as though no effort guided her. Reaching the center of the pool, she paused, lying silent, observant of all things around, then slowly turned to swim about to see what manner of company she was in. At once a score of males shot forth to show their gallant spots, their deep red hues, their nimbleness, tendering her those courtesies each hoped would gain him the preference. Until this time I had neither wooed nor wed, but when she lay there so beautiful, I knew that I must win this mate or die. I was the most brilliant of all my tribe, was of great length, noted for strength and feared no rival when it came to all the tests of leadership. She did not see me until, leisurely drifting from my hiding place to cross the pool, I brushed aside without apparent thought those suitors who obstructed my course. Choosing one great trout whose arrogance placed him above the rest, with open mouth I rushed him like a streak; he stood to me a moment, then turned to flee so rapidly I let him go in his most shameful flight. Just then a great moth miller came flying past high in the air. A lightning poise, a rush, a spring, the moth miller caught. I curved in mid air to cut the water on return, leaving scarce a ripple where I came in. Then darting to my would-be mate, I tendered her this choice bit of food, telling her that I would make her my bride, find food for her, protect her in life, always be her humble, dutious lord. She took from me the token of our troth, then moving to my side we left the pool together to seek the choicest lair in the stream below. Such was my wooing.

I taught her all I knew, where the coolest brooklets emptied into the stream, where food came down, the dangers from hooks, men, boys, minks or nets; where the plumpest worms, gnats and flies were caught. Each year we climbed the falls until some quiet armlet of the stream was found wherein to leave our spawn, then spent the year in all those famous spots we loved so well. Many of our kind were destroyed or caught with passing seasons, but we escaped, owing to our cautiousness, until at last we became the giants of our stream, whom no trout dared oppose in hunting food, or play, or hiding place.

One day in the cooling water time, as we lay sleeping under a half-sunken log, a crippled miller floated gently down near my mate's head. Before I could caution her she rushed to seize it like a flash. I darted after, hoping to throw her off the bait, but came too late, for she was caught upon the hook. I tried to lead her toward the logs and roots, but the cruel line prevented with its tightening at each move. I guided where the pool was deepest, then on the bottom had her drag to free the hook. How long we lay thus I could not tell; I was all fear, my stout heart grew sick. I dared not let her know the peril, but made light of it to give her heart. Soon the line reeled in so that against her will she was drawn toward the bank, where stood a little Scot, of unexcited mien, handling rod and reel with the calmness of a certainty. I urged her then to spare no ounce of strength, to dart, to swerve, to pull, to jump, to break the surface waters, to shake her head, for this was the final struggle to decide her life or death. At last her rushes grew less strong, she tired, gasped, then feebly floundering turned upon her side, then slowly floated to the surface with gently moving gills. The man made ready then a long landing net. She saw it, revived her failing strength to dart off once more, to join me below with eyes so sad, so hopeless, that their look haunted me to death, yet I was helpless; could only touch against her sides to let her know my love, my grief, my powerlessness.

She must have then given up, for after one faint run she turned upon her side again, was drawn toward the shore until the deftly wielded net had encircled her. The little Scot shouted in triumphant tones to men up stream, "I've got grandma—five pounds and one-eighth." Others approached. They handled her so gently, so lovingly, with so much care, gazing in wonder at her blood red sides, her pink dyed spots, I marveled at their cruelty in following her to death.

My heart being sad to breaking, I then forever left that pool, so full of those shadows which shut out the sunshine of life. Time gave me no companion, no further happiness, yet I lived on a dormant, tedious life.

IV.

The river had been again hidden from the sky by its coat of ice, the freshets come and gone, the younger trout sported in play about my stand, yet nothing gave me joy.

One day as I was lying underneath an overhanging bank, listless, perhaps half asleep, two men made a most stealthy approach. Having spied the water's lay, they cautiously retired. Both were men of middle life and strongly built. One was dark, his hair somewhat long and streaked with gray. Upon his face a long, dark mustache failed to conceal his mouth. He was broad of beam, his massive legs and hips showing more of strength than ideal form. His companion was like him in girth, but of better form. His gray hair was short, his face was smooth. They were well equipped to deceive trouts, for soon I saw them first select with care, then attach, their varied flies before they cast. Standing well back up stream, almost concealed from sight, they raised their rods above their heads in long and swinging semi-curves. Their lines at each cast would longer grow in endless flights before they fell above our heads in graceful curves, dropping the long leaders with their flies gently as falling leaves upon the pool to flutter like the helpless insects they appeared. The foolish trout then rushed to strike until full ten had found their creels. The others, learning of the snare, refused to strike, although they cast a hundred times. When no more struck, these men came boldly forth to where an ice-cold spring came in. It was near my lair. I could hear and see them well. The darker man said, "Let's light up and take a drink," producing therewith a wondrous flask. Both sat themselves upon the bank, when each in turn took a long and loving drink, then lying flat, buried nose and lips deep in the cool spring. Rising, they wiped their moist faces with hands or sleeves, then drew out their pipes to taint the air with fragrant smoke.

Contented they sat, talked a while of luck, disputed as to the merits of their flies—the grizzly-king, professor, ibis, brown-hackle, Parinachee-belle—which made the longest cast, expressed regret neither could catch me with all his skill, said luck was hard that Scottish Will could beat them at this game, that he it was who caught my mate. Again dipping their faces deep in the stream they left for waters down below, teasing each other with good natured chaff. Aware I was the trout now hunted by all men and boys alike, I grew more cautious still, fed only by night that in the day I might lay hidden in the darkest holes. Daily these two, Scottish Will, with many other men, whipped our stream, the one more anxious than the rest to make me his prize.

I still lived on to see scores of my kind drawn to shore, struggling in vain to free themselves, while churning the pools into a white foam in mad breaks from death. One night I failed to feed. When day broke I swam into an open, deep, broad pool, whence one might see above, below, around, thinking perhaps a floating worm, or fly, might safely come my way. I lay upon the watch beneath a half-buried root, motionless, except my slowly moving fins and gills. The sun's rays had just broken through the leafy banks, latticing the water's surface with a thousand bars; the crisp forest air was filled with songs of many birds, giving the token that danger was not near. At length a great moth miller darted from the bushy bank to cross the stream, but midway lost its head. Struggling to regain its flight, it fell helpless on the pool. I darted forth to seize the prize, but somehow it gathered strength to fly away, raising itself into the air almost my length. In my pursuit, cutting the water after it, I seized the miller in midair, then curved myself for the return. Striking the water I was jerked upon my side, a sharp barbed hook being driven deep into the lower mouth with a torturing pain.

More angry at my carelessness than at being caught, I set myself to test the angler's skill against my royal strength. At first I ran to shelter in the deepest place, trying to free the hook by rubbing on the sand, shaking my head, dragging on the line. These tactics were futile, for the barb was driven home too deep. When tension came pulling toward the shore, I made a vicious run clear across the pool, making his reel sing so loudly it could be distinctly heard. This rush forced the angler from his hiding place to the open bank the better to give me fight. He was an oldish man of somewhat slender form, with skin burned almost black with wind and sun, his hair matched with a black beard cut medium close, in which but few

white hairs were seen; an old felt hat a tramp might shun shaded his piercing eyes. Beside him stood a guide prepared to give him aid. As I rushed out he gave me line, but without slack. His eyes were ablaze with the fire of strife, his scalp a-tingling, his form alert to move to meet my every play. He quickly stopped my race toward a snag filled hole, forcing my head about, although he bent his slender rod until its quivering tip was driven to touch his hand. He then tried to force me up stream to unencumbered water. Seeing this I rushed toward him to gain slack line, which done, I started on an upward curve which carried me into the air my full length, where, shaking defiance at my enemy, I ran toward a distant sunken log, reached it in a flash, slid half-way beneath its shelter, when again that ever active, iron wrist regained control upon the line to hold me fast, leaving me to lay awhile and sulk. Soon both tired of this quiet play, when he tried to drag me by a gentle, steady pull toward his stand. My weight was, however, too great for such a strain upon his slender rod. Again we both rested. I being first to move, made for him with a speed never reached by living trout; his line doubled half back to his feet before I broke the waters to let him see my strength was yet intact. Time and again I dragged his subtle rod to right or left in rapid swerves, testing its tenacious strength to the last point, until he in fear for it was forced to seek a better vantage ground from which to carry on the fight, and where his keen eyes could follow each move of mine sharply as the kingfisher when diving for his prey. How long we contested for the mastery I could not tell. I know my struggle covered the entire pool, until it was white with foam, and perspiration rolled from his dark face in mighty drops. When my great strength was somewhat gone, he drew me in with a care which gave no slack of line, toward his stand where he was now in the stream knee deep. Although exhausted, weary, yet I was determined to escape. When he drew me in close enough for his guide to rush out waist deep to net me up, using all my remaining strength, I wriggled hard, then shot away against a killing pull of the line, until I collapsed from sheer loss of power, became helpless as a floating twig, turned on my back, again to be reeled in until the guide reached out to dip me up. As he approached I spent my last ounce of strength in feeble dying spurts, then giving up resignedly, I saw the fatal net dip quick beneath my panting sides, a sudden lift, the cool air touched my flesh, cutting the dripping globes of water from my form to sink deep in the sands.

Just then the sun broke past a floating cloud, accentuating my brilliant hues and spots a thousandfold. My victor, with a firm, yet gentle, hand removed me from the net, then disengaged the fly so tenderly one would have thought he wished to spare me pain. Deftly he slipped a pocket scales below my gills before he held me up with triumphant sparkling eyes. He spoke in tones of pride, "Well, Billy, we've caught the big one now. See! Full five and a half."

My senses failed, but as they passed away I seemed to float into a stream full of eternal sunshine, beauty, peace and rest.

There was my loving mate, more beautiful than when she first came to me. She lay in peaceful shade until she saw my coming, when, drifting without apparent motion to my side, she welcomed me to an endless love, an eternal peace, into a pool wherein may live only those trouts whose lives have been beyond reproach.

Fishing with the Doctor.

Just about a mile below where the river leaves the long, still pools that curve around the shores of Station Island, and quite in the midst of the broken rapids, is the peaceful little village of Waterville. It nestles comfortably in a corner of the long valley that reaches down beside the Miami of Lake Erie, till it finally ends in the lake itself. All the country round is full of traditions and historical associations, and Waterville is evidently so well satisfied with its past record that it never cares to do anything further in the way of making itself famous. It was a part of the pioneer life of the State, and as a fragment of the "first society," it is placidly indifferent to the worry and scramble of the newer and nervously ambitious communities which have sprung up lower down the river, and which, in the vicissitudes of business, have swept ruthlessly by it in the mad rush for precedence, leaving it idly dreaming on the banks.

Watertown and its surrounding territory made one of the halting places of the pioneers of the valley, in their lingering march to the hereafter, and perhaps for this reason it is so loath to mingle in the latter day rush of men and things. Those earlier pioneers—the deer and the wild turkey and the black bass—were once familiar forms in its borders, but two of them have long since disappeared, and the third is gradually growing more and more rare as the years pass.

It is at Waterville that the Doctor lives, himself a descendant of pioneer stock and fully versed in their history and traditions. For more than fifty years he has dwelt in the valley, and has come to know all its secrets. The ways of the wild creatures of the wood and the water are a part of these secrets, and with these no man is more conversant than he. Even the fish in the river—oh, yes, the fish in the river have had abundant cause to realize the extent of his knowledge, and many a wary bass, if he were still alive to tell it, could narrate a moving story of the Doctor's wiles. For he knows all the pools and sunken ledges, and reads the signs of the water as one reads the pages of the printed book. So, when the Doctor goes fishing it is with none of those alluring but numerous uncertainties which, for the ordinary fisherman, turn all the blossoms of hope into the blighted fruit of failure. With the Doctor, to go fishing and to bring back fish are as directly and inevitably related as cause and effect. It runs without saying, therefore, that under such circumstances the Doctor's rod waves frequent invitations to his finny friends, and that he often drops a seductive fly, or a still more enticing spinner, under their very noses. For the Doctor is a firm believer in the efficacy of these lures, and while he takes kindly to the minnow in its season, he does not, like so many of his less worthy and more inconsistent confreres, preach one thing and practice something entirely different.

But there is something that the Doctor enjoys far more than fishing, and that is to see some other man engaged in the art piscatorial on his favorite water. The Doctor's

house is situated upon the river bank, and so it fares that every man who comes to cast a line in the stream must needs encounter it on his way thither. Pass it he does not, for the Doctor is fain to reach out a welcoming hand, and to bring forth for the edification of his visitor one of his rare old tales of the early days when the river teemed with fish, and the electric road and the bicycle had not yet begun to work its devastation.

Did you ever go fishing with the Doctor? If not, then you have never realized all the possibilities which a day upon the river has in store for you. To catch fish vicariously is the Doctor's highest pleasure, and the success which attends his own efforts never fails to wait upon his guests. No matter how skillful or how inexperienced the fisherman may chance to be, the Doctor's eyes and fingers, his treasures of fishing lore, are completely at the disposal of his guest, and many a man has left the river after such a day, fairly drunken with delusions of his own skill, so adroitly does the Doctor exploit for the benefit of the tyro all the wondrous acquirement that has come to be a part of himself. More than that, many a man has carried his catch into the neighboring city and boastfully and mendaciously lauded his own prowess to his envious friends, forgetting completely by the time he reached home the true occasion of his well filled creel. Perhaps the Doctor does not know this, but if he does, it makes no difference in his reception of the next man who presents a draft on his unfailing hospitality. For whether friend or stranger, the result will be the same when the next call is made upon him, and all his favorite pools, all the unsuspected hiding places of the lurking bass are freely submitted for the visitor's pleasure.

Ah, if the Doctor would only talk, what vivid romances woven by some leading attorney, a railway superintendent or a "Gunckel"* would pale their ineffectual fires and stand gray and haggard and undone before the keen light of the Doctor's testimony! Luckily for these, he is as discreet as a maiden of twenty-seven, and every man who carries away from the Doctor's preserves a string of bass and an entrancing story of how he caught them, is morally certain that there will be no after explanations by his host to bring him into confusion.

Fifty years is a long time to keep your illusions and your enthusiasm. The Doctor has kept his, in spite of the gathering cares of life and the vexations incident to an extensive country practice. In the half-century that he has dwelt beside the Miami of Lake Erie, he has gathered a wealth of experience and adventure compared with which the ordinary fortune in stocks and merchandise seems very commonplace. Season after season he has pursued his favorite pastime, and with each recurring year the dormant zest flames anew in his awakened veins. There be days when of necessity he fishes alone, since no man comes, and the fish are eager to be caught. But the edge of his enjoyment is not a whit blunted by the fact that his experiences are only a repetition, a score of times multiplied, of those of last year and the year before. Long may he flourish, mellowed and rejuvenated by the water and the sunshine, to keep alive the traditions of the angle, and to dispense, with unstinted generosity, the hospitality of a true fisherman!

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June 8.

*This is a generic term, and signifies (in Toledo and vicinity) one who fishes principally in his imagination. Hence "Gunckelism," a statement or story which is not hampered too closely by the dull restraint of fact.

ANGLING NOTES.

A. Commonplace Pond.

MR. D. R. MARSHALL, of New York city, sends me this letter: "Would not an answer to the following interest many readers of FOREST AND STREAM? What, if anything, can be done for a pond of 1,000 acres, containing pickerel, perch and bass, mostly small and apparently underfed? It is among the New England hills, 600 feet above tide water. Its greatest depth is about 50 feet, average 20 to 25. Bottom, mud, gravel, rocks and sand, largely mud, but 100 acres or more of hard sand, with shallow water. There is considerable pickerel grass, so called, and not much else in the way of weeds. Like hundreds of similar ponds, it seems to have escaped the notice of Fish Commissioners, who no doubt have all they can do looking after more important sheets of water; yet the many get their fun at such commonplace ponds, while the few can go to the wilds of Canada, and the many flock to the little country towns in increasing thousands every year."

The history of this New England pond is probably but the history of hundreds of other similar ponds in New England and the Middle States. It is quite likely that it furnished a fair amount of fishing for perch, pickerel and bullheads, and the fish furnished food for those who sought them. Then the black bass craze invaded New England, when the first black bass were taken from New York and planted in a pond at East Wareham, Mass., and the fish became so popular as a game fish that every one wished the waters they fished stocked with them. Unfortunately, as it has proven, the black bass is a hardy fish, and bears transportation well, and a very few serve to stock a considerable area of water, and they spread from one pond or lake to another, and everything went well for a time, and the black bass was hailed as the game fish of the people—a game fish that could be propagated at one's very door, in pickerel ponds, in rivers where trout would not survive because of the high temperature of the water, and in Canada even. Gradually the pickerel disappeared from the pickerel ponds, and the black bass flourished for a time; then a change came. The native fishes that the farmers and their sons had been content to catch on holidays and evenings decreased rapidly, and the game black bass did not replace them. A few big bass were taken occasionally, but the most of the black bass were small—too small to comply with the legal requirements of the fish laws—and the fishing was of the most uncertain kind. It was discovered, as later it was also discovered concerning the introduction of the German carp, that the fish had been introduced into unsuitable waters, and that they were there to stay, for they could not be taken out.

Where the bass have been planted and have eaten all the available food, more food must be furnished, and the

best food to plant is the crawfish, for it is a form of food that will increase in spite of the voracious appetites of the bass. The bass soon learn to nose the crawfish out from under the rocks, but they cannot destroy the supply, as they often do in the case of minnows planted for their food. Crawfish breed rapidly, and will soon be found throughout a pond where they have been planted if there is gravel for them or small stones under which they can burrow. Minnows should also be introduced for the pickerel that remain; but the crawfish will prove to be more permanent as fish food. As there is pickerel grass in the pond, it may not be necessary to introduce other water plants as refuge and breeding places for insect food, of which every pond contains a quantity more or less; but the planting of the yellow water lily will help to purify the water for the fish, as it gives oxygen as freely as any water plant, and is easily established, and grows more rapidly than the white pond lily, and serves as a harbor or lurking place for fish both young and adult.

Insect food is most desirable for fish in every water, in larval and winged stages, but this form of food is not so essential for fishes that do not rise to the fly, as fish that always look down for their food do not look up for the artificial fly when cast on the surface by the angler. The smaller forms of crustacean food can also be introduced into waters with profit, as food for young fish, and if one cares to take the trouble to provide food in a pond such as is described in the letter I have quoted it may be made to yield good results to the fisherman.

Reel Seats.

There is one trust in these days of trusts that I would welcome—and I believe many others would welcome—and that is a reel seat trust, not for the purpose of putting up the price of reel seats, but that all rod makers and reel makers would conform to a common standard for reel seats or else devise a reel seat that any reel for a given kind of fishing would fit. This matter was agitated some years ago, but nothing permanent came of it. It is trying to buy a new rod and find that no reel in the purchaser's possession will fit it. I have an English trout rod that any trout reel will fit, and it is simplicity in itself, and I have a Scotch salmon rod that no reel on earth will fit except the reel made for it. However, it is not foreign rods and reels that I refer to when I suggest once again that there should be some standard of uniformity in the size of the reel plate and reel seat.

This spring I ordered a new salmon rod, and when it was finished the maker had two so nearly alike that it was difficult to choose between them for action, though one was 14½ feet and the other 15 feet in length. As I had both I sent one to a friend, thinking he might like to buy it, and he wrote me that he was so pleased with its workmanship and its action he would take it, though he had five or six salmon rods. In the next mail I received another letter, saying he would not take the rod, as when he came to try his reels not one of five or six would fit it, though all were interchangeable with his own rods. This caused me to try my own rod that I had accepted, though I had had no opportunity to try it with reel and line, and I found I had no reel to fit it, and so bought a new reel. Later, a friend gave me a salmon rod, and again I had no reel to fit it, and if I had the reel plate of a reel changed to fit the rod the reel would not then fit any other rod that I owned.

With metal reel seats a reel plate must fit exactly or it does not fit at all, and if there was a standard of size it would save much annoyance and harsh language. I never shall forget going on a fishing trip with a new rod, and only one, and finding on arrival that neither of two reels that I took with me would fit the rod, and I was obliged to tie one of the reels on to the rod. I once fished for salmon with a reel lashed on to the rod with cords, but I never will do so again. If one always bought rods and reels of the same maker I presume this difficulty of misfit in reel seats would be obviated. I say I presume so, though I do not know positively that it would be so.

The English rod I refer to with reel seat to take any reel plate has a cork grip or handle, and the fixed slot at upper end of the grasp is tapered so that it will receive a wide or narrow plate, and the sliding ring is tapered in a similar manner, and once any reel plate is placed on this rod and the ring is pushed home the reel is firmly fixed. The maker of the rod had an idea apparently that the purchaser of the rod might have a reel on hand that he could use without having to buy a new one simply because he had invested in a new rod.

San Francisco Fly-Casting.

Some weeks ago I quoted from a letter of Mr. Marston's, in which he desired to know more of the details of the marvelous casting records made by Mr. Mansfield in San Francisco. When Mr. Mansfield saw the note in this paper, he wrote me, but for weeks I have been almost constantly from home, and unable to write. "Angling Notes," or even go a-angling, and not until this evening, during a hurried visit to my home, have I been able to resume the notes.

Mr. Mansfield writes: "In response to your request for information as to the weight and length of rods used in the contests and tournaments of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, I take pleasure in forwarding you herewith copies of the rules governing said contests in 1896, and which, with a few slight changes as to the method of judging delicacy, are practically the same as the rules now in force, and in so far as they regulate the distance event, are identical with the rules of the fly-casting clubs of the Middle East and of the East.

"You will observe that the length of rods is limited to 11 feet, and while the rules do not limit the weight in the distance event, the rods used in said event range from 9½ to 10½ ounces in weight, according to the fancy of the caster; my rods for this event run from 9¾ to 10¼ ounces; the 133-foot record was made with a 10-ounce rod. In the delicacy event the rod is limited to 5½ ounces, and in the accuracy event to 8½ ounces. The rods are single-handed and all casting is done single-handed only.

"You might forward one of the copies of our rules inclosed to your friend, Mr. Marston, with the suggestion that the formation of a club in London upon the same

plan and with the same rules as those in force with us would stimulate the sport both on the other side and here."

It is gratifying to print Mr. Mansfield's own statement as to the weight and length of rods he uses in making the casts which have placed him at the head of all distance fly-casters in the world. I shall send the rules on to Mr. Marston with Mr. Mansfield's letter, as it is the first authoritative statement that I have seen in regard to Mr. Mansfield's rods, never before having seen the rules governing the contests. When one realizes that Mr. Hawes' record cast with a two-handed salmon rod was 138 feet, it will be seen that I have used the proper term when I say that Mr. Mansfield's record cast of 133 feet is marvelous.

Mr. Mansfield adds: "An interchange of scores and records thus made under a uniform system would certainly be interesting, and would have a fixed comparative value." I have no doubt that Mr. Marston will recognize the force of this argument, and we may yet have an international fly-casting tournament that will really be international in character, for friend Marston accomplishes much when he puts his shoulder to the wheel or his hand to the rod.

I find that the rules provide that the platform on which the caster stands must not be more than 18 inches above the surface of the water on which the casts are made. Leaders must not be less than 6 nor more than 9 feet in length. The fly shall not be larger than No. 5, and if lost must be replaced. "No other than fair overhead casting will be permitted. * * * No cast shall count when the fly is missing." The cases are measured from the edge of the caster's platform to the spot reached by the fly. Each contestant is allowed five minutes in which to cast for distance. "Competitors may consult their own inclination in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted or weighted." These conditions are practically those in force at the time the National Rod and Reel Association tournaments were held in Central Park, New York.

Salmon Fishing.

As Josh Billings would have said in his Almanac, had he been a salmon fisherman, "About these days it is a good time to go salmon fishing if you have salmon fishing to go to, or a friend to invite you to his salmon waters." I began last winter to say at the family dinner table that I was going fishing in June for salmon, and June is here, and why I am not on a salmon river is best explained by the following exhibits: First, a letter from my friend, Mr. Mitchell, dated May 28:

"Up to Saturday night I expected to leave for Canada to-day, but received a telegram from Gillis Sunday as follows: 'Water very high and still rising. Will wire you when to come.' Another came from Mowat this forenoon, which reads: 'Immense freshets; no fishing for ten days.' This, of course, induced me to decide to remain at home for perhaps a week, and I do not think I will make a start now before June 4, but this will depend upon what I hear later. I am willing to be two or three days ahead of the fishing, but a week or ten days is too much if it can be avoided. I should think from present indications that from June 5 to 7 would be early enough for you to leave home. If you will leave the matter to me I will wire you from Metapedia stating when I think you ought to come. It looks now as though we were going to have plenty of water through June, and if the fish are numerous we ought to have good fishing. I inclose letter from Alex. Mowat, which will tell its own story."

Exhibit No. 2 is Mr. Mowat's letter, dated Campbellton, May 22: "There have been a few salmon taken in the vicinity of Dalhousie, but very few. You will be in ample time if you get here on May 30. The season is the latest in twenty years. The river (Ristigouche) is in flood, and all low lands covered, and, fancy, 3 feet of snow yet in the woods. This will make high water all through June, and cold, so I will be disappointed if this season is not almost as good as 1896. I have no doubt that the main body of fish will be early and large. The Riparian Committee and Provincial Government have lifted nine more stations of nets in the estuary this season; the result of this upon the rivers in a few years will be wonderful. I consider that the best fishing will be between June 15 and 20.

"I look for good fishing in the Metapedia this season, and I hope you and Mr. Cheney will be able to try my fishing there, and also at Deeside, if it is not let, and I will try and find time to go with you."

Exhibit No. 3 is a letter from Mr. Mitchell, dated May 31, from his home in Norwich, Conn.: "I intend to leave Boston for St. John Friday night, arriving Saturday noon. I have just received the following from Alexander Mowat: 'River rose last night from snow. No fishing before middle of next week.' I am expecting a good season, as well as yourself, and hope we will not be disappointed. My next communication to you, if all goes well, will be a telegram from Runnymede, P. Q., and hope to meet you on the Ristigouche soon."

I have given the probable prospects as well as they can be predicted, and the present conditions, and later I hope to give the results. Friday, June 1, I met Mr. Wm. Sage in Albany, and he and his brother, Dean Sage, will start for Camp Harmony with their party on the 9th, and I hope to be on the river by that time myself, if, as Mr. Mitchell says, all goes well. There is much to be gained from anticipating what one hopes to do on a trip for salmon, even if the fishing is below what is anticipated, and I have learned not to anticipate too much, so that I am now enjoying all the pleasure that anticipation brings, and at the same time I am prepared for a blank instead of the grand prize. Last night I had a most curious experience. I was trying to put a big stock-fly-book into my fob pocket to keep it from getting wet, as I had forgotten my rain coat. I was in a canoe all right enough on a river, and I had a salmon rod in my hand, but the rest of the situation is quite foggy, and I cannot explain it at all; for I have no dream book at hand to consult. It may mean a big salmon, too big for the gaffer to bring into the canoe, and it may mean something else, for I am not up on dreams, but I do know that when a man dreams of trying to put a 5 by 9 fly-book into a 2 by 3 pocket he should take something for it, and the best thing that I can think of is a fishing trip.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Maine Waters.

Boston, June 9.—For almost a couple of weeks the weather has been superb, while it has scarcely been warm enough yet to set loose the black fly and mosquito pests. Still the last reports from the Maine and Nova Scotia fishing resorts mention that the black flies are beginning, and a few blotched foreheads and pitted hands and wrists are to be seen among business men who have just returned. Messrs. George H. Brown, W. H. Allen and George P. Bullard have returned from Grand Lake Stream. Their trip was a most delightful one, with a fair showing of fish. Mr. Bullard, to whom that sort of sport is new, is pleased with his success. He took thirty-three fish in all of good size. In the number were seven salmon with five or six brook trout, and a good many togue. They not only fished Grand Lake Stream, but also spent some time on Junior Lake and Duck Lake toward the close of their stay. Messrs. George W. Brown, W. J. Leckie, J. E. Toulmin, W. J. Follett, J. L. Richards and Wm. Flanders have returned from their trip to waters behind old Katahdin. They went to Norcross by rail, and thence by teams and eighteen miles by canoes, to upper Penobscot waters. They fished a number of ponds a short distance from their main camp, and found good fly-fishing in the most of them. Daisy Pond they were particularly pleased with. Mr. Brown and Mr. Follett fished this pond one day with a result of over sixty trout—all on the fly. They saved nothing less than half a pound, and of that size many were returned to the water, especially if uninjured. But they were the most delighted with the sight of two cow moose, both of which were in reasonable camera range, and Mr. Follett made snap shots on them. The results are not yet developed, but he has strong hopes of good negatives. One day two others of the party fished Kidney Pond with good results. They also saw a bull moose eating water grass or roots. When his head was down the guide would move the canoe a little nearer till they were pretty near to his lordship. Alas! the camera was not with that part of the party. The guide made a "Whouff!" and the boys had a chance to see a moose in action. Steep banks and windfalls were nothing, while he did not turn out for big boulders. Old Joe Francis, the Indian, was one of their guides, and a most careful and expert canoe men they found him. His idea is that wolves are rapidly increasing in that part of Maine, and that the deer will soon be killed off. He also believes that the young deer suffered badly last winter for food, when the snows were so very deep. The larger and stronger deer bite off all the browse in reach, while the smaller and weaker can reach nothing, and must starve, if the snow continues deep long enough. Mr. Follett has in view another fishing trip to the same region in August or early September, accompanied by his wife and two sons.

Mr. S. H. Emery, not fully satisfied with his early trip to the Upper Dam, with the Brackett and Clark party, or rather desiring to see what that region is when the skies are bright and warm, has gone back with a friend for a couple of weeks of fly-fishing. A number of fishermen still linger at that point, including the veteran fly-fisherman, T. B. Stewart, who is spending his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth summer there. The Camp Stewart party had the best of weather and good fishing, the total score of the party in six days' fishing being 109 trout and three salmon, none under ½ pound, and the largest 5½ pounds. To Mr. Horace Day belongs the title of high line, though Dr. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, followed him very closely. Camp Stewart is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hildreth, of Auburn, Me.; Dr. and Mrs. Hildreth, of Newton, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, of Auburn. The Allerton Lodge party—their names were published last week—had remarkably good fishing. They took more salmon than trout, and got some very large ones. Though they were early, they took good trout and salmon on the fly. Reports from Moosehead mention the fly-fishing as good, with some catches for Boston and New York fishermen. Lake Auburn has lately yielded some days of good fishing, including salmon up to 7 and 9 pounds, with a good many trout, all to local fishermen.

Boston, June 11.—Mr. A. D. Wheeler, of Boston, is just out of the woods from a most enjoyable fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake. He was there only seven days, but landed over 200 trout, the most of which were returned to the water, uninjured. He brought about two dozen home, and showed them to his friends in his office—John Hancock Building—Saturday. They ran from ½ to 2 pounds, and were fine specimens all of them. Mr. Wheeler expresses himself as much delighted with Round Mountain Lake and all its surroundings. He fished only with a fly, and feels sure that the trout will rise to the artificial lure every month of the open season. This is true of a few of the ponds in higher altitudes in Maine. His trip to Blanchard Pond, two or three miles through the woods, was particularly delightful. He slept in a lean-to over night, expecting great fly-fishing just at night-fall, but singularly enough the fishing, which had been excellent the most of the afternoon, stopped short off at about 5 o'clock—almost the exact time when the best fishing usually begins on Round Mountain Lake below. Blanchard Pond is full of minnows, and hence the trout are particularly well fed, and it has been considered hard to get them, except with bait or minnows, but Mr. Wheeler found them ready to rise to the fly very handsomely. Gentlemen Smith and Bly are doing all they can to sustain Round Mountain Lake and adjacent ponds and streams as the best fishing resorts. They do not encourage "plug fishing," and have only one or two guests who desire to do such fishing. In the morning sportsmen ask the cook how many trout are wanted for the table, and only that number—seldom more than a dozen—are saved.

Mr. Harry Doten is back to Boston from the Grand Lake Stream region. He had excellent fishing, taking about twenty salmon in all, many of them on the fly. Dr. and Mrs. Mixer and two sons, of Boston, took sixteen salmon in one day at Grand Lake last week—all on the fly. T. F. Baxter, of Boston, has gone to Cathance Lake for his annual fishing trip. Mr. Adelbert Thayer and wife, of Franklin, Mass., went to Katahdin Iron Works last week, on a fishing trip to Long, West and Chairback ponds, and around to Moosehead. On their way they stopped at Bangor, and fished the salmon pool. Mr. Thayer took a 10-pound fish. The White Mountain streams are beginning to be fished for brook trout by the

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

summer guests, and this sport will be kept up all summer, with fifties and hundreds of fingerlings brought into the hotels, to be bragged about. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tucker, of Boston, took 53 pounds of trout and salmon from Winnepesaukee last week. At that lake and Winnesquam the trolling season is nearing its end. The Thomas party, of Boston, is off for Moosehead. At the head is Commodore F. M. Thomas, the other members being T. J. Davis, C. W. Deering, J. Bunting, C. W. Hinman, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hutchinson, Lexington; E. C. Leonard, New Britain, Conn.; Henry S. Leach, Taunton; A. B. Slater, Providence. Judge Charles Allen, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen and Miss Allen, of Greenfield, Mass., are fly-fishing at Moosehead.

At the Rangeley fishing resorts the guests are many, and the fishing fairly good, with no remarkable catches reported for the week. C. P. Baker and R. W. Baker, of Boston, and J. C. Vandewater, of New York, took twenty-five trout from Quinby Pond one day last week with fly and bait. The David Ehrlich party, of Boston, has gone to Kennebago. The party include J. C. Morse, J. R. Morse, A. S. Ehrlich, D. P. Ehrlich, S. E. Hecht, Dr. Henry Ehrlich and David P. Ehrlich. Mr. A. H. Proctor, of Salem, with a party of friends, is registered at the Rangeley Lake House. Tuesday the party was made happy by the landing of a salmon of 8½ pounds by Mr. E. H. Northey, one of their number. Mr. Proctor, who has fished the Rangeleys for several years, says that he was more pleased to have Mr. Northey take that fish than he should have been to have landed a 15-pounder himself. The party has taken a number of other trout and salmon of fair size. Nathaniel Heath, of Boston, has taken a salmon of 6¼ pounds; Clarence H. Hayes, of Boston, a salmon of 4½ pounds; E. F. Hayden, of Boston, salmon of 4¾ pounds. Mr. Henry W. Clark, of Boston, is putting in his twenty-sixth season at Mountain View. There are few anglers like him, both for love of the sport and the true love of nature. He is seventy-eight years old, and has been an angler for sixty-eight years, having caught his first trout when a boy of ten from a brook in Princeton, Mass. T. B. Stewart, of New York, has taken a salmon of 5 pounds at Upper Dam. The last boom of logs for the season has gone through and the usual fly-fishing in the pool is expected to begin.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Muscullunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 9.—The stories which come down from the Wisconsin muscullunge country are somewhat varying in their nature. Some say that the fun has not yet commenced for the muscullunge fishers, and others state that one has as good chances now as he will any time before fall. It seems to be without doubt, too, that over most of the Wisconsin lake country there has come a spell of rather warm weather, which has in all probability set the fish down. This is true in regard to the bass as well as the muscullunge. This warm wave came about the middle of last week. It seems to have spoiled the fishing in most of the Fox Lake chain, and I would not be surprised if it slackened up the muscullunge fishing for some time to come.

Thus far the best catch of which I get word this spring is that reported last week by the Von Lengerke-Lester party. Their catch of a 38-pounder is one rarely equaled in these days. Since that time a very large number of parties have gone north after muscullunge, a great many going up to Minocqua, Fifield, Woodruff, State Line and Hayward.

Mr. A. S. Trude, of this city, who has had an extended experience in muscullunge fishing in Wisconsin, has been out for quite a time in the Tomahawk country, working chiefly on Big Lake and Clear Lake. At last accounts he had not met any very great success, though he had taken a number of small 'lunge and a great many bass.

Mr. R. W. Caldwell, of this city, has just returned from Tomahawk Lake, Wis., and for a wonder he did not bring back very many muscullunge with him, reporting, upon the contrary, rather poor success, with no good size 'lunge to his credit. His party took all the bass and pike they cared for. Mr. Caldwell says that not even the bass fishing has yet begun in that region, for the bass have not yet come out on the spawning beds. In that country the bass do not go on the beds until about July 1. Even the Fish Commissioner of the State admits that the Wisconsin fish law is not really much of a protection to the fish in the upper part of the State. The pike and muscullunge spawn in March and April, before any hook and line fishing is done. The bass fishing is legal after May 25, or begins to be legal at just about the time the bass might be expected to begin their spawning run.

One peculiarity of the Tomahawk chain this spring is that the water is exceptionally clear, so that one can see 15 feet deep in some of the lakes. The fish are lying very quiet, for some reason or other, and apparently not on the feed. Mr. Caldwell tells me that he took a heavy weight and was sounding to find a bass hole in the lake, when in working along over the bottom he looked down and saw two big muscullunge. He dropped the heavy weight on the back of one of them, but it hardly moved away more than 8 or 10 feet. He dangled a spoon and a big chub in front of the fish, but it paid no attention, and refused to respond to any artifice whatever.

Weights of Muscullunge.

It is a very interesting story which Mr. Caldwell gave me to-day on the subject of muscullunge, based upon facts which came under his observation on his recent trip. There is no more mysterious fish than the muscullunge, and but few of our anglers know more about him than that they sometimes catch one while hauling a spoon hook around a while in a lake.

The common supposition is that most of the big muscullunge were caught out of the Wisconsin lakes some time ago, and that this is the reason why we rarely hear of a big 'lunge being taken these days. Yet what shall we say to these following facts, taken directly on the spot: This week the men of the Wisconsin Fish Commission are camped on Tomahawk Lake, and have been for the past month, taking fish for use in the State fish hatchery. These men use pound nets to a large extent in taking their breeding fish, and hence they have op-

portunities of learning more about big fish than the angler does. What will the average muscullunge fisherman think to hear that in one haul of a pound-net this spring, in Tomahawk Lake, the Fish Commission men took out one muscullunge which weighed 50½ pounds, one which weighed 53 pounds, and two which weighed 55 pounds each? That sounds something like a fish story, but there seems no reason to doubt its accuracy. It is all the more remarkable, however, when we remember that in all the records of Wisconsin muscullunge, 55 pounds is supposed to be the heaviest fish taken.

There are some stories of big muscullunge which come down once in a while. Close running down of these stories in nearly all cases shows them to be of fish that were taken very early in the spring. It is in March that the biggest muscullunge come to the surface and move about. They are taken then, not with the spoon hook, but are shot or killed with a spear. Ten years ago there was a 53-pound muscullunge taken near the Manitowish bridge, but the facts are that this fish was shot, and not caught on rod and line. My trapping companion Joe Blair tells me that he sees plenty of big muscullunge around the shores of Big St. Germaine Lake in the early spring. It was Joe Blair who once told me about a big muscullunge which was killed with a hatchet in that lake, which story I reported in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time. Thus it would seem that the muscullunge is sometimes a very stupid fish, sometimes a very apathetic fish, sometimes a very savage fish, and much of the time a very shrewd fish. Joe Blair and Mr. Caldwell and a good many others think that the continual trolling of spoons around in the waters has resulted in educating the muscullunge, so that they do not rise as they formerly did. If these stories regarding the nets of the Fish Commission be accurate, it would seem that this throws more light on the muscullunge question, and in more reliable form, than any advices obtainable thereon for the past several years. It is surely encouraging to think that there are big fish in the waters where we are fishing, and for the comfort of all intending anglers it may be said that all the above big fish were put back in the lake after the Fish Commission was through.

How Muscullunge Fry Is Secured.

There were still other interesting facts in my informant's muscullunge story to-day. He talked for some time with the representatives of the State Fish Commission at Tomahawk Lake. They told him that it was formerly the custom to take the spawners all the way down to the State hatchery at Madison, where the eggs were planted in the artificial hatching ponds. In this way the loss was over 90 per cent. of the muscullunge fry. This spring the commission adopted another plan. Observing that the muscullunge always spawns out in the overflow, in among the roots and tree tops, the Fish Commission men made a series of spawning troughs on the spot, which they floated out into the natural spawning grounds of the muscullunge. These boxes are half in and half out of the water, and they are left to rock up and down and splash around, as the action of the natural water suggests, the temperature being that of the waters selected by the muscullunge in its natural spawning operations. The results of this experiment have been most gratifying, and the Fish Commissioners report this spring that instead of losing 90 per cent. of the eggs they are saving more than 90 per cent. The dead eggs are skimmed off from the top of the trough, just as in the hatchery, but the loss is not very great.

The above is very curious and interesting information for most folk, since the popular supposition is that the muscullunge has always been a very difficult fish to propagate artificially. The men of the Fish Commission add another bit of curious information regarding the characteristics of the muscullunge. One might think that the operation of stripping the spawn from a big muscullunge would be attended with considerable danger to the workmen; yet these men say that they find the big fish as gentle as lambs. This State fish work has apparently met with great success this spring.

While on the subject of big muscullunge one might mention the fact that the gentleman above referred to, Mr. W. R. Caldwell, in this same Tomahawk Lake caught on Nov. 7 last five fish whose total weight was 110 pounds. There were all taken in two and one-half hours' fishing. At that time Mr. Caldwell brought back sixteen fish whose average weight here in Chicago was 16 pounds 12 ounces. This is a better catch than has been reported so far this spring from any quarter.

The Fifield Chain.

The Fifield chain of lakes, on the Wisconsin Central R. R., is one of the waters which seems always to give a good account of itself. It is said that parties this summer are opening up a road to a new series of lakes at this point, so that anglers going in there will have a show at country which has not been fished very hard. This information comes to me from two gentlemen who have come all the way from Pittsburg, Pa., to fish for muscullunge in the Fifield country. These gentlemen are Dr. Thos. McCann and Mr. R. W. Dickson, and they are busily engaged outfitting here in Chicago to-day. They go on the advice of a Pittsburg friend, who has fished the Fifield country several different seasons, and who always goes back there the next time; a very good commentary on the excellence of the sport in that locality. Last summer I reported the success of Mr. Veatch, of Chicago, at that point, the latter building him a cottage and making that country his regular stamping ground thereafter. These Pittsburg gentlemen are going in to Feely's place, on Pike Lake. They will reach a vast variety of country from that point, and will no doubt have a very enjoyable and successful time. They promise the story of their trip when they come out, a few weeks later.

Mr. Joel Kinney, of Chicago, is still up at Woodruff, Wis., and he is having a hot time after muscullunge. At any rate, his last letter says the thermometer is 82 in the shade.

Doings of Western Bass Fishers.

Our Chicago bass fishermen have been busy as usual for the past two or three weeks, and as in the case of the muscullunge fishers, they bring back varying stories. Out of these conflicting reports we may reach two or three conclusions. One of these is that the best of the bass fishing is now over in the better known of the Indiana

lakes, and our Chicago anglers are not turning in that direction this week. Another fact is that the bass fishing was very good about the middle of last week, so that the many Decoration Day parties had pretty fair success. Upon the other hand, it seems equally sure that the parties which went out at the end of last week and returned Monday and Tuesday of this week met with very poor success, and this seems to apply to nearly all the upper Illinois and lower Wisconsin waters, this being the region which has taken care of most of our bass fishers for the past two weeks.

Mr. A. J. Toolen, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, of Chicago, returned this week from a trip to Puckaway Lake, Wis. He caught some fish, but did not have a very lucky trip. He saw a great many big bass rising and was shrewd enough to suspect the real cause of the poor fishing. The sand flies were rising, and the fish were gorged on that tender food. Without doubt this is the cause of the poor fishing which is complained of by all our Chicago anglers this week. The warm weather has set the fly to hatching, and the fish are feeding on the flies. I have often referred to this discovery, which was made independently by my dear old friend, J. B. H., in our fishing trips in Wisconsin. We turned it to very good advantage, and so could the Chicago anglers this week if they cared to take to the fly rod, and lay aside the bait rod. The fish are feeding at just about sundown on these warm days. I should not be surprised to hear that some one took advantage of this habit of the bass and came back with a very good catch one of these days.

Mr. F. L. Lawrence, of this city, is just back from Hayward, Wis. He killed forty two bass in one day, but did not have any muscullunge fishing.

Mr. John D. Zimmermann, of the People's Gas Light & Coke Co., Chicago, left Friday evening for Minocqua, Wis., where he will spend some days indulging in his specialty of fly fishing for bass.

Mr. F. N. Wood, of the Chicago Tribune, leaves this week for a trip to Fox Lake, Wis. (not Fox Lake, Ill.). I have earlier mentioned the very kind invitation of Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of the Fox Lake Representative, to me to come up and have some of his good bass fishing with him. Not being able to go myself, I sent up another newspaper man as an alternate. Mr. Wood is a lone fisherman, and would much rather catch a bass than eat a breakfast.

Mr. S. D. Thompson, of this city, is spending most of his summer at Toohy's place, at Eagle, Wis., coming down to the city once in a while. When seen to-day Mr. Thompson said he had been having very good bass fishing indeed, as good as has been known in those waters for some years.

Mr. Thomas Ambrose, of this city, starts soon for Hayward, Wis., where he will spend some time in a fishing trip, his first of this season. Mr. Ambrose later on wishes to take a trip for some of the fly fishing on Mississippi River bass, of which he read in the FOREST AND STREAM last summer. Mr. Graham H. Harris and Mr. W. K. Wells, of this city, are others who have expressed a wish to indulge in the same sport. I have promised them all to go fishing there with them, and indeed am getting to be a cheerful promiser when it comes to fishing trips.

Mr. Fred Gardner and his friend Mr. Harry Miner, of this city, have just returned from a bass trip in those old and much fished waters, Deep Lake and Cedar Lake, at Lake Villa, Ill., on the Wisconsin Central R. R. One would think that country pretty much fished to death, yet on one day Mr. Miner's boat brought in thirty-two nice bass. Mr. Gardner also had very fair fortune.

Mr. H. English, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, this city, returned Monday from a trip to the Grass Lake country. He caught some bass, but did not have as good success as he has usually had in that region. He goes again to-day.

Mr. J. T. Hastings, of this city, who also visited Grass Lake, also complains that the bass were not doing their share to make his outing a complete success, not rising to the frog as might have been expected. These anglers say that the local wise men ascribed the poor fishing to the fact that the nights are moonlit now, and the fish are feeding at night. Indeed, they say the fish have been seen feeding in the moonlight. Had these gentlemen investigated this nightly feeding of the fish they would have found confirmation of the theory above mentioned, that the fish are feeding on the fly, and feeding in the evening. I hope they may turn this information to good use on their next trip.

Mr. B. Greenwood, of this city, went up to Lake Villa this past week, meeting only fair success.

Mr. Chas. Brocklesby returned from a trip to Sand Lake, after fair sport this week.

Dr. Liddy, of this city, is just back from a trip to Nippersink Lake, of the Fox Lake region, after fairly good sport.

Mr. J. P. Lybock and wife fished at Lake Villa this past week.

Mr. Chas. J. Olk is another one who went up on the Central to Lake Villa this past week.

Mr. D. M. Brooks, of Chicago, fished the waters adjacent to Lake Villa this week, and had fair luck with the bass.

Mr. M. P. Riley, of this city, had very good luck at Sand Lake, near Lake Villa, this past week, on one day killing three of those big pickerel which now and then turn up. Mr. Riley's three fish weighed respectively 14, 11 and 7 pounds, a very good showing indeed for one day's sport.

Arkansas Bass.

Mr. Jos. Irwin writes me from Little Rock, Ark., as below, regarding fishing in his part of the world: "We have discovered a new fishing place in Arkansas, only visited previous to this year by local sportsmen of that section. This is Lake Chico, on the Hamburg & Western R. R., 125 miles south of Little Rock. A beautiful club house has recently been opened there. Catches of rock bass and croppies have been wonderful. Mr. Gray Carroll, of this place, took twenty bass at nine casts. Mr. George R. Mann, also of this city, took eighteen at six casts, using a leader with three flies. Mr. Mann stood on the club house dock, and casting a No. 2 Skinner spoon took fifty-two bass as fast as he could cast. Such fishing is not equaled at any place I ever heard of in this country."

These bass are the rock bass or bar fish. The black bass fishing is not so good yet, but in its season, I am told, they are taken almost as rapidly. Lake Chico is a large, clear lake, a mile wide and twenty miles long. I hope to try it soon, and will write you about it. Bass fishing in the Old River, twelve miles from Little Rock, continues very good."

Western Trout Fishers.

Mr. Itha H. Bellows, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, left this week for a trip to the Rangeley Lakes of Maine, where he will attempt to try conclusions with some of the big ones.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., should be at just about this time on his way to the Cascapedia River, where he should get not only trout, but salmon. Mr. Mershon has a lease on some of the best pools in that river. He states that he has also no lease, but a cinch, on two or three good trout rivers in Michigan, about which he refuses to tell me unless I will come over and go with him. This I cheerfully promise to do.

Mr. Leonard Goodwin, of this city, left this week for a business trip to Telluride, Colo. This will bring him in the neighborhood of some grand mountain rivers such as the Gunnison, and it need not be said that so ardent a fly-fisherman as Mr. Goodwin will not fail to take advantage of his opportunities.

Mr. J. M. Rogers, of this city, leaves to-morrow night for the Little Traverse country of Michigan, where he will spend pretty much all the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dovenmuehle and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lamprecht, all of this city, start this week for an extended fishing trip in the Yellowstone Park, and are outfitting to-day. They will have a delightful journey.

Mayor Harrison and his friend, the Hon. Bill Haskell, returned this week from their very pleasant trouting trip at the Huron Mountain Club, of which Mayor Harrison is a member. The Mayor and his friend, Mr. Ellicott, took fifty-seven trout, the largest of which weighed 4¼ pounds, there being numbers of 2 or 3 pounds in weight. These were taken on the club lake, inland, there being no fishing on the reefs of the big lake. In the little creek running into Trout Lake, Mr. Haskell said, he saw hundreds of big trout in the pools. He describes that country as a delightful one in every way.

Up at Antigo, in the pine woods of our north country, there would seem to be some trout fishing accessible by those who are not afraid of a long ride or a brushy stream. The son of one of the railroad conductors at that point caught 112 trout in one day, fishing with bait in one of the brushy creeks, about sixteen miles from Antigo. Two fishermen who lately returned from a stream twenty-eight miles west of Antigo say they caught a great many trout of ½, 1 and 1½ pounds weight. I do not discover that this is good trout fishing for the fly.

Mr. E. A. Renwick, of this city, has departed for a thorough trying out of the Manistee and Au Sable rivers of Michigan.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club practice meet last Saturday turned out twenty members, who had a rattling good time, in spite of a chilly day. The club preparations for the August tournament are going along satisfactorily.

A very unexpected gift came from the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club to the Chicago Fly-Casting Club in the form of a \$75 trophy, to be put in competition at the tournament next August. It is needless to say that this courtesy is something very much appreciated by the Chicago boys. The Chicago Fly-Casting Club and the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club appear to be the only organizations of this character in our Western country, at least, and they are both very worthy bodies.

Ladies at Leech Lake.

There will be a great expedition this week of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, who will go up to visit Leech Lake, on the site of the proposed Minnesota National Park. The party will start over the Great Northern Monday, June 11. It will be joined to-morrow at Minneapolis by a large number of Eastern and Southern ladies, who have this week been attending the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Milwaukee. The expedition is under the conduct of Mrs. Martha Scott Anderson, of Minneapolis. It will be a notable as well as an enjoyable occasion. It should be remembered that the project of a Minnesota national park was first originated by the Women's Federation of Clubs of Minnesota. Mr. Henderson, Speaker of the House, will have to account to these ladies if he kills the park measure.

Postponed.

As to the Minnesota park in Congress, it is postponed, set forward or held up, as you choose to call it. Speaker Henderson, as was understood early in the week, refused to the last moment to take up the park measure at this session of Congress. None the less it will be taken up next December, and in all probability with success. Meantime, let the heathen rage. Secretary Ethan Allen Hitchcock says there will be no more estimating and no more sale of that Indian pine. This much at least is sure, and so long as the country remains as it was, we still have our park, and also the prospect of its perpetuity.

To the Rockies.

Mr. John G. Mott and son, of Michigan City, Ind., will in early September make a trip to the Wind River country of Wyoming, going to the hunting lodge of Mr. William Wells, in Uintah county. Mr. Mott goes to Mr. Wells' on my own recommendation, and I am sure he will not regret the trip, even though it includes a stage ride of 150 miles over country, a part of which is something like the edge of the world. You have to get away from the railroad these days if you get sport. Mr. Wells had out lately Capt. McNeill, of the English Army, and they were very lucky, getting bear, lion and lynx.

Above and Below Chicago.

Some years ago we used to hear a great deal about Momence, Ind., as a fishing place, and many is the good little bass trip I had there myself. To-day I hear from a gentleman lately returned from Momence that our old friends, Fred Knightheart and Fred Duree, are still alive and well, the former living on his farm not far out of

town. They both go fishing, and they both catch bass now as of yore.

Dr. Oughton and wife, of this city, leave this week for a trip to Fourth Lake, one of the beautiful Madison Chain in Wisconsin.

Mr. W. S. Phillips, some time known as El Comancho, is just back from a long traveling trip through the South, and started again this week for a repetition of the same. He touches at a great many good fishing points, but is mostly on the jump.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Striking Salmon.

THERE are few points on which fly-fishers differ more than the correct methods of striking salmon and trout. Not a few, in fact the majority of fly-fishers, will say that a salmon should not be struck. As a matter of fact, the differences of opinion among anglers on this subject are more verbal than substantial. Most men who have caught their 50 to 100 salmon and 100 to 1,000 brace of trout act in very much the same way, according to the varying circumstances of each particular case. Francis Francis' direction was, as regards salmon, that when you see the boil and feel the pluck you may "raise your rod smartly, with a fair tug, over your shoulder." Some call this striking, others say it is simply keeping a tight line on the fish. In salmon fishing, perhaps the most important point to be remembered in connection with the strike is not to strike or pull too soon. Men who are accustomed to the quick-rising trout of rapid streams often make mistakes with salmon. These small trout dash at every passing particle in all haste, fearful of food escaping in a locality where food is all too scarce. Very different is the stately salmon, which as a rule shows no too great inclination to feed, sometimes follows a fly for some yards before seizing it, and frequently breaks the surface of the water a half second or so before the fly is in its mouth.

Thus, in salmon fishing it is a rule to which there are few exceptions to strike only after feeling the pull of the fish. Even then the strike should not be such as would be given to a pike, into whose bony mouth we have to drive the hooks of several triangles. It should as a rule be little more than a tightening of the line sufficient to pull the point of the hook in over the barb. If the hook is small and as well pointed as all hooks should be, then the pressure need not be very great; but if it is of the meat-hook variety, such as is used on large rivers in the early part of the season, then of course the pressure must be very much more. Here it is that experience comes in, and beyond giving general directions written instructions are of no great value. Another prime reason against hasty striking for salmon is that if, even after the fish has seized the fly, the angler strikes before it has turned, he may pull the fly clean out of its mouth without hooking the fish. This indeed often happens. Salmon do not relinquish anything they have seized so readily as do trout. As a rule, after taking the fly they plunge down headforemost, and as soon as this takes place, when the strain comes on the line the point is pulled in the direction of the fish's tail—that is to say, into the side of its mouth and not the head of the fish.

In summer, when small flies dressed on double hooks are much used, the salmon fisher should always bear in mind that there is every probability of both hook points resting against the salmon's mouth, and that the strike or strain, as one may please to call it, has in consequence to be very much increased. There are several objections to violent striking in salmon fishing. In the first place, we may break our tackle, for the resistance of a large fish is very considerable. If we strike a half-pound trout hard with strong tackle the little fish is sent whizzing over our heads into the nearest alder. If we apply the same striking force to a heavy salmon there is a dead resistance, and the line, as likely as not, breaks. Another objection to violent striking is that if the hold is slight the hook may be torn away; and a third very practical reason for a moderate strike is that where the salmon is treated roughly immediately he is hooked he may act in such a wild, frantic manner as to quickly sever his connection with the angler. The stiffness or suppleness of the rod is another element to be taken into consideration. Much more force must be applied with a supple rod than with a stiff one, for reasons which it is to be hoped are obvious to everyone acquainted with fishing.

It may be taken as a general rule that the more rapid the stream the less occasion there is to strike. In very rapid water, unless the angler prevents him by hasty striking, the salmon invariably hooks himself if he takes the fly at all fairly into his mouth, and is not of *Salmo irritans* variety. In dead water there is a difference, and when rivers are low in summer we sometimes have to fish in almost dead water or not at all. Then the movements of the salmon are occasionally so slow and deliberate that if we do not strike on feeling assured that the fish has the fly in his mouth, we are apt to lose him altogether. Instances occur when, in quiet pools, the fly is fished deep, of salmon seizing the lure and releasing it again almost unknown to the angler. This rarely happens; but there are days when the angler finds himself catching fish by striking when he sees his line slowly tighten. A keen eye and practice in the movements of the line in the waters are required to effect this—London Field.

An Adirondack Six-Pound Trout.

MORaine FARM, North Beverly, Mass., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to inform you of the capture of a large speckled trout. The fish was taken by myself in a small pond near Raquette Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y., on May 25, 1900. His weight was just 6 pounds, length 20¾ inches and girth 16 inches.

As far as I could learn this was the largest brook trout taken in Adirondack waters for some time, and, in fact, I could get no definite record of anything larger. The fish is now being mounted at the shop of H. H. Miner, Saranac Lake.

Trout of over 4 pounds were taken from the same pond this spring, and I myself took another weighing 3 pounds 10 ounces.

I consider this rather remarkable for waters as played out as most of those in the State of New York to-day.

JOHN C. PHILLIPS,

Good Angling in Canada.

REPORTS which reach me from all the inland angling waters of Quebec prove the correctness of the prediction made some time ago that the sport has improved with the progress of the season. This, no doubt, sounded strange when it was made, particularly as fishermen have come to regard the earliest spring fishing as the best of the year. But this has proved a very extraordinary season, and the long continued cold through almost the whole of May kept the fish from rising. There has been no very warm weather at all this spring in Canada as yet, and it is therefore probable that the excellent sport at present reported will continue for some time to come.

There was a very jolly party of members and guests of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club at the Saccacoma Club house on Monday, June 4, when the annual meeting of the club was held, and General Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, was re-elected president. The trout were rising freely on most of the club lakes.

Anglers returning from Lake Edward report that the fishing there is just now rounding into splendid form, and that the big fellows are biting splendidly. Visitors to the Press Club and other resorts on the lake have met with the most magnificent success.

The same story comes in from every point along the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. Messrs. D. E. Petit, C. G. Cole, O. K. Hiscock, C. Andrew and W. J. Andrew returned on June 4 from the Triton tract, where they enjoyed some excellent sport.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, Miss Fitch, Miss Mallon, of Boston, and Messrs. W. J. Carroll and G. M. Hart, of New York, arrived at Quebec on Tuesday, June 5, and left the same day on Mr. Fitch's yacht for his salmon pools on the Romaine River.

Dr. Francis S. Watson, of Boston, arrived on Monday and left for the Saguenay and Lake St. John, where he will fish for a short time.

Dr. George L. Porter, of Bridgeport, and Mr. Wm. A. Lincoln, of Pittsburg, have just returned from Lake Kiskissink, where they report having had the best fishing in their experience. The trout were both plentiful and of generous proportions. Dr. Porter's experience in the Lake St. John country now extends over a good many years.

Mr. W. M. Macpherson, president of Molson's Bank, and a large party of Montreal friends left Quebec by I. C. R. on Friday, June 8, for the Metapedia Valley.

Colonel Collingwood, of England, arrived on Sunday, June 3, and subsequently left for the south shore after salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Adams, of Utica, N. Y., are after the wily ouananiche at Roberval, Lake St. John.

Mr. Robert E. Plumb, of Detroit, and Mr. Alex. B. Johnston, of New York, are both in Quebec on their way to their salmon streams.

Mr. J. Montgomery Hare, of New York, is hooking the big red trout of Lake Edward.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Six-Hour Tarpon Play.

THE party of fishermen who arrived here last week took their departure on Sunday, landing nineteen tarpon in the four days' fishing. The party came to Punta Gorda in the private car of F. Y. Anderson, who headed the party. He is land commissioner for the L. & N. R. Co., living in Birmingham, Ala. The others were Col. J. A. W. Smith and Mr. Daniel H. Rogan, of Birmingham, and Mr. Geo. T. Bonner, of New York. The guides for the party were Tillit Henderson, Geo. West, Bill Bartley and his son, Will J. Bartley. The latter was out with Mr. Bonner, and the first day's fishing hooked a big tarpon. Instead of swallowing the bait the hook caught in the outside of the mouth of the big silver king, and a contest began for the mastery such as has seldom been witnessed. The tarpon was hooked at Four-Mile Island, and for six hours and fifteen minutes he fought for his freedom. In this time he carried the skiff and anglers across to the mouth of Whiskey Creek, back to Four-Mile Island, across to Rylander's, thence to the bulkhead across the river, and back again to Four-Mile Island, the distance covered by the fish being at least twelve miles. Finally he was brought close enough for Will Bartley to attempt to gaff him. Will struck the gaff into him, but in a twinkling was jerked clean out of the boat into the water, although he weighs 180 pounds. He hung on, however, climbed back into the boat, and the gamy fighter had at last to give up and be killed. The silver king weighed 151 pounds, and was 6 feet 9 inches long.

Col. Smith also had a wonderful experience on Saturday. He had two lines out, and hooked two tarpon at one time. This has happened to anglers frequently, but in this case one of the reels fell to pieces, and it was necessary to wind up the line by hand, and the other rod broke in two, but strange to relate the Colonel succeeded in landing both tarpon.—Fort Myers (Fla.) Press, May 24.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 9.—The continued cold current has held surf fishing quiet during the past week. Some bass have been taken, 20¾ and 16 pounds being the largest. Kingfish are fairly plentiful and are taking the hook well, with a most decided preference for blood worm bait. One small drum of 8 pounds, to the credit of the inveterate, irrepressible Archie Applegate, at Shark River Inlet, apparently opens the season for that fish, although they are never plentiful at that point. At Manasquan bluefish are abundant, as well as at points further south. It is hard to determine just why they are there and none here, unless it is as charged, because of the pound net interference. The black bass season opened on the 30th ult., but so far as I can learn not one has yet been taken—why, is something of a mystery. Rods will, however, be busy, both in fresh and salt waters. Barnegat Bay is coming in line, as a friend who is an enthusiast, running in for a moment's chat this A. M., told me he saw some fine specimens of weakfish weighing 9 pounds each taken in the lower thoroughfare the present week. That report sets the blood tingling, and a trip soon is in order.

LEONARD HULIT.

Water Snake and Trout.

Boston, Mass., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your issue of May 26 the item by Mr. J. S. Van Cleef, of the water snake and the trout. I can report a very similar occurrence.

In the spring of 1898, while fishing in company with Col. S. M. Blair, of Ansonia, Conn., we came to a pool perhaps 30 feet across, formed by the junction of the Umpehenee Brook and the Konkapot, in the town of Mill River, Mass.

I fished one side of the pool with a fly, while the Colonel took the other with bait. Commotion in the center of the pool attracted our attention, and upon looking closer we saw a large water snake with a trout in his mouth. The snake was making a desperate effort to drag the trout to where a shelving ledge came down to the water, while the trout, by continual rushes, would endeavor to keep the snake in deep and swifter water.

We watched the fight for, I should think, five minutes, and finally the snake tired the trout out, and by a half-backing and half-sideway motion he drew the trout on to the shelving ledge.

I had by that time cut an alder and killed the water-snake. The snake was about 4½ feet long, and the trout weighed 10 ounces. The teeth of the snake were so imbedded in the throat of the trout that it required several hard shakes to release the fish.

I rather regret that I did not wait to see just what the snake would have done with that trout, but it was the first time that I ever heard of or saw such a thing, and I have an antipathy to snakes.

HARRY S. ANDREWS.

[See also note in the article "In the Adirondacks" on another page.]

Staten Island Fishing.

GIFFORD'S, Staten Island, N. Y., June 8.—The weakfish have begun to bite at last. Yesterday forenoon four well-known anglers—Messrs. Sibley, Buchanan, Smith and Kerr—caught twenty weakfish in three hours' fishing. This inaugurates the season here, and the fishing will now begin in earnest.

MRS. M. J. COLLINS.

Salt-Water Fishermen.

THE Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen will meet at Wall's Hotel, 106 West 31st street, New York, Monday evening, June 18. Col. J. F. Milliken and Hon. J. F. Maher will speak. All who are interested in bettering the salt-water fishing about New York are invited to come.

Barnegat Bay.

BAYVILLE, N. J., June 5.—The weakfish are beginning to bite. A few yellowlegs are coming in.

HERB.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

The Man That Loves a Dog.

He makes pages for the papers,
Does the man that loves a dog,
Cutting literary capers
On the virtues of the dog;
He'd split the constitution
By inciting revolution
To avenge the persecution
Of the dog.

Of science he's a master,
Is the man that loves a dog,
And he'll soon out-Pasteur Pasteur
On diseases of the dog.
He scorns the best apology
For Tommy-rotty ology,
And vows that practical ology
Is the science of the dog.

He declares that Evolution
Gave a soul unto the dog—
It's religious prostitution
To deny one to the dog!
If the mood will him inspire on,
He will quote a page of Byron,
Or turn the tuneful lyre on,
In tribute to the dog.

He's oft an odor of the stable
Has the man that loves a dog;
He oft will do you if he's able,
Will the man that loves a dog!
But if a friend you're needing,
When Dame Fortune is unheeding
All your prayers and e'en your pleading,
Seek the man that loves a dog.

—Quilp in Our Dogs.

Continental Field Trial Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in announcing the sixth annual meet of the Continental Field Trial Club, to be held on the grounds of the Eastern Field Trial Club at Newton, N. C., Nov. 30, 1900, on which day the Members' Sweepstake will be started, to be followed by the Derby, All-Age and Subscription stakes, in order named.

Derby entries close July 1. All stakes will be advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM beginning with issue of June 23. Messrs. Simon C. Bradley, E. H. Osthaus and Chas. H. Phelps, Jr., have kindly consented to judge the open stakes. All those who have already written for entry

blanks, etc., will receive them in good time, as they are now being prepared for the mail. The quail crop promises to be one of the largest in years, and as not a dozen birds were killed on the club grounds last year and but very few on the land adjoining it, there will be an abundance of birds, giving all dogs a good chance to show how they can handle their game.

I have every reason to expect a good substantial entry in all the stakes, which means a good time for all those who are fortunate enough to be in attendance.

THEO. STURGES, Sec'y-Treas.

Human Nature and Dog Philosophy.

DANVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When you treat animals kindly and let their untramed nature have full play, it is astonishing the amount of pleasure the true lover of nature can derive from the observation of their habits. Jenny, my hound, has two pups. They commence to run about, and the gambols of mother and children are laughter provoking in the extreme. She is a good mother, and teaches and corrects them, dog fashion, but being full of life herself (she is only two years old), her play is sometimes a bit rough, but the little fellows are game and defend themselves. One of the pups had found a bone and was gnawing it. Jenny, who is blessed with a voracious appetite, took it away from him, after much dog discussion. She is weaning her pups, but when the little fellow saw she was absorbed in gnawing his stolen bone, he immediately proceeded to get even with her by taking his natural food with much gusto. The sight was full of human nature and dog philosophy.

JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

Points and Flushes.

F. H. F. Mercer, who was quite conspicuous in canine matters in the States some years ago as a fancier of Clumber spaniels, died early last week at his home in Ottawa, Canada. He wrote quite extensively for the sporting press at one time, had acted as a judge of spaniels and was the author of "The Spaniel and His Training." He was an invalid for many years before his death.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

2. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
2. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, Long Island Sound.
2. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
2. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
3. Hudson River, spring, open, New York, Hudson River.
3. Manhasset, annual, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft., Valois, Lake St. Louis.
9. Canarsie, first championship, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
9. Queen City, 17ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
9. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
11. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
14. New York, annual, New York Bay.
16. Eastern, special, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
16. Haverhill, first championship.
16. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
16. Taunton, club, Taunton.
16. Savin Hill, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
16. American, race, Newburyport to Squam.
16. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 16-17-18. Columbia, cruise.
- 16-17. New Bedford, annual cruise, Buzzards Bay.
16. California, Wallace trophy, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
16. Larchmont, spring, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 22ft. and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire.
16. Quincy, H. O. class, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Hull-Massachusetts.
18. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups, Long Island Sound.
18. Eastern, special, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester.
18. Quannapowitt.
20. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, all classes, Oyster Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, all classes, Oyster Bay.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Long Island Sound.
23. Nahant, Dory-Straine cup, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
23. Winthrop, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
23. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
23. Kingston, club, Kingston, Ont., Lake Ontario.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
23. Queen City, Dodd cup, 20ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester.
30. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
30. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Haverhill, Haverhill, Mass.
30. Squantum, open, Squantum, Mass.
30. Manchester, Tucker-Boardman cup, Manchester.
30. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
30. Quincy, club and H. O. class, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
30. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Quannapowitt.
30. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

THE Newport Yacht Racing Association will this year give a cup costing \$1,000 for the new 70-footers in a series of ten races, to be sailed off Newport in July and August. The winner of each race will be given two points, and the second boat, if four start, will be given one point, the cup going to the highest score at the end of the series. The first race will be sailed on July 16, and the series will continue on each alternate day in the month. During the first two weeks in August the series will be discontinued owing to the New York Y. C. cruise, but it will be resumed on Aug. 16 and continued on alternate days.

THE latest report concerning the America Cup is that Mr. Watson and Mr. Fife will co-operate in the design of a new challenger for Sir Thomas Lipton for 1901. There is probably no truth whatever in it. A short time ago Mr. Watson accompanied Mr. Fife on a visit of inspection to Shamrock, and this is sufficient basis for the story.

At a meeting of the Royal Cork Y. C., of Queenstown, June 7, Sir Thomas Lipton was elected a member. He has expressed his intention of challenging for the America Cup under the auspices of this club.

APROPOS of our remarks last week on the yachting news in the New York dailies, we learn from one prominent paper that Mineola II. "tilts to leeward" in a high wind, and "at times the water smashed against the hatches." What is even worse, "at times she heeled her sail to the waters."

THE yawl Syborita, designed by G. L. Watson for Whitaker White, was launched at Henderson's Yard, Glasgow, on May 31. Her dimensions, as reported, are over all 123ft., l.w.l. 85ft., breadth 23ft. 6in., draft 19ft.

THE British racing season opened very quietly with the annual races on the East Coast; on the Thames, then to Harwich and off the latter port. The leading competitors were the old Sarona, now Maid Marian; the yawl Brynhila, and the 52-footers Penitent and Senga.

THE cutter Astrild has not yet arrived at New York. She was spoken by the steamer Majestic on May 27 in lat. 44—30, long. 44—41. Hester, cutter, just purchased by Rear-Com. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., fitted out very hastily at Gourock and sailed for New York on May 26 with Capt. Fairweather and a crew of nine, all told. She carries her racing spars and canvas on board, but is snugly rigged for the passage. All the refitting and painting will be done on this side. Isolde and Gloria, both bound for Halifax, are now on the ocean.

ON June 9 the one-design yachts Quinque and Sweetheart started in a private match at the Marine and Field Club, but Sweetheart withdrew on the first round.

THE following sales have recently been made through F. B. Jones: Polly, yawl, C. W. Chopin to G. E. Kissel; Cymbra, cutter, by E. L. Waldo and V. C. Browne to F. C. Henderson; Kantaka, raceabout, by G. J. Bradish to G. S. Heft.

The Burning of the Scythian.

THE steel steam yacht Scythian, Capt. Thomas J. Cardiff, owned by Mrs. Charles T. Parker, of New York, bound from New York to Boston, was towed in to the latter port on June 6 almost a total wreck, having been on fire when twelve miles northeast from Highland Light.

The tug A. W. Chesterton sighted the burning vessel, and, running alongside, put a hose on board and extinguished the fire.

The entire forward part was burned out.

The yacht sailed from Oyster Bay, L. I., on May 31, and left Vineyard Haven on June 3. At 12:30 o'clock on June 6, without the slightest warning, a volume of smoke and flame burst through the forward skylight, and Capt. Cardiff, who was on watch, immediately discovered that the whole yacht beneath decks forward of the bridge was afire.

The yacht's course was changed so that the wind would not drive the fire to the after part of the vessel. On account of the intense heat the crew took to the boats and dropped astern, retaining hold of the log line. The vessel burned furiously until the Chesterton fell in with her.

The Scythian was formerly a British fruit steamer. She was luxuriously furnished, and almost all of her fittings were destroyed. The forward part of the boat, which was consumed, contained the saloon, bathrooms, four staterooms and store rooms, in which was a large amount of supplies. The greater part of the silver, china and linen was also destroyed.

Besides Capt. Cardiff, the crew consisted of a mate, chief engineer, steward and five sailors. All of them escaped injury with the exception of Capt. Cardiff, whose left hand was slightly burned. It is uncertain whether the Scythian was insured or not, the former policy having expired on June 1.

The Scythian is tied up at East Boston pending a settlement with the owners of the tug regarding salvage.

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT—NARRAGANSETT BAY

Saturday, June 9.

THE race postponed on Decoration Day by the Newport Y. C. was sailed on June 9 over a fifteen-mile inside course in a very light and variable wind. The times were:

First Class.		
Pet, W. A. Clark.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
J. A. C., F. A. Cornell.....	2 41 27	2 41 27
Manila.....	2 44 09	2 43 57
Second Class.		
Vesper, C. S. Plummer.....	2 41 12	2 41 12
Wobun, R. Chandler.....	2 42 32	2 41 59
Mildred.....	Withdraw.	

South Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 9.

THE first of the South Boston Y. C. races for sailing dinghies came off on June 9 in a fresh northerly wind, the times being:

French.....	0 35 48	Merrill.....	0 47 42
Stickney.....	0 35 55	Coupal.....	0 47 52
Dolbeare.....	0 46 21		

Judges, ex-Com. Arthur Fuller, John T. Hurley and W. Walacé Kee.

New Factors in Yacht Measurement.

In its issue of May 24 the Yachtsman discusses the proposed formula of Mr. Heckstall-Smith, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week, and condemns it as "quite out of the question, both theoretically and practically." In connection with the use of the midship section as a factor, it says: "It is suggested that the official measurer shall either check the drawings supplied by the designer by taking offsets from the vessel herself, or take the designer's word as accurate and not worry any further. The latter would be much the simpler plan, but if adopted surely the designer might be equally trusted to state the exact displacement of the vessel at certain marks. We should think the official measurer's lot would be far from happy if called upon to measure the greatest transverse area of any yacht by taking offsets from the ship herself. He would have to try at several places, for any one who is in the habit of designing much must be aware that the greatest area is not always at the greatest beam. If the measurer is to take all this trouble, why not go the whole hog and make him verify the complete design and from it get the displacement? The calculation would not occupy twenty minutes, but the less said about verifying the design, the better.

"The idea of measuring the midship section is not new, and there are several ways in which it could be utilized. For instance, given the greatest transverse area and the length, a very close estimate of the displacement may be made, so close that no designer could cheat the rule without his model suffering grievously. But it is the getting at that transverse area. That, we think, can never be satisfactorily achieved, and it would be far better to cast about for some means of finding the displacements of yachts when built. We do not believe there would be much trouble in this, but it is a question for engineers; a question, too, that is very well worth careful study, for on it depends the possibility of arriving at the ideal method of measuring yachts for racing."

The above will read strangely to any one who has had even a little practical experience in taking off the lines of a yacht ashore. Such difficulty as attaches to this work is connected solely with the establishment of a base line, usually under the center of the keel, by means of which all the transverse sections may be properly related to each other. This is not always an easy matter, as the keel blocks are more or less in the way. The yacht is probably on wet and slippery ways, with the lower end immersed at each tide, and when the line is correctly run it is constantly liable to derangement and breakage from workmen, especially if left over night, as is sometimes necessary. As far as the sections themselves are concerned, however, the work of measuring them is simple and easy, the only difficulty being in the case of very large yachts such as Columbia, where ladders are necessary.

As to the specific point of locating and measuring the midship section, it may be located in most cases with all necessary accuracy by mere inspection. A straight edge is then set up horizontally at right angles to the line of keel, and vertical measurements from the skin of the vessel to the straight edge are taken at various points in the half breadth. The necessary tools are a board, with one edge planed up straight, a carpenter's square, a rule and a short tape line with a plumb bob at one end. The distances, say 6 or 12 in., are set off on the straight edge by means of the rule, and the tape is moved down the side of the vessel and the heights measured when the plumb bob just touches each of the marks in turn. There are several other methods of obtaining similar measurements, which, when found, may be quickly plotted on cross section paper to the required scale without special drafting instruments and the area calculated by counting the squares of the paper; or the section as measured may be used to check the accuracy of the designer's sketch. If there is any doubt as to the exact location of the greatest section, it may be settled by taking a few measurements with the straight edge in different positions. In practice the section would be taken to the planksheer, then when the yacht was afloat and the waterline being measured the height of freeboard would be measured and the correct waterline drawn on the section. Compared with the present operation of locating the waterline before the yacht is hauled out, and then locating a point 0.6 of the waterline from the fore end, after which the steel tape must be very carefully applied down, under the keel and up on the other side, at least two pairs of hands being needed, the operation of locating and measuring the greatest section is a very easy one, and may be performed by one man, though an assistant is always useful in such work.

The query of the Yachtsman, why, after taking the one greatest section, the measurer should not continue and take enough to give the displacement, is easily answered. To do this it would be necessary to locate and measure at least six sections instead of one, taking six times the time, and it is also necessary to establish an accurate base line by which the relations of the sections may be determined—that is, their distances apart and the relative vertical positions. The location of this base line would probably take more time than the measurement of all the sections.

As nearly every yacht is now built from a design, it is only necessary that the designer should furnish to the owner, with the usual docking plan or sheer plan, a sketch of the midship section, with the area marked. With this in his possession, the measurer can very quickly take such measurements as will enable him to ascertain whether it is correct; if it is incorrect or, in its absence, it will be necessary for him to use more care and take a greater number of offsets in order to construct a new and accurate sketch. Any one who is capable of making an accurate measurement of the waterline or the girth should be able to measure and plot the midship section.

In further criticism of Mr. Heckstall-Smith's proposal, the Yachtsman says: "It is not easy to see why sail area should be taxed in a rule in which displacement is so strongly encouraged. Given restrictions, or penalties on hull dimensions, it is obvious that the more sail there is the more displacement there will be. That is a self-evident proposition which hardly requires the proof of past experience to support it. Why, then, tax sail? We know

that we are voicing the opinion of very many yachtsmen when we say that sail area should be struck out of the rule."

As it now stands, only in general form, Mr. Heckstall-Smith's proposal does not strongly encourage displacement; the whole tendency of the rule hinges on the value assigned to the constant. Apart from this, however, the proposition that sail area should be dropped from the rule is one that cannot be argued on general grounds, but only in connection with some specific formula. While it is possible to frame some combination of length, displacement and possibly other factors by which sail area may be ignored, there are other possible combinations of the same factors which would require the addition of sail area to make a satisfactory formula.

Rambling and discursive as the discussion of the measurement question in print and in the clubs has been in the past few years, some useful principles have been established, and the way has been cleared of some obstacles. At the present time, in the opinion of many, including the Yachtsman and the FOREST AND STREAM, there is a demand for a rule which will give a fair chance, if not the first chance, in racing to a yacht that is of durable construction and reasonable accommodation, as compared with the flimsy racing machine which at present dominates all classes. If this much is admitted, the next step, in our opinion, is the discussion of complete and specific formulas, in which the proposed value of every factor is positively stated. There is little to be gained by the prolonged discussion of vague and indefinite propositions in which no fixed values are assigned to the factors, or of questions as to adding new factors or dropping old ones without reference to the resulting combination as a whole. It is a mere waste of time to argue whether or not displacement should be added or sail area rejected unless the argument is based on a complete formula ready for instant trial, as that proposed by Thalassa.

In the issue of the Yachtsman just to hand, a reply is made to the article in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 19. The Yachtsman disclaims all predilections for "a pure displacement rule," but stands out for some rule which will place all types upon an absolute equality, so that each has an equal chance of winning, and in this connection it objects to the Hyslop formula on the ground that it will produce only one type. It is perhaps our fault that we are credited with the same statement, but the error, if any, is due to the lack of proper terms by which to express differences of model and other points. The word "type" employed is rather vague and indefinite at best, but unfortunately there is no word or phrase which just suits the case. We have no idea that the Hyslop formula will produce one type in the sense in which the word is used by the Yachtsman—that is of yachts of similar dimensions and model; but we believe that it can be made to encourage a general class of yachts such as the old 40-footers, which were by no means of the same dimensions or model, but included a wide variety of keel and centerboard models of greatly varying proportions. The distinctive points of this class were the absence of modern machine features, the possession of reasonable living room, and the durable construction. These do not constitute a "type," but there is no other term which fits the case.

The idea of the Yachtsman that the rule should give equal opportunities to all types, the fin-keel racing machine and the wholesome cruiser or fast cruiser alike, is correct in theory, but we believe it to be unattainable in practice. Even if the factors of the formula are so perfectly adjusted as to produce this result, there are very powerful modifying influences that will divert the rule and favor some one particular type. In this country, for instance, there are many localities where the majority of yachtsmen, men of moderate means, have so interpreted the existing rule as to build fast but strong and roomy boats in which they have both cruised and raced, always living aboard in intervals between races. The presence of one steam yacht owner with a modern racing machine in tow at once kills off the existing fleet and makes it impossible to win with anything but similar machines. About the Solent the demands of the majority are evidently for a day racing boat, even up to the 52ft. class, and it is probable that the machine type will prevail there to a great extent, even under a rule which gives more than an equal chance to the abler and more useful yacht.

An Odd Schooner.

THE little schooner Bud, designed by Mr. S. N. Small two years ago, was a novelty in rig, nominally a schooner with many of the points of a sloop. The same experiment on a larger scale is now being tried by Mr. Small in the new Clarette, designed for Mr. Walter Burgess. The following description is given in the Boston Globe:

In designing Clarette, and particularly in her sail plan, Mr. Small has as closely followed his successful schooner Bud as the Y. R. A. restrictions would allow. The mainmast in Clarette is not so far forward as in Bud, but the foremast is at the forward end of the waterline, while the sail plan shows the same triangular shape, with the foremast just high enough to be steadied by the long stay from the head of the mainmast to the end of the bowsprit. Under the restrictions the mainmast cannot be placed nearer the foremast than 40 per cent. of the waterline length. This brings it about 11ft. aft of the foremast and 2ft. forward of the center of the waterline. The area of the mainsail is therefore not so large proportionally as in Bud, but Mr. Small has made up for this to a certain extent by going high in the air with the sail, and hence securing very good driving power for windward work.

At the same time the foresail is a more effective sail than on Bud. Over it will be set a triangular staysail that the designer is confident can be carried to windward to advantage in light airs. The ordinary maintopmast staysail on schooners is a hindrance rather than a help to windward, although most skippers of schooners persist in carrying it, but the triangular shape given to Clarette's should make a better-fitting and more effective sail. Capt. Edward Sherlock used a staysail of this shape to good advantage on the Marguerite when she was in his charge, and theoretically it should work as well on the smaller boat.

Clarette's spinaker will hoist to the top of the mainmast,

thus giving her a big sail spread when before the wind, and the balloon jib will set to the same point when used. Mr. Small found by practical experience in Bud that his jib and foresail, with a good sized staysail, were fully as effective as a balloon in most chances, and so used the latter very little. The writer can see use for a good sized jibtopsail to take the place of the staysail in reaching, particularly on a close reach, and it may be that Messrs. Burgess and Small have something of the kind in mind, although not showing it on the plans.

With her 28ft. 6in. of waterline length, with her large sail area and with the long side on which to sail when heeled, as shown in the model, Clarette ought to be a very fast boat in reaching and running. Her wind-jamming qualities ought also to be good, as were those of Bud, so that all around she should make things very interesting for the jib-and-mainsail 25-footers of the class.

Clarette is 45ft. over all, 28ft. 6in. designed waterline, 12ft. 3in. breadth and 3ft. 5in. draft. She carries 4,900lbs. of outside lead and 1,440 sq. ft. of sail. The lead is carried in a bulbed shoe about 13ft. long, 1ft. deep and 10in. through in the widest part, tapering a little at the after end. The centerboard has an extramé drop of 8ft. Only enough inside ballast will be carried to secure the proper fore and aft trim. She is strongly built, yet no more heavily than the restrictions require. She will be painted white, with bright deck and cabin top. Her rudder is balanced and she steers with a tiller.

Her cabin house is 19ft. long, and is only 1ft. high on the sides, but has considerable crown to the top so as to give 6ft. head room inside under the carlins. The cabin is 14ft. long, with four berths and room to sleep four men on the transoms. Toilet and galley are forward under the cabin house, and still further forward is the forecabin with two berths. All conveniences for cruising are provided, and the little ship seems a very roomy one for her length. The cabin finish is in cypress with mahogany trimming, and the latter wood is also used in the cockpit rail, skylights, etc.

The main boom is 32ft. long, and the gaff 14ft. The mainsail has a hoist of 35ft. The foresail is 19ft. on the hoist, 12ft. on the gaff and 14ft. 6in. on the foot. This sail trims aft the mainmast, but the boom is short enough to swing clear, the remainder of the sail being trimmed as a lug. The bowsprit is 9ft. outboard, and the jib is 16ft. on the foot. In model the boat shows a flat floor, round bilge and nearly straight topside.

The yawl rather than the schooner rig is Mr. Burgess' favorite, and so in Clarette he has provided for a change in case the schooner rig does not suit him. The change can be made by placing the mainmast where the foremast is now stepped, and by using the foremast as a jiggermast in a step that has been built in the stern. But few changes in the sails would be required under the yawl rig, and the balance would be the same as under the present sail plan. Mr. Burgess expects his boat from the builders, Higgins & Gifford, of Gloucester, by June 20. She has been measured by Isaac B. Mills, the official measurer of the Y. R. A., and has been found to be within the requirements of the restrictions.

The question of the respective values of high and narrow mainsails as against the more common kind of low and broad ones seems likely to have considerable light thrown upon it by the racing of the coming season in both the Y. R. A. and the H. O. classes of cabin 25-footers. The narrow sail with its long hoist and short gaff has proved very successful in the raceabouts and knockabouts, but the centerboard boats have hitherto fought rather shy of it and have stuck to the long boom, short hoist and long gaff peaked well up. Al Kyris and Orphan of the H. O. class show the high and narrow sail, while Hanley shows a sail more in the catboat style. Empress is about half way between the two. Mr. Small has taken the high sail for Clarette. The advantages claimed for this sail are that it catches the light airs aloft better than the lower sail, that it is a more powerful driving sail to windward and that it is more easily kept in shape. Its continued use on the keel boats has proved its value there, but it is still an open question whether or not it is the best for a light draft centerboard boat, particularly in reefing weather. With the variation shown in the sails of the H. O. class some good comparisons ought to be possible.

Columbia Y. C.

RACE TO MICHIGAN CITY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE annual race of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago, from that port to Michigan City, was sailed on June 9 with a start at 1 P. M. The run was made with a good easterly wind shifting to S.E. Siren soon took the lead of the fleet and won easily. The times were:

	Sailing.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Siren	5 51 37	0 02 21	5 49 16
Sallie	6 08 41	0 16 06	5 52 35
Josephine	7 54 08	0 41 14	7 12 54
Peri	7 54 23	0 32 56	7 21 27
Nomad	8 12 32	0 32 02	7 40 30
Charlotte R.	8 13 20	0 13 31	7 59 49
Nymph	8 26 05	0 50 15	7 35 50

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 9.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed its first race on June 9, the times being:

	First Class.	Elapsed.
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	1 27 04	
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	1 23 25	
	Second Class.	
Beth, Crocker.....	1 19 42	
Rita, C. W. King.....	1 23 17	
Tech, H. E. Lynch.....	1 27 57	

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Wednesday, June 6.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for the 16ft. skiff class on June 6, starting at 4:45, the times being:

	Finish.		Finish.
Mr. Phillips.....	5 20 00	Hustler	Withdrew.
Electra	5 21 00	T. P. G.....	Withdrew.
Sigma	5 22 00		

Manhasset Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PORT WASHINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 9.

THE annual regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was sailed on June 9 off Sands Point, the larger yachts sailing around Matinnick Point Buoy. The day was clear with a fresh northerly breeze in the afternoon, though the wind was so light in the morning that the start was postponed in order to give time for the yachts to reach the station. The race was sailed under the Y. R. A. rules without allowance, but a special class was made for the cutter Lotowana, the sloop O Shima San and the yawl Albicore. In the 25ft. sloop class Hourie carried away her jib early in the race, so that Edwina practically sailed over. The times were:

43ft. Class—Start, 1:05.				
Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Albicore, S. J. Hyde.....	41.00	4 06 42	3 01 42	2 58 54
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt.....	35.10	4 04 04	2 59 04	2 59 04
Lotowana, T. O. C. Sloane.....	46.98	4 05 38	3 00 38	3 00 38
Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:15.				
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	4 11 53	2 56 53		
Esperanza, H. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 12 50	2 57 50		
Pollywog, Almerie Paget.....	4 13 03	2 58 03		
30ft. Class—Start, 1:15.				
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	29.93	4 13 17	2 58 17	2 58 17
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	28.30	4 23 08	3 08 08	3 04 08
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:10.				
Sakana, A. B. McCreery.....	32.15	4 24 07	3 14 07	
Freya, G. J. Bradish.....	30.76	4 39 10	3 29 10	
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:15.				
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	30.00	3 12 45	1 57 45	
Grayling, W. H. Warner.....	26.67	3 41 56	2 26 56	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30.				
Edwina III, J. N. Gould.....	23.00	3 54 20	2 24 20	
Hourie, E. J. Bergen.....	22.95	Disabled.		
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....	3 24 23	2 04 23		
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	3 24 31	2 04 31		
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	3 26 58	2 06 58		
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	3 31 37	2 11 37		
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....	3 31 57	2 11 57		
Kittie, Hazen Morse.....	3 36 58	2 17 59		
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30.				
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.50	3 44 00	2 14 00	
Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35.				
Ox, R. Bavier.....	21.00	3 05 03	1 30 03	
Open Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:35.				
Mongoose II, Simeon Ford.....	21.00	3 01 30	1 26 30	
Florence, J. W. Alker.....	22.30	3 06 11	1 31 11	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:40.				
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	3 04 26	1 24 26		
Nora, C. Iselin.....	3 07 10	1 27 10		
Jessica, George Bowles.....	3 06 11	1 36 08		
Scout, J. V. P. Wicks.....	3 20 57	1 40 57		
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:40.				
Captain, A. Gattringer.....	16.07	3 11 45	1 31 45	
Bouncer II, F. Sherwood.....	3 11 46	1 31 46		
Sailing Dories—Start, 1:50.				
Rudder, Harold Stevenson.....	2 45 23	0 55 23		
Ketch II, L. C. Ketcham.....	2 47 44	0 57 44		
Prize, H. Van Rensselaer.....	2 49 48	0 59 40		
Dud, G. A. Cory.....	2 49 40	0 59 48		
Special Knockabouts—Start, 1:25.				
Lassie, H. C. Wallace.....	3 46 35	2 21 45		
Scintilla, J. R. Hoyt.....	3 47 30	2 22 30		

The winners were Albicore, Hera, Oiseau, Dot, Scamp, Win or Lose, Edwina II, Ox, Mongoose, Sora, Captain Saxma, Lassie and Rudder. Colleen second prize. The Race Committee included Messrs. E. M. MacLellan, C. D. Mower and Robert Jacob.

Mahtomedi Y. C.

WHITE BEAR LAKE.

Saturday, June 2.

THE Mahtomedi Y. C. of White Bear Lake sailed a race on June 2, almost a gale prevailing prior to the start, while the wind fell to a calm toward the finish. Marguerite was made fast to a dock before the start and was capsized by a puff, but she was righted in time and won in her class. Weirlding was disqualified for fouling Britannia and also for not sailing the course. The times were:

Lark Class—Start, 4:06.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gypsie, Murphy.....	5 35 54	1 29 54
Lurlee, Thwing.....	5 45 50	1 36 50
Skylark, Price.....	Withdraw.	
Sloop Class—Start, 4:11.		
Xenia, Clarkson.....	5 28 55	1 17 55
Weirlding, H. W. Dresen.....	5 29 19	1 18 19
Pastime, Williams.....	Parted forestay.	
Britannia, Piska.....	Withdraw.	
Cat Class—Start, 4:14—Course, 3 miles East.		
Marguerite, J. G. Dresen.....	5 01 47	0 47 47
Daisy, Van Duzee.....	5 06 06	0 52 06

Gypsie gives Lurlee and Skylark three minutes handicap.

The score by points stands:

Sloop Class.		Present Total Series, Points.	
Xenia	4	Britannia	0
Weirlding	0	Pastime	0
Cat Class.		Present Total Series, Points.	
Marguerite	4	Daisy	3
Lark Class.		Present Total Series, Points.	
Gypsie	4	Skylark	0
Lurlee	3		0

Katonah—Nepenthe.

THE cutter Katonah, designed by A. Cory Smith, and Nepenthe, a Burgess boat, both owned in Baltimore, sailed the first of a series of three races on June 6. The course was twenty-five miles, triangular, and the wind was fresh from the south. Katonah took the lead, but lost her topmast early in the race. Start, 11:22. The times were:

	Finish.
Katonah, Messrs. Williams.....	2 45 50
Nepenthe, R. T. Redwood.....	2 47 02

The prize is a cup offered by Com. Womble, Baltimore Y. C.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE open race for catboats announced by the Jamaica Bay Y. C. for June 9 had but three starters. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pauline B., I. Rogers.....	2 40 30	4 29 16	1 48 46
Mavourneen, E. Woods.....	2 40 45	4 33 31	1 52 46
Minnehaha, E. W. Roerr.....	2 40 15	4 33 37	1 53 22

As the three were not measured, the winner is not known.

Gloucester Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, June 3.

THE Gloucester Y. C. sailed its first annual regatta on June 3, starting from Market street wharf, Philadelphia, the course being down the river and around Chester Buoy and return. A large fleet of duckers and tuckups started in a strong N.W. breeze, which proved too heavy for some on the way down. The finish was not timed except in two classes, but the winners are given:

First Race—Third Class Duckers—Three Prizes.			
	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Katie J., J. Herr.....	11 40 00	1 57 00	Not timed.
Edna F., S. George.....	11 40 30	2 03 00	Not timed.
Martha C., J. Castnet.....	11 40 00	2 08 00	Not timed.
Annie Laurie, W. Lourey.....	11 40 00	Withdraw.	
Sam C., J. E. Murray.....	11 40 00	Withdraw.	
Eliza P., Albert Bennett.....	11 40 00	Withdraw.	
Maggie R., C. A. Randolph.....	11 40 00	Withdraw.	
Second Race—Second Class Duckers.			
Woodman and Florrie, G. Smith.....	11 51 00	1 47 00	Not timed.
Howard G., B. Sharp.....	11 51 00	1 45 00	Not timed.
Annie T., C. Jeffries.....	11 51 30	1 49 00	Not timed.
Fat Wilkinson, E. James.....	11 52 00	2 10 00	Not timed.
Freda K., C. Dunlay.....	11 52 00	Disabled.	
Florence, W. Maurer.....	11 52 00	Withdraw.	
Third Race—First Class Duckers—Three Prizes.			
James McGinn, A. Henry.....	12 00 00	1 50 00	Not timed.
Annie, C. Matschinsky.....	12 00 30	2 05 00	Not timed.
Patrick Owens, H. Quinn.....	12 00 00	2 06 00	Not timed.
W. Eisenbrown, A. James.....	12 01 00	2 13 00	Not timed.
Minnie C., H. Carr.....	12 00 00	2 23 00	Not timed.
Fourth Race—Second Class Tuckups—Three Prizes.			
Willie, B. Wilson.....	12 08 00	2 10 30	Not timed.
Clara M., W. Moore.....	12 08 30	2 15 00	Not timed.
Emma, W. Flick.....	12 08 00	Capsized.	
Fifth Race—First Class Tuckups—Three prizes.			
Jos. L. Nobre, W. Clausen.....	12 35 00	2 45 00	4 05 00
John Sayre, J. Omrod.....	12 36 00	2 47 00	4 08 00
Charles Deputy, F. Smith.....	12 36 30	2 53 00	4 12 00
Thos. Patterson, J. Rutter.....	12 35 00	Disabled.	
Sixth Race—Open Yachts.			
O. B. Dickinson, J. Peoples.....	12 41 00	2 30 00	3 43 00
Hand-in-Hand.....	12 41 00		3 52 00

Judges—John Hasson, R. B. Murphy, James Fagan. Committee—R. D. Murray, John Casney, John Rieble. Measurers—F. Smith, J. Minaghan, J. Rieble.

In the open boat class, O. B. Dickinson won, her competitor failing to turn the outer mark. In the first class tuckups the winners were Jos. L. Nobre, John Sayre and Chas Deputy. In the second class, Willie and Clara M. In the first class duckers, James McGinn won, with Annie second and Patrick Owens third. In the second class, Woodman and Florrie won first prize, Howard second and Annie T. third. In the third class, Katie J. was first, Edna F. second and Martha C. third.

Canarsie Y. C. Pennant Race.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a pennant race on June 9 in a moderate northwest wind, the times being:

First Class—Sloops and Cabin Catboats.		
	Start.	Finish.
Irene, William Winters.....	3 41 56	6 27 13
Kate, G. Hayer.....	3 40 56	6 35 02
Sunshine, B. N. McClue.....	3 41 30	6 35 17
Second Class—Open Catboats Over 20ft.		
Arrow, C. J. Neilson.....	3 47 32	6 08 20
Selfish, Walter Smith.....	3 47 55	6 10 30
Uncead, C. J. Mapes.....	3 47 04	6 23 02
Caddie, C. J. Carr.....	3 48 25	Withdraw.
Third Class—Open Catboats 18 to 20ft.		
Ideal, W. Sampson.....	3 51 07	6 27 29
So So, W. W. Tuttle.....	3 51 10	Disabled.
Fourth Class—Open Catboats Under 18ft.		
Idea, W. S. Strong.....	3 52 10	6 27 29
Anna A., D. F. Gardiner.....	3 52 10	Withdraw.

The winners were Irene, Arrow, Ideal and Idea.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Brown University Y. C. has announced the following programme for its annual cruise: Thursday, June 21, meeting of the yachts in Newport Harbor; Friday, June 22, run from Newport to New London; Saturday, June 23, run to Shelter Island; Sunday, June 24, at anchor at Shelter Island; Monday, June 25, run to New Haven; Tuesday, June 26, attend the Harvard-Yale baseball game at New Haven; Wednesday, June 27, run from New Haven to New London; Thursday, June 28, lie in New London for Harvard-Yale 'varsity races; Friday, June 29, run from New London to Great Salt Pond, Block Island; Saturday, June 30, run to Newport and disband.

Simeon Ford, after he had sold the knockabout Mongoose, ordered a new boat to be built by L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle. He calls his new yacht "a freak catboat," and she certainly deserves the title. The hull of the boat is square-ended, just like Palm and Akabo, but she has a fin-keel instead of a centerboard. Mr. Ford has been out sailing several times and the new boat, which is named Mongoose II, has done very well. Last Sunday while sailing on the Sound a sharp squall struck her and Mr. Ford let her run before the wind, which, fortunately, was blowing toward home. He says he thinks the yacht beat all records for speed, but for a disaster that might have been serious. When near the Connecticut shore Mongoose struck a rock. The sailor who was lying flat on the deck forward was thrown into the water. Mr. Ford, who was at the tiller, was thrown forward, and when he collected himself he was lying beside the mast. How it all happened he does not pretend to explain. The sailor was rescued, Mongoose floated off the rock, and, much to every one's surprise, is not injured.—Philadelphia Item.

John R. Arbuckle, the Brooklyn coffee dealer, is now fitting out at South Brooklyn a fleet of four vessels, which will be used as floating hotels or boarding houses. Three of these are sailing vessels, which will lie off Liberty Island by day, the guests being carried to and from the battery by the fourth vessel, a large tug. At night the fleet will get under way and go down the bay, returning next morning. The idea is to give to persons of moderate means the pleasure of life on the water. One of the sailing vessels is the schooner Gitana, built for the late W. F. Weld; another is the pilot boat James Gordon Bennett, now named Hermit, and the third is the old packet ship Jacob A. Stamler. They are being fitted with numerous

staterooms and large galleys, and the tug, John Harlin, is being refitted to carry passengers. The enterprise is understood to be largely a philanthropic one.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Cary Avery, Secretary of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., for a copy of the club book.

Manning's Yacht Register for 1900 is now out, in two volumes, one containing the list of American yachts and the other the record of the races of 1899. There are listed 2,000 yachts, 450 of them being power craft. The number of yacht clubs enrolled is 157.

A curious dispute has arisen between W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., former owner of the cutter Carmita, and the purchasers of the yacht, Robert L. Forrest and J. G. Neafie Whitaker, of Philadelphia. Mr. Vanderbilt owned a fine little launch named Leading Wind, and in the bill of sale of Carmita the word "launch" was included, as he claims by mistake. When the representatives of the purchasers took Carmita from Newport, they also took the launch, claiming that she was part of the yacht's equipment, though it is claimed by Mr. Vanderbilt that she is too large to be hoisted at the yacht's davits. His claim for the return of the launch being disregarded, he secured the services of a United States marshal and searched for her about Philadelphia. She was not found, as she had been chartered to some unknown persons.

The San Francisco Call of May 27 contains an interesting history of yachting at San Francisco, by Chas. G. Yale, one of the veterans of the sport.

At a meeting on June 5, the Hudson River Y. C. decided the protests arising from the annual regatta on June 3. Spare time was disqualified in Class A, Idle Hour being declared the winner. In Class E Mag MacDonald was disqualified for carrying too large a crew, and the W. H. Gill was declared the winner. The protest against Loyal was not decided.

Latharna, steam yacht, previously reported as chartered to Mrs. Culver, was at Amsterdam a week ago, under charter to D. Ogden Mills, of New York.

The Queen City Y. C. has issued a neat little folder containing the fixtures for the year, list of officers, etc.

Caiman, Mr. Pierre Lorillard's house-boat, was burned on the Indian River, Florida, near New Smyrna, on the night of June 7. The chief engineer, who was apparently the only one on board, was awakened by the fire, and only escaped with his life, the vessel being entirely destroyed. Caiman was a flat-bottomed steel scow with a large two-story house, elegantly furnished and fitted with two small engines for propulsion. She was built at Wilmington in 1891, and had been used ever since by Mr. Lorillard in Florida waters. She was unique in her way as a self-propelling floating house.

The Morrisania Y. C., whose station is at 156th street, East River, will sail its spring regatta on June 17, open to all yachts belonging to organized yacht clubs about New York. There are classes for yachts from 36ft. down to 20ft. Entries may be made to Mr. H. J. Bartro, at the club house, who will furnish full conditions of classes, courses, etc.

Viator, schr., has been renamed Kiwassa by her new owner, E. P. Morse.

On June 2, in spite of bad weather, a number of yachtsmen assembled at the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. house at Dorval to witness the drawing for the four boats built to defend the Seawanhaka cup. These boats, all alike, have been painted white, black, red and green. The winners were Lake of Two Mountains Syndicate, white; Lakeside Syndicate, black; Vice-Com. Molson, green; Com. James Ross, red. One boat was launched during the day. The race scheduled was abandoned.

On June 2 the Queen City Y. C. sailed a race for the 22ft. knockabout class, with three starters. Petrel broke her steering gear and withdrew. The times were:

	Start, 2:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Zanetta.....		4 44 40	1 59 40
Winona.....		5 03 47	2 18 47
Petrel.....		Disabled.	

Fearless, schr., has been sold by C. A. Hunt to C. A. Grant, of Asbury Park.

Canoeing.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C. held its first races off the new station on Gravesend Bay on June 9, as follows:

Decked Canoes, Sailing, Three Miles, Triangular—Won by Robert J. Wilkin, canoe Unqua; M. M. Davis, canoe Clover, second. Time, 12 minutes.

Triangular Sailing Race, Scratch—Won by Frank L. Dunnell, canoe Madge; Morton V. Brokaw, canoe Hotie, second; Percy F. Hogan, canoe Secret Dossier, third. Time, 20 minutes.

One-Half Mile Paddling, Straightaway—Won by Morton V. Brokaw, canoe Twenty-six; Henry M. Dater, canoe Red Devil, second; Percy F. Hogan, canoe Bordereau, third. Time, 4 minutes 31 seconds.

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division—S. A. Minett, Minett, Ont., Toronto C. C.; E. J. Minett, Toronto, Toronto C. C.

Major-General Baden-Powell.

In view of the failure and disgrace which have attended so many of the leading British officers in the South African war, the achievement of Col. Baden-Powell in successfully defending the little town of Mafeking against a siege of 214 days shines forth with unwonted brilliancy. As a reward, Col. Baden-Powell has already been promoted to the rank of Major-General. As we have previously stated, he is a younger brother of Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, so well known in canoeing. The following sketch of him and his family is from an exchange:

Endless are the stories that have gathered round the name of Col. Baden-Powell. From his school days to the present climax of his military career he has been the subject of all sorts of strange experiences. Some of them he did not seek, but had they not befallen him his adventurous spirit would hardly have rested without striving to encounter them.

At Charterhouse, where his school fellows dubbed him "Bathing-Towel," a parody on his name, his high spirits, versatility and cleverness gave him a standing of his own. Even then a talent for entertainment distinguished him, for when at a school festivity a hitch occurred at the last moment, young Baden-Powell stepped into the breach and kept the audience in the highest good humor with his diverting mimicry of the French master's lesson. It was the same gift which enabled him years afterward to celebrate the entry of Lord Roberts into Kandahar with a camp performance of "Patience," in which he himself took a leading part, and throughout the long irksome months of the Mafeking siege to organize with never failing ingenuity concerts, sports and dramatic performances, with which the spirits of the garrison were kept buoyant.

Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell comes of a clever family. His father was Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford, and as the famous engineer, Robert Stephenson, was his godfather, it is not difficult to trace a bent for mathematics and engineering which have stood him in good stead in designing fortifications, reading by stars his way, converting old guns into new, and equipping an armored train. On his mother's side he was drawn toward the army by the career of his uncle, Sir Henry Smyth, whose military secretary he afterward became when that officer was Governor of Malta.

One of his brothers was the late Sir George Baden-Powell, M. P., who held several appointments in the colonies; another was in the Bengal Civil Service and one of the judges of the Chief Court of the Punjab. A third is in the Scots Guards and has utilized his special knowledge and experience of military ballooning with the column which relieved Kimberley. An only sister is no less talented in her special way, and having bee-keeping as a hobby, is on friendly terms with thousands of bees hived in her house.

Col. Baden-Powell hardly looks his age, as he passed his forty-third birthday last February. He has the spare, sinewy frame of a cavalry officer, and is barely above middle height. He once took as his motto some words which give an insight into his character: "Don't flurry; patience gains the day." He tested its value in the Ashanti campaign against King Prempeh, when he led the local levies. "Softly, softly; catchee monkey," was the native saying he laughingly adopted then, and he soon acquired a wonderful influence over his followers by acting on the maxim that "a smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world."

On passing out of Sandhurst, the West Point of the British army cadets, B.-P. received a commission in the Thirtieth Hussars and proceeded to India. Here, besides acquiring his reputation as a dashing cavalry officer, he became an adept at pig sticking, winning many prizes in a sport of which he is the historian and chief advocate. With his pen and pencil—he is a clever sketcher with either—Baden-Powell has described the sports he loves and the campaigns in which he has been engaged.

In the Zulu war of 1888 he gained his first knowledge of South African campaigning. It was then he learned the lessons of tracking an enemy by his trail, which he has developed into a fine art. Scouting with him has become one of the most necessary duties of the soldier in the field. Again and again he has surprised the keenest native warriors in Ashanti, where he was first to lead his irregular corps into Kumassi, and in Matabeleland. By his practice of creeping out of the Mafeking lines under cover of darkness and surveying the works of the besiegers, he has astonished the Boers by his accuracy of intelligence. The proofs of his book on scouting were sent by him out of Mafeking to his publisher's just before the investment began, last October.

During the siege the Boers have been compelled no fewer than five times to remove their guns from the emplacements from which they were pouring shell into the town. The besieged were able to compel these retreats simply by concentrating the fire of their antiquated cannon and rifles upon the spot of annoyance, which had been detected by the clever reconnoitering of the gallant commander and his aides.

During the cavalry maneuvers of 1894 he acted as brigade major to General French. Soon after that time he was saved from compulsory retirement, as his promotion had been slow, by being sent out to Ashanti to raise native levies. As brevet colonel he was next chief of the staff to Sir Frederick Carrington, who was intrusted with the task of putting down the rising of the Matabeles in the Matoppo Hills of Rhodesia. He went out to India again as colonel of the Fifth dragoon guards, but when the present war broke out was dispatched to Mafeking to put it into a posture of defense and hold out as long as possible. "I hope they will give me a warm corner," he remarked to his old head master on a visit before he sailed. That wish has been more than gratified.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's shoot to-day had the largest attendance of the season, but the heavy and irregular wind prevented many shooting for high scores,

and they gave their attention to instructing the numerous new members in the art. Humphrey's great score of 11 at 50yds. has set the .22 and .25 rifle cranks on pins and needles. Though this club was the first, so far as we know, to open to all sights, none seemed to feel that there was any advantage in using the scope, but Humphrey's work at Walnut Hill with it has set them a-thinking. The members have ordered a Columbia button for Humphrey and will send it to him as a souvenir of their appreciation of his fine record.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting:
Rifle, 200yds., class medals, one entry only, members; experts:
A. H. Pape, 4 12 8 4 4 3 3 4 6 8—56; F. O. Young, 84.
Sharpshooters: C. M. Daiss 75, G. Mannel 83, P. Becker 100.
Marksmen: Mrs. Waltham 106, G. Hoadley 113, E. A. Allen 115, Mrs. Mannel 117, Dr. H. W. Hunsaker 156, Dr. Twist 160.
Pistol class medals, 50yds., one entry only, members. Experts:
C. M. Daiss..... 3 2 4 9 3 1 5 4 6 6—43
F. O. Young..... 2 4 6 5 1 2 9 10 1 7—47
G. Barley..... 8 4 3 4 3 5 8 6 4 3—48
A. B. Dorrell..... 9 6 5 5 2 8 7 3 6 6—57
A. H. Pape (38 Colts revolver)..... 5 12 2 4 8 8 8 7 3 1—58
Sharpshooters: Dr. J. F. Twist 75, G. Hoadley 8.
Marksmen: N. Robinson 77, Mrs. Mannel 84, Mrs. Waltham 94, E. A. Allen 98, G. Mannel 100, F. Lake 120.

All comers, rifle medals and prizes:
A. H. Pape..... 9 1 5 3 8 4 2 5 8 4—49—68
F. O. Young..... 3 6 3 2 8 8 4 7 11 5—57—65
A. B. Dorrell..... 6 7 5 12 7 2 4 3 9 3—58—88
C. M. Daiss..... 4 6 2 5 14 15 4 4 8 4—67—91
G. Mannel..... 95 111 114
All comers, pistol medals and prizes: F. O. Young, 47, 48, 55; C. M. Daiss, 48; P. Becker, 59, 62, 73; G. Hoadley, 62, 68.
Twist revolver medal: F. O. Young, 59, 75; A. H. Pape, 75, 82; P. Becker, 76, 84; C. M. Daiss, 76.
.22 and .25 rifles, 50yds.:
G. Mannel..... 1 3 1 1 1 3 2 3 4 1—21
1 2 4 1 2 5 2 2 2 1—22
24 28 30 30
Dr. J. F. Twist..... 2 1 2 3 3 2 2 4 2 1—22
38 38 35
F. O. Young..... 22 31
Mrs. Waltham..... 27 31 33 33
Mrs. Mannel..... 36

Record scores, 50yds., pistol: G. Barley, 59, 56, 52, 56, 51; Dr. Twist, 76, 88, 81, 89; Mrs. Waltham, 98, 73, 85; C. M. Daiss, 53; Mrs. Mannel, 85, 78; N. Robinson, 72, 89; C. M. Wiggins, 82.
.30-30 Carabines: R. W. Edgren, 24, 32; P. Becker, 35, 34, 39; Mr. Trego, 35; E. A. Allen, 48, 42, 46.
.22cal. rifles: C. M. Wiggins 61, 61, 90, 32.
Revolver: A. H. Pape 65.
Repeating .30-30 carabines, Creedmoor count, 200yds.: P. Becker, 44, 42.

Mr. Washburn took a trip to Sonora recently, and was received with great hospitality by the Tuolumne Rifle Club. They pitted their best pistol shot against him, Washburn making 56, 51 and 42 to the other's 65, 50 and 56, in three 10-shot scores, 50yds., on Columbia target.
Capt. Fred Kuhnle sends me a perfect score on the 2in. ring at 60yds., off-hand in practice, made with the .22-45-7½, inside lubricant cartridge, Stevens rifle. Fred is sixty-five years old. This is the second time this has been done here, and each time at practice.

F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

NEW YORK, June 7.—At the shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps on June 2, 1900, at Cypress Hills Schuetzen Park, the following scores were made:

Louis Zoellner	23 25 22 21 22 22 22 22 22 22—224
	21 21 20 22 24 22 21 22 21 23—217
	22 22 22 23 20 24 20 18 24 21—217
F. C. Ross	23 20 20 19 24 24 23 19 22 22—216
	20 21 23 21 20 24 21 22 21 21—214
	17 22 20 22 24 20 20 22 22 24—213
Ignatz Martin	23 17 24 25 25 25 22 16 22 19—218
	22 21 23 21 22 16 22 22 22 21—213
	22 23 19 19 23 21 19 22 21 23—212
Chas. Engert	22 23 19 14 23 24 24 14 19 18—202
	12 19 24 19 18 21 21 21 16 22—193
	23 21 18 17 21 15 9 14 21 16—185
Geh. Krauss	21 19 14 21 22 23 15 18 21 18—194
	18 20 23 15 17 21 18 20 21 19—192
	15 24 22 16 19 16 18 14 20 23—187
Paul Andrassy	18 18 22 21 14 24 21 17 22 18—195
	19 21 22 21 22 23 24 18 17 20—195
	24 24 22 11 21 17 17 10 18 19—183
Chas. Kaufman	13 23 25 12 9 24 14 15 25 18—178
	16 17 24 16 17 23 4 11 15 16—159
	12 11 21 22 12 10 11 11 19 15—159
John Kaufman	18 24 15 17 17 13 4 20 17 14—159
	16 21 14 15 7 6 24 19 14 18—166
	7 14 11 18 20 10 6 24 23 22—155

CHAS. R. HOEMING, S. M.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

June 11-15.—Interstate Park, Queens, Borough of Queens, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament; \$1,000 added. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

June 12-14.—Marion, Ind.—Marion Gun Club's bluerock and live-bird tournament; two days bluerocks; one day live birds. E. E. Jones, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Sioux City, Ia.—Sixth annual amateur target tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 13.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Team race between the Hudson, Fulton and Oceanic clubs; all welcome.

June 19.—South Norwalk, Conn.—First of series of all-day monthly shoots given by the Naromake Gun Club.

June 19-20.—Des Moines, Ia.—Amateur target tournament; \$160 added. Johnson & Milner, Box 572.

June 19-20.—Bellefontaine, O.—Third annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club. B. G. Cushman, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club; \$500 added to open events, and valuable merchandise prizes in State events. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

June 20.—Pottstown, Pa.—Fifth annual tournament of the Shuler Gun Club, and team contest for silver trophy. W. S. Royer, Sec'y.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

June 21-22.—Fairmont, Minn.—First annual amateur target tournament of the Fairmont Gun Club.

June 23-24.—Glenwood Springs, Colo.—First annual bluerock tournament of the Western Slope Gun Club. U. S. Devor, Sec'y.

June 26.—Pawling, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Pawling Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Toledo, O.—Midsummer tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. A. Gillespie, Sec'y.

July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Powder Co.'s tournament. N. P. Leach, Mgr.

July 10-11.—Fremont, O.—First annual tournament of the Fremont Gun Club. B. M. Inman, Sec'y.

July 10-12.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Delaware, O.—Delaware Gun Club's tournament. H. D. Leas, Sec'y.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. 1.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

June 14.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Second contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Medicus Rod and Gun Club.

June 21.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Third contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Med. us Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Concerning the American shooters abroad the 'Sun of June 11 recounts: "W. S. Edey and C. S. Guthrie, of the Carteret Gun Club, won shoots at the London Gun Club traps on May 29. Edey captured the club fund cup, worth \$250, and divided the stakes, \$275, with Mr. Elcho. It was a \$15 handicap. Edey shot from the 29yd. mark and Elcho from the 25yd. mark. In the sixth round all of the twenty-three starters except these two had missed. Each killed until the 13th round, and then both missed. In the next round Edey killed and Elcho missed. W. P. Thompson, L. Finletter, C. S. Guthrie and D. I. Bradley were the other Americans who took part in the contest. The next shoot was a \$15 sweepstake, with \$100 added, 29yds. rise. There were twenty-two shooters. C. S. Guthrie and William Haviland were tied with 9 straight kills, and they divided the stakes, \$430. L. Finletter missed his ninth bird, W. P. Thompson his third, D. I. Bradley his third and W. S. Edey his first. W. P. Thompson finished second in a \$10 handicap sweepstakes with 4 kills, and third in a \$15 sweepstakes, with a cup added, with 9 kills. L. Finletter was fourth, D. I. Bradley fifth. C. S. Guthrie won third prize on May 26. The shoot was the Derby, \$25 handicap sweepstakes, with a \$200 cup added. Guthrie killed 8 and won \$60. D. I. Bradley shot at Hurlingham on May 28. In the Derby, \$25 handicap sweepstakes, with a \$160 cup added, he won third prize, \$50, with 9 kills."

Mr. F. W. Heubach, general manager of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, has issued a circular announcing the programme of the Western Canada championship and fourth annual target tournament. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. July 25, first day, is called Parker gun day. There are five events on this day, one at 10 targets, \$10 entrance; two at 15 targets, \$1.50, and one at 75 targets, \$2, for the Parker gun. On the second day there are nine events, entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. No. 3 is the club four-men team shoot, at 20 targets, \$1 entrance. No. 6 is the Western Canada championship at 50 targets, \$2 entrance, the trophy of which was presented by the Robin Hood Powder Co. On the third day there are eight events. No. 3 is the International championship at 50 targets, \$4 entrance. No. 6 is the International team race at 20 targets, entrance free; teams to be of not less than four nor more than fifteen men. First high average, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10. Targets, 2 cents.

Mr. W. P. Brown, Jr., manager of the Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., writes us as follows: "As yet the grounds are new and incomplete, but in a month or so I am in hopes of having the best park in the West. There will be two magautraps, two sets Sergeant system and one set of live-bird traps. Later in the year I expect to put in the Fulford trap, and when I do I am in hopes of reporting large shoots both at targets and birds. At present they keep the mud pies in the air most of each afternoon, and everything points to a grand success."

The fifth annual tournament of the Shuler Gun Club, Pottstown, Pa., will take place on June 20, at Sanatoga Park. The grand contest for the silver trophy by teams of five from Berks, Chester and Montgomery counties, Pa., is the main event, and it commences at 2 o'clock. There are ten events on the programme, of which six are at 10 bluerocks, one at 5, one each at 7, 15 and 20 bluerocks. All targets will be thrown from the magautrap. All moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Mr. W. S. Royer is the secretary.

This week the Pan-American Exposition Co. Carnival of Sports will decide the programme and the moneys to be offered at the tournament which it will arrange for shooters later in the season. The programme will be issued in ample time. The plan is to make no distinction between experts, while the 75 per cent. or less men will have ten events, five on a magautrap and five on expert traps, known angles. The 80 to 90 per cent. men will have five on a magautrap and five Sergeant system. The moneys will be divided so that those who have the skill may win.

The secretary of the club, Mr. B. M. Inman, writes us as follows: "The Fremont Gun Club, of Fremont, O., will give its first annual tournament on July 10 and 11. Ten events each day, with special events. American Association rules to govern. One cent for each target thrown will be reserved for average money, divided in 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent., to those shooting in all events both days. All shooters invited."

The annual shoot of the Longport Gun Club, Atlantic City, N. J., will take place on June 16, at Pleasure Bay Hotel shooting grounds. Shooting commences at 11:30. There are seven events on the programme, three 10-target, two 15-target and two 20-target events. Targets 1½ cents each. Money divided by the percentage system. The club announces also a match between Messrs. E. S. Johnson, of Atlantic City, and Wm. Torpey, of Radnor, Pa., at 100 targets, \$50 a side.

The programme of the Naromake Gun Club's summer shoot, to be held on the club grounds at Dorlan's Point, Norwalk, Conn., on June 19, commencing at 9:30 o'clock, provides thirteen events, a total of 150 targets, with a total entrance of \$10. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Take White Line trolley car to east side and transfer to Dorlan's Point. Refreshments served on the grounds. Bluerocks will be thrown from a magautrap.

Mr. S. Glover, of Rochester, won the New York city trophy, emblematic of the target championship of the State of New York, with the excellent score of 114 out of 175. Mr. T. W. Morley scored 170 out of 175, and therefore was a good second.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., announces a series of four shoots, to take place on June 9, 16, 23 and 30. The first prize is a half dozen sterling silver spoons; second prize, a berry spoon. The contests will be handicaps at 50 targets.

On Monday of this week a number of the experts with the gun were in New York city, preparatory to visiting Interstate Park, Queens, where there will be a continuous competition during the remainder of the week.

The daily press of Utica devoted generous space to the State tournament, most amiably speaking kind words for every one, and presenting the tournament news with commendable accuracy.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., left Utica before the State shoot closed last week to attend the graduating exercises of the Polytechnic school in New York.

One of the unfortunate calamities which beset mankind was that which happened to catcher Jack O'Neil, who broke his leg while sliding to third base on Thursday of the State shoot in a game between the Utica Club, to which he belonged, and the Schenectady. On the shooting grounds on Friday about \$20 was subscribed for him among the shooters, a number of whom witnessed the accident.

Mr. E. W. Bird, Fairmont, Minn., writes us as follows: "The programme of the first annual amateur target tournament of the Fairmont, Minn., Gun Club will be out in a few days. The tournament will be held June 21-22, and will consist of twelve events each day at 15 bluebirds; \$1.50 entrance; four moneys; per cent. division; \$200 in cash averages will be divided among the twenty high guns."

In connection with the second contest for the championship of Long Island at Interstate Park, on June 21, beginning at 1 o'clock, the Medicus Gun Club announces a programme as follows: Five birds, \$3.50; 7 birds, \$5; and 10 birds, \$2, the latter for a Winchester .30-30 sporting rifle. Sweep optional. Dr. C. E. Kemble, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, is the secretary.

The Dean Richmond trophy was won by the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association team, the members of which were Messrs H. L. Gates, M. M. Mayhew and E. D. Fulford, the latter killing his 20 birds straight, while each of his associates lost but 1, thus making a score of 58 out of 60.

At Columbus, in the tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, Messrs. C. Young and R. O. Heikes tied on 48 out of 50 targets in a field of twenty-four shooters for the L. C. Smith trophy, emblematic of the championship of Ohio. In the shoot-off Young won.

In No. 7, the New York State championship event, or contest of four-men teams, at 20 targets, there were four teams. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club won with a score of 78 out of a possible 80. The New Utrecht Gun Club's team was second with 75.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a shoot on Saturday afternoon of this week, open to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

Zoo Rod and Gun Club.

Elwood, Ind., May 25.—The first annual state live-bird championship shoot held in this city under the auspices of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, beginning Wednesday, May 23, and continuing for three days, was a success. The weather was all that could have been desired for such a meeting. The sun shone brightly, but a cool wave had been arranged by the weather man for the occasion. There was no wind to annoy the men shooting.

The attendance was decidedly encouraging, both as to contestants and spectators. Plenty of seats were provided under a canopy, and the comfort of all present was well looked after. Some of the best shots in the State were present, among them Tripp, of Indianapolis; Neal, of Bloomfield; Voris, of Crawfordsville, and Head and Cavanaugh, of Peru. Kokomo, Noblesville, Muncie, Warren and other Indiana cities were well represented.

The first two days' events were at targets, and the magatrap worked well. The appended scores show the excellent work that was done. Friday the live-bird championship for the State of Indiana and the Lieber trophy took place, and created great interest. The birds provided were first class, and the contest was close and exciting. Voris, of Crawfordsville, won the trophy on the miss-and-out to decide the tie.

The shoot was under the direction of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, the popular representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., and his work gave excellent satisfaction to all concerned. His presence at an affair of this kind insures that it will be properly conducted. The committee of the Zoo Club, having in charge the shoot was as follows: E. E. Neal, Wayne Leeson, Ray Hitchcock, W. F. Edwards and M. L. White. O. Huffman is president and J. M. Livingston secretary of the club.

The success of the first tournament has greatly encouraged the members of the club, and the expressions of praise from the visitors and promises of a return visit at future meetings has induced the Zoo Club to announce a bigger and better meeting in every way for next year on about the same dates. No efforts will be spared to make it the banner meeting of the State, and everybody is invited to be with us. Scores:

First Day, May 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20
Neal	9	14	20	15	10	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20
Tripp	10	14	19	13	10	17	8	15	20	15	19	10	8	14	
Parry	6	13	18	12	6	11	10	7	15	19	10	10	8	14	
Cavanaugh	8	13	16	13	7	15	14	9	12	19	14	16	6	10	13
Apperson	7	13	14	14	8	17	16	10	13	17	13	13			
White	8	11		10	7								5		12
Brenner	8	13	17	14	8	17							12	7	6
Partington	9	12	20	15	10	16	15	8	11	14	13	15	9	8	11
Bowen	9	13	19	14	9	17							9	12	13
Livingston	6	11		12	6								6	11	
Short	10	10	19	12	7	16							10		
Brissell	9	12		13	8								7	10	10
Ouster	8	14		12	8								7	10	
Adamson	8	10			8								7	9	15
E. Apperson	8	11											12		
Forest		11	14	12	8										
Edwards		8			6										
Williams		11	16										9		
Harbit		9	11										14		5
Parker						17									
Smith													6		11
Meredith													13	18	6
Leeson															7

No. 7 was at 10 pairs; No. 13 at 5 pairs.

Second Day, May 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	20	15	25	20	20	20	10	20	10	20	10	15	20	15
Neal	6	18	18	12	3	16	17	10	16	7					
Tripp	10	18	20	14	2	15	16	15	10	18	9	14			
Cavanaugh	8	18	15	12	2	18	18	18	14						
Parker	9	17	17	11	2	16	19	16	8	12					
Dennis	9	17	17	13	23	17	17	16	7	17	9	13			
Livingston	6	12	19	3	18	13	14	14	6	8	6				
Partington	9	16	16	12	21	15	4					9	14		
Williams	8	15	16	9	19							5	9	4	
Bender	7	10			10										
Meredith	7	16	17	11	2	15						7	15	9	
Adamson	9				10							14	5		
Harbit	6														6
Farrell	9		15	10								14	7	17	
Jones	6														5
Parry	10	19	17	10	18							15	20	18	9
Edwards					11										
Smith												13			6
Leeson												8	14	6	13
See															5
Yelton															7

No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

Third Day, May 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	20	15	25	20	20	20	10	20	10	20	10	15	20	15
Neal	6	18	18	12	3	16	17	10	16	7					
Tripp	10	18	20	14	2	15	16	15	10	18	9	14			
Cavanaugh	8	18	15	12	2	18	18	18	14						
Parker	9	17	17	11	2	16	19	16	8	12					
Dennis	9	17	17	13	23	17	17	16	7	17	9	13			
Livingston	6	12	19	3	18	13	14	14	6	8	6				
Partington	9	16	16	12	21	15	4					9	14		
Williams	8	15	16	9	19							5	9	4	
Bender	7	10			10										
Meredith	7	16	17	11	2	15						7	15	9	
Adamson	9				10							14	5		
Harbit	6														6
Farrell	9		15	10								14	7	17	
Jones	6														5
Parry	10	19	17	10	18							15	20	18	9
Edwards					11										
Smith												13			6
Leeson												8	14	6	13
See															5
Yelton															7

No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

Ties: 21222222 Tripp .112*
22222222*
Dennis .22222222*

Sweeps:	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Tripp	1112222120-10	22222-5	0
Neal	111110	210	212221210-8
Dennis	2122222120-10	20	20
Adamson	1220	210	222222222-10
Voris	222110	210	10
Cavanaugh	122110	22220-4	2122221222-10
Parker	2222222222-11	22220-4	2122221222-10
Newcomer	20	1	
White	120	2	
Williams		2220	2
Livingston		1220	

No. 4, 5 birds: Adamson 4, Tripp 5, Neal 5, Dennis 5, Cavanaugh 4, Voris 5, Forest 2, Martin 5, Stevens 5, Yelton 5, Meredith 3, Parker 4.

Charlottesville and Staunton Gun Clubs.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., June 11.—Herewith are the scores made in a team shoot for a silver cup and in a merchandise prize match between the Staunton and Charlottesville Gun Clubs, held on the grounds of the latter, Friday, June 8. This was our first shoot for the cup, which is owned jointly by the two clubs. The team shoot was closely contested, Charlottesville winning by only 1 bird, and but for the fact that one of Staunton's best shots, Mr. W. F. Summerson, was very much handicapped by a badly bruised arm, it is very probable that the cup would have gone to Staunton. Notwithstanding his arm gave him a great deal of pain, Mr. Summerson shot through the whole of the events of 155 targets.

This is the fourth or fifth time that these two clubs have come together, and in every case the shooting has been very close. The Staunton Club is made up of a lot of high-toned gentlemen and thorough, whole-souled sportsmen. Your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting them on their grounds about ten days ago, and though the pace set by them was too hot for him to keep up with, he thoroughly enjoyed meeting again such a lot of genuine good fellows and all around sportsmen. If any of your readers who are interested in trapshooting should ever have the pleasure of visiting Staunton, if they will look up Summerson, Bowman, Merriken, McDaniel, Quensen or any other member of this club, they will find royal good fellows who are never happier than when entertaining some brother sportsman.

The scores:

Charlottesville Gun Club Team.	Score
George	11101110101111101101-16
W O Watson	011011101011111001101-13
D R Snow	101111101111101111-17
Norris Watson	1111111111111011010-16
Loyd	1000000110010101001-7
Link	111011100111011011-14
Hunter Watson	1111100101010011111-13-96

Staunton Gun Club Team.	Score
Summerson	11011111010101011100-13
McDaniel	10001111101101011110-13
Merriken	0100011000111101000-9
Harris	1111111010111110111-17
Garber	1001011010101111111-14
Sillings	11101010001011011101-12
Wayman	11101011111111111110-17-95

Other scores:												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Summerson	13	3	10	14	3	7	8	8	10	7	155	82
Wayman	17	8	12	19	7	8	14	6	11	18	155	120
Peyton	5	5	10	5	7	8	5	100	45
Shaefer	3	5	8	5	55	21
Johnson	6	11	14	8	7	11	7	7	10	13	135	81
McDaniel	13	5	12	6	6	9	15	7	9	13	155	95
Merriken	9	7	10	10	6	10	7	7	10	10	155	86
Harris	17	9	12	15	6	10	11	5	10	12	155	107
Norris Watson	16	8	12	4	8	90	56
Hunter Watson	13	5	12	15	6	13	15	7	0	6	155	101
Sillings	12	6	12	16	8	12	13	7	10	19	155	115
Garber	14	6	15	9	5	11	11	7	10	16	155	104
W O Watson	13	9	11	13	4	6	14	8	12	12	155	102
Link	14	5	9	7	7	9	14	10	12	7	155	94
Snow	17	7	11	13	8	11	12	10	12	14	155	115
George	16	8	12	14	8	13	12	9	15	12	155	119
Walker	4	8	10	6	12	16	8	8	8	14	135	80
Loyd	7	6	10	11	5	12	12	8	7	14	155	92
Keller	5	7	17	6	9	10	6	9	11	13	135	80
Poindexter	3	8	8	3	5	3	80	30
Bruffy	7	9	14	45	30
Cochran	11	11	4	9	9	...	80	41
D R. Snow, Sec'y.												

WESTERN TRAPS.

Trap in Paris.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 9.—Mr. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., one of the best known of our American amateurs, has been spending some time in Europe, and I make bold to quote liberally from a very interesting personal letter which he has just written from Paris. He goes on to say:

"I left New York April 21 for Liverpool, stopped ten days in London, and thence came to Paris. This certainly is a beautiful city at this season of the year. The fine large horse chestnut trees along the boulevards are in full bloom and add much to the beauty of the city. The weather has been delightful, much pleasanter than that experienced in England. Have visited the Exposition a number of times, and was much surprised on my first visit to find so many exhibits incomplete. It will be fully a month before everything is in perfect order. Of course it is a grand affair, but candidly, I do not think it surpasses our Chicago World's Fair. There is nothing here that compares with the Court of Honor, and I think the arrangement of the grounds and buildings was much better and more artistic in Chicago. The French exhibits are of course very fine, and so are those of Hungary, though I must confess our American exhibits are somewhat disappointing. We attended the opening of the United States building and there was quite a crowd of Americans there. Sousa and his band received a great reception here.

"Through the courtesy of Mr. Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, I was invited to take part in the live pigeon matches held at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne. This club is the oldest one in Paris, and has a very large membership. It is situated in a very picturesque portion of the Bois, in a flat, open field which is surrounded by fine trees. They have just about completed a fine, new and commodious club house, and the club is very well conducted. I have participated in several shoots here, and with some success. In one event there were forty entries, missing out, 5 louis entrance. Two of us killed 12 straight and divided the purse of 1,700 francs.

"The boundary here is about 30yds. out from the center of the traps, and I find the birds excellent, very fast, strong flyers, and inclined to tower more than our birds do. One can use a high shooting gun here to good advantage.

"I have met quite a number of New York shooters here, and whom should I run into this afternoon on leaving the grounds but Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati. He and a friend are here on their way to Germany, and will return to Paris later.

"There is to be a target tournament held in London, England, from June 3 to 9, and I am going over to try the clays. I hear Paul North is there, and that there will be a number of American shooters there. I have met quite a number of shooters here from the States, and it makes one feel that the world is not so large after all.

"I see by the papers that the boys are having a busy time at the tournaments, and I should enjoy being with them, but there is a time to come. George Roll shot a fine match with Dr. Williamson at Milwaukee; so you see you still have a match shooter in Chicago.

"We expect to sail from Liverpool in the Lucania, July 14, for New York. I will run up and see you when I return."

From the foregoing it would seem that Dick is giving the usual good account of himself, wherever he happens to be. At just about this writing he will be at London shooting targets, and I hope he will remember to tell us how an English target tournament seems from the standpoint of an American shooter.

East Side of Saginaw.

Mr. John M. Messner, secretary of the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., sends the following account of the first shoot of the season for that club:

"The first shoot was to have been held May 20, but was postponed to June 3 on account of high water and heavy rains, so the East Side Gun Club held its shoot yesterday afternoon, and it was attended by a large crowd of shooters. The day was perfect, and everything favored the shooters. The events were all pulled off before dark, though the contests required till dusk to finish. The referees of the events were Frank Schuetzen and J. Way, Jr. Scores were kept by Fred Riedel, Chas. Bremer and Rob. Tremper. Five events were shot, as follows: No. 1, the practice shoot, 25 birds; No. 2, gun club, 25 birds; No. 3, Everett House, 25 birds; Nos. 4 and 5, pump gun races of 6 birds each. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Andrew Lewless.....	12	4	5	6	6	F Wolf.....	11	12	6	4	4
Ed Skolil.....	11	19	15	6	6	E Heyde.....	8	6	4	4	4
Joseph Ditz.....	11	11	5	6	6	G R Endert.....	7	18	6	4	4
K Mathewson.....	7	9	5	6	6	O A Schadtolt.....	5	10	4	4	4
H W Merrill.....	5	8	5	6	6	L Dambarger.....	21	15	4	4	4
John White.....	12	15	11	2	3	H Lamarmann.....	4	4	4	4	4
V Kindler.....	6	13	5	6	6	John Hermann.....	13	10	5	4	4
Ed Carpenter.....	13	21	5	6	6	J Willhite.....	16	9	4	4	4
John Popp.....	9	16	17	5	6	C E Claffin.....	1	4	4	4	4
John M. Messner.....	15	18	15	3	2	A W Bolt.....	8	4	4	4	4
Ed Mees.....	8	10	5	6	6	J Smith.....	7	4	4	4	4
Chas Schmidt.....	5	13	5	6	6	S Nothaller.....	5	4	4	4	4
John Lafayette.....	10	4	5	6	6	J Wolf, Jr.....	13	4	4	4	4

"The tie pump gun shoot between Chas. Schmidt and ex-Alderman, John Hermann for \$50 a side was won by Mr. Hermann, who broke 5 to Schmidt 3. Mr. Schmidt challenged ex-Alderman Hermann for \$50 a side, and Alderman Willhite not barred."

At Crown Point.

The secretary of the Crown Point, Ind., Gun Club incloses scores of the club shoot June 1, and adds: "Low scores were prevalent on account of strong wind and a new trapper, who worked the magautrap faster than necessary. The club badge was won by the veteran Abe Sherman, who showed the boys he could shoot some in spite of being 67 years old. Trophy event, 15 singles:

F S Myrick.....	01111011101111-12	H Swartz.....	10011011011011-10
A Sherman.....	01111111111111-14	D McCay.....	10111000110001-8
A Younce.....	11101110110111-12	A Keeney.....	1100111011011001-10
G Brannon.....	10110001101101-9	E Ames.....	00010100000101-4
Hildebrandt.....	00111110111111-11		

"Twenty-five targets—12 pairs and 1 single:
Younce 10 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 11 11 1-22
Swartz 11 10 11 11 01 01 10 11 10 11 11 1-20

"Ties on 12 in trophy shoot, 3 singles and 1 pair:
Younce 111 11-5 110 11-4 Myrick 111 11-5 111 11-5
"Some miss-and-out sweepstakes completed the day's shooting." E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Kleinman—Amberg vs. Graham—Neal.

Watson's Park, June 8.—A match at 25 live birds for the price of the birds, was shot to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., between Messrs. A. Kleinman and J. H. Amberg on one side and E. S. Graham and E. E. Neal on the other. The latter won by a score of 47 to 43. The scores:

E E Neal.....	01211111222222112012122-23
E S Graham.....	22222222222222222222-24-47
J H Amberg.....	20220111122122111201012-21
A Kleinman.....	2122120122122112022*2121-22-43

Watson's Park, June 9.—Seven live birds, entrance \$23; three moneys, 60, 80, 20:

A Kleinman.....	1121101-6	Knickerbocker.....	0020020-2
W B Leffingwell.....	2121122-7	Gillis.....	211201-6
Dewey.....	2222211-7	Levi.....	0122100-4
Odell.....	2222222-7	Goldsmith.....	1211010-5
Day.....	0222112-6	Loomis.....	0100220-3
Barto.....	0222222-6	Oliphant.....	0021102-4
Middleton.....	1002120-4	Tefft.....	2020222-5
Young.....	0111221-6	Conley.....	1112110-6
Palmer.....	2101122-6	Card.....	0200220-3
Smith.....	0012200-3	Martin.....	1012022-5
Amberg.....	2222220-6		

Marwede Cup.

Alpena, Mich., June 5.—The contest to-day at 25 bluerocks, thrown from a magautrap, was the second for the Marwede cup, under the auspices of the Chase Benjamin Gun Club. The scores were as follows:

Dr. F. W. Blake 8, Geo. Burston 3, W. A. Blackburn 12, W. H. Davidson 5, W. B. Dobson 22, Harry R. Morse, Jr., 5; John Gibson 8, R. H. Collins 6, D. D. Hanover 14, G. T. Montroy 3, Ed C. Ewer 5, Fred Richardson 18, Frank Richardson 18, R. T. Dobson 10, C. N. Ware 11.

The cup is shot for on the first Tuesday of each month and must be won three times before it becomes the property of the winner.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 9.—The club held its weekly shoot to-day on its grounds at the corner of Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue. The scores follow:

Event No. 2, trophy, 25 targets:	
R B Mack.....	111101100110111101100-17
Sprague.....	11101110110110110011000-15
Engelhardt.....	11000100011011000011101-12
Walters.....	1111010001111101101101-19
Goodrich.....	11001111111111011011010-20
Ed Steck.....	01101011111111111111110-21
F P Stannard.....	11111110110111101111111-22
Mrs Carson.....	01100101110110110100010-13
A W Adams.....	11101101101101101101110-19
Dr Carson.....	10100101101101101100000-12
W D Stannard.....	11111111110111111111111-23
J Roeder.....	11011101011111010011000-16
Parker.....	11011110110111111111110-21
Morgan.....	11111111110110111011011-22
Lem Willard.....	01111101101110111111101-20

Sweepstakes:		Events:	1	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	10	10	15		
R B Mack.....	9	15	20	10	15		
Sprague.....	8	15	5	9	12		
Engelhardt.....	12	13	6	10			
Walters.....	10	12					
Goodrich.....	13						
Ed Steck.....	14	18	8	11			
F P Stannard.....	12	18					
Mrs Carson.....	8						
A W Adams.....	12	20					
Dr Carson.....	12						
W D Stannard.....	15						

Event No. 3, monthly trophy, 15 targets:	
R B Mack.....	11011110000010-8
Sprague.....	11000111110010-9
Engelhardt.....	00110011010101-8
Walters.....	00100110100110-7
Goodrich.....	1001111100110-10
Ed Steck.....	1011110111111-13
F P Stannard.....	111111110111-13
Mrs Carson.....	1001110001001-7

Chicago, June 9.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, the occasion of our sixth trophy shoot of the season.

Class A medal was won by R. Kuss on a score of 23, Class B by A. Hellman on a score of 21 and Class C by L. Thomas on a score of 19.

The weather was fine, no wind and an ideal day for shooting. The breaking down of our magautrap made an unpleasant ending to what would have been otherwise a most agreeable afternoon's shooting.

Team shoot and sweeps made up the programme outside of the trophy event. The scores:

Sixth trophy shoot, 25 targets:	
W P Northcott.....	1111110110001100111111-19
J D Pollard.....	11010001110110100011011-15
Dr J W Meek.....	01101110110010010001111-15
A E Midgley.....	1111111101011110110111-21
A McGowan.....	0011000111111110100111-17
P McGowan.....	110100110011001000011011-13
R Kuss.....	11111111111111110111-23
C Kuss.....	11011011010001101000011-14
C P Richards.....	0110110110110111111111-20
C H Kehl.....	00110011001100010000000-8
A S Dorman.....	0010011101110011111110-17
T Eaton.....	11011010101111111011011-18
L Thomas.....	1101110111110001111111-19
L Wolff.....	00011010110001100000000-8
Wm Brown.....	11011011110110011100011-17
Hicks.....	11011010111100110101011-17
A Hellman.....	1110101101101111111111-21
E Bingham.....	1111111111111111111111-23
J Dodge.....	1110101011111101011111-20
Dr C C O'Byrne.....	01111000011111010100111-15
Dr W S Royce.....	1000111011110011111101-18

Team shoot, 15 targets:	
Richards.....	11
Bingham.....	11
Northcott.....	14
Hellman.....	11
C Kuss.....	4
P McGowan.....	4
Brown.....	8
Dorman.....	9
Dodge.....	10
Dr Royce.....	10
Mickey.....	2½-94½

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., June 9.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club at Watson's Park had twenty-one entries. The scores were as follows:

A Kleinman, 0.....	112121122211121-15
Dewey, 0.....	1110110111121-13
W B Leffingwell, 0.....	1222122212012-13
S E Young, 2.....	1012222021011-13
Al Smith, 2.....	2202001121000001-8
E S Rice, 2.....	020211*021100000-7
H Odell, 1.....	22222222222222-15
J Crow, 1.....	212102021012210-12
J M Gillis, 1.....	222212*11210112-14
J B Barto, 0.....	21200221111002-11
J H Amberg, 0.....	22001201212121-12
Knickerbocker, 3.....	110021*2200221222-13
S Palmer, 0.....	22220210110122-12
Day, 2.....	200201111112w
Rust, 3.....	01020201112200201-11
Martin, 3.....	01112221000201000-10
Conley, 2.....	1011021111212112-15
Card, 3.....	0101000212211211-12
Levi, 2.....	222*22020220T
Middleton, 3.....	1*1212201220111221-15
Goldsmith, 2.....	1222*21110222221-15

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 3.—The boys came out Saturday and shot a few in spite of the rain, a monument to the fascination of the game. Kimmons was the only one to display championship form, although Mulroney made a strong bid for a place, and was shooting very steadily.

Rain prevented the Jenny Lind contingent from coming over, and Knott was cheated out of winning the medal by Providence. He seems nowadays to get it whenever he comes after it.

After the medal race at 25 birds, several \$1 sweeps were indulged in on a handicap basis, and the boys seemed to enjoy it very much, though the money was very much cut up.

Hereafter the first 25 birds shot at by any man in practice will count as his score on the medal. Kimmons keeps his wonderful gait. He has never shot at 1,000 targets all together, and is shooting a strong 80 per cent. gait, which, all shooters will agree, is remarkable.

Everything is progressing favorably for the tenth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, July 10, 11 and 12, and its success is practically assured. Three days at targets; \$300 cash added, Rose system, is what the programme will say. Following are the scores:

Medal race:										
Kimmons	0111111111111011101111	22								
Baptiste	1111111111110011110001	19								
Oglesby	10101010101010100010001	11								
Coffey	10101010100001010101000	10								
Mulroney	10101010001010101000010	10								
Hartwell	1010000101010100000101	9								
Hunt	1010100000001100110000	9								
A W Boyd	00000000000000001110100	5								
Sweeps:										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Coffey	9	2	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Hunt	4	9	10	6	8	5	8	10	9	9
Mulroney	6	7	9	5	6	11	9	7	13	13
Hartwell	6	7	7	10	4					
Oglesby	6	11	6	10	8					
A W Boyd	1									
Baptiste	11	9	9	11	10					
Kimmons	13	13								
LEACH.										

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 9.—No. 5 was a handicap event. No. 6 was the handicaps. No. 7 was the number broken out of the handicaps. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 were the ties shot off. The prize, a gun case, was won by Mr. Asa Whitehead.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	25	*	0	10	10	10	10						
Feigenspan	10	7	7	9	24	1	1	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Naegle	6	5	9	5	16	10	6	7								
Smith	8	6	6	8	22	4	9									
Colquit	10	9	8	8	21	5	5	8								
Adams	10	8	7	7	18	8	7	8	9	6	8	7				
Terrill	7	8	9	6	14	13	12	8	8	5						
Whitehead		9	10	8	22	4	4	8	9	10						
Yeomans		7	7	7	19	7	6	8	5							
Williamson			5	9	19	7	6	8	10	9						
Wardell			5	5	13	14	10									
Harrison		4	4	5	8	16	10	6	8	4						
Sinnock			8	8	23	2	5									
Herrington				6	21	5	5	8	9	9	4					
Fleming				8	13	14	6									
James					19	7	3	5	8	9	9					
Day					22	4	3	5								
Carter						*	0									

New York State Shoot.

The forty-second annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Utica, N. Y., under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The four days of the tournament were June 5 to 8, inclusive, though June 4 was devoted to practice events on the grounds of the Association, seven 15-target events being shot. The main event of the day, however, was the annual convention. Keen interest was manifested in it, and there was a good attendance of delegates. It was held in Bagg's Hotel, and the president, Mr. Henry L. Gates, presided. The roll call was responded to as follows:

Medicus Gun Club, Brooklyn—W. Hopkins and S. M. Van Allen.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club—R. C. Kerschner, G. Borst, F. E. McCord, A. A. Mosher and J. L. Waller.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, of Utica—H. L. Gates, C. R. Mizner, A. C. Sieboth, G. Dexter and John Pfeiffer.

Marcy Gun Club, of Marcy—T. M. Jones, E. M. Masden, H. Kimlin, F. Buchanan and G. A. Gaymonds.

Brooklyn Gun Club—J. S. Fanning, Ed Banks, J. J. Hallowell and W. R. Hobart.

New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn—Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, C. Ferguson, T. H. Keller, T. W. Morley and G. E. Greiff.

Emerald Gun Club, of New York—T. H. Keller, L. H. Schortemeier.

New York County Gun Club—L. H. Schortemeier, J. W. H. Fleming and J. L. Brewer.

Baldwinsville Shotgun and Rifle Club—C. J. Dalley and W. Morris.

Catchpole Gun Club, of Walcott—E. A. Wadsworth and Ben Catchpole.

Dansville Gun Club—P. H. Willey.

Sheephead Bay Rod and Gun Club—H. J. Montanus and L. H. Schortemeier.

Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association—F. A. Russell, A. S. Seaman, C. Johnson, L. A. Cole and W. Potter.

Spencer Sportsmen's Club, of Lyons—H. B. Whitney.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo—T. D. Kelsey, E. T. Hammond and H. D. Kirkover, Jr.

Riverside Gun Club, of Utica—T. L. Davidson, O. A. Wheeler, Dr. A. R. Simmons, L. D. Brainard and Chas. Windheim.

Long Island Gun Club—B. H. Norton and W. F. Sykes.

The clubs not represented were as follows: Leatherstocking Gun Club, Oswego; Remington Gun Club, Ilion; Hamden Gun Club, New Berlin; Gun Club and the Syracuse Gun Club.

The chairman, in behalf of the Oneida Sportsmen's Association, welcomed the delegates and sportsmen to Utica and assured them of the Association's purpose to give them a pleasant time and trusted that it also would be profitable. In substance he set forth that the members of the Association, as with members of every other association which might thereafter secure the State shoot, were by a certain class suspected of attempting to hold somebody up; that the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association were not attempting to hold any one up, and no other association had ever attempted anything of the kind; that it was apparent that there was no money in it for himself or for his associates, situated as they are; that the money was made by some one in the gun and ammunition business in some way or other; that much credit was due the people of Utica, who stood by the promoters of the shoot, but two persons having declined to donate prizes, the latter ranging in value from \$3 to \$100, special mention of credit being given by him in respect to the Hunter Arms Co., D. M. Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co.; the Syracuse Arms Co., the Savage Arms Co. and Parker Brothers, and to these he expressed thanks in behalf of the Oneida Association.

Judge Ferguson, of the New Utrecht, recounted that it was now some nineteen years since the last convention was held in the vicinity of New York; that at least one-third of the shooters at the convention live in the vicinity of New York; that quite a number of them have become shooters in the interim, and that if the next convention was held in New York it would interest all these and be a great benefit to the Association, and he moved that the next State convention be held in Greater New York under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club, promising that the club would give at least \$750 added money and a big list of merchandise prizes.

Mr. L. Schortemeier in substance stated that he had intended to apply for the shoot in behalf of the New York County Club, but knowing that the New Utrecht Club would do all it promised he seconded the motion of Judge Ferguson. The motion was also seconded by Mr. H. D. Kirkover, of the Audubon Gun Club, and it was unanimously carried. The next convention, therefore, will be held at Interstate Park, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, in the matter of membership of clubs which shot for the Dean Richmond trophy, referred to the condition which required that the members of a club team must all reside in the same county, asked for a ruling by the chair as to members from Greater New York, which was in five counties, and the ruling by Mr. Gates was in substance as follows: "That under the conditions the members of any team contesting for the Dean Richmond trophy must reside in the same county; that Greater New York covered a part of six counties, and that no team from Greater New York would be allowed to compete this year unless the Association should change the conditions; that this also applied to the State championship at targets; that personally, however, he was in favor of treating Greater New York as a county of the State."

Mr. Walter F. Sykes, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, in substance said that he believed that under the constitution any change made in the rules and regulations must be submitted at a previous meeting. It was his club's intention to submit such a proposition this year, but there was no one to whom it could be presented; that it is somewhat unfair that all the members of a team should be compelled to reside in one county; that most of us reside in one county and do business in another; that it is difficult, therefore, to select delegates to State conventions; that he hoped next year would result in a large attendance, not only there, but wherever held in other parts of the State later; that he asked unanimous consent that clubs from Greater New York be allowed to send representatives without regard to territorial limits to compete for the Dean Richmond trophy and for the State championship at targets; that for such purposes Greater New York be considered as one county.

After some discussion pro and con a motion was made and unanimously carried which considered Greater New York as one county in respect to the selection of club teams for the Dean Richmond trophy and State championship contests.

Mr. Gates then explained that on the following morning the members in the sweepstake events would be arbitrarily classified as amateurs and experts, and that there would be no appeal from it. After that they classified themselves as they made above or below \$5. The seven State experts were: Capt. John L. Brewer, Edward Banks, of New York; E. D. Fulford, of Utica; Harvey McMurchy, of Syracuse; Col. A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse; Simeon Glover, of Rochester, and Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of Lakeside; that they would have to go into second place at least to secure any money in a State event; that this did not apply to merchandise events, Nos. 3 and 6. No. 3 will be without handicap, and in No. 6 a handicap; that if there were 25 straight, they must break 24; that they must get first or second or they get nothing; that the New York trophy will go to the shooter making the highest average score in all the events in the first three days' programme for which he is eligible under the conditions heretofore announced.

Mr. Banks thought the New York cup was given to be open to only State events; that it ought to go to the shooter making the highest average in State events.

Mr. Schortemeier said that when this cup was given it was understood that not less than 100 targets be shot at daily; that in State events there were not 100 targets a day, and he moved that it be shot for in State events only.

Mr. Banks seconded the motion that it be confined to State events, to consist of the first 175 birds in events 1 to 6, inclusive; that the score each man makes in the 50 handicap be taken as made without reference to his handicap; and the motion was carried.

On motion of Mr. Gates it was carried that on each day of the shoots hereafter there will be two events open to New York State shooters only.

The officers of the New Utrecht Gun Club are the officers of the Association, namely: Mr. Walter F. Sykes, President and Acting Treasurer; Judge Ferguson, Vice-President; Mr. A. A. Hegeman, Secretary.

The weather on the whole was favorable for good scores, and good scores were made; in fact, it was a competition of extraordinary displays of skill and high-grade performance. On the other hand, the good shooting of so many contestants resulted in numerous ties, particularly in first, second and third places, thereby splitting up the money so fine that the more skillful shooter the less he won. This was further intensified by the large number of moneys, eight in the State events and five in the open sweeps. As there were 15 and 20 target events, short races as a whole, nearly every one was in the money. As a case in point: Jack Fanning broke 154 out of 155 shot at on Thursday, and drew back \$12.55 from an entrance of \$18. Crosby shooting marvelously well, and several others of great skill, did not draw their entrance back. There were many who spoke approvingly of the Rose system

who were indifferent concerning it heretofore. There was real discontent, however, over the charge of 3 cents for targets, many shooters maintaining that it was without justification, considering the amounts of added moneys and latter day tournament management, and that it was all a policy of "make"; on the other hand, the managers of the club strenuously maintained that they would come out about even financially. There is no doubt but what the high price of targets seriously curtailed the success of the shoot, many shooters quitting earlier than they otherwise would, or shooting much less. The office force, it was complained, was not numerous enough to handle the large mass of detail consequent to running three sets of traps, and there were delays in figuring out winnings and averages. As many shooters trust to the winnings of one day to pay entries for the next, a delay of a few hours may impair a shooter's cheerfulness and powers of continuance.

As to class shooting, when it comes to a point that shooters cannot make more by breaking all than they can by breaking less, many will drop for place. It cannot be prevented. The decree so often paraded, that "dropping for place will not be tolerated," is the merest rant. First of all, no man other than the shooter himself can in the way of evidence assert when a shooter misses a target, be it his first or his last one in an event, that such shooter has dropped for place. One may feel a moral certainty that he has done so, but that is not evidence, even for private assertion, much less for a public accusation of dishonesty. The offense, too is from arbitrary dictum. On analysis it is not possible to show any offense in dropping for place. It can, however, be shown that if there is unfairness it is in the system, and that dropping for place is but an incident of it. The incident, however, is mistaken as a cause. It has been asserted that when a shooter breaks a certain number of targets, and another shooter purposely drops to the same number, the latter robs the one who was exercising his best effort, as he justly owned what his best effort won. There is sophistry in that, for no shooter owns anything in a competition more than any other shooter, and till the last gun its fired a shooter's standing rests on the doings of his fellows quite as much as on his own, for his standing is relative, not absolute. However, under such a system some men will drop for place when occasion makes it more profitable to do so, and managements will be powerless to prevent it. There are stern money considerations which a management exacts of a shooter, and in return he should have the best possible returns in competition for the best performance. Any other consideration is unjust to him. A system which rewards betimes the poorest performer better than it does the best is unfair in theory and worse in practice. In one event the men who broke straight won 30-cent prizes; one shooter who broke 6 won something under \$4. How is it possible to ignore the faults of such a system, and manufacture an arbitrary offense called "dropping for place" to cure the offense which is really within the system itself? These remarks are not made in relation to this system as it particularly concerns this shoot, but because, owing to the extraordinarily good competition which prevailed, its wrong principles were uncommonly well demonstrated. The Rose system gives a perfectly equitable division, and should be adopted.

The cashier's office was in charge of the Association secretary, Mr. Charles R. Mizner, assisted by Mr. H. Boyce, Jr. The trap-pullers were Messrs. Merriman, Coloren and Smith. Blackboard men, Messrs. Jones, Davis and Dedell. The referees were Messrs. Fairchild, No. 1; England, No. 2, and Hutchinson, No. 3.

No. 1 set of traps were used for expert, No. 2 for the State, and No. 3 for the amateur events.

The programme events were finished quite early each afternoon.

The reception committee was: Messrs. J. F. Maynard, chairman; George E. Dunham, Dr. W. H. Brownell, G. A. Biedemann, L. D. Brainard, P. C. J. De Angelis, Henry F. Coupe, John Deck, Geo. Ehrsam, William C. Harris, H. J. Horrocks, N. L. Hayes, Fred Holmes, Dr. Kinloch, Herman A. Klages, A. B. Maynard, John Pfeiffer, W. A. Preston, Dr. William Powell, Dr. William L. Ralph, Dr. A. R. Simmons, Joseph Rudd, Jr., F. S. Sperry, F. D. W. Smyth, Edward Steele, Frank E. Stephens, Hugh White, Frank H. Uter.

Committee on Grounds: Messrs. E. D. Fulford, chairman; Gustavus Dexter and O. A. Wheeler.

Conditions.

Concerning the conditions of the shoot, the programme presented the following:

The State events will be confined strictly to residents of the State. Known State experts who will be designated by the management must break 24 targets in a State event. Every State expert will receive notice on the grounds prior to making his entry of his being so classified. State experts may compete on teams in event No. 6, the State team championship, without handicap. All State events except as otherwise designated will be divided into eight moneys.

The sweepstake events will be open to the world, and every shooter will classify himself. Three magauts will be used. One trap will be used exclusively for State events and the other for sweeps. One trap will be known as the amateur and the other as the expert. All known experts will be required on the first day to shoot at the expert trap only. After the first day the shooters will be classified by the records. All shooters averaging 85 per cent. or more will be allowed to shoot at the expert trap only. This protects the amateur alike from the professional and the expert amateur, who is often able to beat out the professional. All sweepstake events will be divided into five moneys.

Five per cent. of all cash prizes will be deducted for daily average prizes, and will be divided equally each day between the ten shooters making the highest average on each set of traps—i. e., to the ten experts making the ten best averages on the expert trap, the ten amateurs making the ten best averages on the amateur traps, and the ten shooters making the best averages in the State events, excluding No. 6.

The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association will donate \$100 for grand average prizes as follows: To the five amateurs shooting either the amateur or expert programme through each day and making the five best averages in the sweeps for the three days, \$10 each. To the five experts shooting either the amateur or expert programme through each day and making the five best averages in the sweeps, \$10 each. The management will determine who are experts for the purpose of the grand averages and announce the fact prior to the last target day. It will be understood that an expert may by shooting less than 85 per cent. be allowed to shoot on the amateur traps, while an amateur may always shoot on the expert trap if he so desires, but for the purposes of the grand averages a shooter must shoot a full programme each day on the set of traps where he is classified for that day, and his score there will be taken for the average. In other words, if a shooter is named as an expert then he can compete for the expert grand average only, although he may not shoot well enough to even get away from the amateur traps.

The targets were not thrown hard or far, and the shooting was considered as being easy.

The Trade Representatives.

There was a fine representation of the trade, there being present Messrs. J. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the Lafin & Rand Co.; Ed Banks, of the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.; T. H. Keller, of the King Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co.; J. R. Hull, of the Parker Brothers; W. R. Crosby, of the E. C. Co.; Leroy Woodward, of the Remington Gun, U. M. C. and Dupont Powder companies; J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and Hazard Powder Co.; G. Bartlett and Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.; H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; W. R. Colville, of the Dupont Powder Co.; Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Co.; E. D. Fulford, of the Remington Co.; A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; D. Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co.; G. Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold.

First Day, Tuesday, June 5.

The programme for each day at the expert traps presented twelve events, 15 and 20 targets alternately, with a uniform entrance of \$2 to each, and \$10 added to each of the 20-target events; targets included. The weather was pleasant. Griffith, of Rhode Island, made the very high average of over 97 per cent., with Crosby and Elliott close up with over 96 per cent. A dozen of the shooters shot above a 90 per cent. gait.

EXPERTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Morley	14	19	14	13	17	15	14	17	15	17	15	17	183	.871
Van Allen	13	17	15	18	13	19	13	19	13	19	13	20	193	.919
Whitney	15	20	13	17	14	18	15	13	15	16	15	17	193	.919
Kirkover	11	18	11	18	14	19	14	20	15	18	15	20	183	.871
Schortemeier	14	16	12	19	15	19	14	19	15	19	14	17	193	.919
Banks	13	16	12	19	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	133	.871
Kelsey	11	19	14	16	13	18	12	16	13	20	12	19	183	.871
Levengston	15	20	14	20	13	19	14	19	14	19	14	18	199	.948
C Wagner	14	18	15	17	14	20	14	18	15	19	15	18	197	.938
Keller	12	15	15	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	133	.871
Nonbright	13	16	13	20	13	17	13	18	14	19	12	19	187	.890
McCord	13	18	12	17	13	16	14	20	12	18	14	15	182	.867
Hammond	13	18	12	16	14	13	13	13	6	18	13	19	168	.800
Glover	14	19	14	20	15	20	15	19	15	18	13	19	201	.957
Hallowell	13	18	12	14	15	16	13	15	15	16	14	19	180	.857
Fanning	15	19	13	18	14	18	15	20	15	20	14	19	200	.952

Hull	15	18	14	19	14	17	13	18	12	15	12	19	186	.886
Crosby	15	20	15	18	15	19	13	20	15	19	15	20	202	.962
Le Roy	14	19	14	18	14	20	14	20	14	19	12	19	197	.936
Elliott	14	20	15	19	14	20	13	20	15	19	13	20	202	.962
G. Bartlett	14	15	7	18	12	16	13	13	13	17	10	18	166	.790
Greiff	13	19	13	16	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	133	.871
Swiveller	11	18	12	17	13	15	15	19	12	18	11	11	133	.871
Beyer	12	16	11	19	12	18	15	18	15	18	15	18	183	.871
Griffith	15	20	13	20	15	18	14	20	14	20	15	20	204	.971
Brewer	15	20	14	20	13	16	15	19	14	17	13	17	193	.919
Eschrich	6	15	11	14	14	13	13	16	12	16	10	18	164	.781
Mayhew	13	18	14	17	14	20	15	19	15	17	15	20	197	.938
North	9	14	6	13	9	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
W. K. Park	11	16	12	16	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	133	.871
Courtney	8	17	14	18	15	17	14	19	14	16	13	18	183	.871
McMurchy	15	19	14	18	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	199	.948
Fulford	14	20	12	20	13	19	15	19	15	18	14	20	200	.952
Tuttle	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	144	.871

There were ten programme events each day for amateurs, 15 and 20 targets, alternately, entrance \$2 in each; \$10 added. Pumpelly was high average for the day with the excellent percentage of .954. Nine of the amateurs exceeded the 85 per cent. classification. The amateur scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.	Av.
Dr Egbert	14	18	14	17	13	17	13	17	13	19	155	.886
Palmer	13	16	13	17	14	19	12	11	11	11	111	.871
Borst	13	19	10	17	12	14	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Denny	12	16	15	16	13	17	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Dr Weller	13	19	13	17	11	19	15	16	14	17	154	.880
Pumpelly	13	19	14	20	15	20	13	18	15	20	167	.954
Brown	14	20	13	20	13	11	13	19	14	18	163	.932
Derveno	14	17	14	18	11	19	12	15	10	15	145	.823
Dalley	13	18	12	19	15	17	14	17	14	18	157	.897
Morris	14	18	15	19	13	18	15	17	13	19	161	.920
A Mosher	12	17	13	16	11	14	12	12	11	11	111	.871
Kerschner	11	20	11	19	15	18	13	16	14	15	152	.869
Wadsworth	13	18	12	18	13	19	14	13	15	19	160	.914
Wride	9	16	10	16	15	17	15	17	15	17	157	.897
Knapp	11	17	12	19	15	18	15	17	11	18	153	.874
Hopkins	10	15	13	16	9	15	9	14	10	16	127	.726
Green	12	15	11	17	13	18	13	18	11	20	148	.846
Lane	14	17	11	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Willey	14	16	15	18	11	13	12	16	14	16	145	.823
Friday	15	17	7	17	12	16	13	11	11	11	111	.871
Roberts	10	8	3	14	7	4	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Marlin	12	13	9	15	9	14	13	15	11	11	111	.871
B Norton	6	7	4	7	3	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Brainard	10	14	10	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
J Jones	15	7	15	14	16	11	15	12	16	11	111	.871
J Deck	12	11	11	13	17	14	16	11	11	11	111	.871
Case	16	12	12	12	18	12	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Andrews	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Bonny	9	14	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
F Lefever	16	12	15	11	18	13	16	11	11	11	111	.871
Van Patten	17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Brillbreck	17	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Marlin	10	18	10	16	16	19	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Morgan	18	10	16	16	16	19	11	11	11	11	111	.871
D M Lefever	17	11	11	11	14	12	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Durston	17	11	11	11	14	12	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Fowler	11	11	11	11	14	17	12	11	11	11	111	.871
Davidson	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Welch	16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Schneider	12	17	12	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Brewster	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Laughlin	14	17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Tuttle	11	13	13	16	17	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Klages	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871
Pfeiffer	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	.871

he breaking 154 out of 155, and with his unfinished run of yesterday making 231 continuously broken. This may be classed as a continuous run, as it was in competition under the same conditions in the same tournament. It was an extraordinary performance, and so far as is known excels all of that kind which has occurred before.

Experts; 155 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	154	.994
Fanning	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	154	.994
Hull	14	19	12	20	15	18	15	19	14	146	.942
Crosby	14	20	15	20	15	20	15	19	14	152	.981
Leroy	13	19	15	17	14	20	15	18	15	146	.942
Elliott	14	20	15	19	14	20	15	19	15	151	.974
Morley	14	19	14	19	14	20	14	20	15	149	.961
Van Allen	14	20	14	20	12	20	13	18	10	141	.909
Dr. Bill	15	19	14	19	15	19	14	18	14	147	.949
Kirkover	13	18	14	18	15	19	15	20	15	150	.968
Griffith	15	17	15	19	15	20	14	20	15	143	.923
Kelsey	14	19	14	19	15	20	13	16	13	149	.961
Wagner	13	20	15	18	15	18	15	20	15	149	.961
Bartlett	14	15	14	19	14	17	15	20	14	142	.916
Ted	11	14	8	19	13	17	11	15	9	117	.755
Marlin	14	16	14	14	8	14	14	18	10	122	.787
Courtney	13	17	13	20	14	18	13	12	12	133	.858
Mayhew	13	17	13	20	14	20	15	19	14	149	.961
Fulford	15	20	15	19	14	19	14	19	14	149	.961
Byer	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	144	.944
Willey	12	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	144	.944
Keller	14	13	17	14	14	14	14	14	14	144	.944
Norton	14	13	17	14	14	14	14	14	14	144	.944
Banks	14	13	17	14	14	14	14	14	14	144	.944

Amateurs; 150 targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.	Av.
233	12	12	11	12	12	14	13	13	14	13	128	.853
Wheeler	11	13	14	14	14	13	13	15	14	15	136	.906
D Lefever	15	14	13	15	12	15	14	13	15	14	136	.906
Friday	14	10	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Gates	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Dr Weller	12	13	13	14	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Knapp	14	15	13	13	15	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
McCord	13	14	15	15	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Wadsworth	12	15	15	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Denny	12	14	13	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	136	.906
Wride	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Scott	14	13	14	13	14	15	12	15	12	15	136	.906
A Whitney	11	13	14	14	15	15	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Pauling	15	12	13	15	12	13	12	13	12	13	136	.906
Tallett	14	15	15	14	13	14	15	15	15	15	136	.906
Pfeiffer	14	15	15	14	13	14	15	15	15	15	136	.906
Deck	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
O A W	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	136	.906
Lane	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Byer	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Maine	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	136	.906
Greiff	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Hopkins	14	10	13	13	12	10	15	11	11	11	136	.906
A Mosher	13	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Durston	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	136	.906
Morgan	15	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Howell, Jr.	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	136	.906
Paddelford	15	15	13	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Palmentor	15	15	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	136	.906
Brainard	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	136	.906
Willey	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906
Egbert	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Fortie	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	136	.906
Steel	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	136	.906
Palmer	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	136	.906

The expert averages for the three days, 575 targets, were as follows:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total Broke.	Percentage.
Morley	183	197	149	529	.920
Van Allen	193	197	141	531	.923
Schortemeier	193	196	147	536	.932
Kelsey	183	190	143	516	.898
Wagner	197	193	149	539	.937
Fanning	200	208	154	562	.978
Hull	186	199	146	531	.923
Crosby	202	203	152	557	.969
Leroy	197	189	146	532	.925
Elliott	202	200	151	553	.962
Bartlett	166	165	142	473	.823
Griffith	204	203	150	557	.969
Fulford	199	195	149	543	.944

State Events.

The following were classified as experts in the State events: Banks, Beyer, Dr. Bill, Brewer, Bonbright, Eschrich, Fanning, Fulford, Greiff, Griffith, Glover, Hallowell, Hammond, Hull, Kelsey, Kerschner, Kirkover, Leroy, Lefever, Morley, Mayhew, McCord, Morley, Wagner, Whitney, Van Allen.

Programme of State events:
Tuesday, June 5, at 9 o'clock: State event No. 1, 25 bluebirds, entrance \$4, bluebirds included; \$25 added; eight moneys. State event No. 2, the same conditions.

Wednesday, June 6, at 9 o'clock: State event No. 3, grand merchandise shoot, open to the world on handicap; 25 bluebirds, entrance \$5, targets included. Eight classes of ties, and in all probability a prize for every contestant. Ties in this event to be shot miss-and-out. State event No. 4, 25 bluebirds, entrance \$4, bluebirds included; \$25 added; eight moneys.

Thursday, June 7, at 9 o'clock: State event No. 5, 25 bluebirds, entrance \$4, bluebirds included; \$25 added; eight moneys. State event No. 6, Oneida County Sportsmen's Association handicap, open to the world; 50 targets, entrance \$5, targets included. For prizes in this event see subsequent pages of programme.

Afternoon: State Event No. 7, team championship State of New York, four members to each team. Any club may enter one or more teams. Members of team must all reside in same county. Entrance fee, \$10 per team; 20 bluebirds per man.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Banks	23	23	24	23	23	Hopkins	23	20	14	17	17
Kelsey	23	20	19	24	25	A. A. Mosher	23	22	18	17	17
Levenson	23	24	25	23	23	Kerschner	23	22	19	17	17
C. Wagner	23	23	25	23	23	Wadsworth	23	22	25	17	17
Keller	21	16	22	22	22	Wride	19	18	24	20	20
Greiff	23	23	22	22	22	Knapp	24	24	21	19	19
Borst	21	22	14	14	14	Eschrich	19	19	19	19	19
Swiveller	21	22	22	22	22	Lane	23	21	17	16	16
Beyer	21	24	19	25	25	Friday	18	21	17	16	16
Deck	21	20	24	24	24	Deeney	17	17	17	17	17
Mayhew	23	24	21	22	24	Green	20	19	19	19	19
Palmer	21	19	19	19	19	D. Lefever	21	19	19	19	19
Bonney	20	19	19	19	19	Durston	22	18	17	17	17
Brewer	24	23	24	24	24	McCormack	23	24	22	25	25
Case	19	18	18	18	18	Courtney	23	24	23	24	24
Pumpelly	21	25	25	25	25	C. Norton	21	16	17	17	17
Brown	23	23	23	23	23	F. Lefever	24	18	17	17	17
Dereino	23	23	23	23	23	Van Patten	23	21	22	22	22
Dalley	22	23	23	23	23	Brillbreck	23	19	19	19	19
Morris	22	23	23	23	23	Fulford	22	24	23	25	25
Morley	23	25	24	25	25	Weller	22	21	25	25	25
Van Allen	22	23	22	25	22	McCord	24	23	23	23	23
Whitney	24	25	25	21	21	Hammond	20	20	20	20	20
Kirkover	21	23	23	25	22	Glover	25	25	25	25	25
Schortemeier	20	24	23	20	25	Gates	22	20	20	22	22
Andrews	20	22	22	22	22	Bonbright	24	25	19	19	19
Denny	22	20	20	20	20	Fairchild	24	25	19	19	19
Gavitt	20	19	19	19	19	J. Richards	22	22	22	22	22
Killick	21	18	18	18	18	Schneider	20	20	20	20	20
Burnett	24	17	17	17	17	Pegum	19	19	19	19	19
Morgan	21	21	23	23	23	Ted	14	14	14	14	14
Howell	18	16	16	16	16	Weeks	22	22	22	22	22
Griffith	23	23	23	23	23	A. Whitney	21	21	21	21	21
Tuttle	20	22	22	22	22	Shorty	21	21	21	21	21
G. Mosher	22	22	22	22	22	Goodshot	22	22	22	22	22
R. Wheeler	21	21	21	21	21	Boff	14	14	14	14	14
Pfeiffer	20	20	20	20	20	333	20	18	17	17	17
Willey	23	23	23	23	23						

In No. 6, the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association handicap, the competitors, handicaps and scores were as follows:

Hdcp. Score.	T.L.	Hdcp. Score.	T.L.
Kelsey	5	49	50
C. Wagner	3	50	50
Byer	5	48	50
Mayhew	6	46	50
Brewer	3	50	50
Morley	2	48	50
Gates	5	49	50
Davidson	7	43	50
Griffith	3	49	50
R. G. Wheeler	7	46	50
Pfeiffer	8	32	41
333	7	39	46

Van Allen	46	49	Ted	44	50
Kirkover	46	50	Jones	36	48
Schortemeier	46	50	Fanning	49	50
Willey	43	48	Crosby	49	50
Hopkins	44	50	Leroy	49	50
Friday	38	46	O. A. W.	48	50
McCord	45	50	Parmenter	44	50
Fulford	48	50	Paddelford	44	50
Glover	49	50			

The ties were shot miss-and-out with the following results: Morley 26, Dr. Bill 23, Kirkover 7, Kelsey 75, Wagner 37, Ted 9, Brewer 70, Fulford 65, Glover 75, Mayhew 67, Byer 50, Fanning 4, Gates 10, Crosby 47, Hopkins 13, R. G. Wheeler 23, Leroy 75, Parmenter 24, Paddelford 39, Griffith 53.

The winners were as follows: Leroy, Glover and Kelsey divided the first three prizes—Parker gun, Standard sewing machine, 5,000 bluebirds. The other prizes were: Brewer, 500 shells; Wagner, stuffed owl; Paddelford, barrel of beer; Mayhew, hall chair; Hopkins, shooting jacket; Byer, barrel of beer; Fulford, six bottles whisky; Griffith, umbrella; Wheeler, lap robe; Parmenter, lap robe; Crosby, \$5; Schortemeier, 100 shells; Morley, silverware; Gates,

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Forest and Stream Platform Plank

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1900.

II.—By the Congress of the United States.

The Lacey Game Law.—Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, . . . the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which the same were killed.

Sec. 5.—That . . . the dead bodies or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise.

THE Lacey Law is directly in line with the attainment of the end declared in the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank. In this statute Congress has gone as far as it could go to put an end to the sale of game. It has done this by strengthening the State laws which forbid the shipment of game to market. It declares that when game as an article of interstate commerce has been exported in violation of a State law its transportation is then in violation of a national law as well; and thus it fortifies the local authority by that of the Government. The Lacey Law also removes any lingering doubt that might be entertained respecting a State's control of game imported into its markets for sale contrary to the local statutes.

In short, while Congress has not enacted—for it had not the authority to enact—that the sale of game should be forbidden, it has given us a law which means that the prohibition of the sale of game shall be made effective in so far as the national control and regulation of interstate commerce may be interposed to sustain the State laws forbidding such sale.

THE FISH BASKET AND THE SUNSET.

In commenting upon Mr. Joseph W. Howe's entertaining notes of his forest camp visitors, the other day, we repeated what has been said so often, that the mere taking of fish and game is not all that is worth recording in an outer's memoranda. To this a correspondent responds:

"My personal observation leads me to believe that very many persons who go afield really, but unconsciously, derive the greater part of their satisfaction and pleasure, not in the taking of fish and shooting, but from their close contact with nature, and yet in their oral recital or written narrative fail to recognize the fact."

In our preparations for going fishing we make provisions for catching fish. On the trip we do the best we can to catch fish. When we come home we recount the fish we have caught or the fish we tried to catch. Study the average fisherman; watch his going and his coming; listen to his talk. From it all you conclude that the chief end of fishing is to catch fish; but such a conclusion would very often be untenable. The actual allurements which draws the fisherman does not lie wholly in the fish catching. It is on the contrary found in a combination of many factors—in the attendant circumstances, surroundings, novelties of scene and incident, adventures and misadventures, the being with nature.

We have all said that it is not all of fishing to fish, and said it so often that the phrase has come to be a platitude. And yet when the average fisherman tells of his fishing excursion, one would think that fishing was the all and that there was nothing else. For when you ask a person about his luck, and he tells you what it was, he may say in a word good or bad, or dilate at length on how he fared as a catcher of fish; but of the other things he is silent. He does not talk of the song of the birds, of the shimmer of the sunshine, of the green of the woods, of the majesty of mountain slopes, of the mystery of shadowy ravines, of the wild flowers and the fleecy clouds, of sunrises and sunsets. He gives just what you ask him—the cold summary of his luck; but though your asking does not call for these other things nor his reply include them, if he were indeed to speak truly, he would say less of the fish, whether few or many, and would tell you of the other circumstances of the outing which actually had contributed most to his satisfaction and the recollection of which will abide with him long after he may have forgotten the score of fish caught or shall have relegated this to the category of unimportant details.

NATURE STUDY.

THE constantly growing interest in nature study is shown in no way better, perhaps, than by the flood of books on mammals, birds, fishes and insects which come from the presses of the publishers. These books find a warm welcome among adults and children alike, and unquestionably do great good. Yet after all, while they are awakening an interest in natural history, they tell about them only a part of what a child wishes to know. The untechnical personage obtains a very unsatisfactory and often an entirely mistaken idea of the object about which he is reading from the description as it appears in type. To learn what this description means, he must see the object, or a representation of it. Pictures, of course, are good and help very greatly, but they are not to be compared with seeing the actual thing, and in these days the actual thing is usually to be seen in some form or other.

The country child, passing much of his time abroad in fields or woods or on country roads, sees for himself many of the commoner things of nature and comes to know them. He learns what they look like and what are their ways. He can name the birds, the flowers, the trees and the insects, though the names that he gives them are perhaps of his own coining, not those of the books and not understood by you, but they serve his purpose.

The city child's opportunities are far less. Everything that comes before his eye is artificial, a part of civilization, something in which nature has no share. Yet, on the other hand, a city child has opportunities which are denied him of the country. There are museums that he can visit, where a thousand things are displayed that the country lad never sees; there are zoological parks, where are confined strange beasts from foreign lands, such as perhaps Robinson Crusoe, Marco Polo, Livingstone, saw, or Du Chaillu, when he traveled through the swamps of Africa with his friendly negroes.

The country lad if a book be given him on the birds or the mammals or the insects of his own locality will speedily teach himself about them more than most scientific men know. The city boy should have a like chance, and it should be a part of the schooling of every class in the schools of our large cities to visit from time to time the local museums and zoological gardens, and to be told about the things that may there be seen.

Such plans are being adopted in certain cities and cannot fail to do great good, and it is not to be doubted that this method of teaching the children will spread as soon as its advantages become generally understood. The pupils of the public schools at Washington visit the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum and the National Zoological Park, and in these visits learn a thousand things not taught in books, that it is yet well to know. In the same way, by the London Board of Education, visits to museums and instruction in outdoor life are reckoned as school attendances, and in many schools are now regarded as a part of the plan of education.

In country districts where collections of natural history objects are not accessible, school excursions into the fields and woods in charge of competent persons might well take the place of museum visits, and might awaken, in many children who have no special leaning toward natural

history study, a desire to know more of what is going on in the world about them.

FISHCULTURE AND FORESTRY.

THE first course of lectures on fish and stream protection and fishculture was recently successfully finished in the New York State College of Forestry at Axton, by Dr. Barton W. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission.

The purpose of this course was, primarily, to give the students in the College of Forestry some conception of the relation of the forest and forestry operations to the streams and lakes and the fishes which inhabit them.

Forestry and other utilization of the forest product should be carried on in a manner which will result in the least injury to the forest waters and their inhabitants. But unfortunately, many of our streams and lakes have been ruined, so far as fish life is concerned, by logging and milling operations. That such depleted waters may be restocked, it is important that those who have the care of forests should know something of fishcultural methods and how such waters may again be made fit for fish life.

The course was given to some ten students, all of whom took a deep interest in the work. Besides lectures and laboratory work, much field work was done, consisting of visits to streams and lakes and to the State fish hatchery near Saranac Inn. The director of the college is to be congratulated upon the successful inauguration of this valuable and interesting adjunct to forestry.

SNAP SHOTS.

We invite special attention to the consideration of the Marin county decision, which is printed on another page in this issue. It comes from the pen of a member of the New York Bar, and while it sustains the lay opinion expressed by us last week, it has the added weight and authority of presenting the case from a professional standpoint. All who are interested in the cause of game protection will be grateful to Mr. Thompson for his lucid statements of the principles here applicable, and will share his hope that the Marin county case may not be permitted to rest where it is.

It was the old story of counting one's chickens before they were hatched. If the fond hopes of the year 1878 had been realized we should not now be discussing the date of the killing of the last moose in New York. For while the species was indeed then extinct, a public spirited eadeavor was made in that year to restore it to the Adirondacks game list. The affair progressed at least so far as to provide a law for the protection of moose which were to be secured and freed in the North Woods. From the initial six pairs of imported moose, it was figured that there would be "20 animals in the second year, 40 in the third year, 80 the fourth year, 120 the fifth year and 240 the sixth year." In the course of six or seven years, it was thought, hunting might be permitted with a limit on the number killed by each gun. Men have counted sheep in the same way, and afterward have gone out of the sheep raising poorer than when they entered it. Moose were in 1878 and in after years put out in the Adirondacks, but the stock has never been re-established outside of preserves.

We have failed to discover any record of the introduction of Western pinnated grouse into Martha's Vineyard. Our files give quite satisfactory accounts of the heath hen from early times, but there is no record of any imported stock having been added. The latest enterprise in this direction was that undertaken by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association some years ago. At that time they put some Arizona mountain quail and Southern quail on the island, but the pinnated grouse which they brought on from the West, some sixty in all, were deposited elsewhere. One plausible working theory to account for this persistent belief that pinnated grouse were put out on Martha's Vineyard is this. Formerly, from Audubon's time to within the last few years, the bird was very commonly known as the pinnated grouse, and the fact that so-called pinnated grouse were found in this one locality in Massachusetts and nowhere else in the East would very naturally prompt the belief that they had at some time been brought from the West.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

XIV.—Homeward Bound.

THE ship reached Dutch Harbor on its return July 17, and the same day, under a gray sky, sailed homeward. The scenery going eastward from Unalaska is wonderfully beautiful. The distant mountains were snow-clad, but those rising steeply from the edge of the salt water were softly green, without timber or shrubs, and where landslides have occurred, or where the rocks crop out, streaked with brown and white and gray and red and yellow. At the extremities of the points of bluff, running out to the water, curiously shaped pinnacles of rock show where the sea has eaten away all the bluff except some column of harder rock which still stands a monument over the remains of its fellows, overwhelmed and buried beneath the salt waters, whose attacks never cease.

The ship's course was through Akutan Pass. Going through this pass, great flocks of birds were seen on the port beam. They were chiefly puffins, murres, fulmars and perhaps some ducks, and were moving steadily forward, the last of the flock flying over the others and alighting ahead of them, just as in the olden times wild pigeons used to do. In company with the birds were a dozen humpback whales, some very large, and at least two killer whales. All seemed to be feeding on something in the water, and while we watched them the food apparently disappeared, for the flock of birds broke up into small groups and soon dispersed over the sea. There must

narrow riffle here could be seen the backs of thirty or forty salmon which were slowly working their way up the stream. In the deeper water above the riffle were visible fins of many others resting there, and every now and then the salt water below the stream's mouth would be stirred into foam by the motions of other fish waiting below, which were frightened by something that they saw. When we walked down into the water, one above and another below the fish, they rushed in all directions—up, down and to the sides of the stream. Some darted onto the gravel bars where the water was less than an inch deep, and it was astonishing to see a fish perhaps 8 inches deep, wriggling its way over an inch of water, and yet keeping right side up. In the deeper water above several pairs of salmon were spawning, and fresh spawning beds were everywhere abundant. Plenty, too, were the trout, which were feeding on the salmon eggs. It would have been easy to catch salmon with our hands.

One of the young girls here went fishing for trout and caught six—her first. Some of them were Dolly Varden trout, the others black spotted. All were clean, silvery fish, just from the salt water.

Among the fish which come from the river to feed on the salmon spawn are flatfish or flounders, and the men fishing for trout caught several of these; they are noticeable for the black and yellow scalloping of the lateral fin.

On a cliff rising sheer from this bay, a pair of gyrfalcons were noticed, the first seen on the trip. They had a nest there.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before the launch reached the ship, and the journey was resumed. An hour or two later, after it had become quite dark, there was a remarkable exhibition of phosphorescence in the water. The water immediately below the stern and for some little distance in the ship's wake looked as if there was a fire at the

oughly drenched, and were glad to get on board ship where dry things could be had.

St. Paul, Kadiak Island, was reached the next morning, July 20. This was the birthday of one of the young girls, and soon after breakfast many members of the party started out to gather flowers for the "party." Great quantities of these were brought in, among them many bunches of very beautiful wild roses, some of which measured 3 and 3½ inches across the flower. The table at luncheon was beautifully covered with these flowers.

After a day spent here the ship started for Cook's Inlet. The passage through which the ship moved on leaving the wharf at St. Paul is very narrow, and the shore seemed almost within arm's length.

A very short stay was made in the neighborhood of Homer, at Cook's Inlet. The fact that the waters are uncharted, that the tide runs with immense swiftness, and rises and falls from 30 to 40 feet, made it appear unwise to take the great ship far into these waters.

The next day, therefore, found us at sea, heading south to pass to the westward of Middleton Island, and then to go to Yakutat Bay, thus directly retracing our course. The sky was gray all day long, but there was no fog. A great albatross, sooty in color, followed the ship for a long time, coming so close that its species was determined. An attempt was made to catch it by trolling with hook and line, but though the bird stooped several times to the bait, the ship was going so fast that it did not seize it.

It was about noon next day when the ship came in sight of Icy Cape, with the superb St. Elias Range standing behind it. The mountains at first were covered with clouds, which later rose high, but still concealed the peaks. But Mt. Cook was seen, almost free from clouds, rising superb against the sky. South of it, the peak of Mt.



Photo by E. S. Curtis.

FAIRWEATHER RANGE AS SEEN FROM THE ELDER.

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have been many thousands of birds. In the afternoon a very heavy fog shut down, and the vessel's engines were slowed. At night the ship anchored on account of the fog.

It was still foggy next morning, but the mist soon cleared, giving a bright sunny day, with a few clouds in the sky. We had started before the fog lifted, and soon after breakfast passed Belkofski, and continued east, with beautiful green hills on either hand, and the snow-covered mountains showing on the mainland. The green of the hills is of two shades, the paler being the open grass land, the darker the alder thickets. These two greens were constantly varying in tint and shade as the clouds cast shadows, or the bright sunlight fell on them. The rocks where they show are of all colors—grays, browns, reds and yellows. Where the volcanic rocks are exposed they often show successive flows of lava imposed one upon another, and in the great bare vertical rock faces the lava stands in vertical close-ranged columnar structure. During the morning the Pavlof group of mountains came in view, impressive as always. The westernmost of the two principal peaks was smoking at the top, at two other points near the top on its western face and at various points low down among the alders.

At Sand Point, Popof Island, a stop was made to take on the party left there ten days before, but three of the men had gone over to the mainland, and the ship steamed over there to pick them up.

The scenery between Sand Point and the mainland was quite wonderful, and different from that which we had been seeing. The land was higher and the rounded grassy hills of the islands were more or less left behind, while vertical precipices and steep landslides interrupted the rich green of the hills. These bare rock exposures were vivid in color, reminding one more of the walls of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone than anything yet seen. The rock is largely volcanic, and is often full of iron pyrites, sometimes in fine grains. These pyrites, oxidizing, give the wonderful color, which is startlingly beautiful in contrast with the rich green. In several places to the westward there are whole hills and even ranges of hills so colored.

About 5 o'clock the ship anchored in what the Indians call Chicago Bay, and a small party going ashore in a launch found the camp, and later brought off the men. They had seen no game, but had had great trout fishing, for these fish were just following up the salmon which were running and spawning in the small river at the head of the bay. One individual caught ninety-nine trout in one day. Some of us walked around a gravelly point to within sight of one of the mouths of the river, which, through a wide grassy meadow, ran down to the sea. In a

bottom of the sea shining up from beneath, and a long wake of white light stretched out far behind the ship. The effect was somewhat as if there had been a great window in the ship's stern through which the beams of a brilliant arc light shone out over the water, and yet this light was not steady, but seemed to come up as if in flame bursts from the depths of the sea. Besides this, the water churned up by the propeller seemed to be full of shooting stars, each as brilliant as a bright planet, which darted in all directions, shone for a moment and then disappeared. These bright points of light had all an apparent motion away from us, due to the forward motion of the ship.

The next morning when we rose land was hardly to be seen, except to the north, for the ship was half-way between the Semidi Islands and Kadiak. During the morning only distant hills were seen. In the afternoon fog set in and the ship slowed down, for now it was again among rocks and islands. About 6 o'clock the ship anchored at the mouth of Sturgeon Bay, west of Karluk, and after dinner parties went ashore. The mouth of the river is barred by a huge gravel bar, far above tide water, and on and in this gravel was a vast quantity of driftwood. Behind the bar lies a great lagoon, and the river escapes by a narrow, shallow channel through the east end.

Two or three of the party walked around the lagoon and up the bay for two miles, hoping to find a stream up which the salmon were running. To the west of the lagoon was a wide flat overgrown with grass reaching up to one's waist, and long, long ago some very high tide had covered this flat with driftwood. The great logs still lie there, buried in the grass and rotting. The thick mat of dead grass and the rotten logs made the walking difficult and slow.

A mile or more above the beach a furrow in the sand at the margin of the bay showed where some one had been gathering wood, and further along the tracks of a man were seen in the sand. Signs of people became more and more numerous, and at length, as a point was rounded, some drying scaffolds with fish hanging on them came in view, and then two barabaras with their owners standing in front of them. The men were Aleuts who had been catching dog salmon. These, after having been split and the heads and backbones removed, were hung over the sticks. The natives were pleasant and quite disposed to be talkative. They gave one of the party a light for his pipe, manifested some interest as to where the strangers had come from, and said that salmon were plenty, but that there were no bears.

It had been raining ever since the party landed, and those who remained on the beach had started huge fires of driftwood, about which they were warm and comfortable. Those who had been walking, however, were pretty thor-

Vancouver showed above the clouds, and to the northeast of Cook, in the hazy distance, seen through a wide gap in the range nearest the coast, was a giant mountain, which was perhaps Mt. Owen. Still further to the north was the enormous mass of Mt. St. Elias, whose peak was still hidden. The sky was constantly changing, and later still the peak was seen, the clouds now hanging over its sides, and to the right of it—that is to the south—a clear view was had of another mountain, supposed to be Mt. Augustine. All the nearer mountains of the coast range were plainly seen, lined with snow in the ravines, and standing up like walls, down which flow many glaciers, which combine to form the Malaspina, or flow into Yakutat Bay. The Malaspina glacier is seventy miles long, and has an area of not far from one thousand square miles. Most of its border to the eastward is moraine, and in many places this moraine is covered with forests. The glacier flows down from the St. Elias Range, and over it have passed the parties who have tried to climb Mt. St. Elias.

Crossing Yakutat Bay the ship stopped before the village, since shaken by earthquakes, and a dozen or more canoes came out to sell things. Later we steamed on up the bay and across to the old hunting camp, and a party started to land for a short hunt. It was late before the start was made, there was a great deal of swell, and the surf was breaking hard upon the beach. In the darkness it was found impracticable to make a landing, and the attempt was given up and the launch returned to the ship. Very early next morning the vessel steamed away to Cross Sound, following the shore, but at a good distance from it. A superb view was had of the top of Mt. St. Elias, rising above the clouds that lay about its base, and seeming to hang unsupported in the heavens.

When the ship was well outside the bay, the distant Fairweather Range appeared. At first the mountains could not be distinguished, one from another, but as we approached they grew plainer to the view, for the sky was cloudless. A heavy bank of mist which hung over Yakutat Bay gradually grew lighter, and presently through a rift we could see, far astern, a portion of Mt. Cook, touched by the early sun. About St. Elias the clouds were rising, so as finally to obscure its head. The mountains abeam, though not very high, were rough and jagged, snowcapped, and between them glaciers ran down to the sea. Now and then through some wider gap the great mass of Mt. Vancouver showed white everywhere except for one dark spot where there was a great cliff bare of snow.

Looking back there appeared over the dark gray clouds which concealed St. Elias a tiny white cloud, which looked like a bit of cotton, but as it was watched it grew

larger and spread a little below, and a long and careful inspection through the glasses showed that it was really the peak of the mountain hanging there in the clouds like a picture in its frame. Meantime the clouds about Mt. Cook rose higher and higher, and the whole mountain became visible, though streaked with clouds. Here and there, far, far in the interior, a distant peak or two now and then came into view, of mountains which we could not identify.

The Fairweather Range was constantly drawing nearer and its mountains standing up higher. Mt. Fairweather could be distinguished as a great snowy cone, beyond which was a square-topped mountain, Latuya, and beyond again a lesser peak, seeming small because so distant, but really great. All over the range hung a pale haze, which did not interfere with the view in the least, but tinted the mountains so that the snow looked soft and creamy, the roughest outlines of the rocks were made round, and to the whole view was given a wonderful softness and beauty.

Before long we were opposite Fairweather, and now its appearance was changed. Seen from here it was a peak with two shoulders, and clad in the clearest, whitest, most glistening snow. As we drew nearer and nearer the haze of distance disappeared, and all the mountains showed hard and rough. The shape of Latuya was changing now from a square-topped mountain to a cone. Tall, unnamed mountains, hitherto unseen, kept coming into view, and Crillon and La Peyrouse grew in height.

Before this we had passed Latuya Bay, a deep, T-shaped inlet, six miles wide, which lies at the foot of Latuya Mountain. Its entrance is narrow and is protected at its mouth by a great rock under water, which lies in the middle of the channel. The rush of the tide in and out this narrow entrance makes passage impossible except at slack water—when the tide is high or low. At other times the channel is like a waterfall or rough rapids. Constantly at the mouth of this bay a tremendous surf beats, and we could see the spray thrown a hundred feet into the air as the waves dashed against the huge boulders which form the narrow bar which closes it. On the beach above the mouth of Latuya Bay were seen tents and houses, no doubt occupied by miners who were sluicing the red sands of the beach for gold. In past years some of these men have been quite successful, one having taken out, it is said, \$11,000 in three months. The miners are troubled, however, by high tides and high surf, which now and then wash away their sluice boxes and oblige them to do all their work over again. They save the gold by quicksilver.

All the afternoon we sailed by the wonderful mountains, under a summer sky. The breeze increased a little so that at length it created quite a sea, but as the wind was fair it made no unpleasant motion. It was after dinner that the ship turned into Cross Sound, and so at once into quiet water.

Steaming forward we passed Glacier Bay, and saw much floating ice; Juneau, where the hills would be beautiful but for the forest of dead stumps and the great gash of the Treadwell mine; lovely inlets with quiet water, disturbed only by rising flocks of sea fowl, where smooth green forests rise from the shore to meet the sky.

The trip was drawing to its close. Each day the ship steamed southward through beautiful fjords, past the old village of Bella Bella, twisting and winding among low evergreen-clad hills which rise from dark waters, with now and then glimpses of snow-clad mountains to the east, and above them the brilliant blue sky. Most of the hills are of solid granite, smoothed and polished by the ancient glaciers that have passed over them. The soil on them is very thin, and it has little hold on the steep slopes. It thus happens that as the trees grow and become large, their weight is too much for the thin soil, which so slips away down hill, leaving wide areas of absolutely naked rock, on which nothing grows. If there happens to be a crack in the rock's surface, so that vegetation can send its roots down and get a hold; there will remain along this crack a line of persistent green; otherwise, the rock is bare and gray. One evening we anchored for a few hours in Safety Cove, where Frobisher once sought refuge from the storm. Long after the setting sun had been hidden by the island in the bay of which we lay, the purple light lingered, tingeing the hills to the east of us—something to be remembered all one's life.

Moving on again, we passed Johnson Straits and Seymour Narrows, where the tide was whirling, as it always does, and the tide rips and floating trash darting hither and thither reminded one of the party of his passage of these narrows in a Chinook canoe nearly twenty years before.

Now settlements began to be seen; houses, singly and in clusters, bits of cultivated land, and forest fires, sure signs of civilization. The air was thick with smoke, which could be seen rising from the forests here and there, and was plainly smelt. Out in the Gulf of Georgia steamers and sailing vessels and rowboats became common. Here, too, were whales, some of them quite close to the ship, when they sounded, turning up broad flukes ten or twelve feet across. Several were seen—but at a considerable distance from the ship—to throw themselves out of the water, far into the air, and to fall back with a splash that dashed the water high and far.

The sunset that night was marvelously beautiful, for the sky was full of smoke, and a red light lay on all the hills. It was very quiet and peaceful as we steamed along over the glassy water and watched the lights on the distant shore, and remembered what the morrow would bring. The southern end of Vancouver Island was passed about dark, and the next morning we lay at anchor at the wharf at Seattle. The voyage was over. G. B. G.

A meeting of gentlemen interested in the protection of game was held at the Cooper Union in New York, May 19, for the purpose of forming an international association of Americans and Canadians to regulate the game and fish laws on a basis of reciprocity. Those present were few in number, but a large number of letters were read expressing sympathy with the objects in view. Hon. R. S. Roosevelt was elected president and several vice-presidents were named. There not being enough present to form an executive, a nominating committee was appointed to select the standing committees as eligible names might occur.—Rod and Gun, May 29, 1875.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

The Land of the "Golden Sun."

In the Sierra Madres.

NORTHERN CHIHUAHUA, Mexico.—No more beautiful climate can be found than in this land, situated on a plateau of over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and where can be seen the old trail of General Crook, made on his great march after the Apache chief, Geronimo.

In these lands there seems to be everything to excite the interest of the traveler—the most wonderful geological formations, relics of the cave dwellers, traces of the Apaches, and walls still standing partitioning off the rooms of the cliff dwellers.

There are also to be seen beautiful valleys and rich meadow lands, with forests like open cultivated parks filled with game of all kinds—a perfect hunter's paradise—while overhead is a cloudless sky with the bright warm sunshine that gives life and happiness; while the air is so fresh and pure with the invigorating odors coming from the pine forests filled with balsam, that it would seem as if nothing more could be added to this haven of health to give new life and strength to the stricken invalid.

In this region are streams of pure cold water, coming from the many hillsides surrounding the meadow valleys, that give natural irrigation, and causing the rich black soil to be productive of abundant harvests. On these streams and shallow inland lakes are seen many beautiful wild fowl, while the shores are well trodden by the marks of the deer and other bigger game of the forests.

Flocks of parrots glittering in the sunlight are flying overhead, and from tree to tree the giant woodpecker of beautiful plumage darts here and there, a rare specimen for the taxidermist.

Added to these features are hundreds of mounds of the Montezumas still unexplored, while stretched out for miles are open vistas of the mountains beyond filled with minerals of all kinds which are now being brought from their long resting places by the army of miners and prospectors looking for the precious lodes buried beneath their surface. Such are the facts that this new country shut in by the granite walls of the Sierra Madres on the east and west side of a plateau over a hundred miles long and fifty wide, have revealed to the explorer as he examines these new fields which have until recently been the roaming ground for the Apache who held full sway until pushed across the border by the combined efforts of the United States and Mexican authorities to their Northern reservation.

Civilization and new settlements can hardly be long delayed with the introduction of railways which have already commenced operation between El Paso and the old Mexican town of Casas Grandes.

The introduction of an extension into this region will doubtless prove of great value to the projectors and of immense interest to the tourist who can spend weeks and months without tiring of the panoramic views ever spread out before him, in this still unexplored region of the land of the "Golden Sun." R.

A Moonlight Night on the Caribbean.

I CAN imagine no more charming sheet of water from which to gaze upon the splendor of a tropic moon than from the waters of the Caribbean. The Caribbean Sea is dotted with numberless small islands, which present to the eye a pleasing contrast of dark green to the blue of the sea. Each of these little islands contains one or more coconut palms, and the other trees are fairly covered with beautiful creepers carrying many-colored flowers.

Imagine, if you please, the moon peeping from behind some cloud hanging low over the islands of the sea and then watch it sail out majestically into the blue of the heavens, lighting up the sea as if a pale-faced sun had suddenly risen and thrown over the waters the benediction of its smile. The clouds of the heavens will be rose-tinted like the dawn and shading into infinite colors and combinations of colors as far as the eye can see. The waves of the Caribbean will reflect back the clouds, giving to them the somber blue-green tint natural to the sea.

One can take such solid enjoyment lolling in a steamer chair, watching some beautiful cloud reflect back the varied colors caused by the brilliancy of the moon. The balmy air, laden with the perfume of spices and aromatic shrubs all strange and fascinating to one reared in a far Northern latitude, is breathed in with every passing breeze and almost makes one think he is in fairyland. The splash, splash of the waves, rounding up and breaking in low gentle murmurs against the sides of the vessel, conduces to dreams; and ere one is aware (for the Caribbean on a moonlight night is a great place to start reveries or in which to build castles, not in the air, but deep in the azure of the sea) he is dreaming of times long gone by, reaching back in one sweet moment to boyhood when roaming in the meadows with sisters and brothers now long dead or far away; or else when roused from pathetic reverie he for a moment dreamily watches the glittering orb of night, apparently so close to the sea; and again, ere he is aware, he is building castles for future leveling and as well contented with his earthly lot as if realizing the projects of his busy brain; and so he sits dreamily, lazily, happily watching the moonlight on the waters, and now and then, with his castle building, wondering vaguely what lies beyond that great orb of white light and whether or not it is somehow or other connected with the sequel of life. Thus one is apt to spend the moonlight nights upon the Caribbean, for its beauty cannot be duplicated or excelled in this world. One night on its blue-green waters lighted by a tropic moon will never be forgotten, and will serve as an inspiration in many a dream. PAUL WARD.

Capt. Bill Rew and Wesley Yent returned here Saturday with the Belle of Myers from Boca Grande Pass. Wesley says they captured a hammerhead shark in the pass that measured 17 feet in length. The sharks have appeared in large numbers in the pass, and if a tarpon was hooked and not secured in a hurry the sharks would make a meal of him.—Fort Myers (Fla.) Press, June 7.

Always Interesting and Refreshing.

A NEW JERSEY clergyman writes of the FOREST AND STREAM: "I have found the paper always interesting and refreshing. Its aims are high and its tone particularly healthy minded."

Natural History.

Birds and Caterpillars.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You have noted the devastation caused by caterpillars on the sugar maples of New England for the last two years, and one village, where there are many fine trees along the streets, was a great sufferer from their ravages. They appeared about June 1, and some of the younger trees were completely stripped of their leaves.

They were often called the "tent caterpillar," but they were not, though no doubt near relations, for they did not build "tents" in the trees, but lowered themselves singly to the ground, and spun their cocoons in the interspaces of the picket fences and under the lower edge of the clapboards on the houses. They were also called the "army worm," from their habit of ascending the trees in solid, serried columns, but I do not think they were the worm usually known by that name in the South, though I have no personal acquaintance with that pest.

Be this as it may, they were a pest indeed, both last summer, and the previous one, but not one has appeared this year so far.

Now, although my daughter, my grandchildren and myself gathered and burned six or seven quarts of cocoons last summer from our own fences, I do not think that could have produced any very perceptible effect on the general crop, which could not have been affected to any great extent, and I give the credit wholly to the insectivorous birds. During the heavy snowstorms of the latter part of the winter we were visited by great flocks of grosbeaks and cropbills, which swarmed in the trees, and after a fresh snowfall the banks of snow beside the footpaths under the trees would be strewn with tiny bits of bark, as if they had been scattered from a dredging box or pepper-caster. Then later in the season, when the snow was gone, came with the spring migration a host of small birds, "creepers," so called, and others, which I am not enough of an ornithologist to identify, even if my eyes had been able to distinguish them clearly, in their rapid movements from bough to bough. At all events, I think they must have destroyed all the eggs, for no caterpillars have put in an appearance.

It seems to me such a striking instance of the benefits of our winged visitors, and so strong an argument in favor of bird protection, that I send it to FOREST AND STREAM in the hope that other papers may copy it and use the facts as evidence in fighting again the ruthless destruction of feathered life, carried on mainly by the hosts of immigrants from southern Europe, who are invading us in annually increasing numbers.

I have no fishing notes to send you. As I have written, the drought of the last two summers has practically exterminated the trout in the small brooks. I have been out twice, the first time alone, when I had "not a nibble," the second time in the company of one of our village clergymen, an enthusiastic angler, to Great Brook, which he fished down from the bridge, where we struck it, for a mile, without a bite; while I went up about as far and caught one—5 inches long. We ate our luncheon when we met again at the bridge, and came home, admiring the apple blossoms and the mountain scenery. VON W.

Black Squirrels in Domestication.

TORONTO, Canada, May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some four years ago I discovered that our large black squirrel was almost extinct. From every county in the Province of Ontario but three came reports of its entire absence, where formerly it was present in millions. The causes that have brought about this state of affairs are several. (1) The clearing of the forests, especially the cutting out the valuable timber, such as white oak, hickory, beech, walnut, butternut and chestnut, thus depriving the animal of its food supply. (2) His conspicuous color, which makes him an easy mark for the shooter. (3) His respectable size and attractive qualities, together with the value of his hide, causes the black squirrel to be much sought after by "the man with the gun." (4) His enemy, the red squirrel. The above causes, together with the fact that the black squirrel is not a very rapid multiplier, has made this, the most beautiful of the squirrel family, almost extinct. The black squirrel has only from one to five young at a time, and breeds from one to three times a year, according to the supply of food.

As the large jet black squirrel is only a native of this province, I considered it my duty to protect it as far as lay in my power. Duty, you may say, is a strange word to apply to the undertaking I am about to relate, as I had no share in undertaking its extermination. But I consider that to leave undone a good act that could have been done a decided neglect of duty; therefore I secured four pairs of unrelated black squirrels, and I have managed to raise 100 living squirrels from those eight. Three of the original eight had been pets in a small cage for four years, previous to my purchase of them, and the are alive and well to-day.

To the readers of FOREST AND STREAM my means of breeding them may be interesting. For this purpose I used my stable loft, in which I placed eight empty apple barrels up side down in elevated positions close to the roof. I placed the barrels in pairs, each pair to each corner. This is necessary, for when the female is with young she chases her mate entirely out of the barrel, but he must have a retreat close by or there is disturbance, for the male black is full of fear. From the windows of the loft I have a large wire cage leading to the ground. I have always fed them on nuts, which I procure from the wholesale fruit merchants after the season is over. I can then get chestnuts for a song, as they are dried up and are not appreciated by the genus homo. Sweet acorns, sun flower seed, artichokes, sweet potatoes (roots) and lettuce, but no grain nor rat food whatever, such as bread, must be fed to squirrels. Cracked nuts are sure death to a squirrel. The hardest butternut is easily opened by a squirrel, and keeps its teeth from growing too long.

The male black squirrel makes no noise outside of a very low growl of defiance to a rival. It is the female

that cries "qua, qua," and it is a sign that she is with young, and she is always alone when she cries. The black squirrel will live in perfect harmony with the gray or fox squirrels, but will not tolerate the presence of rats or mice near their nest.

Where there are no destructive boys, and your premises are well protected from gunners, you can repeat my experience by placing the squirrels in boxes and setting the boxes firmly in trees, being sure that you give them an abundant supply of food, for they must store up a certain supply of nuts before they will breed, though they will mate readily without any great store. As long as squirrels are fed they will not attempt to leave their nest; in fact, the least noise or excitement sends them scurrying off to their nest. They like their nest to have as small an entrance as possible. Manila bagging, leaves or paper should be given them to make their nests of, but on no account give cotton or wool. Wool harbors flees, and cotton, dampness. Many interesting stories could I relate of the black squirrel as a pet, but I will reserve these, as *FOREST AND STREAM* is not a pet stock journal.

Economic Ornithology in the United States.

In the "Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1899" Dr. T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the Biological Survey, prints an exceedingly interesting paper on this subject. The review is comprehensive, covering a wide range in time and subject.

Economic ornithology is defined as the study of birds from the standpoint of dollars and cents. It deals with birds in their relations to man, especially as to agriculture, trade and sport. Thus the farmer, the fruit grower, game dealer, milliner and sportsman all have an interest of one sort or another in birds. Some of the relations of birds to man are very simple, others exceedingly intricate. It is only within a few years that the relation of birds to agriculture has been at all understood, although, as Dr. Palmer points out—in theory—this should have been one of the first branches of ornithology to receive attention. The history of American ornithology began in the middle of the sixteenth century, but now the chief interest of most of these notes lies in their oddity. It was only about 1850 that the usefulness of birds to man began to be appreciated, and until after 1870 the work done to determine what this is was spasmodic and sporadic.

In 1880 Prof. S. A. Forbes drew attention to the proper methods of learning what effect on man, if any, the different species of birds had. Since that time there has been done a vast deal of work in this direction, in which, within the last fourteen or fifteen years, the biological Survey under Dr. C. Hart Merriam—but not always under that name—has taken the chief part. It has conducted systematic and continuous investigations, accumulating an extraordinary amount of material, of which only a part has yet been examined. Besides studying this material from a scientific standpoint, this division of the Department of Agriculture has done a great deal to popularize the knowledge of our birds, and has in every way lent its aid toward increasing the common knowledge about them, well understanding that the more that is known about the birds the better they will be protected.

When we come to consider the commercial uses of birds it is obvious that the products which they furnish are to be consumed and that therefore traffic in wild birds usually means their destruction. The eggs of birds are gathered for sale, their skins or feathers are collected or their flesh is used for food. The millinery trade has practically exterminated several native species, and as plume birds become scarce, insectivorous birds are used in millinery.

The destruction of game is considered in some detail. Dr. Palmer instances the case of the prairie hen, formerly found from the Atlantic to beyond the Missouri River, and of course that of the wild pigeon. The question of eggging is discussed, and attention is called to the good work of the lighthouse board in 1897, by which eggging for market on the Farallones Islands was put an end to. The matter of eggging and of the destruction of wildfowl by lighthouse keepers and life-saving crews is one that is likely to receive more and more attention as the interest in birds increases. These are abuses which the *FOREST AND STREAM* has been pointing out for something like twenty years.

The destruction of plume and other birds for millinery purposes is a familiar story; much less so, of course, is that about the guano industry, concerning which many interesting facts are given.

The latter half of Dr. Palmer's paper treats of measures for the destruction, preservation and introduction of birds. Of these subjects the first is the bounty law which has been enacted at different times in many States against hawks, owls, crows, blackbirds and certain fish-eating birds. All these bounty laws are not only very harmful in themselves, but put such a premium on fraud and dishonesty that most of them have soon been repealed. Ten pages of Dr. Palmer's report are occupied in a discussion of game laws and the introduction of foreign birds, and the material is all well worth reading. He discusses the oft repeated fallacies with regard to many species of birds and calls attention to the fact that the lack of protection of the migratory birds is at last beginning to be felt. He also quotes from a discussion of the Ohio law of 1861 concerning the passenger pigeon the following remarks, curiously interesting for their disregard of fact and of syntax:

"The passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the North as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them or be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced. * * * The snipe, too, like the pigeon, will take care of itself, and its yearly numbers cannot be materially lessened by the gun. The wild goose does not perhaps need general protection, though if any linger here till near breeding time they should be spared."

The importance of the uniform game laws is again insisted on, but the difficulty of securing these is well rec-

ognized. Dr. Palmer calls attention to the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s suggestion that the sale of game should be forbidden, notes that such a provision has been inserted in the game laws of several States, and that a number of individuals and associations have recently taken up the project and are trying to secure its general adoption.

On the whole the paper from which we have quoted is one of great interest.

Pinnated Grouse in Martha's Vineyard.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been trying for years, as you know, to run to earth the story that some one at some time let loose some Western prairie chickens upon Martha's Vineyard. I have never been able to find any source for this report, whether it be myth or history. Writing to Mr. Brewster about it the other day, I got a letter from Walter Dean, saying that Mr. Brewster credits the story and fears that the intergrading between the two species, such as are left, will soon destroy the purity of the original stock. Mr. Dean says there was an article in *FOREST AND STREAM* a few years ago telling of this introduction of Western birds to the island. Now can you tell me if this is true, and if so in what number it appeared? I hope you have an index of all your issues. I think the story would be sufficiently interesting for republication, and if it can be found I hereby make request for it. C. H. AMES.

But Mr. Brewster, after investigating the story of pinnated grouse importation, discredited it. He wrote in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 25, 1890, in the course of an account of the heath hen: "There is a belief, current on the Vineyard as well as elsewhere in Massachusetts, that at one time many years ago the primitive stock of heath hens ran so low that Western grouse were imported and liberated to bring it up again. At both Cottage City and West Tisbury I was assured of the truth of this report, and some of my informants went so far as to declare that the native birds were utterly destroyed by the severe winter of 1858-59, and that the present stock is wholly of Western origin. One Dr. Ezra Fisher, of Edgartown, was generally credited with having obtained the fresh birds—from Illinois, it was said. Upon visiting Edgartown I found that Dr. Fisher was no longer living; but one of his sons, Mr. David Fisher, assured me that the only foundation for the story was the fact that his father, in the spring of 1859, imported and liberated a number of quail and ruffed grouse. The native quail had been practically exterminated by the rigor of the preceding winter. The ruffed grouse, so far as he knew, had never before existed on the island. The heath hens had always been there—as far back as memory or tradition went—and to the best of his knowledge and belief the native stock had never received any infusion whatever of foreign blood."

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE annual report of the board of directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia has just been published, and is, as usual, interesting. From it we learn that the membership of the society, exclusive of the loan holders, is 1,916; that the paying attendance for the year was nearly 200,000 persons; that the total receipts from admissions were \$27,882.16, an increase over the previous year of more than \$7,000. In April last Dr. Camac, the founder and first president of the society, died. It was through his efforts that the society was granted a charter in 1859, and on its first organization he became its president. The permanent establishment of the society, however, was delayed until 1872, when Dr. Camac was re-elected president, and continued to hold the office until April, 1878, when, feeling that the preliminary work had been done, he resigned. A portrait of Dr. Camac faces the title page in this year's report.

At the close of the society's year, Feb. 28, 1900, its collections consisted of 1,134 living specimens, of which 386 were mammals, 506 birds, 224 reptiles and 18 batrachians. Among the birds, mammals and reptiles are a number that have never before been exhibited in the garden.

Mr. Brown has been remarkably successful in breeding animals in confinement. His record for the year shows 7 monkeys of different sorts, 10 gray wolves, 9 prairie wolves and a considerable number of deer and antelope, with a less number of birds and reptiles. Among the births were five bison. Among the deaths was a cinnamon bear from Utah, which had lived in the garden for more than twenty-six years.

The closing paragraphs of the secretary's report, under the heading "Preservation of Game," ought to carry very great weight with the society and with the State of Pennsylvania, which might well grant to the society a large tract of its wild land and an appropriation for the care of this land, for the purposes suggested by Mr. Brown. It is the custom of the Keystone State to stand well to the front in all good works, and it is very fitting that the Philadelphia Zoological Society should take the lead in a matter of this importance and public interest. Mr. Brown says: "The increasing difficulty of procuring specimens of some of the more important animals belonging to North America should direct the attention of the society to one of its most proper functions—that of encouraging and promoting the preservation of game."

"It would appear probable that among the large tracts of land which are being acquired by the State of Pennsylvania as a forest preserve there should be some which will offer opportunity whereby some of our native animals which are still resident but in decreasing numbers, such as the common deer, the wild turkey and the ruffed grouse, may be indefinitely preserved, and perhaps others, such as the elk, be re-established. This noble animal was formerly abundant in mountainous regions, and it is not yet fifty years since the killing of the last one known within the State. It is certain that with suitable forest tracts of sufficient extent, and with adequate protection, this species could, at small cost, be again established as a resident."

"The buffalo is not mentioned in this connection, although up to the close of the last century it was still found about the Allegheny River, for the reason that it is

now probably too late to do more than retard its extinction for a few generations. Experience which has been had with the European bison gives ground for the belief that enough of these animals do not now remain to avert the potent cause of degeneration—inbreeding. Although, if a general and determined effort to preserve the species were to be made, the most hopeful results would be reached by establishing a number of herds in widely separated localities in the United States, where exposure to different conditions of soil, food and climate, influencing in some degree the development of the animals subjected to them, would produce strains slightly unlike in constitution. Much benefit might be expected from the exchange of breeding animals from these separated localities."

Extinct Animals.

In the Jesuit Relations, the good father Hierosme Lalement, writing from Quebec, Oct. 28, 1646, says:

"There is found here a species of deer different from the common ones of France. Our French call them 'wild cows,' but they are really deer; their branching horns have no likeness to the horns of our oxen, and their bodies are very dissimilar and of much greater height. These animals go in troops, but to assist one another during the winter they follow one after another, the first ones breaking the way for those that come after; and when the one which breaks and opens up the path is tired it places itself last in the beaten path. The deer in France do the same in crossing a river when they happen to be in a herd. According to report, these animals hardly stop in one place, continually traveling within these great forests. The Elks do the contrary. Though they walk together, they observe no order, browsing here and there, without straying far from the same shelter. This is what prompted some days ago a Savage, who wished to become sedentary, to say that the Elks were French, and that other sort of roving deer Algonquins, because the latter go to seek their living hither and thither within these great forests, and the French are stationary, tilling the earth at the place where they make their abode. Besides these deer, there are two other species—one of which is similar or which has much likeness to our deer of France, the other of which is believed to be the Onager or wild ass of the Scripture. It would be using repetitions to attempt to speak of them in this place."

"The Last Adirondack Moose."

CANTON, N. Y., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your article, "The Last Adirondack Moose," of June 9, you say: "A moose was killed at or near Mud Lake in the lower Saranac region in 1856. This may be the one recently referred to in *FOREST AND STREAM*." If the writer had in mind my statement in issue of May 26, no. The Mud Lake I referred to isn't in the Saranac region at all; it is all or nearly all in St. Lawrence county. My people moved into the township of Finen Pond, a distant part of the county, in 1857. It was after that date, and other circumstances that I remember make me place the date in '58 or '59. Again, I did not say the moose was killed near Mud Lake, but, as I had understood, not far from Bog Lake. J. H. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

Moose Hunting in Maine.

BY JOS. W. SHURTER.

If the student in geography will take a map of Maine and a pair of dividers and set them with one point at the city of Augusta and the other point at Bangor, and will then describe a circle on the map, having Augusta for its center, he will find that while he has inclosed but one-fifth of the area of the State within the circle, this fifth contains nine-tenths of the population of the State. The other four-fifths, about 25,000 square miles, is mostly a vast unbroken wilderness, traversed only by the tote road of the lumberman, brawling brooks and rushing rivers, and thickly dotted with lakes and ponds. The latter literally swarm with countless myriads of trout and other valuable food fishes, while the forests are the abiding place of game—birds and animals—the varieties and numbers of which are simply astonishing. In the sections most remote from the settlements these denizens of the woods have not yet learned to fear man. The doughty Nimrod whose skill in the use of the modern breechloader is taxed to its utmost to stop the lightning-like flight of our educated grouse can here knock its unsophisticated cousin on the head with his walking stick. The would-be deer stalker, whose initial lessons with deer that have been much hunted have been productive of nothing but failure and disgust, can here find fields suited to his capacity. Stalking deer in Maine is something like stalking cows in a pasture lot. The novice will probably kill several before he comes to his senses and asks himself why he does it. He cannot take them out of the woods, and he will have a far better opinion of himself if he limits his killing to what is required by his necessities. As to the others which he might kill, let him study them, and admire them while their curiosity impels them to linger within range of the deadly rifle, and then bid them go on their way unharmed. There is more sport in this than there is in converting such beautiful creatures into repulsive heaps of carrion simply to gratify the desire to kill.

There are different ways of visiting this paradise of the sportsman which are suited to all the conditions of life. Let the wealthy, the overworked man of business and the physically incompetent place themselves in the hands of a reliable guide, who will take them "on flowery beds of ease" into the very heart of the wilderness. They can lull luxuriously on the cushions of the canoe while they revel amid the beauties of nature unadorned, each bend of the sinuous stream unfolding fresh vistas to their admiring gaze as the silent paddle and rushing tide bear them onward, each forest girt lake adding to their wonder at the extent of this sylvan domain and the prodigality

with which nature has endowed it with everything to captivate the senses. But the true woodsman, or they who are forced to economize and whose knowledge of woodcraft fits them to care for themselves, will eschew guides as far as possible. I say as far as possible because a provision of Maine's game law compels every party that visits the State for the purpose of fishing or hunting, to employ at least one guide. The typical Maine guide is a noble specimen of manhood, as well as an artist in his line, but there is a pleasure in doing everything for one's self which those who employ guides fail to realize. There is no better test of what there is of a man than to strip him of the conventionalities and accessories of civilization and leave him to his own resources in the heart of a wilderness like that of Maine? Some of those whom the world esteems great and wise would starve forthwith, while many of those who live and die unknown to fame would "wax and grow fat." There is one denizen of the Maine woods that stands pre-eminent to all others which claim the attention of sportsmen. Pre-eminent in size, pre-eminent in the uncouth grandeur of his gigantic bulk, pre-eminent in the time, patience, labor and skill involved in his capture, and pre-eminent in power to thrill the steadiest nerves and cause the blood to flow in quick throbbing beats like quicksilver in the veins.

The sportsman who has not confronted a bull moose in his native wilds has missed an experience which is well worth the best year of his life. I speak advisedly, for I have been there. Imagine if you can a huge bundle of muscular power, reared on great stilt-like legs to a height of 7 feet, with bristling mane, and eyes which gleam viciously from beneath broad, massive antlers which sway with the huge head 8 to 10 feet above the ground.

Imagine yourself standing, if you have strength to stand, in front of this frightful apparition, and only a few yards distant, with the knowledge that if you don't kill him he will very likely kill you, your heart throbbing so painfully that your ears fairly ache with its pulsations, the blood racing through your veins like molten lead, the sweat starting from every pore in your skin, while your brain labors in vain to regain control of the wild tumult which possesses you. Imagine all this if you can, and then multiply the sensations which it calls up two or three million times, more or less, and you will have a result which approaches the reality in magnitude. The man who sends every bullet straight to the mark under such conditions as these should be excused if he brags a little about it afterward. He should also be excused if he does some very foolish things when he sees the awe-inspiring monster collapse under the paralyzing shocks of the well-directed bullets—i. e., dropping his rifle and trying to hug himself. Attempting to turn summersaults which only land him on his head. Trying to shout the great news to everybody within a hundred miles, and only succeeding in making a poor little squeak somewhere down in his throat. Trying—but let us drop the curtain. The ethics of sportsmanship forbid me to disclose all the absurd things even the most sedate and dignified of our craft will do on such an occasion.

During the fall of 1897 I visited the headwaters of the Penobscot and St. John rivers, in company with James Arkell, Jr., of New York city, and Charles Kipp, of Stillwater, N. Y., and again in 1898 I went with Mr. Kipp to

eight or twelve miles from camp. On one of our excursions my guide, Jack Henry, and myself, extended our investigations to Lee Bog, or Abnetic Bog, which is located on the Penobscot some twelve miles above our camp. Lee Bog is almost a circle in form and nearly a mile in diameter. The Penobscot runs, or rather oozes, through its center, the water on top, 6 to 20 inches deep, the mud underneath, 600 feet deep, perhaps more. On either side of the river the mud is covered by a network of roots, which in turn supports a thick covering of moss and a few stunted shrubs, the whole lying like a skin on top of the soft mass, except where it is traversed by a lagoon of pure, unadulterated mud. These lagoons are stretches where the skin has not yet formed. My guide manned the paddle in the stern of the canoe, while I occupied the shooter's position in the bow, and as we emerged from the forest and looked over the flag expanse of this bog, I at once discovered an old cow caribou just walking out on



HOMEWARD BOUND—A SHORT STOP ON THE BANK OF THE QUAM.

the bog to feed. She was followed at a short distance by her calf and an old bull. They were nearly half a mile from us, and about 300 yards from the river. A low range of brush partly screened our approach, and we were soon at the shore opposite them. There I left the canoe and crawled toward them on hands and knees, keeping a small shrub between myself and the old bull. A short distance from the canoe I came to a lagoon about 12 feet across. I tried the mud with my foot and found it soft as water, and I could see no end to the lagoon in either direction, and so placing my foot forward on the skin as far as it afforded any support I threw myself forward flat on the mud as far as possible, at the same time pitching the Marlin across on the skin of the other side. My swimming in that mud was very much like a fly swimming in molasses, and I made about the same kind of progress that the frog did when it tried to jump out of a well by jumping up one foot and falling back two. The guide at last started forward to rescue me from what seemed to him certain death. However, before he reached me I got safely across and soon reached the small shrub, which was about 100 yards from where the caribou were still feeding undisturbed. Once, twice, three times I raised the rifle to my shoulder before I had recovered my nerve sufficiently to hold the sights steadily on the old bull's shoulder. At the crack of the rifle he started with that spasmodic motion which is a certain indication of a fatal shot, trotted rapidly round in a half-circle, and then went down like a stone at the second shot. The old cow looked up at the first shot, trotted a few rods at the second, and then looked fixedly at the strange mud-colored apparition which had risen from the bog so close to her. Instinctively I brought the sights to bear on her shoulder. "Oh, Bossy, how easily I could kill you." But I refrained, and told her to go and to take her promising offspring with her. She went. I had heard a good many tales of the great speed of the woodland caribou, but was disposed to regard some of them as Munchausen yarns, but after witnessing the flight of those caribou across that bog, I am prepared to believe anything I hear on the subject. They just split cracks in the atmosphere and were gone. The guide said I listened to see if I could hear them whizz after they had disappeared.

From our camp on the Penobscot we carried our canoes and a small quantity of provisions across the divide to St. John's Pond, on the headwaters of the Baker Lake branch of the St. John River, and here we got our first moose. We discovered the fresh tracks of a big bull shortly after we reached the pond, and hunted him carefully for two days without success. On the afternoon of the third day Stafford and Kipp were making preparations for continuing our journey down the river to Baker Lake, Arkell was reading a book in which he was deeply interested, and so I said to Jack, "Let us try once more for the old bull." As we were starting I called to Arkell to come with us. Hastily catching up his rifle he said, "All right, I'll fetch my book and read while you do the shooting." We had gone only a few rods in the canoe, Jack in the stern, Arkell amidships, and I in the bow, when the guide exclaimed, "I can see a moose now, away up there at the head of the pond." Leveling my glass in the direction indicated, I saw my first bull moose. And what a sight for an enthusiastic hunter. The slanting rays of the sun glistened on his massive antlers, and his gigantic form loomed up in the distance black as night. He was feeding on the margin of the pond nearly two miles from us. A light breeze was blowing directly from us toward him. No chance to flank him, for he was at the extreme end of the pond. No chance to attack him from the rear, as he was protected in that quarter by an impassable morass. The case looked hopeless. The plan which offered the best chance for success was to head the canoe directly toward him, put every pound of our muscle on the paddles and try to outrun our wind.

Laying down my rifle I picked up the bow paddle and away we went. Arkell now held the glass. The book was forgotten and lay in a crumpled heap on the bottom of

the canoe. From time to time he told the sweating paddlers what the moose was doing. Soon we were near enough to see the moose plainly with our naked eyes. At the distance of about 100 rods he suddenly threw up his head. Our wind had reached him, and laying down the paddle I hastily picked up my rifle, and as the moose turned toward the forest the concert opened. The vicious snap of the .30-40 alternated rapidly with the heavy crack of the .45-90, until a dozen shots had been fired. The moose had gained the forest, and I turned and looked into Arkell's eyes and read the disappointment which words could not express. The guide tried to comfort us by saying we had done well to stay on top of the cranky canoe during the scrimmage, and that he thought we had hit the moose. We could find no blood on the trail, but it was decided to follow him.

One of us had to stay at the pond to signal the others, and as I had killed a caribou I swallowed my desire to go with the guide and told Arkell to go. The minutes dragged slowly by, while I watched deer coming and going from the pond. One passed by me within a few yards, unconscious of my presence. The sun sank behind the forest crowned hills in the west, and the shadows of night were beginning to creep over the darkening waters of the pond, when away back in the forest the sharp whip-like report of the .30-40 rang out twice in quick succession, the echoes died away and all was still again. It was a very tired but a very happy boy (Arkell's seventeenth birthday came only a few days before he killed this moose) whose hand I grasped that night in hearty congratulation, when at about 10 o'clock he got back to the pond and told me the old bull lay "hors du combat" in a little stream where he turned to make his last fight with his relentless pursuers. It was then that I learned that the shot which took the bull off his feet was the last cartridge Arkell had with him. The guide had nothing in the shape of a weapon but a pocket knife. I don't like to think of what might have happened had the boy's aim been less true.

The next day we went across the pond to fetch out the trophy. It was a fine head. There were twenty points. The antlers were very nicely mated and had a spread of 50 inches. The coat was beautiful, the bell a foot long. Hurrah for the boy! We found when we skinned the moose that both of us had put our brands upon him at the pond. My bullet struck him in the thigh and ranged forward into his stomach. Arkell's had hit him squarely in the center of the neck. This shot would have been a fatal one had it not been that the high velocity and long flight of the bullet created friction sufficient to melt its lead, and on striking this had gone out of the jacket and was found in splashes in the muscles of the neck. This shot disclosed to me the greatest objection I have discovered to the high velocity rifles. I got another moose, a fifteen-pointer, at Baker Lake. We saw only one caribou and two moose on this trip, all of which we took into camp with us.

We returned to our old camp on the Penobscot, via Baker Lake Bog, carry Brook, Lee Bog and the Penobscot River, reaching camp on Oct. 29. Our supply of provisions gave out on the 17th, and for two days we had cheered our empty stomachs with promises of good things when we should reach our camp, but here we met with a serious disappointment. On leaving this camp we had left



CHARLEY SIZING UP HIS BIG ONE.



THE BIG MOOSE—CONGRATULATIONS.

the headwaters of the St. John. We were very successful on both occasions. We got on both trips five bull moose and one bull caribou. The caribou and three of the moose heads were exceptionally fine ones, one of the latter, killed by Kipp, being a record breaker.

The subtle charm of moose hunting, like that of courtship, can only be derived from experience. It cannot be described. The most vivid word picture must necessarily fall far short of conveying a correct impression of the reality. Fully sensible of this fact, I shall nevertheless attempt to describe some of the incidents of these trips.

Our guides on this trip were Robert Elliott, John Henry and Josiah Stafford. Our equipment was two Canadian model canoes, tent, Kenwood sleeping bags, provisions for a four weeks' trip, and the usual amount of culinary articles used in camp life. Kipp and myself carried .45-90 Marlin repeaters. Arkell was armed with a .30-40 Winchester. Our route from Jackson Station, on the C. P. R. R., was by wagon, twenty-eight miles north over a good road, to Mrs. Rainey's homelike resort on the banks of the Du Loup River. Here our baggage was loaded on wooden jumpers, and on a bright and bracing October morning we started on a thirty-mile tramp to the headwaters of the West Branch of the Penobscot River. And what miles they were. A common saying is that distance in the woods is measured with a bob-sleigh without counting the tongue. I think those miles were measured with a foot rule hitched to a 100-foot rope, and the rope was not counted. Later in the hunt, when we were trained down, or in woodsman's parlance, when we had got our woods legs on, these miles had no terror for us.

Several days were spent at our camp on the Penobscot in exploring the surrounding country to a distance of

Elliott in charge, with instructions to have the teams and provisions there to meet us on our return, but we found no Elliott, no teams, no provisions, and fifteen more weary miles between us and something to eat. However, we were now trained down into excellent condition to overcome difficulties of this nature, and noon of the next day found us at Bradstreet's supply camp at Dole Pond, and the cook—good fellow—doing his level best to fill us up once more. That dinner is a memory not soon to be forgotten. It almost repaid us for our three days of fasting. On the 31st we reached Rainey's and sent in the teams for our outfit and trophies.

Our trip in 1898, after reaching Rainey's, was by a different route and to a different hunting ground than those of the year previous. From Rainey's we went northeast through the parishes of St. Come, St. Prosper, St. Rose and St. Lejustine, to the head of canoe navigation on the Dadquame River, a tributary of the Northwest Branch of the St. John. Profiting from our experience of the year previous we took but one guide, Josiah Stafford, with us. As Kipp had been overworked in his business and wishing to take things easy, and as I preferred to "paddle my own canoe," the question as to which of us should receive the services of this guide was quickly and satisfactorily settled. I took with me on this trip a 12-foot folding canvas canoe, and I must confess its carrying capacity and durability was a surprise to me. Any one who has taken an extended canoe trip on the rapid rocky rivers of Maine can judge of the qualities of this canoe when I say that it came out of the ordeal of seventy miles of pounding on rocks and scraping over sandbars without a puncture, and but little the worse for wear. In addition to my weight, about 190 pounds, it was loaded

most of the time with from 400 to 500 pounds of baggage. While not so fast as the wooden canoes, it will stand more rough usage, and a piece of canvas, a small box of waterproofing and a few minutes' time will repair a puncture which in a wooden boat on such a trip would be a very serious matter.

The Dadquame, or, as it is commonly called, the Qualm, for the first fifteen miles of its course from the point where we embarked upon it, is a sluggish stream, and winds about in its serpentine course through alder thickets and beaver meadows as though it were undecided as to whether it had better go ahead or return to the point from whence it started, but suddenly it awakens from its lethargy and commences to roar and plunge forward over the rocks and down rapids; as though it were in a hurry, like ourselves, to get where the lordly moose stalks through its cold, clear waters, or browses upon its banks. After two days of constant paddling, poling and wading, we were glad to pull our canoes out of the water and go into camp. I wish I were at liberty to say just where this camp was located, but a solemn pledge prevents me from giving the secret away. Moose were everywhere about us. Their fresh tracks were found wherever we went. The first morning after our arrival we found the fresh track of a big bull within six rods of our tent. Heavens! I wonder what our sensations would have been had he stepped upon us while we slept.

As we had reached the grounds a few days before the open season commenced, we took things easy in camp, well knowing from the signs about us that a few days' hunting in such a country would give us each a head, even if we were a little particular in regard to the sort of head we would take out with us. But at last the time came when we could take the war path, and after carefully inspecting our tried and trusty Marlins, we sallied forth to the slaughter. It was an ideal day for stalking moose. There had been a rain the afternoon previous which had softened everything which we were obliged to tread upon. The rain had ceased during the night and a wind had sprung up, and was now roaring through the tops of the slender spruce and balsams, causing them to writhe as if in mortal agony, and completely drowning the sound of our stealthy footfalls, while it drove our scent directly back in the direction from whence we came, thus robbing the moose of the protection of their nose and ears, which are their greatest safeguards. I had worked my way carefully some three or four miles from camp when the crack of Kipp's rifle rang through the forest from a point not more than a half-mile from me. Three more shots followed the first in rapid succession, and then I heard shouts of victory, which told the whole story to me. Kipp had got the big one he was looking for. Nothing but the biggest of the big ones could make the phlegmatic and taciturn Charley yell like that, and turning from my course I walked rapidly to where two excited men were waltzing insanely about a moose, the sight of which fairly took my breath away. Twenty-two long points on the perfectly mated and nicely formed antlers which have a spread of 60 inches. Seven feet high at the shoulder, and a weight which required our united strength to just move, and either of us good for 400 pounds, ordinarily, while in the excitement which we were then laboring under we felt like lifting a ton each. Now I don't want it to be inferred from this that I think that moose weighed three tons, though he looked big enough to us then to weigh about that, but I do wish to say that those who assert that moose rarely reach 1,000 pounds in weight either have a very defective judgment in regard to weights, or they have never seen very big moose. The work of the camera gives an incorrect idea of the size of this moose as he lies partly imbedded in the moss of the bog on which he fell.

The stalking of this moose gave a very fine illustration of the remarkable vision of the guide Stafford. The hunters were crossing a small bog, Stafford in front and Kipp close in the rear, when the guide stopped suddenly and pointing ahead, whispered one thrilling word, "Moose!" Kipp looked everywhere, but could see nothing which looked like a moose. In cautious whispers the guide called his attention to some little objects about 40 yards ahead which looked like the dead stubs on a fallen tree. Even then Kipp could hardly believe that those little stubs were the points on the antler of a gigantic moose which lay hidden in the moss of the bog. A slight movement of the moose, however, revealed the broad palmation of one antler and removed all doubts. The first shot was fired to start him from his bed. The second went squarely through him just back of the shoulders as he sprang to his feet, and the others struck him lengthwise, going almost the entire length of his huge carcass. Three .45-caliber 400-grain split-nosed bullets ploughing their way through his vitals from different directions, each tearing a hole as big as a man's fist, speedily reduced him to a harmless condition.

In regard to the eyesight of this guide, I have known him to call attention to a deer standing among the trunks of trees and brush in such a way that nothing but one ear of the animal was visible, and this too at a distance of fifteen rods, and while he was poling his canoe up through the rocky rapids of the Qualm, when one would naturally think he had enough for his eyes to attend to in piloting the canoe safely. It seemed as if absolutely nothing within range of his vision escaped his notice.

To show how plenty the moose were, and how well founded were our expectations of getting good heads, I will say that the very next day after Charley got his big one I got one even larger, though the antlers, which were very handsome and nicely mated, had but eighteen points and a spread of 49 inches. The killing of this moose afforded me an opportunity to show that the .45-90 cartridge is not so inaccurate as some would have us believe. In this connection I will also say that I have made groups of shots with my .45-90 Marlin at distances of 100 to 300 yards that compare very favorably with work done by the best match rifles. Shortly after daylight on the morning of the day in question I was watching a bog. No use trying to get a shot tramping in the woods on such a day as that. There was not a breath of air stirring. The rapping of a woodpecker came distinctly to my ear from across the bog nearly a half-mile away. The noisy jay and the soft notes of the moose bird could also be heard from great distances. A light frost lay upon the bog and glistened on the trees. The rising sun shone

dimly through the yellow haze of a perfect October morning, a morning which makes us glad that we live and breathe the pure air, and especially glad that we are here in this wilderness, afar from the habitations of man, looking over the broad expanse of this bog, expecting, yet half-dreading, the appearance of the noblest animal which God has created and given us dominion over, when, hold! there he comes now. And shades of all the departed Nimrods! what a monster. On the western side of the bog, a hundred rods away, the majestic creature broke through the screening cedars and balsams, cutting short my reveries as he stalked out on the bog toward me with his long powerful stride. I then had the best opportunity of my life to study this interesting animal. I am not wealthy, yet I would give a large sum of money for a picture to look at occasionally like the one then spread out before me. Occasionally the moose would stop and turn his head about as though listening intently, the ears playing backward and forward, and the great muffle twisting about as though he were trying to catch some floating odor which would give him timely warning of a lurking foe. I was so absorbed in my study of him that I did not notice that he had changed his course until the distance between us had been sensibly increased, and which was now fully 200 yards. But I suddenly remembered that I was there to kill a moose as well as to study them. I first tried to worm my way through the moss so as to get near to him, but the instant I tried to do this he stopped and looked toward me. When he moved on again I tried once more to crawl toward him, but the instant I did so he whirled about and looked steadily in my direction, showing plainly that he heard me, though I made no noise which I could hear myself.

Bringing the rifle to my shoulder I found I was steady enough to risk a shot, and holding carefully about a foot above the mane of his shoulder I pressed the trigger steadily until the oppressive stillness in the air was broken by the ringing crack of the rifle. Yes, that shot went home, for the smokeless powder permitted me to see the spasmodic lurch of the huge frame, and the tuft of hair which jumped from the center of his shoulder. Springing to my feet I fired four more shots at the plunging animal as rapidly as I could work the lever of the rifle. The last shot struck him just as he was disappearing over a windfall, and he dropped with a crash among the dry limbs, stone dead. We found when we skinned him that all of the bullets had struck him in vital places. The first and last were excellent shoulder shots. Owing to his rapid motion the others had struck him about in the center of his body, too far back to give the paralyzing shock of a shoulder shot.

I fear this yarn has already reached a tiresome length, and so I will not attempt to tell how the guide killed a moose; how we loitered about several more days, loath to leave the scene of our conquests; how we saw moose nearly every day, one, two and even three at a time, without trying to kill them, or how we got back to civilization with our trophies.

To those who have tired of the tamer sport to be found near centers of population, who desire a trophy which shall remind them of pleasant days when they were closeted, as it were, with nature, or who desire a decoration for hall or dining room which far excels the finest painting, I would say, go as we did, and try "moose hunting in Maine."

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., 1900.

The Massachusetts Law.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you would naturally expect, letters of congratulation are coming in. I desire in behalf of the Executive Committee to extend thanks for the valuable assistance rendered by your paper and the excellent editorials that have appeared from time to time in your issues.

Our success is another illustration of the motto, "In union there is strength." J. M. Stevenson, ex-president of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club, and member at one time of the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, writes that he was in receipt of a letter from Governor Crane informing him that the bill had been signed. He says, "Of course, as you would naturally think, I am very much pleased with the result, and we all have reason to consider that it is the ending of a very successful and hard campaign. You may also judge that I feel quite a good deal of personal satisfaction in the result, as it has been accomplished by carrying out what I argued at one of your meetings two or three years ago, 'that sportsmen should act together.'"

"That has been the keynote of your Association since then, and it has been so spread throughout the State that it resulted in joining so many different elements to work for one end that we have accomplished finally something I did not dream could be done so soon."

The speech of Mr. Stevenson to which he alludes was made at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in 1897, and it is a fact that his speech set forth so clearly the absurdity of sportsmen of one section asking for one thing and those of another section for other and entirely different things before the Legislative Committee that the officers of our Association determined to call a conference of sportsmen and farmers from different sections of the State for an interchange of views. That conference, as your readers will remember, was held at the Copley Square Hotel on Nov. 16, 1898. The remarks of Mr. Stevenson to which he alludes in his letter were the good seed that has at last begun to bring fruit.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, the chairman of our Executive Committee, left Boston Friday evening for Moosehead, to be gone a few days.

Our counsel, Hon. J. Russell Reed, has gone to his cottage at Sandwich, Mass., to remain for a short time. Some of us have to "keep our noses to the grindstone," as the saying is, for a few weeks longer before we can taste the sweets of rural enjoyment.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Game Laws in Brief.

The new number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains an attractive list of contents and several hours of good reading. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Marin County Case and the Law of Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial comment in the issue of the 16th inst. on the decision of Judge E. M. Ross, in the above case, possesses much interest to sportsmen; and as the decision, if sustained, would seem to strike at the very foundation of all laws on the subject of game protection, it may not be without interest to add some observations as they occur to a lawyer on the same subject. What will be said relates principally to the position taken by the United States Supreme Court on the questions discussed by the learned judge; there will be little difficulty in showing that the decision in question is not only not sustained by the rulings of the higher court, but that it is in direct opposition thereto. The court, it would seem, bases its decision on two grounds, both claimed to arise from the language of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States—i. e., the claim relating to "equal protection of the laws" and the other prohibiting the States to pass any law depriving any citizen of his property without due process of law.

It has been repeatedly held by the United States Supreme Court that the provisions of the fourteenth amendment were not designed to interfere with the powers of the State, sometimes termed the police power, to prescribe regulations to promote health, peace, morals, education and good order of the people. *Barbier vs. Connelly*, 113 U. S., 27. And it has also been held that the privileges and immunities referred to in that amendment are only such as arise out of the nature and essential character of the national Government, the provisions of its constitution and the treaties made in pursuance thereof; and that privileges and immunities belonging to the citizens of a State as such are not embraced by that amendment. *Slaughter House Cases*, 16 Wall., 36. The latter are some of the cases cited and relied upon by Judge Ross to sustain his decision; and yet a reading of the opinion of the court in those cases clearly shows that they are in theory and reasoning opposed to the position taken in the Marin county case. The Constitutional amendment in question does not, nor was it designed to, limit the subjects upon which the police power of a State may be lawfully exercised. *Jones vs. Brim*, 165 U. S., 180; *Minneapolis & St. P. R. R. vs. Beckwith*, 129 U. S., 29. And the requirements of the Constitution are satisfied in such cases if such law when passed, with its benefits and obligations, is impartially administered. *Eldridge vs. Trezevant*, 16 U. S., 452. And equal protection of the law is not denied by any law or course of procedure which would have been applied to any other person under similar circumstances and conditions. *Tinsley vs. Andrews*, 171 U. S., 101; *Lowe vs. Kansas*, 163 U. S., 81. The precise meaning of this may not be so clear to a layman, but its meaning is well illustrated by the case of *Jones vs. Brim*, above referred to. That was a case where a law of the State of Utah provided that any person who drives a herd of certain animals over a public highway constructed on a hillside was liable for all damages done by such animals in destroying the banks, or rolling rocks into or upon such highway; and it was claimed that this denied to such persons the equal protection of the laws and unjustly discriminated against them; but the court, holding that the control of highways was within the police power of the State, and that because it was general in its application to all persons placing themselves in the situation referred to in the statute, such persons could not complain—that is, that while it might not apply to all persons driving live stock over a highway, or to persons using such highways in other ways, if such persons placed themselves in like circumstances they then came within its provisions; and the fact that it provided a punishment only for those who violated it did not render it invalid. So in the Marshall case: the ordinance in question does not make it unlawful to have or use this gun, but only to use it in a particular way, and applies equally to all persons under like circumstances; and as the regulation of such use, as has been repeatedly held, is within the police power of the State (see *Geer vs. Connecticut*, 161 U. S., 534) the courts will not interfere so long as the law, when passed, applies to all persons who bring themselves within its terms.

It will be seen, therefore, that the ordinance in question does not come within the provisions of the fourteenth amendment at all, and that whatever is said by the court on the question has no real bearing on the case. It seems somewhat strange that the court in fortifying its decision should apparently have relied on cases not directly in point—that is, cases not involving the validity of game laws, but cases which would, at most, have a bearing merely by analogy.

Of all the cases cited by the learned judge, only two, it seems, are game law cases, these being *Ex parte Knapp*, 59 Pac. R., 315, a California case, and *Geer vs. Connecticut*, already referred to. All the other cases are on entirely different questions not involving the exercise of the police power. The Knapp case is not good law, and is opposed by decisions of other States on the same point; and is directly opposed by the doctrine laid down in the Geer case, which latter is of controlling authority on the question. Besides, the Knapp case was on a different ordinance and a different state of facts.

Most sportsmen were pleased with the decision in the Geer case, because it was the deliberate expression of opinion by the highest court of the land on questions which had been in dispute in regard to the power of a State to pass game law; and it was supposed that it forever disposed of most of the questions arising in regard thereto. It seems, therefore, somewhat remarkable that Judge Ross should have used that case to sustain his position, when, as already stated, its holdings are directly opposed to the conclusion reached by him. It is true that the Geer case was a case involving the power of a State to pass and enforce a law preventing the transportation beyond the limits of a State of game killed in the State; but in reaching a conclusion sustaining the law, the court entered into a most learned and able discussion of the origin of such laws and the right and property in game generally, and held that game belonged to all the people of a State in common, and that the Government of the State exercised a trust for its people in protecting such game, and that it could make such regulations in regard thereto

as it saw fit, both as to the time, manner and instrumentalities of taking the same, and could at its will absolutely prohibit any taking thereof; that, as the right to hunt and kill game was not a natural right, but a mere boon or privilege which the Legislature could grant, restrict or withhold at pleasure, no question of Constitutional right could arise in regard thereto; and held in the same case that this power was one of those called police powers, and for the same reason not within the Constitutional provision. In its decision, the court quoted from and much relied upon the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in *Magner vs. People*, 97 Ill., 320, a leading game law case. No lawyer, especially no New York lawyer, would be likely to cite the case of *Wynehamer vs. People*, 13 N. Y., 398, which is cited by Judge Ross. That case was decided in 1856, and has been given the distinction of being the only case holding that the right to sell intoxicating liquors at retail is one of the rights protected by the Constitution. (See note to 35 American Decisions, 335.) It has been overruled by our own court, these many years, *Excise Board vs. Barrie*, 34 N. Y., 668; and is directly opposed by the case of *Bartmeyer vs. Iowa*, 18 Wall. (U. S.), 129, and many other cases. The learned judge was also in error in holding that because the ordinance in question deprived the petitioner of the right to use this gun in killing the birds mentioned, it deprived him of all use thereof; for, as a matter of fact, there are many other uses to which it might be put, such as trap-shooting and killing different kinds of animals. A strict construction of the ordinance would also prohibit its use only as to the birds specifically named, the words "any other birds" only applying to the class to which those enumerated belong—that is, game birds proper—and might not apply at all to other kinds; and if that be so, the use of the gun is only slightly restricted in any event. But even if it absolutely deprived the owner of all use of his property, it would still be a valid law, because the object aimed at—the protection of game—was within the power of the board of supervisors—that is, the police power—and the effect of that law in depriving him of the use of the gun was only an incident of the exercise of such power, and no one can complain of such a condition. *Lawton vs. Steele*, 152 U. S., 132. And the right to prohibit the use of a particular kind of gun has been so frequently affirmed as to be no longer in doubt. *Ex parte Peterson*, 110 Cal., 582.

Congress has frequently exercised the right to regulate, restrict and prohibit the use of certain kinds of nets and other instrumentalities in waters under its jurisdiction, both as to fish and seals. *Supplement to U. S. Revised Statutes*, Vol. 1, page 279, and Vol. 2, page 174.

As the learned judge was inclined much toward the decisions of this State to sustain his views, it was unfortunate, perhaps, that he did not read *Phelps vs. Racey*, 60 N. Y., 10, which was a game law case, and which fully sustains the right of the State to make such laws.

It is unnecessary to go further. It is to be hoped that the Marshall case will not rest where it is, and that, if the law permits, the question will be submitted to a higher court.

JOS. B. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fatally Bitten by a Gila Monster.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 7.—Dispatches of this week in a Chicago daily state that Horace E. Mann, an old-time Arizona prospector, was bitten by a gila monster while on the desert some sixty miles south of Phoenix. Mann was brought to Phoenix partially paralyzed and in a critical condition. He was bitten while trying to capture two of these strange and repulsive-looking creatures, and certainly had cause to repent of his attempt. One of the creatures, it is said, caught him by the arm and hung on while he ran nearly half a mile. This is another of those occasional stories in which these singular South-western animals figure. It is commonly supposed that the bite of one of these "monsters" is always fatal, and it certainly seems to be a very serious matter.

No Compromise.

The Illinois Audubon Society held a meeting this week and resolved not to compromise in any way with the representatives of the Manufacturers' Millinery Association. The latter has agreed to cease traffic in North American birds, provided the Society will not urge legislation preventing the importation of foreign birds. This latter the Audubon Society very stoutly and sensibly refuses to do. It knows very well the virtue of a law with a loop hole, and states simply that it is here to fight for the song birds and not to tie its own hands in that fight.

At Leech Lake.

The outing of the ladies of the Women's Federation of Clubs in the Leech Lake country of Minnesota continued this week most pleasantly.

There is a new Indian prophet at Leech Lake, who is inciting the Chippewas to return to their old life in the teepee, threatening them with destruction if they refuse to do this. He gathered so many followers that Capt. Mercer had to have him arrested. The new prophet is called Gway-Tay-Gonce. The foregoing is a newspaper version. It is admitted that there seems to be a restless feeling among the Indians of those reservations, and it is more than likely that they are uneasy over the uncertain attitude of the Government in regard to the money due them, and the further cutting of their pine timber.

Kankakee Pusher a Millionaire.

The following newspaper dispatch was read with considerable interest by different members of the Maksawba Club, of this city, whose grounds are at Davis, Ind.:

"Mishawaka, Ind., June 11.—Jonathan W. Fancher, of Davis Station, south of here, is made the beneficiary in the will of his deceased brother, a rich miner at Merced, Cal. The will, which is now probated, shows assets of \$7,000,000. The Indiana Fancher is one of five designated heirs, receiving nearly \$1,500,000."

One of the best known and ablest pushers at the Maksawba Club is Melvin Fancher, who married the daughter of Ira Pease, the old club keeper of Maksawba Club. A number of us have always had Mel Fancher push the boat, when we could get him, on trips in that

historic country. As I presume his share of the family fortune will leave him in the millionaire class, it may be possible that he will want a pusher himself nowadays. I can recommend either Billy Mussey, Roll Organ or myself, all of whom know Mel very well and would do their best to show him good sport.

Good Game Country.

Mr. John W. Carpenter, of Whitman, Neb., writes as below regarding some good game country in his State which he has discovered, remarking:

"We will have plenty of grouse and chickens in this part of Nebraska this fall. I have found a good many nests of grouse and ducks, and the outlook is good for plenty of shooting. If any readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would like to come out this way for a hunt, I will agree to show them good sport. There are ten or fifteen lakes from twenty-five to forty miles from Whitman (the latter is on the B. & M. R. R.) that can be reached easily, and which will give plenty of ducks and some geese, swan and cranes. Come between Oct. 15 and Oct. 30, when the northern flight is on, and bring plenty of cartridges."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Noted Grizzly Dead.

MRS. T. J. LA BRIE, who is staying in Lakeview, received a letter from her husband to-day stating that a grizzly bear, which had made itself notorious in this county for the past twenty years, was killed near Hager Peak, in the northwest corner of the county, near the Klamath county line. His hide measures 9 feet in length, and he was 10 inches between the ears. His weight was nearly 2,000 pounds. His tracks in the snow measured 12 by 18 inches. The whole northern portion of this county is rejoicing over the capture.

The bear ranged for about thirty miles in the mountain fastnesses and came down in the valleys and preyed upon sheep, cattle and horses. He has raided hundreds during his career, having slain as many as twelve sheep in one night. The ranchers have had a standing reward of \$200 for him for a number of years, and besides there have been rewards offered by individuals.

On the 10th of this month a large party of hunters, roused on account of his numerous depredations in the past winter, started out to capture him. Among the number was Billy Ball, a Klamath Indian, and he it was who slew the animal after a six days' hunt. The Indian is a wealthy rancher, and had suffered as much damage as any one from the bear's depredations, and by stealth succeeded in creeping upon the beast and firing until he had finished him. Hundreds have hunted him before for the sake of the reward, but no one had ever brought blood. Experienced hunters had come from a distance, but had failed, and there are many who had come upon him in previous years while hunting for him, and his terrible size and ferocious appearance prevented them from shooting, for to shoot and fail meant almost certain death to the hunter.

The hide is now on exhibition in Silver Lake, in this county, and Billy Ball, the Indian, is the hero of the hour in two counties.—Portland Oregonian.

Deer Hounds in Pennsylvania.

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just learned of a deer being killed by dogs running loose in the woods during the close season. It happened near here.

A few days ago a party of fishermen coming in from a trip after trout found a nice doe yet warm that had been killed by dogs. She was heavy with two nice fawns that would have been born in a few days. Thus, deer worth their weight in gold almost (as they are getting so scarce) are killed by worthless curs that would not be worth a copper for a hundred.

The sportsmen here are thoroughly aroused over this, and will from now on make it very hot for any hounds found in the mountains.

Another fine deer was run through the streets of this place last week, presumably by hounds, although none were seen in the city after it.

Another case happened last winter, when a deer was run into the ice and water after the close of the season. An Englishman found the poor deer and killed it. He was arrested and bound over for court, but the judge dismissed the case with no cause for action.

It would be well to stir up the people in Harrisburg about these nearby local cases. While they are doing noble work in game protection, it does seem as though such things as I write you could be stopped. E. H. K.

The Minnesota National Park.

"THE earth is for the people," said Wm. Morris. "It is ours while we are here, but let us leave it, as we would leave a rented house, neat and orderly and beautiful as we found it. Are we vandals that we should ruthlessly destroy and disfigure God's property?"

I have visited that beautiful tract of land in Minnesota: I know its beauty, and can guess its value as a place of rest and healing for the tired, overworked sons and daughters of earth. I know of no man working to carry this plan through who will gain a dollar by it. The men who oppose it are out for the money. I hope that the good women and the unselfish men will win and that Congress will see that the earth and its blessings and beauties are for all the people, not for the few; for those who live now and the many who shall follow us.

We owe it to the unborn that we shall leave this earth in as good order, if not better, than we found it. Tomorrow we go—let us remember our brothers and sisters who shall live here when we are gone. And if our simple actions now shall make life's burdens lighter for them—lessen their cares and add to their joys—we shall not have lived in vain.—Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fixtures.

July 18, 19, 20.—Meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Holl, Mass.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Adirondacks in Old Days.

THERE has been a vast change in the Adirondacks since I first visited them as a boy; and to one who has watched the changes for twenty years or more (for I am a little guarded in saying just how long I have known of the North Woods from personal inspection), and knows something of the inside of Adirondack life, it is a wonder that there is any trout fishing worthy of the name left in the woods. Within two weeks I was landed by rail on the shore of a lake upon which I camped when there was not even a log cabin erected on its shores, and one can drive for miles through the "pathless woods" on a road that could be used for speeding in a pneumatic tired road wagon. I was on my way to Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff's camp with Mrs. Woodruff and a party of friends, and while waiting at the boat landing for us to arrive Mr. Woodruff spent the time in fishing, and had, when we reached him, a fair string of trout taken from the inlet in an hour's time. A few days later, driving with the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife to call at a camp newly erected, and perhaps worth one or two hundred thousand dollars, I saw two deer by the roadside, and one of the men counted eleven deer only the day before on the same road.

I renewed my acquaintance with Uncle Alvah Dunning, who told me he thought at eighty-four years of age he was getting a little too old for guiding. As I once recorded his death from a fall on the ice in this paper, I was very glad to see him in the flesh again, and asked him about the fall. He said he had been told that he tried to push an axe to his companion on the ice by kicking it with his foot and fell backward, but if he did it was the only time in his life he ever kicked a sharp axe with his foot. However, he did fall, striking fairly on the back of his head, though I could find no mark of the hurt, and he remembers nothing more except at his camp he asked his companion to make him a hot sling of Magic oil; but between the time of the fall and his asking for the sling in his camp the old man had got on his sled and pushed it over the smooth ice with two sticks held in his hands, a distance of more than a mile, and any one who has tried this sort of locomotion will understand that it requires some skill to keep the sled going on a straight course. He had no recollection of the sled ride, though he was afterward told that he got up from the fall and unaided pushed his sled to his camp, as related. Then came a blank for many days—seventeen, I think he said. I knew Ned Buntline from the time he first went to the North Woods until his death, and knew of the misunderstanding he had with Uncle Alvah about the ethics of deer hunting, etc., but in speaking of Ned there was not even a suspicion of bitterness in the old man's tone as he told of the time that he had served Ned as guide at Eagle Lake, which received its name from Ned Buntline when he made his camp on its shores.

I have wandered far from the trail in writing this note, for not yet have I written a word of what I intended to write to follow the caption to this note. It was just before my recent visit to the Adirondacks that I one evening met Jim Warren and talked with him about the Adirondacks in the old days. He has been guide, foreman of lumber jobs, river driver, land agent, "timber looker," as they say in the West, and general utility man in the Adirondacks. As I questioned him he thawed out and rehearsed what he knew of some practices that have aided materially in making fish and game scarce in the woods. I feared he would shy at a note book, so I stored my memory with a few only of the incidents he mentioned and put them on paper after I had left him, for I would not like my memory burdened with more than a few of the tales he told for fear of a perpetual nightmare of murdered fish and slaughtered game. In no single instance did Jim Warren himself take part in the murderous work, but he had picked up the facts in the camps on the rivers while log driving and lumbering. Puffer Pond is the one bright particular memory of trout fishing with artificial fly in my younger days, but soon after I made a catch in this pond, which will be ever fresh in my mind, the trout almost disappeared, and I charged it to illegal fishing of some kind, by somebody. Jim told me that the pond was persistently netted, and that one night over five hundred pounds of trout were taken from it in a gill net, and this sort of thing went on until it did not pay the poachers to net any longer, and so this pond was shunned by anglers. Some years ago I told in this paper how the pond recuperated because of this avoidance.

Big Brook is the outlet of Round Lake, and two men who had been at work on a dam at the outlet of the lake put a dynamite cartridge in a hole in the brook and exploded it, but got no fish, although later others passing the place picked up over fifty pounds of trout as a result of the explosion. The tales of netting and dynamiting trout streams, spring holes and spawning beds were sickening, and how the trout survived is beyond comprehension, for it seems that the practice was almost universal in remote camps and lumber jobs, and all laws were a dead letter. When one considers the difficulty even at this day that game protectors have in obtaining evidence that courts will hold as conclusive against lawbreakers in the forests, it is more a matter of wonder that so many convictions are obtained rather than that so many lawbreakers escape, for it requires years to overcome the sentiment that fish and game may be killed at any time if it is needed for food, and the manner of taking it is not to be considered beyond that it should be taken in the easiest manner and with the least labor.

To reach Puffer Pond it was necessary to go to Thirteenth Pond, and there George Bennett had a camp. Jim told me that years ago George had for a guest in his camp an Attorney-General of this State, and one day they went out to fish a trout stream. It was after a law

had been passed that forbade the taking of trout under 6 inches in length. George Bennett knew the law well enough, and was careful to obey it, but became separated from his companion on the stream, and when he rejoined him for luncheon, and the trout were exhibited and counted, the Attorney-General had a good sprinkling of under legal limit trout, for it was apparent that the chief law officer of the State knew nothing of the 6-inch law, and George did not deem it necessary to inform him, but thereafter creeled trout as they came to him without regard to their length.

Since I first fished the waters in the region of Thirteenth Pond the fishing has gone from bad to worse, until there was practically no fishing worth the journey to it, and then under artificial cultivation, planting of trout and a better observance of the fish laws, it has improved until fair to good trout fishing may be found; but if the artificial hatching of trout had not come to the rescue many of the Adirondack waters would to-day be barren of trout, or practically so.

Landlocked Salmon.

The State fish car went to Lake George last week to plant a car load of yearling lake trout and landlocked salmon, and I went with it. The work of stocking this lake with landlocked salmon was begun in 1894, before the creation of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, when fingerlings were furnished by the United State Fish Commission, and this has been continued ever since. The plant of 2,400 yearlings made last week was the first from eggs hatched and reared by the present Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and the plantings of the species will be concentrated in this lake until the fish are established in sufficient numbers for the State to draw upon them to stock other suitable State waters. It is far better to do this than to distribute the fish in small lakes, where it will take some time to determine the question of the suitability of the waters for the fish. It has already been proven that Lake George is most favorable for the salmon, and it is expected that the State may very soon begin taking eggs from the fish that have been grown there. While at Lake George Capt. Lee Harris gave me a memorandum of twelve salmon caught this season, the largest weighing 11 pounds, and the next 10 pounds. They have been seen to run up the streams where they were planted and which are closed by law to all fishing for the purpose of permitting the salmon to spawn unmolested and give the young an opportunity to grow to two years of age before descending to the lake.

Pioneer Fish Breeders.

One of the replies which came to me in response to Dr. Seligman's queries about fish monsters was from Gen. Martin Schenck, formerly State Engineer and Surveyor of New York. Though I had known him for a number of years, and talked fish and fishing with him, I was unaware that he was one of the pioneers in hatching fish artificially, and therefore I asked him about his early life in this field, and in reply he sends me the following interesting letter:

"I began operations in a small way in 1873, and then established the Kenandrach trout ponds and hatchery on Kenandrach Creek, near the south line of the town of Palatine, four miles east of Palatine Bridges, on the New York Central. My ponds were supplied from a large spring, known as the Schenck Cold Spring, and my first venture in taking ova was from native trout taken by me and a few friends from the Loucks, Allen and Plank creeks, near the south line of Fulton county, and some were purchased of local fishermen.

"I trust you will not criticise this method of getting stock. Please remember the law then permitted it, and all the fish except those purchased were caught in a decent and sportsmanlike manner; possibly those purchased also were.

"I had three ponds of fingerlings, that for adult trout of good size, and a hatchery with a capacity of 200,000 ova, but did not take that number of eggs the first year or two. Used gravel in the hatching troughs the first year; after that used galvanized wire trays, fertilized ova by the dry method, and was reasonably successful for a beginner.

"For text books I had Seth Green on 'Trout Culture' and Stone's 'Domesticated Trout.' I also received considerable verbal information from Fred Mather, Seth Green and Dr. Slack. Fred Mather at that time wrote for an agricultural paper (a monthly) on the subject of fishculture, but I cannot for the life of me recall the name of the paper, notwithstanding I culled from it many a valuable hint on fish breeding.

"I was something of a pioneer in the fish breeding line in Central New York, although the Richland Station hatchery, of which you speak in your letter, was running then.

"At that time Seth Green was at Caledonia, Fred Mather at Hopeoye Falls, Dr. J. H. Slack at Troutdale Ponds, near Bloomingdale, N. J., Mr. Ainsworth in Livingston county, and Stone & Hooper (Livingston Stone senior partner) were running the Cold Spring ponds at Charleston, N. H. The American Fishcultural Association, with Geo. Shepard Page, president, was then in its glory, and every man who owned a horse pond, a hog wallow or frog puddle was going to raise salmon and get rich in a week. A few did not get very wealthy.

Most of the persons named have passed on to the Great Beyond; all were worthy disciples of the gentle craft, and let us hope they find plenty of occupation for rod and reel over there.

"I had comparatively few monsters among the fry hatched from ova taken from our native trout, nor do I think that any unusual number were hatched from the fish raised from the Stone & Hooper eggs mentioned in my recent letter to you, although a very large number, the three-headed one among the number, were hatched from the lot purchased from them in 1875. I preserved the triple-header for some time, but it finally became a fleshy mass in the alcohol, and was thrown away. Had amateur photography then been one of my accomplishments I might now have a picture of it. I do not recall ever having seen more than one monster with one body and two tails, although those with two bodies and one

tails were of frequent occurrence, and the Siamese twins soon were quite common.

"My fish breeding experience ended when my professional duties became so exacting as to require all my time, much of it away from home, and in 1879 I disposed of some of the stock, and with the balance stocked a few brooks in the vicinity of the ponds.

"The pond and hatchery have passed out of existence, and I understand that the county of Montgomery has purchased the property on which they were located for a county alms house farm, and thus endeth the Kenandrach ponds and this letter."

The reference to Mr. Ainsworth in Gen. Schenck's letter reminds me that he is perhaps the pioneer fish breeder in this State, and in some future angling note I will publish a letter which he wrote me years ago in which he tells of his early experiments and which shows that he operated on independent lines, never having heard of Reney and Gehin, whose experiments in Paris inspired Dr. Garlick to become the father of fishculture in this country.

It was quite by chance that my own thoughts were turned to practical fishculture by artificial processes, for I had never heard of Livingston Stone until on a visit to a younger brother in college I was forced to spend the night at Bellows Falls, Vt., and there heard of a fish establishment at Charleston, N. H., and the next day I drove to it and later went to the Richland hatchery in New York to learn how the hatching was done in all its details, but in those days only members of the salmon family, chiefly brook trout, were hatched. How this business has grown since that time! At this moment there is before me a report showing that in New York State alone there were over 60,000,000 fish of different kinds planted in one month.

New York Commission.

The work of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission has been most encouraging this year. The pike-perch work at the Constantin hatchery on Oneida Lake is closed, and 50,700,000 young fish were hatched and planted in State waters. The Commission has granted applications for pike-perch only for waters that already contain them, or waters that once contained them, and many applications for small waters, where it was believed the fish would not thrive, have been rejected.

The United States Fish Commission was so successful in taking shad eggs on the Delaware that five car loads of fry, 10,300,000, were granted to the State Commission and were planted in the Hudson. One car load of shad fry was planted at Glens Falls, fifty miles above tide water, at Troy, as previous experiments in this direction have proven that the shad grow rapidly in the purer water of the upper river, and escape their natural enemies in a greater degree than in tide water. The shad work at Catskill, where the State Commission has a hatchery, is in progress, and about 30,000,000 eggs have been taken. The Commission is also taking shad eggs at Smithtown, L. I., from the shad that run up the Nassaquoque River, so that altogether more fry will be planted this season than in any previous year.

The mascalonge work at Chautauqua Lake resulted in taking about the same number of eggs as last year, something over 6,000,000, and above 65 per cent. of the eggs were hatched and planted. This, too, is a fish for which many applications are made to be planted in waters that are wholly unsuitable, for the Commission will not grant applications for this fish to be planted in waters in which they do not at present exist. Many small mascalonge were taken in the State nets this year, showing that the work of previous years is bearing fruit. It is the policy of the Commission to return to the waters from which eggs are taken more than a fair share of the fry hatched from the eggs, and in pursuance of this policy over 15,000,000 pike-perch were planted in Oneida Lake, and over 3,000,000 of mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake. The Commission will hereafter increase the stock of breeding brook trout at the various stations, and decrease the stock of breeding brown, rainbow and red-throat trout, for there is a greater demand for the native brook trout than for the European or Pacific coast species that have been already introduced into State waters.

The applications for black bass seem to swell in numbers rather than decrease. The total number of black bass asked for in the applications this year has not been given out by the Commission, but at their last meeting the Commission adopted a recommendation made by the State Fishculturist that no small-mouth black bass be distributed this season. The present law does not protect the fish during their breeding season, and it is most difficult to procure the fish for transplanting. There is less difficulty in procuring the fry of the large-mouth black bass, and this species will be distributed so far as possible to those who ask for them, or who will change their applications for small-mouth black bass to read large-mouth black bass.

A. N. CHENEY.

The African Tiger Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the article on "The African Tiger Fish," in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for June 2 (p. 433). Your readers may be pleased to know what the fish is. It belongs to a group of which no representatives occur in Europe or the United States proper—that is, the family of characinids. Numerous species occur in the waters of Africa as well as tropical America, and a single species enters the southernmost streams of Texas. The family is most nearly related to that of the carps, although almost all have an adipose fin like the salmonids. The so-called tiger fish is member of a genus peculiar to Africa (*Hydrocyon*) and its longest known species is a fish of the Nile called by the Arabs kelb el bahr, or kelb el moyeh, which may be translated river or water dog. Five species occur in various parts of Central Africa. They are all large fishes of a fusiform or salmon-like shape, but more slender, and the very large and pointed teeth fit in grooves outside the jaws. The caudal fin is deeply notched, and its lobes spread out. Two new species have been described lately (December, 1898) from the Congo Basin.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 4,

THEO. GILL.

When the Bluefish Bite.

FIRE ISLAND, June 13.—"Too airy for bluefish? It's never too airy for 'em, if ye know where to find 'em." So spoke Captain Joe Sinclair, whose reputation for finding the wary and uncertain pirates of the salt seas had induced us to employ him to guide us to the best fishing grounds, and incidentally to assure us of a good catch.

"Bluefish is like all other fish," he continued, as he loosened the sheet rope of the sloop Emma and swung her out into the channel before a spanking breeze. "They have their fav'rite hidin' places, an' ye might fish around 'em all day an' not get a bite. What ye wants to do is to drop your squid plum into the school. Then they do the rest."

That, incidentally, we thought might be the secret of all fishing, but we did not say so, and permitted the Captain to enjoy the full effect of his erudition in fish lore. Across the bay from Babylon to Fire Island is a good two hours' sail when you have a fair breeze, but we made it in much less than that time, because we had something more than a fair breeze. We thought it was a two-reel breeze, but out salt-water navigator sniffed at the suggestion and replied:

"I ain't nothin' of a breeze—jest a little baby breeze. The whitecaps ain't hardly formed on the channel yet."

Before we reached Fire Island Inlet, however, the whitecaps had certainly formed, and they seemed to make an endless line of foam wherever the tide eddied and met in little whirlpools. There was a perceptible swell on the inlet, too, which was not altogether agreeable to some of the party, but nobody dared confess such feelings. We had all told our tale of bluefishing in rough waters before, and it hardly seemed consistent to indulge in any remarks about the unusual rolling and rocking of the boat. So we all remained quiet, and later, under orders from our guide, hauled out the lines and flung the squids into the water.

There is no pleasanter fishing than trolling for bluefish if you have the luck of finding them. It goes far ahead of "chumming," for you have the delight of the sail as well, and there is always the brisk excitement produced by the danger of somebody being knocked overboard when the boom swings around just as a fish is being landed. For some unknown and occult reason an ordinarily sane and level-headed man loses his head completely when in the act of hauling a big bluefish in, and if he doesn't jump into the water after him he is very apt to catch the boom if a puff of wind or a heavy wave should swing it over in the nick of time. The wisest and most sedate business and professional man dances a regular hornpipe on the stern of the boat when he feels a sharp bite on his squid, and then after hauling in a hundred feet of line finds that the gamy creature will flop off if he is not quick and active in pulling. If it is a big one everybody adds to the man's excitement by shouting, "Pull him in! Quick, or you'll lose him! There he goes! No, you've got him yet! Keep him away from the boat! Keep him away from the boat!"

Such shouts and directions are enough to disconcert almost any except a professional, and many a man has come within an ace of losing his wits entirely when in the act of landing a 6-pound bluefish. It was because of this pandemonium that our first fish escaped. The lucky fisherman who got the bite on his line was unused to the sport, and instead of devoting his time to the fish, he attempted to follow the various orders shouted at him. After five minutes of the hardest work in the world, his fish went plump into the water, and while mopping his brow he talked back angrily to his would-be advisers:

"What for you tell me such lies? You say pull him in quick; then you say he's gone, an' I give up. Then you say he ain't gone, an' tell me pull again. I pull away, an' you shout keep him away from the boat. Then I throw the line away from the boat, an' you say pull again, pull again. How I know what to do? I know. The next time I'll do jest as I blank please. Sec?"

Our shouts of laughter did not help to mollify our Dutch friend, but Captain Sinclair poured oil on the troubled waters by remarking: "Ye don't want to mind what anybody says. Jest pull away, an' keep your line as far from the boat's side as possible. If the critter gets under the boat he's apt to turn over and flop off the hook. Ye must jest fight with him alone, an' don't pay no attention to the others."

"That's jest it, Captain; don't pay no attention to none of them. They jest tell lies, because, I think, they're jealous of my luck."

We did not respond to this outburst of confidence, for just then we struck it rich. The Captain had indeed led us to the early summer hiding place of the bluefish. One hook after another was caught and swallowed, and in a short time we were hauling five lines hand over hand. The fish were of good size, and we flung the hooks over again and pulled in more almost as fast as we could work. Back and forth through the school we sailed, everybody getting excited except the Captain. He had enough to do in keeping the sloop going properly, for the sea was heavy and the wind a stiff ocean breeze.

Suddenly our lines all slackened except that of our Dutch friend, who was tugging away with all his might. He stood on the stern deck, and what with the rolling of the boat and his exertions to land his fish he seemed liable any minute to tumble overboard.

"Don't fall overboard there!" somebody shouted in real concern.

"Golly! I got a big one," grunted the man, tugging away at his line.

"Want any help?" asked one of the party, starting toward him.

"No, no; this is mine—mine! Go 'way, an' let me land him. He's a big one!"

So we all watched him fight fiercely with his catch, for in the interval all of our lines seemed slack and free from any indications of a bite. We all began to speculate upon what our friend was hauling in, some predicting it was a huge catfish, and others an eel, and one suggested a young shark. Our curiosity was soon to be gratified, for more than half the man's line was already in, and we began to peer into the blue water to catch a glimpse of the monster.

Our eyes were thus diverted from the fisherman to the fish, when the boat gave an unusual roll, and there was a muffled grunt, followed by a loud splash. Instantly

every one realized what had happened. Our stout Dutchman, with his 200 pounds avoirdupois, had lost his footing in his excitement, and was floundering in the water far over the stern. So rapid was our headway that the man was 50 feet away before Captain Sinclair could change the course of the sloop. While we looked, however, the man seemed to stop in his course toward the ocean, and suddenly our lines gave a jerk that nearly pulled them out of our hands.

"I've got a bite! I've got a bite!" came in a chorus from the other four fishermen. Then, in spite of our friend's danger, so strong was the charm of the sport on us, we began to haul in hand over hand. But what a bite! Every one thought that the Dutchman's shark must have suddenly been transferred to his line. It was a tug that threatened to cut our hands and even to snap the stout fresh lines. No one except the Captain was paying due attention to the half-drowned man overboard. Each fisherman took it for granted that he was the only one with a big bite, and he thought all the others were devoting their time and attention to the work of rescuing their mutual friend. In the meantime it would be a stroke of opportune luck to land the biggest bluefish of the day.

From this deep absorption we were aroused by the cries from over the stern. They changed from one of fear and terror to one of encouragement. "Pull away, pull away! You've got me! Pull away, an' keep your lines from the boat! I don't want to get under it!"

We all looked up at this, and in an instant comprehended the situation. We were actually hauling in our friend instead of a young shark or bluefish. Our lines had all become entangled about 50 feet from the boat, and the Dutchman had fallen afoul of the snarl, and we were all unconsciously engaged in dragging him toward the boat. The fact had dawned upon the half-drowned man's senses first, but he was totally unconscious of how he had managed to get a line around and under him. He took it for granted that we had in some marvelous fashion thrown a line to him and had rescued him from a watery grave. Without thinking, he had drifted naturally into the fisherman's slang, and repeatedly ordered us to keep him from the boat. He was mortally afraid that we would haul him under the boat and in some mysterious fashion he would be unhooked like the bluefish.

We hauled and pulled on our four lines, and the Captain kept the boat hauled up into the wind while we drew one of the heaviest creatures toward the craft that ever floated in the inlet.

"Pull away! Pull away!" the man shouted, almost deliriously. "But keep me away from the boat! Keep me away from the boat!"

He was almost exhausted and ready to collapse when we finally rescued him, and for some moments afterward he kept up the refrain of his cry. Then we proceeded to roll the water out of him and to disentangle the lines. In doing this we soon discovered the secret of the Dutchman's big fish. On all four lines there was a fair-sized bluefish, but on the Dutchman's not the sign of one. But his hook had caught the other lines and snarled them all up. Instead of pulling a monster fish toward the boat, he had been pulling our four lines, and as many bluefish as hooks and lines. No wonder his catch seemed like a young shark, or that our lines had all been slackened while he seemed to have cornered all the sport. We felt, however, that if the snarl had caused all the trouble, it had also been the means of saving our friend's life, and we were satisfied; but we could not convince our friend that he didn't have the biggest bluefish in the inlet on his line before he fell overboard. And to-day he tells the story of his big catch with gusto, and winds up with:

"That was the biggest fish in the water. And I'd have caught him if that boat hadn't risen up an' knocked me overboard. It ain't somethin' to forget in a life time."

G. E. W.

The So-Called "Rebel" Shad.

[The following notes, written by Fred Mather, have not before been published.]

In the Hudson River there often occurs a small shad that is shorter in proportion to its depth and thickness than the normal specimens of *Alosa sapidissima*, and is locally known to the fishermen as "rebel" shad. It is believed by the fishermen that these fish are the descendants of a cross between the shad and alewife, or "herring," as they are known on the Hudson, made by Seth Green in his fishcultural operations in former years, and they never cease to revile him for producing this fish.

Being in a position to know something of this I will state the following facts. From 1872 to 1875 I was engaged in shad hatching on the Hudson, and often, in connection with Mr. Green, impregnated the eggs of shad with the milt of the so-called "herring" when no ripe male shad was at hand. At Mull's fishery, below Castleton, we made three hauls on a tide, at night, and the last haul often brought several ripe female shad and no males. Mr. Green argued, and I agreed, that half a shad was better than no fish, and instead of letting from 30,000 to 500,000 eggs go to waste, they were impregnated with "herring" milt, and a due proportion were hatched and turned loose to make food for some man. The work was carried on by Seth Green's brother, Monroe A. Green, for some fifteen years or more, and then, in 1892, the shad hatching was turned over by the State Fish Commissioners to me, because I was nearer the field. For two years I observed the fish that were sent to market and heard the theories of the fishermen, and after giving these facts, I will now give opinions for what they may be worth.

We know that through man's agency some animals may be crossed and that the progeny is fertile for a few generations, and sometimes the succeeding hybrids become too weak to reproduce, as in the case of some crosses with the canary bird, and with the mulatto in the human race. The infertile crosses of the wild goose with the tame species and other "mules" are too well known to be more than referred to. The proof that the hybrid shad hatched by Mr. Green and myself produced an inferior fish through their progeny remains to be proved. The "rebel" shad are fertile, but the eggs are free, as are those of the shad, while the eggs of the alewife or "herring" are glutinous and adhere to twigs and other objects.

Again, admitting that these small shad, which have the

long sub-orbital bone of other shad, are descendants from hybrids, the fact remains that they are fit for human food, as their relative, the alewife, is, and as they do not take food in the rivers they can in no sense be detrimental to the interests of the fishermen. Hatched in the fresh waters, they seek the ocean and attain their growth there and return to the rivers only to lay their eggs.

Seth Green believed that the shad could be crossed with the striped bass, or rockfish, a belief that I do not share, because of the difference in structure between a fish with soft fins and one with spinous rays. As well might one cross the panther with the sheep. Yet the "heresy" spread far and wide, and a fisherman once asked, "What sort of a fish would come if a big bass was crossed with a sturgeon?"

There is a lack of physiological information among the fishermen, as well as others. They know that the different species of domestic animals cannot be crossed unless they are as closely related as the horse and the ass or the cow and the buffalo; that the dog and cat, or sheep and goat will not produce even one mule, and yet they do not realize that the fishes differ in structure and habits fully as much as the mammals named, and that among fishes the sturgeon differs from the bass, or perch, as much as does the cow from the cat, or dog, and that interbreeding is entirely impracticable.

That the trouts and salmon, the shad and herrings, and other families, may be crossed is true, and that in some cases their progeny may be fertile for a generation or two is also true, but that fishes can be crossed indiscriminately without regard to genera, family or structure is not true.

The shad and alewife are in the great herring family, and while differing in the character of their spawn, are closely related in structure and have been proved to be capable of interfertilization and reproduction in one generation. Further than this nothing is known. The young resulting from the first cross may or not be fertile, and only their keeping in confinement could prove or disprove this.

The Maine Waters.

Boston, June 16.—"It is God's own country, and I am delighted with it." Such was the remark of a Boston merchant who has just returned from his annual fishing trip to the Maine woods. "Each year I am more charmed with the life we lead in the woods, and no sooner is one trip over than I am planning for next year." Such is the general verdict. It may be noted that the gentleman mentioned above is really a beginner, has made but three or four fishing trips to Maine in all. The love of fishing, camping, cottaging and living in the woods is making tremendous growth. I am every day impressed with this growth. I can mention beginners by scores, and they are all enthusiasts. They declare that they never knew the delights of a real outing till they took up fishing and shooting in the Maine and New Hampshire woods. What will Maine and New Hampshire do to keep up the supply of fish and hence the interest in sporting in their borders? Does any one imagine for a moment that the trout and salmon waters of those States can stand the drain of so great an interest? The best waters in Maine will be exhausted of both trout and salmon before the end of ten years, unless tremendous efforts in restocking are put forth. Do the Fisheries Commissioners of Maine and New Hampshire realize the importance of the matter of restocking, intrusted to their keeping? Do the people of those States appreciate the value of what they have in woods and waters?

Returning fishermen are more generally satisfied than I have ever before noted; satisfied because their catches have been especially good. How long this luck can hold out is the question. Messrs. Harry B. Moore, Leroy S. Brown and E. J. Bliss, from the Boston Chamber of Commerce, have returned from a very enjoyable trip to Moosehead. Their fishing was done in the vicinity of Spencer Bay. They caught squaretails up to 3½ pounds, all on the fly, and made some remarkably good scores. Togue they got of good size by trolling, but to them the fly-fishing was by far the more satisfactory sport. Mr. Bliss, who is somewhat new to sporting in Maine, is delighted. The boys say that he saw a cow moose—a dead one—that had floated up to Green Island. Harry Moore was bragging of having seen twenty-two deer on the trip, when the story of having seen a moose was drawn out, but with the final admission that it was dead. Later they took pains to see. Behold, its feet were not cloven, and it had iron shoes on. Moore lays the find to Bliss, and Bliss declares that it was Moore. On the way out Harry met George C. Moore, with whom he has enjoyed so many happy sporting days, George having been delayed by illness in his household. Nothing would do but Harry must turn back, and turn back he did, the two having excellent success with trout on the fly for three or four days longer. Mr. D. H. Blanchard has returned from his annual trout fishing to Monson, where he fished Lake Hebron. The first two days he had good fishing, taking trout up to 3½ pounds, and togue up to 7 and 9½ pounds. But the next day the fishing had stopped short off, and not a bite or a rise could be had. Mr. Blanchard is not surprised at such action from trout, having fished many seasons, and knowing their ways. He will visit his salmon river later. The Hildreth party is out from Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake. The weather was good and the fishing all that could have been expected. The party caught 105 trout, the largest 4½ pounds. Mr. H. A. Hildreth held the position of high line. W. B. Beal, of Turner, Me., one of the same party, says that the trip was of great benefit to him, gaining in flesh a pound a day. Trout were served at every meal. F. E. Betts and J. M. Fisher, of Boston, tried Lake Auburn fishing one day last week, with the result of a salmon apiece. Mr. Fisher owns several cottages at Sebago, but is much pleased with Lake Auburn, on his first visit there. Among the other successes at the lake last week may be noted a salmon of 5 pounds to G. E. Hackett; a salmon of 7 pounds to George Morrill; a trout of 4½ pounds to James Tracy, of Lewiston, and a salmon of 6½ pounds; a salmon of 5 pounds to George Ellsworth. Dr. Wallace Webber, of Lewiston, has returned to that city from the Rangeleys with an excellent catch of trout, consisting of sixty-nine and two trout, of 7 and 9 pounds. This gentleman fished only four days, Mr. E. L. Pickard, of Newton, who has

fished Mooselucmaguntic Lake for many years, and almost always from the camps of the Oquossoc Angling Association, says that the trip from which he has just returned has been one of the best he has ever made. More and larger fish were taken, especially the salmon, which are comparatively new to that lake, and affording great sport. Senator W. P. Frye, went immediately to his cottage, on the same lake, as soon as Congress adjourned. Mrs. Frye will soon follow.

Boston, June 17.—Late reports from the trout and salmon waters are that the trolling season is about over, while the season for fly-fishing has hardly begun. It is certain that the trolling season has been a "record breaker," both as to size and number of both trout and salmon, in Maine waters, while the waters of New Hampshire have done about as well. Fly-fishing has begun at Kennebago Lake and many of the ponds in Maine, with some very good catches. E. H. Vaughn, of Worcester, Mass., in five days' fishing at Kennebago, Seven Ponds region, Big Island and Long ponds, is reported to have taken 915 trout, nearly all of which were returned to the water. Trout are reported to be slow about rising to the fly in the Jackman, Me., region. At Attean Rips forty trout were taken in one day last week, generally with bait, however. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Garland and A. O. Young, of Worcester, were among the happy catchers of the fish. At Moosehead the fly-fishing has begun in good earnest, and trolling is about done for the season. A. J. Bigelow, of Worcester, has made a record of 140 trout in three days. The fish were generally suffered to return to the water. Lieut.-Gen. J. W. Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), has recently landed a salmon of 5½ pounds at Moosehead. At Bemis Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has been fishing. He trolled from Haines' Landing to Bemis, stopping at the Birches for dinner. On the trip he landed twenty trout, the largest 3½ pounds. At that point Dr. A. J. Walker, of Bridgton, Me., and Dr. A. W. Taylor, of Rockland, have recently landed eighty-five trout, the largest 5½ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Knight, of Boothbay Harbor, have lately been at Bemis. It will be remembered that it was their son, Richard Knight, who was lost in the woods at that point last October. No traces of the missing young man have yet come to light. At the Ledge House, Eustis, Me., a party of six is reported to have taken 335 trout in two days. At Spencer Stream good fly-fishing is also reported, a Mr. Veiller, of New York, having taken twenty good trout at one outing. S. M. Seymore, of the same city, has been having good fishing at King and Bartlett lakes. At the Mountain View, Rangeley Lake, the ladies are taking high honors, Mrs. E. A. Wheelock, of Putnam, Conn., having caught a salmon of 4¼ pounds; Mrs. J. B. Morse, of Brockton, Mass., a salmon of 3¾ pounds; Mrs. C. F. Porter, of Lynn, Mass., a salmon of 5¾ pounds. This latter fish, and in fact all the others, were brought to the net by the lady anglers themselves without assistance. It begins to be noted and mentioned that trolling for trout and salmon is primarily a lady's sport, and they are taking to it with a good deal of zest and a fair amount of skill.

At Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, it is understood that more trout and salmon have been taken than in any other previous season. Trolling is on the wane, however, but the law on black bass is off, and a good season is looked for. Among the successes with trout and salmon at that lake may be noted F. L. Lee, Springfield, trout of 9 pounds; E. W. Colburn, Boston, trout of 3, 5 and 7 pounds; Mrs. H. W. Leonard, Braintree, two salmon, 2¾ and 10¼ pounds, and three trout of 3¼, 4¼ and 8½ pounds; Hartford Leonard, trout of 5, 7¼ and 12 pounds; W. H. Leonard, trout of 11½ pounds; C. D. Dearborn, Malden, trout of 3¾ pounds; H. T. McIntire, Lowell, salmon of 5 and 7¼ pounds; M. E. Taplin, Cambridge, trout of 3 and 10 pounds; Frank Eames, Boston, salmon of 2½ pounds, and trout of 11 pounds. It will be remembered that these trout are the celebrated lakers, for which Newfound has become celebrated within a few years, since they were very rarely taken there by angling till within ten or a dozen years. Over 30,000 fry of the same fish were put into the waters of that lake recently by local parties. Many of the little fish were 2 inches in length.

At Webb Lake, Me., bass fishing is said to be good. D. E. Stockbridge and H. W. Coburn in one day's fishing last week took forty, weighing from ½ to 3 pounds. At Belgrade ponds bass fishing is beginning to be good, and sportsmen are gathering.

SPECIAL.

A Kept-Up Good Supply.

WELD, Me., June 12.—Thanks to a continuous and intelligent effort on the part of the local and visiting sportsmen, I have been able to cause some 3-pound trout and salmon to dance on their tails. For five years a little private hatchery has slipped into these waters some 150,000 trout and salmon per year. They have chosen the upper end of the lake, while the black bass rule and govern the lower end, with just enough exceptions to prove the rule. They are plump, gamy fish, and a dozen of them make a handsome show. Now and then you do get a pickerel—say two a day; they are there, and so are the trout; and there will be more of them. When you come here fishing leave a dollar in the treasury; it means a thousand trout fry more.

There is food for thought here. Many a lake has its cold, never-failing streams, and the little 15 by 20 hatchery house can and will work wonders in other places just the same as here, and the fun and money come back again. For where I go fishing I am looking for fish. There are others of my ilk.

PINK EDGE.

Another Large Adirondack Trout.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer reads in your interesting paper of a brook trout caught in the North Woods 20¾ inches long and weighing 6 pounds. In June, 1869, the writer caught in the inlet to Cranberry Lake a brook trout that Charlie Marsh (our guide) said would weigh 6 pounds. Unfortunately, we had no scales. His exact length was 22¾ inches. How much would he weigh?

NED NET TURC.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Canadian Fishing Notes.

A NUMBER of American anglers arrive daily for the fishing resorts in these northern regions, but few of them have so far returned, so it is hard to state just what their all-round success has been. The returns up to the present go to confirm the statement already made that the season is backward, and the fly and mosquito season, usually at its height at this time of the year, is as yet only commencing. Most of the parties going out are, however, well prepared, and do not seem to fear much from these little pests.

The trout so far shown in the windows of the sporting goods and other stores here are of good size, and indicate the usual run of fish.

From the salmon rivers no reports have as yet been received.

A party of distinguished Quebecers that has just returned from the Outatouan Club at Lac Bouchette, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, consisted of His Worship the Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor of Quebec city, and Commissioner of Crown Lands, Forests and Fisheries for the Province; Alderman George Tanguay, Chairman of the Civic Finance Committee, and Gustave Grenier, Clerk of the Provincial Executive Council. His Worship, who is well known for his zeal in developing Quebec's fishing and hunting resources, is, it will be seen, nothing if not practical in his methods, studying the questions concerned for himself.

The party had a good measure of success, taking many fine fish, although only out for two days.

Messrs. A. Turcotte and J. H. Patry, of Quebec, were fishing these fruitful waters at the same time.

Messrs. F. W. Grant and J. H. Richardson, of Erie, Pa., are now tempting the big fellows on the Triton preserves.

Mr. C. F. Broughton, of New York, is at present on the Nonantum Club's limits.

Messrs. R. Sampson and Hurly, of Quebec, have a party of prominent Americans on their lakes near St. Fabien, on the I. C. R., but have not yet received any news as to their success.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, are now here en route to the Marguerite. The hale old painter and lover of fish and fishing looks remarkably well, and is an ever welcome guest in Quebec. He looks forward to some excellent sport.

Mr. George Burnham, of Portland, Me., is also here on his way to the haunts of the salmon.

Messrs. C. H. Wilson, Jr., of Glens Falls, and J. M. Williams, of Salem, N. Y., are about to leave for the Ristigouche Salmon Club's headquarters.

No less than five gentlemen—Dr. De Waterville and Mr. Thos. Paton, of New York, and Messrs. E. D. Toland, Linford Biddle and E. W. Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia—are now on their way from Quebec to the Moisie.

The number of Quebecers who leave every Saturday for a couple of days in the northern woods is legion, and all speak well of their success.

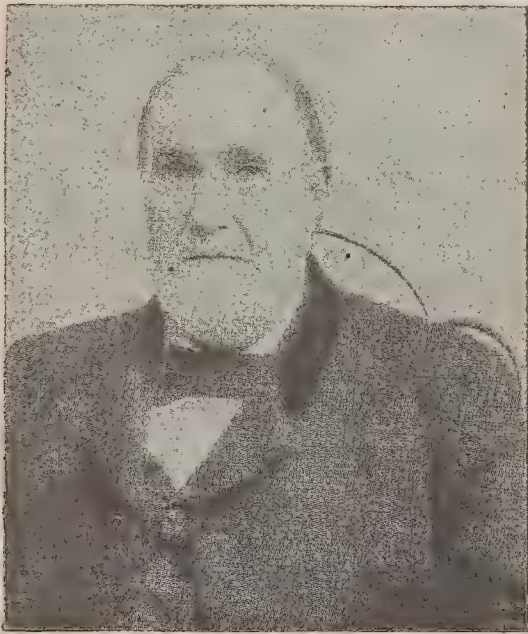
E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, June 16.

B. C. Milam.

IN this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* we are pleased to present an excellent half-tone portrait of B. C. Milam, of Frankfort, Ky., who is famous the world over as the inventor of the Milam, Frankfort, Kentucky, reel, an angler's winch of true and exquisite mechanism.

And what of its venerable maker, Capt. Milam, whose physical headway has already carried him to his seventy-ninth year with vigor apparently unimpaired? Will the whirligig of time complete for him a one hundredth revolution, like his reel? Verily, he still plies his chosen avocation in copartnership with his son, John W. Milam, who



B. C. MILAM.

has been associated with him since 1878; and for twenty-six years he has been a continuous advertiser in *FOREST AND STREAM*. May he long live to fill the enviable sphere he occupies, not only as a manufacturer of fishing reels, but as president of the Deposit Bank of Frankfort and the Masonic Temple Company, as well as of sundry municipal offices with which he has been invested. In his early life he was a soldier, and served with distinction in the Mexican War as captain of a cavalry regiment which he raised in his native county of Franklin. And he came of a gallant military stock, for his father's brother, Capt. Ben. R. Milam, fell at the massacre of the Alamo with Travis, Bowie, Crockett and many others in the struggle for Texas' independence, while in the maternal line he is allied to the family of ex-President Andrew Johnson. The citizens of Galveston have erected an expensive monument to his uncle's memory. He was about forty-five years of age at the time of his death on Dec. 7, 1835.

The history of his twenty years' career in Mexico and Texas forms a very interesting chapter.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Best Stream in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 14.—As I write these lines there is a sore spot on the end of my thumb, a serrated, jagged, ragged sort of spot. Ordinarily this fact would have no special public interest, but that might be only by reason of a lack of knowledge as to the origin of the sore spot.

In reality it was caused by trout teeth. You can make your thumb sore at breaking the necks of trout, if they are big trout. These were big ones. That is why my thumb is sore. The teeth of big trout cut more or less. There are big trout in the stream I have just been fishing; a stream which I do not hesitate to call the best trout stream to-day in all the big State of Wisconsin.

This is not an open stream, and while there is some regret in that thought, there is far more than compensation, for it in the thought that the stream is in exactly the right hands; and in the other thought that, if it were not a preserved stream, there would be in it no trout at all.

Earlier mention was made of this stream when the invitation to fish it was sent me by Mr. Jno. D. McLeod, general manager of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, Milwaukee, but I confess that at the time I had no notion of what a treat was in store, nor had I any idea that so good a preserved stream existed in the State of Wisconsin. Since the opportunity for a day offered this last week end, and since Mr. McLeod wrote me that he was going up and would like me to come along, I was able to put the matter to proof, and the result was one of the most interesting experiences I ever had on a trout stream.

At Milwaukee I met Mr. McLeod for the first time. (I am always getting invitations from people I never met, and though they rarely ask me to come a second time, I make good on a lot of the first-time ones, thanks to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.) Here also I met Mr. B. K. Miller, Jr., who is the owner and the original purchaser of the stream. Mr. Miller is an attorney of distinction, who studies and practices law as a business, who reads political economy as a recreation, travels all over the world for relaxation, and fishes his splendid trout water each two weeks in the season as a matter of scientific investigation. A better team that Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod to handle this ideal preserve it would surely be hard to find. They run no club, they sell no privileges, they market no trout, they fish square heel and toe with the fly, invite a friend now and then, and have just the sweetest and best trout monopoly on the face of the earth. It has been a good stream ever since it was first looked up by its former owner, Harry Gardener, who said that he searched the State over for the best natural trout stream, and hit on the Pine River, never to regret his choice. He inaugurated a shotgun régime which at last enforced respect from the worm fishers, the dynamite fishers and the spawning bed net fishers, and his hatchery put in perhaps a hundred thousand trout each year. About two or three years ago he sold the stream to Mr. Miller. It is worth to-day ten times what the latter paid for it. I have never fished such a stream, and they tell my own experience there should be classed as a disappointing one, since the trout were not rising well, nor running so large as is ordinarily the case.

In spite of these facts, I took fifty-seven trout on the fly, the average being around 9 and 10 inches, with some a lot larger, and Mr. McLeod had one yet bigger, though he expressed many regrets that we did not get a 2 or 3 pounder, as usually a party will do each day on the stream. I saw scores of trout over 2 pounds weight, some much heavier, and could testify that the stream is packed with trout which run quite above the average of any wild stream I ever fished in my life. Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod own stock in a little club on the famous Au Sable, and they say that they consider that grand stream (a much larger water than the Pine) perhaps the best trout stream of the West, but after that they class their own stream. William Wood, the stream guardian, and the manager of the hatchery, says that he has fished every stream in Wisconsin and upper Michigan, and knows none so good as this. The extent of water controlled is about five miles, and there is some water above and below this which is open water, and which is fed to a great extent by the stock placed in the stream by the hatchery. Commentary sufficient is that in the open water all sorts of fishing is carried on, and the fishing there is now but poor, in spite of the run of trout above the preserved stream; which latter is not yet preventable, and which, of course, means much waste of the supply put in by the hatchery.

Mr. McLeod and I left Milwaukee together, Mr. Miller coming out the next day. Our destination, as I learned, was Waupaca, on the Wisconsin Central R. R., perhaps a hundred miles or more northwest of Milwaukee, easily accessible by the owners of the stream. We thence had a ride of eighteen miles out in the country, reaching the tidy little log lodge, which is the abiding place of the owners while on the stream, in time for a supper which made us forget that the world was having trouble to get along during our absence. We found the cook to be the wife of the farmer who rents the land adjacent to the stream, Mr. Riek by name, and whose home is about a quarter of a mile from the lodge. It was Mr. Riek who drove us out from town, a drive that was a pleasant experience itself, over a lovely lake region which is noted as a bass and pike ground.

The Lodge in the Wilderness.

Left to ourselves after supper, Mr. McLeod and I sat down for a pleasant evening, and talked till a late hour on all things pertaining to trout and trout fishing. I learned that my host was a rod-maker, a fly tyer and all that sort of thing, and bethinking me of a broken rod tip, I fetched it out, and he mended it neatly as any workman could have done, and much to my own satisfaction. After that we sorted casts, filled fly-books, and had an entirely delightful time.

The lodge I found to be a nice log affair, with central dining room, kitchen and four bedrooms. Best of all was the big fireplace, which we kept busy. Over this was a mantel, carved by Mr. McLeod himself, and the text was one worth writing in pictures of silver in apples of gold. "The Camp's the Thing." If this camp isn't the thing, I don't know where we shall find one that is.

The next morning William Wood, the guardian, came

up after breakfast, and we made a start for the serious business of the day. I was cautioned that all signs were failing, and that the dark fly of small size, which would seem to be indicated at this season, on a water absolutely open and bright, was not the proper one to use. A No. 6, and a gaudy silver-doctor at that, was the advice, at which I scoffed, until I learned it to be correct. Why these trout like that sort of thing is one of the trout mysteries, but they do. The silver body was perhaps the base of the attraction. Yellow does not go on this stream, and the professor was futile. Nor did red or maroon, as in the Montreal, seem to rule well. The silver body, with gray or even absurd blue hackles and the multi-colored wing of the silver-doctor, was what they required. Royal-coach was useful too, and in the evening coachman and some big white-millers, tied nicely imitative. Seth-Green does some of the time. All this on a water the coldest and clearest I ever saw on a trout stream, and one teeming with all sorts of trout food. (We found the submerged limbs of the alders crowded with larvæ of the fly.)

A Meadow Stream.

I found a stream running through a meadow land, or with one side of it all meadow, the other thickly lined with bushes, which would make it next to impossible to fish from that side. The stream was 30 feet or so wide, but most astonishingly deep. The holes and pools were 6, 8, 10 or 12 feet deep, and under the meadow banks were great cavities washed out to an extent of which it is difficult to accurately judge. Of course, wading is out of the question on nearly all the stream, and it would also be hard to fish it with a boat. The problem is therefore one of bank fishing, against a sky background, on water as clear as crystal. That means a very long line. The man who can not handle 30 to 50 feet there is not the one to make a basket, and 75 feet is better. The trout are shy, though not more shy than on a wild stream, for this water is really fished but very little, only about 1,200 trout being taken there last year, and this year the catch running proportionately smaller; since, now that warmer weather has started the fly hatching, the trout do not rise so ravenously. Ordinarily on this stream one has to send his basket back to the house two or three times daily to get it emptied. It is common to take 40, 50, even 75 or 100 fish if one cares to do so. Usually Mr. Miller and his little party of guests will take home a couple of hundred trout with them for two days' fishing every other week. This the stream stands perfectly, and indeed it is a benefit to cut down the stock thus much. Of these fish the average size is double of that on any wild stream I know.

It took but a little while to learn that I was in a caster's name here. William Wood and I saw trout everywhere, scores of them, but they followed his prediction, and would not rise, so that it was with some difficulty that I put seven in my basket before lunch time. I saw the fish scurrying about as we kicked on the banks, and they were fine, thick-shouldered fellows, tempting enough to look upon, but wild as deer. Mr. McLeod had about the same fortune, and bewailed our bad luck. Him I met near the lodge at a little after noon, and as we went in we saw Mr. Miller waiting to welcome us, he having come out that morning.

Revenge.

After luncheon we resolved to have a horrible revenge for the bad morning's work. We all went down stream, Mr. Wood continuing with me. This part of the stream I fancied yet better. Here we had the inflow of a spring brook which heads in the big and nearly bottomless spring hole where the trout spawn each fall. This brook is the nursery for the hatchery product. It would cost much more time and money to feed the trout to yearlings, so they are planted in this brook, and they seem to survive in quantities enough for entire satisfaction. Surely there are enough of them in the main stream, and after a while they began to "come." They needed long casting, and we did our best for them, and little by little the baskets began to pull down on the straps. Toward evening we struck some utterly lovely reaches and rapids, where the trout were just going on feed, and here we did some business with them. I filled my basket full with twenty-four fish of as good a run as it was ever my fortune to take. Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod did not fish so late, but gave full account of themselves, though complaining that the fish were running small and scarce, which seemed to me a difficult thing to understand, though I was yet to realize its truth.

Again we had a pleasant evening at the fire, and again we arranged flies and rods till late at night. That is half the fun of fishing, anyhow, to plan and speculate on what they are going to want to-morrow.

What They Wanted.

They wanted silver-doctors again on the morrow, and this want was something which we could not fill. We had all been busy hanging silver-doctors up in the trees and bushes for some time, and the supply was growing short, so we used the flies next to that weird kaleidoscope. It came off warm and very bright this day, after a heavy rain in the early morning, and for three or four hours it was hard picking to get a trout. My first fish I got in the meadow just below the house. The rain had just stopped, and I noticed the fish were rising on a nice long reach as I passed by. I went in and got a couple of short rises, then saw a big flash from under a hollow bank. I tried again, stepping back, and as the fly landed I got the same flash and a big tug, and soon had a merry tussle with a trout which was so long he would not lie down in my basket. Him I sent back to the lodge for cold storage, and went on down stream, with varying fortunes thereafter.

Mr. Miller grew disgusted with the slowness of the game, and went back to the house for lunch. Mr. McLeod stuck to the water all day, and indeed was last in at night, and with the biggest fish, one over a pound, and a beauty if ever there was one. William Wood was with me a little while, and he told me that he had just left Mr. McLeod after he had lost a 2-pound fish. This latter rose after Mr. McLeod had been casting probably twenty times at the same spot, under the bushes across the creek. Wood and I thought this confirmation of the Taylor system, and I could show two or three instances of the same sort, though I had not gone in for that style much, but stuck to the long-line and the far fly. There was splendid hiding

all along the banks of the stream, and no one knows how many trout we passed over continually. In one hole I counted a dozen, and of these three would have gone over 4 pounds each, I should think. One fellow lay under a bog on the bottom, with his tail just showing in a little circular hole. He stayed there for two hours, and at last I cut a pole and poked him up, in more than 10 feet of water. He ran out, and astonished me by his size, and after him came a lot of trout as big as the big suckers which we now and then saw lying in these deep holes. It is these big ones which try the tackle of the anglers when the trout are rising strong, or in the evening when the sky has grown more dull. Wood knows all these big trout by name, and indeed I think he hates to see an angler put a trout in his basket, for he has raised all these beauties and loves them dearly.

Trout Eccentricities.

On the day previous Wood and I had seen a big trout in a little washed-out sand hole, and missed him when he rose. We saw him again to-day, but he did not rise. At the next bend we also saw for the second day a smaller trout, which we tried long to raise, but which would not move from the exact spot where he had been apparently steadily lying for over twenty-four hours. It was while trying for this little fellow that I got my biggest fish. Back of the little trout was a deep, black hole, with a log at the bottom, perhaps 6 or 8 feet of depth. As I kept casting over the sullen little fish, my fly went over and into the deep water, and sank down toward the bottom. We both saw a slow, deliberate surge from the depths below, and a big trout lazily ate my fly, with no apparent emotion, and not a very great interest in the subsequent proceedings. I hooked him fair, and he had a good show in that pool, but offered no fight, and we presently took him into custody. It may be the little fellow was afraid to get back any further toward that water for fear of a violent death at the hands of a cannibal.

Another incident showed some of the varieties of life on a trout stream. Wood and I were at a fine long pool, and I here got a savage strike and played for some time a fish of near a pound in weight, which escaped by sticking its nose against the edge of a deep bog. I cast again, far down this pool, and got a great rise, which I struck so keenly as to part my leader.

"My, I'll bet he's scared!" said Wood. "He went under that bank a-flying."

"Yes, and he'll weigh over a pound, too," said I. So we bemoaned this as hard luck, and went on down. As we got opposite the point where the trout had risen, I happened to hear a splash, and saw an upturned side. Again there was a splash further up, and at once I saw that this was done by a fish that was fast to the bottom. Investigation showed that our lost trout had hooked himself foul in the grass, with the loose fly of the leader, and was hence a captive in the worst sort of a situation. To make this short, we cut a forked stick, reached down, twisted it into the leader, and lifted out trout, leader, flies and all. The fish is a very nice one, and I wish I might say it weighed a pound. Probably its exertions had cut down its weight. It was not over half a pound! This was the big one that did and did not get away.

In the Evening.

On the evening of the last day I had the best fishing of the trip. On the reach below the big rapids the trout were rising in fine shape. I killed two grand ones in the full boil of the rapids, all by myself, Wood having gone home, and then I worked on below to where the fun was going on. It was casting of about 45 feet, and at every cast I would raise a trout. Twice I landed doubles, and once half my double. Here I rapidly made amends for the slower work of the bright mid-day hours, and I filled my basket, as I said, with twenty-four fish, and went back to the lodge willing to go home. My fish in most cases had to be turned up, head and tail, to get them in the basket. Not all were so large, but more than three-quarters were. It was rare to take one so small as 7 inches, though once in a while a little fellow would get hooked and have to go back with a sore jaw.

It was these big trout which made my thumb so delightfully sore. They took a No. 6 coachman and a No. 8 white-miller; for by this time I had hung up quite all the silver-doctors I had with me. It was at this time that one might have made a good catch of trout, for I left while the rise was at its best. As it was, it was sundown when I got to the lodge. Mr. McLeod could not break away, and fished late in the moonlight, catching his best trout then. We had a beautiful drive in by moonlight to Waupaca, arriving in that city a little after 1 o'clock in the morning. An hour's sleep and we took the 3:30 A. M. train south, and so home for the next morning. When the moonlight is not so tempting, it is the custom to leave the lodge early in the evening, and to reach Waupaca about 10 o'clock or so.

As a trout fishing trip, in which there were more trout than explanations, I must say this was the best one I ever had. I have served time in running all over Wisconsin after open streams, and I have walked the paths that other fellows have made there. Sometimes I have caught trout, and a good many times I haven't. This time I did. They were there, lots of them, and big ones. What the stream might show at a better fishing time may be guessed from the fact that Mr. Miller one time landed three trout at one cast, not one of which went under a pound, and one of which weighed a pound and three-quarters. A pound trout is no curiosity on that stream; and by this is meant a trout that really weighs a pound, not looks as though it might. There is a vast difference in those items. All in all, if Mr. Miller does not get to taking too much interest in political economy or foreign travel, he surely ought to get many years of delight out of this possession of his. He enjoys it thoroughly. What good fortune to own such a water and to be able also to see the lands of the earth! Mr. Miller has two or three times been around the world, and has traveled thoroughly in Asia, Africa, North and South America, Japan, etc. He says he has not yet found a trout stream for which he wishes to trade this controlled by himself and Mr. McLeod.

Problems.

Mr. Miller does not give thought to the details of the

management, Mr. McLeod taking that upon his shoulders. The only thing in the whole world which troubles Mr. Miller is how to get a landing net handle long enough to reach down from the bank to your fish, and short enough not to be clumsy while one is casting. The present net used there has a light handle about 2 feet long. The net is carried with the handle down, and is attached, by a loop on the net bow, to a button sewed on the back of the collar. This keeps the net from tangling in the grass, etc., and keeps it out of the way. It leaves the handle too short to reach down a very high bank. Mr. Miller thinks he will eventually perfect an umbrella spring extension handle, which will be light, strong and compact, and easily set with one hand and a foot while one is holding his fish.

Neither gentleman likes the tin leader box for wetting leaders; so Mr. McLeod invented one of his own—a morocco book, with flannel leaves, backed with rubber. This goes in the pocket nicely, and does not wet the coat.

William Wood, the quiet, silent, skillful manager of the hatchery and the watchman of the stream—the latter no light task in that community—is exactly the man for that place, and has been of great value to the stream. He too has his problems. All the brains of the entire management have been racked to invent a way in which the trout can be kept at home and prevented from running up stream into the open waters. A screen clogs up, or is carried out by floods, or is a failure from any one of a hundred reasons which have been discovered by those who have tried to fence in their trout. Mr. Miller thinks that a wheel might be constructed which would run by the force of the water, automatically freeing itself of leaves, debris, etc., when left unattended. This wheel he thinks could be made to run true and close enough to the sides and bottom of its gateway to keep trout from getting past it. Mr. McLeod thinks the main trouble would be to prevent the frost from throwing it out of true. The least obstruction or stoppage would mean an overflow from the dammed water, which, of course, must be avoided.

I have promised to ask Mr. A. N. Cheney to bring his wide experience to bear upon this wheel or screen problem from three friends, and this I am sure I hope he will do. Perhaps also Mr. Brown, of the Kinne Creek Club, of Michigan, can tell how this can be done. He laid out the hatchery of that club. The problem at Kinne Creek is to keep the trout from running down stream. Here it is to keep them from running up. There is no glory in planting trout to run off up stream and be killed by men who spear on the spawning beds. I hope very much we shall hear from everybody who has a theory or an experience about this.

Yet another problem which Mr. Wood has asked to have solved for him is how to take the spawn from the big 3 or 4 pound trout. He gets most of his eggs from the 1-pound fish, and says the big ones fight so hard he is afraid of injuring them. Is there any way of preventing this? Here I am sure Mr. Cheney can give the remedy. Mr. Wood says that he has had to learn all he knows about trout hatching on his own account, as he has not read or been able to get much help from others in the same line of work. I am sure Mr. Cheney will tell him what books to use, and add tips from his own tip-book which will be of great value.

Natural Trout Food.

One discovery Mr. Wood made which is of interest. He found his troughs drifted full of little sticks of wood, at which his baby trout nibbled eagerly. He broke open the supposed sticks, and found each to be the case of a big grub or worm. Breaking up these things, he found his trout eagerly eating them. Then he discarded liver and the like, and fed on these larvae. He had no dead baby trout after that, and this last year he raised nearly the entire hatch, whereas last year he lost half. Not all streams furnish such abundance, but this tip may be worth something on some other stream.

This water has none of the watercress pest, but it is full of feed. I noticed no moss beds, and but little grass as yet. The bottom is for the most part sandy. The temperature is about 45 degrees. I never saw a stream so perfectly clear.

How to Clean Trout.

You learn something every trip, you know. Now, I had always thought that the thing to do in cleaning trout was to take your thumb nail and scrape out clean all that black blood along the spine which you see left after removing the gills and entrails. Both Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod protested at this, and said that a trout will keep very much better if this is left in. They tell me that to scrape this out tends to soften the fish and start the ribs. There may be two schools as to this. I have been in the habit of carefully cleaning this black substance all out before packing my trout. I can only say that I never before brought home so nice a lot of trout, or in such perfect condition, and all these were left as my friends suggested, the gills and entrails being removed and the fish dried—not washed at all—and the back bone being left unscraped.

If you eat trout you cannot be sick. I was feeling none too well when I left. Both Mr. McLeod and I agreed on the train going out of Milwaukee that it was hard to get away, and that maybe we ought not to go, for the world would be left in a bad situation with both of us gone. Yet to-day, after living on trout for a week, I fret not my soul about anything. It is much owing, I doubt not, to this Aladdin cask. I must advise the Saginaw-Kinne Creek contingent to forthwith have one of these trout freezers made for their car, which is not complete without it. No doubt Mr. McLeod will tell them how to make the freezer. I must not forget to add that it is constructed of inch-thick staves, very strong and solid. It has a tap to let off the water. Last, and in some ways best of all, it has a heavy, strong, hinged lid, which closes tight and locks with a padlock. You have handles to the cask, and you put it in the baggage car. You put the key in your pocket. Of course, no one would take a trout from a basket, yet I have known a basket of trout to shrink mysteriously. They don't shrink in the McLeod trout freezer. By the use of this little refrigerator one can absolutely bring his trout home and have them served as fine and fresh as they were on the stream. The full trout flavor is preserved. Most city folk who eat trout

that have been brought home to them—at who knows how much pains and care—do not get the real trout taste. I can testify that in this way you do get it.

Mr. Miller is back at his office reading law, political economy, for amusement this week, and Mr. McLeod is again at his managerial desk at the telephone company, and all of us are taking care of the world once more. There are dark hints that we shall meet again. I do not hope ever to have a pleasanter trout trip, or under pleasanter associations. And isn't it odd?—every time you go on a trout stream you learn something.

The Alderman's Fish.

Alderman John Powers, of this city, had a lot of fish shipped to him by some friends who are up in Wisconsin fishing this week. The fish got through all right as far as Milwaukee, where they were met by Warden Tracy, of that city. The warden found that the boxes of fish were over weight, so he stopped them. This caused complications little short of international, and the alderman threatened to take out requisition papers for Mr. Tracy and have him brought to Chicago to be hung. Since then some of the fish have come through to Chicago, and white-winged peace once more broods over Johnny Powers' ward.

Western Angler in the East.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—Mr. W. L. Shepard, one of our prominent Chicago sportsmen, is just back from a long vacation in Canada, where, as the guest of Mr. C. P. Frame, of New York, he enjoyed the privileges of those two great angling clubs, the Laurentian and the St. Maurice. Mr. Shepard met Mr. W. H. Parker, manager of the Laurentian Club, and Mr. John Allen, who serves in similar capacity at the St. Maurice. He fished thoroughly all the waters adjacent to both these clubs and had extremely good success with the trout, both in the lakes and in the streams. He found it hard to say where the sport was best, but speaks lovingly of the big mountain lakes about the St. Maurice Club. He saw the whole Northern method of fishing from the canoe, and did most of his fishing on the lakes, casting from the canoe in toward the shore, much as we fish for bass in this country. He says the sport was a revelation to him, and declares that no Chicago man has any idea what trout fishing is until he has gone into that Canadian country. Lac le Pêche, Wayagamac Lake, the St. Maurice River and scores of other lakes which are not shown on the maps, he says, surpass the wildest angling dreams he ever entertained. He caught trout in any quantity, ranging in the neighborhood of 2 or 3 pounds in weight, and fish of $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound, such as we consider large ones out here, they ordinarily put back into the water in that region. He found the Montreal, Jock-Scott, Parmachenee-belle and silver-doctor the best flies, with now and then the hackles. The Jock-Scott caught 75 per cent. of the fish most of the time.

The record trout for that district is $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds—this, of course, the regular brook trout. Mr. Shepard did not equal the record, but he killed one $4\frac{1}{4}$ -pound fish under circumstances which came pretty near tying the record so far as total weight at a single cast is concerned. Fishing in a heavy pool below a dam, he struck a great trout which carried him out for a long fight. Suddenly he felt another heavy jar on the line, and a moment later two fish jumped into the air together. He was sure that he could not land both, and doubted much if he would land anything, for the next moment his hand fly was taken by a third trout. He played them until part of his tackle gave way, but landed the first fish, which weighed $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Now, to put a finish upon this exciting little angling episode, came the strangest part of it all. His host, Mr. Frame, who was fishing at the next bend, not very long after that killed a handsome trout which was found to weigh $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. This fish had Mr. Shepard's Parmachenee-belle in its jaw and was taken only a short time after it broke away from Mr. Shepard. Hence that gentleman may be sure that he had $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of fighting trout on some of the time; and perhaps 3 pounds or so more than that for part of the time. He says he did not know whether he had the fish or they had him. Mr. Shepard speaks in the most unstinted praise of the sport, the country and the men of that delightful angling region, which is better known in the East than it is in this part of the world. He says he will not rest until he has had his friends go fishing up in Canada, where the trout grow big and the air is cool, and men grow young again.

Neepeenauk Club Open to Public.

One of the famous ducking clubs carried on by Chicago sportsmen was once the Neepeenauk Club on Puckawa Lake, Wis., where at one time splendid shooting could be had. In time the members began to enjoy the fine fishing of the adjoining waters, and the club was well patronized during the summer season by families of the members. A decision of the Wisconsin courts restricted the preserve rights of this club, and the shooting finally fell away. Now I learn that the club house and grounds have been leased by the former superintendent, Samuel W. Stimson, and the place will be run as a sporting resort, both for shooters and fishers in season. This place is reached by the Wisconsin Central to Montello, Wis., or by the Northwestern road to Princeton. There are telephone connections with Montello. This a good tip for those wanting bass fishing this summer.

Good Rainbow Water.

About ten years ago the Peshtigo River, of Wisconsin, was planted with rainbow trout, and these fish have taken very kindly to that big and bold water. The last two or three years splendid catches have been made of rainbows by those who understood the game. The place to go in is at Athelstane, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, going thence a ten-mile drive to the Roaring Rapids of the Peshtigo. Another famous place is at the mouth of the Medicine Brook, where both rainbows and brook trout are taken of 3 or 4 pounds weight. Ten years ago I saw brook trout which were taken at this point, and there were half a dozen of them, each longer than a market basket of the common splint pattern, and I should think there were specimens which weighed over 3 or 4

pounds. On Aug. 18 last a party of railroad men—Mr. E. X. Hastings, superintendent of the Superior Division of the C., M. & St. P. road; Mr. W. E. Tyler, division passenger agent at Milwaukee, and Mr. C. E. Rollins, of Chicago, land agent of the same road—caught twenty-five rainbow trout which weighed 70 pounds. Mr. Rollins told me to-day that at the Twin Falls of the Peshigo he has known small-mouth bass, rainbow trout and brook trout all to be taken from the same pool—certainly a very unusual and very sporting combination.

The Eagle Brook, not far from the Wausaukee Club, in Wisconsin, is this year turning out some nice trout, though it is all brushy bait fishing. This week Mr. Rollins and his son Charles in one day caught respectively twenty-eight and thirty-two nice trout, and on the following day respectively thirty-four and twenty-six. The average was about 9 inches in length.

Western Anglers.

Mr. A. E. Bournique, of this city, leaves next Monday for a two months' visit to the fishing grounds of Wisconsin. He goes first to Eagle River and then to Trout Lake.

Dr. John R. Oughton leaves again to-day for the Madison lakes.

Dr. Liddy, of this city, left on Friday for another trip to the Fox Lake country.

One of the best catches of bass in this country this spring was made on three days this past week by Messrs. H. F. Craw and H. Kinsey, of this city, at Brown's Lake, Burlington, Wis. These men caught sixty-three nice bass, and as they had no landing nets along they say they lost a good many fish which otherwise they might have saved.

Mr. J. W. Parmelee and some friends, of this city, and also Mr. A. H. Sellers and wife, of this city, left this week for the Neepeauk resort.

Mr. J. W. Northrup, of this city, and his friend, Mr. Payson, from Boston, left on Thursday for a trip of some days at Squirrel Lake, Wis.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, of this city, has gone East, and will try some sea fishing at Long Island.

Mr. R. H. Southgate, of the Auditorium Hotel, of this city, has left for Little Trout Lake, Wis.

Mr. C. F. Thompson, of this city, has gone to the Ashland, Wis., country after some bass fishing, and will be gone for some days.

Dr. J. L. Bingham, of this city, has gone to-day to have a day or so of bass fishing at Eagle Lake, Wis.

Mr. Adolph J. Lichenstern, of Chicago, has gone to Oconomowoc Lake, Wis., outfitted fully for some of the big pickerel which haunt those waters. Others who go to the same spot, and for the same purpose, are Mr. George W. Davis and Mr. Kohl, of the Chicago Opera House.

Mr. Frank Wright, of this city, has gone to Geneva Lake, Wis., for a few days.

Mr. A. Vauer, of Chicago, goes to Lake Beulah, Wis., this week.

Mr. Coy W. Hendricks, Mr. Thomas Harley and Mr. James Harley, all of Dowagiac, Mich., fished at Sister Lakes, Mich., this week, and report splendid success with the bass.

Mr. James Keeley, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, established a new record at Kilbourn, Wis., this spring. He fished on Mirror Lake, a water which now and then turns out a good fish, but which has been worked hard for a long while. In three days he took three fish, which weighed respectively 21, 17½ and 15½ pounds. Mr. Keeley reports a peculiar experience with another big pickerel, probably a 25-pound fish, which he struck in a little hole, where he hardly had room to turn round. This fish broke away with the spoon in his mouth, but he rose again at intervals of a few minutes until he had struck four times, but he was not hooked fair again. Then Mr. Keeley sent his boatman three miles back to the hotel after another kind of spoon, and an hour and a half later on this new spoon he raised the same big fish, but once more lost him. The old fellow then moved off into deep water and refused to be interviewed further. Part of this little bit of business was transacted while the partial eclipse of the sun of a couple of weeks ago was in progress. It may be that the pickerel thought the day of judgment had come anyhow, and so was trying to end his misspent life.

On next Thursday Messrs. George E. Cole, Charles Dennis, J. V. Clark and others of the Wishininn Club, of this city, start for their annual fishing trip at Manitowish, Wis.

Mr. Lee T. Waterman, one of the owners of the Daily News, of Des Moines, Ia., will, on the Fourth of July, join a party of Chicago advertising men—Messrs. R. C. Brandon and Elmer E. Bullis, of the Lord & Thomas agency, and Mr. W. T. Davis, of the Kansas City Star—for an extended trip after muscullunge in the upper Wisconsin waters.

Mr. J. W. Akers, of this city, starts with some friends in early July for a camping and fishing trip on the Pigeon River, of Michigan. Mr. Akers will remain in lower Michigan or some other good fishing country for about a month.

Mr. B. L. Taylor, one of the editorial writers of the Chicago Journal, will start early next month for a three weeks' trip to the trout country of the north shore of Lake Superior. Mr. Taylor usually goes alone, taking boat from Duluth to Grand Marais, thence by Indian and which offer splendid trout fishing. Both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Akers are this afternoon out at the practice meet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, getting pointers on casting for utilization in the summer campaign.

Mr. Frederick W. Jenkins, of Binghamton, N. Y., who last fall was mentioned as having made a successful big-game trip in Wyoming, was in Chicago for a brief time this week, visiting his friend, Mr. Albert S. Rennie, of this city. I regret very much that I was not in when they called, for they be pleasant folk.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

It Brings Business.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me., June 9.—Please discontinue ad. for the present, as I have more than I can do, thanks to your excellent paper. Will use your columns again soon.

D. H. HECKMAN.

The Observing Angler.

In the quietude of the river banks and freedom from alarm, animals, birds and insects are often the source of interest and amusement to anglers, who are witnesses also of events sometimes of a tragic character.

A few days ago a friend fishing the Frome heard a noise similar to a hand clap, and observing something fall to the ground, was astonished to find two swallows that had evidently come into collision so forcibly as to be fatal to both, for they were dead when he picked them up. He intends having them preserved as a memento of this singular event.

On another occasion an angler fishing the same stream observed a stoat or weasel in full chase after a rabbit. When exactly opposite him the animal jumped on the rabbit, who in his flight turned a complete somersault and pitched the stoat into the stream, who swam across and vanished into the undergrowth, and the rabbit went off none the worse for his fright.—London Fishing Gazette.

The Salmon's Rapid Digestion.

In a "contribution to the Anatomy of the Digestive Tract in Salmo Salar" Mr. J. Kingston Barton, of Edinburgh, says:

"There is no question the gastric juices of a fish are very potent. On opening one salmon this spring I found the stomach dilated to its full with six large-sized herrings, that nearest the salmon's mouth being barely changed in appearance, while the sixth had only its spinal column undigested, those in between being in a graduated state of digestion, and yet all these fish were in the one cavity. In the intestines of this fish, which were very full of faecal matter, it was noticeable how very little there remained of any fish bones, showing how solvent are the gastric juices. In a good many other fish the spinal columns of herrings were found, but never beyond the region of the duodenum. As a matter of interest, it may be stated that both in salmon and sea trout the food fish is always swallowed tail first.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 16.—It is safe to say that never in its history has Asbury Park witnessed such bass fishing as has developed the past week. I inclose list of weights in pounds (omitting names of fishermen): 15 15 10 12.2 8 11 8 6 14 23 7½ 9 9 17.2 15.2 12.2 8 17.2 7.2 16 27.3 5 7.3 8.2 9 23.2 4.2 9½ 12½ 8 15.1 7 5 8.1 17 7 9 9.2 7.1 8 7.2 8.3 10 15 14 14.3 13 8 15 5 23 9 4.2 11 4 5 8 6 8. This is phenomenal and only gives those as recorded at Seger's tackle store. Many are taken each day of which no record is made. One peculiar feature is their refusal to take any but skimmer clam bait. Shedder crab and blood worm are of no use. Of course the sport may stop at any hour, but great calculations are made for next week, when tides are right for night fishing.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
- Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
- Sept. 3.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
- Sept. 6.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
- Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
- Oct. 20.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
- Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
- Nov. 7.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
- Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
- Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
- Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
- Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
- Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
- Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
- Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. John E. Bassett, Secretary of the club, P. O. Box 603, New Haven, Conn., writes us as follows: "The following gentlemen have been chosen for the Connecticut Field Trial Club's judges: John C. Chamberlin, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ransom T. Hewitt, South Weathersfield, Conn.; Joseph T. Lane, Hartford, Conn. The trials will be run at Hampton, Conn., Nov. 7."

In our business columns this week the Continental Field Trial Club announces the conditions governing its sixth annual Derby, to be run at Newton, N. C., commencing Dec. 3. The purse amounts to \$500. The Derby is for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1899. Entries close positively on July 1, with \$10 forfeit; second forfeit of \$10, payable Sept. 1, and \$10 additional to start. The judges who have consented to act are Messrs. S. C. Bradley, E. H. Osthaus and C. H. Phelps, Jr. The Secretary is Mr. Theo. Sturges, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

20. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, all classes, Oyster Bay.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, all classes, Oyster Bay.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Long Island Sound.
23. Nahant, Dory Straine cup, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
23. Winthrop, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
23. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
23. Kingston, club, Kingston, Ont., Lake Ontario.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
23. Queen City, Dudd cup, 20ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester.
30. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
30. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Haverhill, Haverhill, Mass.
30. Squantum, open, Squantum, Mass.
30. Manchester, Tucker-Boardman cup, Manchester.
30. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
30. Quincy, club and H. O. class, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
30. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Quannapowitt.
30. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

JULY.

2. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
2. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
2. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
- 2-3-4. White Bear, Seawanhaka cup trials, White Bear Lake, Minn.
3. Columbia (Boston), open, Boston Harbor.
3. Royal St. Lawrence, Sir Donald A. Smith cup, yachts over 25ft., Lake St. Louis.
3. American, annual, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, club, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, annual, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
4. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
4. American, cruise, Newburyport.
4. East Gloucester, club and evening races.
4. Quannapowitt, Gloucester.
4. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
6. Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, ladies' day, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
7. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7. South Boston, open, hand and sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
7. American, club, Newburyport.
7. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
7. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
7. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
7. Queen City, Smith cup, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
12. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
12. American, ladies' sail, Newburyport.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
14. Haverhill, fishing trip, Haverhill, Mass.
14. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
14. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
14. Quannapowitt.
14. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
14. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
14. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
14. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A. 70ft. series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
21. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
21. Winthrop, swimming and rowing races, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
21. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
21. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
21. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
21. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- 21-28. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
22. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
22. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
25. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
28. Haverhill, second championship, Haverhill, Mass.
28. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
28. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Buzzards Bay.
28. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
28. Quannapowitt, club.
28. Seawanhaka Cor., Leland cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
- 28-Aug. 4. Corinthian, Philadelphia, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.

AUGUST.

1. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 3-4-6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup matches, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
4. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
4. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
4. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.

4. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
4. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
4. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
4. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
4. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
4. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
5. New York, rendezvous.
- 6-16. New York, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
7. Manchester, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Lake Champlain, annual, Burlington, Lake Champlain.
8. East Gloucester, evening, Gloucester, Mass.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
11. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
11. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. Haverhill, pennant, Haverhill, Mass.
11. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
11. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
11. Quannapowitt, club.
11. Seawanhaka Cor., special, Corinthian race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Winthrop, sail to Weymouth.
12. Columbia, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A., 70ft. series, concluding races, Newport.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
18. Penataquit Cor., annual open, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
18. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
18. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
18. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
18. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
18. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
18. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
18. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
20. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Haverhill, third championship, Haverhill, Mass.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
25. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
25. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
25. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
25. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25. Quannapowitt.
25. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27-31. Seawanhaka and Philadelphia Corinthian, interclub matches, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
28. Wollaston, open.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
1. Hartford, special.
1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
1. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. American, club, Newburyport.
1. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 1-2-3. Columbia, cruise to Marblehead, Boston, Massachusetts Bay.
- 1-2-3. Squantum, cruise.
- 1-2-3. Corinthian of Marblehead, cruise.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
3. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
3. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
3. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
3. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
3. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
3. Norwalk, annual, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
3. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
3. Penataquit Corinthian, fall race, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
3. Jamaica Bay, club, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
3. Corinthian (Phila.), club, Essington, Delaware River.
3. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
3. Winthrop, swimming and rowing, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
3. Lynn, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
3. Quannapowitt, yacht and canoe races.
4. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
8. Haverhill, club, Haverhill, Mass.
8. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
8. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
8. Columbia, cruise to Hull.
8. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
8. South Boston, handicap race to Hull.
- 8-9. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous at Hull.
- 8-9. American, cruise, Newburyport.
- 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
11. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
15. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

THE fourth and last of the one-design 70ft. l.w.l. cutters was launched at Bristol on June 18 with the name Yankee on her transom. She will be sailed by Mr. Herman B. Duryea, who has sailed the three Vaqueros with such success, and who is one of her owners, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney being the other. Capt. Sam Seaman, well known in the old days of sand-bag racing on the Sound, will be the professional skipper, with Gus Peterson, who has had charge of Vaquero III, for Mr. Duryea, as mate.

THE death of Major J. Orr-Ewing, which took place in an action near Senekal at the end of May, will take two yachts from the racing about Cowes, as Sakuntala and Indrick were owned by his brothers, A. E. Orr-Ewing and Capt. J. Orr-Ewing, while a fourth brother, C. Lind-say Orr-Ewing, is also a yachtsman. Major Orr-Ewing

at one time owned the 40-rater Mohawk and later raced the 5-rater Sea Shell.

THE Dover to Heliogoland race for the cup given by the German Emperor started on June 16 and ended on June 18, the winner being the old Fife cutter Fiona, Henry M. Rait. There were ten starters.

ASTRILD, cutter, recently purchased in Glasgow by Messrs. Hanan, arrived at Greenport, L. I., on June 14, having left the Clyde on May 12.

THE June regattas, several of the most important of which have been sailed, have proved dull and uninteresting in the extreme. This is due to two causes—the lack of sporting spirit on the part of owners, and the light weather. The entries, even in the New York and Atlantic clubs, have been much smaller than might reasonably be expected, as many valuable prizes were offered, in all classes large and small, and in many of these classes the older yachts had the field to themselves, without fear of competition by new boats. While the old boats declined to enter, the new ones, at least the larger, are not yet ready. In the 80ft. class Mineola has had to sail alone in two out of the three races. Queen Mab is still alone in the 70ft. class; as Astrild and Isolda have not yet arrived, and in the 51ft. class Syce has but one new competitor.

As matters stand, owners in the larger classes have very little ground for complaint against the rules or the club, as the latter stand ready to offer liberal prizes whenever two yachts, new or old, desire to race. In view of the promised revival in racing, the Atlantic Y. C. scheduled a special race for the Monday preceding its annual regatta, and sent a tug to the Sound to tow safely through the East River an expected large fleet of raceabouts and knockabouts. The tug brought down one knockabout, and the special race was abandoned for lack of entries.

The weather has been to blame for poor sport on the part of such yachts as started, the three meetings of Amorita and Quissetta having been most unsatisfactory, and even the smaller boats have been unable to find sufficient wind. This week four important races are scheduled, and with clear, cool weather, which should bring better winds.

New York Y. C. Fifty-fourth Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 14.

THE New York Y. C. sailed its fifty-fourth annual regatta on June 14 in miserable weather, there being stray bits of sailing at times with long intervals of drifting between, the race itself being uninteresting and the results inconclusive. The course and conditions were as usual. The race was open to all classes of club boats, first and second prizes being given in each class for both racing and cruising trim, with the Bennett cups, one for schooners and one for cutters, sloops and yawls. The start and finish were off Buoy 13, just below the Narrows, down by way of the Southwest Spit and out to sea, all yachts of the 70ft. and larger classes turning the Sandy Hook Lightship, while the 60ft. and smaller classes turned the Scotland Lightship, returning by way of the Spit. The 30ft. class was given a special regatta of its own, as usual, over the Orchard Shoal course. Only three new boats started, the two 70-footers, Mineola II. and Rainbow, and the 51-footer, Hussar II., though in view of their important alterations Amorita and Quissetta may be set down as new. For the rest, they were all well-known boats. The starters were:

Schooners—75ft. Class—Racing Trim.			Racing Length.
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	74.67		
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	73.59		
Schooners—Cruising Trim.			
Ingomar, Morton F. Plant.....	67.52		
Katrina, James B. Ford.....	73.14		
Latona, Dr. H. C. Eno.....	73.00		
Wayward, Charles Smithers.....			
Cutters—70ft. Class—Racing Trim.			
Mineola, August Belmont.....			
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt.....			
Cutters—51ft. Class—Racing Trim.			
Syce, H. S. Redmond.....	50.86		
Hussar II., James Baird.....			
Cutters—45ft. Class—Racing Trim.			
Mira, Charles Lane Poor.....	41.73		
Cutters—60ft. Class—Cruising Trim.			
Athlon, E. B. Havens.....	59.08		
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan.....	55.33		
Cutters—51ft. Class—Cruising Trim.			
Ondawa, H. J. Robert.....	46.93		
Uvira, R. P. Doremus.....	47.13		
Bennett Cup—Schooners.			
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	74.67		
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	73.59		
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan.....			
Bennett Cup—Cutters.			
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	94.70		
Queen Mab, Clifford V. Brokaw.....	63.43		
Wasp, C. H. Dodge.....	54.97		
Special 30ft. Class.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....			
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis.....			
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....			
Pollywog, Almeric H. Paget.....			

The new 51-footer Altair was expected to meet Syce, the head of the class, and the new Hussar II., but she did not appear. Hussar II. sailed her first race, having been out the first of the week for the removal of lead from her keel, as the measurement showed her to be well over 51ft. She is a large-boat, wide and with long ends and looking very bulky. Though her sail plan is a liberal one, it looks small compared with the hull; it has only mainsail and big jib with pole topmast. The two 70-footers showed up very handsomely with their handsome and shapely hulls, big sail plans and well-fitting crosscut sails. Queen Mab had a new suit of Ratsey's canvas, but the clew of the mainsail was hauled out until the boom was buckled like a sickle and the sail was spoiled.

With the fleet was the flagship Corona, the old Colonia, the club steamer Cepheus, the steam yachts Intrepid, Clermont, Sultana and Electra, and a few other craft. The day was most unpromising at the start, cloudy with a little rain, but before 11 o'clock it had cleared with a sunny sky and moderate S.W. breeze. The start was made at

11:35, Vigilant and Queen Mab going over just ahead of the gun, but not being recalled. Capt. George Parker, in Rainbow, made the best start, going over with the gun, while Mineola was a little later and crossed with less way. The schooners were started five minutes after the cutters, and the 30-footers twenty-five minutes later.

All crossed on starboard tack, with a good ebb tide to hurry them down and a nice working breeze well ahead, so much so that after about eight minutes Mineola came about, others following her, and it became a beat to the Spit. Before the tail of the fleet was well clear of the West Bank, the wind fell light and shifted. Then followed an hour of tedious drifting, as the yachts struck a calm spot near the Spit. The turn was unofficially timed:

Mineola	1 13 50	Syce	1 31 26
Rainbow	1 19 50	Uvira	1 31 20
Quissetta	1 24 32	Hussar II.....	1 32 00
Amorita	1 25 45	Uncas	1 35 30
Vigilant	1 29 55	Latona	1 36 18
Queen Mab.....	1 30 33	Mira	1 37 00
Ingomar	1 30 50		

When fairly outside the point of Sandy Hook the boats found a little sea and a southerly wind that heeled the new 70-footers to a hard angle as they reached out on starboard tack. Of the two, Rainbow, now some distance of Mineola, heeled perceptibly more than the latter. They luffed around the Sandy Hook Lightship and trimmed down for a beat in to the Hook, and then up to the Spit, the wind constantly shifting. Of the smaller boats, Syce, after losing her first lead at the Spit, ran a long way ahead in the sea outside and turned the Scotland far ahead of the others of her division. Hussar II. kept it up until near the Scotland, when she withdrew. The times at the Sandy Hook Lightship were taken from the Cepheus as follows:

Mineola	2 41 15	Queen Mab.....	3 09 25
Rainbow	2 45 35	Ingomar.....	3 14 50
Amorita	2 59 25	Latona	3 17 00
Quissetta	3 20 00	Wasp	3 17 10
Vigilant	3 00 05		

The following times were taken at the Scotland:

Syce	2 47 10	Uvira	3 12 30
Mira	3 00 10		

After shifting about for a time the wind fell as the fleet passed the Hook, and all were left drifting below the Spit Buoy, which the leaders, Mineola, Rainbow and Syce, passed shortly after 4 o'clock. There was little but the tide to help them up the bay, but about 5 o'clock a squall came up in the northwest, with heavy rain and plenty of wind, making a spirited finish as one boat after another came up to the line out of a dense mist. Mineola led Rainbow by over a minute, and Amorita was about eight minutes ahead of Quissetta. Nothing was seen of the 30ft. class from the time of leaving the Spit on the way out, but Hera made a long lead and finished before the steamers or her competitors were anywhere near the line. The other three crossed shortly before Mineola came up. The official times were:

Schooners—75ft. Class—Racing Trim.					Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.		
Amorita	11 40 47	6 03 52	6 22 05		6 22 05
Quissetta	11 40 21	6 11 00	6 30 39		6 29 54
Schooners—75ft. Class—Cruising Trim.					
Katrina	11 41 30	6 53 31	7 12 01		7 12 01
Latona	11 42 36	6 28 50	6 46 14		6 46 14
Ingomar	11 47 37	6 30 04	6 45 47		6 40 08
Wayward	11 45 00	6 36 00	6 51 00		6 42 35
Cutters—70ft. Class—Racing Trim.					
Mineola	11 35 13	5 56 22	6 21 09		6 21 09
Rainbow	11 35 10	5 57 32	6 22 22		6 22 22
Cutters—51ft. Class—Racing Trim.					
Hussar II.....	11 35 52	Withdrew.			
Syce	11 38 13	6 07 28	6 29 15		6 29 15
Cutters—60ft. Class—Cruising Trim.					
Athlon	11 37 07	7 25 00	7 47 53		7 47 53
Eclipse	11 36 39	Not timed.			
Cutters—51ft. Class—Cruising Trim.					
Ondawa	11 37 20	Not timed.			
Uvira	11 35 37	6 40 27	7 04 50		7 04 50
Mira	11 40 00	6 27 41	6 47 41		6 41 20
Bennett Cup—Schooners.					
Amorita	11 41 47	6 03 52	6 22 05		6 22 05
Quissetta	11 40 21	6 11 30	6 30 39		6 29 54
Uncas	11 45 00	Not timed.			
Bennett Cup—Cutters.					
Vigilant	11 40 00	5 58 37	6 23 37		6 23 37
Queen Mab	11 40 00	6 16 46	6 41 46		6 15 06
Wasp	11 39 49	6 30 40	6 50 51		6 12 44
Sloops—30ft. Class.					
Hera	12 05 00	4 46 00	4 41 00		4 41 00
Esperanza	12 05 00	5 30 20	5 25 30		5 25 30
Pollywog	12 05 03	5 29 40	5 21 40		5 24 40
Wawa	12 05 00	5 32 50	5 27 50		5 27 50

Amorita wins first prize and Bennett cup; Ingomar wins a first prize, and Wayward second; Syce, Athlon, Mira and Hera each win first prizes, and Pollywog wins a second; Wasp wins the Bennett cup for cutters. The Race Committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and W. Butler Duncan, were on the tug Luchen-back.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed an open sweepstakes race on June 16 over the club course off Wing's Neck, the wind being fresh from S.W., and the boats turning in two reefs. The times were:

25ft. Class.		Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....		2 23 13
Ucla, W. H. Winship.....		2 26 23
Eina, John Parkinson.....		2 28 18
Sinner, S. R. Dow.....		2 23 36
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....		Withdrew.
21ft. Class.		
Amanita, L. Bacon.....		2 00 13
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....		2 03 44
Edith, C. M. Baker.....		2 04 31
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons.....		2 07 19
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....		2 03 50
Bohemian, R. L. Barstow.....		2 11 40
Fourth Class—Cats.		
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....		1 58 53
Weasel, F. Burgess.....		2 01 56
Howard, H. O. Miller.....		Withdrew.
15ft. Class.		
Warda, John Parkinson, Jr.....		1 54 02
Next, Paul Jones.....		1 57 22
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....		2 00 13
Peacock, R. Winsor.....		2 01 05

The judges were Messrs. F. E. Cahot, W. H. Jones and E. M. Farnsworth.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Larchmont Y. C. was only a little more fortunate on Saturday than the New York on Thursday and the Atlantic on Tuesday, as the start of its spring regatta was spoiled by the very light wind; later on a good S.W. breeze made the race quite interesting, with some close finishes. There was a good fleet of starters, but distributed over a large number of classes with mainly two or three boats in each. As Rainbow was not at the line, a special match was made by the Race Committee between Vigilant and Mineola, the two to sail with jib-headed topsails and without allowance. The Gardner 30-footer Departure, after several seasons of idleness, was on hand with the other thirties. The start was made at 11:35, with so little wind that many of the boats were handicapped. The first leg of each course was to the eastward, to marks in the middle of the Sound, then to the Hempstead mark and home, each class sailing two rounds. After little better than a drift to the first mark and partly over the second leg, about 1:30 a fresh S.W. wind sprang up and the race began in earnest, thus holding to the finish. The first round was timed:

Amorita	2 56 08	Raider	2 20 16
Quissetta	2 58 18	Snapper	2 25 03
Mineola	3 09 45	Celia	2 20 53
Vigilant	3 16 16	Rochelle	2 22 12
Syce	2 44 30	Edwina III.	2 27 15
Hussar II.	3 02 40	Windora	2 20 35
Esperanza	2 56 09	Dot	2 23 45
Colleen	2 10 33	Grayling	2 35 43
Scamp	2 13 45	Win or Lose	2 23 21
Kittie	2 16 20	Mongoose II.	2 25 45
Sis	2 16 25	Vagabond	2 37 15
Spindrift	2 18 13	Kildare	2 37 17

On the first leg of the second round Amorita slipped the seizing of her forestay and the masts went aft; but the damage was temporarily repaired. She also burst the shackle of her jib sheet bridle, and in taking in the jib one of the crew was knocked overboard, but was picked up safely. In spite of these mishaps she won. On the second leg Vigilant stood too far in under the Oak Neck shore and her board took the ground on a falling tide. The committee tug, the powerful C. P. Raymond, parted two hawsers before the yacht came off. In the 57ft. class Syce beat Hussar II. easily. The official times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—95ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:35—30 Miles.		
Sachem, Frederick T. Adams	4 17 16	
Fleur de Lys, Henry Walcott	4 44 10	
Schooners—75ft. Class—Start, 11:40—30 Miles.		
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw	5 37 47	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	5 38 40	
Cutters—Class G—Start, 11:25—30 Miles.		
Mineola, August Belmont	5 35 29	
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	Withdrew.	
Cutters—70ft. Class—Start, 11:50—30 Miles.		
Queen Mab, C. V. Brokaw	5 56 45	
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:55—30 Miles.		
Syce, Henry S. Redmond	4 34 35	
Hussar II., James Baird	5 04 55	
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:55—22 Miles.		
Lotowana, T. O'C. Sloane	5 40 35	
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 11:55—22 Miles.		
Mira, Charles L. Poor	4 56 13	
Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 11:55—22 Miles.		
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	5 55 40	5 39 34
Albicare, S. J. Hyde	5 40 57	5 40 57
36ft. Class—Start, 12:00—22 Miles.		
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt	5 27 53	
Aglaia, Howard Willets	Disqualified.	
Special 30ft. Class—Start, 12:00—22 Miles.		
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 21 35	
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 23 43	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 29 18	
Departure, C. B. Seeley	Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:00—22 Miles.		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	5 08 35	
Alerion, A. H. Aiker	5 30 30	
Kit, J. M. Macdonald	Withdrew.	
21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 12:05—11 Miles.		
Sis, F. T. Bedford	3 17 55	
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	3 17 59	
Scamp, J. De Forest	3 21 10	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	3 30 41	
Kittie, Hazen Morse	3 33 13	
Raider, H. M. Crane	3 34 03	
Snapper, Harry Maxwell	Withdrew.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:05—11 Miles.		
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	3 29 33	3 29 33
Celia, C. Gould	3 35 30	3 31 25
Edwina III., J. Nelson Gould	3 48 18	3 43 06
Houri, J. Bergen	Disqualified.	
Sloops—20ft. Class—Start, 12:10—11 Miles.		
Ox, R. N. Bavier	4 09 05	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:10—11 Miles.		
Sara, W. Huey	3 54 35	
Nora, A. Iselin	3 58 53	
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15—11 Miles.		
Windora	3 22 25	3 22 25
Dot, C. T. Pierce	3 23 25	3 23 25
Grayling	3 44 15	3 40 00
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:15—11 Miles.		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	3 35 16	3 34 18
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	3 36 03	3 36 03
Vagabond	3 49 35	3 49 35
Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 12:20—11 Miles.		
Kildare	3 51 40	3 51 40
Captain, A. Gattringer	Withdrew.	
Rascal, C. A. Tatum	Withdrew.	

After the race it was discovered that Vigilant had lost her centerboard.

The winners were Sachem, Amorita, Mineola, Queen Mab, Syce, Lotowana, Mira, Sis, Rochelle, Ox, Sara, Sakana, O Shima San, Hera, Oiseau, Windora, Win or Lose and Kildare.

The Race Committee included Messrs. John F. Lovejoy, H. W. Coates and Frank Hardy.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed two races on June 9 for the 35ft. class and the 16ft. skiff class, the times being:

35ft. Class—Start, 2:35.		
Erma	5 09 30	2 26 56
Myrtle	5 06 35	2 31 35
Nadia	5 14 08	2 35 40
16ft. Skiff Class—Start, 3:15.		
Flight	5 05 20	1 50 20
Sara	5 06 00	1 51 00
Sheilah	5 06 20	1 51 20
Sothis	5 06 50	1 51 50
Rex	5 19 40	2 04 40

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has arranged a series of races on June 21, 22 and 23, following the special race of the New York Y. C. on June 19 and preceding the college boat races at New London on June 28. During these races the club extends the privileges of its club house to the captains of the following clubs and their guests: New York Y. C., Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, Eastern, Larchmont, Atlantic, Philadelphia, Corinthian and Corinthian of Marblehead. The club has chartered a tug, which will, each race day, start from some point on the Connecticut shore near New Rochelle, and, stopping at two or three points between there and Stamford, tow to Oyster Bay any yachts that may require such assistance, and will also tow back to the same points any yachts that may wish to return after each race. The schedule of the tug's movements will be arranged later and may be had on application to the secretary of the race committee. The racing on every one of the three days will begin at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

Prizes will be awarded in every class as follows:

A first prize when more than one yacht start, a second prize when more than three yachts start, a third prize when more than five yachts start. In addition to these prizes, series prizes will be awarded to the winning yacht in the 80ft. class of cutters and in the raceabout and Seawanhaka knockabout classes, based on the following system of scoring: The winner in every race shall receive four points, the second yacht three points, the third two points and the fourth one point. The yacht receiving the greatest number of points in the three races shall receive the series prize. Ties shall be sailed off. Should the winning yacht in any race have been manned with a Corinthian crew, the club will present a Corinthian crew prize to every member of that crew, and to the owner of the yacht a prize handsomer than the usual class prize. Prizes will be distributed immediately after every race.

Classes have been arranged for cutters, sloops, schooners, yawls, catboats, raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts. All starts will be from the gun. On request the race committee will conduct any matches or special races which owners may arrange on the three racing days.

Three courses have been arranged, all triangular. Course No. 1 is eleven and three-quarter nautical miles in length; No. 2 is eight and a quarter nautical miles, and No. 3 is six and three-quarter nautical miles. The courses for the various classes are as follows: Schooners, 65ft. class and over, and cutters, sloops and yawls, 51ft. class and over, twice around course No. 1. Schooners, 65ft. class and under, and cutters, sloops and yawls, 30, 36 and 43ft. classes, twice around course No. 2. Sloops, 25ft. class; catboats, 30 and 25ft. classes, and raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts, twice around course No. 3. Sloops, 21 and 18ft. classes, and catboats, 21 and 18ft. classes, once around course No. 2.

Except in the schooner classes, and in the first 60ft. and 51ft. classes of cutters, sloops and yawls, every yacht must be steered by a Corinthian and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew, but yachts in sloop classes, 25ft. and under, and catboats in all classes shall not carry more than one professional.

Entries must be filed with some member of the race committee by 12 o'clock on the day preceding every race.

A trophy valued at \$100, to be known as the "Center Island Cup," has been presented by a member of the club for competition in a series of seven races by the Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members. The dates set are June 16 and 30, July 7 and 21, Aug. 4 and 18 and Sept. 1. In addition to this cup the club will give a second prize to the boat taking second place in the series, and if the yacht winning first or second prize has been manned by a strictly Corinthian crew, individual Corinthian prizes will be presented to each member of the crew. All helmsmen must be Corinthians, but one member of the crew may be a professional. In the latter case, however, the crew will be limited to three persons, while in the case of a strictly Corinthian crew four may be carried.

The race committee has enrolled thirty-six Corinthians who may be called on to make up crews during the season, the list being posted in the Oyster Bay club house.

The first race of the Center Island cup series was sailed on June 16 over an inside course of eleven nautical miles, the start being at 3:05. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	5 45 36	2 45 31
Bee, J. S. Jacquelin	5 45 41	2 45 36
Heron, F. R. Coudert	5 53 50	2 53 45
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 51 14	2 54 09

Cottage City Harbor.

YACHTSMEN who voyage east in small boats will be delighted to hear that the new harbor at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, is a complete success. This will enable small craft to lie in a safe and quiet anchorage, no matter how the wind blows. Formerly there was no harbor of the kind except at Edgartown, some six miles further east, as the Vineyard Harbor (Holmes' Hole) is a bad spot for small craft with the wind anywhere from N.W. to N.E. The entrance to the new anchorage lies midway between the Highland and Oak Bluff docks. The depth of water in the passage at neap low tide is 4ft. 6in. The average rise is 24in., giving an average maximum depth of 6ft. 6in. Inside, over a considerable space, is a depth of 6ft., with room to move a fleet of fifty yachts. During the season range lights will be maintained, making it perfectly safe to enter at night. I have established a yachtsman's station here, and secured the privilege of landing at a new pier, which has been built by Capt. Joy, at the head of the harbor. This pier will be known by the flag flying above it.

To make the harbor entrance coming from the west, after passing the black spar buoy of East Chop, stand in close to the head of Highland Wharf; after passing this head for the Oak Bluff Dock, until you open the entrance between the stone jetties, then run in, keeping in mid-channel. A vessel can carry 10ft. to the heads of the jetties. The shore is free from all danger, and can be safely followed by vessels drawing 5ft. or less by keeping in line with the dock heads.

THOMAS FLEMING DAY.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, June 9.

THE first race of the new cup defenders of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was sailed on June 9 on Lake St. Louis off Lakeside, the wind being too light and variable for a test. The times were, start, 4:09:

Helmsman.	Turn.	Finish.
Red, C. Routh	4 44 32	5 25 58
White, G. H. Duggan	4 52 30	5 27 58
Black, Thos. Paton	4 53 35	5 29 10
Green, F. P. Shearwood	4 05 00	5 31 35

In the 22ft. class Koorali beat Bona Dea by 2 min. 45 sec., and in the 17ft. class Viola beat Doris by 3 min. and Kittiwake by 5 min.

The club is preparing to get the greatest possible service from the new club yacht St. Lawrence. She will make trips up the lake to Lakeside and other points, to carry guests to and from the dances at the club house.

For races away from Dorval, she will leave the club pier at 2:30 sharp every Saturday and will tow up the racing boats free of charge. The boats' crews and members will be taken to and from the races free of charge. Members may procure tickets for their friends at 25 cents each. Members who cannot catch the 1:30 train can take the 2:15 to the place of the races, where the St. Lawrence will call for them.

On Sundays the steamer will leave the club pier at 11 A. M. for a trip up the lake, returning at 1 P. M.; again at 2:30 P. M., returning at 5. Members can secure tickets for themselves and friends for these excursions at 25 cents each.

The steamer can be chartered by members—except on Saturdays and public holidays or Sundays—at \$5 for the first hour and \$1.50 for each succeeding hour.

A boat shed has been built on the water front, where members can keep boats or canoes at the rate of \$5 per annum, including attendance. Skiffs and canoes can also be hired at moderate rates.

Arrangements have also been made by which members can have their yachts moored and cared for.

Lloyds' Yacht Register.

LOYD'S YACHT REGISTER for 1900-1 arrived last week and has been distributed to the American subscribers, of whom there are many in the list. The book is uniform with those of previous years, but a little thicker, as the number of yachts grows larger. There are now listed a total of 8,119 yachts, among which are included 1,573 American yachts not measured by Lloyds' rule. The yachts thus measured, including most of the larger American steam yachts, number 6,546, with a total tonnage of 271,113. Of these, 3,943, with a tonnage of 155,914, belong to Great Britain; 388 to the British colonies; 598 to France, and 429 to Germany and Austria. The following table is interesting, as showing the extent to which the different materials are used in construction:

	Steam.		Sail.		Total.	
	Number.	Tonn'ge.	Number.	Tonn'ge.	Number.	Tonnage.
Iron	189	37,499	14	711	203	38,210
Steel	387	106,201	66	3,673	453	109,874
Wood	755	227,158	4,911	77,031	5,666	104,189
Composite	553	9,327	171	9,513	224	18,840
	1,384	180,185	5,162	90,928	6,546	271,113

The Register contains a list of all yachts measured under the society's rule, a list of American yachts not thus measured, a list of yacht and sailing clubs, national flags, flags of yacht clubs, the new international code signals and the racing flags of the yachts. The rules of the Yacht Racing Association are given, with list of changes of names of yachts arranged according to tonnage, of builders and designers with the yachts built or designed by each, of yacht owners, of yacht owners holding master's certificates, and of yachts removed from the Register. This last list, of yachts lost, sold into trade or broken up, is very interesting. Mr. Thomas Congdon, of the Kemble Buildings, Whitehall street, New York, is the principal surveyor of the society for the United States, and also surveyor for the port and district of New York. Accompanying the Register is the first supplement, containing alterations and additions up to May 3.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, sails its annual regatta in the early part of June, and this year it was set for the 9th, but all of the larger yachts were absent, so that only half a dozen of the smaller yachts started. The course was from off the club station, Essington, around the Chester Buoy, eight miles naut., with a light northerly breeze. The times were:

Knockabout Class—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Helmsman.		
Fareeda, E. W. Clark	3 47 06	1 17 06
Grise, E. D. Toland	3 47 36	1 17 36
Kid, W. B. Henry	3 46 47	1 16 47
Garote, Robert Toland	3 48 21	1 18 21
Kid was disqualified.		
20ft. Class—Start, 2:35.		
Seminole, G. Barrie Jr.	4 27 48	1 52 48
Corona, Dr. A. Glass	4 36 10	2 01 10

Kid fouled the outer mark, the Government buoy, with her balloon jib, and was disqualified. A petition is being circulated requesting the Race Committee to use special marks in the future in place of the Government buoys.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for the 16ft. skiff class on June 9, the times being, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caprice	4 10 02	1 10 02
Electra	4 11 50	1 11 50
White Cap	4 13 00	1 13 00
Cake Walk	4 15 00	1 15 00
Parsons	4 18 00	1 18 00
Hustler	4 20 00	1 20 00
Sigma	Disqualified.	

Atlantic Y. C. 34th Annual Regatta.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Tuesday, June 12.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed its thirty-fourth annual regatta on June 12 in calm and fluky weather, the fleet giving up or finishing late in the evening after a tedious and tiresome day. There was a good entry list, but few starters, considering the conditions and weather, as good prizes were offered in all classes, and the day began with a clear sky and moderate wind; with a promise of a good light-weather race. In order to induce the Sound fleet to visit the bay, a tug was sent up by the club to tow down the expected large fleet of raceabouts and knockabouts, but the result was discouraging, only one boat accepting the tow. The starters were:

75ft. Class, Course 33 Miles—Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw; Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.

65ft. Class, Course 33 Miles—Miladi, S. H. Mason, Jr.; Uncas, C. P. Buchanan.

60ft. Class, Scotland Lightship Course, 25½ Miles—Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Swannanoa, S. Loines.

51ft. Class, Racing Trim, Course 25½ Miles—Syce, H. S. Redmond.

51ft. Class, Cruising Trim, Course 25½ Miles—Uvira, R. P. Doremus; Awa, T. L. Arnold; Ondawa, H. J. Robert.

43ft. Class, Course 25½ Miles—Mira, Charles Lane Poor; Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.; Ilikato, E. H. Converse.

36ft. Class, Course 19 Miles—Akista, George Hill; Tammany, W. C. Townen.

Special 30ft. Class, Course 19 Miles—Hera, Ralph N. Ellis; Esperanza, Reginald Brooks; Pollywog, Almeric H. Paget; Wawa, Reginald Brooks.

30ft. Class, Course 19 Miles—Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.; Alerion, A. H. Aiker.

Raceabouts, Course 16½ Miles—Snapper, H. L. Maxwell; Spindrift, Pirie Brothers; Kittie, Hazen Morse.

Open Sloops, 21ft. Class—Minnetonka, S. E. Vernon.

Open Sloops, 18ft. Class—Pebble, R. W. Speer.

Through the morning there was a breeze from the north, working around toward the east, enough to keep the fleet moving while waiting for the start, which was signaled at 10:55. The starting signals of the Sound Y. R. A. were used, but in this case they worked badly, provision being made in the race programme for thirteen different classes. As some of these had no starters, through the failure of entered boats, there were necessarily long gaps between such classes as did start, and it took an hour to get off the fleet of but twenty-four yachts. Amorita and Quissetta were on hand for their first meeting this year; the new 51-footers Altair and Hussar II. were entered, but only Syce started in the class. In working about before the start, Amorita attempted to lower her big club topsail and the footyard was broken by fouling the gaff, so that she set a jibheader, Quissetta carrying the same sail. The regular club courses were sailed around the Sandy Hook and the Scotland lightships, with inside courses for the smaller boats. The yachts had wind enough to maneuver for the start and to do a little racing off Coney Island Point, and then they were left to drift for the rest of the day, with short intervals of sailing. In attempting to cross the starting line Ondawa ran over the stakeboat, but continued in the race. In turning the Sandy Hook Lightship Amorita cut inside of Quissetta and put her bowsprit through the latter's mainsail. She was disqualified on protest. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—75ft. Class—Start, 10:55.			
Amorita	7 55 00	9 00 00	9 00 00
Quissetta	8 05 55	9 10 55	9 10 39

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 11:05.			
Eclipse	Withdrew.		
Swannanoa	5 37 06	6 32 06	6 32 06

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 11:05.			
Syce	5 28 44	6 18 44	6 18 44

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:10.			
Uvira	5 35 30	6 25 30	6 25 00
Awa	6 36 47	7 26 47	7 25 47
Ondawa	Disqualified.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
43ft. Class—Start, 11:15.			
Mira	5 35 47	6 20 47	6 20 47
Eidolon	Not timed.		
Ilikato	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
36ft. Class—Start, 11:20.			
Akista	Not timed.		
Tammany	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Special 30ft. Class—Start, 11:25.			
Hera	Not timed.		
Esperanza	Not timed.		
Wawa	Not timed.		
Pollywog	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
30ft. Class—Start, 11:30.			
Oiseau	Not timed.		
Alerion	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raceabouts—Start, 10:50.			
Snapper	7 58 30	8 23 30	
Spindrift	Not timed.		
Kittie	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Open Sloops—21ft. Class.			
Minnetonka	Not timed.		

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
18ft. Class.			
Pebble	Not timed.		

The winners were Quissetta, Swannanoa, Syce, Uvira, Mira and Snapper.

The race was in charge of the Race Committee, Messrs. C. T. Pierce, A. F. Aldridge and G. W. McNulty. The steamer Taurus carried a large party of members and guests.

The Beverly Y. C. announces the following programme for the season:

June 16—Club house, 1st sweepstakes.

June 23—Club house, 1st club race, not Corinthian.

June 30—Club house, 1st Corinthian.

July 4—Club house, 1st open race.

July 14—Club house, 2d Corinthian.

July 28—Marion, Van Rensselaer cup race.

Aug. 4—Club house, 3d Corinthian.

Aug. 18—Club house, 2d club race, not Corinthian.

Aug. 25—Club house, 4th Corinthian.

Sept. 1—Club house, 2d sweepstakes.

Sept. 3—Club house, 2d open race.

Sept. 8—Club house, 5th Corinthian.

Note.—The races marked "club races, not Corinthian," will be open only to members, but the boats may be sailed by professionals. The races marked "Corinthian" will be open to club members only, and the boats must be sailed by club members. The Corinthian races only will count for the championship.



SOUTHERN Y. C., ORGANIZED 1849.
New club house, dedicated May 26, 1900.

Southern Y. C.

THE Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, begins its second half-century in a new club house, formally dedicated on May 26, the Building Committee turning it over to the officers of the club. The officers for the year, elected on April 5, are: Com., A. Baldwin; Vice-Com., W. P. Richardson; Rear-Com., Jno. Soria; Treas., Jas. Buckley; Sec'y, L. D. Sampson; Governing Committee, Jos. R. Behrens, W. A. Gordon, I. W. Boone, Jr., P. S. Anderson and R. H. Brunet; House Committee, H. A. Hamilton, C. H. Hyams, Jr., J. M. Huger, Geo. J. Lyons and Gerson Aletrino; Fleet Capt., L. O'Donnell; Fleet Surgeon, R. L. Riley, M. D.; Meas., Holmes Harrison.

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, June 10.

THE Shackamaxon Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed its thirteenth annual regatta on June 10 over a course from Shackamaxon street wharf around the Wheatseaf Bay Buoy and return, twenty-nine miles, naut. The wind was light to moderate through the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fourth Class Duckers—Start, 11:45.				
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee	4 02 30	5 37 00	1 34 30	
McGinty, Wm. Clausen	4 05 30	5 40 00	1 34 30	
Martha Casnet, John Casnet	4 16 00	5 47 00	1 31 00	
Birdie S., H. Swinglehurst	4 07 05	5 50 00	1 42 55	
Third Class Duckers—Start, 11:50.				
Woodman and Florrie, Jacob Herr	3 41 30	5 27 30	1 46 00	
George B., George Post	4 01 00	5 30 30	1 29 30	
Howard G., D. Sharp	4 05 45	5 38 00	1 32 15	
Catherine C., J. Casnet	4 11 15	5 47 45	1 36 30	
Second Class Duckers—Start, 11:54.				
Annie, Geo. Feurst	4 10 15	5 47 00	1 36 45	
Lottie W., J. Kohout	4 15 00	5 50 00	1 35 00	
Second Class Tuckups—Start, 11:57.				
Emma, Wm. Flick	3 58 00	5 32 00	1 34 00	
Millie, Benj. Wilson	3 59 30	5 33 00	1 33 30	
First Class Tuckups—Start, 12:00.				
John C. Sayre, J. Omrod	3 18 30	5 00 00	1 41 30	
John M. Fenlin, H. Blatz	3 44 15	5 21 00	1 36 45	
Open Yachts—Start, 12:05.				
Onward, J. Blessing	3 15 00	4 50 00	1 35 00	
Two Jacks, J. Pfister	3 16 30	4 51 00	1 34 30	
John Engle, J. Hasenphat	3 17 00	4 52 00	1 35 00	

Regatta Committee—Max Schladensky, R. B. Murphy, R. G. Morgan, William Gann, William T. Craven, Egbert H. Morrison, Paul Steele, John Kain, Frank Barrett, William Wible, W. Haggart, Ben Wilson, G. Schoenleber, D. O'Connor and John Hirst.

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

FREEPORT, L. I.—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Tuesday, June 12.

THE Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed its opening race on June 12 in clear weather and a good breeze. Quo Vadis was disqualified for fouling Claribel. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops.				
Quo Vadis	12 05 40	2 29 35	2 16 55	2 16 55
Fleetwing	12 05 40	2 39 40	2 34 00	2 22 59
Claribel	12 05 10	2 55 30	2 50 20	2 46 29
Second Class Cats.				
Beulah	12 12 20	2 25 17	2 15 57	2 15 25
Dot	12 12 30	2 42 53	2 30 23	2 27 32
Ellen	12 12 40	2 41 55	2 29 15	2 29 15
Third Class Cats.				
Little Minister	12 12 19	2 40 00	2 27 41	2 27 41
Nomad	12 12 41	2 45 05	2 32 24	2 30 50
Lillian M.	12 13 20	2 44 20	2 31 00	2 55 50
Fellowcraft	12 12 40	Withdrew.		

The winners were Caribel, Beulah and Little Minister.

Providence Corinthian Y. C.

THE ladies' day race of the Providence Corinthian Y. C. on June 9 had but four starters, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Taunty, Charles Watson	4 01 35	4 59 50	0 58 15	
Hazel, William Clemmons	4 01 35	5 05 15	1 03 40	
The Boy, Joseph Taipe	4 01 15	5 07 04	1 05 49	
Myrtie, Charles Gray	4 02 10	Disabled.		

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Monday, June 11.

THE combined fleet of the Brooklyn and Gravesend Bay yacht clubs, recently consolidated under the old name and a composite burgee, sailed the annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. on June 11, making a very good race. The morning was unpromising, with a cloudy sky and a mist on the water, but it cleared and a fresh southerly breeze came in, increasing in strength until there was enough and to spare. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooner Class—Start, 12:05.				
Azalea, D. W. Kohn	Disabled.			
Rowena, F. R. Turner	3 43 15	3 38 15	3 38 15	
Cabin Sloops—50ft. Class—Start, 12:05.				
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	3 31 39	3 26 39	3 26 39	
Olga, G. C. Gillespie	Withdrew.			
Cabin Sloops—40ft. Class—Start, 12:05.				
Gladys, E. F. Glover	3 45 25	3 40 25	3 40 25	
Parolus, C. P. Rosemon	4 38 55	4 33 55	4 30 42	
Ilikato, E. S. Converse	3 54 42	3 49 42	3 49 42	
Cabin Sloops—35ft. Class—Start, 12:05.				
Titania, W. H. Childs	3 01 46	2 56 46	2 56 46	
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	2 43 19	2 38 19	2 38 19	
Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:05.				
Squaw, H. J. Heath	2 41 31	2 36 31	2 36 31	
Hermes, J. E. Haviland	3 02 58	2 57 58	2 50 32	
Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:15.				
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 06 22	1 51 22	1 50 47	
Grace E., W. A. Neidhardt	3 33 40	3 18 40	3 17 10	
Pearl, George Patterson	2 26 31	2 11 31	2 11 31	
Ojibway, J. R. Brophy	2 06 04	1 51 04	1 49 25	
Minnetonka, S. E. Vernon	1 58 31	1 43 31	1 37 48	
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15.				
Madeline, F. W. Brander	Not timed.			
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:15.				
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	2 09 07	1 54 07	1 54 07	
Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 12:25.				
Martha M., R. B. Moore	1 41 15	1 16 15	1 14 50	
Cleota, N. T. Cory	1 38 02	1 13 02	1 13 02	
Whiff, J. J. Hawkins	1 39 14	1 14 14	1 13 42	
Margaret, B. F. Mumm	Withdrew			

The winners were Rowena, Ondawa, Gladys, Kangaroo, Squaw, Minnetonka, Qui Vive, Cleota and Madeline.

Azalea broke one of her peak halyard blocks and withdrew; Gladys parted her preventer backstay, but saved her topmast.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Quincy Y. C. opened the season on June 16 with a race for the H. O. class and other 25-footers, and also for the 21ft. class. The day was clear and bright, with a moderate westerly wind, which diminished toward the finish. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
H. O. Class.				
Hanley, W. F. Bache	2 00 58	2 05 32	2 05 32	
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown	2 09 04	2 09 04	2 09 04	
Little Peter, J. I. Moebis	2 12 09	2 12 09	2 12 09	
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 12 35	2 12 35	2 12 35	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 13 00	2 13 00	2 13 00	
Empress, Hayden & Parker	2 13 00	2 13 00	2 13 00	
21ft. Class.				
Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 13 51	1 13 51	1 13 51	
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	1 18 32	1 18 32	1 18 32	

Hanley gets 100 per cent. for the Algonquin cup, Al Kyris 60 per cent. and Little Peter 30 per cent., while cash prizes of \$20, \$15 and \$10 go to the boats in the same order.

The judges were Com. E. E. Davis, Vice-Com. J. S. Whiting, W. C. Harrison, J. L. Whiton, Jr. and Frank White.

Queen City Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, June 9.

THE Queen City Y. C. sailed a race for the 17ft. class on June 9, the times being, start, 2:45:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nereid, J. Greig	4 57 20	4 57 20	2 12 20	
In It, W. Windeler	4 57 50	4 57 50	2 12 50	
Turtle, W. Foy	5 03 25	5 03 25	2 18 25	
Unnamed, Sinclair and Coryell	5 17 00	5 17 00	2 32 00	

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed its first race on June 16 in a very light and fluky wind, the times being:

21ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin.....	1 16 15
Usona, Elmer Prior.....	1 17 38
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	1 21 55

Handicap Class.

If, F. B. Norwood.....	1 20 05	1 17 35
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 20 57	1 13 27
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	1 23 59	1 13 29
Raduga, W. Burgess.....	1 20 05	1 17 35
Veritas, Alex Holmes.....	1 25 12	1 18 12

18ft. Knockabouts.

Dazzler, Goodspeed Brothers.....	1 08 12
Spider, Henry Hunt.....	1 09 15
Milady, W. Adam.....	1 09 50
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	1 10 40
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	1 16 25

Spritsails.

Solitaire, B. B. Baker.....	1 14 10
Stana, C. Foster.....	1 18 05

The judges were John A. Irwin, Charles Foster and George Fowle.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a club race on June 16 in a light and variable wind, the times being:

25ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cygnar, J. R. Hodder.....	1 58 52	1 57 52
Alert, John McConnell.....	Withdrew.
Ideal, E. B. Whittier.....	Withdrew.

21ft. Class.

Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	1 52 05	1 51 05
Alruna, R. M. Clark.....	3 38 15	2 38 15
Ruth, A. S. Richards.....	Withdrew.
Dorothy, A. M. Crowe.....	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	1 11 50	1 00 20
Don, D. F. Murphy.....	1 20 58	1 10 58
Gwendoline, C. E. Field.....	1 23 33	1 09 33

15ft. Class.

Flash, W. H. Myrick.....	1 49 13	1 34 30
Eva, H. G. Flynn.....	1 41 30	1 27 30
Gypsy, A. Freeman.....	1 24 17	1 09 17
Virginia, H. Traiser.....	2 03 40	1 48 40

The judges were W. A. Garrett and W. Cheever.

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed its first handicap race on June 16 in a light westerly wind, the times being, start 2:20:

Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kiuna, A. W. Leonard.....	0 39 20	0 36 20
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	0 43 08	0 39 08
Gleam, F. A. Packard.....	0 46 15	0 39 15
Calitan, W. F. Patten.....	0 43 40	0 40 40
Romance, L. Sears.....	0 40 40	0 40 40
Phoenix, W. T. Leach.....	0 51 07	0 41 07
Vive, A. W. V. Foster.....	0 55 31	0 41 31
Freak, E. S. Wessvarg.....	0 52 37	0 42 37
Pepita, A. P. Howes.....	0 48 40	0 42 40
Primrose, J. H. Stark.....	0 49 20	0 43 20
Ariel, N. W. Robinson.....	0 49 43	0 43 43
Siko, J. D. Veath.....	0 54 05	0 44 05
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	0 46 15	0 46 15
Hattie, A. Coombs.....	1 02 02	0 48 02
Ethel, J. W. Damrell, Jr.....	1 20 00	0 50 20
I Don't Know, T. F. Benson.....	1 08 03	0 56 03

The judges were W. H. Besarick and J. E. Robinson.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its second club race on June 16 in a light N.W. wind, the times being:

25ft. Handicap Class—Start, 2:35—7 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Isis, W. F. Mayo.....	3 53 51	1 18 51
Dragon, C. M. Barker.....	3 54 55	1 19 55

Raceabouts—Start, 2:40—7 Miles.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	3 53 10	1 13 30
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	3 56 11	1 16 11
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	3 56 41	1 16 41
Bander Log, J. Crane.....	3 57 10	1 17 10

16ft. Class—Start, 2:50.

Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	3 48 44	0 58 44
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	3 49 04	0 59 04
Pandora, C. B. Stebbins.....	3 49 35	0 59 35
Polly, E. Wadsworth.....	3 51 10	1 01 10

Bander Log and Scapegoat are new boats. The race-about race will count for the Association percentages.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed a handicap race on June 16 in a moderate westerly breeze, the times being, start 2:30, course 9 miles:

Handicap.	Corrected.
Shyessa, A. Douglass.....	5 02 23
Jacobson, T. Jacobs.....	2 00 41
Darthea, E. Lombard.....	2 03 21
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	2 12 17
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	2 12 23

The judges were Laurence B. Flint, J. W. Dutton and William F. Sheriffs.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its first championship race on June 16 in a light and variable N.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	5 02 20
Raven, J. Dean.....	5 04 15
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....	5 19 45
Remora, Crocker & Tower.....	5 22 30
Eleanor, F. J. Moore.....	Disabled.

Eastern Y. C. Special Races.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE first of two special races arranged by the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on June 16 over a 25½-mile triangle off Marblehead. Though open to the larger classes, only half a dozen small yachts started, four 25-footers sailing together in the 31ft. class. The day was clear with a very light and variable wind, the race being largely a drift. Two boats gave up and were towed home. The times were:

31ft. Class.	Start.	Lightship.	E.Y.C. Mark.	Finish.
Flirt.....	11 53 30	1 44 03	3 09 22	5 53 54
Hermes.....	11 51 12	1 45 51	3 12 06	6 13 37
Owina.....	11 50 56	1 48 01	3 39 41	Withdrew.
Khalifa.....	11 50 54	1 51 05	3 42 23	Withdrew.

Schooners.

Barbara.....	11 55 50	1 34 06	3 04 19	5 30 49
Rodina.....	11 55 57	1 36 20	3 03 19	5 33 49

The judges were H. H. Buck, H. D. Bennett, Henry Howard, F. O. North and O. B. Roberts.

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Pewaukee Y. C. sailed a race on June 16 in a moderate east wind, the times being:

21ft. Class—Start, 3:36.	Elapsed.
Dora, C. F. Meyer.....	0 59 25
Dorothy, William Kieckhefer.....	1 00 07
Idle Hour, R. E. Giljohann.....	1 01 49

18ft. Class—Start, 3:36.

Sophia, C. F. Meyers.....	1 00 50
Ruth, L. J. Wollaegeer.....	1 07 01
Serapis, J. F. Scheets.....	1 16 30

Sophia received 100 points, Idle Hour 75, Ruth 50 and Serapis 25.

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wednesday, June 13.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed its second race in the evening of June 13 in light weather, the times being:

First Class.	Elapsed.
Alethea, Colby.....	0 44 00
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	0 47 43
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	0 48 01

Second Class.

Teuton, Isaac Merchant.....	0 55 31
Circie II., Pigeon.....	Did not finish.

Third Class.

Only One, Perkins.....	1 00 57
Dorothea, Findlay.....	1 03 14
Spider, Flye.....	1 13 07
Gracie B., Norris.....	Did not finish.

Jackson Park Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Jackson Park Y. C. sailed the second race for the Browning King cup on June 16. The times were:

Open Yachts.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Atlantic.....	3 04 00	Disabled.
Gazelle.....	3 04 24	4 11 11	1 06 47
Alca.....	3 05 36	4 03 50	0 58 14

Cabin Yachts.

Zephyrus.....	3 04 08	4 52 26	1 48 18
Widsith.....	3 04 58	4 38 54	1 33 56
Vixen.....	3 05 51	4 49 42	1 43 51

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Riverside Y. C. has just received from C. L. Seabury & Co. a fine 50ft. naphtha launch for service about the club station. On June 13 the launch went in to the steamer dock to take naphtha aboard, and while lying there the freight steamer Maid of Kent passed close in-shore and crowded the launch against the dock, smashing her sides in and damaging her badly.

The dispute between W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Robert L. Forrest over the ownership of the launch Leading Wind will be settled in the courts, Mr. Vanderbilt having brought suit.

On June 13 at about 4:30 A. M. fire was discovered in the storehouse of the Pavonia Y. C. at Communipaw, and though the firemen saved the club house, the storehouse was burned with four yachts on the beach nearby. They were the open boats H. H. Holmes, Bobolink, Agnes and Maria. The storehouse and its contents involve a loss of about \$2,000, and the yachts were probably worth as much more.

The Harlem Y. C. will sail a special race for cutters and sloops of the 36ft, 30ft. and 25ft. classes on July 6, starting at noon. The course for all classes will be from a starting line off Belden Point, City Island, to Prospect Point, thence to Execution Light and home, passing to the southward of Hart's Island. The races will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Prizes will be awarded in all classes having two or more starters.

Aloha, steam yacht, A. C. James, is now in the Mediterranean, having recently called at Venice and Naples.

Nahma, steam yacht, Mrs. Robert Goelet, was last reported at Venice, from Algiers.

On June 9 the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, sailed a race for the 30ft. class and one for the 25ft. In the former Hiawatha beat Brenda and in the latter Rosemaryn beat Koko.

The Squantum Y. C. will give a Y. R. A. open race

on Saturday, June 30, at 12:50 P. M., off the club house. Prizes will be offered as follows: 25ft. class cabin yachts, \$12, \$8; 21ft. class, \$10, \$5; 21ft. cabin yachts, \$10, \$5; 18ft. class, \$10, \$5; 15ft. class, \$5, \$3. Special open handicap to all yachts measuring 30ft. or less, \$12, \$8, \$5. A yacht to win a prize must defeat a competitor. Yachts not entered for Association races may be entered with A. T. Bliss, 111 Milk street, Boston. Entries to handicap class must be made with A. L. Hill, Atlantic, Mass., before June 25.

The Morrisania Y. C. started its annual regatta on June 17 with a large fleet, but owing to calm weather the attempt was abandoned and the race postponed.

Kiley's Marine Agency, Boston, has issued in pocket from the tide tables for New York and Boston, with other information that is of use to yachtsmen.

We are indebted to the secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, Everett Paine, Esq., for a copy of the club book for 1900, a handsome volume in white canvas.

The handicap committee of the Quincy Y. C., in announcing the handicaps for the season, also announces that championship prizes will be given at the end of the season upon a basis of 100 per cent. to first boat in a race, 60 per cent. to second, and 40 per cent. to third, and 20 per cent. to all boats finishing within the time limit. A boat must defeat a competitor to receive first, second or third place.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—Walter P. Rickey, Trenton, N. J.; Chas. W. Stark, Trenton, N. J.

Central Division—Percy B. Jarvis, Buffalo, N. Y.; Percy C. Thomas, Rome, N. Y.

Eastern Division—Herbert L. Fish, Lakeside B. C.; Frank S. Pierce, Lakeside B. C.; Everell Wood, Tatassit C. C.; Donald Windle, Tatassit C. C.; F. Maynard, Tatassit C. C.

Northern Division—Frank J. Phillips, Toronto.

Rifle Range and Gallery.**The West and the Gun.**

IN the old days, when some of us used to live out in the West, it was a matter of no surprise to anybody to see men carrying a belt and six-shooter. In some localities this was full dress, or at least one did not feel fully equipped without the heavy gun swung to his hip. Some men wore the gun because they wanted to make an impression; some wore it from habit, and a few because they needed it now and then. The gun habit was a very close-sticking one, and any man who ever wore one for a term of a few years found it difficult to balance up right when he began to leave it off.

The old heavy six-shooter was a good deal of a cannon, and there were not very many men who ever learned how to shoot closely with it, though one man could make as big a noise and as big a bluff with it as another. I remember once—as showing how at least a few men did learn to handle the heavy six-shooter of the 8in. barrel and the .45cal.—that one day down in New Mexico some of us were out shooting in the edge of town, among the party being Pat Garrett, sheriff of Lincoln county, the man who killed the notorious desperado Billy the Kid. The mark we were using was a postal card, tacked up perhaps 15yds. away or less. Some one asked Pat to try a round at it, and he did so, putting four shots inside the card without any apparent difficulty. "Now, I'll be a little more careful," said he. "Let's see if I can hit the stamp mark." He took careful sight this time, and sure enough he nearly centered the blurred stamp mark in the corner of the card. But very few men ever gained such skill with the regular .45 ammunition.

The old scene far down in the New Mexican arroyo came up today in memory, as I looked at an object that I saw in the show case of Van Uxem's gun store, the first object of the sort in Chicago, it is said. It was a curious looking thing, that looked as though it had been made with a hatchet, a right-angled looking affair, with a shortish handle attached to a longer metal part. It looked like anything but a revolver, and one needed assurance to believe that it was really a revolver, and a Colt. It was the new automatic Colt, smokeless, rimless, caliber .38. You pull back the top of the barrel, finding that the top is a sort of case, enveloping the barrel proper. This sets the hammer. After that you can pull the trigger as fast as you want to, but the gun will always be just a little ahead of you. It will shoot its seven shots, of the powerful nitro cartridge, as fast as you can bat your eye, if you can bat your front finger that fast. The recoil ejects the empties and loads the gun. You can carry the machine in your trousers pockets, and it is big enough to kill almost any animal that one would meet. It handles well, and best of all it does not kick up like the old black powder .45s. The recoil is taken up by the slip and recession of the barrel case, and it does not get above the line of the sight and throw up the barrel the way the old heavy guns did. It ought to prove a very accurate little weapon, and I believe it would make a pretty practical armament for a trip where a man had to go far and travel light. It looks about as much like Pat Garrett's gun as a piece of pie resembles a Patent Office report. Those Browning boys, out in Ogden, Utah, who get up all these revolutionizing inventions in firearms, are Western men, and they must have an odd reflection now and then that there is no longer any West, no longer any Billy the Kids, no longer much use for guns, big or little. Yet, methinks that one of our old-time bad men would sneak for the high timber should he see a sheriff coming down the street with a couple of these new little Colts annexed to his person. There can be no real personal satisfaction in being shot full of holes so rapidly.

E. Hough.

Rifle at Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—There was a good attendance, with good weather conditions, at Shell Mound Range yesterday. No extra good work was done. Scores:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, D. B. Faktor, 439; first class not filled; second class, William Goetze, 400; third class, Henry Stelling, 403; fourth class, S. Heino, 360; best first shot, R. Stettin, 25; best last shot, F. Hensel, 25.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 228; second champion class, F. Rust, 213; first class, J. F. Bridges, 207; second class, William Goetze, 200; third class, S. Heino, 186; best first shot, F. Rust, 25; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 23.

Competition shoot for cash prizes: John Utschig 72, F. P. Schuster 70, D. B. Faktor 70, F. Brandt 69.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: F. P. Schuster 189, John De Wit 447, H. Huber 529, Otto Lemcke 623, J. Gefken 635, A. Morken 664, William Gottschalk 831, Henry Stelling 948, D. Salfeld 1,037, Fritz Thode 1,054, Henry Hellberg 1,103, Frank Koch 1,146.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal and class shoot: Rifle, Bushnell trophy, D. W. McLaughlin, 227, 220, 218, 223; F. E. Mason, 226, 219, 224, 223, 223. Gold medal, F. E. Mason, 218; A. B. Dorrell, 214, 216, 228. Silver medal, J. F. Bridges, 191, 202, 173; Ben Jonas, 163, 168, 194; A. H. Kennedy, 164. First class, trophy, C. M. Henderson, 226. Second class, trophy, J. Kullman, 194, 205.

Pistol, 50yds., all comers, medal: J. E. Gorman, 93; M. J. White, 92. Silver medal, J. F. Bridges, 70. Revolver trophy, J. E. Gorman, 92, 86.

ROEEL.

Revolver Cable Match.

CONCERNING the international revolver matches the Sun of June 19 publishes the following:

The American team finished shooting in the cable revolver match at Armbruster's Schuetzen Park yesterday afternoon. A. L. A. Himmelwright began at the short range at 1:45 o'clock. He scored only 223 out of the possible 300. Lieut. R. H. Sayre and J. A. Dietz, Jr., began firing at the 50yd. range. Sayre finished with a score of 251. Dietz started with 50 and followed with 51. In his third string he made 2 bullseyes. His third bullet just grazed the line, but the French umpire, A. Célisse, allowed a 10 for the shot. Dietz followed this with 2 more bullseyes. He scored 8 on his last shot, making a total of 58. Dietz will get the prize for the best target, but he fell off in his last two strings, and Wilder's score of 263 gives to the latter the prize for the best total at the American range by 3 points.

The grand total made by the American team is 4,889, and as the Frenchmen compiled 2,441 at the 50yds., they have to make only 2,449 at their own target to win the match, which it is almost certain they will accomplish. The scores follow:

American Team.	French Target.	American Target.	Total.
J. A. Dietz, Jr.	253	260	523
W. E. Petty	259	252	511
Lieut. R. H. Sayre	253	251	504
B. F. Wilder	239	263	502
G. Waterhouse	253	246	499
L. R. Piercy	244	241	485
Dr. W. G. Hudson	222	250	472
J. B. Crabtree	225	244	469
W. A. Smith	224	240	464
A. L. A. Himmelwright	228	232	460
Totals	2,410	2,479	4,889

The following are the scores made yesterday:

French Target.	American Target.
A. L. A. Himmelwright	41 47 47 50 43—228
J. A. Dietz, Jr.	50 51 58 51 50—260
Lieut. R. H. Sayre	52 48 46 54 51—251
L. R. Piercy	45 46 54 51 45—241
A. L. A. Himmelwright	47 47 45 51 42—232

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot of the above-named club took place June 10. The conditions were 200yds., off-hand, at standard target:

Gindele	8 8 9 9 8 7 10 9 8 10—86
Roberts	9 8 10 8 8 10 8 6 8 7—82
Weinheimer	6 9 8 8 7 8 7 9 9 10—81
Topf	8 10 10 6 9 8 9 6 8 7—81
Ginter	8 5 8 9 6 9 8 8 8 10—80
Payne	8 5 8 8 6 7 9 10 10 8—79
Uckotter	6 7 7 5 10 5 9 10 8 10—76
Hasenzahl	6 7 7 5 10 5 9 10 8 10—76
Drube	6 7 7 5 10 5 9 10 8 10—76
Bruns	6 7 7 5 10 5 9 10 8 10—76
Trounstone	6 7 7 5 10 5 9 10 8 10—76

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send to notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

July 11-12.—Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

June 20.—Pottstown, Pa.—Fifth annual tournament of the Shuler Gun Club, and team contest for silver trophy. W. S. Royer, Sec'y.

June 20-21.—Norwich, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Norwich Gun Club. S. E. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

June 21-22.—Fairmont, Minn.—First annual amateur target tournament of the Fairmont Gun Club.

June 23-24.—Glenwood Springs, Colo.—First annual bluerock tournament of the Western Slope Gun Club. U. S. Devor, Sec'y.

June 26.—Pawling, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Pawling Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Toledo, O.—Midsummer tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. A. Gillespie, Sec'y.

July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. L. O. Converse, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Powder Co.'s tournament. N. P. Leach, Mgr.

July 10-11.—Fremont, O.—First annual tournament of the Fremont Gun Club. B. M. Inman, Sec'y.

July 10-12.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Delaware, O.—Delaware Gun Club's tournament. H. D. Leas, Sec'y.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

June 21.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Championship of Long Island. Third contest of the series of three, under auspices of the Med. us Rod and Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Kemble, Sec'y, 905 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

July 4.—Interstate Park.—All-day shoot of the Medicus Gun Club; third two-men team shoot for trophy; dancing in evening.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. S. G. Miller, acting secretary of the Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., under date of June 14, writes us as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Haverhill Gun Club on June 12 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. A. Griggs; Vice-President, Chas. A. Sprague; Treasurer, N. C. Tozier; Captain, S. G. Miller; Financial Secretary, C. A. Griggs; Executive Committee, C. A. Griggs, E. J. George, N. C. Tozier and S. G. Miller. The club has had a very prosperous year, has gained largely in membership, and has quite a neat little sum on the right side of the ledger. On Thursday of last week our Legislature passed the bill shortening the open season on all game to the months of October and November, and prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock for three years. (Give us time and we will all be on the FOREST AND STREAM plank.) The Massachusetts Central Committee had anything but a pleasant road to travel in getting this bill through, but they were equal to the task. Chairman Kenney and every member of the committee deserve and no doubt will have the indorsement and thanks of every sportsman in the Old Bay State. Our club will hold an all-day shoot Wednesday, July 4, to which all shooters are cordially invited. A lunch will be served free of charge."

Messrs. Bittner & Jaeger, of 234 Broadway, New York, offer to shooters an improvement in the triggers of shotguns, which they claim solves all the problems of the mechanism of the single trigger, with the further advantage of the double triggers as the shooter may desire. When the gun is cocked, the shooter may pull the right trigger, the first pull discharging the right barrel, the second pull discharging the left. If the trigger of the left barrel is pulled first, the left barrel is discharged and a second pull discharges the right. In short, either the right or left trigger acts as a single trigger, as the shooter may please, or the double triggers may be used independently of the single trigger mechanism if the shooters so please, and all without any readjustment of any kind. The inventors and owners claim that the working of the new trigger action is faultless, and that it is a mechanical impossibility for the barrels to discharge simultaneously through any fault of it. They set forth more concerning it in our business columns.

The third competition for the Medicus cup, a two-men team race at 100 targets per man, open to members of any club, will take place at Interstate Park on July 4. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. There are twelve events on the programme, and ten prizes, of which the first is a silver-mounted carving set. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. Lunch served at 1 P. M. and dinner at 7:30. Dancing at 9 o'clock. Train service from Long Island City: 8:02, 9:06, 9:32, 11:10 A. M.; 12:30, 2:00, 3:40, 4:40, 8:12, 10:12 P. M. Running time 36 minutes. Boat time, Thirty-fourth street, New York: 10 minutes earlier. From Flatbush avenue: 7:55, 8:54, 9:25, 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 3:22, 4:27, 8:07, 10:07 P. M. Returning, leave Interstate Park Station 10:20 A. M.; 12:16, 1:56, 3:26, 5:10, 5:50, 7:06, 8:58, 10:56 P. M. Kings County L and trolley extension direct to the grounds.

Tom Keller, the irrepressible and inimitable, cast envious eyes on the lovely oyster shell badges of the Baltimore squad, for they were more beautiful than the lily, gilded on the back and of pearly luster inside. In mellow, flutelike tones and sunny smile, Tom asked each in turn for the clamlet, but they firmly yet kindly said him nay. However, after some conference they reported to him that they would present a shell to him, and he, alive to the prospect of fun, readily consented. Mr. Fred Quimby made the presentation speech; then from concealment he produced the shell of a lobster, emblematic of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Lobsters, much to the edification of the recipient and the great amusement of the assembled shooters; and having so whiled pleasantly away several minutes, its purpose was accomplished. No shoot can be dull for a moment at which T. K. is present.

Under date of June 13 Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, writes us as follows: "I am this morning advised of the lodging of a challenge by Mr. Herbert S. Blake, vice-president and general manager of the Racine Knitting Co., Racine, Wis. This challenge invites Mr. J. B. Barto, present holder, to a contest in defense of his title to the Dupont smokeless powder championship trophy. I am informed that the contest will be at 100 birds per man, will take place on June 21, 2 P. M., and by agreement upon the grounds of the Sheridan Gun Club, near Ravenswood, Ill. Mr. John Watson, of this city, will be requested by Messrs. E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co. to referee this match."

On the evening of June 14 at Interstate Park at dinner, where quite a large party was gathered, the conversation turned to the war in South Africa, and Capt. Money referred to the perils in the thick of which the Shropshire Yeomanry were recently pressing forward. In this regiment is Capt. Money's son, Noel, well and favorably known to all American trapshooters. A toast was made to him, and a cable message expressing friendly esteem was prepared to be sent to him, signed by Capt. Money and Messrs. Wadsworth, Heikes, Hobart, Thomas, Sanders, Waters, Pride, Norton, Marlin, Packard, Dressel, George and Will K. Park.

After the handicap was finished last week at Interstate Park, Mr. J. L. Brewer made a wager that he could break 70 or better, shooting at 100 targets, standing at 30yds., use of both barrels. He scored as follows in the four 25s: 16, 15, 19, 21, a total of 71. This and the handicaps clearly demonstrated that the talk of handicapping the gun if the shooter is placed back of 18yds. is based on a wrong assumption. The targets were smashed with a thoroughness which indicated that when a miss was scored it was due to the error of the shooter.

The host of friends of the veteran journalist, Mr. Jacob Pentz, will be deeply grieved on learning of his severe and dangerous illness. A telegram from him to Mr. Edward Banks during the handicap last week at Interstate Park was of an alarming nature as to his chances of recovery, but we are gratified to learn that more recent advices are hopeful of his recovery. There were many earnest inquiries concerning him at the great handicap, and many expressions of regret and sympathy also, with good wishes for his speedy recovery, in which we join.

After the presentation of the G. A. H. trophy to Mr. R. O. Heikes, the winner, Capt. Money, in the courtly and gracious manner for which he is noted, made a few remarks, calling attention to the fact that when he was a boy he had learned a great deal of the shooting art from Rolla, though he confessed to sixty years; and though Rolla still looked the younger of the two to-day and bore his years well, he assured him personally that he was still the "Daddy of them all."

The tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., June 26, should be kept in mind. There are fifteen events, with a total entrance of \$21, and a total programme of 300 targets. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Class shooting, except in event 13, at 100 targets, which is high guns, 60 and 40 per cent. Lunch on the grounds. Stages to and from the grounds. Special rates at the Dutcher House. Sergeant system. Interstate rules. G. S. Williams is secretary.

We are informed by Mr. W. A. Leach, president of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, in respect to the changes of dates as follows: The tenth annual shooting tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, Fort Smith, Ark., July 10, 11, 12 and 13. Three days at targets; \$300 added; Rose system; one day optional live birds. Programmes will be out June 15. It is confidently expected that all records as to attendance will be broken at this tournament.

The Rose system, which governed the division of the moneys at the Grand American Handicap at targets last week, demonstrated that the competitors who shot best won the most money, and that the amount of winnings was reasonably large as winnings go in latter-day competition.

The Americus Gun Club did not hold the Ruby badge contest last Saturday, the few members present agreeing that it would be better to cast their fortunes with the New Utrecht Gun Club and hold weekly shoots for the trophy aforementioned.

The comments in the report of the Boston Gun Club's shoot, published in our columns this week, contain some timely and wise remarks in the matter of handicaps by distance at targets. They are well worth reading and heeding by all clubs which desire to observe a proper equity in the competition to experts, semi-experts and novice-experts.

The Baltimore contingent was distinguished by an oyster shell as a badge, which was worn by each member with becoming dignity. On the inside of the shell in neat lettering was the name of the wearer. The Baltimore oyster has a beautifully gilded back, if the shells worn are true samples.

Messrs. Wheeler and Morfe shot a match at 100 targets on Friday of last week at Interstate Park, each standing at 30yds., use of both barrels. The scores were: Morfe 66, Wheeler 59.

BERNARD WATERS.

Soo Gun Club.

STOUC CITY, Ia., June 15.—I herein append the scores made at the sixth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club, June 12, 13 and 14.

The shoot was very successful in every way, and the visitors expressed themselves as very much pleased with the smooth and rapid way the events were pulled off over the two magautraps and one set of expert traps, Sergeant system.

Including specials and practice, 40,000 targets were thrown during the three days.

June 12, First Day.

The first honors of the sixth annual tournament rested between Messrs. H. J. Steege and J. P. White, who tied on 163 out of 180 targets shot at, though there were some who thought the former's performance rather the better, since he had made a run of 76 straight, though this, as a matter of fact, had no relation to the average and therefore was quite another matter. There were about eighty shooters in the events of the day. The management of the shoot was skillful and satisfactory. The programme of twelve target events was finished early in the afternoon. Mr. F. S. Parmelee made the high average of the day, 169. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	
Aney	13	10	15	10	11	15	12	11	11	9	11	13	149	
Patch	10	11	10	8	12	12	10	11	10	12	10	14	131	
Hughes	11	12	14	13	13	15	14	14	15	11	14	13	159	
Power	12	12	14	13	13	14	15	14	13	13	9	15	157	
Baldwin	11	5	12	9	6	15	10	11	13	11	9	14	127	
Boyd	12	12	13	14	12	13	12	14	15	14	12	15	158	
Hunter	11	13	13	11	13	13	14	15	13	13	14	14	156	
Hawman	12	11	14	11	11	11	15	12	14	14	13	10	147	
Gray	10	7	13	9	14	14	14	15	15	14	12	13	150	
Duncan	14	13	14	13	11	14	13	13	13	15	12	12	157	
Bailey	11	10	11	14	8	13	13	14	15	11	10	14	144	
Illian	11	11	14	13	12	12	12	12	13	11	10	12	145	
Schwartz	12	13	14	12	11	10	14	12	12	12	12	13	146	
McDowell	11	8	13	14	15	14	12	11	14	12	14	14	152	
Peck	12	9	13	10	11	12	12	8	10	12	12	15	137	
Johnson	13	8	15	11	13	14	15	14	15	12	15	15	160	
Kline	15	11	13	12	14	15	15	13	12	14	11	14	159	
Burnside	11	13	10	11	9	14	13	14	10	14	10	13	144	
Parmelee	12	15	15	13	13	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	169	
Linell	11	14	14	13	12	15	12	14	12	12	12	15	156	
Slocum	15	10	15	12	9	15	13	13	13	13	12	15	152	
Doid	12	8	14	11	10	12	11	10	13	11	14	13	138	
Terry	9	9	15	9	12	15	12	14	14	12	
Brunina	10	11	9	12	11	11	15	13	12	10	8	12	129	
Ricke	12	12	13	11	9	11	10	9	12	10	10	13	132	
Meyer	13	9	13	11	11	13	10	10	14	13	12	14	143	
Otten	11	7	12	9	9	11	12	11	14	10	12	15	133	
Trotter	15	13	15	12	11	13	14	12	12	12	12	14	155	
Kortright	12	8	13	14	14	11	13	11	14	14	12	13	149	
Ellis	14	13	13	15	13	13	13	10	12	14	13	13	155	
Baer	11	8	7	9	4	7	9	7	12	8	8	...	92	
Parkins	12	8	9	11	8	12	11	12	11	14	11	11	130	
Moss	15	12	11	12	10	9	13	8	12	
Stewart	11	9	14	9	9	13	9	11	12	12	13	13	132	
Lindsay	13	12	14	15	10	13	13	11	12	14	12	15	154	
White	15	15	15	13	13	14	14	13	15	13	13	15	168	
Redfern	11	11	14	11	13	12	15	13	12	
Blasdale	12	14	12	11	11	15	12	10	13	13	11	13	147	
Peterson	12	14	15	11	12	9	11	14	9	9	11	14	141	
Darton	12	11	11	13	14	12	13	10	15	10	12	14	147	
Miller	14	13	13	10	11	13	12	13	14	14	10	13	150	
Rust	15	14	14	13	12	15	15	13	13	9	11	14	158	
Smith	9	11	14	12	13	13	11	12	14	9	11	13	142	
Betsworth	11	11	13	13	11	12	9	7	10	
Durkee	12	7	13	10	13	7	10	7	15	12	8	11	127	
Linderman	15	10	11	15	15	13	15	13	14	13	12	15	161	
Townsend	14	13	14	11	14	13	12	9	15	12	12	14	153	
Steege	14	11	13	15	12	15	15	15	15	14	14	15	168	
Stark	14	12	15	12	13	15	13	10	13	14	14	14	159	
Morrill	12	7	14	
Gottsch	12	10	11	14	10	11	10	13	14	12	8	15	142	
Schemmer	10	10	10	10	13	13	12	10	
Ballard	12	11	14	12	12	10	11	12	
Huss	11	12	12	11	12	12	14	11	15	13	12	10	145	
Schneekloth	11	13	13	10	11	14	10	12	15	11	9	14	143	
Thurston	14	9	13	12	13	12	12	13	13	14	11	15	151	
Riedesel	15	10	9	10	11	12	13	13	9	12	11	14	139	
G E T	11	12	12	13	14	11	11	13	14	11	14	14	153	
Brott	14	12	12	14	11	
Agard	13	9	12	10	11	9	11	6	13	13	10	13	130	
L Mikkelsen	10	8	13	
B Mikkelsen	10	6	13	
Sandy	14	13	15	15	13	12	12	14	11	11	14	13	155	
Oliver	8	6	14	12	8	12	12	9	11	9	10	14	123	
Calex	12	14	14	12	11	14	10	9	14	12	11	15	146	
Elliott	12	10	13	12	11	12	10	9	12	
Andrews	11	14	15	13	13	13	12	14	9	14	14	15	158	
Koon	14	11	13	14	10	14	14	12	11	15	9	13	150	
Lane	10	10	13	12	13	12	13	14	14	12	13	12	148	
Knobb	7	7	12	11	5	14	9	10	11	9	11	14	120	
Gorman	11	12	14	12	13	12	9	11	14	...
Wold	9	7	
Bishop	8	...	11	11	13	...	
Hogan	11	10	...	12	9	14	...
H Boyd	13	
Keefe	14	...	14	
Hoberg	10	10	11	10	

Grand American Handicap at Targets.

The Interstate Association presented a programme to the shooters of America at its tournament held at Interstate Park, L. I., on June 12, 13, 14 and 15, which contained several important and radical departures from the conventional idea of how a tournament should be devised and conducted. At the outset it is but fair to state that no better programme was ever offered to the shooters of America if we consider the amount of the moneys offered, the fairness of the conditions governing all the events, and the recognition of a competition in every event from start to finish.

Everything in the programme was simple and direct. There were no involved "systems" which in theory seemed to offer premiums on poor performance, yet in practice were found to be a source of bitterness and disappointment. There were events offered in which shooters of fair skill could win more than their entrance, and those of moderately good skill could not lose much, if anything. The events, other than the handicaps, were at 15 and 20 targets, and as to the amount of entrance they were based on 10 cents per target. The manufacturers' agents were barred from contesting for the money in these events, though they were allowed to shoot in them for targets only. These events were long enough to determine who had won and who had lost, in respect to a reasonable number of winners and losers. Longer races than these are to the advantage of the expert, as, for instance, the shooter scoring 17 out of 20 was in the money, but if the race was at 100 targets, and he missed in the same ratio—that is, 15 targets out of 100—he would not be in the money.

The purses in the regular events—that is, the events which were not handicaps—were divided according to the Rose system—four moneys in the ratio of 8, 5, 3 and 2.

This gave an invariably equitable division, and while never abandoning the theory of a competition, always rewarded the most successful performers better than the others. There thus was no one suspected of dropping for place, since there was nothing in the system which offered a premium on it. A shooter could not drop for place, because there was no such place. A system which offers inducements to a competitor to drop for place is in itself radically defective. As a result of the system, and the sensible adjustment of the ratios, a number of shooters won a reasonable amount of money. Superior skill in every instance was rewarded. There were none of the absurdities of class shooting wherein the most skillful might be rewarded with pennies, while the least skillful was rewarded with dollars.

The targets were thrown at 2 cents each.

The handicaps which were made were something novel in the broader grasp and better understanding by the management of what constituted handicaps. There was also some novelty in the management having the firmness and courage to inaugurate handicaps which were real handicaps. By it this tournament demonstrated beyond question that the distance handicaps at targets, which obtained heretofore, were no handicaps at all to the experts. It also demonstrated that at the extreme limits imposed the gun was not handicapped, as targets were smashed as thoroughly at the longer distances as at the shorter. It furthermore demonstrated that the man whose skill is mediocre at 16yds. is not benefited by being placed 2yds. nearer. If he is a poor shot at 16yds., he is but little if any better a shot at 14yds. In other words, it demonstrated that the shooter must have a certain degree of skill before he can receive a benefit from any handicap. The handicap makes an equity only in the limited conditions; it does not confer any added skill on the shooter.

Making the handicaps from 14yds. to 25yds., 7yds. greater than the usual maximum 18yd. tournament handicap, when there was any handicap at all, was a distinct innovation. There were many murmurings of contestants after the handicaps were announced, but before they were shot. Afterward there were many words of praise from even those who murmured. The handicaps were a distinct success.

Considering that the programme appealed chiefly to the so-called amateurs, a misnomer as commonly used to designate one who is not an expert shot, the attendance was quite as large as could be expected. A majority of the contestants shot through the entire programme, as will be noted on reference to the scores.

Those who shot for targets only were Messrs. J. R. Malone, of Baltimore; R. O. Heikes, of U. M. C. Co. and E. C. Powder Co.; W. R. Crosby, of E. C. Powder and Baker Gun; B. Leroy Woodard, of Dupont and U. M. C. companies; J. S. Fanning, of Lafin & Rand; Capt. A. W. Money and Ed Banks, of E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.; J. J. Hallowell and "U. M. C." Thomas, of U. M. C. Co.; C. M. Lincoln, of Interstate Park; B. H. Norton, of Hazard Powder; H. Marlin and Geo. E. Bartlett, of Marlin Arms Co.; W. L. Colville, of Dupont Co.; E. D. Fulford, of Remington Gun and Fulford traps; T. H. Keller, of Peters Cartridge and King Smokeless Powder Co.; W. Parker, of Parker Brothers; Col. A. G. Courtney, of Remington Arms Co.; W. K. Park, of Sporting Life; Dr. A. A. Webber, of Brooklyn; O. R. Dickey, of Parker Brothers, and F. Quimby, N. P. Leach, E. W. White and C. Young, of the Robin Hood Powder Co.; C. E. Roberts and J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and Ed Taylor, of Lafin & Rand.

The shoot ran from start to finish without a hitch. Every part came in prompt sequence. The organization as to departments and details was complete. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was manager, and he superintended the tournament with the skill and competency for which he is noted. The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. A. H. Meyerhoff, assisted by Mr. J. K. Storr. Mr. J. D. Regan was compiler of scores, a position which he was well fitted for by reason of experience and ability in a similar office at the G. A. H., and he was ably assisted by Mr. H. H. Stevens.

The referees and scorers were as follows: At No. 1 set of traps, Mr. H. P. Fessenden referee, Johnnie Fleming scorer, H. L. Merrifield messenger. At No. 2, Chas. E. Mink referee, W. H. Purcell scorer, Mr. A. Lavigne messenger. At No. 3, Mr. Philip O'Brien referee, Mr. Wm. Everhard scorer, Wm. Cox messenger. At No. 4, Mr. H. A. Kerr referee, Mr. W. M. S. Dobson scorer, Mr. Fred Keating messenger. Mr. F. C. Snyder was squad holder for Nos. 1 and 2. Mr. Charles North for Nos. 3 and 4. Mr. John Wright, of Pittsburg, was blackboard man, and the neat lettering of the names on the board was pleasing to gaze upon and quite as plain as printed copy.

The handicap committee as originally formed had for its members Messrs. Jacob Pentz, E. E. Shaner, W. R. Hobart, W. K. Park and B. Waters, but serious illness confined Mr. Pentz to his bed, much to the regret of the other members of the committee, who deeply sympathized with him in his illness and regretted that the tournament was deprived of his valuable assistance as a handicapper.

The tournament in its financial bearings was closed up with marvelous promptness. Within ten minutes after the last gun was fired the assistants were all paid off, and the winners also were all paid, excepting one or two, who were not within reach.

First Day, June 12.

The weather conditions were perfect. The day was of the bright, summer kind, with hardly a breeze stirring. Heikes was high man in the averages for the day's programme with a percentage of .954. The shooting progressed without a hitch from start to finish. There were ten events on the programme, alternately 15 and 20; \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The scores and averages follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Leader	9	16	11	17	14	17	13	17	13	17	144	.823
Lupus	10	17	13	18	14	19	13	20	12	17	144	.823
Malone	11	18	13	18	11	17	13	16	15	18	150	.857
Storr	14	18	12	15	13	20	12	15	14	19	152	.867
Hood	11	18	9	19	12	16	10	17	12	15	139	.794
Rike	15	19	14	17	13	19	15	18	15	20	165	.942
Heikes	14	18	15	20	12	19	14	20	15	20	167	.954
Crosby	15	19	14	17	13	18	13	19	14	19	161	.922
Leroy	14	17	14	17	14	19	12	19	15	18	159	.909
Fanning	14	19	12	20	14	20	14	19	14	20	166	.943
Hoffman	12	19	12	16	15	20	15	16	13	15	153	.874
Money	12	17	12	17	11	19	12	14	11	9	134	.766
Remsen	12	17	10	16	14	17	12	14	13	19	144	.822
Hooey	9	13	7	10	14	15	12	15	12	16	123	.703
Hallowell	13	13	10	15	10	16	12	11	10	11	121	.691
Tar Heel	14	17	12	17	12	18	14	20	12	18	154	.880
Lincoln	11	15	9	15	7	14	11	13	10	14	119	.680
Norton	6	8	5	7	9	10	8	12	10	11	86	.491
Willey	13	14	12	16	14	17	14	13	13	13	139	.794
Marlin	12	16	9	14	11	11	12	10	11	11	117	.699
Cartledge	14	18	13	19	9	18	12	16	11	18	148	.847
Trego	13	15	11	14	11	16	14	13	17	17	137	.782
Dade	10	18	12	18	15	17	11	19	14	10	144	.822
H C Allen	15	17	8	14	13	12	16	11	16	13	135	.771
Snow	11	16	14	15	14	17	14	17	14	16	150	.857
Allison	11	20	12	14	19	13	19	13	16	14	149	.851
Wheeler	11	20	12	14	19	13	19	13	16	14	149	.851
Robinson	11	20	12	14	19	13	19	13	16	14	149	.851
Bartlett	8	11	9	16	8	17	12	14	7	10	112	.645
Swiveller	12	13	10	13	17	12	17	11	11	11	132	.755
Puck	13	12	11	17	14	18	13	12	18	18	141	.804
Van Allen	13	17	12	15	20	12	19	12	18	18	155	.886
Dudley	13	12	14	19	13	16	12	13	18	18	146	.834

I Tallman	14	19	12	18	14	20	14	19	14	19	163	.931
Fulford	14	17	13	17	9	20	13	18	13	17	151	.862
Redwing	13	20	14	17	15	19	12	16	14	18	158	.902
Mingo	11	12	13	15	10	20	11	18	11	18	139	.794
Kelsey	14	20	12	19	14	19	11	16	13	17	155	.886
R C Hopkins	11	17	12	9	11	17	13	17	10	14	131	.748
333	10	16	12	9	9	14	12	14
Mack	11	15	12	17	11	15	11	17	13	20	142	.811
Deremo	12	14	14	18	13	17	14	17	14	17	150	.857
Dailey	13	18	14	13	13	18	14	17	14	16	150	.857
Morris	12	20	14	19	15	16	10	17	11	16	150	.857
Morgan	10	13	12	12	7	15	12	11
Pumpelly	14	19	12	15	13	19	12	19	11	17	151	.862
Simpson	14	17	14	16	12	20	13	17	13	18	154	.880
Clark	12	16	10	17	11	16	8	17	9	19	135	.771
Henderson	11	19	14	19	15	16	13	19	12	19	157	.897
Dr Bill	12	15	12	17	14	13	15	16	12	18	149	.852
Pierce	13	20	15	18	13	19	12	17	14	19	160	.914
Dupont	12	16	13	16	14	17	14	17	14	19	152	.867
Keller	12	16	13	18	12	14	13	12	12	18	140	.800
J B Hopkins	10	17	9	13	12	16	12	12	12	19	137	.726
Griffith	15	20	15	18	14	15	11	16	12	20	156	.891
Bain	11	13	14	18	13	14	13	12	13	15	136	.772
Getchell	11	17	15	16	11	15	11	17	10	20	143	.817
Feigenspan	13	20	13	17	14	17	15	16	13	19	157	.897
W Hopkins	3	14	8	14	12	16	6	15	11	14	119	.680
Jordan	12	15	11	12	8	13	12	17	14	18	137	.788
Minnick	9	16	11	17	14	14	14	9	9	13	126	.726
Parker	9	16	15	18	13	20	13	18	14	17	153	.874
Courtney	11	19	15	14	12	20	10	14	11	17	143	.817
Sporting Life	14	17	9	16	9	17	12	14	9	17	134	.766
Webber	13	18	11	13	12	18	13	20	12	18	153	.874
Mott	12	17	13	17	12	17	13	15
Coates	9	15	10	14	9	14
Apgar	15	17	10	16	11	17	9	15
Bristol	10	13	12	..	9	15	13	13
J B Robinson	9	18	13	..	9	13	12	17
Gardner	12	17	12	16	13	16	9	14	12	15	136	.772
Dickey	14	19	11	17	13	17	11	14	13	18	147	.840
Paddleford	12	15	10	17	11	14
I M Quimby	14	9	11	15
Pearson	9	13	13	15
Wells	8
Bissett	11	19	10	12	15	18
Banks	20	13	19	12	18
Saunders	11	13	9	14
Cook	10	12	14	15
Densel	12	15	12	18
F Quimby	11	14

Second Day, June 13.

The weather was hot and clear, with a stiff breeze blowing in the faces of the shooters, carrying the gases and residue into their faces annoyingly. The programme was finished by midday, though the start was not made till about 10 o'clock, and an hour's intermission was taken before the handicap was started. There were five events in the forenoon, three at 15 and two at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The scores as a whole were quite good, considering that the shoot is amateur in purpose and practice. The programme of the forenoon had a total of 65 targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15		
Leader	12	19	13	17	14	75	.882
Lupus	14	20	8	17	13	72	.847
Malone	15	17	10	18	10	70	.813
Storr	13	18	13	14	14	72	.847
Hood	10	13	8	16	11	58	.682
Rike	14	20	13	20	14	81	.952
Heikes	13	20	15	19	14	81	.952
Crosby	13	20	14	19	15	81	.952
Leroy	13	19	13	19	14	78	.917
Fanning	13	19	15	18	14	79	.929
Hoffman	8	19	12	16	13	68	.800
Money	11	18	12	17	14	72	.847
Remsen	13	17	12	14	14	70	.813
Morgan	5	7	6	10	9	37	.435
Hallowell	8	13	7	11	12	51	.600
Courtney	12	17	11	16	15	71	.835
Keller	13	16	13	17	11	70	.813
Parker	14	18	17	19	12	74	.876
Swiveller	11	18	10	17	16	67	.788
Webber	13	17	14	18	14	76	.894
Cartledge	10	15	10	15	12	62	.729
Trego	11	16	12	16	13	68	.

W Hopkins	11	16	14	17	15	71	.835
Lincoln	12	8	11	14	12	57	.670
J M	13	14	12	18	14	71	.835
Morley	10						
Webber	15	14	17	15			
W Parker	14	18	12				
Puck	13	19	14				
Cornell	11	15	11				
Banks	14	19	15				

The Grand American Handicap at Targets.

Event No. 6 was the Grand American Handicap at targets, and was open to all. The conditions were 100 bluerocks, unknown angles; \$10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns; \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the total purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money the winner received a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association. Regular entries were made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., June 13. Penalty entries were made after June 13, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$12 entrance, targets included.

There was a great deal of interest manifested in this event, as it was the main contest of the meeting, and also because the handicaps were rearranged.

The veteran of many contests, Mr. R. O. Heikes, won on the very meritorious performance of 91, his scores in 25s being 21, 24, 22, 21. Willey loomed up as a dangerous competitor. He broke his third 25 straight, and was but 1 target behind Heikes at the end of the 75th round, but he found the fourth set of traps too difficult, losing 6 out of his fourth 25. Robin Hood (Charles Young) started with 25 straight, and 22 of his second 25, but he lost 6 out of his third 25, and this left him a chance to tie the leader if he broke all of his last 25, but he lost 3, and finished with 88, a very good score indeed. In fact, there were several scores which were close up, and during the second and third 25s it seemed as if a higher score than 71 would be made.

The handicap was hardly finished when a violent thunder storm set in and continued so long that the shoot-off of the ties was postponed till the next morning. The ties on 88 resulted as follows: Willey 21, Henderson 20, Robin Hood 17. Landis did not shoot.

Ties on 87: Allison 19, Piercy 17.
Ties on 86: Remsen 21, Lupus 19, Fox 19, Mack 18, Allen 16, Kelsey 12. Second ties on 86: Fox 19, Lupus 16.

Ties on 85: Malone 21, Courtney 16. Sinnock did not shoot off the tie.

There were seventy-four entries, so that the moneys were divided according to the programme, as follows: Seventy-one to eighty entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

The trophy was presented to Mr. R. O. Heikes by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner on the piazza of the Casino, with the great assemblage of shooters all present. He reviewed the growth of the Interstate tournaments from the commencement to the present day, the honor which a win at the great events signified, the pleasure all felt at the trophy being won so worthily, and passed him the trophy amid the tumultuous applause of the assemblage.

Mr. Royal Robinson made some remarks in behalf of the shooters who had not won, expressing the pleasure that they felt at Mr. Heikes' success, whom they esteemed for his qualities as a man besides his qualities as a shooter. The first prize in addition to the trophy amounted to \$130.25. The scores:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	Total	1st	2d
Landis, 18.....	25	25	25	25	88		
Cartledge, 16.....	21	20	23	24	88		
Trego, 17.....	19	15	19	18	71		
Dade, 18.....	20	19	23	22	84		
H C Allen, 16.....	20	21	18	18	77		
Rike, 20.....	20	20	22	24	86	16	
Heikes, 22.....	24	18	18	15	75		
Crosby, 22.....	24	24	22	21	91		
Leroy, 22.....	21	20	22	21	84		
Fanning, 23.....	21	20	18	21	80		
Piercy, 18.....	16	21	23	20	80		
Money, 17.....	20	21	22	24	87	17	
Remsen, 18.....	11	18	21	16	66		
J M George, 16.....	21	20	23	22	86	21	
Hallowell, 18.....	18	9	w				
Feigenspan, 20.....	13	18	17	14	62		
Hoffman, 18.....	21	17	23	22	83		
Fulford, 22.....	20	17	20	19	76		
Apgar, 18.....	21	17	22	21	83		
Wheel, 18.....	22	17	18	19	76		
A H Fox, 19.....	23	21	22	20	86	19	19
Lupus, 18.....	23	20	22	21	86	19	18
Malone, 20.....	22	20	21	22	85	21	
Storr, 20.....	20	22	23	19	84		
Hood, 18.....	23	23	20	23	89		
Kelsey, 19.....	22	21	23	20	86	12	
R C Hopkins, 18.....	19	18	17	19	73		
Mingo, 16.....	17	18	23	19	77		
Red Wing, 18.....	20	17	19	23	79		
Snow, 20.....	21	22	20	21	84		
Tar Heel, 21.....	24	19	17	15	75		
Harris, 14.....	20	20	15	21	76		
Robin Hood, 20.....	25	22	19	22	88	17	
White, 19.....	22	19	22	21	84		
Minnick, 14.....	19	18	14	18	69		
Willey, 16.....	20	24	25	19	88	21	
R Robinson, 16.....	17	15	18	16	66		
Pierce, 20.....	20	21	20	20	81		
Clark, 17.....	20	17	17	16	70		
Allison, 16.....	20	21	22	24	87	19	
Simpson, 17.....	21	21	19	18	79		
Deremo, 16.....	25	14	21	w			
E C Meyer, 16.....	22	19	23	18	82		
Henderson, 17.....	24	21	21	22	88	20	
Howe, 17.....	17	11	18	20	72		
Jordan, 16.....	19	20	14	17	70		
Tallman, 19.....	22	18	21	22	83		
Courtney, 18.....	21	20	21	23	85	16	
Griffith, 20.....	22	19	18	22	81		
Swiveller, 16.....	16	17	18	w			
Morris, 16.....	21	21	21	20	83		
Dalley, 18.....	19	20	22	20	81		
Mack, 16.....	21	21	21	23	86	18	
Van Allen, 19.....	21	16	18	23	78		
J B Hopkins, 16.....	19	19	22	21	81		
Thomas, 14.....	16	15	w				
Egbert, 16.....	20	18	16	15	69		
Sinnock, 18.....	20	20	23	22	85		
Dr Bill, 20.....	17	19	20	22	78		
Dickey, 19.....	21	19	22	20	82		
Lincoln, 14.....	13	7	16	w			
Morley, 20.....	18	23	15	20	76		
Webber, 17.....	19	20	17	22	78		
Puck, 16.....	20	15	18	19	72		
W Parker, 18.....	23	20	21	20	84		
Cornell, 16.....	21	19	20	21	81		
Banks, 20.....	21	20	21	20	82		
Elliott, 23.....	22	15	18	13	73		
Baxter, 20.....	18	19	22	20	79		
Brigham, 16.....	23	16	19	21	79		
333, 15.....	21	21	19	20	81		
Saunders, 15.....	15	14	15	14	57		
Marlin, 14.....	18	18	18	20	74		
Packard, 14.....	20	17	17	19	73		

Fourth Day, June 15.

The weather was delightfully pleasant, clear, comfortable, and not unfavorable to good scores. The forenoon programme was the same as that of the previous handicap days—three 15-target and two 20-target events. In these events Heikes averaged .967, breaking 82 out of the 85 targets shot at.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15		
Henderson	13	16	10	16	14	69	.812
Marlin	8	15	12	16	10	61	.718
Dade	12	15	7	16	12	62	.729
H C Allen	12	16	12	13	13	66	.765
Wheeler	11	17	12	19	14	73	.859
Rike	12	15	14	18	9	68	.800
Heikes	14	20	14	20	14	82	.964
Crosby	14	19	13	19	12	77	.905
Leroy	12	17	14	17	14	74	.876
Fanning	15	19	15	19	14	82	.964
A H Fox	13	14	12	18	10	67	.788
Lupus	12	16	14	18	14	67	.788
Malone	15	16	14	18	15	78	.917
Storr	13	18	14	16	12	73	.859
Hood	14	16	16	18	14	76	.894
Kelsey	15	18	14	19	15	81	.952
R C Hopkins	10	8	13	20	10	61	.718

Mingo	15	19	12	19	14	79	.929
Red Wing	14	13	12	19	11	69	.812
Courtney	14	17	11	17	14	73	.859
Snow	14	19	14	19	13	79	.929
Tar Heel	14	16	12	18	14	74	.876
Hoffman	14	14	14	20	14	76	.894
Tallman	13	15	13	15	13	69	.812
Griffith	13	15	12	19	14	73	.859
Dickey	18	15	16	12			
Piercy	11	18	12	17	14	72	.847
Remsen	11	14	12	18	12	67	.788
Money	9	12	13	13	15	69	.829
J B Hopkins	11	14	13	16	13	67	.788
Allison	14	17	14	19	15	79	.929
Howe	14	15	10	16	11	66	.773
Bartlett	12	17	13	13	12	67	.788
Robin Hood	8	18	14	16	10	66	.776
Willey	12	16	12	12	13	65	.753
Getchell	14	13	13	15	12	67	.788
Bain	14	16	14	17	15	76	.894
Apgar	14	14	14	17	14	73	.859
Fulford	14	17	15	19	15	80	.941
Hallowell	12	14	9	16	13	64	.753
Jordan	4	14	8	19	12	57	.670
W Hopkins	6	14	10	17	11	58	.682
G S Mott	12	16	11	20			
Brigham	13	17	14	17	9	70	.813
White	12	18	14	18	11	73	.859
Puck	12	13	11	18	12	66	.776
Dalley	10	13	15	16	9	63	.741
Morris	14	20	14	16	14	78	.917
Meyers	10	12	13	16	9	64	.753
Dupont	14	13	11	19	8	68	.718
Bondy	11	17	13	18	11	70	.813
Mack	12	17	12	19	10	70	.813
Pumpelly	13	16	13	18	13	73	.859
Hart	13	16	13	19	14	75	.882
Hildreth	7	8	9				
Pierce	17	14	17	14			
Packard	11						
Banks	14						
David	12						
Lincoln	9						

The Consolation Handicap.

The consolation handicap had forty-three entries. There was quite a change in the handicaps, Heikes being put back to 23yds.

Conditions, open to all, 100 bluerocks, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns; 100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets had 1yd. added to their handicap. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy, 10 per cent. of the net purse being reserved to purchase same. Regular entries were made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., June 14. Penalty entries were made after June 14, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$10 entrance, targets included.

This event was won by Mr. Ralph Worthington, of Cleveland, O., with the excellent score of 93. The first prize in cash was \$66.35, with a trophy of a value of \$33.50. The whole of the day's programme was finished soon after the middle of the afternoon. The scores follow:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	Total.
G O Henderson, 18.....	25.	25.	25.	25.	73
H G Wheeler, 17.....	16	20	20	17	73
E D Rike, 18.....	24	21	19	21	85
R O Heikes, 23.....	25	22	20	22	89
W R Crosby, 21.....	21	21	19	20	81
Leroy, 20.....	23	19	18	18	78
Fanning, 22.....	22	23	23	21	89
A Fox, 20.....	21	21	19	23	84
D H Lupus, 19.....	15	10	10	w	..
J R Malofe, 21.....	21	21	20	21	83
E H Storr, 18.....	19	20	20	20	79
Hood, 19.....	19	19	20	23	81
F D Kelsey, 20.....	22	19	19	16	76
R C Hopkins, 16.....	18	19	17	21	75
Mingo, 14.....	21	16	15	15	67
Red Wing, 16.....	23	24	20	22	89
F H Snow, 18.....	21	25	23	24	93
Courtney, 19.....	21	19	20	22	82
H C Bridges, 20.....	18	16	17	20	71
J W Hoffman, 17.....	22	19	21	20	82
I Tallman, 17.....	24	19	21	22	86
E C Griffith, 18.....	20	23	19	22	84
O R Dickey, 17.....	22	20	21	21	84
G Piercy, 19.....	20	21	19	24	84
Capt Money, 16.....	19	21	18	18	76
J B Hopkins, 15.....	16	16	17	18	67
W Allison, 17.....	21	20	21	21	83
J H Willey, 17.....	19	19	17	23	78
H Getchell, 15.....	24	22	23	20	89
H W Bain, 15.....	20	18	19	20	77
E D Fulford, 20.....	19	18	25	23	85
J A Jordan, 14.....	19	21	22	17	79
G S Mott, 16.....	22	21	21	17	81
W Brigham, 15.....	22	15	19	19	75
Puck, 15.....	18	23	17	22	80
Morris, 15.....	19	21	16	22	78
E C Meyers, 16.....	22	21	23	23	89
Mack, 17.....	22	17	22	17	78
B L Pierce, 18.....	22	19	22	21	84
Banks, 19.....	22	20	22	22	86
Lincoln, 16.....	21	21	18	22	82
J A R Elliott, 22.....	16	19	18	17	70
Saunders, 14.....	23	20	20	20	83
	12	17	15	19	63

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Many of the most eminent men this country can boast—philosophers, poets, divines, painters, sculptors and scientific men—have made angling one of their main recreations, and of one of the oldest men that this country ever produced, Henry Jenkins, born at Bolton, in Yorkshire, in the year 1500, it is recorded that he fished much of his time for 140 years and died at the good old age of 169—thus proving the healthfulness of angling to prolong life.—Joseph Wells: *The Temperance Fishing Book.*

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION.

THE attendance at the special summer meeting of the American Forestry Association held in this city on Monday and Tuesday of this week, and the interest manifested in the proceedings, afforded an encouraging evidence of the growth of forestry in public appreciation. The Association deserves a much wider support than has been given to it, and this, we cannot but believe, is due only to want of information about the society and its aims.

The objects of the Association are to promote a more wise and conservative treatment of the forest resources of the continent; the advancement of educational, legislative and other measures to that end, and the diffusion of knowledge regarding the conservation, care and renewal of forests, the proper utilization of forest products, and the methods of restoring denuded forest lands. It is above all things working for the public good, and is deserving of warm indorsement and support. It invites all who are interested in its aims to join its ranks as members, appealing not only to owners of timber and woodland, to lumbermen and foresters, but to every one who believes that there is a better way than the wasteful methods we have pursued with our forest resources in America, and to every one who sympathizes in the effort to find out and apply that better way. FOREST AND STREAM readers as a class are interested in forestry, and should be allied with the Association in its works. The movement deserves their support. We are doing nothing more than what is due to both when we urge that our readers may give their active co-operation to the Association by joining its membership. The headquarters of the Association are at No. 202 Fourteenth street S. W., Washington. The Secretary is F. H. Newell.

MALARIA AND THE MOSQUITO.

A most interesting experiment is now in progress, to determine the truth of the theory that malaria is conveyed by mosquito inoculation. The scene of the trial is the Roman Campagna, a district notorious for its malaria, which has been attributed to the vapors rising from the ground. Two members of the London Tropical School of Medicine, Dr. Luigi Sambon, a lecturer of the school, and Dr. D. C. Low, one of its distinguished students, have volunteered to live through the summer in this unhealthy region, under conditions which will give a practical test of the mosquito malaria theory. They have had constructed a hut made mosquito proof by wire screening. During the day, at those hours when the insects are not active, the experimenters are free to go abroad and do what they like, but at the approach of night they retire into the hut and make all secure against the pests. Their one business, from June to October—the malaria season—is to keep themselves free from the sting of a mosquito.

As another part of the experiment, two well-known Italian physicians have undertaken to send to England consignments of large live and vigorous Roman mosquitoes, which will be given opportunity to bite certain healthy Britishers who have volunteered to serve as sub-

jects. Now if Messrs. Sambon and Low in their hut in the malaria marshes shall get through the summer unbitten of mosquitoes and unshaken of malaria, and if on the other hand the subjects in England who have been bitten by the imported Roman mosquitoes shall have had malaria, these facts will go far to establish the theory of the mosquito origin of the disease.

PURE AIR AND PURE WATER.

A BAYONNE, N. J., farmer has recovered damages out of court in settlement of a suit for \$5,000 brought against a chemical company for the destruction of 6,000 tomato plants by fumes from the chemical works. This is an isolated case, so rare and remarkable as to provoke newspaper comment. The usual course is to endure the fumes of chemical works, the odors and gases and smokes and stench of factories, to gulp down the polluted air and make no protest. All over the country whole communities are imposed upon in this way to an extent and with a degree of unresisting abjectness which would fill a visitor from another planet with astonishment. We go away from town and flee to the mountains for pure air, get a full breath and come back again to the noisome atmosphere poisoned by permitted nuisances. The better way would be to abate the abatable stench which defile the atmosphere where congregated humanity must live. The only reason this is not done is found in the ignorant, unthinking indifference and lethargy of the community.

The easy complaisance of the public in permitting these nuisances of poisoned air is of a piece with the astonishing want of spirit which has permitted hundreds and thousands of streams to be converted into open sewers and the drainage of factory waste, tannery and dye works flow. There is no excuse for permitting the pollution, neither of air nor of water. At this stage of progress and development there are practicable and available ways of disposing of the deleterious matters in a harmless manner. The one only element wanting to discover these ways and compel their operation is public sentiment. And public sentiment depends on education. The fact is that the community has endured the abuses so long that it has come to regard them as inevitable elements of civilization; and has no conception nor dream of anything better than the slovenly, wasteful, destructive and polluting methods which have been so long employed.

SNAP SHOTS.

Another legal decision worthy of comment has just been rendered on the Pacific Coast. The Washington game law forbids the sale of quail at any time of the year. L. M. Davenport, a Spokane restaurant man, was prosecuted for having sold on March 10 a consignment of quail from St. Louis. Davenport petitioned the court for release on habeas corpus proceedings, and after hearing extended arguments Judge Hanford has sustained the writ and ordered the case dismissed. As the grounds upon which this decision is based are unknown to us, comment would be premature, but it is perhaps not too much to say that if the case was so decided because of any defect in the wording of the statute, a remedy for the inefficiency of the law may readily be found by adopting the proper phraseology at the next session of the Legislature. If any one principle in the game protection may be said to be surely established, it is that the State may prohibit the sale of game whether killed within its borders or imported from outside; and it is a simple matter to give the principle operation by providing for it in a statute properly worded to this effect. Meanwhile, the finding of Judge Hanford is regarded by the sportsmen of the Northwest as a blow to the game interests. Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane are large consumers of game, and the decision removes all restrictions.

The continually growing interest in the preservation of birds has led to strong efforts in Great Britain toward the protection of certain species that have become very rare. Among these are the white-tail eagle, osprey, kite, honey buzzard, common buzzard, chough, golden oriole, hoopoe, ruff and bittern. At a meeting of the British Ornithologists' Union and Club, held last month, a resolution was unanimously adopted "that any member of the Union directly or indirectly responsible for the destruction of nests, eggs, young or parent birds of any species mentioned below should be visited with the severest censure

of the Union and Club." The birds referred to in this resolution are those already mentioned.

It is greatly to be desired that in this country similar action might be taken in such a way as to put an end to the killing of some of our rarer birds. The case of the heath hen, recently instanced in FOREST AND STREAM, is one where action taken by the American Ornithologists' Union might carry some weight and do some good.

The American Fisheries Society will hold its annual meeting this year at Wood's Holl, Mass. Many well-known experts in the field have promised papers, and the proceedings promise to be such as will well repay attendance. The Society invites the active membership of all persons who are interested in the study of fish life and the increase of the fish supply. The membership fee is one dollar a year. Mr. J. E. Gunckel, of Toledo, O., is the Corresponding Secretary, and Mr. John W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is the President.

July woodcock shooting is still practiced in New Jersey. Pennsylvania and several other States, notwithstanding the efforts of those who condemn the shooting to secure its abolition. Most all sportsmen experienced in New Jersey summer woodcock covers must have had in their own observation abundant demonstration of the fact that young birds are at this season still in need of maternal care, and that both mother and young should have immunity from the gun.

One of the individuals who will be directly affected by the new Massachusetts anti-game sale law is a partridge shooter, reported to be worth over a half-million, who has for years made it a practice to ship to the Boston market from twenty to fifty birds a week, the fruit of his own individual prowess with the gun. This would be quite a matter of course in Great Britain, where it is the universal custom to send to market the vast supplies of pheasants and partridges killed on preserves. There the supply is artificially renewed. Here where we have to depend on the scanty native stock, we have equally as a matter of course adopted a different code of ethics, and our attitude toward the game marketing sportsman is hostile.

And by the way, what is to be done in behalf of those who having eyes see not the game, and having guns kill it not, but having game bags must have them filled with birds, and who have in times past, according to the law and the precedents, acquired their birds from the more expert small boy or the more crafty old man, to take home to town as evidence of their skill? A system under which it will be impracticable for these well-meaning sportsmen to return laden with trophies of the chase is certainly one to discourage the art of sportsmanship.

The charms of hunting without a gun have often been described in FOREST AND STREAM, and there are many people who believe that the camera is a more attractive implement for an outing than any description of firearm, and that photographing the wild creatures of the forest and the stream is more interesting than capturing them. Certainly it seems as if the camera were a safer weapon than the gun. If by mischance it goes off accidentally only a plate is spoiled. If you shoot your companion with it he may be made to appear ridiculous, but he suffers no physical discomfort.

The Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, is a live organization, which deserves the abundant gratitude of the citizens of Ohio for its continued and effective work in the cause of defending public interests and public rights against selfishness and greed. Just now the club is paying attention to the fish seiners, and has succeeded in securing a number of convictions.

Men lose a great deal of healthy enjoyment when they do not know how to catch trout. On this fishermen are all agreed, and they should be competent to judge.

Because of the Wednesday holiday next week, July 4, the FOREST AND STREAM will go to press on Monday, July 1.

The Sportsman Tourist. In the Wichita Nation.

WHAT will send the rich, warm blood out to the very finger tips like being out upon a wide prairie with a live, quick, nimble horse under a fellow with a lariat upon one side of the saddle horn and a Winchester upon the other? With a spirited and intelligent animal eager for a dash away across the level after a wolf or retractor steer; in the former case out comes the rifle and the spirit of its cracking and the additional satisfaction of seeing your bullets dig up little puffs of dust near the greatest foe to the calf crop, then he rolls over in a heap and with a yell you swing around with your rifle high in air and begin to slacken speed, for one of your bullets went straight, and the career of the wolf is over.

With all due respect to the still-hunter, compare the exhilaration of this moment with any sneak thief manner of procedure. Your heart does not shut off your air supply; moments of painful anxiety are missing; you breathe the free, pure air bountifully, and upon the open prairie are not compelled to take any of it second-hand.

I had been upon the ranch three years; could puncture fence posts or a hat tossed up and do it out of the saddle with my horse spinning along at a brisk run, have plenty of fun with wolves and coyotes, but I was no hunter. I could not see where the fun came in. It wasn't any sport for me to stand out upon the flat with one or two Indians upon issue day and kill cattle every two to four weeks. This was killing big game, and from sixty to one hundred head at a time, but it wasn't any fun. The Indians, contrary to the general belief, are most villainous marksmen, save a very few; and poor, crippled, suffering brutes standing about or struggling upon the ground usually demanded my attention to put them beyond suffering more than the others. Upon one occasion I saw an animal shot sixteen times before being killed. The Indians are devoid of sympathy; they do not know what it is.

My older brother, Ransom, wanted to go hunting. As a deputy United States marshal he became somewhat famous by remaining upon the trail of the Dalton brothers for two years, and who, upon more than one occasion, narrowly escaped being killed by them. With a light team of mules, a strong Government buckboard, my own saddle horse, a tent, chuck box, guns and ammunition, we started for the Wichita Nation, where Gen. Miles and W. F. Cody had been upon their last hunt together a short time before. By night we were well into the country, thirty miles from any habitation, a hundred from a pickle fork or a nightshirt—no, sir, no jug with us save for water. Made camp, picketed horses, supper disposed of and to sleep amid the silence that is equaled only in the arctics. Wherever there are people there is noise, if ever so little; far from a living person only may silence in its purity be felt, realized—yes, listened to. Then we were sound asleep.

Dimly as from somewhere, "D you hear it? Listen!"

"What'n thunder you doin'? What's the matter?" "Sh, listen! Did you hear that?" Ransom is sitting up, now standing. Our friend, Dean Ray, who came along with us, is gouging an eye. Something wrong out among the cattle—a wolf. I listened for the thunder of hoof beats. Where was my rifle? "Shsh," short, sharp, a deer whistling. Oh, yes, I was awake now, and remembered that I was not with the cattle. "Hear that buck?" says Ransom. "Slip into your duds, boys, quick."

The moon had just risen. Having a tent, we had undressed, and now the place was a cloud of wearing apparel. "Ssst, be quiet, you fellows." A hitch, a pull, a jab—we were ready for anything. I went out under the flap while they crept out of the door. Down into the creek the bed I stopped and listened and soon found a pair of eyes upon me, then another came around, and then from that direction, "How in thunder 'd you get down there?" This in a stage whisper. "Just like a fool boy; you'll get your fool self killed yet." I was ahead and had got myself stalked.

"Shsh!" Like a jerk from a safety valve, down we went. The noise was beyond me. I crept up toward it, pressing my Winchester hard to me, my heart alternately threatening to come through at my throat or hammer its way out just below my belt. I was afraid my horse would see me and whinny. All was still save for Ransom and Dean, a few yards to my right, creeping along in the grass. Where were the mules? We might hit one of them in that direction. Then again came that sharp snort. Aw, fudge! I rose to my feet. "Tamerlane, old boy, what's the matter?" He started as I rose, but came over to me, every muscle drawn up ready to jump, and turned, pointing with his nose and ears toward the white tent, which the moon had just revealed, and said as plainly as a horse could talk, "What in the dickens is that thing over there?"

I put my arm over his neck and told him about it. You may not believe a horse can reason or understand, but after a pat or two he walked off, as if to say that the blamed thing most scared him to death, and went on nibbling grass.

Now this horse deserves special mention. Quick, nimble, graceful, not too large nor yet too small, nervous, very proud, yet highly intelligent, he had been unbreakable; his spirit was of the kind that never quails at anything. The boys called him the Devil and Satan, and rated him a killer. I also tried force upon him, and when I was nearly exhausted myself, and every hair upon him from nose to tail was thick with foam, I tried a quiet word and a few gentle strokes upon his neck, hard with resistance and thick with foam. He hesitated in doubt. Continuing, I assured him that I was not deceiving him, and he limbered up immediately, and said plainly, as if he had shouted it, "There, now, why could you not have been a gentleman and treated me like that long ago?" I touch that horse with spur or quirt again? Never! Cowboys abuse their horses shamefully. Tamerlane, so named from the Tartar conqueror buried in Samarkand, Asiatic Russia, afterward received due respect from them all. He still lives; and when he is excited the light in his eye is as bright and his proud sten is as elastic as it ever was. Afterward he and I understood each other perfectly.

Next morning, packed up and went on; had breakfast, of course. Ten miles away, "Where's the axe?"

Left where used last. Oh, thunder! Would Tam and I go back twenty miles for a dollar and a quarter axe? Not much. Wish we had, though. Camped at noon for dinner. Had several extra tent pegs to start fire with—that is, Ransom did. Middle of the afternoon, and camped again; rough country back, and lovely little valley in front, with the most beautiful little clear stream running through it. Trout? Oh no; Indians in it way down sometimes in summer, that's all. Off climbing around in the hills back of camp go Ransom and Dean, leaving me to arrange camp. Am sort of an old maid, anyhow, and would have things just so for 'em to muss up in two minutes when they get back. "Aw, shucks, darn it all, why the dickens can't you fellows look a little out? Look at that horse pail tipped over into the chuck box! You're a bird, you are."

"Say, Frank, build a fire, will you, 'n' I'll get some water?" Ah-h-h, look yonder!" this from Ransom. "Dju see that?" His eyes were jabbing holes in the crest of a little rise up the valley like a Hotchkiss rapid-fire. "You fellows get supper 'n' I'll slip over there," and he was off. Dean starts for water with the horse pail. "Heahr, where y'?" "Sh-sh-sh-sh! Thunder 'n' lightning, keep still, you fellows!" This from off to leeward somewhere, and we were still as flies.

Shavings soon burning, then twigs, when how loud they snapped; now for some larger wood. Large dry limb off there. I try to break it off; can't do it. I hurry, for twigs, will soon be out; still can't break it off. Oh, how I wish we had the axe! I would burn it off—only way.

Later Dean strolls out after returning with the water. "Humph, going to move camp? Got fire a bit suburban like, ain't you; intend us to take the L road back to camp after supper?" "Burn it off; you're crazy; go get the axe, you blamed fool—." Say, who lost that axe, anyway? "I supposed it must have been the mules or some irresponsible individual." "Be good, now, and help me break off this limb." We tried. After getting hot and generally mussed up, we came down sprawling with a thump, but successful; spent ten minutes stamping out the scattered fire amid the leaves; broke off enough between the sokes of the buckboard to start a fire. Oh, I wish we had the axe—any axe.

Hungry? Who ever heard of being sick that way? Pancakes are quickest cooked. Could I slip 'em over with the pan? Why, certainly. Great Scot! I might have known it was hot. Oh well, plenty more batter. "Say, look out there—you'll put the fire out dumping wet dough on it that way."

"Aw, get out—why, where'd you come from? See anything? We didn't hear you shoot."

"Only a few squirrels over there a little way. But what's the matter with you fellows? I'd have had supper long ago! You fellows ain't much good in camp; you ain't onto it yet. These city chaps, etc."

The next cake went over all right and I was "on to" it immediately. Ransom turned the next and scored. "That's the way—pshaw, it's dead easy," but for some reason he always turned them with a knife afterward—to keep his reputation, I suppose. Later I caught Dean practicing with a cold cake, which indulged in peculiar gyrations before getting back into the pan.

"Before daylight?" "All right; wake me, will you?" "All right, all right. Aaahow-um [yawning], I'm sleepy, tired as a dog to-night. Say, did you picket those mules good 'n' strong?" "Y-yes." "Drive 'em in good?" "Yes. Had to use a club, though." "Why couldn't you have got that axe?" "Ahem. They're cases, those mules; up to all sorts of devilment. Let's go to sleep."

"Whew, got any cover over there?" "Crowded a little, eh! How's that? Must get up early, let's go to sleep." We flounder around in turning over. "Ow! Holy smoke, what's that! Ugh, a sand burr. Aaahow-um, heh-heh-hum, then a long sigh and the wheeze, certain predecessor of a snore, begins. Why can't people keep their mouths shut at night, even if they don't during the day? But then—"

The tent is bright as day from the moonlight that softly filters through. Gradually it becomes hazy—thicker—dim.

Away down the cañon I hear a groan, or something similar to it; then another; they come in regular intervals. The horses—they will be frightened. I start out down that way. I am fearful of going on, but impelled to beyond resistance. Noiselessly I creep along. The sound continues. It seems to come upward from somewhere. I do not hear the horses. I go on; am strangely unable to move my hands or arms. Am I paralyzed with fright? I am trembling frightfully. I want to run, to fly, but still I go on. A turn in the cañon. Right at my feet it drops off in a precipice. At its very edge I am petrified into a statue with fright, as though frozen, as something of a hazy shape rushes out with a roar and pushes me off. Like glass I snap off and go over, unable to move, down, down, down, with a mighty jerk. Everything is wonderfully still. I seem to be still alive, probably stunned by my fall. I try to move. I try again. Am I dead? With a mighty effort I move and turn over. What's all this? Ah, no wonder; it is all clear to me now; I see why they put me on the outside of the bed. Those two duffers have screwed themselves up in the cover like a brace of mummies. Wonder if they've been dead as long as I have? Oh no—I see now. There's where all that roaring came from. My, how those fellows can snore. I am cold as a fish. That accounts for something else. Whew, those fellows will scare all the deer out of the country with their hippopotamus conversation.

Why, I am almost frozen—they sleeping so comfortably. Eleven o'clock. I dressed and built a fire to warm my stiffened limbs, and sat down over it on the horse bucket with my overcoat over my head. Oh, the utter hoggishness of some people, to take all the cover—all of it—they didn't care if I froze to death. The worst game hog was nothing in comparison. I was stunned at their utter heartlessness; too much so to awake them and demand my share of the cover. Sitting over the fire dozing and trying to thaw out I was abjectly miserable. I would take Tom and go back in the morning. It would serve them right if I took the mules and went now, but I was too cold, and a hundred miles is a bit far to ride in a dav. Then I dozed again.

It was fully two weeks later when daylight came. I fixed up the fire, looked after the horses, straightened up things and began breakfast. Soon there was a stir in the

tent, a few yawns, and soon Ransom appeared, stretched luxuriously. "Dean, oh Dean, roll out here; Frank's about got breakfast ready." They seemed discreetly ignorant of how they had treated me. I explained. They laughed. I growled. I was positively sick. We had some breakfast and hot coffee. I then felt some better; much better; a whole lot better. It wasn't so very bad to get to sleep sitting up over a smoky camp-fire after all. The others go hunting up in the woods, but Tam and I go out for a fine scamper over the level valley. A coyote gets up and after him we go, the sweet, cool, pure air singing in our ears. Out comes my rifle and the dirt flies, over, in front, behind him. But what do I want to kill him for? It's more fun to see him run. For nearly a mile we spin along and have a fine time. If he was a calf-killing gray I would kill him. Tam is pulling at the bit hard, but puffing like a steam engine. I coax him out of running (no, sir, I am not brute enough to jerk and swear at him for wanting to run more). The coyote with a good-by glance over his shoulder disappears over a rise. Trophy? Humph; what would I want to kill that coyote for? Tam and I had our fun. What more did we want?

We frisked about here and there along the edge of the valley as we returned toward camp. We had a fine time. "Where's your game?" Humph; what did Tam and I want with game—that coyote, for instance? They laughed and poked fun, but I still doubt their having a bit more fun out of killing a few squirrels than we had. We had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and had caused neither sorrow nor death of any kind.

Their squirrels and a few birds were soon dressed. After lunch we walked about a mile down the open and turned into a place I had marked during the morning. Quail! Oh, my, the quail; quail everywhere. Then the carnage began; yes, real carnage. Would it not be far better to watch the fine little fellows run about and dig up the ground, calling merrily to each other and chatting away in their soft bird dialect? But man after all is only an animal, with the single difference that he has a spark of divinity called a soul; but the animal is far the greater all too often.

I had only my Winchester, which in other hands had killed a man or two, but that made it no better. Birds dropped, but only a few could be found in the brush. It was really a sin to keep shooting them under such conditions. Didn't I wish that I had a shotgun? No, I didn't. They laughed at me. Pooh, see that bird over there? Well, I'll bag him just for fun. "Yes, you'll tear him all to pieces with that gun." I clipped his head off just as nice. I knew that I could. "How many have you fellows got?" "Oh, couple of dozen." "That's enough then." "Enough?" "Yes. How many do you want?" "Sixty or seventy-five." "Humph, sixty or seventy-five. What will you do with them?" "Kill 'em." "What for? You can't eat 'em; they won't keep until we get back home; the horses don't use them for a regular diet." It was a lively argument. I may have been foolish, but I stuck to my point and finally won out amid growlings and low mutterings for the rest of the day about some people's inappreciation of a good thing. For the life of me I could not see the use in killing a great pile just because they could, and I could, too, had I desired. But what for? Can any sportsman tell me?

We tried for deer. Ransom saw five at different times. Queer neither of us other fellows saw any. He fired three shots at what he thought to be one. Then we turned homeward. I had enjoyed myself well enough, but the rest of us, seemingly mad, "didn't kill enough," they said. But what on earth did they want to kill, kill, kill for? There are jobs open in slaughter houses. Why not enjoy killing as well there as any other place?

An incident of our return trip is along the line of still-hunting. As the boys went down into a small cañon they discovered two fairly well dressed fellows seemingly asleep near the road. They were armed to the teeth, and neither looked like a cowboy. As they drove out of the cañon, I, following, entered it in time to catch these fellows cautiously peering at the retreating buckboard. They were merely "possuming." I noticed two horses further up the cañon, both still wearing saddles. They were frightfully poor and were trying to gain a little nourishment from some dry twigs along the side of the cañon. The saddles were good ones. The horses had undoubtedly been shamefully abused. I caught the buckboard and urged an investigation. I did not admire the look of things. Ransom deemed it advisable to let them alone. Those poor horses excited my interest.

In about an hour we met the stage bound for Cloud Chief and the western part of the Territory. Beside the driver sat a clothing drummer. Whatever he was out in that country for I do not know. We apprised the driver of the presence of the two men in the cañon. When some distance from the spot he gave the reins to the drummer, and with a threat or two if he did not explicitly obey orders, compelled him to drive toward the cañon and into it. Near the cañon the driver dropped out of the rear boot of the stage, swiftly crept through the grass and thin oak brush to a spot where he could command a view of the crossing in the cañon. The men proved themselves bandits by stopping the stage, the impromptu driver nearly shaking the vehicle to pieces trembling. They ordered out the passengers and inquired for the driver, who answered for himself with his Winchester by promptly killing both bandits from his position above, came down leisurely, tumbled the bodies into the rear boot, laced it up to keep them from falling out, secured their horses, unsaddled the poor beasts, tied them beside the wheelers and rolled into Cloud Chief on schedule time with the entire outfit.

FRANKLIN L. PAYNE.

The difference in color of fish is mainly due to food, but the color of the bottom also affects the general hue. A trout which feeds upon small fish is usually stouter in proportion to its length, and is of a redder color than one which feeds entirely upon insects and their larvæ. A diet of crustaceans also produces a deeper color. Trout fed upon liver are usually light in color.

To polish deer horns scrub them with a brush and sand to take off the dirt and loose fiber, then polish with rouge and rotten stone and a cloth, and varnish with copal varnish.—Scientific American.

In the Katahdin Region.

THE country between the East and West Branches of the Penobscot and extending well over toward Ripogenous is for the most part mountainous. This beautiful region has more attractions to offer to the artist and sportsman than any other portion of the Maine Woods. Many changes have taken place in northeastern Maine since the opening of the railroad a few years ago. There were no camps then on the West Branch above Joe Francis'; now the woods are full of them. When I first came into the Katahdin region it was practically an unbroken wilderness, given over to solitude and moose. The crack of the sportsman's rifle was seldom heard echoing among the mountains. In fact few dared to penetrate as far as Sordahunk Lake, now easily reached by buckboard from Patten. In those days teams and buckboards were not available; everything had to be carried in, including canoes. Many of the ponds had never been fished, except by a stray trapper or an occasional lumber gang. Lumbering is not carried on so extensively now as it was in the days of Thoreau. The pulp industry threatens to take its place and despoil the beautiful hardwood forests. Old logging roads and cuttings abound everywhere.

Abandoned camps, some of them so old as to have fallen in, are often found in the wildest part of the woods. The lumbermen are a curse to the hunter and angler. The nearby ponds and streams are despoiled of their trout, while the sound of chopping, the crash of falling trees, and all the uproar incident to lumbering, drive the moose away from that locality. The deer and partridge are apt to suffer, as Sunday is a day off. The remedy is more wardens. They are too few in numbers to properly cover the ground, and generally when they are wanted they are out of sight.

The fine deer hunting and trout fishing near Sordahunk Lake are attracting many visitors. Most of them come in over the East Branch route. The best and shortest route to the lake is to leave the train at Norcross and take the little steamer to Camp Wellington; thence by canoe up the West Branch, arriving early in the evening at Hunt's Camp, on the Sordahunk stream. Baggage and camp supplies can be hauled in to the lake, and also to Slaughter Pond Camp. The best plan is to travel light and save both time and money. If you are strong make an early start from the camp and you will arrive at the lake in time for the afternoon fishing. The average sportsman will find it to his advantage to take it easy and stop over night at Hunt's upper camp, about twelve miles from the West Branch. I have seen more deer and grouse in the vicinity of this camp than anywhere else in the woods. There are some fair-sized trout in the nearby stream. In the morning a six-mile tramp through the forest will land you at Camp Phoenix, where the Hall boys will make you comfortable. If your tramping days are over, the Patten route will suit you best. There are enough squaretails in Big and Little Sordahunk to keep the angler busy. Deer are frequently seen feeding along the shores of the lake. This is a grand place for the old sportsman, provided he can survive the two and a half days' buckboard ride from Patten. It is only six miles from Sordahunk to Telos Lake. Parties can be hauled over the route and Webster Stream carry.

The buckboard has invaded the wilderness as far as Telos Lake. This and the numerous camps are sure to play havoc with the game supply in a very short time. When the locomotive invades the wilds of the Allegash the end will be in sight. The Maine Woods will be severed in twain. I understand that the road will be pushed through by way of Shinn Pond.

The country round about Katahdin is densely wooded, most of the mountains being covered from base to summit with a vigorous forest growth. Mt. Katahdin soars far above the tree line. This grand old mountain is about a mile high and nearly ten miles long. To see this huge mass of granite reflecting the red glow of sunset, while the forest at its base lies in deep shadow, and all faithfully mirrored in beautiful Lost Pond, with no sound to dispel the feeling of solitude save the break of rising trout or splash of deer wading in the shallows, and over all the weird charm of the forest, is enough to arouse the sportsman's finer feelings and to cause him to lay aside for awhile the implements of the chase, and gaze with mingled awe and admiration on this beautiful forest scene far from the haunts of men. The early morning effects among the mountains are indescribably beautiful, and will task the resources of the artist to transfer their fleeting glories to canvas. There is a particularly fine view of Katahdin, Saddleback and the lesser mountain peaks from the western extremity of Slaughter Pond.

The country west of Sordahunk Lake and Slaughter Pond is very wild and secluded. The sportsman will have to rough it, as there are no camps in this section, except a dilapidated lumber camp near Harrington Lake. Slaughter Pond (named after a notable slaughter of moose by the late Jock Darling) has been despoiled of many of its larger trout by a lumber gang. The lumbermen are gone now, I hope forever. The pond will soon recuperate, as there are plenty of small trout in it. This does not hurt the Angler much, as Big and Little Rocky and Polly ponds are near by; also a pond reached by a good trail about a mile west of Slaughter that has probably never been fished. All of them are alive with the jumpers, running from 8 to 14 inches in length; not cranky, like the large Fish River trout, but always ready to seize the fly provided the water is not too rough or discolored. There is a canoe on Little Rocky and two rafts on Slaughter Pond. A raft should be shoved about as quietly as possible. Cedar is the best wood for rafts; any good guide can make one in less than an hour. Polly Pond, the best of them all, is about a half mile from camp. It lies close up to Slaughter, and how it escaped the ravages of the lumbermen is a mystery. There are plenty of trout of over a foot in length in the pond. Most of the fishing is done near lily pads. If you hook one of the larger ones keep him away from their roots at all hazards. Thirty feet is a long enough cast. Always cast into the biggest rise if possible. Net him the first good chance that offers, but don't hurry matters unless you want to lose most of the large ones. From the time when the sun drops below the tree tops until dusk is the angler's hour.

Kidney, Dacey and Fossand Noton ponds are all easily reached from the West Branch route. The crowd keep

to the main traveled route, and let the country west of Kidney Pond severely alone. Slaughter Pond Camp is situated in the wildest part of the Katahdin region. That class of sportsmen who love the woods and hate the crowd will have everything their own way here, as visitors are few and far between.

I came to this lonely camp last September, accompanied by my two guides. We had our supplies hauled in from Hunt's lower camp. The road had to be cleared of fallen trees in places to let the team through. I stayed in camp about two weeks, fishing, sketching and rambling through the forest with my guide, Lyman Hunt, a true lover of the woods and a first-class moose hunter. To vary the monotony of camp life I made arrangements for exploring the wild country between Slaughter Pond and Harrington Lake. One September morning we paddled across Slaughter Pond and struck the trail that comes in at its western extremity. The forest closed around us for a short distance, and then opened again to disclose a beautiful mountain pond. Few have ever gazed on its beauty save the wandering trapper or hunter. Minks, hawks and water fowl are the only enemies the trout have to fear in this lonely pond. There was no time for dalliance, as we wanted to make Little Harrington before dusk. Keeping up a steady gait, we managed to arrive in good time. We soon had the camp set up, and after satisfying our ravenous appetites we lay around the camp-fire, while Lyman told of adventures with moose, and other incidents of forest life, until we sought our blankets and one by one dropped off into the Land of Nod. Early next morning a moose was sighted on the far shore of the pond. Hoping it was a bull, we hastily embarked and paddled over. It proved to be a cow.



SLAUGHTER POND.

From a Drawing by W. E. Squier, Jr.

She let us get very close, and then trotted off in the most unconcerned manner. We had hardly returned to camp before two more appeared, a cow and a calf. Again we tried the same tactics, and were rewarded with a good view of these interesting animals. The cow moose may be shot at some future time, but never for her beauty.

Our next move was to reach the upper part of Soper Brook. We accomplished this in spite of the vigorous protest put up by Harrington Lake; but this comes in later on. My journey through the forest to Harrington Lake was a delightful experience, after being shut up in the camp, which is too much like living in a house. Before reaching the lake we came across an old lumber camp. A deer darted away at our approach. Everything connected with the camp seemed to belong to a mouldering past. Old rusty axe heads and other rubbish littered up the ruins. Let me warn the sportsman not to camp out in a very old lumber camp unless he wishes to be buried alive, as there is no telling when something may give way, particularly if there is a high wind. Having satisfied our curiosity, we resumed our journey. A few paces from the ruined camp the forest closed around us, not to open again until we reached the lake. The woods were turning fast from the sober green of summer to the gay hues of autumn. The autumn tints in the Maine woods are to my mind far more delicate and beautiful than can be found in the open country. Our progress through the woods was rather noisy on account of the branches scratching against the sides of the canoe. A short distance from Harrington we came across a sportsman with his Indian guide. With the exception of my guides this was the first white man that I had seen since I had come into this region, some three weeks before. After a pleasant chat about moose and forest life, we again took up the white man's burden and soon deposited it on the shore of the lake.

Harrington Lake is four miles long and about a mile wide. Its shores are rather low, and this gives the wind a pretty good sweep. Our canoe had a good load on when it left the sheltered cove and headed for the North Shore. We paddled gaily on our way until the sudden shoaling of the water announced the presence of a reef that extended far out into the lake. We concluded we could turn it in spite of the ugly assortment of whitecaps that confronted us. We did not begin to feel the effects of the waves until we worked out toward the center of the lake. It was interesting to see the guides cleverly dodge the attentions of the big fellows, then force the canoe into the midst of the grinning whitecaps. Always

gaining, they finally fought their way out to the extremity of the reef, where we got the full force of the waves. Watching their opportunity, they turned the canoe around in the hollow of a wave, and cleverly avoiding the incomer soon had the canoe in quieter waters. It was well done—and what I say goes, as I have been over the greater portion of the Maine woods in a canoe and have paddled eighteen and twenty miles at a stretch. If my guides, Cram and Lyman, had not thoroughly understood their business we never could have turned the reef without capsizing. In spite of all their caution, one big whitecap nearly boarded us, and gave me a good taste of Harrington water.

The mouth of Soper Brook was soon sighted, and after a little maneuvering we found the trail that leads up the brook. Following up the trail, we came on to an old camp ground. This spot suited exactly. Leaving the guides busy fixing up the camp, I managed to induce some of the speckled beauties to exchange their present quarters for the frying pan. After partaking of a hearty meal, we retired to our blankets, and soon the camp was wrapped in slumber.

We started the next morning for the upper waters of Soper Brook. A good path led up to the dam. Embarking on the quiet water above, we paddled softly up stream, keeping a sharp lookout for moose, but sighted only a doe and fawn. Instead of running off, she approached, eying us curiously, and seemed satisfied that we intended no harm to her and her little one. There are some so-called sportsmen who would have butchered her on the spot and left the little one to perish. About a mile above the dam navigation ceased, so leaving the canoe we started up the brook. We found nothing to interest us except the wildness of our surroundings. Becoming tired of the dreary combination of dead trees and bog, we returned to the dam. Here we had an addition to our party in the person of Irving Hunt. Tired of being alone, he had tracked us through the woods, and with the assistance of a party near Harrington Lake soon had us located. While I was conversing with him a good-sized bear put in an appearance. He did not stop to inspect us, but hurried on, and soon disappeared over a distant ridge. It was now or never, if we intended to have any trout for supper, so working my way down the stream and trying all the likely places I came to a pool that was literally alive with the jumpers. I soon had all we could use for the present. Many of them were good-sized trout for such a small brook. Trout formed our principal bill of fare that night, and the way they disappeared was a caution.

Our camp was an open one; we always turned in hot and happy to awake in the early morning and find the fire burnt out and the air decidedly cool.

The next day was spent in making a careful sketch of the camp, and toward evening robbing the pretty brook of some of its treasures. I used a fly for the dropper and a trout fin for the stretcher. It was getting late, so the bait made shorter work of it, as four hungry men will consume a pile of trout. The smoke of the camp-fire shooting up above the tree tops warned me to hasten on down stream. Arriving at the camp, I found preparations for supper well under way. Soon the aroma of coffee and fried trout summoned us to the woodland feast. Trout, flippers, friend potatoes, bacon and coffee were partaken of with an appetite that would have caused a Kineo "sport" to die of envy. As the daylight disappeared the camp-fire took its place. As night crept on apace more fuel was added to the fire, illumining the dim recesses of the forest and causing nearby objects to stand out with startling distinctness. Sprawled out on our blankets, we took things easy, listening to Lyman and Cram go over some incidents connected with their happy hunting days, when moose were plenty and hunters scarce. Finally the camp got talked out, the camp-fire was left to burn itself out, and soon no sound was heard but the crackling of the fire and the deep breathing of the sleepers.

Next morning we packed up and took the back track for Harrington. There were no waves of any account on the lake, but as we did not care to take our chances with an overloaded canoe Lyman and Cram had to walk along the shore to the head of the lake, leaving Irving and myself to paddle over. To overload a canoe is to invite disaster. The guides keep a sharp lookout, otherwise there would be many a sad accident, particularly on the larger lakes, such as Moosehead, Chesuncook, Pedadumcook and others. Some of the canoes are extremely cranky. All of them require the most careful handling in rough water. To be caught out on a big lake during a hard blow will furnish the sportsman with plenty of excitement of the hair-lifting kind. Finally our party got together again, except Irving, who started on ahead for Slaughter Camp. Once more we took to the woods, and keeping hard at it we reached the old camp before dark. We found everything as we had left it. The only sign of life was the presence of a wild looking feline that haunts the camp.

The beaver ponds are withing striking distance of camp. I intended to work over in that direction, but finally gave it up. In fact, it was getting risky to start a camp-fire, as the woods were very dry. There were no fires in our locality, but there were two forest fires raging not far away. Camping parties are no doubt responsible for this state of affairs. Large camp-fires are not needed in August and September; they are apt to throw fire far back in the woods. The safest plan is to thoroughly drench the ground before leaving. Fire when it gets underground is very hard to master. The worst blaze was back of Katahdin; the smoke was so dense as nearly to obscure Old Mountain from sight. Another fire was raging over toward Harrington Lake. The Hunt brothers deserve great credit for fighting out a fire at Kidney Pond. There were others in the vicinity who gave little or no assistance to these men in their endeavors to save the timber owners' property. A welcome rain came about the time I moved out, the last of September, which saved thousands of dollars' worth of timber.

Camp supplies can be purchased at Patten, Norcross, Stacyville and other places along the line of the B. & A. R. R. The store at Chesuncook and the lumber farm at Chamberlain Lake are the only places in the interior that can be relied upon. The public camps invariably refuse to help the camper out. Lumbermen's low-cut rubbers are the best footwear for general purposes. They

will answer tolerably well for deer hunting, but not for moose. The moccasins that are sold on the edge of the woods are the best for that purpose. Any old suit of clothes of soft material will do; medium shade of gray or brown is the best. Canvas never, nor anything the color of a deer's coat if you value your life.

For trout fishing select flies that are tied on rather large hooks. Parmachenee-belle, brown-hackle, Montreal, white-moth and a few medium-sized green and dark gray flies are a good enough assortment. See that the hackles and tails are nearly opposite the bend of the hook; if too long cut them. Neglect this and you will have plenty of short rises. A steel fly-rod will save the angler the trouble and inconvenience of mending broken tips and joints.

The high prices for guides that prevail along the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. will undoubtedly drive the bulk of the visitors into the camps, as one can have a nice time in camp for about \$40 a month. The same time spent in camping out with your guide at \$3 per day and his board would cost over \$100. Of course you see more of the country. After all, the difference is not so great if you shift from one camp to another. Two dollars per day for guide, 50 cents additional for canoe, is about right. I never paid more in the Portage Lake country. Four and a half dollars per day was the price I paid for two good guides and a canoe when I came into this region last year. A tent has always been the regular equipment of a guide until lately. Turn down any guide that charges extra for it, and serve a camp the same way that charges more than \$1 a day for boarding your guide. If the guides refuse to accept any reasonable terms strike out for some of the camps far back in the woods, and have a good time for less money. The best of the guides are likely to be engaged from the first of October until extreme cold weather sets in. In consequence higher rates are apt to prevail. Many of the guides lack the qualifications to become successful moose hunters. Here is a list of good ones: Clarence Peavey, Oxbow; I. O. Hunt, Norcross; Thomas West, Portage Lake; Joe Francis, Oldtown; Frank Cram and Lyman Hunt, Lincoln, Me. Cram knows all about the region near Chemungabaticook Lake, in the Allegash country. Cram and Lyman are old friends and will work together without a hitch. Secure your guide far in advance of the hunting season or you may have an incompetent guide saddled on to you that knows little about the habits of moose or deer.

Moose hunting is not what it used to be. A few years have worked sad changes in northeastern Maine. The choicest hunting grounds of the Machias region are overrun with sportsmen. The Bangor & Aroostook R. R. is responsible for this state of affairs. Few sportsmen came to northeastern Maine before the opening of the railroad. The large bulls are being shot off to an alarming extent. The few that remain are only to be found in the wildest and most inaccessible places, such as Baker Lake, west of Cacongamooc Pond. The Allegash country is likely to hold some good ones, as there are no camps there. There were thousands of hunters in the Maine woods last autumn. Only a small percentage of them had any luck. Of the moose that were brought out of the woods it is safe to say that precious few were big ones. There are a few wary old bulls hid away among the mountain gorges of the Katahdin region. Ever on the alert, they are more than a match for the average sportsman. Alas! the merciless rifle is fast thinning their ranks. It is time that the people of Maine realized the fact that one of the greatest attractions of their State is passing away. Caribou are protected—why not the moose? A few years will see the big bulls as scarce as caribou are at present unless a close time is put on them at once.

Camps are springing up in every direction along the line of the B. & A. R. R.; the Machias region abounds with them as far north as Spider Lake. Those that are easy of access are thronged during the hunting season with a motley crowd of sportsmen that scour the woods in every direction. Many of them have had little experience with firearms, and their presence in the woods is a menace to every living thing, including the hunter. They are often indebted to their guides for what game they get. The moose soon leave this locality, and the few deer that remain are apt to wave their white flag in derision at the sportsman long before he can get within fair rifle shot. When the game and trout have vanished another section of the woods is invaded, and the same scenes are re-enacted. The camps far back in the depths of the forest and difficult of access are for the most part patronized by the knowing ones that work in ahead of the crowd and get the cream of the sport. This particularly applies to moose hunting. Sportsmen of this class are brave, hardy and enduring, and think nothing of following the tracks of some old bull for days at a time, camping out wherever night finds them. Having none but the best of guides and being pretty well posted themselves on all the tricks and maneuvers of the wary game they sooner or later secure the coveted trophy. Alas! the crowd have invaded their happy hunting grounds, and they and the moose have vanished together.

If the reader wishes to become better acquainted with this class of sportsmen and their ways he will have to follow them across the border into the wilds of New Brunswick.

W. C. SQUIER, JR.

Appalachian National Park.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are pleased to report that both Houses of Congress have passed the bill of the Appalachian National Park, which bill is for the purpose of appointing a committee to investigate the forest conditions of the Appalachian Mountains in western North Carolina. The bill carries with it an appropriation of \$5,000, and becomes a law on July 1. The committee is to be appointed by the President, and will be instructed to make an investigation this summer and report to Congress at the next session.

The Appalachian National Park Association and all lovers of forests and wild woods are to be congratulated upon the passage of this bill, as it means the first step of the Government toward the preservation of a tract of the virgin forests of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. The members of the Appalachian National Park Association are particularly to be congratulated from the fact that of several similar bills presented at the last

session of Congress, this bill was the only one which went through. This is due to the energy of the Senator of North Carolina, Hon. Jeter C. Pritchard.

The work ahead of the Association for the promotion of this forest reserve is a gigantic one, but one which has been thoroughly considered and weighed from all standpoints before the work was undertaken. The fight has now only really begun, but the success already achieved is encouraging and stimulated those interested in their determination to see the matter through.

C. P. AMBLER, Sec'y.

The Tobique and Nepisiguit Rivers.

PERTCH CENTER, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For those who admire the charms of nature, with the most beautiful scenic surroundings, something out of the common and off the beaten track, this great Tobique and Nepisiguit River region is especially alluring. Nature was prodigal when this vast solitude was formed. When the dry land appeared driven upward by Titanic eternal forces and thrown into mountains and hills of every shape, the water was gathered into every valley, and the remains in lakes and streams, each with its own charms, each beautiful with the combination of hill and valley and forest-lined slope, each attractive in its way, each rich in scapes that a painter would desire to copy.

Embraced in this province are two of the grandest, though at the same time the least known, of the innumerable rivers and streams, whose very names are suggestive of romantic interest and beauty. The Tobique, lying in the counties of Victoria and Ristigouche, for its whole length, from its junction with the noble St. John to its very headwaters, conveys a boundless vision of all that is wild and primitive for woodland scenery, and all that is exciting and otherwise enjoyable for plenty of fish and game supply. The canoeist who explores the principal sources of this lovely mountain stream will have secured a wealth of picturesque experience that will remain with him in reminiscence as long as life shall last. He will have seen a region untainted for the most part by the touch of man, where the forest trails are scoured deep in the solid turf by countless generations of moose and caribou, where the tremulous note of the loon is borne afar on the pulseless wings of the evening air, where the gamy trout will seize a flannel rag as readily as the most alluring fly, and where one's sleep at night is broken by the sloppy blow of the jumping salmon as he tumbles back in his native pool.

If the tourist should ascend the tortuous waters of the Little Tobique he will find himself on the shores of the beautiful Nictor Lake, which shines like a gem in its emerald setting at the base of Bald Mountain, the highest summit in the province. From this commanding eminence the traveler surveys a vast unbroken sea of foliage, whose undulations roll against the storied cliffs of Gaspé to the north and the coroneted peak of old Katahdin to the south. Crossing over the three-mile carry from Nictor Lake, you find yourself on the banks of the upper Bathurst Lake, the very headwaters of the wild and rugged Nepisiguit, where the trout abound and leap at the fly almost before the water is touched. One and a half miles down the south side of this beautiful lake you come to a neatly built log cabin erected on the bank by a babbling brook, with waters cold and clear as crystal. One can stand on the veranda and catch the gamy trout from the lake as fast as he cares to land them. The stillness of the woods and the odor of balsam and pine trees, with the long ranges of beautiful mountains in the distance, makes this one of the most pleasant resting places. You often can see as many as a dozen moose at once swaggering up and down the marshy shores of these four mountain lakes, some fifty miles from the nearest civilization.

After leaving these beautiful lakes you start winding your way down the Nepisiguit, among the many hills and mountains, now this way and now that, the progress presenting with every turn of the canvas canoe something new and attractive of nature's handiwork with an atmosphere pure like that of the ocean, laden only with the scent of the pine and the balsam, and with naught to break the stillness save the splash of the trout or the step of the lordly moose as he comes in for his bath. After sailing down this peaceful river through unbroken forest, just as nature formed it, for some sixty miles, you come to the Great Falls, where the river plunges over a precipice and through a rugged gorge that seems to have been placed there by some convulsion of nature. The contrast is surpassed in Canada only by that of Niagara, and has only been visited by the few sportsmen that have taken this trip. From here to the sea is a distance of twenty miles, and the river is very rapid and makes the trip very exciting for the sportsman who runs these rapids in the safe canvas canoe, manned by a skillful canoeeman who understands his business well. At the mouth of this river is situated the quiet and beautiful town of Bathurst, where the sportsman can take the train for home.

There is indeed no tourist canoe trip where the traveler, seeking a vacation from the city's noise and work, can enjoy a better or more pleasing holiday rest than to make the trip up the Tobique and down the Nepisiguit rivers by canoe. Any one wishing to make this kind of a trip can be favored by writing me for any information he may desire.

GEO. E. ARMSTRONG.

The latest fish story which the Chicopee River is responsible for is truly of questionable and alarming character. It seems that Mitchell Carpenter was fishing somewhere above the dam of the Chicopee Manufacturing Company, in the neighborhood of the "cove," Thursday evening. He surprised himself by catching an eel of enormous proportions on a common, every-day hook. The creature was over a yard long and obese to a degree. When the cause of the stoutness of the monster was investigated it was found that the voracious animal had engulfed a red-wing blackbird whole. How the eel had "come by" the bird was a mystery. It is reported that some are inclined to doubt that the capture was an eel at all, but think it a water snake of alarming dimensions. The weight of the eel was 43½ pounds. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Natural History.

The Sewellels of the Pacific Coast.

OCCUPYING the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges, and extending from southern British Columbia to northern California, is a peculiar race of animals, known to the inhabitants of that region as sewellel, show'l and mountain beaver. They belong to the genus *Aplodontia*. They are true rodents, and in appearance and build resemble very closely a half-grown Eastern woodchuck or ground hog (*Arctomys monax*). The hair is finer, however, and the animal's tail is so short that it is scarcely visible till the creature is skinned, and then it is found to be not more than half as long as an Eastern cottontail rabbit's. Lewis and Clark first discovered them in 1805-6, but they were not described till 1814. They are hardy little animals, able to withstand the rigors of winter, and living on the tender branches of shrubs. They are full of Yankee grit and pluck, and when cornered do not hesitate to defend themselves, and undoubtedly could inflict severe injuries with their long, sharp incisors.

Until lately little has been known of this interesting little rodent, and even at the present day much valuable information may be secured concerning it, if this article will inspire others that have had an opportunity to study its habits to speak out. Up to about a year ago naturalists recognized but two species—*Aplodontia rufa* and *A. major*—but since then Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, has described three new species, and one sub-species. They are as follows: *A. pacifica*, *A. phæa* and *A. olympica*, and the sub-species, *A. major rainieri*. The specimens all came from the region mentioned. I was somewhat surprised while collecting specimens of natural history at Emerald Bay, on Lake Tahoe, in northern California, during the month of June, 1897, to find that three old mountaineers who had lived in the region since the early days had never seen these animals, and were completely at a loss as to what they were, one of them pronouncing them a cross between a whistler (woodchuck) and a beaver.

The altitude of Lake Tahoe is 6,095 feet. The sewellels (*Aplodontia phæa*) I caught were about 300 feet higher. Immediately back of the hotel at Emerald Bay the mountain rises almost perpendicular. A little to the right, as one faces the mountain, is a tract several hundred feet wide, which has the appearance of at one time being swept by a snowslide and denuded of trees. At the present writing it is thickly grown over with willows and alders, leaving occasionally an open grassy plot. Several small streams heading in snow banks above work their way through the shrubbery. These streams are mere rivulets in places, but a foot or so wide, but owing to the abruptness of the mountain, are miniature mountain torrents that have eaten their way through the rich damp earth, in some places forming small waterfalls. It was here that I was first introduced to the mountain beaver. The meeting was not very agreeable to the second party, as I was forced to use steel traps to make the acquaintance.

Along these streams I gained the few notes I offer the reader. The afternoon after my arrival, while climbing through the bushes setting traps for smaller animals, my attention was arrested by the runways, and occasionally the footprints of these animals. Although I had never been within their range before, I knew at once what animal had made them. So going back to the hotel I secured a number of steel traps and returned. In places the bank was honeycombed with their burrows, the entrances, some of them, being filled with water, and again breaking abruptly to the surface on the bank, a few feet from the stream. I was led to believe that the animals while traveling up and down the creek took to the bed of the streams, wading through the water and swift riffles, and upon reaching a fall or place too steep to ascend they made a detour and struck the creek a few feet above. Runways or paths were abundant, some connecting streams flowing close together, others cutting off places where they made sharp turns, and still others left the streams, and led around waterfalls or large rocks. They wound in and out among the bushes and over grassy plots alike.

At intervals, along the banks, were natural depressions that had been washed out, when the water was high, but at the time of my visit the streams had subsided, leaving their surfaces exposed, thus making a typical little landing that the animals were not slow in taking advantage of. The grass or dirt was matted down, and bore the appearance of having been used as resting places, where the sewellels leisurely ate their food or rested after a long, hard climb. In such a place I set a trap, and a second under a waterfall where the spray wet me while at work. I think that I set two more traps that afternoon, but the ones first mentioned were the only successful ones. None of them were baited; they were merely placed in slight hollows dug just large enough to admit the trap, and then covered with grass, leaves and dirt. On reaching the spot, I found that the poor little animals had tried hard to escape, that they had nearly twisted their feet off, and the ground was clawed up about them. As I approached they drew back and gritted their teeth. My memory fails me as to whether they jumped at me, as I have been told that they will do.

Dr. Suckley, in writing of them, says: "This animal burrows extensively in the ground. It chiefly frequents spring heads in rich, moist places, and is found as far up as the dividing ridge of the Cascade Mountains, and on both sides of the divide. I noticed their burrows in 1853 at the top of the main Yakima Pass. Near their abodes were small bundles of herbs or plants cut with nicety and laid out on logs to dry or wilt. The Indians trap them and value their meat very much for food."

The burrows and runways that I found along the streams did not seem to be their homes, but merely places where they resorted in search of food. At the foot of the mountain, in comparatively dry ground, and among a thick growth of willows, I found a burrow which was undoubtedly one of their homes. In a place similar, a few hundred yards away, was another. Nearly every night fresh dirt was thrown out by the inhabitants. These burrows did not enter the ground abruptly, but tunneled along the surface several feet, and then gradually descended. Regarding the habit of leaving their food on

logs to dry. I can only say that I frequently found the tops of shrubs and leaves of same lying about where the animals had left them after satisfying their stomachs on the other parts. It would be interesting to hear from others on this subject. Neither can I substantiate other writers who state that they live in colonies, but it must be remembered that my experience has been limited.

Lewis and Clark's statement that they climb trees is probably an error. Although I noted many bushes about their abodes that had their smaller twigs cut, the cuttings were several weeks old. I always supposed that it was done during winter, when the snow was deep, and the animals were able to reach them in that way. Even if my theory is not correct, in this particular spot, it would be an easy thing for the sewellels to walk out on the bushes, as owing to the heavy snows and steepness of the mountains the shrubs had been weighted down so that they grew almost horizontal for 2 or 3 feet before turning upward, and in many cases the main branch grew downward, with the slope of the mountain. Thus it can easily be seen that these animals could easily climb out on the limbs and cut off the branches.

While trapping at the west base of Mt. Jefferson, Oregon, I had a rather singular experience. The trap had been placed in the entrance of a burrow, and remained four nights. The first night a sewellel was caught by the toes of a front foot, but escaped, leaving two of them in the trap. The next three nights there were in the trap a toad, a thrush and a weasel. In this case also I noticed that during one of the nights the animals threw out dirt. The location of these burrows—there were three in all, all close to each other—was on a flat close to a stream. This was on dry soil which had lately been burned over, and were of the character described above.

Several naturalists have stated that these animals are extremely hard to trap. The first night I set the traps two were captured, and although they were left out several nights, none were caught. I know of another naturalist who caught several the first night he trapped for them.

Coues and Allen, in their "Monographs of North American Rodentia," p. 596, quote Dr. J. G. Cooper as saying: "A young man who had kept school at Astoria told me that the children sometimes caught them about the schoolhouse, where they burrowed, and that they caught be caught by running after them, as they did not run fast. When taken they did not offer to bite, and ate vegetable food readily."

I found them feeding on tender shoots, grasses and shrubs.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Simultaneous Movements of Gre-garious Animals.

THE simultaneous feeding of fishes, and the sudden cessation without any apparent cause, has been a source of wonder to me as well as to many others, and seems one of the most unaccountable phenomena in nature. All fishermen know that suddenly, on certain waters, every fish will bite, and as suddenly cease, without any change of weather or fall of barometer. I think many other animals get this sudden impulse or inclination to feed at the same moment, and not only to feed, but to move in a similar manner. I have often thought over the fact, and tried to find a solution. The only one that I could at all consider probable is thought-reading or telepathy. What puts the thought into the mind of the first one it might be difficult to say; but if we suppose that some fish happen to be where a sudden rise of fly takes place, that may start them into action, and so may affect all the fish within reach of that influence. At one time I used to shoot a good deal in Honduras, where there are a good many deer (I think the Virginia deer), and when in pursuit of them I generally had as guide a man who shot a good deal on his own account, and who could always bring in a buck if asked to do so—one of those half-caste Spanish Indians, very clever at that sort of sport. When starting out he always calculated the state of the moon, and asserted that it was most important that she was at the right stage in the day time, otherwise no deer would feed, all would be lying in the thick forest, and there would be no chance then of seeing them or getting a shot. Now, why the moon should influence deer for the day time seems very strange, and I can only account for it in this way, that the tidal waters left some feeding grounds exposed at certain times, and thus set some deer feeding, causing by telepathy other deer within range to do the same. How can we account for the simultaneous motion of birds in large flocks by any other hypothesis?

Any one who has seen the millions of birds which through the lakes on the Suez Canal must have been struck by the wonderful and beautiful evolutions of those compact flocks. Every change is instantaneous and simultaneous, and there is no possibility of one bird copying another, for that would entail loss of time. When the sunlight shines on them there in the distance the effect is very like that caused by the heliograph when signaling. Enormous flocks of white pelicans when at long distances are sometimes perfectly invisible and next moment appear brilliantly white and glistening in the sunlight when a sudden change of motion brings it to bear on the plumage as they perform their evolutions—I think one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. When one watches large shoals of fishes, and sees the sudden and simultaneous motions, it seems to me impossible to account for them in any other way than by the same telepathy.

Sir John Lubbock attributes the combined actions of ants to signaling by means of the antennæ. Now, it would require a very elaborate and preconcerted code of signals to enable insects to communicate intelligibly with each other, and I think thought-reading a much more probable means of communication, and the appearance of the antennæ, remarked by Sir J. Lubbock, would greatly facilitate this, and may account for the habit.

Bees with one accord rise when they swarm, and I think may influence each other in a similar manner. When suitable food for wild pigeons becomes very plentiful, innumerable flocks of pigeons immediately resort to the locality. How do they know of it? I do not think they have any power or wish to bring all their friends to partake of the feast, and so destroy their sup-

ply. I attribute to the same cause this habit. The same may be said of the feeding of all kinds of birds, such as snipe, woodcock, etc., that have had no opportunity of communicating with each other. Immediately a place becomes suited to their requirements it will be found tenanted by them.

In a country frequented by vultures, when a beast dies it is well known that these birds flock from all quarters to the feast, some say by scent, others say by sight, I say by telepathy. Perhaps some observer of these things who agrees or disagrees with me will favor us with his idea, and by comparing notes enable us to arrive at the true solution of the mystery.—Correspondence London Field.

Voracity of Loons.

QUEBEC, June 23.—There have been so many screaming and trout-eating loons on Lac Clair that the question whether in their breeding time they could not be pursued and driven to locate on other waters has been a long time a subject of consideration. I was unable to attend to it this spring, but our guardian, Xavier, did better than I could have hoped, for he not only chased them, but actually shot and killed five. Opening one out of curiosity, he found in its stomach two trout of 10 or 11 inches long, absolutely whole, with their skin hardly broken. One can imagine the havoc that would be made by a number of loons on a well-stocked trout lake. The late Col. Hodges, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, once told me that he thought 3 pounds of trout would only furnish a day's ration for one loon.

Xavier, who is a man of thirty years' experience in the woods, tells me he has found many loon's nests, but never any more than one egg in them, but an equally good authority says he had often seen two, and very rarely three. I myself have never seen a nest, but neither have I ever seen a loon with more than one young one by its side. It is a good thing for the trout that there are no more of them. It is well known that loons can neither walk nor stand on land; they can only push themselves along with their webbed feet and crawl on their craw. The nests are made of patches of moss from the stones on the water's edge.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

Flying Foxes of the South Pacific.

AT a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Mr. C. H. Townsend, of the Fish Commission, spoke interestingly of the flying foxes of the South Pacific Islands. This term is used to designate the large fruit-eating bats, found in such abundance in some of the islands of the Pacific. The observations were made by Mr. Townsend during the voyage of the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross, from which he returned only a few months ago, and the talk was illustrated by lantern slides and specimens.

To the eastward of the Tonga and Samoan groups of islands no bats were found in Polynesia, although they were carefully looked for. On certain islands of the Tonga group, however, Mr. Townsend collected many of these bats, and they were also seen in the Fiji and Samoan islands, though none were taken.

On the Island of Tongatatu a large rookery of these animals was found, and here many photographs were taken, showing the bats hanging to the branches of the trees. This rookery is situated in a small native village, the bats occupying the tops of a number of large trees in the very middle of the settlement. The rookery is carefully protected by the people, and is said to have been thus guarded from time immemorial. The chief of the village permitted Mr. Townsend to take away only three specimens. What the motive for this protection may be, is not explained, but it is certain that the bats do a great deal of damage to the fruits on which the islanders largely depend for subsistence.

Urban Rattlesnakes.

OAKMONT, Pa., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the Lucy Furnace was building, right in the city of Pittsburg, some twenty-five years since, an Irish laborer employed there was bitten by a rattlesnake. There could be no doubt about this case, as the snake was killed at once, and the manager of the furnace had its rattles for some years, and may have them yet. Yet the explanation of how such a snake got into a busy city, many miles from any district that such snakes inhabit, was perfectly simple. There had been a very high flood in the Allegheny River, which flows alongside the furnace, a few days before. That snake had been carried off on some driftwood from the upper waters of the river, the drift had lodged on the furnace property, and thus the snake escaped to solid ground.

Probably some such unnoticed fact will account for the rattlesnake in Palmer, Mass.

The copperhead is by no means unknown around here. I have known of two persons being bitten by them, and one narrowly escaping, within a few years—in fact, one was killed in the fashionable East End of Pittsburg within a fortnight.

W. WADE.

The Last Adirondack Moose.

WEST WINSTED, Conn., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with considerable interest the different accounts of the killing of the last moose in the Adirondacks.

The account you publish in your issue of June 9 is the correct one. I was not present, but one of my guides was, and has often pointed out to me the tree on or near Constable Point on which they hung up the moose to dress it. I am a good deal amused at the idea that Sam Dunakin ever led a two-year-old moose from Fulton Chain to Utica. The moose might have led him, but he never did the moose.

C. S. FOSTER.

Hard Luck but Mitigated by the Next Best Thing.

A NEBRASKA correspondent writes: I have to read FOREST AND STREAM, for though I am in what used to be a great sportsman's country, owing to drought our lakes have all dried up, fish have perished by the millions and water fowl have migrated somewhere else.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Day in Eastern Massachusetts.

JOHN had left word for me to meet him the next morning on the top of Green Hill ready for a try at the quail and partridge. Birds were by no means plenty in our section, and it required an intimate knowledge of the covers and of the habits of the birds to insure even a small bag. It doesn't take long for a Massachusetts grouse to absorb a practical education sufficient to elude the army of amateurs which is ever in pursuit of him, and the successful sportsman must be a hard worker, an intelligent hunter and a good shot.

On waking in the morning my hopes were somewhat dashed to find some 4 inches of snow had fallen—soft, moist snow that clung to everything and weighed down the branches and slender saplings, often bending them nearly double, and the nearby thicket forming a barrier that sent the cold chills down one's back, even in anticipation. However, in half an hour I was on my way with my old black and white setter Crimp. Crimp is no stickler for conditions; hot or cold, wet or dry, makes no difference to him, so long as he sees the little Parker and the shooting togs.

After following the road a couple of miles I struck across the fields, coming on John near the rendezvous with his young setter Don. The snow seemed not to affect John's courage in the least and he started in as if the conditions were made to order. Keeping about 50 yards apart we worked down the east side of the hill until near the foot, where I struck into an old cart road going north and John worked along parallel. Soon I heard "Look out!" from John, and at the same instant a partridge burst through a seemingly solid wall of snow and came directly toward my head. Before I could throw my gun into position the bird was over me and disappearing in another wall of snow. Swinging around I snapped at the place where he had disappeared and had the satisfaction of cutting the twigs at just the right place. After looking some time in the vicinity I concluded I had missed and we continued through the snow without finding him. Swinging back on the lower edge of the brush I worked carefully along, expecting to find the bird I had shot at, and when nearly opposite the place where he had disappeared Crimp suddenly drew to a stand, pointing directly at a large ground savin. Walking up behind, Crimp refused to move and I went into the middle of the clump before the bird started. He was evidently badly wounded, for he seemed hardly able to get on the wing, and offered an easy mark when once out of the brush. Securing the bird, I rejoined John, and for the next hour we failed to find a feather.

Coming to a meadow where John said he had found quail recently, we started through it, and sure enough John found their roosting place of the previous night. There was a small brook running through the meadow lined with alders, and working up this, one on each side, Crimp was soon pointing staunchly, seemingly into the brook. I kicked the birds out toward John, who killed with one barrel and missed with the other. I missed. Following in the direction taken by the birds, we came on a patch of weeds which showed tracks of quite a bunch of birds. Following the edge of a nearby thicket, we soon had a fine point from both dogs. The birds were very close and flushed almost immediately, John getting a double, while I missed again. Going after his birds, we found it difficult to find the dead birds in the snow—in fact, we had nearly given up one of them when Crimp commenced to dig in the snow where we had trodden it down, and getting hold of something with his teeth he soon had the quail by the wing. Returning to where the scattered birds were, Crimp soon came to a point in some thick laurel, and walking up I flushed and killed the bird.

We next entered the larger growth, where some of the birds had gone. John made a good shot on a bird which flushed behind him, the best shot of the day.

Crimp now got on a trail leading directly through very thick underbrush. He followed it faster than we could get through the snarl and we lost sight of him, but followed his tracks and finally came on him solid as a rock at least 100 yards from where he struck the trail. He was pointing into an old treetop close by some thick scrub oak. The chances of a shot were poor, especially since the bird had showed a decided tendency to wildness contrary to their usual custom of hiding after being first flushed. However, we worked up to the treetop, resolved to shoot at the least chance. While yet some distance from the top the bird flushed, going into the scrub oak. I got a momentary glimpse of brown and snapped just as it was going out of sight. There was a feather or two floating in the air, and following in the direction taken by the bird I had the good luck to find him several rods from where I had shot at him.

The sun had come out and thawed the snow so that it was rapidly falling from the brush, and the afternoon promised better conditions. After a cold bite we started again, striking into a nearby swamp, a splendid cover for partridge. On one side of the swamp several long, narrow strips of young growth of birch, etc., extended into the mowing fields, affording fine feeding places for partridges.

Our method was for one man to thresh out these strips of brush, where it was next to impossible to get a shot, and drive the birds across the open field, where the other man was posted. John got in a favorable position, while I went to the lower end and began working toward him. When half way to him Crimp commenced to trail a bird, and finally pointed. I worked up behind the dog, who refused to budge, and had taken one or two steps in front of him when the bird took wing with a mighty rush out by John, who waited till the bird was well out in the open and then gave it to him. The bird staggered and left a cloud of feathers in the air, and looked to drop before he got to cover, but managed to get into the edge of the brush. Expecting to pick up the bird, we went directly to where he had disappeared, when with a quick run the bird took wing and went away apparently as strong as ever, without giving us a shot. After looking to see that it wasn't another bird than the one shot at we followed the direction taken, and worked the ground

over thoroughly without finding the bird, when in taking one last turn around the outside edge of the lot the bird burst from almost under my feet and started straight away. Throwing up my gun I gave it to him, and still he kept right on, but leaving a thin trail of feathers behind. John joined me and we resumed the pursuit. I had marked the bird down, and we went straight to him. Don finding him dead, a remarkably long flight from where I had last shot at him. Picking him up we found both legs broken and several shot marks on his body. So much for the game qualities of this noble bird.

Working back on the other side of this same cover, I took up position in some big pines so as to cover an open field on one side and some low oak sprouts on the other, while John beat out another strip of low pine. Soon I heard a bird start and caught a glimpse of a flash making for the opening on my right. He burst through the fringe of pine with downward scoop, and with set wings was fast getting out of range when the little Parker spoke and he was added to our bag. At times when the birds will not lie well this method of hunting is the most successful—i. e., one man drive and the other shoot. One must be thoroughly acquainted with the ground and be willing to do his share of the driving as well as be able to shoot some when he gets a chance, for after a partridge once gets under full headway he isn't any snap, even in an open field.

Our next move took us to a large swamp near a pond. While walking along the road Don came to a stand, pointing straight at a large oak tree close by the road. The bird flushed immediately and John missed, an unusual thing for him.

Following up this bird, Crimp struck a scent in some thick fringe around a dried-up water hole. John got into the middle of the clear space, while I followed Crimp, who was working around to the west side of the clearing. The bird started without giving me a shot, but headed across the clearing, giving John a fine open shot. He missed with his first barrel, but at the report of the second the bird took a sudden upward turn, not exactly towering, but at an angle that sent him 30 or 40 feet above the treetops while yet comparatively near. While watching the bird there came another bird across my line of vision, which I saw at once was a medium sized hawk. Before I could shoot he was over John's head in the exact line of flight taken by the partridge. Soaring easily above the trees, he followed the partridge until it started to drop, when he instantly closed his talons on it and sailed away over the treetops, carrying the partridge, until out of sight. We hunted in that direction, but saw no more of hawk or partridge. This is the only incident of this kind that I have ever heard of, although I've heard of hawks taking wounded ducks, etc., on the marshes.

The short November day was fast drawing to a close and we turned in the direction of home. John got a partridge on the way back to the quail field, and another quail from the meadow where we found them in the morning, making a total bag of seven quail and four partridges—which is a good bag for two guns in this vicinity.

We have some splendid covers, and a few years ago there was very fair shooting; but a few years more must see the end of that grand bird, the ruffed grouse, unless some severe measures are taken at once to protect the few remaining birds.

I would advocate a close season for three years on partridge, quail, woodcock, rabbits, and squirrels. Prohibit the sale of the same and enforce the law. Offer a bounty on foxes. Of course the fox hunters will object most strenuously to this, but observing men in this section believe that the increasing number of foxes are a most potent factor in the rapid disappearance of our birds. No measure which could be successfully enforced would be too stringent to suit the sportsmen in eastern Massachusetts, who have the best interests of the game birds at heart.

R. E.
MASSACHUSETTS.

Alaska Shots.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue for April 21 an article by Mr. C. F. Periolot on "Moose Hunting." In common with many other readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I would very much enjoy an article written by Mr. H. E. Lee, of Chicago, giving us the results of the severe tests he has put his "arsenal of guns" to on big game, as referred to in Mr. Periolot's article.

I have already given my reasons in these columns for considering the "English express" (of which Mr. Periolot speaks with disfavor) as one of the best guns, and while I have a great admiration for the Savage .303 (there is no such gun as the Savage .30-30 yet in use, which Mr. Periolot mentions), I find it hard to believe that Mr. Lee killed all of these animals with only one shot each. I feel sure the majority of big-game hunters will agree with me in believing that it is hardly probable that ten big-game animals, including two large moose and three grizzly bears, were killed at sporting ranges with only one shot each.

If there is any man, using any rifle, who will come out over his own name and honestly affirm that he has accomplished such a feat, he is justly entitled to a place of honor among hunters, and every hunter will be indebted to him for the information.

Even in Alaska, where game is so comparatively tame, not yet having become accustomed to the sight and scent of man, and thus learning to dread him, there are so many little chances which might, and I believe would, prevent a man making a fatal shot ten consecutive times, even supposing the rifle had the stopping power of a 13-inch shell, that I wonder more deeply the more I think of it. I know that conditions in Alaska are very favorable for making a record shot and a record bag. There is lots of game and it is comparatively tame, and the country is so accessible and easy to get into and travel over and hunt in, that any hunter can get easy chances on game.

Regarding the country, any average hunter who has the time and means necessary can go there in safety and comfort and easily get fine specimens of moose, sheep, caribou and bear. If I were in the "guiding" business, I would guarantee to put any hunter who can walk ten miles a day within shooting distance of the game mentioned. In proof of my assertion, I need only say that

during the summer of 1899 a lady of my acquaintance, born and bred in one of the large cities of the United States, who had done but little hunting before, and who only weighed 125 pounds, went to Alaska and came back safe and sound, having killed a bear and two sheep with her own rifle, and that rifle a Savage .303—only it took more than one shot for each animal. She could have also killed two moose and some more sheep, but their party had no use for the meat.

The section of country in which the bear was first snared and then shot was the same as that in which Mr. Lee and party hunted—that is, the Cook's Inlet region. This lady, however, killed her sheep much further inland than Mr. Lee's party had ventured.

Mr. Periolot is scarcely justified in claiming that Mr. Lee killed the "universally acknowledged record caribou of the world." From other sources, I believe this caribou has a head of horns with fifty-seven points (counting knobs). Now, I can refer any interested reader to where he can see a larger head than this one. I would give its location here, but am not at liberty to do so, the owner not wishing the notoriety of a newspaper notice.

Until I saw Mr. Periolot's article, I was of the opinion that the head in Mr. Lee's possession was killed by an Indian of Mr. Lee's party, while hunting in Alaska with him, and who used one of Mr. Lee's guns. I have the word of two different people for it that the Indian did kill a head with fifty-seven points, so that if Mr. Lee also has a fifty-seven point head of his own killing, there is also, I believe, another fifty-seven point head existing.

There may be other larger heads which I do not know of. In these latter days, when so many large heads have been secured of all big-game animals, it is risky for any one to assert that theirs is the largest.

JAMES TURNBULL.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers have already learned that the confidence Massachusetts sportsmen have reposed in Governor Crane was not misplaced. They will also be glad to know that Representative Harry Draper Hunt, of North Attleboro, has been made the happy recipient of the pen with which the bill was signed. This recognition of his untiring efforts to secure the passage of the bill was most appropriate, and I have reason to believe meets the approval of every one.

The success of the committee in securing the bird bill is the cause of much rejoicing among Massachusetts sportsmen. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., formerly President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, writes: "I know very well, from a long and tedious experience, just what you have been through, and of course we have all lent a hand as best we might. * * * I consider this the greatest victory that has ever been gained by sportsmen in the State of Massachusetts. It shows that the game dealer cannot always have his own way, even though he feels that he is in position to dictate to the Legislature."

Mr. F. R. Whitcher, a deputy game warden, of Amesbury, whose name I have mentioned in a previous letter, writes of his great delight on learning that the bill had become a law.

Mr. J. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, has just called at this office and informed me that he was able to answer numerous questions propounded by Governor Crane prior to affixing his signature in a way that removed whatever objections had been raised against the bill. The sportsmen of Massachusetts are under obligations to Mr. Stevenson for championing their interests on many occasions since he first represented his city in the Legislature. It is in no small degree due to his influence that our friends in the western counties were led to give up the last two weeks of September and consent to opening the shooting season on Oct. 1.

Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury, who has been many years a Vice-President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and one of the most active members of the Board of Management, writes as follows under date of June 21: "I wish to acknowledge with thanks your courtesy in sending me a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and congratulate you on your success."

Mr. W. S. Hinman, who was a valuable witness at the hearing before the Legislative Committee, has just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Maine woods. Mr. Hinman is a Vice-President, and has recently taken life membership in the Association.

While we regard the passage of the bird bill as the crowning achievement of the year, there have been other improvements in existing laws. For several years the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League has sought to have power granted the Commissioners to construct fishways at the expense of the State in those cases where the owners were financially unable to build them, and where they are needed to allow fish free access to their spawning beds.

Such a law has been enacted this season. A bill relative to the stocking of brooks, introduced by Representative Hunt, has been enacted, and carries with it an appropriation of \$500. I inclose a copy of the bill. A bill to prevent the killing of Mongolian pheasants for five years has become a law, on recommendation of the Commissioners. A law has been passed to regulate the fishing in Podunk Pond, or Quacumquasit Lake, Brookfield.

The Brookfield Club, of which one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. C. H. Moulton, is President, has done a great work in stocking the lake, having put in about 10,000 brook trout fry, 40,000 lake trout fry, nearly 3,000 yearling and adult brook trout from 5 to 11 inches long, and 8,000 landlocked salmon fingerlings. Fishing has been allowed in July and August only the past three years. A law has been passed this session allowing fishing from June 20 to Oct. 1, but limiting the amount to 12 pounds of white perch, 5 pounds of trout and 5 pounds of landlocked salmon per day, by any person, for a period of five years.

Another law just passed requires lobster fishermen to have been residents of the State not less than a year.

As your readers know, the attempt to pass a 9-inch lobster law failed, and the legal length remains as before—10½ inches. Now, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that this is not a bad record for the Old Bay State, and I do not hesitate to predict that this season's victories

will prove harbingers of still better things to come in the not distant future.

The co-operative spirit that has been developed among our sportsmen should be fostered in every way possible. The united action of all sportsmen's, farmers' and other clubs that participated in the great convention of last December, resulting in the organization of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, has secured the passage of a law that is likely to prove of great benefit to those sportsmen who must do their bird hunting in Massachusetts or nowhere, and has shown what methods we must adopt in order to win victories in the future. I wish to suggest the importance of all clubs keeping up the work in disseminating information, awakening public interest and promoting in every way the interests they represent. Sportsmen in those cities and large towns where no club exists should at once set about forming one so that in every locality there shall be some organization to care for fish and game.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Care and Accidents.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the other day the very suggestive and instructive notes by Mr. W. H. Avis about the necessity of care in handling firearms.

Like Mr. Avis I consider myself very cautious in every move with a gun, whether it is loaded or not; but I have seen a number of accidents, some of which were not due to carelessness. I have carried a gun for the last fourteen years. Once only have I had it accidentally discharged in my own hand. On this occasion I was in the woods, and seeing a coon cross the path, I raised gun to shoulder, pulling the hammer back as I did so. The coon disappeared behind a fallen tree. I ran to the tree and was looking about when my gun was exploded, being carried about 20 feet away. The only damage to my person was a smashed finger.

On one occasion, while trapping in Canada with my brother Fred, when we were breaking camp after our midday meal, everything being in the packs, I was filling my pipe when Fred took the gun from the log I had leaned it against and handed the arm to me muzzle first. The butt stood on the ground. There was a loud report, a flash of heat in my face and my hat went flying. I staggered back a few paces, and passing my hand over my face looked at it for blood. Seeing none, I tried the second time. It was hard for me to believe that I had not been shot. Fred looked as if he had been white-washed. We laughed the matter off, but always after that Fred let me pick up my own gun.

While I was out once with a party of young boys one day a small green snake crossed the path. One of the party attempted to put the butt of his gun on the snake. The hammer struck a hidden log. Two charges went through his abdomen.

Another time, while out, one of the party shot and wounded a rabbit which ran into a stone wall. The lad slipped a shell into his gun, put it on the opposite side of the wall pointed toward him, and began rolling down the wall to dislodge the rabbit. A stone rolled against his gun, a report followed and he went to the ground with his brains blown out. I know of many other cases. I agree with Mr. Avis that none of us can be too careful. No matter what you are doing with your gun, keep the muzzle upward, loaded or empty.

In picking up your gun from lying flat, standing against anything, from a companion or a boat, do not take hold of the muzzle and drag it toward you; take hold of it by the forestock and barrel if you are only using one hand; if two, in the regular way you grasp it when you go to shoot. In carrying your gun do not keep the muzzle directly behind you; throw the butt to the right or left, whichever shoulder you are carrying it on. This will bring the muzzle toward the opposite shoulder, thus rendering it easy to carry, as it will be resting on your neck and shoulder instead of on the small part of your shoulder, and with the muzzle upward will also lighten it a little.

I think there are more men shot with their own guns by taking them from a boat than in any other way. When you run your boat or canoe to the bank your gun is likely to be in the bow, which I think is the best place for it. Take hold of it by the forestock and step out. Put it in a safe place where you are sure it will not fall down. Then draw up your boat or do anything else you have to do; but do not let your gun stay in the boat until you have shouldered your pack and then catch hold of the muzzle, drag it up over the gunwale, hook the hammers and have it explode. It is likely to blow out your brains.

I have hunted and trapped eight years in Canada, and I will give a few of my experiences in dealing with the fur-bearing animals of Canada, from the muskrat to the black bear, in a later number of your valuable paper. I have read it for the past ten years and find it the best sporting paper published.

W. K. S.
TAUNTON.

Chickens in the Northwest.

All through the Northwest, North and South Dakota and Minnesota, there has been a long season of extremely hot, dry weather, which has been most injurious to the crops over a vast territory in that region. Ordinarily speaking, this would mean a poor chicken season, but the following dispatch from St. Cloud, Minn., seems to indicate the contrary, being as below:

"The only crop in this vicinity that seems to have been benefited by the dry weather, in fact thrived on it, is that of prairie chickens. Ordinarily the rains and storms of spring and early summer are responsible for the death of many broods, but this year the conditions have been exceptionally favorable and already a noticeable difference is seen by parties who have occasion to be in the country, and the prairie chicken harvest this fall promises some rare sport."

First Artist—"I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition." Second Artist—"What was it?" First Artist—"You know my picture, 'A Storm at Sea'?" Well, a man and his wife were looking at it and I heard the man say, 'Come on, my dear; that picture makes me sick.'—*Brooklyn Life*.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fixtures.

July 18, 19, 20.—Meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Holl, Mass.

One Pleasant Day.

"Would you like to go fishing?" This was the question with which my friend K. greeted me on a bright sunny day.

"Would I? Well, I most certainly would," was my answer.

"Well, let's go. Where will it be?"

"I have heard Sugar Creek Falls well spoken of. Let's go there."

All right. Sugar Creek it is, then. You invite the company and I'll furnish the livery."

Thinking the proposition as fair as I could well ask, I cheerfully agreed. Did you ever fish at Sugar Creek Falls? Well, I'll tell you about the place. But that will come in as we go along.

By way of company I concluded to invite my two boys, Frank and Paul. The boys are as big as I, but they are my boys still.

The day was set—a day in the late summer—and no summer ever turned out a fairer one.

Having packed our baskets and prepared our tackle the evening before, we were ready for an early start. Our livery was a fine, easy-going carriage, drawn by a spanking team of well-fed and well-groomed horses. We had a delightful drive of thirteen miles through the mildly cool morning air—cool enough to require light overcoats—the first half of the distance over a sandy road as level as a floor, after which we struck the hills, and then it was up and down through a beautiful picturesque country. The farmers had not yet turned out; the fowls were just beginning to stir themselves; the morning mists were lingering in the valleys, lending an additional charm to the landscape. There was not a speck of cloud in the sky, and when the sun rose his opportunity for a most glorious appearing was unobstructed, and a more perfect summer morning never dawned.

As we came to the last half mile of our journey we descended the gentle slope of a long hill, and there lay before us a large level triangular-shaped body of land inclosed on two sides by the two branches of Sugar Creek. Immediately in front of us was an old-fashioned covered bridge, which spanned the first of these branches. Crossing this bridge and driving perhaps a quarter of a mile over a beautiful road, as level as ice on a river and as straight as a ruler, we came to bridge No. 2 crossing the other branch. These two streams meet and form Sugar Creek proper, say a half a mile below this bridge. Both of these branches are beautiful to look upon, musical in their movements and good for fishing. They are not dull, sluggish streams, wandering lazily through muddy banks, but quick-flowing, moving along with a song of gladness, rattling over stones, bumping against great rocks, curling up into eddies and deep green pools; then spreading out into glittering shallows. Here the approach to the water is a sandy branch; there a grassy bank; again, if you would approach the water at all you must clamber down a precipice of rock almost perpendicular, for now and then the stream leans up against these to rest a while. A few rods below the second of these bridges the water spreads out and glides down over a bottom of smooth rock and plunges over a break in this solid bottom, and that forms Sugar Creek Falls. The fall is not great—may be 5 feet—but it comes down with a roar and a plunge, and forms a great deep pool below. That is a good pool in which to cast a line. I wonder why they called it Sugar Creek. And this is a question which always excites my interest as I pass around through the country, for I have quite a curiosity touching the origin of the names of the natural features of the region. When it comes to Indian names, such as Tuscarawas, Coshocton, Cuyahoga, Waihindong and the like, I give it up at once, only supposing these are the names these streams received from the people who fished in them before I came. Some streams suggest at once the origin of their names. There is a dull, sluggish stream in this same region called Stillwater. If you visit it you will readily see the propriety of the name. Stony Creek, in which I fished when a boy, was simply a stony creek. There is another of these stillwater creeks that crawl sluggishly through the dead levels in the name of which I was greatly interested. It is called One Leg. On inquiry I was told that an Indian who had been so unfortunate as to lose one of his legs made his home on this creek, and his brethren of the copper skin called the creek One Leg in honor of their unfortunate tribesman. But why my favorite stream should be called Sugar Creek I never learned; but I suppose the early settlers along its banks found plenty of sugar maples growing there, from which they drew their supplies for domestic use.

The scenery about the falls is very beautiful and attractive. At least it is so to one who for months together is confined to the close quarters of his town business and humdrum responsibilities. But I suppose to the eyes of the people who live here there is no special beauty in the hills, the levels, the trees or the sweet gliding streams by which they are surrounded; nor, to their ears, is there any music in the gentle roar of the water as it tumbles over the rocks. Back from the stream a few rods and near the second bridge there stands a large stone house. It was built in a bygone time to meet a bygone necessity.

The road we have traversed in getting here was originally a stage road in the good old times before railroads with their horrid noises and their horrid dirt were thought of. The stone house was a hotel in those stage days. It is now occupied by a farmer and his family, colonies of wasps, with other small vermin which find plenty of room without interfering with each other. Across the road are great barns, stables, wagon sheds, corn cribs and the like. To these barns we drove our team, and into the stalls we put our horses, and into the shed we pushed our carriage. Then we arranged with the farmer and his wife for what accommodations we might need, such as stable room, hay for the horses, the use of a dining table on the back porch, with table linen, butter, milk and such

like. Then to the water. We made our first cast in the pool below the falls; then, following the branch down to the junction of the two, we followed up the other branch till noon. The sport was good, and by noon we had a very fair catch. But that—the catch—was the smallest consideration; we had the outdoor air, the sunshine, the world clear up to the blue above us and the landscape all about us, with the song of bird, chirp of grasshopper, and the clean, pure smell of the country in our nostrils.

At the hour agreed upon for meeting at the stone house for noon lunch Frank was missing. I concluded I would hunt him up, so walking across the triangle to bridge No. 1 I lifted up my voice: "Frank! Hello! Frank!" Soon a reply came from away around the bend in the stream: "I'm coming!" And coming he was, sure enough. He had worn a light overcoat in the cool of the morning, and not thinking, I suppose, of the increase of heat as the day advanced, he still had it on. A muffler was about his neck. He had a minnow bucket and fishing rod in one hand, a string of fish in the other. His face was as red as a poppy and the perspiration was streaming down his cheeks. He fairly groaned with what he carried under the oppressive heat; but he was happy, and so were we all.

The dinner was good, as dinners under such circumstances generally are; but it was a rare treat to me, for I was not eating many meals with my boys then, nor have I since, nor am I likely to in years to come. After dinner and a little rest we resumed our pleasant labor and rounded up the day with another feast. And what of the catch? Well, it was not very great. We found we had taken in all about forty fish, thirty of which were bass. We were satisfied, for we had had a pleasant day. Frank pronounced it the happiest day he ever spent. Paul was the champion, having taken the biggest bass of the lot.

While K. was preparing the team for the home journey I settled with our host of the stone house.

"Mr. H., what shall I pay you for your accommodations?"

"O, well," with a slow, nasal drawl, "I hardly know. I guess its worth about 15 cents."

"Fifteen cents!" And I handed him a half dollar.

"I believe I have no change."

"Change! I don't want any change. Keep it; your accommodations are worth it." And the poor man nearly staggered under the burden of this sudden accumulation of wealth. Then that farm, that house, those barns and all that in them was, with that creek, landscape and all the place afforded were at my disposal. "Come again; you'll be welcome any time." A. R. CHAPMAN.

STUBENVILLE, O.

ANGLING NOTES.

Gut.

WEEKS ago I had something to say about the annual reports on the gut crop, and said it would be curious to look over the reports for the past twelve or fifteen years, if they could be gathered together, and compare one year with another, for it seemed as though there had been alarming reports given out each year concerning certain grades of gut, and yet to the consumer the price of such gut remained about the same. I do not now recall my exact language, and at midnight I do not care to hunt for the particular copy of FOREST AND STREAM in which I used it; but I had in mind the reports about the heaviest salmon gut, for it is that which has apparently caused the greatest alarm about its scarcity and high price. A correspondent has very kindly furnished me with eight reports, and I propose to quote this particular grade of gut. "Extra extra extra thick Marana"; quantity in Great Britain and the price per 100:

1888-89.....	6,000	30s
1889-90.....	3,250	40s
1890-91.....	2,000	40s
1891-92.....	2,200	40s

There is a gap from 1891-92 to 1895-96, and the title is changed from Marana (still used for lighter salmon gut) to Hebra for the ex. ex. ex. thick:

1895-96.....	2,000	40s
1897-98.....	3,000	40s
1898-99.....	Quantity not given.	30s
1899-1900.....	Quantity not given.	30s

Exhibition gut, a grade still thicker than the ex. ex. ex. thick, is:

Stock.	Price.	Year.
5,000	50s	1888-89
2,500	50s	1889-90
1,500	50s	1890-91
1,500	50s	1891-92
500	50s	1895-96
2,000	50s	1897-98
Not given.	40s	1898-99
Not given.	40s	1899-00

Just a few quotations from the reports regarding this grade of gut, 1888-89: The stock of stoutest gut for salmon fishing will therefore be very limited."

1889-90: "The two kinds of gut most in demand by first-class anglers, viz., the heaviest salmon and the finest trout, are 75 per cent. below last year."

1890-91: "In reporting upon the gut crop I have to state that the production is the smallest which has been recorded since this report was first issued, nine years ago, and is barely one-half that of last year. * * * Of heaviest salmon and finest undrawn trout remain of last crop, and as the former especially is exceedingly scarce, the price will be somewhat higher than last year."

1891-92: "Of the heaviest salmon gut there is an even smaller quantity than last year, and as the consumption of 1891 was higher, stocks are, as a consequence, remarkably low."

1895-96: "Of thickest salmon gut only about half the usual quantity. * * * I anticipate an early rise as the season advances and the stocks run low. * * * As America is now taking more gut each year, I have reason to believe that before the end of the year there will be some scarcity."

1897-98: "I have to announce a fair average production of nearly all varieties. The exceptions are (as usual) in the two extremes of finest trout and very stoutest salmon gut, of which the quantity is year by year diminishing, while the demand is more than fully maintained."

1898-99: "The heaviest salmon gut is scarce, and of course correspondingly expensive, the supply (as is frequently the case) not equaling the demand."

1899-1900: "I have to report a materially diminished production. * * * As I have had to repeat now for several years, the supply of fine trout gut and the heaviest salmon gut will not meet half the demand."

When I first began to read these reports I was a trifle alarmed, for I feared that the supply of heavy salmon gut would taper down to nothing and the price would go up to the sky; but after a few years I got rather used to the scare heads and would have been disappointed if the reports had warned us to look out for anything but short crops of gut and advances in prices; and as the tackle dealers continued to sell heavy gut leaders and did not give the purchaser a stroke of paralysis when the price was mentioned, I had hopes that the present generation of anglers would survive the famine, disaster and pestilence of the gut crop, as set forth in the annual reports.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Mendacious Angler.

AMONG out-of-door sports none has apparently grown in popularity more steadily within the last few decades than that of angling.

It has recently been estimated that in the course of the last twelve months not less than 6,574,000 anglers, comprehending all classes and professions of our people, have on one or more occasions cast their lures, natural or artificial, in the waters of or adjacent to these United States.

This number, large it is true, but probably not beyond the fact, includes a far wider social diversity of folk than could be gathered on any other basis than a fondness for piscatorial pleasures.

Indeed, it represents an epitome of American civilization. In this huge procession walks an ex-President of the republic, with a part of his Cabinet, a contingent from the Supreme Bench, from both houses of Congress, the circles of diplomacy and from the pulpit, the bar and college, besides thousands from the office and workshop.

Not less striking than its numbers, or social variety, is the honest worth of most of this host. They are, some few stragglers into its ranks ignored, the very elect of the nation. A goodly company in quality, as in quantity, on whom it is pleasant and wholesome for the imagination to dwell.

We are not furnished with any estimate of the fish which this army of anglers has captured. Probably no such computation can be made, with any reasonable approximation to the truth. Probably it would be mere guess work. Yet it is a matter of quite keen regret that we are not given some indications, even between wide margins, of the number of captured fish, together with a calculation of the quantities claimed by these sportsmen to have been hooked, but which managed to scape.

While the statistician whose figures are given has not felt justified in risking his very enviable reputation with such unreliable data, he appears to have given the matter quite serious consideration, as he is reported to have declared that he had progressed sufficiently far into such calculations as to be astounded at the immense disparity between the number estimated by him to have been taken and the number claimed to have been caught; and that as to the huge numbers of exceptionally large and desperate fish which had been hooked but lost at the last moment, the task of computation was hopeless.

This report of the statistician's embarrassment is exceedingly credible, as it is the world over a well-recognized fact that accounts of their exploits with which fishermen regale their friends are not borne out by the visible results. So universally is this true that a highly improbable relation in regard to anything is in all languages proverbially designated as "a fish story."

This, when we come to consider it, is an interesting and significant fact, the explanation of which upon any satisfactory theory has until recently been entirely wanting. We are familiar enough with the shallow and often flippant solutions of the problem, which are heard wherever the fisherman's untruthfulness is mentioned. Thus we hear it said the Psalmist decalred that all men are liars; hence there should be no surprise at the mendacity of these men. David spoke in haste and doubtless revised his opinion at leisure; but however that may be, we know that all men are not now given to persistent, deliberate falsehood, and that very few do tell lies, unless to subserve some useful purpose. Then, too, it is explained that anglers are accustomed on their excursions to indulge in alcoholic stimulation until their mental perceptions are so obfuscated as to readily transform fancies into facts. This accusation is a calumny. As a class, anglers are temperate. Many totally abstain, and of those who do indulge, many more are possessed of heads so hard as not to be affected by any quantity of liquor which they could conveniently carry on a day's outing, along with their necessary impedimenta. Still another of these explanations which do not explain is that this mendacity is but the expression of a disposition to harmless romancing, peculiar to a lively fancy. This is merely begging the question. Why are the romances confined to the subject of fishing? We are as far off with as without the suggestion.

If the problem involved were a matter of mere idle curiosity, the solution of which could result in no good beyond the acquisition of truth for truth's sake, we might be content with permitting it to remain among other occult things. The moral character, however, of such a multitude of those whom we would fain respect, and who, in spite of this apparent taint of depravity, are so estimable and amiable, is so deeply concerned as to make the subject one of very painful interest. Few are the family circles in our land whose happiness is not marred, whose pride is not wounded, or whose self-respect is not injured by the knowledge that one of its members or one dear to some of them is given to this shameless disregard of the verities. It is a sorrow, a mortification, which comes or may at any time come home to any of us, as we hear one of these Ananiases of the hook and line, his countenance clear of any aparent consciousness of guilt, relate one of his impossible angling adventures. We listen in spite of ourselves, and can only wonder and lament. We realize the mystery of it all, but we feel none the less that it is shocking.

That this evil has never been seriously discussed is due to our hesitation at discussing the moral obliquity of those we love. The delicacy of the topic has led us to avoid it in conversation. This silence, however, so far from being indicative of the triviality of the matter, or

our indifference, evidences the depth of our concern, and our hopelessness of any remedy, or prevention. Nor are the cheerful attempts so frequently made to dispose of the trouble by treating it jocularly less significant.

The writer has witnessed with the keenest sympathy the suffering of a pious, truth-honoring daughter as, with suffused eyes and burning cheeks, she reluctantly listened to one of these miraculous stories from the lips of her revered, gray-haired father, a venerable pillar of his church, she visibly trembling the while in her fear for his final accounting, which in the course of nature she saw was but a short way off.

The case of the Rev. Dr. R. is also recalled. A clergyman of brilliant parts, profound learning and zealous piety, who, after attaining a commanding position, unfortunately took to angling as his pastime, in which art, becoming an adept, and proud of a skill acquired so late in life, grew fond of recounting his exploits with his rod, which in his hands, by his own accounts, was as wonderful in its way as the rod of Aaron.

The evil consequences were soon revealed to him in the narrowly averted loss of his flock, with whom he, not without difficulty, effected a compromise upon his pledge never again to mention the subject of fishing, but to satisfy his apparent necessity of unburdening himself, by contributions, under a *nom de plume*, to sporting journals. Yet even at the cost of such a sacrifice he never regained his first estate, and thenceforth found his usefulness sorely crippled.

Most unfortunately this deplorable peculiarity of anglers has recently been the subject of scientific investigations by several prominent psychologists, who are almost unanimous in declaring that the result of their labors establishes the following facts: That the unveracity of this class is the manifestation of a temporary mental aberration to which it is as unreasonable to attach blame as it would be to a bad dream or a high fever; that the angler is absolutely unconscious that he is making the slightest departure from the simple truth; that he is quite as honest on this as on all other topics—neither more nor less so—yet at the same time no reliance whatever can be placed on anything he may say as to his exploits, as he is utterly unable for a time to give with any approach to the truth an account of what has actually happened. The theory which usually obtains that there is a substratum of truth on which is built a disproportionate amount of fiction is erroneous. According to these scientists it is wiser to disbelieve the story in toto. They say, in short, that the angler is suffering from a morbid mental state similar to, if not identical with, the hypnotic trance. It is pointed out that this condition is superinduced by much the same means as hypnotists prescribe. One of the usual methods by which the latter condition is attained is, as is well known, to direct the subject to assume a position of the body most conducive to mental and physical repose. The operator then commands him to fix his eyes intently on a bright object placed before him for the purpose. He is next to divert his thoughts from their accustomed channels, or else empty his mind, if possible, from all thought whatsoever. All that then remains to be done is for him to retain the reposeful position, continue to gaze, while giving the mind up to vacuity. The hypnotic influence does the rest.

Now, these same things, though under a different environment, and in a somewhat changed order, are done by the angler. When he is fishing he dismisses the cares which usually infest his days, lays aside the subjects which constitute his ordinary mental pabulum, and goes forth amid the charms of nature—charms which woo him to a pleasant, dreamy, intellectual repose; or else his fancy is excited by visions of the fish he is about to capture. At the water side the bright reflection of the sun on the water unconsciously attracts his eyes and affects by slow degrees his imagination hypnotically, so that by the time he reaches home he has so inextricably confused the fish he hoped to catch with those that he has captured that anything he may relate of his experiences is characterized by an element of fiction, larger or smaller, as he is more or less subject to this very strange influence.

It would therefore appear that there is much unconscious philosophical truth in the reply we sometimes hear made to the angler recounting his exploits: "Yes, in your mind you did." This theory may at the first blush appear rather fanciful and far fetched, yet its thoughtful consideration will discover a quite substantial basis, and in harmony with well recognized scientific principles. It seems to be consistent with all of the known facts, something which cannot be claimed for any other theory yet advanced. All persons are not fit subjects of hypnotism. Some do not respond to the magic of the operator. They cannot be thrown into any trance or sleep. So, too, there are encountered here and there anglers whose stories are so credible as to give us a pleasant shock. This class is not numerous, but it exists. There is also a still smaller class who are silent as to their experiences. They are rarely met with. This theory is also explanatory of that demeanor of honesty, that frank open expression of the angler's countenance, beyond all art, with which he tells his story. He is honest. He does implicitly believe.

The truth of this theory cannot of course be demonstrated. From the very nature of the subject there must be an utter impossibility of proof, as with all other theories of the causation of mental idiosyncrasies. Investigations into this shadowy realm involve necessarily no little of pure speculation.

Yet whether or not our judgments are convinced, our predilections are engaged on the side of this view of the matter. It is so pleasant to believe in it, at once justifying that skepticism as to fishing stories universal among mankind, and vindicating the moral rectitude, in this particular, of so large a body of exceptionally worthy and respectable folk, among whom all of us count some of our most esteemed familiars. We hail the discovery as a positive blessing. When some dear friend, a belief in whose absolute veracity we cherish sacredly, relates his recent piscatorial adventures, it will surely be a grateful boon to be able to repress any of those horrible suspicions which have heretofore haunted us and inwardly exclaim: "Ah, I had not supposed him to be quite so hypnotically susceptible."

G. CARLTON JACKSON.

RICHMOND, Va.

New England Fishing.

Boston, June 23.—Bass fishing is attracting attention, while salmon and trout fishing is by no means done. Mr. Thomas F. Baxter, one of the high divers at the Boston Sportsmen's Show two years ago, returned a few days ago from a fishing trip to Calais, Me., waters. He found good stream fishing, and caught trout from the streams up to 2½ pounds. This gave him great sport. He also tried Six-Mile Pond for black bass, with a result that greatly pleased him, and took some of the residents by surprise. They were aware that some of the other ponds were stocked with bass, but had little idea of the fishing in Six-Mile. Mr. Baxter caught bass till he was tired. He used a bright red fly, with a bit of angle worm on the point of the hook. Rowing out, he would cast in toward the shore. At first the excitement was great, the bass being great fighters, coming to the top of the water at once, with splashing and jumping that would delight the heart of any angler, and frequently free the bass himself. When Mr. Baxter found how great a number he was catching, he says: "I grew sort of ashamed of myself, and when I had a strike I would give the fellow something of a chance by dipping my rod downward a little, and let him get off if he could." The result of the day's fishing was fifty-four bass, the largest weighing 5 pounds. Mr. Baxter adds: "The string was so heavy that it took my guide and a boy to bring them out. The next day we dined off the big 5-pound fish. That day I went again to Six-Mile and caught thirty. The pond is about eight miles from Calais by team."

At last Richard O. Harding, whom everybody will remember as managing the fisheries exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show this spring, has seen a big landlocked salmon from Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H. He, with the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners, has for some time believed that salmon of great size had their home there. On Tuesday Mr. C. F. Danforth, with whom Mr. Harding had planned to make a fishing trip to Dan Hole, brought a salmon to Boston, and showed him in Scott's window, 218 Washington street. The fish weighed a little over 14 pounds. It required two hours for Mr. Danforth to bring him to the net. The capture was a most exciting one, and attracted a good deal of attention at the Roland Park House, where Mr. Danforth was quartered. Richard only regrets that he was prevented at the last moment from making the trip and witnessing the fight. Mr. S. H. Emery had good fishing on his second trip to the Upper Dam. Still, the black flies were rather severe. A smudge had to be kept burning at the Upper Dam camps most of the time for some days. Mr. White, of Brockton, Mass., who was in company with Mr. Emery, had a rather peculiar experience with a big landlocked salmon at the head of the lake. He was trolling, only a few minutes behind Mr. E., when there came a tremendous strike. The next moment the fish was out of water. Mr. White, not accustomed to handling such powerful fish, continued to reel in line till the salmon was thoroughly alarmed. He came to the top of the water and out of the water half a dozen times, each time throwing all of his weight and strength against the rod. After a long fight the rod broke under a tremendous lunge of the fish from the top of the water downward. Then the fisherman seized the line, hand over hand, and under the admonitions of the guide, at last got his prize up to the boat. The guide attempted to put the net under the fish, when he took alarm again and came out of the water with a mighty spring. The spring was a most remarkable one, the salmon going completely over the head of Mr. White as he sat holding the line, and falling with a big splash on the other side of the boat. Mr. Emery says that he "never saw anything like it." Again the fish had to be played, till at last he gave up, and was netted by the guide. He weighed over 6 pounds. He was hooked on a two-hook Rangeley-spinner, and no antics known to the salmon family could ever have unhooked him.

June 25.—During the early fishing season of 1899 a party of eight gentlemen left Boston for a few trouting days at Indian Gardens, Nova Scotia. This was then a country little known to most of the party, and is yet new to Boston sportsmen as a fishing resort. Last year the party was so much pleased that another trip was planned for the same location, with a part of the same number. In the party this year were Messrs. Henry A. Estabrook, John W. Stimson, M. D., Russell Brigham, M. D., Bert Brigham and Myrton A. Cutler, of Fitchburg; George F. Richardson, E. H. Tilton and J. Bert Baxter, of Boston. The party left Boston by Yarmouth Steamship Company's steamer at 2 P. M., June 1, arriving at Yarmouth early the next forenoon. From Yarmouth they enjoyed a delightful sail along the South Shore, in a small steamer, the City of Monticello. Arriving at Liverpool, the party took A. L. West's comfortable teams to Milton, over a very rough road. From Milton to the Gardens the distance is twenty-four miles. "The road is a rough one, but West's teams were comfortable, with ourselves the drivers. At the Gardens everything was in readiness for us, and we felt no care during our stay. Trout we found in great abundance, and they rose vigorously to flies. Our casts of flies were selected by Mr. Baxter, of Dame, Stoddard & Co. We caught a great abundance of beautiful trout, and found them both biters and fighters. But we kept only such as we wanted for food. We caught them up to 1½ and 1¾ pounds." On Friday the party moved down to salmon waters on the Port Medway River, and spent several days in the exciting sport of salmon angling. Success again crowned their efforts, six of the party taking one salmon each, weighing from 4½ to 14 pounds. The fishing was all that could be asked all the time, and the party was not unmindful of the beauties of early summer, with flowers and song of birds. The kindness of everybody, and the interest they took in the party from the States, gave an added charm to the outing. The return journey was made without particular incident, the party reaching Boston June 14.

A Lake Auburn, Me., fisherman mentions taking a yellow perch that weighed 2 pounds—a monster for that class of fish. He also believes that there are salmon of 18 to 20 pounds in that lake. He also objects to the way some of the "plug fishermen" work. "Sometimes you will find a fisherman anchored in a favorite spot, with from six to a dozen lines out, all baited with minnows. Sometimes they troll with almost as many lines. So many minnows in motion, or near together, is very likely to at-

tract the wandering salmon or trout. Till the salmon bite the fishermen amuse themselves by catching yellow perch with a baited hand line. Mr. E. C. Verrill, of North Auburn, seventy-six years old, somewhat surprised the younger Lake Auburn fishermen the other day by landing a salmon of 5¼ pounds.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan, of Boston, with his son, Robert, has returned from a fishing trip to the Rangeleys. Mr. Jordan caught a salmon of 7 pounds, and a plenty of smaller fish. Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, has been on a fishing trip to upper Rangeley waters. Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, of Auburn, Me., formerly of Dorchester, Mass., has been fishing in the neighborhood of Andover, Me. A party of four citizens of Dedham, Mass., has recently returned from a fishing excursion to Mooselucmaguntic Lake. The names are A. H. Smith, C. H. Smith, Dr. B. B. Stoddard and Winslow Warren, Jr. They caught two brook trout of over 5 pounds, and salmon of 2 and 3 pounds. Fishing continues good at Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. Mrs. John W. Mason, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a lady of seventy-four years, who had never fished before this year, although for several seasons a regular visitor there, landed last week a salmon of 6½ pounds, two of 5 pounds, two trout of 2½ pounds and two of 2 pounds. Senator W. P. Frye has found the fishing rather slow since he went to his camps, Lake Mooselucmaguntic, after the adjournment of Congress. He caught a small trout the other day, but threw it back into the water. But that trout was evidently ambitious to be caught on the flies of so eminent a fisherman, and the next evening he was caught again. This time the Senator put him back with admonitions to beware of the third time. Good fly-fishing is reported at Kennebago, Eustis and Seven Ponds. From Kineo come reports of better fly-fishing at Moosehead. C. A. Jones, of Boston took twenty trout on Monday at West Branch. J. Nelson Parker, Wilfred Bolster, of Boston, and D. T. Dickinson, of Cambridge, have taken lots of fish at different points on the lake. Mr. Bolster made a string of twelve trout recently, weighing 18 pounds. Mt. Kineo Hotel is to entertain the members and guests of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association from July 9 to 16. The foremost sportsmen and fish and game protectors will be present, including Governor Powers, the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners and well-known fish and game legislators. Papers on fish, game and song bird protection will be read.

L. O. Crane, of Boston, spends one or two days each week at Alto Bay and Lake Winnepesaukee. Last week he caught a bass of 5 pounds. Fishing in the Pool and from the Aprons at Upper Dam, Me., is "only moderate." Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, has caught the biggest salmon thus far, weighing a little over 5 pounds. The water in the lower lake is falling most too rapidly for good fishing.

SPECIAL.

Canadian Fishing Notes.

THE angling season in Québec Province may now be fairly said to be in full swing, though two weeks behind the usual time. An instance of this may be found in the case of some American gentlemen who were recently sent down from here to some lakes behind St. Flavien, but found that the snow was lying 2 feet deep, and they could not get in. The fishing all round is steadily improving, and many fish of over 5 pounds have been seen here—in fact, several speckled beauties weighing from 4½ to 5½ pounds were recently shown as having fallen to the rod of Mr. W. F. J. McCormick, of Bay of Biscailon, Fla. They come from Lake Edward, from which a great many fish, most of them large, have come this season.

Mr. Jas. McCloy, of St. Catharines, Ont., has been fishing on the Ste. Anne River, in the Tourilli preserves, and with his party bagged many big trout, the largest running up to 4½ pounds. Mr. McCloy had as his guest Col. Parkinson, of India, and his sister, Mrs. Leech, of St. Catharines, Ont. Col. Parkinson, who is the youngest commanding officer in India, had to cut his stay short, owing to the troubles in China.

On Saturday last a party consisting of Messrs. C. Coates, E. H. Sterns, E. Hildreth, W. S. Ray, W. K. Myers and U. M. Donaldson, of Springfield, Mass., and Harrisburg, Pa., left for the Amabalish Club limits, and will make quite a stay. Next week these gentlemen will fish at the Grande Décharge for ouananiche.

Master Dutro Plumb, of Detroit, Mich., probably the youngest American salmon fisherman coming to Canada, arrived in the city on Wednesday morning, and is stopping at the Chateau Frontenac. He is about twelve years of age, and is on his way to the Mingan River, on the north coast, to join his father, one of the most ardent sportsmen visiting this district. This is the second season for Master Plumb.

Local anglers on Monday returned by the hundred from points along the Lake St. John line, and all had stories to tell of big catches and bigger fish. Many of them had tangible proof of their yarns, too.

Mr. Gardiner T. Lyon, of Oswego, N. Y., President of the Marguerite Salmon Club, passed through the city last week. His 6 feet 4 inches made him an easily recognizable figure, and accompanying him was Mr. Bryant, of New York, President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company.

Messrs. H. S. K. Williams, of New York, and R. W. Johnson, of New Brunswick, N. J., also left by steamship St. Olaf for the Natashquan last week.

Many anglers are expected here within the next few days en route for the Lake St. John country, as well as for the salmon streams of the lower St. Lawrence.

One or two exceedingly warm days lately have improved the temperature of the water, without making it too warm, and the fish are now quite lively.

The early arrivals at the Roberval Hotel this season found that they were much too early for any ouananiche fishing with the fly, but at present writing the fish are commencing to come up as the water falls and as its temperature rises, just as they do in other years a fortnight earlier, and before these lines appear in print the angling in the Grande Décharge should be at its best, and should continue so far a month at least.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUÉBEC, June 28.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 23.—A considerable party of Chicago folk start this week for State Line, Wis., where they will be gone for six weeks, on a season of fishing, loafing and general enjoyment. The personnel of this party is as below: Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Rollo, Messrs. G. H. Schuman, William Upham, W. N. Shaw, Robert Shaw and C. B. Jacobs.

Another nice little party to go north is that of Mr. Byron E. Veatch and his friend, Mr. Peacock, who with two or three friends and their families start to-day for the muscallunge lakes near Fifield, Wis., on the Wisconsin Central line.

Justice Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, Washington, outfitted in Chicago yesterday for a trout fishing trip. He goes to the Huron Mountain Club, near Lake Superior, of which club he is a member. Judge Shiras is a grand specimen of the American citizen and American angler.

Mr. W. F. Bechtel, of this city, left early in the week for the Woman's Lake country in Minnesota, after bass and muscallunge.

Mr. C. D. Bertolet leaves this week for Plum Lake, Rice Lake and adjoining waters of Wisconsin, via the Milwaukee & St. Paul road. He will have good sport in all likelihood.

Mr. H. A. De Windt, of this city, leaves this afternoon for a few days at Eagle Lake, Waukesha county, Wis.

Mr. F. A. B. Smith, of this city, has left for a few days' fishing in the Trout Lake region of Wisconsin, going in by way of Woodruff.

Mr. J. M. Dickinson, of Chicago, has left for a try at the muscallunge of the Plum Lake waters.

Mr. Schumacher and some friends of the city have left for Dunbar, Wis., going in to the Gaylord Club.

Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, the street car magnate, of this city, outfitted heavily here this week for a Rocky Mountain trip. He goes to A. S. Trude's ranch, south of the Yellowstone Park, where he should have good fishing.

Prof. Judson, of the Chicago University, with a party of several friends, starts next week for a tour of the Nepigon country, where they will see what scientific attainments can do in the matter of deluding big trout. Mr. Eckles, brother of ex-Comptroller Eckles, is of the party.

Mr. Itha H. Bellows, ex-president of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, has returned from his fishing trip to the Rangeley Lakes, Maine, and is telling all sorts of scary stories to his friends in this city. He reports a very pleasant time.

Mr. F. N. Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, proposes an early trout fishing trip to Michigan, in the Grand Traverse region.

Mr. Charles Lawrence, of this city, starts this afternoon for a bass trip in Wisconsin.

Mr. Harry Miner, of this city, one of our best known and most skillful bait-casters, leaves again to-day for a bass trip to the lakes east of the Fox River, at Mukwanago and Burlington. Mr. Miner has been having good fortune in that section lately.

Mr. E. C. Robinson, of this city, starts for a few days' bass fishing to-day, going to Burlington, Wis.

Mr. H. G. Hascal, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, leaves to-day for a bass trip in Wisconsin, probably going in at Burlington.

Mr. E. R. Letterman, also of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, leaves to-day for a bass trip for a few days' duration in lower Wisconsin.

Mr. L. F. Crosby, of the John A. Colby Furniture Company, Chicago, one of our very well-known and skillful bass fishermen, starts to-day for two weeks' vacation, and will put in his time on the bass lakes of Tishagon and Wabassee, east of the Fox River. Mr. Crosby is well acquainted on those waters, and is very fond of them, so no doubt his vacation will fall in pleasant places.

Mr. J. A. Gammon returned this week from a good bass trip at Burlington, Wis., his party bringing in forty bass of very good weight.

Dr. T. Henry Ryan, of this city, returned this week from a pleasant and successful fishing trip at Lake Villa.

Mr. Chas. H. Lester, of this city, and Mr. Bradley Young, of Oconomowoc, Wis., leave to-day for another fishing trip at Sand Lake, Wis., via Hayward, where they hope to duplicate the good muscallunge fishing of a month ago.

Mr. H. E. Rice, of this city, is back from a four days' trip near Lake Villa, where he had very good sport with the fish.

In their last week's trip, Mr. H. H. Miner and W. D. La Parle, of this city, brought in thirty-three fine bass from Tishagon Lake, Wis.

Mention has been made once or twice above of Lakes Tishagon, Wabassee, etc. These lakes are very well worth watching by Chicago bass fishermen. They are about eighty miles north of Chicago, and less than twenty miles from Milwaukee. They are all tributary to the wonderful Fox River system, which feeds all that lower lake region of Wisconsin. For many years I used to go to Mukwonago, Wis., for my bass fishing, but from that place we always went west, into the Waukesha county lakes. Had we gone across the river, and southeast of Mukwonago, or had we gone northeast from Burlington, we would have struck these lakes, which probably offer better fishing to-day than those west of the Wisconsin Central R. R., since they are less known and less really accessible. Tishagon Lake is a hard water to fish, with plenty of weedy bars, but with plenty of big bass. Wabassee Lake, a few miles east of there, is a small, clear lake, with plenty of bass, though the fish here run small and light of color. In this latter lake they are full of fight and fine to eat. Just east of this lake is Wind Lake, once a grand bass water, but reduced by draining. Northeast of that is Muskego Lake, a bigger water, but one which has also been restricted by big drainage operations.

These lakes have only been exploited by Chicago bait-casters for a comparatively short time, and have apparently been unknown or overlooked by our fishermen. It is from these waters that the best catches of bass reported this spring have been coming in. This country is best reached from Burlington, Wis., on the Wisconsin Central R. R., thence by team northeast, along the Fox River, and east of the Big Bend of that stream, which swings out far to the east of Honey Creek. Any one

going in there within a few weeks now ought to have some fun. It takes a long line and a quick strike in those clear waters. I understand that some of our fly-fishermen are going to give that district a trial this week.

Vigilant Warden at Milwaukee.

Some of our Chicago anglers have recently been registering heavy kicks against the too great vigilance of a Milwaukee fish warden who has been seizing and selling the boxes of fish sent or brought out of that State by Chicago fishermen. The latest party to be victimized by this sleepless warden was one composed of R. J. McDonald, Ald. John Smulski and wife, Jos. Hanratty and wife, and Geo. K. Wheelock and wife, all of this city. Those good folk were bringing out a nice lot of pike, bass, etc., and fondly dreamed that there would be several fish dinners when they got home. Imagine their surprise to find when they reached Chicago that their boxes of fish had tarried at Milwaukee. Ald. Smulski, of Chicago, telegraphed to Ald. McCoy, of Milwaukee, and asked him why this was thus. Ald. McCoy, of Milwaukee, replied to one of the party to-day that the warden had sold these fish, and that the Chicago gentlemen could get them back if they would pay the market price for them. This they declined to do. They state that the warden seized their boxes of fish under the technicality that they were not labeled so that the warden could tell the number and weight of the fish contained therein. The Chicago parties claim they did not have more than the legal weight—20 pounds to each person, or two fish.

It was this same Milwaukee warden who caused Ald. Powers, of this city, trouble about getting his fish through. The latter had to send up the price of the fish, \$2.50, before he could get them released.

It is stated that the fish shipments of the Sand Lake party, earlier noted in these columns, were this week stopped at Milwaukee by the same warden, who does a thriving business in selling the confiscated fish. There is only one thing to be said about this, which is that if the warden is keeping within the law in seizing these fish, he is doing his duty, and should not be condemned. If he is making the law the cloak of a petty persecution, or making unjust seizures, then he ought to be corrected.

Doing Pretty Well.

Friend Hotchkiss, up at Fox Lake, Wis., seems to be doing pretty well with the fish story industry in his neck of woods. This week he states that the best bass of the week were two taken by Frank Brice, one of which weighed 6 pounds, the other 5 pounds 5 ounces. He adds to this the following pickerel story:

"Jimcrow Nelson caught a pickerel yesterday without hook, line, bait or cash. The screw on the steamer struck the fish and knocked him unconscious. Jim felt the blow, stopped the steamer and picked up the fish before it came to, and brought him down town in triumph. It was a dandy, and weighed 12¾ pounds."

Gone Again.

Mr. B. K. Miller, Jr., and Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, my hosts of the very pleasant trout trip a week ago, left yesterday for another visit to their beautiful stream at Waupaca. Mr. McLeod says that if the late rains have extended as far north as Waupaca they will take seventy-five trout to the rod each day on their water. This is the best trout stream I know of in the State of Wisconsin.

Mexican Tarpon Reel.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., is just back from his coffee plantation in old Mexico, somewhat sun-browned and as usual full of good spirits and good stories. Mr. Stephenson brings with him a curious example of native Mexican metal work, in the shape of a tarpon reel, which he had constructed for him by a Mexican. He paid \$75 in Mexican money for this reel, and it is worth nearly that much for old metal. It is about 6 inches across the barrel and would weigh several pounds. The handle is big enough for a windlass, and the drag would snub a mustang. When this reel is in operation it sounds like the gentle purr of a Kansas cyclone. It was hammered out of brass by the native smith, and is a curious object as compared with our delicate American reels. Mr. Stephenson is very proud of this object of vertu, and in all likelihood it will last him all his life.

In Glory.

Mr. Horace Kephart, of the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, goes every week down the river a little way into a piece of country of his own, which he has discovered, and in which he constitutes the only Crusoe. He writes of it thus: "To-morrow afternoon I am going down the river on the Cherokee to spend a week alone in fairyland. 'Kep's Hollow,' as the boys call it, is in the heart of God's own wilderness, though only fifty miles from town. The country for many miles around is a waste of flinty hills, densely timbered, uninhabited. A blue spring bursts out of the rock right where I'll pitch the pup-tent. Every bird, bug, tree, shrub, flower, fruit and nut indigenous to the Ozarks is there, and they all know me. Squirrels, coons, woodchucks, foxes, turkeys, deer and wolves, on the uplands; waterfowl along the river in season; bass and crappie in the creek. What more could a fellow want? You needn't pray for me in the next seven days. I'll be in glory."

How to Bring Trout Home.

Now, we have all read about and heard about how to take care of trout so that they can be brought home in good condition. We have all tried all sorts of ways—moss, grass, separate paper parcels, raw cotton parcels, etc. I have tried all these with more or less success, and at last I thought I had learned from the Saginaw Crowd of Michigan the last wrinkle, in their tin-lined basket covered with felt and provided with an ice chamber. This latter I have used with excellent success, but now I must say it is to be called obsolete as compared with the device perfected by these Milwaukee gentlemen.

They told me not to trouble about my fish, for that they would come home safe and sound. Then, as the wagon drove up for us, I saw them put on behind two casks, each about 3 feet or so tall, and 18 inches across the top, tapering slightly to the bottom, like an ice cream freezer. Inside this cask was a tin cylinder, with a tight lid, again

like the ice cream freezer. Packed around this inner vessel was ice, to the top of the cask. The trout were inside the inner freezer. They were wiped dry before going in, and they never touched the ice from start to finish of their journey. This cask goes home each trip with Mr. McLeod and Mr. Miller, and it delivers trout to their friends ten days after they are caught, as hard and solid as the day when they were taken.

I tried my fish basket this spring. I was afraid its little tank, holding two or three quarts of ice, would not keep my fish, so I put in ice, all over the fish. They were edible, but they were not at their best, being, on the contrary, soft, slimy and not hard and firm. You can never buy a real trout at a fish market, for they are all shipped on ice, and a trout ought never to touch the ice. He ought never to be frozen, but he ought to be as cold as can be, and as dry as when he first rolled in the grass. That was how my trout came home—for these generous hosts insisted I should have one of the casks and more than half the trout. To-day is Thursday, and trout taken from the cask to-day were as perfect as though fresh caught, though really four days old.

The cook who performs the next to the last offices for a brook trout should be instructed never to wash it. Take the trout from the cask—for this is really the only way worth mentioning of taking care of trout—clean out now that black line from along the back bone, dry the trout on a clean linen rag, and fry it with or without cracker dust or cornmeal, as you prefer.

In the Lake Region of Wisconsin.

A friend of mine, of this city, a very much prized friend, too, this past week showed his wisdom by leaving town and going fishing. He went with others of his friends to Big Sand Lake, Wis., and from that point he writes under date of June 7 as follows:

"I wrote you on Saturday that I should go 'a-fishing,' and here I am, quartered in one of the many cottages of the Eagle River Shooting and Fishing Club. We arrived on Sunday evening, after a ride of twenty-two miles in the woods, the road bordering several beautiful lakes, thence up Long Lake, through the outlet and up Big Sand Lake to its head, eight miles, to this paradise of sportsmen.

"The club members are principally Chicago men, and of the 'salt of the earth' species. They never were known to look back. Let's wife, you remember, did. Those who, with guests, are present are: Messrs. S. Simons, Frank Blair, Charles Andrews, D. B. Lewis, Harry A. Sullivan, M. H. Waggoner, Charles D. Dunann, Leo. Turner, C. B. Dicks, H. M. Hamline, C. E. Felton, and there are others—Me, Too & Co.

"But you don't give a cent about memberships or guests. You want information about the catch. Big Sand Lake is a beautiful body of water surrounded by rolling timber land, which separates it wholly from some of the many other small lakes in this part of this high-license State. It is full of fish—pickerel, pike, bass, muscalonge and small fry. A rule of the party—unwritten, of course—is that no one shall fish to exceed two hours each day, and that rule has been very closely observed. Another is that certain members may 'sit up' until 10:45 P. M. Those who have been favored most were Mr. Andrews, who took a 22-pound muscalonge. As he is Deputy County Treasurer of Cook county, and worthy Samuel B. Raymond was not present, he set the pace. Then followed Mr. Dunann, with one of 17 pounds, and Felton next day caught one—to his thinking of at least a hundred; but bless his imagination for the balance, the scales indicated but 16. Where the other 84 pounds went to no one knows. One day Dicks and Hamline caught sixty-nine large pike in one and one-quarter hours; Waggoner and Dunann twenty-two, weighing 59 pounds, in two and one-half hours, and others made large catches of bass and pike, with a few large pickerel, within the time limit. The bass are found near the club houses, the pike near the shore, and the muscalonge on or near the sand bars in the middle of the lake. When it was found that the muscalonge were on or near their spawning beds, it was voted 'no more of that' until later in the season, hence the three above noted catches have concluded that sport.

"This part of Wisconsin, Forest county, is fairly dotted with small lakes—hundreds in number. The woodman has largely felled the forest trees, but the second growth makes excellent cover and food for the thousand deer which are bred therein. Every evening since our arrival one has come to the lake to bathe and drink, not more than 70 yards from our cottages, staying many minutes; and last week, we are informed, three beauties came and made companions with the horses for a time, then drank of our waters and walked back to the bush. But what will be their fate in November? My wish would be the Rip Van Winkle toast—'May they live long and prosper.'"

"BEN."

Things that Trout Do.

It is odd enough things which one sometimes sees on a trout stream. Thus, I have had three days of trout fishing this spring, and on each one of the days a singular instance occurred, which still remains as a clear mental picture. One time on the Little Wolf, just as Mr. Hawks and Buck, the lodge keeper, were calling me to come up out of the stream to join them at lunch, I got a strike from a nice trout of more than a half-pound weight, which came out from under a stump at the edge of the bank. Between me and the fish there extended a long cedar snag, which was about 1 foot or 18 inches above the water. From the side of the snag reached out many sharp stubs, against which I was sure the line would get fouled, so that I did not think my chances to save the trout were very good. "If I just had you on this side of the snag," thought I, "I could get you all right." As if in answer to the thought, the trout made a run and a leap, and flung himself clear over the log out into the open stream, where later I brought him safely to net. As it happened, Buck saw the trout just as he jumped, and thought he had taken my fly while in the air. The whole instance made a very pretty little scene, and one which I think will not be soon forgotten.

Every one has seen trout jumping at flies and insects, and perhaps has noticed them leap at butterflies or dragon flies. This last bug game is not so easy for them to catch, and, in fact, I never saw a trout actually catch a butterfly but once, and that was this spring. I saw the butterfly—a big red and black fellow—crossing the stream

about a foot or two above the water. There was a sudden splash, a vision of a curved painted body in the air, and then, as the ripples began to subside, I noticed that there was no longer a butterfly in sight. The trout, a little fellow not over 10 inches in length, had timed his spring so perfectly that he struck the butterfly with his tail and carried it down with him. I never saw a more perfect exhibition of agility on the part of any fish.

The other day on the Prairie River I had still another odd experience with trout. I was casting in a part of the river where for some time I had not had a rise, and had begun to think the fun was over for the day, when I came to an old disused bridge, whose piers rested on logs bedded in the river. This I suspected to be a fair place for a fish, and hence approached it carefully. Thinking that perhaps my flies were too large, I went ashore and changed them to No. 12 hooks. Then I cast down under the bridge, and at the very first cast I hooked a double and saved both fish. This was a surprise, for the fish had been acting very heavy and dull. Further casting brought out no more results, and at last I concluded to go on down stream. Just as I got midway under the bridge, I saw a sight which I have never heard of being equaled on the Prairie River. A whole school of trout, over fifty in all I should say, came streaming past me, plainly visible in the bright, shallow water. At first I thought they were big chubs, till I saw some of them turn sidewise, and also saw three fish, any one of which would have weighed over a pound. These trout had been lying out in the shallow water, and no doubt feeding on larvæ on the rock bottom. I suppose my flies happened to strike the fancy of a couple of them at my first cast, and then perhaps the commotion of the hooked fish spoiled the further sport. My flock of trout disappeared, vanished, dematerialized—a trout is nothing but a figment of the air, the flowers and the forest anyway—and in an instant I stood alone in the middle of the stream. Then I walked over and stuck my foot under the end of one of the big logs. The trout came buzzing out like hornets, among them one big fellow which would have weighed well on to 2 pounds. I never saw so many trout together at any place on the Prairie River, and I thought I would transact some business with these fellows. Yet I put in nearly an hour and a half to no purpose, not getting another rise. Here was something queer in trout fishing. No one was getting many fish or seeing many, yet here I walked into a whole school of them, and they swam within 5 feet of my legs. This was in a part of the stream much fished by the bait fishers, and where no one usually expects to get any trout. It seemed that perhaps these fish were migrating in a body up stream, but a little boy who lived near by said he saw them every night and morning out in the middle of the stream.

Parables of Buck.

It was as Mr. J. D. Hawks once wrote me. Buck, the lodge keeper, was a character. French-Canadian is Buck, and has shot ducks on the St. Clair River from his youth, but twenty years ago he wandered into the pine woods. About 5 feet 10 inches up and down, 3 feet across the shoulders, with an arm like a tree, and a hand like a ham, there are few men more powerful than this same Buck. No horse had ever the constitution that was given Buck. There never was a better river driver in the North than he. No rubber boots for Buck, and he declares no one ever got rheumatism while driving on the river, although no logger was ever known to have an extra suit of clothes along, and simply dried himself out by a fire when he got the time.

It is one of the pastimes of the club members to gather round the fireplace at night, to call Buck in and turn him loose as general entertainer. I was present at one of these symposiums, and I certainly heard one or two remarkable things, more especially in the way of natural history.

"You know this big bird, hwoodpecker, hwat they call cock of the hwood?" said Buck. "I'll tell you how to make the charm from this bird. If you make this charm you can put the spell on anybody what you please."

"You'll get this cock of the hwood, this big hwoodpecker, and you'll find a big anthill, and you'll put this bird in the hill. By and by the ants eat up hevery bit of him hexcept his bone. You take this skeleton and go to some creek, where the water runs fast. You throw these bone of the hwoodpecker in the water, and now you see all those bone go down stream hexcept one bone, and that go up stream, always this one bone swim up stream. You get that bone, and put him in your pocket, and you can put spell on hanybody you want."

The above would seem to be somewhat in the nature of news, but one should hear Buck supplement it with the story of the wonderful "side hill gopher," whose legs are short on one side, and long on the other, so it can navigate successfully on a hillside. Buck gravely assures his hearers that he has killed a number of these creatures. He will tell you also that the opossum is a very strange animal. He says that the young of the opossum is never born at all, that the mother animal fishes them out from the pouch at will, and that eventually the young opossums eat the mother up entirely, so there is not a vestige of her left. This I imagine too is a new fact in natural history.

One of Buck's special pets was his "pickerel hound," an intelligent canine which he once owned, and which he solemnly declares he always took out with him when he was spearing for fish. This dog would scent a pickerel at a depth of 20 or 30 feet under the water, and there was no such thing as coming back empty handed if one took the "pickerel hound" along. It is not commonly known of men that a dog ever points fish, especially fish 20 or 30 feet deep in the water, but Buck explains it by saying that the water is so clear and pure that the dog can easily smell the fish. "Why," said he, "a gent'leman here, the hother day, he lose ten cent over the side of the boat, hand it fell on the bottom in 40 feet of water, and the water, it so clear, that ten cent look like three dollar!"

Although French-Canadian by discovery, Buck speaks English pretty well, and might perhaps not be betrayed but for his fatal plurals. Everything to him is in the singular number, except "trout" and "deer." He is always particular to say "trouts" and "deers." This peculiarity adds interest to his story of the time he took Ed Gilman's dogs down to Detroit for him. (Mr. Gilman is the president of the club, and the dogs belong to him. When the law

prohibiting the use of dogs in running deer went into effect, Mr. Gilman sent word up to Buck to bring his dogs back home.)

"There was eighteen of them dog," said Buck, "hand it was hard time for me to tell how to get those dog all to come along. So I get a long hrope hand tie those dog on all along in a row, like you put fish hook on line, and I tie the end of the hrope on the hwagon, and I crack the whip, and say 'Get up, Bill!' and so we start off for Alpeeny, me and them eighteen dog! They was get tangled up all the time in the stump and tree halong the road, but I git most all of them to Alpeeny."

"I couldn't take eighteen dog on a string to the hrail-road, so I think maybe it was better if I go hon boat. There was the last boat that season, and she lay at the dock, so I take my dog there and give the rope to a boy, and tell him to hol' them dog while I go back up town. When I come back to the boat, what you think? Them whole eighteen dog was in the lake, and the boy was hold on to the string and hollow for me to come, right away. Them dog was not use to be in town, and he was afraid of the hwater, so he jump in, maybe."

"Well, I get hold of the hrope, and I pull hand pull, and by and by two, t'ree dog come up to the top of the dock. Them dog put their foot in the board, and pull hard, and each dog I get up he help pull too, so by and by I pull out them whole eighteen dog, all on the string, hand mos' all of him hall right. So them dog each one shake hisself a leetle, and hollow a leetle, and wag his tail, and then I take the dog string on the boat."

"The nex' morning I come to Detroit, with my rope full of eighteen dog, and I'll start up the street and ask the policeman where Ed Gilman live. He'll tole me hwhere; and I'll start off to walk, because I can't take the street car with so many dog all in one row. Now them dog ain't use to the city, any more than I am, and they make more trouble than ever you see in the world. They'll run all across the street and round the lamp pos', and they fight every dog they see in town. I'll tell you, when me and my eighteen dog come down the street everything else hit got to stop! By and by I come to Ed H. Gilman's house, and after awhile I get my eighteen dog through the gate, and I go up to the house and I say, 'Mr. Gilman, here your dog,' and he said to me, 'Ba gosh, Buck, I'll bet one hundred dollar there ain't but just the one man in the world could bring them eighteen dog all the way down to me that way!'"

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Old Time Connecticut River Sturgeon.

DEEP sea fishing in the Connecticut has died out of late, but perhaps the reason for this is that there are no big fish to catch. One could fish for them until the cows came home, but the novelty would wear out if one never caught anything larger than a pumpkinseed or an infant perch. Not so in the olden times. There were big fish in the river then. Some almost as big as whales, according to tradition.

The shad fishers and river boatmen used to have some exciting times with the sturgeon, and both hated each other with an equal hate. If a lusty young sturgeon got the chance to tear a shad net, he took it, or if a boatman had the opportunity to smash a sturgeon gently over the nose with a boat hook, he accepted the opportunity with equal alacrity. It was not an uncommon thing for a sturgeon to become entangled in a shad net which was full of shad. The big fish would not pay any attention to the tiny meshes at first, but would simply keep away from them, gradually allowing himself to be pulled nearer and nearer to the shore. All of a sudden it would dawn upon him that he was in a trap, and with a swish of his tail he would start for deeper water. The net met his rush and perhaps stopped him at first. Then he would swim back a little way and charge the meshes like a torpedo boat at full speed. The net always gave way before his 300 or 400 pounds of weight going forty or fifty miles an hour, and the shad followed the sturgeon. The fishermen only landed a good haul of profanity and put in the rest of their day in mending the broken seine. Sturgeon ran large in the river twenty years ago, and one of 250 or 300 pounds was frequently taken. The meat was a bit gamy, but not unpleasant to taste, and that of the smaller fish was nice. They are a lazy fish and lie around upon the sandbars much like the pickerel, and are about as gamy. On their back is a row of scales that are about as tough as the average armor plate on a battleship, and their noses are similar to a battering ram. The mouth is on the under side of the head in much the same position as that of a shark, and the sturgeon, even in evening dress, is not handsome. The end of the snout is a ball of gristle, and this was much prized among the children who dwelt along the banks of the river. The gristle was dried and then used as a ball, and would bounce many feet into the air, being much more elastic than rubber.

It was the boatmen who suffered the most harrowing adventures with the sturgeon. It seems that a boatman always on the lookout for the fish when going over shoals. One voracious man relates an experience that he had while on a trip up river from Hartford. He was looking over the rail when going over bar and saw a sturgeon sunning himself in the water. There was an axe on the boat near the man, and grabbing this instrument of war the man made a leap for the fish. The sturgeon saw him coming and started to run, but in his hurry he headed for shallow and not deep water. The man followed. The sturgeon watched him for an instant and then saw that it was time for him to do something. He charged for the man. The fisherman grasped his axe and cursed himself for jumping overboard, but resolved to die game. When the fish got to within 6 feet of him he was swimming about 1,000 miles an hour, according to the man; the fish swerved to one side and the man hit him one with the axe. The sturgeon did not wait to see how badly he had been hurt, but sought solitude and deep water. The man got back on the boat, and has toyed with no sturgeon since. Another boatman had a bit more trying experience in jumping overboard for a sturgeon. He was standing in the bow of a boat, and saw a fish just under him. He jumped at him, and came down astride of his back. The sturgeon was somewhat surprised at

this and started to move, so the man threw his arms about what would be the sturgeon's neck, if he had one. But, unfortunately, the man's fingers caught in the gills of the fish. This proceeding somewhat shocked the sturgeon, and he closed his gills, thus catching the man's fingers so firmly that he could not pull them out. Then the fish began to swim, and swam for a record. The man was stretched out on his back and going through the water like a railroad train. The sturgeon started for deep water and got there. The man went into it with him, and found it a bit difficult to breathe under 10 feet of Connecticut River water. The sturgeon also remembered that he wanted a little air and opened his gills. This let the man's fingers out, and rising to the top of the water he swam back to his boat. Now this is not a fish story, for the man who told it saw a man who knew the uncle of the man who tried to catch the sturgeon and got caught.

There is a man who lives in Suffield who has been noted for his truthfulness for many years. He has also been noted for his knowledge of the river. One evening not so long ago he told this little Sunday school tale: "There was an old captain who ran a brick barge on a river. He was a kind man, who was nice to his wife and loved to have her with him. There was also a daughter. She, too, went upon the trips. The brick barge was a queer affair, whose rail was nearly on a level with the water when the boat carried a load. There was a cabin, in which the loving wife slept when they did not spend the night in fighting mosquitoes. In this cabin, besides the two females, were two windows—nice large windows—which were close to the water. On one tranquil night the loving wife and daughter had retired, and the captain sat upon the deck, busily meditating upon what a noble man he was. It was a still, peaceful night, and the sound of rippling wavelets against the bow made the captain feel still more contented with himself and with his loving family. The stillness was broken by an unearthly shriek. The sound came from within the cabin of the loving family. The captain smashed in the door with one mighty kick. The loving family were in negligée and hysterics. In the bed where the loving daughter should have been flopped a mighty sturgeon, and the loving family occupied different corners. The fish had jumped from the water and struck on the deck of the boat, then slid into the window and hit the maiden as she lay peacefully dreaming. Naturally she had become somewhat disturbed by this sudden appearance of 400 pounds of fish." What became of the sturgeon the truthful man did not state. He added as an afterthought that the story might not be true, but that he had seen boats like the one described.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Carp in German Ponds.

IN a recent number of the Copenhagen daily paper, Politikin, there was a short article, written by the Danish inspector of fisheries, entitled "Karper og Kasorter" (carp and potatoes), which refers to the great fish ponds in East Prussia. The following is a translation of a portion thereof:

"The capture of the fish in one of these great carp ponds is interesting apart from the operation itself; it affords opportunity for an outing, and illustrates the difference that exists between laboring people and their superiors."

"No inconsiderable amount of labor is required to empty these great ponds. Their area is extensive—the equivalent of not less than a couple of hundred touds of land (about 280 acres). The great one at Hermonitz exceeds 500 morgen (about the same number of acres)."

"Indeed, the neighborhood is full of fish ponds, as it lies on the watershed between the Oder and the Weichsel, whose sources are very near one another. As soon as the proper season comes round the outlet is opened, and the depth of the water in the pond (which is usually not great) is reduced gradually. But it takes about six weeks to empty such a pond as those above referred to. When this has been done, it has the appearance in bright sunlight of a gray flat, broken only by channels which divide the bottom of the pond into fields (as it were), and finally converge into deeper trenches, which in their turn culminate in the main outflow. Before this last there is a large hole in which gradually assemble thousands of fish—carp, pike, and roach—but the carp are in a majority, and from the wide expanse of slush their high back fins may be seen raised when the fish gasp for air or are suddenly frightened, when they rush off after the manner of a flock of timid sheep. Before the fish collect, and as soon as the water begins to get low, a watch must be kept against poachers, whether otters or bipeds, feathered or unfeathered. At length comes the day appointed for the taking of the fish. At the outlet of the pond a deal floor is arranged, and upon that the sorting table is placed, and large tubs full of water, in which the fish are cleaned, and from which they are counted and carried away in barrels that are loaded on carts drawn by oxen. But out in the pond are the work people, watched by the managers, forest officials, and other reliable employees, busily occupied with capturing the fish, which are gradually separated into smaller lots with nets."

"The mighty inspector sees that the work is properly performed from early morning until late in the afternoon. It is a curious spectacle to watch all those people, men and women, wading in the mire, collecting the fish in landing nets, dragging them ashore at the sorting place in heavy wooden tubs; the women barelegged, and with well tucked up skirts. It is a cold job, and the latter frequently repair to warm their limbs at fires kept burning on the bank for the purpose. The work is heavy and must be carried out quickly. The object is to gather in the 40,000 pounds of carp which the pond contains, and which are worth some 30,000 kimer (about £1,670). It is also very exhausting, and refreshments are necessary. For that purpose a hut, furnished with a table and benches, is put up for the inspector, managers and other officials, with plenty of excellent food, wine and beer. The work people assemble round the fire, or wherever they can find a place; children and spectators go to and fro, and the gendarmes look after the long-fingered gentry. One poor chap has succeeded in placing a fish beneath his wretched blouse, but the fish's struggles have betrayed him, and he is pulled up before the inspector, who, however, lets him go."

"Evening comes, the sun sinks behind the lake, and against the red and gold of the sky the old oaks on the high dike, and the tired people, are finely silhouetted; the oxen groan when the whip is laid across their broad backs. In the temporary building bottles continue to be emptied to the accompaniment of song and joke, while the work with the heavy tubs goes on outside, and all are satisfied except the cashier, who counts the 'gyldon' into the owner's coffers."—Rugde, in London Fishing Gazette.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 23.—Bass are still taking the hook freely at all points along shore. While they are not quite so plentiful as last week, still fishing can be classed as superb. Each day has produced weights of 15 to 25 pounds. To George W. Savage, however, goes the palm, 48½ pounds, what is believed to be the largest ever landed on the New Jersey coast with rod and reel. Mr. Savage at once presented the fish to James A. Bradley, who still has it on exhibition, keeping it well frozen. The indications are of the best for first-class fishing from now on.

To-day a telegram from Barnegat says bluefish are in the bay in great abundance, and are taking the hook freely. Weakfish too are plentiful in those waters. These reports are dear to the heart of the angler, and give great encouragement.

Bluefish are running all along shore, but owing to the prevailing east winds none are as yet in the surf save at one or two points. Off shore fishermen to-day ran among schools of weakfish about four miles at sea, several acres in extent, and the fish of large size. They took the squid eagerly, and the boats were quickly filled. Should the fish work in shore they will furnish rare sport and will be welcome. All the old-timers are now on hand, and are playing the rod with vigor and success. Bass suppers are in full vogue, and furnish rare occasions for full play of mirth and gossip. A most enjoyable supper was given last night by Edward E. McCormack, of Newark, N. J., to eighteen choice spirits of the fraternity, which will long be remembered by those of us who were fortunate enough to be there.

LEONARD HULIT.

In the Dead River Region.

DEAD RIVER, Me., June 18.—Fishing has not been so good for years as this season, and never have so many big trout been taken as in the past week. This can be, however, credited to the law passed by the Legislature, to stop all fishing through the ice during the winter.

A party of seven—five ladies and two gentlemen—were here two days fishing; got 335 trout from Farmington. Jim Harlow, guide.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitney and son, of Bridgeport, Conn., were here a week. They got all they wanted. Got in two afternoons' fishing at Long Falls, thirty-six trout, twenty-nine of which weighed 25 pounds after they were dressed. Mr. Whitney got several of two pounds each. J. G. Harlow was his guide.

Messrs. Leon. A. Bump, Dr. C. F. Rowell, of Wilton, and F. H. Southard, of Manchester, N. H., who are here now, have had great luck, getting all the big trout they want every day. Mr. Southard landed a 3-pound trout and Mr. Bump landed a 2-pound salmon at the foot of Long Falls. They got in three hours' fishing at Round Pond twenty-four trout of 1½ to 2 pounds each. They put back about all they caught every day.

Messrs. D. L. Hall, of Wilton, and Ami Russell, of Boston, have also had great luck. They got all they wanted and had a full amount of beauties to take home. Every one declares they never had so good fishing nor got so many big ones before.

JIM HARLOW, Registered Guide.

Notes from the Fishing Waters.

Mr. Edward Vom Hofe, of New York, the well-known fishing tackle manufacturer, returned on May 20 from a six weeks' fishing trip to Boca Grand, Fla. Mr. Vom Hofe had excellent success, taking twenty-eight tarpon, the largest of which weighed 176 pounds. From April 22 to May 4 the weather was too stormy for fishing, but the remainder of his stay at Boca Grand was attended with good weather and fine sport.

Mr. John G. Heckscher, of New York, has sent to Mr. E. Vom Hofe a 33-pound salmon, which he took from the Grand Cascapedia, in Quebec. Mr. Vom Hofe had the fish prepared and invited a number of his friends to partake of the feast. Mr. Heckscher, under date of June 22, reports that although the river has been too high to fish for many days, he has killed ten large salmon and has had grand sport.

Mr. Franklin S. Schanck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes under date of June 13 from Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., that he has caught six tuna, weighing, respectively, 88, 104, 123, 116, 120 and 96 pounds.

DELHI.

Some Wisconsin Fishing Ponds.

GOOD catches of trout have been reported the past week from Evergreen (reached via Antigo and Parish); black bass, pike and muscalonge at Eagle River, Tomahawk Lake and Parish. Bass Lake and Two-Mile Lake, near Parish, are well stocked with bass. There has been great fishing for pike and bass at Neenah. All these points are reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, and are getatable from Chicago.

Mr. Hamlin was one of Maine's noted fishermen, and one little yearly excursion of his used to puzzle the knowing ones not a little. Every year he prevailed upon the officials of a certain Maine railroad to let him off an early morning train in the middle of a dense forest. He would disappear in the woods, and when the train returned in the evening Mr. Hamlin would be found waiting beside the track to be taken aboard. His basket on these occasions was always found to be filled with magnificent trout, weighing anywhere around 1 to 2 pounds and over. Nobody else knew of a trout brook in the vicinity that gave promise of any such trout as he got, as the old gentleman always persisted in going alone, and a Maine paper says that the exact locality has always remained a mystery.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Oct. 20.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Old Perry the Best of Them.

COLUMBUS, O.—The love for the chase is born in a man. One who cares nothing for hounds never can cultivate the taste for fox hunting. I came by mine honestly. Many and many a time have I seen my father stand out on the front veranda on a cold, raw, sleety night for half an hour, with nothing on but his night clothes, listening to a pack in the distance crossing some well-known runway.

When I was a small boy my father's special pets were Perry and Trume, two gaunt, iron-limbed specimens of the old-fashioned black and tan, whose muscles stood out like knots on a dogwood. They were brothers, and a finer pair never woke the echoes of the eternal hills with their deep-throated bay. Trume, the darker colored of the twain, had the finest nose I ever saw; he could pick up the oldest trail, and when the fox was finally jumped he never wavered, but with head erect and nose in the air followed true as a die Reynard's track. Perry's nose was not so good. He could not work out an old trail like his long-eared brother, but what he lacked in that respect was more than made up when the fox was jumped and warmed up. He had a long-gaited lope, which carried him over the ground at almost incredible speed, and he could keep it up for hours. When the two were running by themselves (they always ran together), Perry regulated his speed so as not to get too far away from Trume, as at any time he might come to a knotty tangle in the trail, where Reynard had used all his hereditary cunning to throw them off, then he needed the assistance of his surer-nosed brother to straighten it out. Turn in a fresh dog or two and things changed; with a yelp of defiance he forged ahead; nothing could hold him back. I have seen him go over a stake and ridged fence without touching anything but his hind feet, which were as hard as pieces of metal. On a steep side hill on a drizzly, slippery day I have seen him throw down 10 yards of fence going over.

At the Shannon Hill, well known to Fox hunters, in Licking county, a pair of foxes reared their young for years, but their lives were cut short by a contemptible fat-headed butcher. About June 1 on a damp, still evening is an ideal time for a night chase near where they are nesting. I and my father would start about sundown with the two black and tans in leash for the Shannon Hill. Old Toby, from down the creek, and who looks like the twin brother of Father Time, would be waiting at the highest point on the hill, where you could hear the dogs for miles. Toby slides down off the fence as we come up.

"I heard her bark down yonder in the pines a while ago. Old Fan heard her too," looking affectionately at a lemon-eared, ribby-looking quadruped chained to the fence. "I wish them 'are Davis boys would hurry up. We don't want to wait till dark, for we can see 'em make a circle or two round the hills if we turn loose before dusk."

"Yes," adds my father; "if they start the old one you heard barking; but if they jump her mate, he will go straight for Tomaky [a small stream, Walka-tomka] and be gone two or three hours before he will come back." By and by we spied the Davis boys coming, leading two dogs. One of them is Crowder, the pride of the bottoms, a bench-legged, flea-bitten, ordinary-looking brute, but with an abnormal depth of chest and ears like velvet. Some of the numerous Livingston family were also along, with their pack, including old Sam, an ancient looking beast with gray hair around his nose, but who had a career to be proud of. Old Sam wouldn't run rabbits under any circumstances, therefore he was used as a starter.

"Hellow, fellers," says Toby; "hurry and let old Sam go. I heered her barkin' down there a while ago."

After growling and showing his teeth at every dog around, Sam started down the hill, and in a few moments a long wailing cry came floating up. The dogs that were tied were trembling and impatient. Another, and still another, long, deep-toned bay came from old Sam. Now it is almost impossible to hold Perry, and Davis' Crowder is tugging at his chain and quivering like a native of the hollows below with chills and fever. Now comes a succession of stuttering yelps, followed by numerous long drawn wails from Sam.

"Let 'em loose!" cries Toby. "Sam has her going."

The leaches are slipped over their heads and an avalanche of dogs goes tearing through the bushes in full

cry. My heart is in my mouth. I realize that our dogs are up against hard game in Crowder, old Fan, Livingston's Topsy and a few more.

"Don't worry, kid," says the old man, as he notices my missgivings. "Old Perry is in good form; he will lead the bunch before morning."

They curved around the opposite bluff and scurried straight east, all in full cry and in a bunch. What music! Sousa or Gilmore never equaled it.

"They've jumped the male," said the old man, "and are going out of the country."

"Yes," grumbled Toby; "we won't see them for two hours."

Fainter and fainter grew the mellow voices of the dogs, and after going over a high point far to the east, the notes were still in the distance.

"Well, boys," says Toby, "you fellers start a fire; it is getting damp. We will wait for them to bring him back."

Soon a rousing fire was crackling by a stump. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, the old fellows lit their pipes and sat and listened to Toby ruminate for the hundredth time over the superior qualities of divers dogs he had owned in the last half-dozen decades. I had fallen into a doze of uncertain duration, but was brought out of it with a start, as the old man jumped briskly from my side and walked down the fence out of the circle of firelight. I was once more dozing off when the cry of "He's coming!" brought the drowsy party to their feet.

"Who's comin'?" inquired some of the party.

"Who's comin'? Who's comin'? Who do you suppose? Old Perry, of course."

We all ran down the fence now, breathlessly listening. My father was standing on a knoll in the dim starlight with his ear to the wind. Then we all heard it—long drawn, deep and mellow, like the toll of a church bell. Boy as I was, I could recognize it among a thousand. At times he gave tongue in sharp, eager yelps, which we knew indicated he was close on his prey. Suddenly, pit-a-pat, we hear the footfalls of something. It is the fox. He passes within a dozen feet of where we are standing like stones along the opposite side of the fence. As the pale moon pushes for a moment through a ragged cloud, we catch a fair glance at him. His tongue is lolling from his jaws; he is wet, muddy and bedraggled; probably he fell from a slippery log in crossing one of the numerous streams over which he has passed. His brush is dragging—sure sign he is all in. He is making a great effort to reach his family under the big rock at the foot of the bluff. Not ten rods behind him comes old Perry, his bristles on end. He gives voice to nothing but an anxious whimper, as he catches a glimpse of his hard-pressed quarry as he flits through the dim starlight. On he comes, with giant bounds. We feel a miniature shower from the wet clover as he lunges past our position. He is gaining at every jump, and as they leave the clover and enter the bushes we feel sure the dog will overtake the fox before he reaches the rock. Nothing but shuffling in the damp leaves is heard for a moment, then comes a long, mournful wail of disappointment. Our chase is done, and the gallant old fellow is saved. The other dogs straggle in one at a time. Davis' Crowder was the next. As he came limping up to the fire, he snarled ill-naturedly at his grant old rival, who had dethroned him, and who was now being made as comfortable as possible on a rubber coat near the fire by the old man, who fondled him like a long lost sweetheart, and it was the happiest moment of my life.

LANCEWOOD.

Points and Flushes.

Mrs. E. M. Williams, of Silver Hill, Md., announces in our advertising columns that she is closing out her setters at a great sacrifice, as her kennel of Skye terriers precludes keeping them.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

27. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester.
30. New Rochelle, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, cruise to Carillon, Lake St. Louis.
30. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Haverhill, Haverhill, Mass.
30. Squantum, open, Squantum, Mass.
30. Manchester, Tucker-Boardman cup, Manchester.
30. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
30. Quincy, club and H. O. class, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
30. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Quannapowitt.
30. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Eastern, annual, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Atlantic, 30ft. and cat classes, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
30. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
- 30-July 1. California, cruise to Paradise Cove.

JULY.

2. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
2. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
2. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
- 2-3. White Bear, Seawanhaka cup trials, White Bear Lake, Minn.
3. Columbia (Boston), open, Boston Harbor.
3. Royal St. Lawrence, Sir Donald A. Smith cup, yachts over 25ft., Lake St. Louis.
3. American, annual, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
3. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
4. Penataquit Corinthian, club, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, annual, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
4. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Atlantic, oyster boats and yachts, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
4. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
4. American, cruise, Newburyport.
4. East Gloucester, club and evening races.
4. Quannapowitt, Gloucester.
4. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
6. Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.

6. South Boston yachting carnival, Mosquito Fleet and South Boston, open race.
6. Quincy, ladies' day, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
7. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7. South Boston, open, hand and sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. South Boston yachting carnival, open handicap.
7. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
7. American, club, Newburyport.
7. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
7. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
7. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
7. Queen City, Smith cup, 18ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
11. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
12. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
12. American, ladies' sail, Newburyport.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
14. Haverhill, fishing trip, Haverhill, Mass.
14. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
14. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
14. Quannapowitt.
14. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
14. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
14. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
14. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A. 70ft. series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
21. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
21. Winthrop, swimming and rowing races, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
21. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
21. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
21. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
21. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- 21-23. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
22. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
23. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
25. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
28. Haverhill, second championship, Haverhill, Mass.
28. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
28. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Buzzards Bay.
28. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
28. Quannapowitt, club.
28. Seawanhaka Cor., Leland cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
- 28-Aug. 4. Corinthian, Philadelphia, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.

New Factors in Measurement.

THE following letter to the editor of the Yachtsman covers the point which we have frequently made in the course of recent discussions of the measurement question—that no rule can be devised which will give perfect freedom as to the choice of type.

Partick, Scotland, June 2.—Editor The Yachtsman: I feel that I am somewhat venturesome in writing to criticise any opinions expressed by the Man at the Wheel, but I am strongly of opinion that in his advocacy of the rating rule proposed by Col. Bucknill he has begun to encourage an attempt upon the impracticable. It is surely too much to expect of any rating formula that it should enable an owner to say to the designer, "I want a boat like Niagara," or "I should like one like Penitent," without any fear that the type would be a bar to success.

The ideal rating rule, which, when applied to boats of varying types, should place them upon an equality for racing purposes, is, I submit, precisely as unattainable as an empirical formula for determining, let us say, the average speed of the same boats.

No rating rule as yet devised on the lines of taxing dimensions, lineal or square, has failed to produce in the end a certain definite type, and the reason of this is surely pretty obvious.

May I suggest to the Man at the Wheel that if any rule will produce in the long run a type which is generally admitted to be "wholesome," it will have achieved so unprecedented a success that owners who desire beautiful freaks of the Niagara type might safely be left out of account. R. S. HUBBARD.

Mr. Hubbard has stated the matter very plainly, and we heartily agree with him, especially in the conclusion,—if a rule can be devised, which, after a fair trial, produces a generally wholesome class of yacht, such, for instance, as is aimed at in most one-design classes, the question of providing for the few men who still desire to build freaks can be easily settled—in fact, we have already proposed a plan to effect this, the permanent maintenance of a racing division in each class for men who wish to build Columbias, Niagaras and Skows, with good prizes whenever there are enough boats in a class to justify them.

We imagine that in the above Mr. Hubbard has experienced the same difficulty in the way of clear and concise expression as we spoke of a short time since, as he has been compelled to fall back on the word "type" for want of a better. While it is a fact that all rules thus far tried have in the end resulted in the production of a single type, using the word in its narrowest sense, the formula which we have advocated was specially devised with a view to the avoidance of this clearly recognized evil, and the ultimate production of a wholesome class of all-round yachts of different types, at least allowing a certain choice as to keel or centerboard, and offering the designer a fair range in dimensions, such as existed at the time the old 40ft. class came into existence (1888). It is still our private opinion that in all classes up to 70ft.

the keel boat will regularly beat the centerboard, but at the same time we believe that any rule for use in this country should at least give a fair fighting chance to the centerboard type.

The idea of the Yachtsman, that it is possible to devise a formula which will give to every man a perfectly equal chance to win races with a fin-keel or Skow racing machine, a semi-fin racer, a fast cruiser or a real cruising yacht, is held by some yachtsmen in this country, and is one of the main reasons for the adoption and subsequent abandonment of the girth rule. As long as the search for a new rule is carried forward on this basis, we may look for similar failures. The most that can be asked of any measurement formula devised by fallible mortals is that it will bar freaks of extravagant proportions and flimsy construction, and give the prizes to yachts that are really fast, and yet of reasonable accommodation, seaworthy model and durable construction. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the rule shall give the advantage to the other extreme, of great displacement, coarse lines and clumsy build.

The whole subject of rule-making and of building to rule involves so many factors that are absolutely unknown that it is impossible to predict with any certainty the outcome of say three years of designing and racing under any new rule. This is as true of the rule which we have advocated as of any other, and it is quite possible that a thorough trial would prove it to be wholly or partially a failure. There is, however, this much to be said for it at the present time. It is a modern rule, devised to meet certain recognized conditions in yachting and certain plain defects of all existing and previous rules. It is based upon a principle which is new in measurement legislation, the relation of the area of midship section to its leading dimensions, breadth and draft; but this principle is closely allied to what is generally recognized as an essential feature of success in any new rule, the incorporation, directly or indirectly, of displacement as factor. This principle was derived from a careful study of several score of yachts of all periods, from America to Volunteer and Minerva, centerboard and keel, and of all proportions; but all of what is popularly classed as "wholesome type." No matter how they vary in age, size, proportions, rig and type (keel or centerboard), these yachts show a most remarkable uniformity in the relation of the area of midship section (the index of the displacement) to the breadth and draft. The resulting formula is what the Yachtsman, if we recollect, has very properly called a perfectible one; its result, as proved on trial, can be modified in any way by a slight change of the constants without disturbing the factors themselves. As originally submitted for discussion, a certain constant, derived as stated from the best yachts of all periods, was suggested for trial as promising to produce a generally wholesome class of keel and centerboard yachts; at the same time, it was shown that by varying this constant one way or the other the same formula could be made without fail to encourage the fin-keel racing machine on the one hand, or the big cruising box on the other. In adopting such a formula for trial, the sensible way would be to provide in advance that as soon as the rule showed a tendency to produce an undesirable craft, either in the direction of the racing machine or of giving the prizes to really slow cruising boats, the constant should be changed to counteract the undesired result. The necessary change, provided that it were made just as soon as the need for it became apparent, and not too late, as in the present case, after the fin-keel had driven out all other types, would be so small as to have no serious disturbing effect on existing yachts.

While much progress has been made of late in the way of clearing up many old ideas that befogged the whole subject of measurement, there is still a serious obstacle in the belief that it is possible to find a perfect formula which, once adopted, will place all types of yachts on an equal footing for all time. So far from this being the case, there is no reason to-day to look for a formula which will do other than favor one of three great classes of yachts—racing machine, fast cruiser or cruising tub—at the expense of the other two. Even with a good formula in hand for the encouragement of the medium class, the object now sought for by many if not most yachtsmen, the trouble will be by no means over, but it will be necessary to guard this formula and study its results as yachts are built and raced under it with a view to its constant amendment, according to a definite plan. No matter how successful it may be at the outset, if left alone for a term of years it will almost inevitably go the way of all others, and produce one type, and that an undesirable one.

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Monday, June 18.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed a race on June 18 in a strong N.E. breeze, the times being:

First Class.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda, Greenough.....	21.02	1 53 02	1 22 10
Rambler, Perroy.....	21.05	2 00 58	1 24 33
Masooka, Herard.....	23.08	2 00 40	1 27 05
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	26.08	1 59 00	1 28 40
Angel, Cox.....	25.00	2 10 27	1 38 23
Alethea, Colby.....	23.06	Disabled.	
Second Class.			
Nymph, O. Perkins.....	19.02	2 07 35	1 27 55
Teuton, John.....	Disabled.		
Third Class.			
Only One, J. Perkins.....	14.08	2 20 34	0 51 45
Spider, Flye.....	14.01	1 24 37	0 55 00
Dorothea, Findley.....	13.09	1 25 28	0 55 22
Gracie, Norris.....		1 31 34	

Knickerbocker A. C. Ellsworth Cup.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Knickerbocker Athletic Club sailed a race for the Ellsworth cup off the club station, Newark Bay, on June 23 in a light breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kittiwink.....	2 18 49	1 44 39
Ruhama.....	2 20 02	1 50 52
Troquois.....	2 25 22	1 54 52
Harbinger.....	2 22 37	1 57 56
Gertrude.....	2 36 36	2 01 12
Restless.....	Withdraw.	
Jester.....	Withdraw.	
Apteryx.....	Withdraw.	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Special Races.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

First Day, Thursday, June 21.

THE first of the series of three open races arranged by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on June 21 in a moderate westerly breeze and smooth water, the courses being on the Sound off Oyster Bay. The third of the new 80-footers, Virginia, was present with her owner, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at the wheel. Mr. Crowninshield sailed the new 30-footer Empronzi, designed by him, in her first race, leading over the first round. The start was made at 1:05, Rainbow leading Mineola over the line, with Vigilant nearly a minute astern. On the reach to the first mark Mineola and Rainbow fell into a luffing match, which took them well out of their course, and by going straight for the mark Virginia got the lead and held it for the rest of the round, but was passed by Mineola near the line. The first round was timed:

Mineola.....	2 43 00	Empronzi.....	2 54 46
Virginia.....	2 43 16	Persimmon.....	2 54 50
Windora.....	2 46 30	Oiseau.....	2 55 19
Rainbow.....	2 46 50	Sis.....	2 55 19
Hera.....	2 47 47	Spindrift.....	2 55 55
O Shima San.....	2 48 30	Raider.....	2 56 11
Pollywog.....	2 48 42	Snapper.....	2 56 28
Wawa.....	2 48 51	Colleen.....	2 56 46
Esperanza.....	2 49 14	Alerion.....	2 57 06
Mai.....	2 54 00	Amorita.....	2 58 57
Scamp.....	2 54 29	Quissetta.....	3 01 15
Grayling.....	2 54 32		

The finish was timed:

Windora.....	4 08 11	Spindrift.....	4 19 58
Hera.....	4 13 56	Colleen.....	4 20 46
Wawa.....	4 14 04	Rainbow.....	4 22 02
Esperanza.....	4 14 16	Oiseau.....	4 23 52
Pollywog.....	4 14 29	Empronzi.....	4 26 05
Mineola.....	4 15 44	Alerion.....	4 26 27
Sis.....	4 16 06	Thelga.....	4 40 42
Persimmon.....	4 16 44	Amorita.....	4 41 37
Scamp.....	4 17 20	Quissetta.....	4 47 37
Virginia.....	4 17 33	O Shima San.....	4 48 20
Snapper.....	4 18 10	Grayling.....	Withdraw.
Raider.....	4 19 42	Mai.....	Withdraw.

The full times were:

Schooners—75ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 1:10.	Racing Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	74.35	3 31 37	3 31 37
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	73.59	3 37 37	3 37 12
Cutters—80ft. Class—23½ Miles—Start, 1:05.			
Mineola, August Belmont.....	80.00	3 10 44	
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	80.00	3 17 02	
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	80.00	3 12 33	
36ft. Class—Start, 1:15—16½ Miles.			
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt.....	35.81	3 33 30	
30ft. Class—Start, 1:25—16½ Miles.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	28.30	3 01 27	2 58 25
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	30.00	2 58 52	2 58 52
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	30.00	3 01 05	3 01 05
Sloops—Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:20—16½ Miles.			
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		2 53 56	2 53 56
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		2 54 16	
Wawa, Regina'd Brooks.....		2 54 04	
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....		2 54 29	
Mai, F. H. Brewster.....		Withdraw.	
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Grayling, H. W. Warner.....	26.67	Withdraw.	
Windora, John Green.....		2 43 11	2 43 11
Raceabouts—Start, 1:30—13½ Miles.			
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....		2 46 06	
Persimmon, De V. H. Warner.....	21.00	2 46 40	
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....		2 47 20	
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....		2 48 10	
Raider, H. M. Crane.....		2 49 42	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....		2 49 58	
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....		2 50 46	
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:35.			
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....	21.00	3 05 42	

Friday, June 22.

THE second day brought the best breeze of the season—a good blow from S.S.W., turning up the whitecaps on the Sound. The third leg of the triangle was the windward one and there was plenty of wind on the second round. As on the first day, Virginia was steered by her owner. The times were:

First Class—Cutters—Start, 1:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant, Com. Percy Chubb.....	3 57 43	2 52 43	2 52 43
Cutters—80ft. Class—Start, 1:10.			
Mineola, August Belmont.....	3 59 39	2 49 39	2 49 39
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	4 04 12	2 54 12	2 54 12
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt.....	4 02 47	2 52 47	2 52 47
Schooners—75ft. Class—Start, 1:15.			
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	4 18 33	3 03 33	3 03 33
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 25 08	3 10 08	3 09 43
Special Race—Cutters—Start, 1:20.			
Queen Mab, C. V. Brokaw.....	4 30 52	3 10 52	3 10 52
Syde, H. S. Redmond.....	4 45 20	3 35 20	3 26 57
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			
Nautilus, John J. McCue.....	Not timed.		
Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Albicare, S. J. Hyde.....	4 15 19	2 50 19	2 50 19
Sultan, C. S. Somerville.....	4 37 25	3 12 25	3 07 40
Special 30-ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 09 20	2 39 20	2 39 20
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	4 12 32	2 42 32	2 42 32
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	4 13 41	2 43 41	2 43 41
Veda, Robert Bacon.....	4 14 56	2 44 56	2 44 56
Mai, F. R. Brewster.....	4 23 00	2 53 00	2 53 00
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	4 22 41	2 52 41	2 52 11
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	3 48 19	2 18 19	2 18 19
Louise, W. B. Arnold.....	4 25 33	2 55 33	2 55 33
Scintilla, John R. Hoyt.....	Withdraw.		
Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	4 25 27	2 50 27	2 50 27
Raceabout Class—Start, 1:40.			
Sis, F. T. Bradford, Jr.....	4 12 26	2 32 26	2 32 26
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	4 14 36	2 34 36	2 34 36
Persimmon, D. H. Warner.....	4 14 40	2 34 40	2 34 40
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 14 41	2 34 41	2 34 41
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	4 15 13	2 35 13	2 35 13
Kittie, H. Morse.....	4 23 58	2 43 58	2 43 58
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	4 28 10	2 48 10	2 48 10
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....	Disabled.		
Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Mongoose II, Simeon Ford.....	3 32 02	1 42 02	1 42 02
Kazara, T. J. McCahill, Jr.....	3 33 44	1 43 44	1 43 44
Catspaw, E. L. Tinker.....	3 43 42	1 53 42	1 53 42
Kildare, T. E. McIntyre.....	3 50 15	2 00 15	2 00 15
Arlene, A. E. Rendle.....	3 58 16	2 08 16	2 08 16
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins.....	4 14 15	2 24 15	2 24 15
Vera, A. M. Bradley.....	Not timed.		
Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Bouncer, A. D. Tappen.....	4 14 11	2 24 11	2 24 11
Weewin, F. Sherwood.....	Capsized.		

Sis was protested as not having the freeboard required by the Sound Y. R. A. rules. The winners were Mineola, Amorita, Queen Mab, Albicare, Esperanza, Rochelle, Sis

and Mongoose II. Vigilant, Win or Lose and Bouncer sail over.

Saturday, June 23, Annual Race.

The final day of the series was the annual race, for all classes, and there was a large fleet of starters, but the weather was very unsatisfactory. The wind was E. at the start, and strong enough to make an interesting race, but it worked around to S. and fell light, the second round being a drift. Rainbow was not present, so the race was a duel between Virginia and Mineola. Amorita and Quissetta so far outclassed their two opponents that the latter made a private match for the sake of a little sport. Similarly, Queen Mab, with no competitor, made a match with Syce, the latter at the same time sailing against her regular classmate, Hussar II. The second leg, down the Sound, was the windward one, but at the end the shifting of the wind to the southward made a beat in to the line. The first round was timed:

Mineola	3 06 10	Queen Mab	3 43 46
Virginia	3 11 33	Oiseau	3 45 20
Amorita	3 26 40	Robin Hood	3 45 31
Quissetta	3 33 30	Mirth II.	3 47 48
Windora	3 27 10	Alerion	3 47 46
Rochelle	3 28 55	Hussar II.	3 48 07
Houri	3 34 15	Empronzi	3 50 24
Scamp	3 35 40	Bee	3 51 12
Persimmon	3 35 43	Bobs	3 51 52
Colleen	3 36 18	Thelga	3 55 30
Syce	3 37 47	Heron	3 36 20
Esperanza	3 39 54	Latona	3 57 36
Grayling	3 40 07	Kit	3 59 05
Hera	3 41 08	Katrina	4 00 12
Pollywog	3 41 21	Penguin	4 04 55
Sis	3 42 48	Nautilus	4 06 22
Albicare	3 42 53	Sakana	4 06 53
Kittie	3 42 58	Ondawa	4 08 30
Wawa	3 43 15	Audax	4 11 48

The full times were:

Schooners—75ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.35	6 04 54	4 44 54
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	73.59	6 27 17	5 07 17
Latona, Dr. H. C. Eno	70.16	7 05 16	5 45 16
Katrina, J. B. Ford	71.52	7 13 52	5 53 32
Cutters—80ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			
Mineola, August Belmont	80.00	5 11 33	4 06 33
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	80.00	5 32 28	4 27 28
Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Queen Mab, C. V. Brokaw	63.00	6 36 31	5 01 31
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	6 31 30	5 06 30
Hussar II., James Baird	56.98	6 58 26	5 33 26
Cutters—51ft. Class, Cruising—Start, 1:25.			
Penguin, Geo. Brighton	48.87	7 08 12	5 43 12
Ondawa, J. T. Roberts	46.93	7 17 29	5 52 29
Awa, T. L. Arnold	46.53	Withdrew.	
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Mirth II., J. D. Beekman	41.73	6 56 15	2 26 15
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	36.78	7 15 42	5 45 42
Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Albicare, P. J. Hyde	41.00	6 41 47	5 11 47
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	32.15	6 54 55	5 19 55
Audax, H. S. Eaton	30.90	Withdrew.	
Freya, G. J. Bradish		Withdrew.	
Sloops—Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Veda, Robert Bacon	6 09 56	4 29 56	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 12 27	4 32 27	
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	6 19 11	4 39 11	
Wawa, R. Brooks	6 24 10	4 44 19	
Hera, R. N. Ellis		Withdrew.	
Mai, F. R. Brewster		Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	29.93	6 23 40	4 43 40
Alerion, A. H. Alker	28.30	6 35 57	4 55 57
Empronzi, A. Peats	30.00	6 48 24	5 08 24
Kit, T. H. Macdonald	29.76	6 58 17	5 18 17
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Windora, J. Green	29.42	6 06 58	4 26 58
Grayling, W. H. Warner	26.67	6 14 50	4 34 50
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:45.			
Houri, E. J. Bergen	22.95	6 09 44	6 24 44
Rochelle, Ed Kelly	25.00	6 09 33	6 24 33
Robin Hood, Geo. Gartland	24.96	Withdrew.	
Raceabout Class—Start, 1:50.			
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	6 03 00	4 13 00	
Persimmon, De Vere H. Warner	6 08 23	4 18 23	
Scamp, J. De Forest	6 10 44	4 20 44	
Kittie, H. Morse	6 21 52	4 31 52	
Sis, F. T. Bedford	6 24 35	4 34 35	
Raider, H. M. Crane		Withdrew.	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Ox, R. N. Bavie	21.00	5 22 45	3 27 45
Spider, L. Rutherford	20.86	Withdrew.	
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	21.00	4 36 55	2 41 55
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	4 47 51	2 52 51
Catspaw, E. L. Tinker	4 57 56	3 02 56	
Arline, A. E. Rendle		Withdrew.	
Kildare, T. McIntyre	19.53	Withdrew.	
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	20.99		
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:55.			
Bee, D. Le Roy Dresser	21.00	6 17 00	4 22 00
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	6 17 24	4 22 24
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	21.00	6 27 28	4 32 28
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	21.00	6 39 29	4 44 29
Mistral, T. Lowe, Jr.	21.00	Withdrew.	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:00.			
Nora, A. Iselin	17.27	4 53 48	2 53 48
Microbe, W. Rutherford, Jr.	17.00	Withdrew.	

Amorita won in the schooner class, while Latona won her match with Katrina. Mineola beat Virginia badly, taking the series prize. Syce ran completely away from Hussar II. and also won the match with Queen Mab. Penguin won in her class, Mirth II. in hers and Albicare sailed over. Sakana won a first prize, Veda won first and Esperanza second, Oiseau won first and Alerion second. Windora and Hourie won first prizes, Colleen wins first and Persimmon second, Ox wins a first prize, Mongoose II. wins first and Vera second, Bee wins first and Thelga second, Nora wins first.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed a special race on June 23, the times being:

Start, 3:35:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vinita	5 07 29	1 32 29
Bonita	5 06 56	1 31 56
Class M—Sloops—Start, 3:45.		
Narika	5 26 30	1 41 30
Class P—Sloops—Start, 3:45.		
Song and Dance	5 16 50	1 31 50
Ojibway	5 19 03	1 34 03

The winners were Narika, Bonita and Song and Dance. During the afternoon and evening a reception was given at the club house, with an elaborate programme, including fancy kite flying, vaudeville, music and dancing.

New York Y. C.—Glen Cove Cups.

GLEN COVE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, June 19.

THE New York Y. C. followed its annual regatta on New York Bay by a second race on the Sound, open to yachts of all classes down to the 30-footers, with prizes for both racing and cruising trim. The race was sailed on June 19 in fair warm weather with a light breeze E. and N. breeze and smooth water. The course was a triangle, sailed over twice, making 27¼ miles. The start was off Matinico Point. The first leg was E. by N. to a mark off Lloyd's Point; the second leg was four miles N.E. to a mark three and three-quarter miles E. by N. from Great Captain Island Light, and the third leg was five miles S.W. three-quarters S. to the starting line.

The 30-footers sailed but one round, starting in reverse direction to the others. The cutters were started first at 12:10, with five minutes to cross; the schooners at 12:15, and the 30-footers from the gun at 12:30. Vigilant and her sister, Corona, formerly the cutter Colonia, had no competitors, and were classed together, but as Vigilant had lost her board on Saturday, Corona agreed not to use hers.

At the start the wind was N.E. and quite fresh, the first leg being to windward. Rainbow came from the weather end of the line, near the committee steamer, on starboard tack in good time for crossing, but Mineola, a little ahead of time, came up on port tack. As the two approached it was clear that Mineola could not cross Rainbow's bows, but she held her port tack. At the last moment Rainbow gave way in order to avoid a collision, and went on port tack, passing on the wrong side of the committee boat. Mineola came about and crossed the line on starboard tack just after the gun, while Rainbow was compelled to return and cross the line to leeward, with an additional loss of 49 seconds. No protest flag was shown and no protest made by Rainbow, and the incident was apparently passed unnoticed by the Regatta Committee:

The windward mark was timed:

Mineola	1 16 25	Quissetta	1 36 38
Rainbow	1 20 17	Hussar II.	1 38 32
Queen Mab	1 29 25	Vigilant	1 39 23
Syce	1 31 00	Corona	1 44 10
Amorita	1 33 32	Athlon	1 47 31

The second leg was run with spinakers to starboard, the turn being timed:

Mineola	1 44 30	Corona	2 13 30
Rainbow	1 47 39	Athlon	2 19 10
Queen Mab	1 59 10	Latona	2 22 10
Amorita	2 02 22	Wayward	2 24 40
Syce	2 02 40	Katrina	2 25 25
Quissetta	2 05 20	Athlon	2 27 10
Vigilant	2 07 20	Eclipse	2 30 35
Hussar II.	2 09 38		

They reached for the line and the round finished:

Mineola	2 12 53	Vigilant	2 31 00
Rainbow	2 17 50	Syce	2 32 30
Queen Mab	2 27 00	Corona	2 37 20
Amorita	2 27 27	Hussar	2 38 12
Quissetta	2 29 50	Atlas	Not timed.

On the second round the wind was light and variable, and the race finished very quietly. The times were:

Schooners—75ft. Class—Racing—Trim.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Amorita	12 18 53	5 09 25	4 50 32
Quissetta	12 19 17	5 13 37	4 54 20
75ft. Class—Cruising Trim.			
Latona	12 20 00	6 10 45	5 50 00
Katrina	12 19 40	6 07 40	5 47 00
Shamrock	12 16 54	6 25 15	6 10 21
Wayward	12 16 00	6 24 20	6 08 20
75ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Special Match.			
Latona	12 20 00	6 10 45	5 50 00
Wayward	12 16 00	6 24 20	6 08 20
80ft. Class—Cutters—Racing Trim.			
Mineola	12 10 38	4 43 38	4 33 00
Rainbow	12 11 27	4 56 09	4 44 42
60ft. Class—Cruising Trim.			
Athlon	12 11 30	6 13 10	6 01 40
Eclipse	12 13 13	6 47 32	6 34 19
Lotowana	12 14 07	Withdrew.	
51ft. Class—Racing Trim.			
Syce	12 11 57	5 20 21	5 08 24
Hussar II.	12 12 03	5 54 20	5 42 17
Special Class—Schooner and Cutter.			
Vigilant	12 17 33	5 11 16	4 53 43
Corona	12 17 10	5 20 57	5 03 47
Special Class—Schooner and Cutter.			
Sayonara	12 20 00	6 20 22	6 00 22
Uncas	12 20 00	7 04 30	6 45 30
Special Class—Cutters.			
Queen Mab	12 11 35	5 13 26	5 01 51
Syce	12 11 57	5 20 21	5 08 24
Special 30ft. Class.			
Hera	12 30 00	3 07 36	2 37 36
Wawa	12 30 00	3 06 07	2 36 07
Pollywog	12 30 00	3 08 07	2 38 07

Amorita wins \$150 cup, Katrina wins \$125 and Latona wins \$62.50; Latons also wins the special race with Wayward. Mineola wins \$200, Athlon wins \$75, Syce wins \$100 and special race, Vigilant wins \$175, Sayonara wins \$75, Wawa wins \$50. The Regatta Committee included Messrs. S. Nicholson, Kane, Chester Griswold and W. Butler Duncan, Jr.

Quincy Y. C. Handicap Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, June 18.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed a race on Bunker Hill Day, June 18, in a strong N.E. breeze, the times being:

Class A.		Corrected.
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	3 34 16	
C. C., C. C. Carey	3 34 30	
Eclipse, Dr. Jones	3 38 18	
Moodyne, A. J. Shaw	3 39 17	
Beatrice, J. Kavanaugh	3 39 35	
Elaine, J. Bainbridge	3 45 05	
Canicum, J. Morse	3 45 35	
Goblin, E. Ricker	3 47 42	
Harbor Light, J. Johnson	3 48 10	
Medora, S. B. Wily	3 53 05	
Class B.		
Tautog, A. Lincoln	3 53 19	
Whisper, E. F. Fitzpatrick	3 57 35	
Yum Yum, W. Edwards	4 00 02	
Supero, C. Alden	4 02 51	
Special Class.		
Omene, W. P. Barker	4 00 03	
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	4 07 09	
Autocrat, J. W. Nightingale	4 07 10	

Hudson River Y. C.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Sunday, June 24.

THE Hudson River Y. C. celebrated its annual ladies' day on June 24, with a variety of water sports, as follows: Four-Mile Sailing Canoe Race—Won by Winona, Samuel Roth; Fly, William Thorn, second. Time, 28:10. Quarter-Mile Rowing Race, Round-Bottom Boats—Won by J. Spice; F. Merten, second. Time, 3:25. Quarter-Mile Rowing Race, Skiffs—Won by T. H. Hall; Charles McDonald, second. Time, 3:45. Climbing 35ft. Mast—Won by P. H. Vogeli; George Steigleder, second. Time, 0:21. Walking 20ft. Spar—Won by C. Westerdahl; C. Peets, second. Time, 0:07½.

125yd. Swimming Race—Won by B. McMillan; F. Christman, second. Time, 1:20. 125yd. Swimming Race (Boys)—Won by H. Butts; F. Christman, Jr., second. Time, 1:50.

20yd. Tub Race—Won by C. Peets; C. Westerdahl, second. Time, 1:02½. 20yd. Tub Race (Boys)—Won by T. C. Rodgers; H. Butts, second. Time, 1:06.

Tug of War, Final Heat—Won by H. Larsen. Time, 2:10. Tug of War (Boys), Final Heat—Won by R. Harrington. Time, 1:03.

Duck Pursuit Race—Won by T. H. Rodgers. Time, 5:40. Duck Pursuit Race (Boys)—Won by F. Steinhardt. Time, 1:03.

Duck Pursuit Race (Consolation)—Won by C. Peets. Time, 5:00.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, sailed a race on June 23 in a moderate northerly breeze, the triangular course being sailed three times. Fox on port tack fouled Alva and the latter withdrew; later on Fox fouled Peri. The times were:

Class 6.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri	2 20 30	3 51 35	1 31 05	1 31 05
Pinta	2 21 33	4 15 41	1 54 08	1 53 47
Vixen	2 20 30	4 10 38	1 50 08	1 46 50
Class 7.				
Nymph	2 20 19	3 49 02	1 28 43	1 28 43
Widsith	2 20 38	3 49 40	1 29 02	1 28 40
Mona	Did not start.			
Class 9.				
Satyr	2 30 15	3 54 20	1 24 05	1 24 05
Query	2 30 45	3 40 05.	1 09 20	1 07 02
Gironda	2 30 35	Swamped.		
Loon	2 40 00	Withdrew.		
Albatross	2 33 05	3 44 55	1 11 50	1 03 53
Willitt	2 30 30	3 52 25	1 21 55	1 13 12
Class 10.				
Florence	2 31 40	3 48 05	1 16 25	1 16 25
Alva	2 30 35	Disabled.		
Fox	2 33 50	Disqualified.		

Bristol Y. C.

BRISTOL—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE Bristol Y. C. sailed an open race on June 16 with thirty-four starters, the wind being S.W. and fresh enough to disable a number of the smaller boats. The times were:

First Class—Sloops and Yawls—27ft. Measurement—Start, 1:24.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reginald, H. Ostby.....	3 35 33	3 28 14
Maria, F. E. De Wolf.....	3 36 25	3 33 35
Alice, C. F. Herreshoff, Jr.....	3 27 01	3 15 35
Nixie, L. C. Martin.....	3 41 40	3 37 14
Nellie, John Oates.....	3 37 01	3 37 01

Second Class—Sloops and Yawls 21ft. and Over—Start, 1:28.
Spartan, N. S. Campbell..... 3 31 09
Nelma, E. C. Myrick..... Disabled.

Third Class—Jib and Mainsail Boats—Including Sloops and Yawls Under 21ft.—Start, 1:32.

Nada, H. Bancroft..... Withdrew.
Kildee, Miss F. De Wolf..... 2 43 03
Woodpecker, C. F. Herreshoff, 2d..... 2 57 05

Fourth Class—Catboats Over 21ft.—Start, 1:36.

Algol..... Withdrew.
Margarita, Mr. Peck..... 3 42 50 3 37 58
Victor, E. V. Bowen..... 3 43 34 3 43 34
Colleen..... Withdrew.
Caroline..... Withdrew.
Inez L., W. Whittaker..... 3 46 03 3 42 11

Fifth Class—Catboats Under 21ft. Racing Measurement—Start, 1:40.

Dora, M. Conboy..... 3 12 09 3 06 48
Fedora..... Withdrew.
Orme, Mr. Zinl..... 3 00 22 3 00 22
Zara..... Withdrew.
Laloo, F. Whitehead..... 3 04 32
Elizabeth, F. Wood..... 2 55 08 2 55 06

Sixth Class—Catboats—Start, 1:44.

Pet, Schofield & Spencer..... 2 51 09 2 51 09
Gloria, F. P. Howe..... 2 58 32 2 55 55
Polo, P. Card..... 3 05 40 3 07 00
Razzle Dazzle, G. G. Gladding..... 2 59 52 2 56 03
Alice, J. Greenhalge..... 2 59 43
Arab, J. Hartwell..... 2 52 00 2 50 30

Seventh Class—Boats of Unique Design Not Over 25ft. Racing Measurement—Start, 1:48.

Unique, J. Wilkinson..... Withdrew.
Opossum, F. Herreshoff..... 2 53 42 2 52 48
Columbia, Wood Brothers..... 2 55 51 2 55 51

Eighth Class—Rhode Island One-Design—Start, 1:52.

Kid, F. Thurber..... 3 09 30 5 01 30
Rascal, H. E. Barlow..... 3 13 51 5 05 51
Kitten, Dr. Potter..... 3 16 30 5 08 30

The Regatta Committee included Messrs. H. W. Hayes, L. M. Minsher, W. H. Thurber, A. S. Chesebrough, W. E. Howe, E. H. Brownell and W. H. Munro.

Nahant Dory Club.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Nahant Dory Club sailed a good race on June 23 for the R. F. Straine cup, though there were only three starters, Al Kyris, Empress and Hanley, of the H. O. class. The course was from off Nahant around the Groves and Winthrop Bar buoys, and with a fresh southerly wind on end over the first leg, all conditions were favorable for a good race. Al Kyris made the best start, with Empress close after her, but Hanley started to leeward. There was a good fight out to the Groves between the leaders, but Al Kyris managed to hold the lead, though Empress nearly caught her at the second mark. As Hanley trimmed her balloon jib at the Winthrop Bar Buoy for the reach home, her mast broke below the jaws of the gaff and she was taken in tow by Eleanor for Quincy. The times were, start 4:05:

	Elapsed.
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 46 00
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 46 58
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	Dismasted.

Winthrop T. Hodge was the judge.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its third race on June 23 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

Knockabout Class.	
	Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	1 49 30
Raven, James Dean.....	1 50 00
Eleanor, F. J. Moors.....	1 52 25
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....	1 53 00
Neroid, W. R. Sears.....	1 53 02
Remora, Tower & Crocker.....	1 54 25

Handicap Class.	
	Elapsed.
Swallow, J. Richardson.....	1 07 10
Jap, B. O. Tower.....	1 08 30
Merlin, R. Townsend.....	1 08 20
Otter, B. James.....	1 12 55

The corrected times have not been announced.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed its second race on June 23 in a light S.E. breeze, the times being:

First Class.	
	Corrected.
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	1 37 51
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	1 39 08

Second Class.	
	Elapsed.
Mojave, C. S. Berry.....	1 44 20
Beth, Crocker.....	1 44 57
Marion, H. Manson.....	1 51 04
Rita, C. W. King.....	1 54 48
Tech, C. E. Lynch.....	1 56 24

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Monday, June 18.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed a race on June 18 in a reefing N.E. breeze, the times being:

18ft. Class.	
	Elapsed.
Grace, M. S. Weston.....	1 48 21
Raduga, W. Burgess.....	1 51 38
Milady, F. R. Adams.....	1 52 50
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 54 34

Knockabout Class.	
	Elapsed.
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin.....	1 37 55
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	1 40 26
Geisha, W. T. Whitman.....	1 42 47

The judges were George D. Bartlett, Otto Loring and C. F. Bradford.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed a race on June 16 for the 25ft., 22ft. and 17ft. classes, the course being the triangle off Pointe Claire. In the 25ft. class the four defenders of the Seawanhaka cup were entered, and the white boat won by a minute. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
White, G. H. Duggan.....	4 59 00	5 24 55	5 48 17	1 22 17
Green, Arthur Abbott.....	4 59 50	5 25 44	5 49 15	1 23 15
Redcoat, Chas. Routh.....	5 02 10	5 25 22	5 49 50	1 23 50
Blackbird, T. Paton.....	5 03 10	5 29 45

Blackbird is still sailing with an old suit of canvas, her own sails not being ready. In the 22ft. class the two leading boats were disqualified for fouling marks. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Bona Dea, J. Paton.....	5 26 50
Iyaloo, Mr. Williams.....	5 27 30
Viking, L. J. Smith.....	5 39 15
Koorali, S. Finley.....	5 41 00

In the 17ft. class the times were:

	Elapsed.
Doris, Mr. Barlow.....	5 42 30
Habitant, Mr. Hemsley.....	5 42 32
Eileen, Mr. Holland.....	5 45 10
Kittiwake, Mr. Bolton.....	5 45 23

The wind was quite light throughout the race.

The 80ft. One-Design Class.

THE New York Y. C. book gives the following dimensions and details of the four cutters of the new 80ft. one-design class:

	—Tonnage—		—Length—				Breadth	Depth	Draft.
	Gross	Net	all	L	W	L			
Mineola II.....	74	66	106	70	19	5	12	14	14
Rainbow.....	74	66	106	70	19	6	..	14	14
Virginia.....	106	70	20	15	15
Yankee.....	106	70	20	15	15

Of the three now racing, Mineola II. having been out the longest and with the greatest opportunities for getting into racing form, has won all the races; but there is thus far no satisfactory explanation of the poor performance of Rainbow. She is in competent hands and there has been time for a reasonable amount of tuning up, but she is evidently unable to race with Mineola. After the second Seawanhaka race on June 22 she sailed for Bristol, where her designer will take her in hand. Virginia has suffered thus far in being steered by her owner, a skillful and ambitious young Corinthian, but lacking the skill necessary to sail against professionals of long experience. While the spirit is commendable, it really amounts to a generous gift of all prizes to the rival boats. The fourth boat will be ready some time this week.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C. Open Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, June 18.

A STRONG N.E. breeze on the morning of June 18 cut the number of starters in the Hull—Massachusetts Y. C. open race down to six boats, the Y. R. A. 25ft. class and the H. O. class. The course was a triangle, starting off Point Allerton, around Thieves' Rock and Little Black Rock, two rounds making 19 miles, naut. Prior to the start Flirt carried away her mainboom gooseneck, and during the race Hermes broke a spreader and withdrew. Al Kyris carried three reefs and a working jib, while Hanley had four reefs and a storm jib. The times were:

Cabin 25ft. Class.	
	Elapsed.
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	3 02 47
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	3 07 43
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	Withdrew.

Y. R. A. Cabin 25ft. Class.	
	Elapsed.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	3 30 47
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	3 49 48
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	Disabled.

The judges were Messrs. W. A. Cary, Isaac B. Mills, J. Winthrop Dutton and Lawrence B. Flint.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 18.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead celebrated Bunker Hill Day by a race in a strong N.E. breeze and a sea. Sintram was reefed at the start, but in spite of the hard blow the other knockabouts carried full sail, though it is doubtful whether they profitted by it. The times were:

Second Class.	
	Elapsed.
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	2 23 50
Owana, R. Boardman.....	2 29 52

Raceabout Class.	
	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 15 40
Bander-Log, J. Crane, Jr.....	2 17 38
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	2 17 40
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	2 22 15
Scaregoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	2 26 06
Dartica, C. E. Lambert.....	2 26 23

Knockabout Class.	
	Elapsed.
Opeechee, J. C. Grew.....	1 14 30
Opitsah II., S. M. Foster.....	1 15 04

Class A.	
	Elapsed.
Dragon, C. M. Barker.....	2 32 43
Varico, H. E. Yerxa.....	2 40 21
Mistral, T. W. Little.....	2 40 04

16ft. Class.	
	Elapsed.
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	0 48 27
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	0 50 05
Pandora, C. B. Stebbins.....	0 53 30
Polly, E. Wadsworth.....	0 56 03

Rhode Island Y. C.

PROVIDENCE—PAWTUXET RIVER.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. sailed the first of the series races for its one-design class on June 23, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Rascal, H. E. Barlow.....	1 55 12
Kid, W. H. Thurber.....	1 55 35
Redskin, A. M. Potter.....	1 59 07
Sprint, Vignion Brothers.....	2 02 12
Earl, E. L. Fuller.....	2 07 17

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wednesday, June 20.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed an evening race on June 20 in a fresh S.E. breeze, which fell before the finish. The times were:

First Class.	
	Length.
Alethea, Colby & Smith.....	23.06
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	26.08
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	21.05
Onda, Greenough.....	26.02

Second Class.	
	Not meas.
Petrel, Fenton.....	19.02
Nymph, O. Perkins.....	18.10
Ida B., Merchant.....	0 47 18

Third Class.	
	Not meas.
Only One, J. Perkins.....	13.09
Dorothea, Finlay.....	14.10
Spider, Frye.....	0 45 09

The winners were Alethea, Petrel and Dorothea.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 18.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed a race in a reefing N.E. breeze in the morning of June 18, the times being:

25ft. Handicap Class.	
	Elapsed.
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	1 25 00
Isis, W. O. Mayo.....	Broke bowsprit.

Raceabout Class.	
	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 18 12
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 18 49
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 18 57
Bander-Log, J. Crane, Jr.....	1 19 32
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 27 22

16ft. Class.	
	Elapsed.
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 06 18
Pandora, C. B. Stebbins.....	1 09 30
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	1 10 00
Polly, E. Wadsworth.....	1 15 06

Isis fouled Idalia, steam yacht, and lost her bowsprit.

Quincy Y. C. Invitation Race.

THE official times of the Quincy Y. C. invitation race of June 16 were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 00 58	4 20 58
Al Kyris, J. T. Brown.....	2 05 32	5 25 32
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	2 09 32	4 29 32
Eleanor, E. B. Clapp.....	2 12 09	4 32 09
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 12 35	4 32 35
Empress, Hayden & Carter.....	2 13 00	4 33 00

21-footers.	
	Elapsed.
Omeme, Barker.....	1 13 51
Cleopatra, F. T. Crane.....	1 18 32

Queen City Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Queen City Y. C. sailed a race for the 16ft. skiff class on June 16 in very light weather, the times being, start 2:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Do Do, R. Osborne.....	5 01 45	2 16 45
Caprice, R. Slee.....	5 02 30	2 17 30
White Cap, Mr. Phillips.....	5 11 05	2 26 05
Spray, Hall & Underwood.....	Withdrew.	
Unnamed, Mr. Parsons.....	Withdrew.	

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race for the 30ft. and 25ft. classes on June 16 in very light weather, only the former finishing within the limit. The times were:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.	
	Elapsed.
Hazard.....	6 40 00
Hiawatha.....	6 45 20
Happy Thought.....	7 01 20

Rosemaryn and Koko started in the 25ft. class, but did not finish in time.

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 18.

THE Jubilee Y. C. sailed a race off Beverly on June 18 in a strong N.E. breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.
O I C U.....	1 59 57
Black Cloud.....	2 00 33
Idle Hours.....	2 09 55
Addie.....	2 12 32
Priscilla.....	2 13 27
Brownie.....	2 13 50

The judges were Com. Prescott, G. A. Endicott and Arthur S. Kent.

White Bear Y. C.

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

Saturday, June 16.

THE three challengers of the White Bear Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup, Saint Paul, Mr. Ordway; Minnesota, Mr. Douglas, and Minnezetta, Mr. Griggs, started on June 16 in a ten-mile

The Raceabouts at Larchmont.

THROUGH a clerical error the winner in the raceabout class at Larchmont on June 16 was given out as Sis, the third boat, in place of Colleen. Colleen's time was 3:17:59, and Sis' time was 3:27:55; but it was originally given out as 3:17:55.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has prepared a series of entertainments for members and guests at the club house, Hull, as follows: July 3, band concert; July 11, promenade concert; July 14, men's smoker; July 18, promenade concert; July 21, hurdy gurdy party; July 25, promenade concert; July 28, men's smoker; Aug. 1, band concert; Aug. 4, hurdy gurdy party; Aug. 8, promenade concert; Aug. 11, men's smoker; Aug. 15, promenade concert; Aug. 18, water sports, music and dancing; Aug. 22, promenade concert; Aug. 25, hurdy gurdy party; Aug. 29, band concert.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at New York on June 19 from Havre, after a passage of nine days, one hour. On board were Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mr. Winfield Scott Hoyt. Valiant has been absent from New York since Jan. 8.

The South Boston Yachting Carnival Association has arranged the following programme for next week:

July 2—Open race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. Band concerts, fireworks and entertainment in the club house in the evening.

July 3—Open races of the Columbia Y. C. and entertainment for the visiting yachtsmen in the evening.

July 4—Programme for the city of Boston.

July 5—Open race of the South Boston Y. C. and entertainment.

July 6—Open race under the auspices of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. and South Boston Y. C. A grand illumination of the entire fleet of yachts will take place in the evening. Prizes for the best decorated boats for the home and the visiting fleets will be given. A nautical parade will be one of the features, the boats being towed from the Marine pier to the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. and back.

July 7—Old-time anchor start handicap.

Aloha, steam yacht, A. C. James, arrived at Gibraltar on June 20 from Naples. Calanthe, steam yacht, under charter to J. Arthur Hinckley, sailed to the westward.

Mineola I., the Burgess 46-footer, built by Vice-Com. Belmont in 1891, has been renamed Isolt by her new owner, Carleton W. Nason, of New York.

The two 30-footers Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and Wawa, Reginald Brooks, will sail a series of private matches at Newport next week.

Dorothy II., 30-footer, has been sold by H. P. Whitney to Clarence W. Dolan, of Philadelphia, who will race her with the class at Newport.

The new year book of the New York Y. C. shows a total membership of 1,560 up to May 17, exclusive of the thirty honorary and five flag members. The fleet now includes 421 yachts, of which 87 are schooners, 118 cutters, sloops or yawls, 196 are steamers and 20 are launches. Of the sailing yachts, 6 schooners and 5 cutters are fitted with auxiliary engines. The book contains the usual lists of members, yachts, private signals, constitution, racing rules and much general information relating to yachting.

Endymion, steam yacht, George Lord Day, returned to New York last week from Lawley's Yard, Boston, where she has been overhauled and strengthened after her cruise of last winter. On June 21 she sailed from New York for Southampton with Mr. and Mrs. Day and two friends on board.

On June 23 three members of the Evanston Boat Club, of Chicago, Walter Calkins, West Morris and Edward Church, had a narrow escape from drowning through the capsizing of a so-called "knockabout" on Lake Michigan. They were rescued by boats from the shore after being exposed for some time on the overturned boat.

Athene, centerboard cutter, W. O. Gay, built at Bristol last year, has returned to the yard to have some three tons of lead added to her keel. A new suit of canvas has been made for her at Bristol.

The Larchmont Y. C. will sail its annual open regatta on July 4, under the usual conditions, the start being made at 11:30. The steamer Albertina will carry the members and guests of the club, leaving E. 31st street, New York, at 8 A. M., and Larchmont at 10:30 A. M. Entries may be made to the Race Committee at Larchmont not later than 9 P. M. on July 2.

The Atlantic Y. C. has issued a programme of the season's races neatly printed in card form. The events are as follows:

June 30, start 2 P. M. Sloops 30ft. and under, all cabin catboats, open catboats.

July 4, start 10 A. M. Oyster boat race, prizes \$25, \$15 and \$10. Handicap race for schooners, 51ft. cutters and smaller classes, cabin catboats, open catboats, open race.

July 7-14. Annual cruise.

Sept. 3, 36ft. and smaller classes; cabin catboats, open catboats.

Sept. 13, fall regatta; open to all classes.

Sept. 15, club races, classes to be announced later.

The annual meet of the Interlake Y. A. will be held at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, during the week beginning July 23.

Arthur Edgerton Bateman, once well known in New York, died in Washington on June 24 of heart disease, at the age of forty-nine. Mr. Bateman at one time owned the yacht Meteor before she was renamed Golden Rod.

The Squantum Y. C. will hold an open race on Saturday, June 30, starting at 12:30 P. M., for yachts of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and a special open handicap race for yachts under 30ft. in length. The classes are as follows: 25ft. cabin class, 21ft. open class, 21ft. cabin class, 18ft. open class and 15ft. open class. The judges are Hon. H. O. Fairbanks, Hon. Eugene H. Sprague, Charles M. Bryant, Com. Allen M. Davis, Com. Fred J. Stewart, Alexander L. Hill, John J. Poland and William J. Croucher.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., open to yachts of any club, will be sailed from Half-Way Rock on Saturday, June 30, 1900, at 11 A. M., unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement, in which case the race will take place at a day subsequent to the cruise. Entries must be received in writing by the Regatta Committee at the club house before 9 o'clock of the evening before the race.

The prizes are: For schooners—First class, \$150; 75ft. class, \$100; 53ft. class, \$50. In each class of schooners second prizes of \$75, \$50 and \$25 respectively will be awarded, if four or more yachts start in the class.

Cutters—Over 70ft. waterline, \$150; 70ft. class, \$100; 61ft. class, \$75; 53ft. class, \$75; 46ft. class, \$75; 40ft. class, \$50; 35ft. class, \$50. If four or more yachts start in either class above the 35ft., a second prize of \$25 will be given; in the 35ft. class, if four or more yachts start, a second prize of \$30 will be given, and if seven or more start, a third prize of \$20.

The Puritan cup will be awarded for the year to the yacht of the club making the best corrected time (on regular allowances) over the course sailed by the larger yachts.

To enable members of the club to witness the annual regatta, the steamer Governor Andrew will leave Rowe's wharf, Boston, for Half-Way Rock, Saturday, June 30, at 9:30 A. M.

Weather permitting, she will follow the yachts until the race shall be finished or declared postponed, and after the race will touch at Salem, returning thence to Boston.

A special regatta for the squadron of the Eastern Y. C., limited to yachts of the club, will be held off Gloucester on Wednesday, July 4, at 11 A. M., unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement. All schooners will sail together in one class. All cutters above the 35ft. class will sail together as the first division. The 35ft. class will sail together as the second division of cutters. The Commodore offers as prizes a cup for schooners and a cup for each division of cutters. There will be no second prizes. Yachts will race in cruising trim, but no yacht under 53ft. waterline need carry a boat.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

July.

1. Toronto, Dominion Day regatta.
7. Toronto, club annual.
14. Toronto, paddling and sailing races.
21. Toronto, races and hop.

August.

- 3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

- 1-3. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

Down the Raisin.—I.

A CRANK is a man who entertains an opinion or promulgates an idea which is in antagonism to the general sentiments of his fellow men. His field is limited to no particular class of subjects, nor does his mental aberration in one direction interfere with his entertaining correct and rational opinions in others. A man may be quite sound on predestination, but an utter heretic in the matter of free trade; he may be perfectly orthodox as to the adoption of the gold standard, and yet a dangerous character when it comes to the question of municipal ownership.

And so it was that when last summer I cautiously ventured to confide to a friend or two the thought that I had cherished secretly for an indefinite period—that I would like to make a journey down the waters of the

River Raisin by canoe—there was only one term that seemed appropriate, and that was the one which is introduced in the beginning of this story. Not that any one was impolite enough to apply it in my presence, but the varied looks of incredulity and amusement with which the proposition was greeted were the best evidence of how it was regarded. No one was on record as having accomplished such a journey, which was the best possible reason why no one should undertake it.

For the River Raisin, although it empties into Lake Erie almost within sight of Toledo, having previously passed longitudinally over the surface of the lower peninsula of Michigan, is practically an unknown quantity except as it may have become familiar in limited sections to the natives who dwell along its banks. The fisherman in each neighborhood is acquainted with a few favorite pools where the bass are wont to lie, and there are some worn and hackneyed stretches where the public road marches brazenly along its margin; but it soon escapes from these and goes back to the wonted obscurity which has so long been its chief characteristic. Geographically, it is supposed to have its rise in those sections of north-eastern Ohio and eastern Indiana contiguous to the sources of the Maumee, while its main tributary, lying far to the north, is fed by a series of small lakes which diversify the surface of lower Michigan and which were evidently created by an all-wise Providence as necessary adjuncts to as many summer resorts. But when it comes to knowing and tracing all the wanderings of this erratic stream, from its outgoings at its headwaters to its incomings at the lake, one might as well attempt to discover the movements of the head of the family, from the time he starts for the club in the early evening till he plies his uncertain latch key along in the turning of the new day. It seems to be quite possible to obtain a reasonably definite map of Central Africa, and to procure reliable directions for traversing it; but with the modifications already mentioned, nobody knew how or where the River Raisin ran, and nobody cared. True, the river would sometimes appear in the most unexpected manner in some county, and before it could get out again be "meandered" by the county surveyor, but even then there was no telling where it would reappear, and as it dodged and skurried through so many counties of the State it would have required a small fortune to purchase all the different maps with all their disconnected segments. It became evident, therefore, that the only way to explore the river was to discover some point in its wanderings where it had come upon a railroad and crossed underneath, being either too proud or too indifferent to go around, and to follow it leisurely and patiently whithersoever it might lead.

Having become committed to the trip by declaring that I intended to make it, I set about procuring a suitable equipment. Fate kindly put in my way a canvas canoe, length 12 feet, width a little more than the distance across from one elbow to the other when seated in the hold, weight 25 pounds. It was fully as round on the bottom as the average birch bark, and quite as ready to change sides, the lower for the upper, so that one who was truly *en rapport* with it enjoyed all the sympathetic, interbalancing relation that exists between a horse and his rider, or a cyclist and his wheel. For motive power a double-bladed paddle, and in the way of baggage a wide, flat basket, stocked with provisions, tobacco, a tea bucket, and carrying besides a little roll of pitch snugly jacketed in canvas, and a clean pair of socks. This is the full inventory of the outfit.

No, there was one thing more. It was a piece of half-inch rope (a leather strap would have been preferable) with a hook of heavy galvanized wire fastened at each end. It was just long enough to admit of passing it around the outside of the hull when the canoe was set on edge, leaving room for the head and one shoulder to slip through the resulting loop. Doubtless this device is not a new one, but it affords a very convenient way of slinging a canoe on a long portage, since it leaves both hands free for all the other impedimenta of the voyage. It proved none the less convenient, because I fondly imagined that the appliance was an original one, and it seemed fully as good as the usual method of portaging a birch bark.

It was in June that I set out on my voyage down the River Raisin—June, the month of strawberries and mosquitoes, of roses and summer showers. Interviewing men who ought to have known about the river and did not, had become disappointingly tiresome, and I had abandoned this method of adding to my stock of information. Thus much only seemed to be definitely assured—that at two fixed points the river was neighbor to a railroad, and that by entering the stream at the upper point the navigator would ultimately find himself at the lower one—just how ultimately it was impossible to learn. Where the river went in the meantime, no one could or would tell. Who could make a time schedule under such circumstances? Who wanted to make one if he could? Time was no object to the River Raisin, as I afterward discovered.

It was on Tuesday that the journey on the river was begun, and somewhere about the middle of the month. Tuesday is an admirable day for beginning a journey, since it is far enough from the sacred rest day to afford leisure for the necessary preparation; and it is sufficiently remote from the end of the week to make it possible to compass your return before the advent of another Sunday—if you have time enough. If you do not, the days in the latter part of the week seem to flow and fuse together till the calendar is all a blot, and the magnificent procession of the universe moves on as if there were no such thing as an almanac. And practically, under these circumstances, there isn't.

From Toledo the early morning train on the C., J. & M. road (as well as the later ones) runs across the State line in a northwesterly direction some twenty miles to Dundee, and here the road bridges our river, which continues to flow eastwardly toward Lake Erie at Monroe. Continuing another fifteen miles in the same general direction, the train touches at Tecumseh, a thriving little Michigan town in the center of one of the early settlements of the State, and appropriately named after one of the early settlers. Around the little town the river circles, keeping prudently out of sight till it slips under the railroad bridge and is away on its trip to the south. At least that is the way it seems to be going—but no matter.

From Toledo for Tecumseh the Little Plover was checked on that lovely June morning, and from Tecumseh she was launched into the hurrying current. The stream

at this point is probably 50 feet across in the June stage, and at once enters a valley of varying width, the low banks on either side receding till they are met by the hills which inclose them. Here are thousands of acres of the most productive bottom land, much of it still heavily timbered, and most of it annually enriched by the alluvial deposits left upon its surface. Through this valley and adown this watery pathway the Little Pilgrim gayly floated, turning her willing prow away from all the evidences of civilization, and passing speedily into a region of delightful solitude and seclusion. For along this portion of her domain at least, our river in her vernal outpourings tolerates neither the interference of the man with the plow, nor "the man with the hoe," and so it comes that neither farmhouses nor tilled fields greet the traveler on his way. Indeed, much of the time during the first day's journey it was difficult to believe that less than half a mile away on the higher ground of either side were the well-kept farms with their many buildings, the school-houses and churches, the wagon roads and railways that marked the development of this thrifty and prosperous State. But in the valley, save for the occasional rumble of a distant train, or the axe of some hidden woodman, all this was to be imagined rather than realized, and for the most of the time one might easily have pretended that he was sharing a primeval country with the gentle savages whose canoes followed the same path as they voyaged on their scalping forays a hundred years ago.

It goes without saying from the previous descriptions that the Little Pilgrim was barely large enough to carry one on a river scarcely wide enough for two, and yet the "comforters" who sought to assist in arranging our expedition could not seem to understand why it was not to be conducted on the scale of a Sunday school picnic or a Fourth of July excursion. But when it was stated that the voyage was to be a solitary one, they understood it still less. The average man, when he undertakes to do anything, counts on having some one else with him, partly because he wants some one to talk to, partly because he likes an audience for what he does and says, and possibly because he is afraid to be always alone with his own thoughts. But the advantages of society accrue only when it is an incidental and transitory condition, and when one is at perfect liberty to divest himself from it when and how he chooses. For self-development, for work, even for recreation, man is always at his best when he is alone. The mental energies, the spiritual resources that otherwise are expended and dissipated, are conserved and concentrated when he is in solitude. There are then no jarring and discordant notes to mar the grand, sweet harmonies that nature pours into his attentive ear; no rude footsteps to blur the delicate trails she has left beside the stream or through the wood only for his awakened vision. Suppose that estimable soloist, R. Crusoe, had been called upon to share the seclusion of his island with two or three "boon companions," what would have been the result? The whole party would have spent the time in playing pedro or pinocle, quarreling over each other's cooking and grumbling about the weather, and the charming diary of Crusoe's solitude would never have been written.

Through this quiet valley the river flowed over many a curve of shining sand, many a bar of well rounded pebbles from which the bold lights of the summer day were reflected through the dancing ripples. All these gave its waters a buoyancy and brightness they could hardly claim elsewhere, and freed them from the slightest suggestion of traffic or commercialism. And through such surroundings as these the little boat followed the course of the river whose sinuous channels were half-hidden, half-revealed in the luxuriant growths of the valley. It was indeed a glorious morning on the Raisin, radiant yet mellow, as only a June morning can be, and the hours slipped by with the flowing waters till it was long after noon, when that mysterious instinct which dominates the savage and the civilized alike prompted the beaching of the Little Pilgrim, and the tea bucket was soon steaming merrily in the grassy cove selected for dinner. Here, in due time, her crew and passenger dined, and afterward he smoked. Here also, incidentally, the mate superintended the repairing of the first (but by no means the last) leak that an indiscreet captain had caused in the hull of his vessel by rashly attempting to force a passage where there was "no thoroughfare."

TOLEDO, O.
A. C. A. Membership.
Atlantic Division—Geo. L. Stanim.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular shoot for all comers to-day. The attendance was not up to the average; neither were the weather conditions, there being a heavy, irregular wind. Ed Hovey and Capt. Fred Kuhnle, two of our old-time veteran shooters, were with us and showed they could still do the trick. Ed shot a .32-20 Winchester repeater, and his first score of 67 showed well for arm and wielder of the arm. Fred rolled up a good average at 50yds. with his .22-745, globe and peep sights, but was not able to equal his home practice, which runs down into the teens. Twice he has made the possible in the 2in. ring, and he has one target which, as a group, excels anything yet shot with globe and peep sights here; 8 of the 10 shots are in the size of the lin. ring. Dorrell carried off the honors with the .22 and also at long range. Young's rifle broke down. Several of the members met at the range on our off day and changed the 50yd. range, placing the markers below ground to avoid danger, many desiring to practice with .30-30's and larger guns at that distance. These doctors and sedentary shooters enjoyed the shoveling more than shooting for the time being, it being a labor of love, while others turned up their noses at shovels and took a sneak after the rock cod, eels and crabs which infest the waters of San Francisco Bay. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting, open to all comers:

Rifle, 200yds.: A B Dorrell, Pope barrel.....	6 2 7 3 7 11 2 7 10 8-63
Ed Hovey, .32-20 repeater.....	4 2 7 6 2 7 9 7 15 6-65
(48 and 46 Creedmoor count)	4 6 7 4 7 10 6 13 1 4-67
F O Young.....	19 11 14 3 5 4 7 14 1 6-84
Military rifle, Creedmoor count: Capt Fred Kuhnle.....	42 42 42
Pistol medals: F O Young.....	1 5 5 5 6 4 7 6 2 3-44
	3 3 3 3 3 11 2 11 5 1-45
	4 5 2 9 3 1 6 6 3 7-46
	2 4 5 2 7 5 6 8 1 9-49
	51 52 59 59

P Becker	3 4 5 7 6 4 8 4 5 8-54
Dr J F Twist.....	5 4 3 6 7 6 9 7 4 4-55
Twist revolver medal: F O Young.....	66 67 69 70 85 87 96
P. Becker 69, Dr. Twist 100. .22 and .25 rifle medals: A B Dorrell	3 6 6 4 7 11 5 5 2 2-51 62 62 68 69
Capt F Kuhnle.....	2 1 1 2 3 2 3 2 1 3-20
Dr J F Twist.....	23 23 25 29 1 2 2 2 2 3 2 4 1 2-21
P Becker	22 24 5 1 3 2 2 2 2 2 3 1-23
E A Allen.....	29 30 26 27 30 36 32
Record scores, 50yds., .22 rifle: Capt Kuhnle	34 21 22 23 25 26 26
Allen	37 47
R W Edgren, .30-30 carbine.....	52 56
Pistol: Dr. Twist 80.	

At the last meeting of the National Bund Fest, Shell Mound Park was chosen as the place for the shoot in 1901, the shoot to commence on first Sunday after July 4. The Columbia Club sent new delegates to vote for Shell Mound Park, their other delegates having withdrawn because German was spoken. The Bund threw the Columbia Club out because it sustained the withdrawal of its delegates, and it joined again. Its votes caused a tie and eventually threw the meet to Shell Mound.

F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Franco-American Match.

HARTFORD, Conn.—Herewith please find scores in the Franco-American match. The notable events of the contest were a 58 out of a possible 60 at the French target and 58 out of a possible 60 at the American target. Both of these scores were made by J. A. Dietz, Jr. The other notable thing is the high score made by Sergeant W. E. Petty. Although in his 50yd. score he had two squibs, caused in some unaccountable manner by defective ammunition, both of these occurring in the second string, making him lose 20 points there. Notwithstanding this he shot through without losing heart and came out second on the total.

American team leads by 61 points—38 at 50yds. and 23 at 15 meters. The scores:

	Targets.		Total.
	French.	American.	
16 Meters. 50yds.			
J A Dietz, Jr. Colt's new service target.....	263	260	523
W E Petty, Colt's new service target.....	259	252	511
R H Sayre, Colt's new service target.....	253	251	504
B F Wilder, Smith & Wesson .44.....	239	263	502
G W Waterhouse, Smith & Wesson .44 & .38.253	239	246	489
L R Piercy, Colt's new service target.....	244	241	485
W G Hudson, Smith & Wesson .38.....	222	250	472
J B Crabtree, Smith & Wesson .44 & .38.....	225	244	469
W A Smith, Smith & Wesson .44 & .38.....	224	240	464
A L A Himmelwright, S. & W. .44.....	228	232	460
	2,410	2,479	4,889
French Team.			
	Targets.		Total.
	French.	American.	
16 Meters. 50yds.			
M Dufloy	244	253	497
Comte de Chabannes.....	240	250	490
M Faure	241	243	489
Paul Gastine	238	251	489
Comte Clary	247	241	488
Capt Chauco	243	241	484
Com Delschneider	236	242	478
P Moreau	239	236	475
M Trinite	233	239	472
M Lade	226	240	466
	2,387	2,441	4,828
		C. F. SMALL.	

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.
July 11-12.—Naragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

July 4.—Louisville, Ky.—Seventh annual championship shoot under auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club. E. Pragoff, Sec'y.
July 4.—Springfield, Ill.—Fourth of July sweepstake target shoot of the Illinois Gun Club. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
July 4.—La Porte, Tex.—Fourth of July shoot given by the Theo. Bering Gun Club, of Houston, Tex.
July 4.—Fitchburg, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. I. O. Converse, Sec'y.
July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.
July 4-5.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Powder Co.'s tournament. N. P. Leach, Mgr.
July 10-11.—Freemont, O.—First annual tournament of the Freemont Gun Club. B. M. Inman, Sec'y.
July 10-12.—Fort Smith, Ark.—Tenth annual tournament Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$300 added. W. A. Leach, Pres.
July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.
July 11-12.—Delaware, O.—Delaware Gun Club's tournament. H. D. Leas, Sec'y.
July 24.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Annual handicap merchandise target tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, Chairman of Committee.
July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co. on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.
Aug. 23-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.
Sept. —First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.
July 4.—Interstate Park.—All-day shoot of the Medicus Gun Club; third two-men team shoot for trophy; dancing in evening.
July 12.—Interstate Park.—Challenge contest for the Dewar cup between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. R. L. Packard.
July 18.—Interstate Park.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot and contest for Sanders-Storins trophy under his management.
Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. R. L. Packard, of New York, challenged Dr. A. A. Webber to contest for the Dewar cup, and the challenge was accepted. The second Thursday in July was fixed upon as the date.

The art features of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.'s catalogue for 1900 make it most pleasing to gaze upon, and the information which abounds within its pages in respect to this company's long line of manufactures and in respect to general information, such as "Care of Rifles," "Sighting Rifles," "Barrels Loaded," "Refinishing Parts," "The Life of a Barrel," "Variation of Calibers," "When Barrels Will Interchange," "Reloading Ammunition," "Reloading Smokeless Powder Cartridges," "Smokeless Powders," "Low Pressure Powders," "High Pressure Powders," "Bullets," "Lubrication," "Accuracy, Velocity, Trajectory and Penetration," "Modern Small-Bore Cartridges," "Their Adaptation to Hunting Purposes," "Their Efficiency," "Choice of a Rifle," etc., makes it interesting and instructive to read. The cover bears a spirited illustration of the typical cowboy and cow pony, all equipped after the manner of the cattle period, when the plains were unfenced and free to him who would roam over them. Concerning this catalogue the Marlin Fire Arms Co. write us: "The Marlin catalogue for the 1900 season, 120 pages, revised and complete to date, contains over 300 illustrations and a cover in six colors by Frederic Remington. The design, illustrating a typical cow puncher mounted on his faithful horse and armed with his trusty Marlin, shows Mr. Remington at his best, and will be appreciated by all those who are acquainted with life on the Western plains. We will mail a copy to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who will send three stamps to pay postage."

The programme of the Birmingham (Ala.) amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., can be obtained on application to that company. It is to be Aug. 7 and 8, on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club. There are ten events each day—six at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$5 added; three at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added, and one at 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance, \$15 added. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magau-trap and bluerocks will be used. The grounds will be open for practice on Aug. 6. Hot lunch will be served. The grounds are situated in North Birmingham. The Rose system will govern. Targets 2 cents. Guns, etc., shipped to R. H. Baugh will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. All profits will be added to an extra event at the end of the second day's programme. Mr. John H. Mackie will be manager, assisted by Mr. R. H. Baugh. A handsome gold medal will be given for the highest average made in the tournament. We are informed that great interest is already manifested in this tournament by the shooters of Birmingham and vicinity, and that there is every prospect of at least fifty or sixty entries.

The seventh annual championship shoot, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, Louisville, is announced to take place on July 4 at Fountain Ferry Park. There are fourteen events on the programme, of which No. 6, at 50 targets, open only to residents of Kentucky, \$3 entrance, is for the championship of Kentucky. The trophy is a solid silver cup, which becomes the property of the winner. No. 7, at 25 targets, open only to residents of Kentucky, \$6 entrance, is the three-men team championship event. Event 13 is a handicap at 25 targets, five merchandise prizes. Event 14 is at 10 live birds, handicap, \$7.50 entrance. The other ten target events are 15 targets each, \$1.50 entrance. All class shooting. Ten per cent. will be deducted from all target events except 6, 7 and 13 for five high guns, and the club adds \$10 to the average money. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The grounds will be open for shooting on July 3. Take Shawnee Park cars on Market street.

The Fourth of July target celebration at Interstate Park, Queens, offered by the Medicus Rod and Gun Club, contemplates a day of wholesome recreation and enjoyment. There are twelve events on the shooting programme, and these three are at 10 targets, 75 cents entrance; three at 15 targets, \$1; one at 20 targets, \$1.20 entrance; two miss-and-outs; 25-cent sweep and prize, and the third competition for the Medicus cups; a two-men team race, 100 targets per man, open to members of any club. No. 11 is at 50 targets, a merchandise shoot, ten prizes, of which the first is a silver-mounted curving set. Targets included in entrance, excepting miss-and-outs. Prizes for the highest average and longest run. Extra events if time permits. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Lunch served at 1 o'clock P. M. in the Casino, and dinner at 7:30. The evening will be devoted to dancing, commencing at 9 o'clock.

The programme of the Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Canonchet Gun Club, Naragansett Pier, R. I., July 11 and 12, is now ready for distribution, and all information concerning the tournament will on application be furnished by the secretary of the club, Mr. Fred C. Serenson, Naragansett Pier. There are ten events each day, six at 15 targets and four at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. All purses divided into four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets, 2 cents, included in all entrances. Guns and ammunition shipped to Mr. J. C. Tucker will be delivered at the shooting grounds. A light lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Interstate rules will govern. To reach the shooting grounds take the Naragansett Pier or Sea View R. R.

Concerning the shooting at the Exposition the Philadelphia Bulletin has the following: "The Grand Prix du Centenaire, the principal pigeon shooting contest of the Paris Exposition, was won on Wednesday by Mackintosh, Australian, with 22 straight; Marquis Villaviciosa, Spanish, was second, with 21, and Edgar Murphy, American, was third, with 20. Tod Sloane took part in the handicap sweepstakes which followed. He missed the first bird. The Grand Prix du Centenaire was the first of the important contests in connection with the Exposition prizes. Out of 138 entries 166 faced the traps, and never in the annals of pigeon shooting had there been such a galaxy of international shots as was seen at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne."

At a meeting of the executive committee of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, held on Tuesday of last week, May 7, 8, 9 and 10 were fixed upon as the dates for the tournament of 1901. It was carried that the game and fish protective societies be notified that the N. J. S. S. A. is not a trapshooting association entirely, and that a portion of its funds will be applied for the protection of fish and game. The secretary was requested to state that the initiation fee of the Association is \$2 and dues \$1. The committee approved the accounts of the Walsrode Gun Club in the matter of the late State shoot. The treasury contains a good balance. It was carried that a meeting of the Association be called to consider the matter of intermediate shoots.

The programme of the Fourth of July sweepstake target shoot of the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, Ill., provides twelve events, alternately expert traps and magau-trap. Of these five are at 10 targets, four at 15 targets, one at 25 targets, one at 5 and one at 10 pairs; entrance based on 10 cents per target, the latter trapped at 1 cent each. Grounds open at 9:30 A. M. The club states further: "All events optional sweepstakes—three moneys, divided under new pro rata system that pays each shooter for the targets he scores. Lunch can be secured on grounds. Basket supper and fireworks in the evening. All amateurs are cordially invited to be present. Come and shoot on the best gun club grounds in the West."

The Theo. Bering Gun Club, of Houston, Tex., announces a shoot on July 4 at La Porte, Tex., at the Woodmen of the World picnic. Class A shooters, 80 per cent. average or better, shoot at unknown angles. Class B shoot at unknown angles. There are nine bluerock events on the programme—10, 15, 25 and 50 bluerocks. No. 8 is for the championship of southwest Texas, 50 bluerocks, \$3.50 entrance, four moneys. No. 9, at 25 bluerocks, \$2 entrance, is for the club medal. All the other entrances are based on 10 cents per target. There are four live-bird events at 7, 5, 10 and 20 birds, \$3, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$7.50 entrance, the 20-bird event being for the championship of southwest Texas.

Mr. J. F. Metcalf, of Bisbee, Ariz., writes us that on June 14 the Bisbee Gun Club was formed in his city, with a membership of 37. Officers were elected as follows: President, Dr. W. K. Chamber; Vice-President, Geof. F. Hagler; Secretary, J. F. Metcalf; Treasurer, R. S. Hunt. The club has ordered five traps and clay targets, which are expected to be all ready for the club's shoot on July 4.

Mr. H. C. Allen, of Sistrerville, W. Va., won the championship event of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association by a score of 46 out of a possible 60.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, of 201 Pearl St., New York, chairman of the shooting committee, under date of June 22, writes us as follows:

"The Hell Gate Gun Club of New York will hold their annual handicap merchandise target tournament and clambake on Tuesday, July 24, at Dexter Park. Entrance by ticket to clambake and one merchandise event, \$3. An extra set of traps for sweeps without handicaps. All sweeps four moneys, Rose system. Entrance to the extra merchandise handicap event, \$1.50 extra. Programme and tickets at \$3 each on application to me."

Mr. Colin S. Wise, at a recent shoot of the Passaic Gun Club, Passaic, N. J., scored 24 out of 25 targets in one event and was of course high man. This is a fair performance for one who is just recovering from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, and goes to show the truth of the old saying that it is hard to down a good man. There is some talk of a clambake and shoot on Saturday of this week, to be given by the club, with the renowned Judge Bowker as chef.

The brother of Mr. Charles North, Mr. Paul North, the famous expert of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., of Cleveland, O., after several months' absence in England, Scotland and France, returned on the steamship Saale, arriving in New York on Thursday of last week and departing for his home on Saturday. His visit abroad abounds with interesting reminiscences, some of which will be found elsewhere in our trap columns. Mr. North was in ruddy, vigorous health, and declared that he had enjoyed his trip greatly.

Mr. J. B. Barto, of the Garden City Gun Club, Chicago, successfully defended the Dupon trophy in a contest for it at Diamond's track, Chicago, with Mr. Herbert S. Blake, of Racine, Wis. They tied on 84 out of the first 100 birds, and in the shoot-off at 25 birds Barto won by killing 21 to Blake's 18. On June 22 Mr. E. S. Graham challenged Mr. Barto to contest for this trophy, and another match will be shot for it in the near future.

Mr. John S. Wright, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, announces an all-day shoot at Interstate Park on July 18, commencing at 11 o'clock. The Sanders-Storms trophy will be contested on that day under his management.

The E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, is to come into action again, the holder, Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, having been challenged to contest for it by Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark.

The Garfield Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on both targets and live birds, July 4, with an old-time basket picnic as an additional feature in keeping with its club traditions of that day.

In a match at 100 live birds at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., June 23, between B. McCoy and H. Henry, they tied on 89. In the shoot-off at 25 birds, McCoy killed 23, Henry 24.

Garfield Gun Club

CHICAGO, June 23.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the eighth trophy shoot of the season. Class A medal was won by T. P. Hicks on a score of 20. Class B medal was won by W. P. Northcott on 23. Class C medal was won by J. Pollard on a score of 22.

The day was delightful from a standpoint of temperature and clear atmosphere. Quite a stiff breeze blew directly across the traps and made the flight of targets somewhat erratic.

Our club will hold an all-day shoot at both targets and pigeons on July 4, and will have one of our old-time basket picnics, which have always been so popular in the past. The club cup will be shot for at live birds.

Team race, 15 targets per man:

R. Kuss 12, Northcott 14, Hellman 14, Pollard 14, Young 14, Dr. Meek 14, Smedes 12, C. Kuss 10, Keck 4, Wolff 10, S. M. Meek 3; total 121.

Richards 9, Hicks 14, Midgley 14, Barnard 12, Eaton 12, Dr. Royce 11, C. Kuss 6, Dr. O'Byrne 7, Kehl 4, Leasure 9; total 107.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

N H Ford.....1110011011111011111110—19

C T Keck.....11011011100101111000110—15

Dr J W Meek.....101111101011001011111—19

W P Northcott.....111111111111111111111—23

C H Kehl.....001101000110100101000110—11

A McGowan.....011101000110100010100101—11

R Kuss.....00011011110100101001001—12

C Kuss.....111011111110111110110100—19

C P Richards.....111100110111101010111—19

F I Cooper.....1001100101111110110110—17

T L Smedes.....1111101111101101001110—19

Dr W S Royce.....1101011110010100110110—16

S M Meek.....10001001000010000001011—9

J S Pollard.....101111101111011111111—22

L Wolff.....00001111101000010110000—10

T Eaton.....001111110110110110111—19

A Hellman.....111110000111101111111—20

A E Midgley.....111110111011110111111—22

T P Hicks.....101101111111101010111—20

G A Barnard.....111111111011110100001—17

F W Strublik.....1110011101111110110110—19

Dr C O'Byrne.....10101000111010010011100—12

S E Young.....01111111101111111011011—21

Sweepstakes:

Events: 1 2 3 4 Events: 1 2 3 4

Targets: 15 10 15 10 Targets: 15 10 15 10

Ford.....12.....Royce.....12 10 ..

Keck.....6 6 7 ..S M Meek.....14 5 ..

J W Meek.....9 ..Pollard.....14 8 12 ..

Northcott.....13 10 14 ..L Wolff.....9 7 ..

Kehl.....8 5 10 6 T Loreing.....2 1 6 ..

A McGowan.....9 8 6 ..Hellman.....8 15 10

C Kuss.....8 ..10 4 T Eaton.....9 13 ..

R Kuss.....14 9 14 10 Midgley.....7 ..

Richards.....12 10 14 10 Hicks.....8 ..

Cooper.....9 9 ..Barnard.....9 ..

Smedes.....12 9 13 10 T Richard.....6 ..

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 23.—The fourth prize shoot of the Brockton Gun Club, held to-day, resulted as follows. Nos. 6 to 10 were the prize shoot; No. 11 the number broke; No. 12 the handicap and No. 13 the totals. The scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 .. 9 9 10 9 46 3 49

Leroy.....8 7 ..Hepner.....9 8 9 7 9 8 7 9 7 9 40 8 48

Wood.....9 9 7 8 ..8 6 7 6 6 33 11 44

Werthing.....8 5 10 9 7 9 7 7 9 8 40 9 49

Graut.....9 ..7 8 8 7 6 36 10 46

Leonard.....9 ..9 8 8 8 9 6 40 13 50

Porter.....8 7 4 6 ..

A. F. LEONARD, Sec'y.

Robin Hood Gun Club.

SWANTON, Vt., June 25.—The following are the scores made by the local members of the Robin Hood Gun Club, Swanton, Vt., on the afternoon of June 23:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5

Targets: 10 20 15 10 10 Targets: 10 20 15 10 10

Noah.....9 ..9 8 10 Carpenter.....16 11 5 ..

Dickson.....9 ..9 2 ..Schoolcraft.....9 ..

Fletcher.....2 3 ..C V Ry.....0 ..

Bohannon.....4 9 ..2 ..C A Ry.....5 ..

White.....7 19 12 8 8

In the regular club shoot for the buttons Carpenter won the gold, Bohannon the silver and Fletcher the bronze button.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

WM. E. WEBER has resigned the secretaryship of the Peoria Gun Club after several years of efficient service in that capacity. His successor is M. D. Hurley.

The Western Cartridge Company has donated a handsome medal to the Piasa Gun Club at Alton, which is to be first offered in open competition at the annual shoot on July 4.

In an afternoon practice shoot at the Sunnyside range, East Alton, June 15, the following scores were made at 100 targets: Riehl 83, Olin 75, Moulton 74, Johnson 68, Lemp 54.

The Jacksonville and Roodhouse, Ill., gun clubs are arranging for a joint two-day target shoot early in July.

President Leach has issued the prospectus for the annual tournament of the Arkansas State Association, July 12-15, at Fort Smith. There are to be three days at targets, with \$100 per day added money, and one day optional sweep live-bird shooting. The Fort Smith boys are hustlers, and promise an eclipse of all records in point of attendance upon this occasion.

The shooting fraternity of St. Louis has lost a good man in Mr. P. M. Kling, of the St. Louis Car Co., who has resigned to accept a similar position in New York. But if his new duties are not too arduous Peter will be heard from again ere he has been long in the East.

The Freeburg, Ill., Gun Club will give an open tournament at targets and live birds on June 24. On this occasion also will be shot the return match at 100 live birds between five St. Louis and five St. Clair county men. The former won the former match, and the Illinois boys expect to get it back on the fellows from over the river this time.

The Independent Gun Club, Belleville, Ill., will give an open shoot on July 1.

Mr. W. T. Craig, of Woodson, Ill., has challenged Mr. G. T. Hall, of Springfield, for a match at 25 live birds for the Illinois Gun Club trophy, to be shot for the last of this month. In open competition for the trophy recently these gentlemen tied on a score of 25 each, Mr. Hall winning out on 29 straight kills in shoot-off.

Progressive Gun Club.

The Progressive Gun Club, of East St. Louis, gave its annual tournament at French Village, June 17. This club has excellent grounds situated seven miles out of town, on the East St. Louis & Belleville suburban electric line. It has a large membership, and is one of the trapshooting organizations of the vicinity of St. Louis which may be rated as very much alive. Corking good targets were thrown from a new magautrap at 1½ cents. The day was pleasant and the attendance good. Of the eight men who shot through, Riehl, Heiligenstein and Veitmeyer won first, second and third averages.

Following the regular programme the Heim's gold medal, emblematic of the club championship, was shot for. W. L. Baggerman and Veitmeyer tied for the trophy with 17 each, the latter winning with a straight score in the shoot-off at 10 targets. The scores follow:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Shot at. Broke. Av.

Targets: 10 10 15 10 20 15 15 10 15 10

Veitmeyer.....7 9 11 7 15 7 11 9 11 8 125 95 .768

Becker.....5 8 9 9 13 7 9 8 11 7 125 86 .690

Heiligenstein.....9 8 12 9 18 9 9 9 11 7 125 100 .800

Schaffer.....7 7 10 5 17 8 12 9 13 7 125 91 .728

Richard.....8 10 13 6 15 7 11 8 8 8 125 94 .764

Bellcour.....5 6 11 ..19 ..12 8 10 7 115 78 ..

Riehl.....9 7 14 7 17 9 13 9 15 8 125 109 .872

Schiess.....8 9 13 6 12 6 11 6 12 8 125 91 .728

Serth.....8 11 8 14 ..10 7 15 8 115 81 ..

W Baggerman.....8 10 8 8 13 ..9 ..80 56 ..

P Baggerman.....8 ..8 ..8 ..8 ..10 50 42 ..

Thompson.....8 12 9 12 8 8 60 49 ..

Wyllis.....8 10 7 10 9 60 44 ..

Delatine.....7 13 8 10 6 60 44 ..

Henry.....5 6 8 11 5 60 35 ..

Holmes.....8 6 8 8 ..50 30 ..

Baldwin.....4 12 8 ..7 45 31 ..

Fink.....13 10 13 6 50 41 ..

Stroh.....9 8 13 7 50 37 ..

Buckman.....12 7 11 8 50 38 ..

Mumms.....4 8 8 ..35 20 ..

Selzer.....6 12 9 35 27 ..

Webber.....10 10 8 35 28 ..

Sanbery.....4 8 7 6 ..50 25 ..

Le Page.....15 13 8 ..45 36 ..

De Lorem.....11 10 8 ..45 29 ..

Corry.....13 ..7 ..5 40 25 ..

Phayer.....12 7 ..6 ..

Doc.....6 ..6 ..

Todd.....6 ..6 ..

Buchoff.....5 ..5 ..

Heim's trophy contest, 20 singles, for club championship:

*Thompson 20, *Riehl 19, W. L. Baggerman 17, Veitmeyer 17, Le Page 16, Bellcour 14, Huff 14, Wyllis 13, Baldwin 13, Phayer 12, Becker 5, Dalline 3. Shoot-off, 10 singles: Baggerman 10, Veitmeyer 6.

*In sweepstake only.

The Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club will give an all-day open shoot on July 4, on which occasion teams of five men each, representing Quincy and Mt. Sterling, will contest for an intercity challenge trophy.

The Illinois Gun Club will hold an all-day amateur target shoot on July 4. The programme calls for 185 birds.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, held its annual meeting June 21 and elected Henry M. Schweppe, President; F. C. Riehl, Secretary; A. J. Howell, Treasurer, and Fred Schiess, Field Captain.

This club, in its regular competitive practice shoot for June on the 22d inst., made the following scores, all events being at 10 targets:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Shot at. Broke.

Lane.....9 8 8 10 6 7 8 9 9 8 100 82

Howell.....7 7 9 8 9 10 8 7 7 100 81

Drummond.....8 8 4 6 8 10 4 7 6 8 100 69

Beall.....8 8 4 6 8 10 4 7 6 8 100 69

Ryrie.....5 5 3 7 6 5 4 7 7 6 100 54

Schiess.....6 10 3 6 7 7 4 7 8 7 100 65

Cole.....2 3 0 4 5 3 ..60 17

Kaufmann.....6 7 7 6 5 ..60 35

Schweppe.....5 5 9 8 7 ..50 24

Illinois Gun Club.

The Illinois Gun Club held the weekly shoot on Wednesday, June 20, and there were sixteen members present to participate in the afternoon's outing.

The first part of the forenoon was devoted to a programme consisting of several 10-target events, single bluerocks, from the magautrap, the only exception being event No. 1, shot in 5 pairs. The later events of the day were two team races, in which every shooter on the grounds is chosen. The club has found these team races very interesting, and while the total scores are sometimes rather low, as so many new shooters being drafted, it makes a common interest, which is the first thing to be cultivated in the shooting game.

All events except No. 1 at 10 singles from magautrap. No. 1, 5 pairs. The scores are subjoined:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Stickle.....9 9 8 8 8 7 9 10 ..

Jameson.....6 6 5 8 8 2 5 8 ..6

Klingensmith.....9 7 8 8 8 7 7 10 ..

Day.....4 6 6 7 5 5 ..

Butler.....9 9 7 ..

Capt Smith.....6 9 8 9 9 8 8 5 ..

Whitney.....8 5 7 6 6 6 4 ..

Lamereaux.....5 2 2 4 2 ..

Ide.....1 5 ..

Brown.....7 6 6 ..

Geifert.....1 1 3 4 ..

Burke.....3 ..

Mrs Butler.....5 3 ..

Hall.....10 7 10 6 9 ..

Ensel.....5 8 ..

Team contest, 10 targets per man; G. T. Hall and A. W. Butler captains:

Hall 9, Stickle 10, Mrs. Butler 3, Jameson 6, Ensel 8, Lamereaux 2, Geifert 4; total 42.

Butler 7, Capt. Smith 5, Klingensmith 10, Whitney 4, Brown 6, Day 5, Ide 0; total 37.

Team contest, 10 targets per man; Chas. T. Stickle and J. Klingensmith captains:

Stickle 10, Hall 10, Butler 7, Brown 7, Jameson 5, Day 3, Ide 1; total 43.

Klingensmith 7, Smith 8, Ensel 6, Whitney 2, Mrs. Butler 3, Geifert 5, Lamereaux 6; total 36.

The Rock Island Gun Club will hold an all-day target and live-bird sweepstake and trophy shoot on Independence Day.

F. C. RIEHL.

Amateur Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 20.—Milner and Johnson's amateur tournament closed to-day. The attendance was not as large as they expected. The weather was pleasant and some good scores would have been made if the management had not thrown the targets so hard. Three expert traps, Sergeant system, were used, and the targets were thrown about 65 to 70 yds. This will account for low averages. The programme was ten 15-target events each day, entrance \$1.50, with \$5 added to each event. Sixty dollars was given for five high averages—\$20 to first, \$15 to second, \$10 to third, \$8 to fourth and \$7 to fifth. Twenty-nine contestants took part in the first day's programme and eighteen the second. But eight shot through the entire programme. Mr. J. S. French, of the Peters Cartridge Co., and C. W. Budd were the only two trade representatives present. Mr. French did not shooting, and Budd shot in a few events for targets only. White won first average with .880 per cent, Steege second with .850, Linell third with .842, Holden fourth with .840 and Hughes fifth with .832.

The programme was quite liberal and was deserving of better attendance. The scores:

First Day, June 19.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Broke. Av.

Johnson.....13 11 12 10 13 14 9 11 14 11 118 .786

Kline.....12 12 13 8 8 14 11 9 11 8 106 .706

Steege.....14 13 12 13 12 13 15 15 15 135 .900

Burnside.....9 12 10 8 9 7 13 12 10 11 101 .673

Linell.....14 12 13 11 11 10 12 14 15 13 125 .833

White.....11 13 14 14 14 11 14 12 12 15 130 .866

Hub.....13 9 12 10 6 13 10 12 14 12 111 .740

Hughes.....12 13 13 14 13 12 12 11 13 126 .840

Twist.....13 12 12 8 14 13 12 11 14 12 123 .820

Lane.....10 12 7 14 13 14 11 10 9 11 111 .740

Davis.....11 13 13 11 10 11 11 ..80 ..

Callison.....10 9 12 10 11 ..62 ..

Van Winkle.....8 12 ..8 ..28 ..

Cottrell.....10 12 9 ..31 ..

Elbert.....13 10 ..11 ..34 ..

Hicks.....10 11 13 10 10 ..54 ..

Kirsher.....11 13 8 13 10 14 11 9 11 5 105 .700

Mott.....10 12 13 10 13 ..14 12 12 96 ..

Milner.....10 9 13 13 10 13 13 13 13 120 .800

Douthett.....13 9 7 13 12 12 12 9 13 11 111 .740

Holden.....11 12 14 13 14 14 11 14 14 131 .873

Booth.....7 10 9 12 12 10 8 9 ..77 ..

McFarland.....12 13 11 10 11 8 11 7 10 ..93 ..

Mitchell.....12 13 14 10 14 13 14 13 90 ..

Budd.....11 14 ..25 ..

McDonald.....7 11 9 ..10 37 ..

Harris.....12 9 11 9 ..41 ..

Ross.....12 13 14 13 13 65 ..

Patty.....12 11 12 35 ..

Second Day, June 20.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Broke. Av.

Johnson.....14 11 11 14 13 15 11 14 15 12 150 .866

Kline.....11 13 10 12 13 11 10 5 12 8 105 .700

Steege.....9 10 10 12 13 14 13 13 13 120 .800

Burnside.....12 11 12 5 5 10 10 ..

Linell.....14 12 14 13 13 13 13 12 11 14 129 .860

White.....13 13 12 14 13 15 13 15 13 13 134 .893

Hub.....9 10 ..

Hughes.....13 15 15 10 11 14 10 13 10 14 125 .893

Twist.....11 13 12 9 13 13 ..

Lane.....9 10 11 11 12 10 ..

Milner.....9 8 9 9 11 13 14 10 13 12 108 .720

Holden.....10 11 13 10 13 14 12 14 13 11 121 .806

Mitchell.....13 14 12 13 10 ..

Budd.....15 14 13 13 11 10 ..

Kirsher.....13 13 11 12 11 13 ..

Ross.....11 12 10 ..11 ..

Tripp.....11 5 10 ..

Thompson.....11 11 10 ..

1st Day. 2d Day. Total. Gen. Av.

White.....130 134 264 .880

Steege.....135 120 255 .850

Linell.....125 129 254 .842

Holden.....131 121 252 .840

Hughes.....126 125 251 .832

Johnson.....118 130 248 .822

Milner.....120 108 228 .760

Kline.....106 105 211 .701

Burnside.....101 ..

Hub.....111 ..

Twist.....123 ..

Lane.....111 ..

Kirsher.....105 ..

Douthett.....111 ..

HAWKEYE.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 17.—A very interesting shoot was the one held yesterday afternoon at the club grounds. The attendance was good, sixteen shooters lining up for the medal shoot.

A number of sweeps were shot after the medal race, in which Baptiste, Durden, Knott and Kimmons showed in good form.

Mr. Spicer, of the Dupont Powder Co., was a visitor, and took part in the game, making very creditable scores, considering that he makes no pretensions as a shooter.

Another team, consisting of Messrs. Miller, Weir and Edie, has entered for the State team medal, a total of twelve teams of three men each that will represent Fort Smith in the tenth annual Arkansas State tournament, which takes place in this city July 10, 11, 12 and 13, programmes of which will be issued on June 18.

Mr. Taylor, of the Dupont Powder Co., writes me that he will be here sure, and Mr. Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Co., will also be with us. Tom Norton will bring a squad from Joplin, Lloyd will bring eight shooters from Pine Bluff, and Mayor Duley, of Little Rock, will bring six men from the Capitol.

Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, will be here with a parrot which he has taught to say, "It's hot, ain't it?" Frank says he is going to sell it in the winter unless he can teach it to say, "It's cold, ain't it?" and not get mixed in its dates.

Following are the scores of the medal race:

Durden.....1111111111101111111—23

Baptiste.....11011111111111111110—22

Scott.....11111110111110101111—22

Knott.....10111110111110101111—21

*Spicer.....0101111011111111101001—19

Hartwell.....1110011101111111110000—17

Dr. Ellis.....1100011011011111011011—17

Mulaney.....0101101111110011001101—15

Hunt.....110001111110011001000110—14

Kimmons.....1011000101011010010110—14

C Boyd.....1101101100000010101111—13

Webber.....0001010000011001011011—12

Dr. Morse.....101011000001101010000011—11

Leach.....1010101010101001010000—11

Warner.....1010100000010100101010—10

C Boyd.....1010100000010101000000—8

*Visitor.....

LEACH.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 21.—The Minneapolis Gun Club shot here to-day. There was a very small turnout, only seven shooters facing the traps. Threatening weather may have had a tendency to stop a few. Those here were duck shooters and did not care for a little moisture.

The scores:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles: Bull 14, Rex 8, Stone 12, Bifton 14, Scherer 12, Hoffman 11, Ed McGraw 9, Brown 13.

Paegel diamond badge, 25 singles: Bull 16, Rex 16, Stone 21, Bifton 22, Hoffman 25, Brown 20.

Club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Bull 14, Rex 12, Stone 15, Hoffman 17, Scherer 12, Bifton 18. Tarbell won senior badge.

Stone won junior badge. Hoffman won amateur badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles: Bull 20, Rex 20, Stone 21, Bifton 24, Scherer 20, Hoffman 21, McGraw 17. Bifton won badge.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., June 20.—The Chesapeake Gun Club had a very interesting shoot to-day. The scores:

A. G. Fifer 24, Bert James 23, T. F. Stearnes 22, Dr. Charles 20, Rufus Baker 20, E. S. Robinson 17, C. Bargamin 16, D. M. Ausley 12, A. L. Powell 11.

BERT JAMES, Sec'y.

Event No. 5, ruby medal shoot, \$2 entrance; 30 singles and 1

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Banta	7	8	5	9	5	17	I Day	8
J Pattern	5	4	8	3	9	18	Heimisch	3	8	11
Bock	10	9	9	8	9	19	Leroy	6	8	12
Feigenspan	10	9	9	9	9	22	Cummings	8	8	10
Hughes	4	2	6	5	6	17	Budd	10

ter is weekly presented to its readers. None other approaches it and I have tried them all. It is a liberal education to read it regularly.

JAMES DUPUY,

Re Handicaps.

THE distance handicap inaugurated by the Interstate Association at its Grand American Handicap at targets last week was a decided success in itself and an indicator of the true system of handicapping in future competition. It is true that the distance handicap had been used in tournaments to the timorous extent of 14 to 18yds., which was practically no handicap at all. The Interstate Association was the first to have the courage and knowledge to institute a true handicap. This innovation in handicaps broadens out the scope of trapshooting in America and solves many problems hitherto considered very complex as between experts, professionals, semi-experts and so-called amateurs, the latter term being used to designate a shooter of moderate skill rather than a shooter of an amateur character. Barring the manufacturers' agents and professionals did not in the least help the case of the weaker shooter, for there were so-called amateurs who were more skillful than the best professionals, and there were professionals who were no more skillful than the average amateur. It was an arbitrary distinction, based on false principles of competition—that is to say, suppressing a few good shots with the implication that such would benefit the many. Such suppression did not in the least benefit the weaker shots, but it did benefit the so-called best amateur shots, since it removed many of their equals from competition with them, and as between the so-called wolves and lambs, if the latter are to be skinned it matters not in the least after the skin is stripped whether it was done by an amateur, expert, wolf or professional expert wolf.

The new system of handicapping from 14 to 25yds. solves all the problems so far as they are capable of solution, and so far as practical usefulness is concerned so far as they need be.

In the matter of handicaps FOREST AND STREAM takes credit to itself for indicating the advantages of a handicap many months ago, when some very experienced shooters considered a handicap at a tournament as being among the impossibilities. The recent tournament proved that it not only is possible, but that it is not in the least difficult.

On the subject of handicaps in 1898 FOREST AND STREAM published the following under the title of "Canfabulations of the Cadi":

Aug. 13.—Don't you think that the 70 per cent. men then would object to the 80 per cent. men, same as the 80 per cent. men now object to the 90 per cent. men? The real difference is in the relative skill of the individuals, and not in the name of the class, for the term amateur may mean expert or novice. If the men who were better shots than 80 per cent. were all ruled out the 80 per cent. men then would be the experts, and the same relative position to the rest would then be held by them that the 90 per cent. men hold now. You object to being beaten by the 90 per cent. men, yet you take great satisfaction yourself in beating the men who shoot at a less degree of skill than yourself. You claim that you shoot for sport, though putting up your money in manner like to that of the professional, also shooting like unto him, yet talking meanwhile much of sport in theory, while your center of effort is around the money in your practice. While losing your money to a better shot than yourself on the one hand and complaining thereat, you do the same thing to a shot weaker than yourself and are joyous thereat. The term lamb is a misnomer, for the lamb looks different and acts differently from the wolf, and most of all it does not invade the wolf's range and deliberately enter into a struggle with him. You are not a different species. You are all pleasant, amiable wolves, differing in size, teeth—some big, some little, but all with more or less of the commendable purpose of succeeding as much as possible within the true limits of the sport.

Sept. 3.—I recognize the difficulties with which at the present day the novice is confronted in his endeavors to acquire a reasonable proficiency in skill or to become an expert; difficulties which multiply with each passing year, owing to the greater number of experts or semi-experts who are graduated, and with whom to a certain extent he comes in competition. Each year the general standard of skill necessary to even partial success becomes higher. Now, all of us, from the experts down to the common shots, could shoot together harmoniously and advantageously if we would adopt a system of handicapping. As for the novice, I do not consider him; for trapshooting at tournaments is not a primary school for the education of beginners. All sports involving competition presuppose a reasonable degree of training in the contestants. They do not offer premiums on incompetency, but, on the contrary, are devised to perfect to the highest degree the abilities of their devotees. The expert and semi-expert do not much favor a handicap, since their trips to the cashier's office are fewer and less interesting. There are some amateurs who, though shooting badly, think is "plucky," or "game," to enter every sweep against all experts who may be against them; but the best gameness is that which is reasonably tempered with good sense.

In the end the handicap system must be adopted.

Oct. 1.—Well, if I grant that—which I do not—tell me why the men who rate at a less per cent. than your 80 per cent. man should be arbitrarily taxed a fixed amount to go to the men who can win regularly. And tell me why nearly all programmes are arranged so that the man of 80 per cent. and less has hardly any show to win anything. A 10-target event is about his only chance. Three moneys would just let him in for third. In a 15-target event the 80 per cent. man breaks 12, and if there are only three moneys he is out of the money then entirely. If it is a 20-target event the man aforesaid gets 16, and he is out of the money even if there are four moneys. And you must also keep in mind that in nearly all tournaments the poor shots are expected and required to stand on even terms with the best crackjacks that the country can produce. We concoct different systems to win the admiration of the so-called amateur. The systems generally apply to some division of the money, and not to any equitable adjustment of the competition. You must give the poorer shots a handicap if you expect them to play in your yard, for the day when this neck of the woods abounded in what is commonly called "suckers" is gone forever. In that day a learned friend once told me that the theory of the crackjack was that

"'Tis music to the gambler's ears
To hear the sucker moan,"

and yet most men are slow to perceive that the "sucker" as an economic factor no longer exists. His education has been vigorous, costly and heroic, and he is wise in his day, as is becoming a man who can profit by a few thousand calamities.

My opinion is that such clubs as ours, which add money merely as a pretext to rake off a percentage so large that it is beyond all reason when compared with the service rendered, are a detriment to the sport, and if they held no tournaments the shooting world would thereby be a gainer. Added money which is so placed that it augments the winnings of shooters who are already chief winners, makes the competition too expensive for the average shooter. The meager winnings of the latter have a percentage deducted for the advantage of the best shots, and the added money which is subtracted gives a pretext for raising prices. Understand distinctly, however, that all clubs which add money are not running the tournament with the ulterior purpose of getting the shooter's money into the club coffers. Some clubs add \$5 or \$10 to each event, charging only the ordinary price for targets; and in every way but the right way—that is a handicap—protecting the rights of all the shooters. What I have said in no wise reflects on such clubs.

Oct. 8.—The whole trapshooting world has been run without any central governing body, and each club which gave a tournament adopted such policy as seemed best for its own immediate success, without any consideration whatever as to amateur and professional; or if it did so consider, it was for the expediency of the moment in the success of its own affairs and not from any consideration of the general good. It is said that the principles governing amateur and professional competitions respectively are not applicable to trapshooting, the conditions being so different. What makes the different conditions? Sport is sport everywhere, if it is sport. The principles of sport are alike in all sports. The trouble lies, however, in the fact that there never has been any real general classification as between amateur and professional in trapshooting. Under any recognized ruling as to what constitutes a professional, nearly every trapshooter in the United States is a professional. Nearly every one has shot in an open public competition for money; nearly every one has competed in public contests for money with professionals, and not a few have shot on public grounds where gate money is charged.

A gentleman who shoots merely for sport can shoot for sport within the gates of his own club grounds. He can at other times and in other places shoot for targets only if he really desires sport. When you go to a baseball game, horse race, athletic games or a circus, you buy your ticket and witness the sport from your seat. You need not actually participate in the game to have your sport. When you put your money in a public competition you are then doing precisely what the professional is doing. The difference between you and a manufacturer's agent is one of degree and not of kind; you simply do part of the time what he does all the time. It matters not if a shooter have a million dollars income, more or less; when he enters a public competition for money and shoots for money against all comers, he is to all intents and purposes a professional the same as a man who has a smaller income or none

at all, and this under any ruling of sport wherein the amateur is really distinguished from the professional. Let us apply your line of reasoning to other sports as to amateur and professional, and all then are amateurs in like manner to your trapshooters. The wealthy trapshooter who shoots for sport when he can shoot for money generally looks very closely after the money features of the shoot, same as do other shooters. He usually keeps a score card, recording thereon what he shot at, what he broke, what he paid in and what he won, but never the amount of sport which he has had. He adds his winnings to his revenues as an integral part of them, and when he pays his bills the aforesaid winnings go just as far, dollar for dollar, in making his livelihood as do the dollars which he has earned or made otherwise. A man can be a professional in many things at the same time; a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker.

Oct. 22.—The poorer shots have faced the traps on equal terms with the experts through many years, and have had the lessons of adversity well pounded into them. We should congratulate ourselves that trapshooting is on such a good footing as it is. Its present condition really speaks well for the genuine enthusiasm of those who still support it. However, if we continue on the old lines, we cannot hope for any success greater than that which obtains at present. If the future is to be made prosperous in the trapshooting world, the conditions should be changed so that all will have an even chance, and this can be done by establishing a system of handicaps.

Nov. 19.—"I think we might try some kind of a handicap which didn't make much change; for instance, place the professional amateurs—that is, the novices—at 14yds., the semi-experts at 16yds., and the experts at 18yds. What do you think of that, Cadi?" Moke queried.

"I don't think that makes much difference," the Cadi replied. "The average expert, after firing a few shots to get the range, will smash targets at 18yds. about as well as he will at 16. The difference is not sufficient to add to the difficulties of his shooting to any appreciable extent, hence it practically amounts to nothing as a handicap. On the other hand, the novice, who cannot break targets at 14yds., cannot break them at 16. The mere change of a yard or two in distance in no wise compensates for the latter's lack of skill. There will be very little difference in the scores of a number of men, all standing at 16yds., when compared with scores made when they are divided up, some men standing at 14yds., some and 16yds., and others at 18yds. On the other hand, all the men who classed as experts at the 16yd. mark cannot be put back to the same distance, since some are slower shots than others, and the slower ones would not need to be set back far before the gun is handicapped instead of the man.

"If you give each one of the weaker shooters a certain number of extra targets to shoot at, you then give no handicap at all. You merely give the shooter an opportunity to obtain a handicap, but then the handicap is contingent on his ability to take advantage of the opportunity. Thus, two shooters whose shooting averaged alike might have five extra targets to shoot at in a certain event. One might break the five; the other might miss the five; thus one had a handicap of five and the other, as it turned out, had no handicap at all. The handicap should be an arbitrary fixed quantity. If five is to be given, let five misses count as five breaks. Give a handicap in reality."

Paul North in England.

LONDON, England, June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the invitation of Mr. Frank Hall, of the Cartaret Gun Club, New York, I went to the Gun Club last Saturday to see the shooting on that famous ground. Mr. Hall and Mr. C. S. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, were the only Americans shooting, and they acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Guthrie has been shooting at both the Gun and Hurlingham clubs for the past two months, and has won many cups, and has done some very fine work.

The Gun Club grounds are beautifully laid out, and entirely surrounded by a high stone wall and provided with every possible convenience for the use of the members. A cozy club house, with a comfortable lunch room, where anything to eat or drink can be had, occupies one side of the ground, and has a wide, covered veranda for the use of the members and spectators. Most of the shooting is miss-and-out, except the larger cup events, which are 7 and 10 bird events, but are also practically miss-and-outs.

All events are shot down to two, and in cup events the money is then divided, and then the ownership of the cup is decided by a shoot-off.

Everything is done on the most expensive scale, and one must certainly have a long purse or be a most excellent shot to keep in the game.

All the prominent gun makers, such as Boss, Purdey, Churchill, have their men on the grounds, and they look after the guns and cartridges of the men who shoot their respective guns.

They take the guns to and from the grounds, hand the guns and cartridges to the shooters when they step to the score, and take the guns and put them in the racks after the shot is fired.

The scoring and pulling arrangements are very complete, and dogs do the retrieving. One of the dogs was a greyhound, and he did excellent work.

As for the birds, they are far and away faster than our birds, so much so that there is hardly any comparison. They are in most every case drivers, and fly low along the ground.

Wagers are made on every bird trapped, and the best odds laid on the gun are 4 to 1, which gives a good idea as to the birds.

The highest single wager was one of £100 to £25, and it was a losing one, as the bird got away.

The shooting is slow, as there is always time given for wagers to be made before each shot.

Taking it all in all, the impression gained is that the betting feature far outweighs any other, and with that eliminated there would be but little shooting in comparison to the amount done at the present time.

During the week of June 4 to 9 I had the pleasure of managing the annual tournament of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, and it was a very strange experience in some respects, and a pleasant one in others.

The tournament lasted five days, and the programme called for six events per day of 10 birds each, and while there were only about thirty entries on an average it took hard work to finish the programme each day.

The trapping arrangements were a sight to behold, and consisted of a pit 60yds. long, with a battery of thirty traps in ten groups of three traps each. Two pullers and seven trappers were used, and about 3,000 targets trapped a day.

It seemed useless to tell them that three traps, two trappers and one puller would do more work at less than half the expense.

Shooting was done in squads of eleven men, and it was harder work to get a squad on the line than to hustle for an entire day at an American tournament. They do not want to be hurried, and will not be, and with but one or two exceptions were never ready when wanted.

I could not get them to enter for one event till the previous one had been finished, and all wanted to shoot in the second squad, and in consequence that sheet was always filled before squad No. 1.

It always took more time to get a squad on the line than to have them shoot the event, and about as much or more time was consumed between events than in completing it after it was started.

About ten or fifteen times as much money is spent in expenses—useless ones—as at an American tournament, and about one-third as much shooting is done.

Shooting was practically all on the high gun system, and a straight was necessary to get a place.

The ordinary shot is not catered to at all, and in consequence the attendance is very small in view of the many very elegant and beautiful prizes given.

Both barrels are used in single-bird shooting. The birds are thrown high and fast, and at 18yds. rise. There were some very good shots, and under the conditions good scores are made.

Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, was present, and won several cups and other prizes; although he had not been doing any target shooting for a year he found the place after the first day or two and made some very good runs. He ran 71 straight on overhead birds from the 90ft. tower, and a run of 40 on the regular traps.

Saturday was the great day, and the championship event was shot off in the afternoon. This event was at 20 targets down the line, 6 from the tower and 6 unknown traps and angles from the middle position, or No. 3 score.

Mr. Merrill was the favorite from the start, and after the first 26 he had a score of 25, leading all by one or more birds; but in the final 6 he had hard luck and lost 3, finishing with 28. One of the twenty-four men, Mr. Ellicott, broke the last 6 and finished with 30 out of 32, and won.

The pleasantest feature of the meet was the presentation of prizes, which ceremony was performed in the large dining tent. A great many ladies were present, and Sir John Hutton, after a very good speech, presented the prizes to the winners.

When Mr. Merrill was called up for his first prize, the cheering was very hearty, and it increased on the second, and on the third almost reached an uproar. After the prizes were all given out Mr. O'Connor, president of the Association, made a little speech which was very pleasant and gratifying to me, thanking me for

managing the shoot and complimenting me on the way I had done it.

In spite of the fact that I had hustled, or, as they call it, "bustled them about" harder than they had even been before, the shooters insisted upon a speech from me, and followed it up by demanding one from Merrill, who responded in a few neatly worded sentiments in which he expressed the feelings we both had that we had been treated in that true sportsmanlike manner of which British sportsmen are so justly proud.

PAUL NORTH.

New Rival Gun Club.

MARION, Ind., June 18.—Inclosed find scores made at the tournament of the New Rival Gun Club on June 12, 13 and 14. The weather was something grand for trapshooting. Although the attendance was small, nevertheless every shooter had a good time and said he would return again in the spring of next year. The birds were the best they had shot at for a long time. Good-natured Jack Parker, our manager, made some very fine kills, and not only that, but he left an impression on the minds of the shooters that he is a hustler, and his visit to our city shall never be forgotten, and the result in the future will be gratifying to Messrs. Parker Brothers, Peters and King.

First Day, June 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	15	25	15		Broke.
Kiley	7	8	8	15	12	18	12	10	21	11	123
Clark	6	10	13	15	15	17	11	12	21	13	121
Cooper	8	12	12	17	12	14	12	12	21	13	134
Partington	6	11	11	13	13	18	12	13	19	11	127
Parry	8	11	10	14	9	17	9	9	20	9	116
Fisher	8	10	3	14	9	11	10	11	6		66
Koontz	8	13	14	15	11	14	11	9	13		109
Adamson	7	9	10	10	10	11	14	7			49
Jones	9	10	17	15	19	10	12	24	13		120
Parker	11	16	17	12	13	15	12	13			81
Bussell	12	8	18	15	15	15	15				55
Hiett	16	12	10	10	7						45
Whisler	13	9									22
Rigdon	5										5
Afferson	9										9
Bruner											

Second Day, June 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	Broke.
Parker	7	15	11	12	11	16	72
Bender	7	12	17	14	12	22	85
Smith	5	11	15	9	11	19	73
Bussell	8	11	11	10	13	53	
Farrell	7	11	15	9	9	17	68
White	5						5
Clark	6	8	10				21
Livingston	7						7
Jones	7		13				41
Adamson	7		10				17
Pard	11	16	13	11	22	73	
Kiley	10				7	17	31
Livingston	7	6	9	4			19
Dr White	3						3
Hiett					19		19

Third Day, June 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15		
Parker	21211	5							2221-4
Livingston	0222	3							22000-2
Parker	22222	4							12221-5
Adamson	11110	4							10202-3
Smith	22202	3							22222-5
Kiley	12212	5							12122-6
White	01111	3							20212-4
Farrell	2110	3							00221-3
Jones	0121	3							
Hiett	20121	4							
Head									
Clark									
Miss-and-outs, \$2 entrance:									
No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8.									
Parker	211121	120	20	122	0	2222	222	222211	
Head	2211211	22	12	222	0	...	
Clark	210	0	12	220	...	20	0	212121	
Adamson	2121210	...	0	...	10	1120	120	1	
Farrell	121110	
Kiley	120	10	...	0	211	*	...	22121*	
Jones	121	...	222	1	
Livingston	2*	12*	...	222210		
Pard	10	
Bender	1112	
Smith	1220	
Tucker	0	

W. W. G.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass.—The Boston Gun Club used its twenty-second 1900 date (June 20) to good advantage, excellent weather and good attendance combining to make a very comfortable afternoon shoot.

A 21yd. man divided the honors in the prize match with a 16yd. shooter, thus equalizing almost the two extreme handicap marks. This is as it should be, and but further illustrates the efficacy of the one fair, equitable handicap for trapshooting.

Our 14yd. enthusiast would render a better account of himself could he discard his uncomfortable habit of flinching. The automatic conditions of modern trap work encourage this habit to a marked degree in a number of cases. Spontaneity of action is shown to help this particular shooter, as his work in field with gun below the elbow and the bird going from trap any old time is of higher percentage almost invariably. With gun to shoulder and target subject to his own command he flinches and halts, fudges and hesitates until target, confidence and good resolutions alike are lost. In the field events, which now form an attractive portion of these Wednesday meetings, to his mind's eye it is a partridge or quail that he must be ready for, and his thoughts are arrayed against living objects, not mechanical contrivances, thus losing much of that studied preparation noticeable in all inanimate practice nowadays.

Because a target or two more out of the 100 is possible with gun held to shoulder, the graceful motion of placing the gun at the word "Pull" is left wholly for the field and marsh, where the shooter never thinks of poking along with his weapon extended and adjusted exactly to eye and arm. The complaint often heard that practice at the trap is of but little service for field shooting has some foundation with these latter-day innovations made for the purpose of aiding scores in the first place and consumption of material in the second. Banish instead of permitting these departures from sportsmanlike methods, and the conditions would more nearly resemble the true art of shooting, which after all should be the aim of every shotgun enthusiast.

Scores to-day are detailed below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	5p	15	10	10	5p	15	10	5p	10	10	10	5
Miskay, 18.....	6	6	8	8	4	12	7	9	4	8	5
Leroy, 21.....	7	8	8	9	7	13	9	9	7	14	8	4	10	8
Swett, 17.....	8	8	3	1	7	12	8	8	5	12	10	5	9	6	9	...
Banks, 14.....	1	3	7	7	8	5	3	3	2	6
Lane, 16.....	2	2	5	1	7	6	5	4	9	9	4	7
Andres, 16.....	8	8	6	5	6	13	9	5	7	11	8	6
Williams, 15.....	8	7	4	7	4	11	7	7	8	10
Langdon, 16.....	4	4	5	5	7	6	7
Niles, 16.....	4	4	7	3	11	7
Spencer, 18.....	12	9	5	5	6
Patterson, 16.....	9	5	8	8	7	6	...
H J K, 12.....	1	4
Henry, 15.....

No land in the world produces better grapes than America, and the industry of wine making is continually increasing and improving in this country. American champagnes are coming more and more into favor, and of these Gold Seal, manufactured by the Urbana Wine Co., of Urbana, N. Y., is undoubtedly the favorite. The champagne drinker who compares the American with the imported product is likely to find the native wine more to his taste than the foreign. And since it is as good and costs less than half as much, it is not strange that it is widely used.—*Adv.*

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